

West Texas An Abomable Desolation

(West Texas Today)
The Los Angeles Times has a staff writer named Harry Carr, who is also a director and one of the owners of that great newspaper. Carr's column, which he conducts regularly, is known as "The Lancer."

Crossing West Texas late in May, Mr. Carr dated from Abilene an article for his newspaper in which he spoke in uncomplimentary terms of the section along the Texas & Pacific railway and Bankhead highway. It is, he wrote, an "abomination of desolation . . . it is good for nothing but cows . . . When the cattle business dies it will go back to the wilderness . . . The curtain is going down on the last act in West Texas."

The articles produced a tumult of indignation among ex-West Texans now living in Los Angeles. The Abilene Reporter-News received many scathing letters of protest, each writer enclosing a clipping of Carr's article. In response, Frank Grimes, editor of the Reporter-News, gave his picture of West Texas, sending it to the Los Angeles Times with request for publication. The paper sportily acceded, printed the Grimes answer in its issue of June 4.

Here are the two articles. Decide for yourself which presents the true picture of the West Texas territory.

THE LANCER
By HARRY CARR
Columnist of the Los Angeles Times
ABILENE, (Tex.), May 21.—All day long we have been traveling through an abominable desolation, flat, dreary, barren plains, reaching to the horizon.

This has been one of the most famous cow countries in the world. The flat, white clay reeks with romance and tragedy. There was never in the whole history of the world a saga like that of the American border. And the curtain is going down on the last act in West Texas.

Life still goes on, much as in the fifties, on some of the old ranches—which were in fact cow empires; but it can't go on much longer. The cattle business is dying on its feet.

Pioneer Days
This country was settled originally for the most part by pioneers from the South. They had planted the flag of the white man's civilization in the river valleys of Kentucky and Tennessee; and wandered on to a new border. Every one of these Pecos valley towns contributed its episode to the great drama.

The prairies were infested by wild Comanches one of the fiercest of the fighting tribes. It was a border tale written in blood. Later came outlaws and bandits.

Fences and Romance
In the early days the cattle ranged free and loose, to be sorted out twice a year at the great round-ups. The cows ponies were wild horses driven into corrals and broken to the saddle after mighty battles. The cattle themselves were longhorns, weighing not above 800 pounds—wild animals quick and ferocious.

The big ranches like the Y Bar and

the Lazy S and the 8 BL are fenced now. The bronchos have given way to sturdy horses that had mustang mothers and Percheron fathers, but are still quick enough "to turn on a nickle and leave you change."

The cattle are mixtures of the heavy, hump shouldered brahmas and the white-face Herefords. The shoot-'em-from-the-hip cowpunchers still carry guns, but in their saddlebags to kill coyotes.

Cowboy Songs
All that remains of the old cowboy life are the songs. In the bunkhouses, behind the wire fences, the punchers still bring out their guitars and sing "The Cow's Lament" and "The Cowboy's Christmas Ball."

Larry Crittenden was the bard of the ranges. He worked at one time on one of the ranches near Abilene and is buried at the little town of Anson. With him he had a partner who has since been known as O'Henry.

Oil and Tourists
The cow country lives on oil and tourists now. Towns that were formerly one long line of saloons are now one long line of gas stations.

The cattlemen have been broke for twenty years. The old ranches which represented the heroism of pioneer women and men are mostly in the hands of the banks. In one cattle district near Abilene there has been no rain for thirty months.

I don't know what will become of this country in the final analysis. It is good for nothing but cows. The soil is thin and hard and so unproductive that thirty acres barely support a cow. When the cattle business dies it will go back to the wilderness.

THE LANCER LANCED

By FRANK GRIMES
Editor of the Reporter News of Abilene
I have never met or heard of your Mr. Harry Carr, "The Lancer," but I have a notion that he must be at least 90 years old. Nobody but a nonagenarian could possibly accumulate as much misinformation as he displayed in his column of May 22, clipping of which has been sent to this office by more than one indignant Texan now residing in California.

Take his reference to Larry Crittenden, for instance. Larry, the poet ranchman, according to Mr. Carr, lies buried in the churchyard at the little town of Anson, near where he once worked with a partner, who "has since been known as O'Henry." William Lawrence Crittenden, basking in the summer sunshine of Cove, Me., probably will be interested to know of his demise. If he ever knew O. Henry I never heard him mention it. Crittenden did not "work on" a ranch. He owned it—and still owns many thousands of acres. Anson, twenty-two miles north of Abilene, is county seat of Jones county, which in 1932, produced more cotton than any other county in Christendom, and which in a "short" season last year ranked no worse than third.

