

# 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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## F. A. Gray Is Laid To Rest

### Former Resident, Accident Victim, Buried Here Sunday

One of the longest funeral processions ever seen here followed the body of F. A. Gray, 32, a former Ozona resident who died in a San Angelo hospital at 5:30 Sunday morning following an injury to his head suffered in a fall from a 40-foot cliff on his ranch near Rankin a week before, to its last resting place in Cedar Hill Cemetery Sunday afternoon.

Services were conducted from the First Baptist Church at 3:30 Sunday afternoon, the Rev. M. M. Fulmer, pastor, officiating assisted by Rev. J. H. Meredith, pastor of the local Methodist Church, Rev. E. D. Dunlap, pastor of the Park Heights Baptist Church of San Angelo, Rev. N. E. McGuire, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of San Angelo, and Rev. Paul Ray, associational missionary of the Concho Association. Pallbearers were A. C. Hoover, R. J. Cooke, J. T. Keeton, H. O. Word, Ira Carson and O. W. Smith.

Mr. Gray was injured Monday afternoon, December 28, when in some undetermined manner he fell from the cliff while on a hunting trip with several companions, striking his head on rocks at the foot of the drop. Additional information from members of the hunting party now indicates that Mr. Gray did not fall from his horse off the cliff, as was at first supposed, but that he had dismounted and in some manner slipped and fell. Members of the party said that he was off his horse trying to rope his dog and that when they missed him some 15 or 20 minutes later they returned and found him unconscious at the foot of the cliff and his horse still standing where he was last seen.

The injured man was taken first to McCamey and then to a Midland hospital. Thursday night he was taken to San Angelo where an operation was performed the following day to remove a blood clot from the brain. He rallied for a time but began sinking the following day, death overtaking him Sunday morning.

Mr. Gray was formerly in the water well drilling business in Ozona, having lived here about twelve years. He leased a 17-section ranch near Rankin about a year ago and stocked it. He had been in charge of this property since. He was a member of the local Odd Fellows lodge and the Baptist Church.

Surviving are the widow, the daughter of S. L. Butler of this city, his father, J. H. Gray of Ozona, four brothers, S. A. Gray of Abilene, Will C. Gray, Hugh Gray and A. L. Gray of Ozona, and three sisters, Mrs. Hugh Fox of San Angelo, Mrs. A. L. Freeman of Clyde, Texas, and Mrs. A. McDowell of Fort Worth. All of the brothers and sisters were here for the funeral except Mrs. Freeman, who was ill and could not be present.

## WEINER ROAST ENJOYED

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the winter was the community weiner roast sponsored by the Ozona Lions Club last Friday night. Approximately 35 persons attended the affair, which was held in the Marshall Montgomery pasture west of town. A big bonfire around which the crowd gathered and roasted weiners and toasted marshmallows was built and there were buns, pickles, and apples furnished by the Lions Club. At the conclusion of the feasting, a fire works display was put on by the Lions.

L. L. Bewley, a former resident of Ozona, now living in El Paso, was a visitor here over the weekend. Mr. Bewley has been away from Ozona more than a year, residing a part of that time in Oklahoma and New Mexico.

## 943 POUNDS OF MEAT DRESSED FROM ONE HOG

More than a thousand pounds of pork on four legs, raised from pighood in what the geographers choose to call the "semi-grid west" might or might not be a subject for Ripley's "Believe It or Not," but the fact remains that a few days ago Felipe Vargas, local Mexican merchant, butchered a hog which dressed 943 pounds.

The pig was raised in the Vargas back yard and fattened on slop and corn. It took five strong men to handle the giant porker with any degree of comfort when the time came to butcher him.

The head alone weighed 125 pounds. Vargas sold \$57 worth of sausage from the huge animal and no figures are available on what the balance of the carcass brought.

## Town Team Beats High School Lions 12-7 New Year Day

The Eldorado team, which was scheduled for a clash with the Ozona All-Stars on the Powell Field gridiron on New Year's day, failing to appear, the town eleven matched a battle with the 1931 High School Lions which was witnessed by a fair sized crowd.

The All-Stars nosed out the Lions by one touchdown, the game ending with a score of 12 for the All-Stars and 7 for the High School lads. An 85-yard run by Fatty Kyle and a dash of about 40 yards by Jake Young were responsible for the All-Stars' two markers, while one of those deadly passes from Con Cox to Joe Chandler resulted in the Lions' lone tally.

For the fourth time, the local town team had matched a game with the Texon All-Stars for next Sunday afternoon on the local gridiron. The original match was for a game at Texon several weeks ago and a return match here on New Year's Day. The locals were unable to make the trip to Texon on account of rain and the game was matched for the following Sunday and again for New Year's day, all being prevented by circumstances. Unless something else happens, the game will be here at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, according to Fatty Kyle, manager of the locals.

