

STERLING CITY NEWS-RECORD

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NO. 19

This Week

by ARTHUR BRISBANE

France Looks Ahead Snake and Spider Sharp-Shooting, New The Restless Philippines

Berlin says France is arranging to lend one hundred million yen, Japanese money, to the new "republic" of Manchukuo, where a Chinese puppet governs in the interest of Japan.

Japan would guarantee the loan. Germans believe that France considers it important to help Japan establish a strong position on the southern boundaries of Russian Siberia.

The French are wise in war matters and able to look ahead.

Tragic happenings in St. Charles, Ill. Scientists watched a ten-inch garter snake held prisoner in the web of a black spider. The spider wrapped its silken ropes, much stronger in proportion to size than any steel cable made by man, around the snake's head. For 24 days, the snake, alive, struggled vainly to escape.

The spider, apparently not strong enough to kill the snake, daily wrapped more spider web around it.

Kind "cruelty to animals" sympathizers protested and the snake was freed.

Science said the spider was entitled to prove what he could do. It was a small male spider of the interesting kind that, according to Fabre, French naturalist, enjoys a dangerous honeymoon. The female usually kills and devours him when the honeymoon is over, and sometimes before it starts.

A new kind of sharp-shooting is developed, more important to this country's safety than anything else, not excepting sentimental peace talk.

Lieut. E. W. O'Connor, army air corps, establishes a world's record for consecutive hits with bombs from a height of 5,000 feet. He aimed eight bombs at a small circle on the ground. Seven reached the mark; the eighth fell just outside the circle.

One flyer, with one helper, in a bombing plane costing less than \$100,000, shooting as well as that, could have destroyed seven battleships, costing \$50,000,000 each, destroying also their crews.

Spain, now building up an "armada of the air," shows her intelligence.

She will find that more useful than the old floating armada sent against England and Elizabeth.

Our patriotic fellow Americans in the Philippines seem uncertain as to their desires. Recently they have been telling us they would separate from the United States entirely, to be free and independent. Then it occurred to some that if they did that they would not be able to send sugar and other products here without paying duty; also that they would have nobody to build roads and public schools for them.

Now Guillermo Capadocia, from the Island of Negros, says: "We want to run the Americans out of the Philippines." Simultaneously, he, with five hundred associates waving red flags, carrying banners reading: "Long live the Soviet republic!" demands a cash dole, payable weekly. It is a complicated situation there.

Campers near Elrama, Pa., digging into a hillside, uncovered skeletons of human beings that lived in America thousands of years before the noble redman came, supposedly from Asia. These earlier Americans, according to scientists examining their skulls, had more intelligence than the Indians that followed them. They were "dolichocephalic," which means "long headed," and their skull bone was thin, which indicates that they had been thinking for a long time. But their jaws were heavy and primitive, showing lack of balance.

Invaders from Asia, probably better fighters, wiped them out.

If your boy is "going out" for athletic honors in his high school, preparatory school or college, determined to "make" this team or that, you will be interested in an insurance survey which shows that college men live long, but the athletes among them do not come up to the general average.

He who uses up his heart in early youth with unnaturally violent exercise will not have a good heart to carry him through the later years. "Moderation in everything." You can't use up your heart, and have it.

The British are wise. Gandhi, whose
(Continued on fourth page)

Convalescing



Garner's Mother Is Dead

Mrs. Sarah Jane Garner, aged 81, and mother of John N. Garner, Democratic nominee for vice president, died at her home in Detroit, Texas, last Tuesday, September 20. She had been ill for some time, and when her condition became critical, her family of two daughters and three sons, of whom the illustrious John Nance Garner was the eldest, were summoned and were at her bedside when the end came. The other two sons are Jesse L. and Jolly Garner and the daughters are Mrs. John R. Wright and Mrs. Maud Blair. All of these live in Detroit.

Deceased was born in a log cabin in Red River County May 20, 1851. Before her marriage to John Garner Sr. she was Miss Sarah Jane Guest, daughter of Mark Guest, who came to that country up Red River in a steamboat in 1921. John N. Garner was born in the same log cabin where his mother was born.

Wimodausis Entertained With Luncheon

An attractively planned luncheon, also delightfully informal, was given by Mrs. W. L. Foster and Miss Ethel Foster, Thursday Sept. 22, having as their guests the members of the Wimodausis Club.

The living, dining, and library rooms were thrown together. The soft lights and lovely fall roses added to the charming costumes of the guests, which will be a picture long to be remembered by those present.

A complete two course luncheon was served buffet style to the guests from the dining room, after which they gathered at luncheon tables attractively laid with beautiful linens and silver.