Mr. Carr must have mistaken the alkali flats, which he refers to as "white clay" of the trans-Pecos region for the rich and prosperous country surrounding Abilene, when he dated his column. Abilene is 300 miles and more from the Pecos, and his reference to the "abomination of desolation" does not apply to any part of the Abilene country. However,

the article left that impression. Moreover, Mr. Carr's scornful description, "an abomination of desolation," is one that might have been applied to the trans-Pecos region not later than forty or fifty years ago, or before restless man began taming that frontier, just as it could have been applied with equal truth to Mr. Harry Carr's own Southern California before the advent of the Los Angeles Times. But only a very old and prejudiced person, or a fanatic, would speak today of the Trans-Pecos as "an abomination of desolation." Let's look at that picture a little further.

If the hastening Mr. Carr had tarried in El Paso, he would have found one of the loveliest and snappiest cities of its class in the United States.

If he had paused even a day at, say, Van Horn, next morning in the nearby hills he could have seen gold miners extracting that precious metal with a highly modern machine that's getting out the stuff at a reported rate of one dollar of gold per ton and making money at it.

Or if he had stoped at Pecos along the Bankhead highway, obliging West Texas townfolk would have taken him to the site of the great reservoir of the immediate future that will, in time, with federal money assisting, make that section of the trans-Pecos look so greatly like the Los Angeles area that Mr. Carr would, if he returned in a few years, think he was back home. And, if he knows good food, he could have breakfasted with appreciation of the finest cantaloupe that sells in his own Los Angeles market at a premium.

Turning off southward for a day, Mr. Carr could have found, in the Davis mountains, a wonderland of beauty now under intense improvement, and, with it, great Hereford ranches. Or, jaunting northward, another cattle kingdom in the Organ, Baylor and Guadalupe mountains; a great natural park with pine trees a hundred feet high; a national forest filled with deer; bear and mountain sheep; and, further northward, the eighth wonder of the world, the Carlsbad Caverns, starting in New Mexico and ending in Texas.

But perhaps, Mr. Carr, being in such a terrible hurry, had to hasten along. Without then leaving his car he could have passed through a half dozen oil fields that, if they were turned loose, could break the market in a day and California's oil men with it.

As for Brahma cattle, none is found nearer than 400 miles of Abilene or the Pecos. They are used on the Texas coast because of their resistance to the cattle tick fever. There are no cattle ticks nearer Abilene than 200 miles or more. And the Texas cow pony is not a cross between a Percheron and a mustang. There have been no mustangs in Texas in many years. Cow ponies from which come the best polo ponies in the world, have no percheron blood. The ranches here contain about 400,000 acres and run about 600 cow horses. They are all descendants of the purest Arabian stock, running back nearly sixty years. The cattle for hundreds of S. M. Swenson & Sons, 1. rthwest of miles around Abilene are Herefords, with a slight mixture on some ranges of Durham

or other stock to give them "bottom." At Merkle, sixteen miles west of here, lives C. M. Largent, who with his sons, have swept practically every grand champion ribbon in the country with his show cattle. A representative of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce, here recently, said that his city bought \$1,000,000 worth of Texas cattle in the last year, which would tend to show that the cow business isn't exactly "dead on its feet," as Mr. Carr insists. The cow men have had rough sledding, to be sure, but they are the hardest critters on earth to break.

And just to keep the record straight, cowboys do not carry six-shooters to kill coyotes. You cannot get close enough to a coyote to knock him over with a 44. In fact, cowhands do not carry pistols at all, not even in their saddlebags. The last saddlebag disappeared in Texas with the Buffalo.

Mr. Carr says he doesn't know what will become of this country in the final analysis. "It is good for nothing but cows." He should write the West Texas Chamber of Commerce at Stamford. That organization could cite him enough statistics to keep him up half the night. Here are only a few:

One fifth of the nation's oil is produced in West Texas.

One tenth of the nation's cotton is produced in West Texas, and the percentage will increase as the cotton belt continues its inevitable march into Southern California.

West Texas produces one twentieth of the nation's wheat crop—50,000,000 bushels annually (average for the past several years). Top crop 61,000,000 bushels.

The world's largest natural gas field, in the West Texas Panhandle, supplies Denver, St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Chicago.

