

OZONA STOCKMAN

Published Every Thursday at Ozona, Crockett County, Texas

W. EVART WHITE Editor and Publisher

Entered at the Post Office at Ozona, Texas, as Second Class Mail Matter under Act of Congress, March 3rd, 1879

Subscription price table: One Year \$2.00, Six Months \$1.25, Outside of the State \$2.50

Member 1931 NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION



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, APRIL 23, 1931.

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP

We don't mean only the green things in field and garden. Economic depressions have no effect upon the processes of Nature; the leaves come out and the grass comes up—to say nothing of the weeds—whether business is good or bad.

This year it seems to be true of other things besides the ones that grow. There are plenty of signs of improvement in business, not much in some lines, a good deal in others. Automobile production is increasing, which means more men working in the factories. The electric power output is higher than it was a year ago.

There has been a great deal of unfriendly comment abroad over the situation in the United States during the past eighteen months. Unemployment, the breadlines in the big cities, and similar sensational items of news were printed in European papers, with the result that Germany, France and Italy picture the whole population of the United States reduced to destitution.

And, to come back to the green grass and the weeds, Nature is doing a little better by us this year than last. At least, there has been more rain this Spring all over the country than there was a year ago, and more snow in the North than for several Winters.

On the whole, all things considered, we're doing pretty well, thank you.

RICH MEN'S TROUBLES

One of the penalties of being rich and famous is that one so afflicted has to set up a sort of wall around himself to avoid being importuned for money, for good causes and bad ones, at every turn.

The rich man travels on his own yacht or in a private railroad car not so often because he does not desire to mix with the common people as because he knows from bitter experience that they will not let him mix with them on equal terms.

sadly, not long ago, that he did not know how to carry on a conversation with a group of friends because they referred to so many schoolboy and college customs of which he knew nothing, since he had always had private tutors.

All of which is suggested by the remark of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., that the six weeks he recently spent in Mexico where nobody knew him was the happiest vacation he had ever had.

"John D. Rockefeller, Jr.," he read, and looked Mr. Rockefeller over appraisingly. "That's what they all say, bo!"

SCANDALS

By The Town Gossip

Last week's Stockman had a little story in the corner of the front page explaining why that issue was so much better than usual, you know, about the editor being sick, and all that.

The headline on that article was "Editor Flat." Now, the editor tells us that headline had a double meaning—"flat on the back" and "flat broke."

Reading about all the marriages in the paper last week. There must be something to this thing about two being able to live as cheap as one. Maybe that's a new way of beating the depression—cutting the maintenance cost in half.

That little Mexican boy is reported still mad at Jack Sharp for not paying him for staying on top of the barn all day long while the grand jury was in session watching the road from Ozona.

O. W. Smith is abroad with that

BLESSED ARE THE ASKERS

When I was younger I used to look at the Giant Corporations of the country with awe.

I thought: "How wonderful to be president of such a world-wide business. Millions of capital and surplus in the treasury; great plants which are turning out a stream of products; the highest priced experts in every line to do the work! All the president has to do is to sit in a nice big office and watch the wheels go round."

When I came closer to those Giant Corporations I promptly revised my ideas.

I happened to be in the office of the chairman of the board of one of the biggest businesses of its kind. The telephone rang. On the other end of the wire was the president of a railroad.

Said the railroad man to his friend the manufacturer: "You have a subsidiary company in our territory. Its total freight bill is only a few thousands of dollars a year, but we want that business. Can we have it?"

A few days later I called on a manufacturer of building materials. The president's secretary said: "The boss wants to see you, but he had to go out suddenly. He has just heard that So and So (naming a banker) is going to build a new house, so he jumped in his car and went down to see

big book of his making liars of the tax paying public. Our only trouble is we can't remember what last year's lie was.

We have it that Gracia Swanson is down on us for all those Scotch jokes we been telling in this column.

They say that auto accident made Ben Lemmons sick, but we'll bet it's all that Spring merchandise he has on hand and no Spring weather to go with it.

Richard Flowers and Chubby Littleton are going to require a strong restorative as soon as announcement is made of the winners in this \$25,000 Camel Cigarette contest.



if he could get the order.

I called at my bank. The president was not in his office. His assistant reported that he had gone out—to solicit a new account.

A friend of mine who is in a tough business has had a very good year in spite of the depression. A competitor asked him: "How in the world do you get so many orders?"

Whether a business be big or small, local or international, makes little difference. If it is to keep going it must have orders. And there isn't any president or chairman of the board so famous or so rich that he isn't after orders every single day!

Conditions have been subnormal now for a long time, not only here but all over the world. Many predictions have been uttered: many remedies proposed.

My own suggestion for improving things is very simple:

Let's all quit talking about how bad times are.

Let's go out and ask for orders. Blessed are the askers!