This meeting was the opening one of the fall year for the study club. The subject for the day was "The Home". A roll call of the members was responded to by sketches of the home life of different nations. A delightful reading, "A Heap of Living" by Guest was given by Mrs. W. N. Reed. Miss Foster sang "Home on the Range," accompanied by Mrs.

C. A. Bowen.

Those present were: Mesdames J. B. Atkinson, C. A. Bowen, R. P. Brown, Eric Conger, Ralph Collins, V. E. Davis, N. L. Douglas, W. S. Ezell, Alice, Roy, Lester, and Templeton Foster; Pat Kellis, R. L. Lowe, Sam Mahaffey, W. N. Reed, and W. E. Allen.

Club Reporter.

The Hoover Dam

The Hoover Dam across the Colorado River at Boulder City, when completed, will stretch across a width of 1180 feet. The base of the dam will be 650 feet, sloping up to 45 feet at the top and will be 730 feet high. The dam will be in the form of an arch extending up stream. The reservoir created will store 35,500,000-acre feet of water.

The dam will back water up the Colorado 114 miles and up the Virgin river 35 miles into Nevada. The area of the lake will be 227 square miles, which represents a body of water 700 feet at its deepest place, nearly 15 miles square.

When harnessed, it will give at a maximum 1,200,000 horsepower. Water from the lake will be used for irrigation in Arizona, Nevada and California. The electric power generated will be carried over cables to many points in these states.

It will be the highest dam in the world and will cost \$164,000,000, and is scheduled to be completed in 1938, but it is reported that the work on it has progressed a year ahead of the schedule time, and may be completed in 1937.

A canal to take the water from the river below the dam is in process of construction that will deliver water into Los Angeles, California, a distance of over 200 miles. The construction of this canal will cost \$217,000,000. This looks like a big thing, but when completed, it will be worth the money.

Joel R. Barton was in from his Reagan County ranch last Wednesday. Joe says that he has two nice clothes pins saved up to clamp his and this editor's nose when we go to vote for jimferguson in November.

Interest and penalties remitted on delinquent taxes paid by Jan. 31

Sterling City Man Director on Credit Corporation Staff

J. T. Davis was appointed as one of the ten directors of the Federal Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation Branch Bank located at San Angelo. This Corporation was created by act of Congress as a farm relief measure.

Mr. Davis was chosen because of his twenty two years experience as vice president of our First National Bank, and his lifetime experience in livestock, as well as his general knowledge of the people and conditions of West Texas, and especially of the 32 counties comprising the District. He will receive on a dollar a year for his services.

Mr. Davis says it will be two or three weeks before he will know just what will be done in the way of loaning money to ranchmen and farmers. He believes that the loans will prove a great relief to the farmers and ranchers of this part of the country when the bank gets in operation.

260-Year-Old Dream Has Come True

Pere Marquett, a Frenchman who explored the regions around the Great Lakes 260 years ago, predicted that a waterway reaching from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico would one day be constructed. That old timer's prophecy is about to come true. The canals of the water way is due to be completed by Nov. 15. The enterprise will have cost Uncle Sam \$107,500,000.

Water to operate the first section of the scheme will be taken from Lake Michigan at Chicago down a canal to Lockport, Ill. From Lockport to Utica, Ill. From Utica, down the Illinois river to the Mississippi river into the Gulf of Mexico.

It will soon be possible to travel by water all the way from Galveston to Chicago. Millions of tons of freight will go over this route at a great saving to the shippers.

The new tax relief law will save Sterling County taxpayers more than 50c on each \$100 valuation.

POURS IT ON UNCLE BILL

(By Uncle Bill)

Heretofore, my good friend, A. W. Puett, of the Robert Lee Observer has led me to believe that Robert Lee and the West part of Coke County wanted a road leading from that town in a westerly direction to Sterling City and on west and southwest, thereby giving those people an outlet to the travelling public which would be the making of Robert Lee.

In advocating this enterprise, the News-Record has tried to show where Robert Lee would be the greatest beneficiary of the road. In doing this, I have sometimes gently prodded those Coke County people to wake them up to the importance of the road. In doing this, the Observer has invited us to "Pour it on, Uncle Bill, we need it."

Well, in the issue of the News Record of Sep. 9, I used my prod again on those boys, and Migosh! how that editor did come alive! He tore up the ground and bit the bushes, and told me that I "was a good scout, you need information worse than any man I ever saw." And then proceeded to tell it to me awful strong.

Then he proceeded to lambast Governor Sterling, Dan Moody, Tom Love, and old Wall Street. Then he proceeded to give Judge Ely, the B. C. D. of Sweetwater, and a lot of Nolan County fellows the devil, but hadn't told me a thing about the road yet. The road was what I was wanting to hear about, but to my disappointment, he exclaims: "And haven't you got sense enough, Uncle Bill, to know that if it is built that Ma and Jim will build it?"