West Texas produces 82 per cent or 11,480,000 pounds annually of all the mohair in the United States. It is also the wool, sheep and goat capital of the United States.

Test borings have revealed in West Texas a supply of potash calculated to last 250 years at the present rate of consumption.

Texas leads all states in beef production, and 60 per cent is produced in West Texas.

One fourth of the nation's grain sorghum crop is harvested in West Texas, as result of which cattle feeders have been emancipated from corn.

As a final reminder to Mr. Carr, there is no "cattle district near Abilene," or anywhere in West Texas, that has had no rain in 30 months. It's dry just now, we admit, but if the Los Angeles area had as much rainfall annually as we do, they could quit irrigating.

E. H. Jones of Meadow, candidate for County Judge, was a visitor in our city Tuesday, talking it over with the voters.

The Herald force has been very busy on this, the windup week, of the first primary trying to keep the boys and girls in cards. Well, it will be all over for most of them Saturday.

Jeff Medford, manager of the Help Yourself store in this city, is off on vacation, visiting relatives in northeast Texas.

Will Fisher has returned from the valley, where he has been working for some time.

FOR CONGRESS



Senator Arthur P. Duggan
Born and reared in West Texas. A trained business man of ability. A proven friend to our Homes and Schools.
A legislator of first rank with an unsurpassed record of service. Not being an Attorney he does not and could not represent any Corporation, Special Interest or Big Business.
Knows the problems and needs of the Farmers, Stockmen and Business men of this district from personal dealings and experiences.
Member eleven important Committees in State Senate which fits him to step in and go to work, representing this district in Congress NOW—not five or ten years from now.
VOTE FOR HIM—WORK FOR HIM (Paid For by Friends of Arthur P. Duggan.)

PUNDT SEEKS VOTES FROM HOSPITAL BED

This is a strange form of campaigning for a healthy, vigorous man, but John Pundt, Railroad Commission candidate finds it more comfortable until his broken ribs mend. He



will finish his speaking engagements by radio. Pundt was injured near Victoria a week ago when his car overturned as the result of a blowout. His publicity director, Preston Sneed of Dallas, was killed in the crash, and Eugene Smith, his campaign manager, was cut severely on the head.

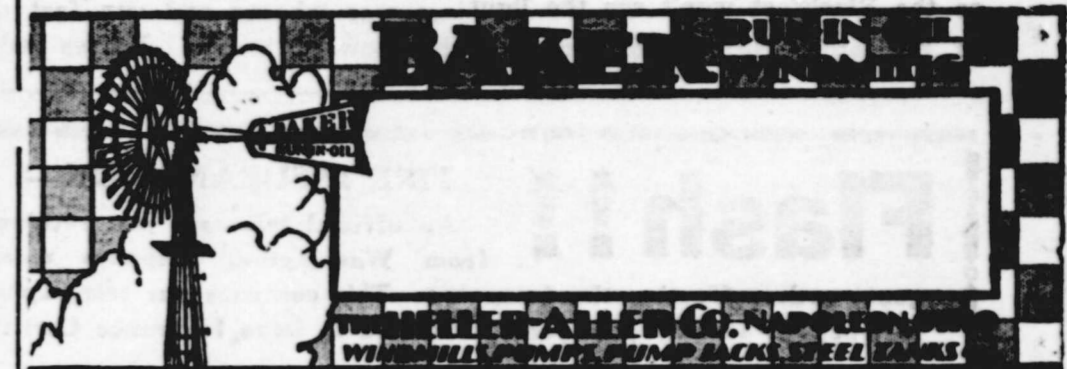
ARE SELLING CORN "FRESH FROM FIELD"

Meadow, July 21.—Two enterprising farm youths, living about a mile and a half or two miles from here, on the detour from highway 137 between Meadow and Ropesville, are making a little money "on the side" by selling roasting ears.
The boys have a roadside stand with a small sign announcing sale of roasting ears. It is a "help your-

self" proposition. All you have to do is to go down into the field and pick your own ears, paying a minimum price.

In two days the boys said they sold \$22.50 worth of corn.

Farmers coming in Wednesday morning reported that their crops looked more revived that day than any lately. This was probably accounted for by a change in the atmospheric conditions.