## Musical Feast Planned Jan. 21

### Cantata To Be Presented By Music Club In New School Bldg.

One of the first public functions after the formal dedication exercises in the new Ozona High School building will be a cantata and entertainment program to be presented by the Ozona Music Club in the new auditorium on the evening of January 21, it was announced this week by officers of the club.

The program will include the cantata "Three Springs" by Paul Bliss, one of the most beautiful and colorful musical dramas ever arranged, a one-act play "The Florist Shop," a male quartet and costume dancing.

Forty-three voices take part in the cantata, with three girls doing aesthetic dancing and 24 children in the dance scenes as butterflies. The dancers include Misses Vicky Pierce, Lorene Schauer and Dorothy Henderson. The cantata is a dramatic history in music of the journey of water from its source at the springs to the ocean and back to the skies again.

This will be the first entertainment of this character ever presented in Ozona and a big crowd is expected to be on hand for it. The Music Club has been preparing for the event four months.

## Seeks Re-election



SHERIFF W. S. WILLIS

Sheriff Willis made formal announcement this week of his candidacy for re-election to a third term in office. His was the opening gun in the 1932 political race in this county.

## 22.8 Inches Rain Fell Here In 1931

### Precipitation Exceeds Normal Fall During Year Just Closed

With a total fall of 22.8 inches, Crockett County's rainfall in 1931 exceeded by several inches the normal precipitation in this area, according to records kept by Joe Oberkamp for the year.

Had it not been for two successive dry months, September and October, when rain was badly needed to make winter range, the year would have been almost ideal from the standpoint of rainfall. Preceded by one of the wettest winters in many years, the year started off with good falls the first eight months of the year and fairly well distributed.

During September the record shows not a drop of moisture and in October only three-tenths of an inch. November and December responded nobly, however, with more than two inches each, the falls coming soon enough to make extensive feeding unnecessary, but too late to make the bountiful feed crops ranchmen had hoped for.

The rainfall here by months for the year 1931 follows:

January	2.2
February	1.4
March	.5
April	5.1
May	3.3
June	1.1
July	2.5
August	1.4
September	.0
October	.3
November	2.8
December	2.2

TOTAL 22.8

## SCHOOL OPENING UNCERTAIN

The opening date for the new High School building here was still in doubt this week. It was expected, however, that the building would be ready for occupancy by the end of next week or the first of the following week, according to Supt. John L. Bishop.

## Mrs. Clara Moseley Buried Here Tues.

### Mother Of Mrs. Ed Grimmer Dies Following Long Illness

Funeral services were held at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon from the First Baptist Church here for Mrs. Clara D. Moseley, 88, who died at 8:25 Tuesday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ed Grimmer, following an illness of several months. Services were conducted by the Rev. M. M. Fulmer, pastor of the local Baptist Church, with burial following in Cedar Hill Cemetery.

Despite her advanced years, Mrs. Moseley had been active and in good health until about a year ago when her health broke and her condition gradually grew worse. She was buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery beside her husband, who died here in 1918 at the age of 82 years.

Pallbearers were J. T. Keeton, S. L. Butler, W. L. Rogers, C. J. Watts, Fisher Powell and Fleet Coates.

Mrs. Moseley had made her home with her daughter here for the last few months, having previously lived with her son near Kerrville. She and her husband lived in this county about five years, however, before his death here in 1918.

She was born in Memphis, Tenn., February 4, 1843. The family moved to Texas in 1851, settling near Gladwater, in Upshur County, where Mr. and Mrs. Moseley were married on October 23, 1860. To this union twelve children were born, nine boys and three girls. Eight children survive, five sons and three daughters. They are A. W. Moseley of Brady, Ben Moseley of Ingram, E. J. Moseley of Lampasas, Boyd Moseley of Cedarville, N. M., Charles Moseley of Bee House, Texas, Mrs. Ed Grimmer of Ozona, Mrs. Anna Jordan of Lampasas and Mrs. Minnie Weir of Hobbs, N. M. A large number of grandchildren, great grandchildren and other relatives also survive.

The Moseley family were pioneers of West Texas, having lived in various parts of this section for more than a half century. Mr. and Mrs. Moseley and their children lived for a time in what is now the city of Abilene before that city came into being. There were only three families in Taylor County at that time. Mr. Moseley was a veteran of the Civil War, having seen four years service with the Confederate Army, leaving his bride of less than a year to fight for the lost cause.

Mrs. Moseley had been a member of the Baptist Church for many years. She had been an active church worker until her health failed.