O, Lordy, right here I had to bust out crying. Ma and jim build a road in Coke County! Whoopee! Ma and jim out in the wilds of Coke County building roads! Jack and Jinny blowing up coals, did you say? Why man, if that's the case, the Butterfield trail through Coke County is a mere vision. You know, Brother Puett, that jimferguson is not going to haul crushed rock from Oklahoma to build a road in Coke County as they did when the road was built at Van Horn. No, no, jim never owned a rock crusher in Oklahoma! He just wanted some good rock from Oklahoma in place of the granite chet at Van Horn. jim's Fridays! built one mile of road at the price of four.

But getting back to the road. You say: "And did you know that Judge Ely has done been told to send engineers to survey the Butterfield road from Robert Lee West, and he hasn't done it, and don't aim to. And did you know that the Commissioners' Court of Coke County is ready for them to come on? And did you know that not one inch of right-of-way has been pledged in the great county of Sterling except that of Mr. Foster."

Well, now Brother Puett, in answering your questions, I am doing so in the hope of disabusing your mind of a few errors.

(1) Who, when and why was Judge Ely "done told" to have the engineers to survey the road? He is the head of the Commission, isn't he? Now who was it that gave the order?

(2) No, I never heard that your Commissioners Court was ready to do anything toward the opening of that road, and if you don't care, I don't believe they are ready, or ever

(C continued on 2nd page)

Sterling City News-Record

W. F. Kellis,
Editor and Owner

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POURS IT ON UNCLE BILL

(Continued from first page)

will be.

(3) No, I didn't know that Sterling County had no right-of-way pledged. In fact, I rather think we have a good graded road extending from Sterling City east to the Coke County line. Why, Brother Puett, you have driven over it often enough to know that. You don't have to see where the road crosses over into Coke County, other parts of your anatomy will tell you that much. As for Mr. Fosters pledge you spoke of, I beg to inform you that he owns no lands along that route in Sterling County.

But let us quit talking about the Butterfield road. Your people don't want it, so let us quit talking about it. When the folks here want to go to Abilene, they can go by the way of Bronte where they didn't vote so strong for jimferguson. So far as I am concerned, John Copeland has my permission to roll a big rock in that Coke County trail that leads up the mountains and block the thing. I know your court would never move it, because it wouldn't kill a snake in the west end of your county.

So far as I am concerned, I am through with that part of the road from your town to the Sterling County line for the next two years. By that time, Texas will have puked jimferguson up, and maybe we can have an honest man at the bat. In the mean time we will have finished the Butterfield extension from Sterling City to Garden City on to Midland. Judge Ely has treated us very nicely about this matter. He has a crew of engineers at work on the Garden City end of it. His "political scheme" as you call it, will get us the ten mile stretch on highway No. 9 thru Glasscock County as well as the Garden City road. Say, Brother Puett, did you Robert Lee boys ever try to get along with Judge Ely and the highway officials? If you recall, when Judge Ely tried to give you an outlet from your town to the southwest, you accused him of being crooked, and instead of snapping into it and getting busy as Sterling did, you lay down on the job. You are still soldiering and bellyaching. You are suspicious and will never get anywhere until you boys step out and take a look at yourselves. Until you boys catch onto yourselves and get up and do something, Bronte will make you suck the hind teat by shying the roads around you and leading you in good schools as well as other progressive measures.

You have the finest of lands, and a good citizenship whom I love and respect. They mean well, but they insist on being misinformed. Too many of them are led to believe that W. P. Hobby, Earl Mayfield, Pat Neff, Dan Moody, Ross Sterling or any other man who ever opposed jimferguson, are liars and horse-thieves because jimferguson said so. Too many of you are glorifying jimferguson and putting the stamp of

approval on his dirty record.

But after all, I admire you, Brother Puett, for hitting back at me for prodding your people about the road, but you ought not to have invited the prod.

I hope you will enjoy your Fergusonism as much as you are now enjoying your Hooverism. I congratulate you on your (great?) victory for jimferguson—even if they did have to invoke the aid of niggers, ex-convicts, wet Mexicans, hobos and loafers from Louisiana. If he passes the gauntlet of the Supreme Court and he is declared the Democratic nominee, I intend to pay the forfeit by holding my nose and casting my vote for the slime appointed jimferguson as I said I would, altho there will be tens of thousands who will do like jim did in 1922 when he refused to support Mayfield and voted for a republican.