Hudgens and Knight
Brownfield, Texas

Cook With Gas
FOR SPEED SAFETY COMFORT ECONOMY EFFICIENCY
Symbol of Dealer **West Texas Gas Co.**
GOOD GAS WITH UNDEFINABLE SERVICE

Every bottle is **Brew-DATED**

NOW—
The Exact Age of Blatz Old Heidelberg Beer Is Guaranteed

EVERYONE has always known — that to be good—beer must be aged. Many indefinite claims have been made as to the age of beers—but now Blatz announces the greatest advancement in the brewing industry in 20 years — and guarantees the exact age of every bottle of Blatz Old Heidelberg Beer. It requires millions of dollars in equipment — row upon row of huge ageing vats — to make this guarantee possible. Every one of these vats carries the date on which its contents was brewed. When fully-aged, when it has reached that exact time when the beer has all that is best — the satisfying richness of flavor — the full body and strength — then it is bottled, and there is shown on every bottle the exact date that beer was brewed. It is your guide and guarantee that Blatz Old Heidelberg Beer is fully-aged.

Distributed by **Panhandle Fruit Company**
Address, Amarillo, Texas

Blatz Old Heidelberg Fully-Aged BEER
MILWAUKEE

There are some things we refuse to do to sell a car



There are some things we refuse to do to sell a car. We like sales, but fair-dealing and the confidence of our customers are dearer to us.

For one thing, we refuse to poison any one's mind against another make of car. We know what our car is and what it will do, and we are ready to tell you about that. But to imply defects in another car is not our business.

We have done our utmost to encourage intelligent buying of motor cars by showing purchasers how to protect their own interests. All that a good producer asks is a customer who knows quality when he sees it. An intelligent purchaser will speedily conclude that only a bad product requires bad sales methods.

We refuse to keep dining in your ears that the Ford V-8 is the best, most economical, lowest

priced car. That is claimed for several cars. Obviously it cannot be true of all. There comes a point where claims and adjectives and all advertising hysteria disappears in its own fog. Personally, I prefer facts.

We say the Ford V-8 is the best car we have ever made.

We say that our 8-cylinder car is an economical to operate on any lower number of cylinders.

We say that we have always been known as the makers of good cars and that the many good, well-balanced qualities of our present car place it at the head of our line to date.

Any one wishing to do business with us on these principles will find our word and the quality of our product to be A-1. What we say about economy, operation and durability will stand good anywhere.

Henry Ford

A letter from Mr. Henry Ford published by the Associated Ford Dealers of this territory.

RED GOOSE—THE OJIBWA INDIAN BOY

An Indian Story for Boys and Girls By Carlyle Emery

Red Goose and Little Beaver have made twenty small piles of dry brush, which Red Eagle plans to burn in order to outwit the Blackfeet Indians.

story— "Burn! Burn, torch—good and high!" said Red Eagle, as he blew on the torch to make it burn better.

frightened at many fires and will run straight into Blackfeet camp. "My father is great chief," said Red Goose proudly.

Gomez Gossip

Miss Lillian Lee returned Monday from Aspermont where she has been visiting relatives the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Earl McNeill and girls of Scuddy, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Key and children and Mr. and Mrs. Buck Hobson visited Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McNeill and family Sunday.

SYNTHETIC TERRELL

There is no good reason why Charley Lockhart should not be re-elected state treasurer. On the contrary there are many good ones why he should be given a nice big majority over all his opponents in the first primary, to save him the expense and trouble of a run-off.

Drouth Relief Cattle Buying Heavy in Texas

College Station.—From June 6th to July 13th, 54,169 head of cattle were brought under the drouth relief plan in the Texas counties then in the emergency drouth relief area, and of this number 40,846 were purchased for food and 13,422 were condemned and destroyed, according to a statement made by H. L. Darby, of the Bureau of Animal Industry at a meeting held recently at College Station for the organization of drouth relief activities in counties recently put on the emergency drouth list.



GEORGE MAHON

Mitchell County

Candidate for Congress

We do not need to tell you anything about George Mahon if you have met him. Those who know him have found him to be a plain hard working West Texan who has shown himself worthy of public trust.

FRIENDS OF GEORGE MAHON

Flash!! TIRE INSURANCE OK—

An official telegram just received from Washington, suspends emergency order affecting tire insurance. This confirms our telegraphic instructions already sent you.

GRACEY & MULLINS

Our Expert Cleaning

will keep you in readiness for all the summer parties. —SUITS FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENT—

Phone 1-0-2

City Tailor Shop and Dry Cleaners

Make Every Day Fire Prevention Day

By observing a few simple rules you can help reduce the fire waste, but you need the financial safeguard of Fire Insurance, too.