## MRS. EASTERLING RETURNS

Mrs. W. C. Easterling, former publisher of the Ozona Stockman and a pioneer resident of Ozona, has returned here to make her home and has taken charge of the operation of her hotel, the Ozona Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Drennan, who have been operating the hotel the past two years, have given it up to return to a farm which Mr. Drennan owns near Arden. Mrs. Easterling took charge of the hotel Monday. She is being assisted by her brother, Ed Dodson, former printer on the Stockman force. Mr. Dodson and Mrs. Easterling have been making their home in Alpine, where Mr. Dodson has been operating a printing plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Chapman of Ozona visited Tuesday and Wednesday at the J. D. Harris ranch home.—Rocksprings Record.

Mrs. Kate Casbeer, mother of Tom Casbeer, county treasurer, is reported seriously ill this week.

Ozona Hotel is now under management of Mrs. W. C. Easterling. Regular meals, clean, comfortable rooms.

## Music And Readings Add To Interest Of Lions Club Luncheon

A splendid entertainment program, arranged by Miss Gracia Swanson at the invitation of the program committee, was presented before the Lions Club at its luncheon Monday at the Hotel Ozona. Miss Swanson, dressed in the garb of a miner, gave a reading, Robert W. Service's "Spell of the Yukon" and followed this with a cowboy reading, both numbers being well received by the club members and guests.

John Jordan, local negro, sang several popular numbers, with Miss Norene Allison playing the piano accompaniment.

Guests of the club for the day included N. W. Graham, a guest of Hugh Childress, Jr.; Boyd McDonald, architect's superintendent on the new High School building, a guest of John L. Bishop; L. L. Bewley of El Paso, a former member of the local club, a guest of Ben Lemmons; and Charles McDonald, who recently entertained the club with a well-rendered reading, a guest of his father, Bryan McDonald.

A report on the recent weiner roast indicated that there were approximately 35 persons present. Secretary Glenn Rutledge presented his annual report on activities and finances of the club.

## HALF INCH RAIN HERE

A heavy rain accompanied by a strong wind and some hail fell here shortly after noon Monday, serving to fill many water holes and adding to the already bright prospects for winter and spring range conditions in this area.

The fall here amounted to slightly more than a half inch.

## Cemetery Assn. Names Officers

### Mrs. Ingham Chosen Chairman, Mrs. Gertrude Perry, Secy.

Mrs. E. B. Ingham was elected chairman of the Ozona Cemetery Association for the coming year at the regular meeting of the association held Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Joe Pierce, retiring chairman. Mrs. Gertrude Perry was named secretary-treasurer succeeding Mrs. Maurice Black.

The work of the association for the past year was outlined in the reports of officers and plans for the coming year's work were discussed. The association's finances occupied considerable attention during the session and it was decided to make a special effort to collect all membership dues as soon as possible in order that the cemetery work might not be hampered by a lack of funds. Reports of the year's work indicated that the association funds had been handled in a most economical manner and that much had been accomplished during the year in cemetery improvement.

"If each person who has an interest in the cemetery work would attend these meetings and help with their presence, it would be quite an inspiration to the few who try to do all the work the best they can," Mrs. Pierce, the retiring chairman said. "Let's all do our best to help out in this worthwhile work during the coming year."

Misses Elizabeth Ferner and Louise Henderson have returned to Nashville, Tenn., to resume their studies in Ward-Belmont after spending the holidays here with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dunlap attended the Pecos Valley Baptist Workers Conference at Iraan Tuesday. Rev. M. M. Fulmer and J. T. Keeton also went to attend the meeting but returned here upon being notified of the death of Mrs. Clara D. Moseley Tuesday morning.

## 1932 BALLOT CHASE OPENS IN CROCKETT

### Sheriff Willis Fires Opening Gun In Political Races

## SEEKS THIRD TERM

### Formal Announcement Of Candidacy Made Subject To Primaries

W. S. Willis applied the first match to the well known political pot in Crockett County this week when he made formal announcement through the political column of The Ozona Stockman of his candidacy for re-election to a third term as sheriff of this county. Mr. Willis is now serving on his second term in the office and asks consideration of his candidacy for a third term, subject to action of the Democratic primaries.

Mr. Willis was first elected to the office of Sheriff of Crockett County in 1928 when he successfully opposed the then incumbent, the late W. H. Augustine, who had held the office for eight years. In the 1930 elections, Sheriff Willis came through with an overwhelming majority over his opponent, Hugh Yancy.

Before ascending to the office of Sheriff, Mr. Willis had lived in this county several years and was until shortly before his election to office in charge of road work in this county. He has performed the duties of his office with diligence and without fear or favor, supporters declare.

Sheriff Willis has come to be known as the "gunless sheriff" by reason of the fact that he seldom wears a gun in the discharge of his duties. He received widespread publicity for his excellent marksmanship with a rock, however, a year ago when he brought down a fleeing prisoner who had bolted after being allowed to go outside of the jail to perform an errand. After chasing the prisoner over the hill and across the draw east of the jail, Sheriff Willis picked up a small rock and with a well aimed heave, caught the fleeing man just over the ear. While the prisoner was regaining consciousness, the sheriff sat beside him to regain his "wind" and then marched him back to a cell.