But you and I are still good personal friends with nothing between us except this darned jimferguson person and the Butterfield Trail. When Smith Hoover, that promising scion of the House of Puett grows up to be a power like "Red" Dicky, he will build the road, so I can visit him at Robert Lee and tell him about the 50-year struggle I had in making the "paths straight", but in the mean time, Bumbles, you might send me (by way of Bronte) a jar of that peerless honey your bees extract from the catclaws that grow where the road ought to be, and maybe it will sweeten things up a little.

SWALLOWING HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

Perhaps no class of civilized people on earth are more credulous and more easily gulled than the average farmer.

Slandorous isn't it? Well, I speak from actual experience and know exactly what I am talking about. The first 24 years of my life were spent trying to extract an existence out of the soil. Up to that period of my life, I knew no other calling. Except for the little schooling my parents were able to give, and the few books and papers I read, I was as ignorant as the cows that grazed on the range.

I believed everything that a lighting rod peddler, peanut politician or other stranger told me, and nothing that my true friends told. The first circus queen I ever saw in Barnum's Show, I was ready to run off with her. Barnum had so many wonderful things in his show, that I thought he had been up to Heaven and had captured one of God's angels and brought her down to earth for his show queen.

When I saw her in skirts that were as short as those which girls wore two years ago, I lost all interest in the lions, tigers and the wild snake-eater from Borneo. I was determined to see more of that girl, so I sneaked into the tent where her horse was kept. There I found her with her beautiful white arms around that horse's neck and talking to him like a week old bride. Oh how I did wish that I was that horse! She did not see me at first, but when I came closer and said, "howdy," she said, "Huh? What are you doing in here?"

"Nothin' " I said.
"Well, you splinced shanked, knock kneed, bowlegged, tallow faced, son of a sand lizard, get out of here!" Then she turned loose a string of cuss words on me, but I didn't hear the last ones, for I was many rods away from the scene. This was the first time I ever heard a woman cuss. In fact I didn't know then that a woman was capable of cussin'. I never heard one do it before.

This experience taught me a few things. But still, I had great faith

in "Water Witches." They might fool me with a painted, short skirted baby who stood up while riding a paint horse, but nobody could tell me that certain men in the country armed with a forked dogwood switch couldn't tell where to dig and find water. No, sir, these boys with a forked switch could surely find where to dig for water.

Daddy settled a new place, and we boys had to haul water from a spring a couple of miles away. Hauling water for the hogs, chickens, geese, calves and the family got old to us boys. So, while we were resting between fodder pulling and cotton picking time, we planned to dig a well.

No man in the country would ever think of digging a well without the services of a "Water Witch." Daddy was skeptical about witches of any kind, but in order to encourage his boys in the enterprise, he sent me after one. The "Water Witch" went to a dogwood thicket and cut a forked switch and he was ready to come with me. This man assured me that he could tell where to dig to find water every time, and I believed every word he said. After cyphering around the yard awhile he said there was no water there. Then he went up on a ridge about a quarter of a mile and his switch worked fine and he said, "dig."

And we did dig. We kept right digging until we dug nine dry holes. Then we had mother to select a spot in the yard where we dug and found plenty of good water at 20 feet where the "Water Witch" said there was none. At this, our stock in "Water Witches" suffered a bearish slump as it did in the show girl.

Being election year, candidates were as thick as fiddlers are in that place where the ministers so often speak of. One candidate in particular would come to the field where we were at work. He told us all about his opponent being a town dude. He said he was a friend to the farmer and the "po' wukin" man. He said his opponent was an upstart who wouldn't speak to us if he were elected. We believed him, voted for him and he was elected. When he took office in town, I tried to call on him. When a nigger at the door told me that I must sell in my card, I didn't know what he meant by card, but I told him my name and requested that he inform his boss that I merely called to pay my respects to him, and that I would like to see him. The nigger returned and said: "de boss, he done say dat we got no time to fool away unless you haz business wid' im," and the nigger shut the door in my face. I went away a much wiser man. I began to suspect that I and my neighbors were a bunch of suckers to be used as jackasses on which politicians rode into office and to be hitched on the outside after we were ridden.

I began to take stock of myself and found that I had been stuffed full of bunkum. I had been feeding on the slop which smooth politicians had been funneling into me thru the columns of the Pumpkin Agitate and the Milo Maize Advocate.

I began to see that my neighbors and I were suckers and that every darned crooked politician in the country knew it. I took notice that these gents who pretended country picnics and barbecues would always in their speeches make it a point to impress the folks that they were the friends of the poor downtrodden farmer, and he would sure see that the honest horny handed farmer would get what was coming to him if he were elected.

After half a century of close observation, I became convinced that the farmer is still an easy mark, and is as ready and willing as ever to serve as gentle jackasses on which these smooth ducks may ride into

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West Texas Utilities Company

office, and when the journey is made to be hitched at the gate until they want to ride again.