E. G. AKERS

Insurance Bonds Abstracts

BRUNSWICK TIRES

We sure would like to take care of your tire needs. We Have Got A Real Stock—

—WILL MEET MAIL ORDER HOUSE PRICES—

M. J. CRAIG

Phone 43

FANNIN COUNTY ROUND-UP

The citizens of Hall county, who at one time lived in Fannin county are planning to have a Fannin county get-together meeting at Memphis, Hall county, on August 17-18, 1934.

"Blackfeet even run from a girl," said Little Beaver, so happy and thrilled, she could hardly speak. "Blackfeet are gone, my son," Red Eagle spoke quietly, but there was a tone of pride in his voice.

(To be continued)

PRINTING CODE PRICES

The Deport Times says: A curious instance occurred in Berlin the other day. A special court order held that old age is no excuse for not reading the newspapers.

What does the Deport Times propose to do about the practice of daily newspapers with a habit of printing page, double-page and four-page circulars at cut-throat prices? The new code fixes a price on all circulars for everybody alike.

A. C. Harvey informed us this week that he had a fine crop out on his farm and wanted us to run out and see it some afternoon.

NEWS—A REQUIREMENT

A curious instance occurred in Berlin the other day. A special court order held that old age is no excuse for not reading the newspapers.

The jurist admitted that he had not acted with malice aforethought and perhaps had no inkling that a law was passed in 1931 requiring Germans to report their foreign exchange.

So these old women must go to prison for an offense of which they were unaware, but concerning which they might have informed themselves by reading the public prints carefully.

SEE ME—for general repairing of any kind. All kinds of welding, Battery and Radiator repairing. Prices in line with others.

FLEM McSPADEN

Make Your Headquarters at Our Store ON ELECTION DAY

We Will Give the Returns as They Come in.

SPECIALS

Castile Shampoo, 1 Pint 49c Bath Sprays, \$1.00 Value, 79c

ALEXANDER'S

"THE REXALL STORE"

SEE US FOR YOUR REQUIREMENTS

Monitor Windmills Dempster Windmills

Ever-Oiled Axtel Windmills

Wallpaper Coal Lumber, etc.

CICERO SMITH LUMBER COMPANY

After the appraisal sheet has been signed, the producer delivers his cattle at the shipping point designated by the Relief Commission and receives a receipt to be turned over to the county farm demonstration agent who sends it to Kansas City.

The purchase price varies from \$8 to \$14 for cattle two years old and over, from \$5 to \$10 for cattle between one and two years old and \$3 for cattle under one year, and this payment never varies.

The purchase price varies from \$8 to \$14 for cattle two years old and over, from \$5 to \$10 for cattle between one and two years old and \$3 for cattle under one year.

In the case of cattle condemned, not because of disease but for thinness, the owner is allowed to use the meat for home consumption or for home canning but is not allowed to use it for any commercial purpose.

Later, another horse racing bill known as House Bill 167 was proposed in the 43rd Legislature as recorded on pages 1790 to 1794 of the Senate Journal.

SMALL SCANDALIZES THE PANHANDLE There has been a great hue and cry that all the Panhandle voters should support Senator Small in his gubernatorial aspirations principally because he is a West Texas candidate.

Senator Small never did have the backing of the Panhandle simply because he happened to reside in Amarillo, except in the minds of a very few citizens, most all of whom had been imposed upon through a lack of information as to the real objects of the candidate and his questionable tactics for securing the coveted position.

This writer visited a number of West Texas towns over the week end in an effort to ascertain the true facts relative to the standing of Senator Small. He found in every section prominent citizens who are disgusted with Small's misrepresentations.

Trucks came in Wednesday with the household goods of Elder Jaa. A. Fry, and were unloaded in the church of Christ parsonage.

true facts began to develop. His strength has pitifully waned over the west during the past two weeks when his "home folks" began to realize that most of his bid for votes was based on hypocritical misrepresentations.

When Senator Small assumed a pious air, apparently for campaign purposes, and went over the state protesting loudly against race horse betting among the other things, he knew full well that he was playing the part of the hypocrite since he voted to permit race horse gambling in Texas.

When the first racing bill known as House Bill 12, 43 Legislature, pa. 312, came before the Senate of which Small was a member, it carried a provision of an increase of the state's portion of a licensee's commission from 8 per cent to 25 per cent.