"I have performed the duties of the office to the best of my ability and if I am again elected to the post I promise Crockett County a continuation of the policy of a fair and impartial enforcement of the laws and the same diligence in the performance of the other duties of the office," Sheriff Willis said. "I have sought to be fair and just in all my dealings and to give Crockett County the best I had in the performance of the duties incumbent upon me. I have received splendid co-operation from the people and I am grateful to all of you for it. If I am again elected your sheriff this year, I pledge you my best efforts to make you a good officer and I will appreciate your support and your vote."

The sheriff's announcement for re-election is the first gun in the 1932 merry chase for votes in this county.

Miss Blanche Robison has returned to Abilene to resume her work in Abilene Christian College after spending the holidays here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Robison.

Miss Pearl Young of San Angelo, Mrs. J. O. Secret of Ozona visited with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harris; coming after Mrs. Secret's daughter, Miss Virginia.—Rocksprings Record.

Miss Gladine Powell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Powell, has returned to San Antonio to re-enter Draughon's Business College after spending the Christmas holidays here with her parents.

**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, JANUARY 7, 1932.

**THOSE BUSY BUREAUS**

What those Government bureaus in Washington can't think up to experiment and piddle with must be unthinkable. After much research the Bureau of Standards recently determined the relative noise-making possibilities of a saxophone player and a tap dancer. Now these learned scientists are investigating women's hose and the limbs, shapely or otherwise, which wear them.

They have decided that a 30-inch length for ladies' stockings is about right, and maybe they will pass a law about it. But, again, maybe not, for we read that many women are protesting against this attempt at standardization, saying that "in the arbitrary length some of them look like infants in socks, while others whose legs are shorter than normal claim the stockings will approach their ears."

These protests naturally call for further investigation and research by the Bureau, including measurements for insteps, heel, toe, ankle and calf, to determine the exact dimensions appropriate for the various sizes to be officially authorized.

All of which causes the New York Sun to pertinently remark that "some of the ways and means which the Government finds for wasting taxpayers' money would be funny if the deficit and the problem of finding money for taxes were not so serious."—Kerrville Mountain Sun.

**CONFIDENCE AND WRECKAGE**

San Angelo Standard Times: We have heard a great deal about the power of mind over matter. If there ever was a time and a day in which a bad state of mind is doing its damage it is in the year of Our Lord 1931.

The mundane mind may not have the power to cleanse the leper. It may not be able to tell the cripple to pick up his bed and walk, but it has the power to wreck the universe if it just keeps brooding over the troubles that may occur.

It is safe to say that 99 per cent of all the things we worry about never come to pass. Look back and try to remember what you were worrying about last year.

There are a few things everyone in West Texas should consider. This country has great undeveloped resources. Oil is not going to sell for 50 cents a barrel always. Goats are not always going to be worth but a few cents a head. Sheep and wool and cattle and lambs have greater values than the present price. The stock market is not going to stay down to its present level for ever. America is not going bankrupt even if Germany repudiates every debt of every character. The great percentage of the people who have invested outside of the United States knew they were taking a chance when they did it and their individual stakes are not high in proportion to their wealth. No one wants this nation to be foolish enough to stick its head in the sand—but don't forget that no drought has been so long that it did not have an end and that there has always been an end to every storm. Confidence and stability go hand in hand.

Regular meals at Ozona Hotel, W. C. Easterling.

**SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE LAW**

Too many people are taking advantage of our bankruptcy law. This may mean that there is something wrong with the law. Or there may be something wrong with a good many of our people. Whichever it is, something needs fixing. If it is the law that needs changing, that is easily done. If it is the people, there's also a way to handle those who go into bankruptcy to defraud their creditors.

The bankruptcy law was meant to serve a good purpose. It was not intended that it should be used to cancel a man's debts simply because he had bought more than he could pay for. It was meant to protect an honest man who had suffered unavoidable handicaps, disappointments and losses, who was unable to meet his indebtedness for the time being. It was not intended to be used in the way it is being used today in a great many instances.

There have been times when it seemed a bankrupt set out with the deliberate intention to defraud his creditors. He would live in luxury, denying himself nothing that could be bought on credit. His family dressed like millionaires. His house furnishings were a dream. But when the time came to pay for all these fine things, he would take the bankruptcy law, and another entry would be made to the profit and loss account on his creditors' books.

Men have done this even though drawing the same salary as when the account was made—sometimes even larger salaries. There were not—or at least didn't appear to be—any good reasons why he shouldn't or couldn't pay his just debts. It looked like he just didn't want to pay, and the bankruptcy law provided an easy—if not an honorable—way out.