When I hear these fellows prating about their friendship for the farmer and what they will do for him, is notice to me that he thinks that they are a lot of suckers to be hooked again by the same old bait. It makes me so darned mad that I feel that it would be a great thrill to have the privilege of beating them to death with a dead rabbit, and tapping the fools who take stock in them, for a case of simples.

Take for instance the case of jimferguson. Altho jim has not done a lick of honest work in a quarter of a century, yet, he tells these old boys he is their friend, and they swallow it hook, sinker and line. He is a rich man and lives in a fine mansion at Austin, yet, they think he lives in a renter's cabin. They read jim's paper and they believe every word and take it for their guide and faith. Of course, there are thousands of farmers from whose eyes the scales have fallen and they have seen the light, but there are too many who believe everything they read in the Forum, but nothing their friends tell. A real friend to these boys can't tell them anything. They won't believe even after they have been shown. They are hopeless.

The hot weather of last week was ended with a downpour of rain last Wednesday followed by cool weather. The rain will damage feed crops that have not been shocked or mowed, but the wild rye and winter orange weeds will grow and make up for the damage.

Some fellows are criticising Governor Sterling because he is contesting the nomination of jimferguson. These people seem to think that a citizen of Texas should have no right to contend for that which the law guarantees him. If jimferguson had stolen a mule from Governor Sterling, these same fellows would be trying to help jim get off with it by trying to keep the matter out of court. If they are honest and want to see justice done, they should welcome a court contest, provided they have clean hands. There is something dead up the creek and they are determined that no one shall find the location.

The dove season in this part of Texas comes at a time when thousands of these birds are nesting. A dove killed in September often leaves a nest full of young ones. If you will search around the maize fields even today, (Sept. 20) you can find young doves in the nest. The open season for doves should not be earlier than October 15.

There has been such a demand for our "Second Chapter of Jim," that all our supply of extras have been exhausted. One of these days we have planned to issue the "Book of Jim" in book form with the first, second and the third chapters of Jim. It will be offered for about two-bits a copy. It will be worth the money.

Except for local news items, always try to get your copy for the News-Record not later than Wednesday noon. By doing this, your copy will always be printed.

Local Items

Three rooms for rent. Apply to C. C. Reynolds. 4t pd.

Have pasturage for 100 cows. Philip Thompson 2t.

Born: On the 14th. to Mr. and Mrs. Homer Beardon, a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Williams are visiting relatives at Lamesa.

Miss Vivian Roan of Robert Lee is visiting Miss Earnestine Stone.

J. H. Hefley came down from Big Spring last Tuesday to visit his son, Rogers Hefley.

Wesley Ball, of Burnett, was here last Saturday mingling with old time friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Pearce are in Temple, where Mrs. Pearce is undergoing medical treatment.

Rufus Foster returned from Temple last Wednesday where he went for medical observation.

Coming soon—A Comedy, "Million Dollar Legs." It's a scream; make your plans to see it.

Let us do your ironing, at lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Call or see Mrs. Bob Martin.

Mrs. Foster Conger went to Temple the first of the week for medical observation and treatment.

This part of the country is soaking wet from the rains that fell here Wednesday and Thursday.

H. H. Allard and family who suffered an attack of ptomain poisoning last Wednesday are reported to be convalescing.

J. B. Cole of Amarillo was here last week end visiting his sons, Frank and John Cole and his daughter, Mrs. W. W. House.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Revell and Mrs. W. J. Swann visited friends and relatives at Robert Lee, Bronte and San Angelo last week end, returning home Monday.

J. T. Davis bought 61 Ramboulet bucks a few days ago from Joe Stock at Tankersley. These rams are to be run on the range here with Mr. Davis' flocks.

The Misses Ferguson and Hudspeth of the school faculty were welcomed callers at this shop last Monday. They report that the school is progressing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Young of San Angelo visited Mr. and Mrs. Pat Kelis last Monday. Mr. Young is head of the Vocational Agricultural Department of the San Angelo public schools.

Lee Reed was painfully ill last Sunday and was sent to a hospital in San Angelo for observation and treatment. He was able to return to his home next day and is reported to be rapidly recovering.

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NEW FORD PRICES FOURTEEN BODY TYPES

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Born: At Austin, September 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Moody a girl. They named the little sister of Dan Jr. Nancy Paxton. Nancy, after Mr. Moody's mother, and Paxton. The family surname of Mrs. Moody. Dan Jr. is three years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Findt went to San Angelo last Monday to carry their three-year-old son, Master Billy to a clinic for medical observation. Billy's tonsils were removed last week, and the doctors found that all he needed now was a little time and he would be all right.