And yet Small chases over the state appealing to good citizens to help "him" save the young folks from the awful consequences of race track gambling.—Clarendon Leader.

PRAYING FOR RAIN

The organized churches of Texas are calling on all their members to pray for rain. Texas at this time is suffering from the worst drouth from one end of the state to the other that it has ever known.

The fact of the matter is that it is unnecessary for the church officials to call on their membership to pray for rain. Every human being has been praying silently for rain for several weeks.

The rivers, the creeks, the wells, the cisterns and the tanks are dry. The crops that were so promising in the early months of the year are now fast turning to naked stems and the fields are becoming barren wastes of sand and parched earth.

Miss Etta Rickard has just returned from a visit to the World's Fair. Her party stayed there three days and then returned to Texas via the old southern states.

Elvin Burnett and family of here from El Centro, Calif., visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Burnett.

Advertisement for Chevrolet cars, featuring the slogan 'In a day's drive IT'S THE RIDE THAT COUNTS' and 'CHEVROLET provides the finest ride the low-price field has ever known'. Includes an image of a Chevrolet car and a circular graphic with 'Drive it only 5 miles'.

CARTER CHEVROLET CO. Brownfield, Texas

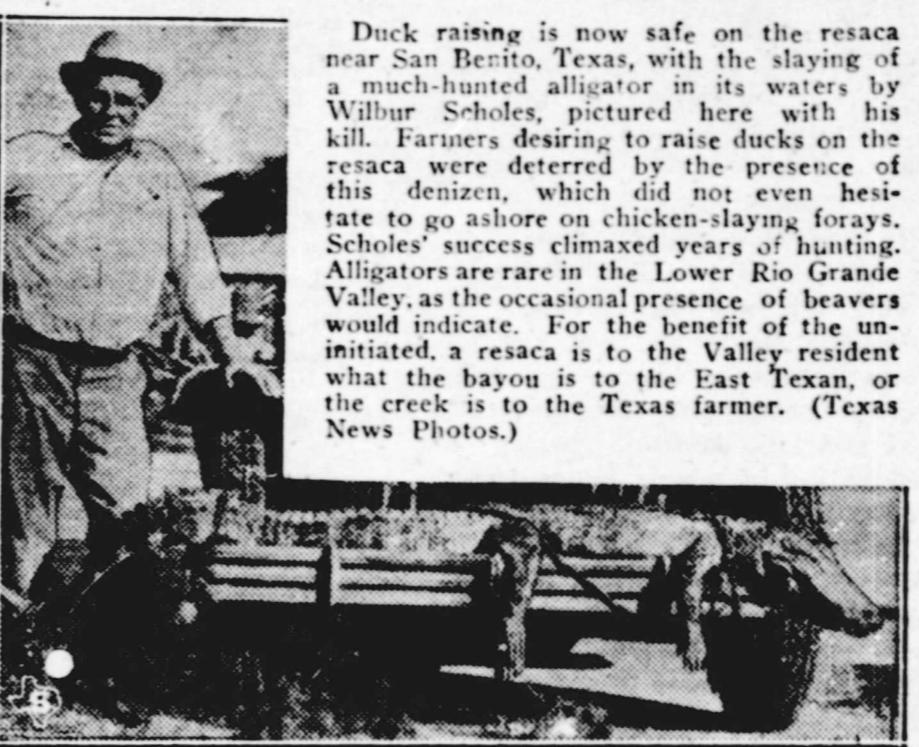
3 YEAR COLUMN

Cleve Williams had raised broom corn with 29 inch straws, and was figuring on putting in a broom corn factory here in the fall. J. T. May had millet that measured 39 inches high, and M. V. Brownfield showed cattail millet 40 inches high. Fruit and all garden and field crops were good that year. The prohibitionists of Terry county won a victory over the antis in the statewide election to the tune of 118 to 66. The two Brownfield boxes gave a slight wet lead. The state antis won only by about 6000 votes, and Dallas county only lacked 207 votes of being dry. Mr. L. L. Cobb of Seminole and Miss Fay Bynum of this city had married Wed. Rev. Victor Trammell officiated. John and Redge Burnsatt were figuring on buying a maize header and thresher. The Presbyterian revival had closed and a church organized with ten mem-