There's a flaw somewhere in a law that will allow a man to defraud his creditors, it doesn't matter under what pretext it is done. There is something wrong with a law that will hold out a hope of something for nothing. There is something wrong with a law that will suggest a shady transaction, and then leave a loophole to slip through. There is something wrong when men can cancel their just debts just by a stroke of a pen.

Our bankruptcy law certainly needs fixing.—Journal, McComb, Mississippi.

Fresh Hot Tamales—Moore's Cafe

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

**CARD OF THANKS**

It is with a feeling of incompetence that we approach the task of trying to express our appreciation to the good people of Ozona for their many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy on the occasion of the tragic death of our beloved husband, son and brother, F. A. Gray. Had it not been for your wonderful kindness, your thoughtfulness and your soothing words of sympathy it seems that the burden of grief would have been too much to bear. It is comforting to know that he rests among such wonderful people and we thank you all from the bottom of our hearts. May God bless you and keep you always.

Mrs. F. A. Gray  
J. R. Gray and family  
Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Fox  
S. L. Butler and family.

NOTICE RANCHMEN—Will trade first class plumbing jobs for Rambouillet sheep. If interested, write W. E. Brown Plumbing Co., Kerrville, Texas. 3tc

**UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT**

I have this week taken over active management of the Ozona Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Drennan having given up the lease. I am serving regular meals, breakfast, dinner and supper, at extremely low rates. See me for rates on regular meals.

Plans are now under way for a complete refinishing of the interior of the hotel to make it more attractive and comfortable. I have come back to Ozona to stay and I invite all my friends to come to see me.

Mrs. W. C. Easterling. 1c

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Pleas Childress, Jr., has returned to Kemper Military School at Boonville, Mo., after spending the holidays here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Childress.

For Sale—Heavy, Young Thoroughbred A. & M. Strain, Rhode Island Red roosters. \$2.50 each.  
MRS. R. W. BARR,  
BARNHART, TEXAS.

**POSTED NOTICE**

The entire Hoover Estate is posted and any trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.  
Mrs. Laura Hoover and family.  
10-1-32.

**POSTED**

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

POSTED—All my pastures in Crockett County. Hunting and trapping and all trespassing positively forbidden. Floyd Henderson. 11-1-32

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

**POSTED**

All my pastures in Crockett County are posted. Hunting and all trespassing without my permission positively forbidden.  
1-32 P. L. CHILDRESS.



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	Grapes		Evergreens
	Berries		Roses

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**HAVE**  
**TAUGHT US**



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We Would Appreciate Prompt Settlement of Past Due Accounts

**Chris Meinecke**

# RAPTURE BEYOND

by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT



## SYNOPSIS

Fresh from a French convent, Jocelyn Harlowe returns to New York to her socially-elect mother, a religious, ambitious woman. The girl is hurried into an engagement with the wealthy Felix Kent. Her father, Nick Sandal, surreptitiously enters the girl's home one night. He tells her he used to call her Lynda Sandal. The girl is torn by her desire to see life in the raw and to become part of her mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings.

## THE STORY

"U-hum, I suppose so. Will you get his picture for me?"

"Felix Kent's?"

"Sure thing. Your young man's?"

She laughed. The whole experience began to be an astonishing adventure. This father had a way with him that opened a door in her heart. He was so casual, so hard, so vibrant. There had been nothing like him in her life. She hurried to her room to get the picture.

She was very quick, being really afraid that he might just vanish forever if she left him. So, coming back light-footed she found him returning to his place from some swift furtive investigation of the room. She noticed this, but in her confused excitement it made on her at the time no particular impression. Later she was driven to remembering it.

Her father stood up to go, catching his cane, smothering a cry at the pain all sudden movements cost him.

"I mustn't see you again. But—here's my address." He pushed a folded scrap of paper into her hand and bent her fingers over it. "I want you to have that for two reasons. If you ever need me you can send for me or come to me. But I advise you unless it's

a very serious business, to forget me and my whereabouts. The other reason . . . well, I won't bother you with that. May I kiss you?"

She lifted her face. She was in tears.

She followed him into the small back room, her own bedroom. It startled her to think that he had climbed in at her own little dark window. Now Sandal got himself painfully cut across its sill and Jocelyn watched him climb down the fire escape, swiftly and quietly in spite of his pain and his wisted body.

Jocelyn shut the window, went back to the lighted front room.

This was her father, she thought.

One day Felix offered to take her to his office.

"Oh, Felix, will you? I'd love to see your office. I've never been inside an American office. Will you show me everything? Will you explain everything?"

In Kent's inner sanctuary she was introduced to Miss Rebecca Deal, a little ruddy sturdy woman with bright eyeglasses and a wide mouth.