Hon. John F. Wallace of the Board of Control at Austin was one of our most welcomed callers last Wednesday. He was on his way to El Paso on official business. Mr. Wallace and this editor served together as members of the House in the 36th and 37th legislatures. We always appreciate a visit from these boys with whom we collaborated in those strenuous days.

Posted All persons are hereby forbidden to hunt, fish, gather pecans, haul wood, drive stock or otherwise trespass upon any lands owned or controlled by me.

GEORGE McENTIRE

Masseur Service

Dr. S. Kellogg an osteopathic masseur is now located in the State Hotel at Sterling City, Texas. Dr. Kellogg treats and cures all kinds of diseases that is supposed to be treated by his method of treatment. He is a specialist in treating all kinds of skin diseases and all kinds of old sores, sore and weak eyes, granulated lids, also he adjusts and replaces all misplaced joints of the neck and back. Come to see him and let him show you the wonderful works that his method will do. His method is harmless, his treatments are painless, his charges are very reasonable and examination and consultation are free. adv. 1f

Art

Oil painting, water colors, poster, and Home Decorating taught by University graduate with teaching experience. If interested call 5511 Mrs. Rudolph P. Adams. 2tpd.

RAM FOR SALE—Large, smooth type, full blood Rambouillet. A bargain. Call at this office.

ENGINE for pumping water for sale at a bargain—Larkin Longshore.

Cooking A Fine Art



YOU wouldn't dream of taking any fresh food and just popping it into the oven or a pot and cooking it without anything else. It's the combinations that count, the seasoning and basting—a touch of this, a bit of that. The same thing holds true of canned foods. They are good to eat just as they come from the can. They are better to eat, if you "doll them up" a bit. Combine a slice of salt pork, for instance, with the contents of a can of succotash when you heat them, and you have an entirely different and more succulent dish. **Good Combinations** Take chicken—everyone takes chicken. It's excellent right from

the can with a cream sauce added and served on toast. But it's something to cable home about if it is served this same way with the addition of canned mushrooms, a little canned corn and chopped, blanched almonds which have been slightly browned in butter! Perhaps you can live without spinach, but dietitians tell you that you can't live so well without it. Try draining a cup of canned spinach, adding a tablespoon of lemon juice and stuffing small ripe tomatoes with this mixture seasoned to taste. Their taste as good as they look—and they look like more spinach and tomatoes.*

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For All Occasions at Nussbaumer's
Satisfaction guaranteed
Local sales for benefit of church
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R. P. Brown, Agent

Found:—Some money. Owner apply to W. B. Allen and describe same.

Stockmen's Evening School

The attendance at the second meeting of the stockmen's evening school, which was held at the Divide Church House last Tuesday evening, was a decided increase over that of the first meeting. According to the report of the secretary, Thad Munn, the following were present: Earl Welch, Sam Radde, T. H. Murrell, Wayne Munn, Thad Munn, Donald Knight, Joe King, Loyd King, Johnny Knight, J. W. King, Ted Brown, Jim Brown, Rex Welch, R. J. Welch, Neil Munn, Roy Davis, John Copeland, John Copeland Jr., Collie Littlefield, Raymond Welch, Sam McAfee, Ray Knight, John Welch, Harold McCabe, Noble Welch, and R. B. House.

The subjects discussed were hemorrhagic septicemia, anthrax and sore mouth. The causes, symptoms, prevention and treatment of these diseases were discussed very fully by the group. It was decided to get further information from the Experiment Station at Sonora before the ranchmen would say whether or not they would vaccinate for sore mouth in sheep next year. Mr. Bierschwale, who is conducting the evening school, agrees to get this information and report same at a future meeting.

This group will continue to meet each Tuesday evening at 8:00 o'clock for several weeks and every interested ranchman in reach of the Divide Church is given a cordial invitation to attend.

Dramatic Club Organized

The Dramatic Club was organized by the High School students, sponsored by Miss Cox.

The following students were elected officers: president, Jerry Brown Jr.; vice president, Alice Fletcher Mann; secretary-treasurer, Martin Reed; reporter, Edith Southlee.

The committee selected for naming the club was Oscar Abernathy, Johnnie Bess Reed, and Norma Ratliff.

There will be plays given during the year for which a small admission will be charged. The entertainment will be composed of four or five one-act plays. There will be a play for every emotion, and each play is carefully selected.

This club was organized for the benefit of training the High School students free of charge.

The money obtained by giving these plays will be used to buy a public speaking library and materials necessary in stage work.

Reporter Edith Southlee.