Llano Sculptor To Make Memorial Bust Of Late J. T. Robison

MIDLAND, April 22.—Agreement has been made with Frank Teich sculptor of Llano to make a bust of J. T. Robison, lamented former land commissioner of Texas, to place on a pedestal in the Texas land office at Austin. The bust will cost \$3,000 according to information sent W. F. Scarborough of Midland president of the Robison Memorial Association.

READ STOCKMAN ADS.

COMING OZONA WEEK COMM. MON. APR. 27

THE HOME TOWN BOOSTERS KENNEDY SISTERS STOCK COMPANY

Presenting MODERN BROADWAY PLAYS WITH FEATURE VAUDEVILLE BETWEEN THE ACTS AND A RED HOT ORCHESTRA

BIG WATER PROOF TENT ON ADAMS LOT

GET FREE TICKETS FOR MONDAY NIGHT FROM YOUR LOCAL MERCHANTS

PRICES 10 & 25c RESERVED SEATS 10 & 20c EXTRA

ARTSTYLE Candy for Mother

Remembering the demand for fine boxed candies on Mother's Day last year. We have made special effort this year to surpass all previous effort—and we think we have succeeded.

Buy Artstyle in one, three and five-pound Mother's Day packages.

Attractive Line of Mother's Day Greeting Cards



May 10th

Mrs. Newlywed—We hadn't been married a week when he hit me with a piece of sponge cake. Judge—Disorderly Conduct. Five dollars and costs. Mrs. Newlywed (sobbing)—And I'd made the cake with my own hands. Judge—Assault with a deadly weapon—one year.

HOW TO BOOST BUSINESS

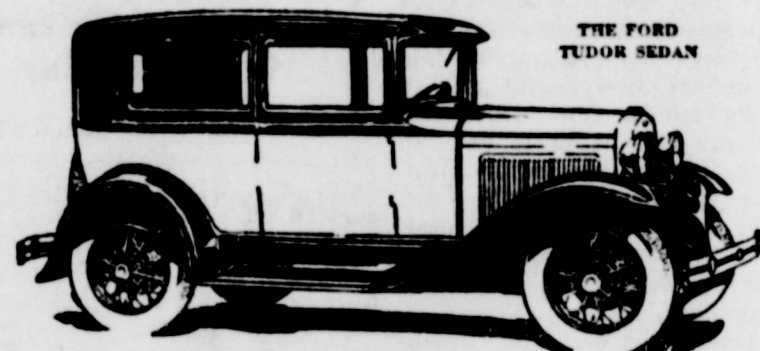
Let's sit down and whine. Until business is good. Let's grumble and pine. Until business is good. Let's kick and complain. And display our disdain. From all boosting refrain. Until business is good. Let's quit eating meat. Until business is good. Let's turn off the heat. Until business is good. Let's buy no more clothes. Or attend any shows. And shut off the hose. Until business is good. Let's pay no more taxes. Until business is good. Let's lay down our axes. Until business is good. Let's build no more schools.

Or obey traffic rules, And pawn all our jewels. Until business is good. Let's not shine our shoes. Until business is good. Let's holler for booze. Until business is good. Let's blame all our cares On the bulls and the bears. And rest in our chairs. Until business is good. Let's hide all our cash. Until business is good. Let's live upon hash. Until business is good. Let's stop paying bills. And quit taking pills. And shiver with chills. Until business is good. Let's quit paying rent. Until business is good. Let's live in a tent. Until business is good. Let's go without socks. And quit winding clocks. And invest in no stocks. Until business is good. Let's stop driving cars. Until business is good. And quit smoking cigars. Until business is good. Let's stop eating pie. And lay down and die. So the undertaker will cry: "My! Business is good!"

(By Lion Frank W. Savage—Austin Chicago Lions Club.)

With Each Purchase Made On FRIDAY, APRIL 24, A "RED DOT" FREE A Cigar That is Truly Different MOORE'S CAFE

FORD RELIABILITY



Long, hard use shows the value of good materials and simplicity of design

EVERYWHERE you go you hear reports of the good performance and reliability of the Ford.

One owner writes—"The Ford Tudor Sedan I am driving has covered 59,300 miles through all kinds of weather. It is still giving perfect satisfaction."

Another owner describes a trip of 3217 miles in 95 hours over bad roads and through heavy rain and sleet in the mountains. "Throughout the entire trip," he writes, "the Ford performed excellently and no mechanical trouble of any kind was experienced. The shatter-proof glass undoubtedly saved us from serious injury when a prairie chicken struck the windshield while we were traveling at 65 miles an hour."

See the nearest dealer and have him give you a demonstration ride in the Ford. Then, from your own personal experience, you will know that it brings you everything you want or need in a motor car at an unusually low price.

LOW FORD PRICES \$430 to \$630

(F. o. b. Detroit, plus freight and delivery. Bumpers and spare tire extra at low cost. You can buy a Ford for a small down payment, on economical monthly terms, through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.)