Jocelyn was amused by this new manifestation of womanhood. When Felix left to interview some one in the outer office she sat down in his revolving chair before his great neat handsome desk and looking at Miss Deal with all her eager eyes began to question her:

"You work here with him every day?"

"Half the time he's off. Miss Harlowe, in Chicago or the Southwest. He's interested, as of course you know, in all these mines."

"It seems so queer to me," said Jocelyn with her slow wistful smile, "that all this side of his life just means nothing to me. How much better you know him than I do!"

Rebecca blushed and laughed.

"I wish I were as clever as you are and had your experience. I would so love . . ."

Here Felix entered and the girl came toward him, speaking earnestly. A new Jocelyn seemed to meet him at every turn he made.

"Felix, can't I learn how to do these things for you? I mean, if Miss Deal could teach me, I'd love to work with you, to understand . . ."

"You shall know whatever you want to know, sweetheart."

In the limousine, on their way to lunch, Felix spoke tenderly:

"I do want you to be in my confidence but I never thought you'd be interested in this sort of thing"

"But this sort of thing is just part of all I must know, Felix. I have been so put away and shut up . . . like one of these unlucky princesses in towers. It is horrid to be a medieval infant in a world of grown-up moderns. I must know. I must learn. If I had friends here who could teach me . . . young people . . ."

Felix controlled a wincing motion, "but without them how shall I ever learn unless you will teach me? Do you think I could take a business course, perhaps, after we are married."

"You may take any course you like, beloved. But you mustn't hate your beautiful innocence. It is just because you are so exquisitely different that I love you."

In her own room, she sat down on her bed and thought. After a while she pulled out a big leather valise from her closet and rummaged there. She dressed herself in a pleated short plaid skirt, a black tight jersey, long-sleeved, high in the throat, a little jacket and in a big old tam-o'-shanter.

Before she put this on her head she ran her fingers back and forth through her sleeked thick hair until it was the wild unruly mop of a goiliwog. She went to

her mother's room and examined the likeness she had so achieved: a girl with a slim high-colored face, a firm rich mouth, a pair of tilted gleaming eyes: a girl with a swagger that was made charming by its lines of race and breeding.

"Oh, Lynda Sandal," said Jocelyn "I am going to like you. Maybe it will be wonderful!"

There, in the little bedroom, its door locked, colling a trunk rope around her arm she switched off her light and swung her leg across the window sill.

She drove to the address her father had given her. She got out, paid the driver and climbed up the dirty steps of an old-fashioned brownstone building on a street which must once have been lined with savor dwellings. A Japanese boy answered her ring.

"Does a Mr. Sandal live here?"

"Yes'm. T'ree flight up."

Jocelyn paused before she took the last few steps of her ascent of the three flights of stairs.

Across the room Nick Sandal crouched on a battered sofa against the wall. He was twisted up painfully among some tattered cushions and smoked a pipe with deep eager sucking noises, cuddling its bowl in one of his swollen and distorted hands. His bright eyes watched a group of four men playing cards at a table.

She came rapidly up the last few steps and stood in the doorway.

Nick, Sandal, brushing away the smoke of his pipe, made a queer gasping exclamation, then

put up his hand as though to prevent an insult and struggled to his feet.

"Boys, this is my daughter," he cried out sharply.

There was a strained silence in the room.

It was Jocelyn herself who broke the silence.

"Go on with your game, please," she said. "I came to talk to my father."

The men obeyed with alacrity. They returned to their cards and to their smoking, ignoring Nick and his visitor. But one of them, with a wink and a twist of his face, got up and shut the door.

Jocelyn sat down beside the cripple on his battered lounge and put her hand uncertainly upon his free one. He took it up as though it had been something more perishable than his own and peered up into her face. They spoke in low voices, trying to create for themselves an illusion of privacy.

"I wanted to see you, Father. I got out the way you showed me. Mother doesn't know I'm here."

"Nothing wrong then?"

"No. I felt that I must see you. There's something in me that belongs to you. And I am really very lonely."

"Lonely? With a fiance and a mother and a crowd of friends?"

"Felix is still a stranger. I have no friends."

Nick put an arm roughly about her.

"All right, Lynda. I'll be your friend. I don't mind loving you. I'm not the most creditable parent in the world. And I don't want to

get you into trouble with your future husband and with the respectable side of the house."

"I'll never let them know."

"I say, Lynda, take it easy. Let's talk it over sort of quietly. That's better," as she let her body relay against the seat. "I'll tell you frankly. I have no feeling of obligation toward your mother or your young man. I like you. I like your running off by way of the fire escape to visit me. It's the way I began, running away nights by a back window. But I don't want to hurt your life or spoil your chances any. What do you want?"