Glee Club Formed

The new organized Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Ferguson, met Monday, September 19, and elected the following officers: Johnnie Bess Reed, president; Archie Marie Garrett, vice president; Lovell Sharp, Secretary; Norma Ratliff, librarian; Anna Lee Pearce, pianist; Belle Abernathy, reporter. After electing the officers, we practiced one of our songs.

We will meet again next Thursday, September 22.

Reporter.

Telephone Company Compiling Directory

The San Angelo Telephone Company is compiling its new fall and winter directory. Anyone wishing a phone installed, change in name, or address should call local office at once.—adv.

Coming soon—A Comedy, "Million Dollar Legs." It's a scream; make your plans to see it.

Fall Fashions—1932 vs. Gay 90's



FASHION news reports from style centers pertaining to the new autumn mode say that the cigarette silhouette is to rule in new fall frocks for the modern miss, with the full sleeve created to accentuate the cigarette silhouette.

As this study in styles indicates, a full sleeve is just as full of shirred textile under one name as another. The Victorian vamp of the gay 90's was proud of her leg o' mutton sleeves and this autumn Miss America of 1932 will simply dote on the dolman sleeve. The dolman sleeve is in fact a healthy juvenile balloon-sleeve well on its way to full-blown maturity.

Of course, forty years ago, when the leg o' mutton sleeve was all the rage,

cigarettes would never have been mentioned in connection with styles. The belles of that era did not smoke such the raw tobaccos used in making old fashioned cigarettes did not have the mildness which the toasting process gives to the modern cigarette which Miss America of 1932 prefers. But the descriptive term seems applied quite naturally to the modern straight and youthful silhouette which is inspiring the fall mode.

The dolman sleeve in its design permits the style creators to narrow the bodice lines by crowding the shirred sleeve-top in toward the center of both front and back, thus giving the effect of an eight-inch wide front and back and creating the straight line essential in the cigarette silhouette.

AN ANCIENT AND HONORABLE HISTORY

It is interesting to note that no road material has a longer or more distinguished history than asphalt.

It has been used for thousands of years. Reference to it is to be found in the time of Babylon, in a description of road construction methods during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar about 600 B. C. Around 1500 A. D. the Incas of Peru, whose civilization and knowledge has always been a source of wonder to historians, constructed a great highway system, some of which was paved with a composition resembling modern bituminous macadam.

The first asphalt surface of modern times was laid in Paris in 1835, and Philadelphia followed in about 1838. These uses took the form of rock asphalt sidewalks. The first asphalt streets in this country were laid in Newark, New Jersey, and New York City in the early 1870's. In 1894 the first attempt to treat road surfaces with liquid asphalt was made in Santa Barbara County, California, and proved so successful that the practice quickly spread.

Nowadays asphalt is a commonplace to the motorist, in one or another of its forms. In recent years, particularly, the technique of using asphalt has been remarkably improved, and it is regarded as the perfect secondary road surface, being inexpensive, long wearing, and providing the weatherproof, dust-proof and storm-proof qualities that are so necessary for farm-to-market roads. Asphalt has come a long way since the days of the Babylonian kings, and it has played a part of constantly increasing importance in the history of transportation.

RAM FOR SALE—Large, smooth type, full blood Rambouillet. A bargain. Call at this office.

ENGINE for pumping water for sale at a bargain—Larkin Longshore.

FARM STOCK

WELL-FED PIG IS MOST PROFITABLE

"Pork producers with few exceptions will make more money from their pig crop by full feeding their pigs from birth to market than by limiting the grain ration," says Mark A. McCarty of the animal husbandry division of the University of Minnesota.

"Full feeding pays, for full fed pigs go to market earlier, cash returns come quicker, the labor item and interest charge is reduced, the risk period is shortened, and best of all the early marketed pig sells at a higher price than do pigs that go to a later market due to limited feeding."

"Results of feeding trials at University farm show that full feeding brings about \$2.50 more per pig than does limited grain feeding. Full feeding in dry lot is shown to be more profitable than limiting the grain ration."

"Full feeding from birth to market will be found, under average farm conditions, to be a most profitable practice for the producer of market hogs."

Litters are made ready for market in 180 days by the ton litter and pork production project methods.

Hogs Very Susceptible to Certain Germ Ills

The hog is very susceptible to certain germ diseases and worms that thrive in the filth and soil about much-used lots and it is almost unbelievable to note with how much more ease hogs thrive and grow when changed occasionally into new pastures about the farm. In addition to the advantages of new and uninfected ground for growing pigs to run on, there is also the matter of utilizing the stored up fertility which has accumulated about the old lots. There is genuine satisfaction in tending a crop of corn planted on an old hog lot. Also the ground at the same time is being renovated and freed from infection for future use. Most of us have heard the expression many times that if one had rough land about the place that was unfit for cultivation it should be made into a hog lot, says a writer in the Missouri Farmer. I question the wisdom of this saying, though honored

with age. Of course it is well to have the timber pastures fenced for hogs, and in fact the whole place for that matter, but if only certain pastures or fields are to be made hog tight we should prefer that they be fields which may be cultivated.