bers. Lence Price went to Tahoka after freight. Chas. Copeland was a Tahoka visitor. J. T. May was a Gomez visitor. M. V. Brownfield and Dr. Ellis were Lubbock visitors. E. L. Duke went to Lubbock after a load of ice. Claud Criswell had been helping with the Slaughter herd in Gaines county. Jim Walker had been to Nolan county to help a relative get his herd across the quarantine line. Horace Randal and family came over from Lynn county. Mrs. J. H. Turner of Marshall was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. A. Bell. Will Alf Bell and J. H. Turner had bagged 8 prairie chickens. Bert Shepherd and W. D. Winn were in after supplies. Uncle Joe Fisher was showing alfalfa 18 inches high that had only been planted three months. Several couples attended a dance at Luke Scott's 8 miles east of town. Mrs. George Neill had returned from a visit to her mother at De Leon. H. L. Ware was in from the

west side. Judge Spencer had legal business at Tahoka and Lubbock. Jim Walker and John Waltrip had started the grader on the Tahoka road. Sam Stanford was over from Yoakum county. H. H. Longbrake was building a concrete floor for M. V. Brownfield's milk house. Clay Hughes was visiting an uncle in McCullough county. Mrs. J. R. Hill and children had returned from a visit in San Saba. Judge Copeland and Aines Robinson were down from Lubbock. W. R. Young was up from Lampasas looking after his section of land. A. B. Young and Mr. Ramfield were up from McCullough prospecting. W. T. McCain of Cameron was up looking after his land in Yoakum county. He was a nephew of Grandpa Schrock. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bridges were on their way to Stephens county to visit relatives. A bridal shower for Miss Fay Bynum was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ellis with Miss Pearl Stewart as hostess. G. E. Spurling of Stamford, was here prospecting. Gomez: Fair and cooler weather. Prof. White, of Tahoka, wife and son were visiting R. W. Glover and family. Light vote polled at prohibition election. Mr. Pruitt's little boy was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake. A doctor was called by phone but could not save him. The body was laid to rest in the Gomez Cemetery. Mr. Spears brought in a load of melons. The young folks attended an ice cream supper at the W. D. Winn residence. A large crowd attended another singing at Oral Adams. Singing at Simon Holgate's Sunday night. Mrs. Will Snodgrass and children had returned from a visit with her parents in Oklahoma. The Baptist fifth Sunday meeting was to be held there beginning Thursday night. Rev. Jameson was holding a revival at Harris. Rev. Lovelady of Plains was a guest of Dr. Maddux. Mr. and Mrs. Booth Hays were guests of Mrs. Bragg Saturday night. All for this week.

Duck Raising Safe After Death of Killer



Duck raising is now safe on the resaca near San Benito, Texas, with the slaying of a much-hunted alligator in its waters by Wilbur Scholes, pictured here with his kill. Farmers desiring to raise ducks on the resaca were deterred by the presence of this denizen, which did not even hesitate to go ashore on chicken-slaying forays. Scholes' success climaxed years of hunting. Alligators are rare in the Lower Rio Grande Valley, as the occasional presence of beavers would indicate. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a resaca is to the Valley resident what the bayou is to the East Texan, or the creek is to the Texas farmer. (Texas News Photos.)

SELF DEFENSE

A small man was holding forth on humanitarianism. "My friends," he said, "you should never in any circumstances strike a child. I've brought up six boys myself; so I know what I'm talking about." "Six boys!" exclaimed one of the

audience. "And do you mean to say you've never laid a hand on one of them?" "Never!" exclaimed the lecturer, "except in self-defense." Stranger: "I've come out here to make an honest living." Native: "Well, there's not much competition."

CLARK MULLICAN
Judge 99th Judicial District
Lubbock, Texas
—For—
CONGRESS
New 19th Congressional District
DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY, 1934