"I want," said Jocelyn speaking low and rapidly, "I want to know what life looks like when it comes round from behind and you can see its face. I want to know people, all kinds of people, different sorts of people, I want to know how good it is to be bad, and how bad it may be to be good. I want adventure, risks, dangers I want—"

"You want too much. You're only a girl and what's worse, you're a young lady! Laugh that off if you can, Miss Jocelyn Harlowe."

She put her hand across his lips "Hush! Not here. Here I'm Lynda Sandal."

At that Nick pulled down her hand, threw back his head and laughed with a great painful yell.

(Continued On Page 4)

Good home-cooked food, served family style at Ozona Hotel.

## Flowers Fuels

Dependable Service

Diabolo Coal — Kerosene — Distillate

JOHN ROCHELLE, SALESMAN AND COLLECTOR



### Poor Home-Lighting Will Affect Your Boy's School Standing

THE kind of home-work your boy is able to do is, to a certain extent, governed by the efficiency of your home-lighting—and largely determines his progress in school. Are you giving him the benefit of the good light he needs? If not, his education will suffer.

If he finds concentration difficult . . . if he becomes drowsy quickly . . . if he complains of headaches, or if his eyes become bloodshot easily—it is entirely possible that poor lighting is the cause.

Lamps must be of sufficient wattage to give plenty of light, and fixtures must be so arranged as to produce no glare—either direct or indirect. Check your lamps and your lighting arrangements. . . . Are you giving your boy a fair chance?

Lamps, fixtures and electricity cost but little—and they may mean the difference between success or failure. Check yours today—or ask one of our Trained Employees to inspect your home. There's no obligation, of course.

Do you know that your increased use of Electric Service is billed on a surprisingly low rate schedule . . . and adds only a small amount to your total bill?

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# Mike Couch

"The Store That Lowered Prices In Ozona"

# RAPTURE BEYOND

(Continued From Page 3)

ing of delight.  
"You win. And I surrender. Lynda Sandal, I hereby take you as my child for better or for worse and promise to show you all the reality and the adventure I can decently supply. And if this madness be the death of Jocelyn Harlowe I do hereby promise to aid, succor and support Miss Lynda Sandal to the best of my very poor ability. In order to seal our compact and to show my sincerity," he stood up, lifted his hand in a great gesture and raised his voice, "Lynda, I want you to meet some of my friends."

At the changed timbre of his voice, the four card players turned.

"Boys, I want to present to you my daughter, Miss Lynda Sandal. Mr. James Drury, Mr. Saul Morrison and Mr. Gustave Lowe, Jock Ayleward, my protege and my protector."

Jock rose and bowed. The other men sat where they were and shook Lynda's hand with cordiality, staring and grinning hard grins up into her face. Jock Ayleward did not stare. He looked at her once keenly and looked away.

"Don't stop playing. May I watch the game?"

"We're quitting, Miss Sandal. So long, Old Nick. See you later at the hunting grounds, Ayleward."

They went, slipping into tight neat coats, slapping on their hats at rakish angles, smiling at Lynda last with probing looks.

After the men had finally taken their leave Jocelyn questioned her father.

"What is the hunting grounds?"  
"A gambling place."

"Is that how you make your living, Father?"

He held out his crippled hands with a gesture and a look which clearly meant, "How could I? No, Jock Ayleward, who is like a son to me, does all of that," he told her.

After a long and troubled silence she asked him "When may I come again to see you?"

"Whenever you please, my dear, or can make it convenient, I am nearly always at home. Most of the time on this old sofa. Every day I find it harder to get about."

"Oh, Father, can't something be done?"

He shook his head.

"Jock has done what he could for me. He takes care of me now, you must know. It's fair enough. There was a time when I took care of him."

"He loves you, Father. I can see that when he smiles."

"He's not a bad scout but don't get romantic about him, Lynda. He's not the man your Felix is, for instance. He has a poor outlook in life and a character which might be called unstable."

"He's loyal to you."

"Uh-hum."

"There's a sort of stability in that."

"Uh-hum. Emotionally I should say he was a sort of bulldog. But that's because, perhaps, he's not been coddled any by life. He knows the value of the few people that care for him."

"Who else beside you, Father?"

The bright-eyed cripple laughed in a low and taunting key. "About a dozen women, roughly speaking."

Continued Next Week

### THURSDAY BRIDGE CLUB

Mr. and Mrs. Joe T. Davidson were hosts to the Thursday Night Bridge Club at a New Year's watch party last week. The party was a regular New Year affair with balloons and confetti and humorous posters giving advice. A buffet supper was served at ten o'clock from a table decorated with poinsettias, red candles and compotes of red and white mints. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. V. I. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. tt, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Childress, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Harvick, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. F. T. McIntire, Mr. and Mrs. George Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Peters, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Robertson.

Any kind of sandwich to order at Moore's Cafe.