JOE BOWERS

(The following ballad was very popular and was sung all over the West as well as the East in the days following the California "Forty Niners." It made a hit with the English Nobility who visited the United States in the days of gold mines, Indians and buffaloes. We found it in the Western Story Magazine and reprint it for the scrap books of our readers.)

My name is Joe Bowers;
I've got a brother Ike;
I came here from Missouri,
Yes, all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left there
And how I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy,
So far away from home.

I used to love a gal there;
Her name was Sallie Black;
I asked her for to marry me;
She said it was a whack.
She says to me: "Joe Bowers,
Before you hitch for life,
You ought to have a little home
To keep your little wife."

Says I: "My dearest Sallie,
Oh Sallie, for your sake,
I'll go to California
And try to raise a stake."
She says to me: "Joe Bowers,
You are the chap to win,
Give me a kiss to seal the bargain,"
And I threw a dozen in.

I'll never forget my feelings
When I bid adieu to all;
Sal, she cotched me round the neck,
And I began to bawl.
When I begun, they all commenced;
You never heard the like
How they all took on and cried
The day I left old Pike.

When I got to this here country,
I hadn't nary a red;
I had such wolfish feelings
I wished myself most dead.
At last I went to mining,
Put in my biggest licks,
Came down upon the boulders
Just like a thousand bricks.

I worked both late and early
In rain and sun and snow,
But I was working for my Sallie
So 'twas all the same to Joe.
I made a very lucky strike,
As the gold itself did tell,
For I was working for my Sallie,
The girl I loved so well.

But one day I got a letter
From my dear, kind brother Ike;
It came from old Missouri,
Yes, all the way from Pike.
It told me the goldarndest news
That ever you did hear,
My heart it is a-bustin'
So please excuse this tear.

I'll tell you what it was boys;
You'll bust your sides I know;
For when I read that letter,
You ought to see poor Joe.
My knees gave 'way beneath me,
And I pulled out half my hair;
And if you ever tell this now,
You bet you'll hear me swear.

It said my Sallie was fickle,
Her love for me had fled,
That she had married a butcher.
Whose hair was awful red;
It tole me more than that;
It's enough to make me swear;
It said that Sallie had a baby,
And the baby had red hair.

Now, I've told you all that I can tell
About this said affair,
'Bout Sallie marrying the butcher
And the baby had red hair.
But whether it was a boy or girl,
The letter never said;
It only said its cussed hair
Was inclined to be red.

Pigs for Sale. See Tom Blair, tf.

THIS WEEK

(Continued from first page)

sincerity enables him to rule the mind of millions in India, says to the British, "I shall starve myself to death if you don't do so and so." Wise Brits replies, "You must decide about that but you will not starve to death in our prison." The British tell Gandhi that he may leave prison and fast or starve at his leisure somewhere else. The wise man knows when to give way.

The learned Professor Darwin, now eighty-two years old, son of the great Darwin, says our civilization is going to pieces soon, if we do not breed a better race of white folks. The kind produced is about ready to go downward, as other civilizations have done before us. What we need, according to Darwin, is more sons and daughters with intelligent fathers and mothers, in place of the present plan, which leaves most breeding to the "lower classes."

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Democratic Nominees

For Representative of the 91st District of Texas:

Penrose B. Metcalfe

For District Attorney of the 51st Judicial District of Texas:

Glen R. Lewis

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:

V. E. Davis

For County Judge:

Pat Kellis

For County and District Clerk:

Prebble Durham

For County Treasurer:

Agnes Ainsworth

For Tax Assessor:

S. T. Walraven

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 1

Oscar Ratliff

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2:

C. A. Bowen

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 3:

W. G. Welch

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 4:

W. N. Reed

STERLING THEATRE

"Trying to do the impossible—"
Please Everybody

Friday and Saturday
September 23-24

Greta Garbo

in

"As You Desire Me"

Short subject:
A dandy Three-Reel Comedy.
"Socially Correct"

Friday and Saturday
September 30-October 1

Richard Arlen-Jack Oakie

in

"Sky Bride"

If you like action and a story
with plenty of thrills, you must
see "Sky Bride."

Short Subjects:
Screen song: "One More Chance"
Cartoon: "Sink or Swim"

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and its for your entertainment.

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talking pictures.

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"Million Dollar Legs"
"Lady and Gent"
"The Vanishing Frontier"

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