COMMERCE HOTEL

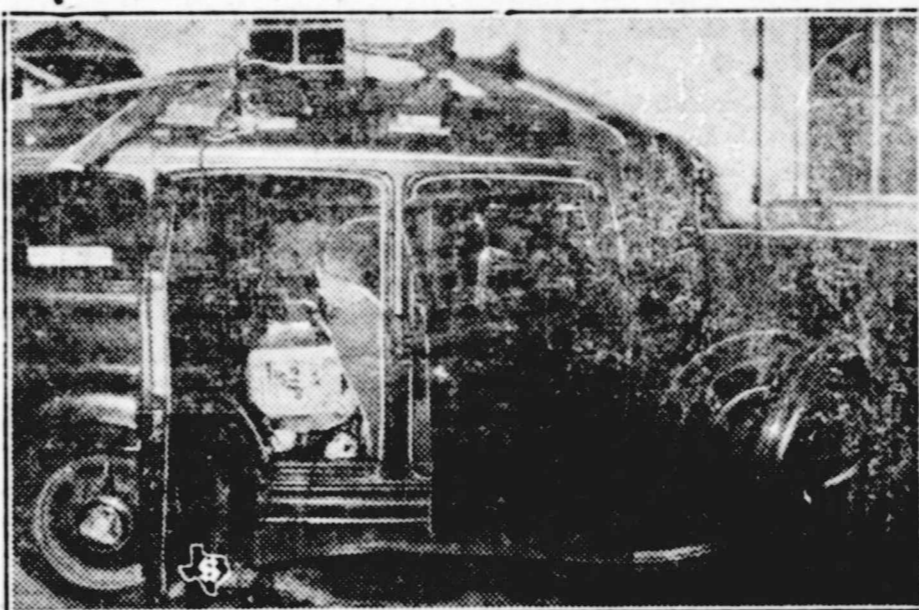
Rooms and Furnished Apartments—All Newly Finished and Clean.
MRS. J. W. SAWYER, Prop.

Wanted--

GOOD CLEAN COTTON RAGS
No Strings or Ducking Accepted.

TERRY COUNTY HERALD

One Dead, Two Hurt in Campaign Crash



One man was killed and two others gravely injured when this car turned a triple somersault after a tire blew out near Victoria, Texas. Preston Sneed, prominent Dallas public relations counsel, member of the firm of Langley & Sneed, is dead, and John Pundt, candidate for Texas Railroad Commission, is in a Victoria hospital with a crushed chest. Eugene Smith, who drove the ill-fated car, escaped with deep cuts about the head and body bruises. Sneed was former manager of the Dallas airport. The three men had just finished a speaking engagement in Victoria in behalf of Pundt for Commissioner and were enroute to another in Refugio when the tragedy occurred. (Texas News Photos.)

Gomez: Fair and cooler weather. Prof. White, of Tahoka, wife and son were visiting R. W. Glover and family. Light vote polled at prohibition election. Mr. Pruitt's little boy was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake. A doctor was called by phone but could not save him. The body was laid to rest in the Gomez Cemetery. Mr. Spears brought in a load of melons. The young folks attended an ice cream supper at the W. D. Winn residence. A large crowd attended another singing at Oral Adams. Singing at Simon Holgate's Sunday night. Mrs. Will Snodgrass and children had returned from a visit with her parents in Oklahoma. The Baptist fifth Sunday meeting was to be held there beginning Thursday night. Rev. Jameson was holding a revival at Harris. Rev. Lovelady of Plains was a guest of Dr. Maddux. Mr. and Mrs. Booth Hays were guests of Mrs. Bragg Saturday night. All for this week.

Judge: "What do you plead?"
Negro: "I plead guilty and waives the hearing."
Judge: "What do you mean, waive the hearing?"
Negro: "I means Ah don't want to hear any mo' about it."

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."
"Your lips."
"No, my liquor."

Mrs. Ed Tharp visited her daughters in Lubbock Tuesday.

King of Comedy Meets the King of Ring!
Fists and Quips Fly Fast and Furious



"ANYONE who will try to make people laugh," said Fred Allen with modest emphasis on the word "try," "ought not to be afraid to tackle anything."

And with these words the star of the Wednesday evening radio program, "The Hour of Smiles," put on the gloves and marched into the training ring at Pompton Lakes, N. J. where Primo Carnera was waiting for him. Marched in and staggered out. . . .

When he could quip again, Mr. Allen told Carnera, who is training for the big fight with Max Baer on June 14 at Long Island City, a swell story about a kangaroo. And the champion's bellow of appreciative laughter could be heard in Manhattan.

"Each to his own talents," drawled the radio comedian with stern philosophy.

Mr. Allen is an amateur boxer and an enthusiastic fight fan. He never misses an important battle or chance to visit a ring king. And, believe it or not, his real name is John F. Sullivan. He took the name of Fred Allen for theatrical purposes—and a lucky name it's been, too.

This is what happened when Fred Allen, radio comedian, met Primo Carnera, boxing champion at the latter's training camp in Pompton Lakes, N. J. But you should have seen Primo when Fred told a story—I Carnera weighs 265—Allen 161.

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