J. M. Dudley has moved his stock off the John Bailey ranch, east of town and given up his lease on it.

## Sweetwater Prepares For W. T. C. C. Meet

SWEETWATER, January 6.—Preliminary plans for the 1932 convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce in Sweetwater will be made at a meeting here January 11th of directors of the organization.

The session, called by Houston Harte, San Angelo, president, will draw directors from many of the member towns in Texas, New Mexico and Mexico.

Dates for the annual event will probably be adopted at the meeting and other details for staging "Texas' biggest show" will be worked out.

The visiting directors will be guests of the Sweetwater Board of Development at a luncheon on the day of the meeting.

Miss Evelyn Matheson of Wink was the guest of Miss Jessie Ing-ham a few days last week.

Mrs. J. B. Blackwell of Lometa is the guest of her son, M. T. Blackwell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Williams and small son of Miles are the guests of Mrs. Williams' parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Smith.

Mrs. N. W. Graham, Mrs. Leta Hawkins, and Mrs. Hugh Childress, Jr., were in San Angelo Monday and Tuesday.

Little change is noted in the condition of Mrs. L. B. Cox, Sr., who has been ill for several days, according to word from her bedside today.

Mrs. W. C. Easterling now in charge of Ozona Hotel. Regular meals served daily.

Motherly Lady (to small boy): "My dear, does your mother know you smoke?"

Small Boy (coldly): "Ma'am, does your husband know you speak to strange men?"

Ten carloads of mohair were shipped from Junction to Kimble County recently.

4,000 Bushels Red Oats and 60 tons Cotton Seed to sell. Cobb and McLeod Eldorado, Texas. 39-4t

"Do you know your wife is telling around that you can't keep her in clothes?"

"That's nothing. I bought her a home and I can't keep her in that, either."

More of those Moore Hot Tamales at Moore's Cafe.

## THE PIANO TUNER SAYS—

By Fred Wilson

All you old fossils who have attained the age of rheumatism, polished domes and false teeth remember 'way back in the naughty nineties when we used to take the buxom, bustled, and corn fed "Broilers" out for a spin behind an old finger tailed, stump sucking sorrel pony with the lone spavin and jump 'em out of high wheeled buggies instead of under slung automobiles. If we'd see one of those girls on the street today we would think she was the back of a hearse driving away.

Actually, some of those old bustles were as big as a full grown German police dog. Those days, they over stuffed the bustles and used the chairs natural but now the order of things seem to have exactly reversed themselves.

Incidentally, we remember of once taking one out who was so lavishly adorned that when she compressed the thing into a 36 inch buggy seat, we had to ride in 'he whip socket.

What was then called "court-ing," afterward became "spoon-ing" and now is referred to as "necking" but, of course, the modus operandi and results remain the same regardless of what name it is perpetrated under.

Some time during the epoch above referred to, the great Nebraska commoner, William Jennings Bryan, made the race for President on a bi-metal platform, advocating the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one—only to be counted out by his opponents, who seemed to be better at "Figgers."

During that gold and silver campaign was when the city of Chicago displayed her aptitude for scientific voting by polling more ballots for McKinley than she had population. Of course, such performances offended the olfactory nerves of the Bryanites but they got results and a gold standard was saddled onto a nation against the will of a majority of the people but to the complete satisfaction of Wall Street.

If the double standard of coinage had been maintained, there would have been twice as much legal tender in circulation and the legitimate inference is that the present depression would have been only half so severe.

Any one knows that it is twice as hard to rope and tie two steers as it is one.

Consequently, if it took the Wall Street vaqueros 35 years to subdue and corral the red steer, it would naturally take the same length of time to do the white

## POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Sheriff  
W. S. WILLIS—Re-election

one likewise and by that time, all we old calamity howlers will have our toes pointed toward the roots of the daises and our posterity will be either in the penitentiary or employed by the Utilities Co. and the country made safe for democracy.

Delicious plate lunches at Moore's Cafe.

FOR SALE—Medium size electric stove. Reasonable. Call at Sinclair Service Station. 1p

Miss Virginia Secret of Ozona, after spending one month at the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harris returned home Wednesday 23rd.—Rocksprings Record.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Austin of Fort Worth are the parents of a son born Monday, January 4. Mrs. Austin is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hersey of Ozona.

Welding  
Windmill Erecting and Repairing  
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See Us for Your Cabinet Work

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These are the greatest values we have ever offered. Come in and see for yourself. You'll be astonished at this beautiful merchandise at such low prices.

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True, volume of business in dollars is less. Our commodities—your groceries—are cheaper. We can't count business now on past experience.

But—since we finished reducing our shelves for inventory—we have at your disposal NOW—a larger and better line than before—and its FRESH.

Prices aren't reasonable—they are dirt cheap. Your products are and so are groceries.

We appreciate your business more than we can tell you, and we will keep right on doing our level best to deserve it.

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