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

OVERWEIGHT

A good many people seem in perfect health, feel no distress, and yet realize that they are carrying around a lot of ballast that does them no good. It isn't a very alluring prospect, when a fellow gets into the sixties, with from fifty to a hundred pounds of adipose tucked under his skin, for which he has not the remotest use.

Just to be brief, two major causes of overweight will be considered here: Lack of exercise, and overeating of starches. Formerly I would have mentioned gluttony; but I have seen many people over-fat, who were really very spare eaters. Of course heavy fluid-drinking with meals will facilitate absorption and have considerable to do with bodily weight. I ask such patients to limit or cut out drinking with meals, and some have reduced much by strictly following directions.

I direct my fat patients to limit STARCHES in the dietary; "one starch—not four," is a good rule to remember. On most well-provisioned tables will be found, one or two varieties of bread; maybe one or two styles of potatoes; a bowl of tempting Lima beans, or worse, "baked beans." Then incidentally we may find rice pudding, fritters, cake, pies,—all carriers of STARCH. And each tempts the palate mightily.

These starches tax the liver; what the liver cannot care for properly is stowed away somewhere, making the bodily weight slowly creep upward. The liver is a peaceable organ and will bear more than its share of insult for a long time; but when it does make a kick, something is the matter! It is so easy to overload on starch! It is such an important food, and so peaceable in its performance, that its victims do not come down till late in the game, and then—seriously. One starch at a meal, and not four, is a mighty good rule to observe if you are fat.

That the Americans eat too much is too well known to be repeated; and too much starch is a major offense.

PERIODICAL EXAMINATIONS

I am 100 per cent in favor of health examinations at regular intervals. It is my purpose in this letter, to persuade you into the same view, if possible.

If you were setting out on a long journey in your automobile, now wouldn't you have an expert look the car over, to see that it is in first-class order, that the trip might be made with maximum ease and comfort? You certainly would, if you used the plainest variety of common sense.

I know of no more important trip than this journey that we call human life; we are all on the highway; and, a happy, successful journey is what of all things we most want.

A contemporary tells us that the doctor is by your side when you are born—and he will probably be there when you pass into the great beyond. And, during your active years, you do your best to keep away from him; you use every nostrum that you can hear of for your ailments that are sure to come—and you send for

shot to pieces," and fear you are going to die!

This seems to me, the most inexcusable form of short-sightedness that a sensible man or woman can exercise. Do you wait till your automobile is reduced to a pile of junk, before going to the expert repair man? Is your body of less importance than the car? Think about it.

It is every man and woman's privilege and DUTY to go to their family physician at stated intervals and be carefully looked over; here is the moment above all others that "a stitch in time saves nine." I am sure nine cases of sickness out of ten would be eliminated, if the rule of periodical examinations were faithfully observed. Wouldn't that be a paying proposition?

A dangerous rise in blood pressure may be nipped in the bud; a serious kidney disorder may be recognized at the easiest stage for cure. I could instance many more; see if you can't.

FOUND—Black leather key-tainer containing two sets of two padlock keys and an identification tag numbered 17733. One of the sets of keys apparently identified with red string. Owner may have keys and leather case by calling at The Stockman office and paying for this ad.

Struck Out Babe



Verne Beatrice Mitchell, 17, south-paw pitcher of the Chattanooga (Southern League) team, is the first of her sex to become a member of organized baseball. She struck out Babe Ruth.

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. Woodhauling, hunting and all trespassing positively forbidden. J. W. HENDERSON, SR.—1-32

KEETON'S SHOP

J. T. Keeton, Proprietor

PLUMBING — HEATING
SHEET METAL WORK

W. L. ROGERS

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
Plans and Estimates Furnished — Loans Secured
PHONE 179

LOUIS W. PIERPOINT AND CO.
ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS
TAX SERVICE
706 Western Reserve Building
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

In a Hurry?

USE THE TELEPHONE

SAN ANGELO TELEPHONE CO.

VELMA RICHARDSON, Local Manager

SONORA WOOL & MOHAIR MARKETING CORPORATION

(MEMBER NATIONAL WOOL MARKETING CORPORATION)

SONORA, TEXAS

Pre-shearing Loans Made on Wool and Mohair
at 6 per cent Interest

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NOTICE TRESPASSERS!

Passing through my pasture to Dudley Cave is forbidden during lambing season.
D. A. WILLS. 51-3c



You Will Find Our Offices the Best Equipped in West Texas for Examining and Fitting Glasses

DR. PARRIS, OPTOMETRIST
OTIS OPTICAL CO.

Western Reserve Life Bldg.
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Ask us for prices delivered to your ranches on all kind of Grain, Mixed Feeds, Salt and Cotton Seed Products

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TEXAS WOOL & MOHAIR CO.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS
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Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats
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WE HAVE WOOL BAGS, SEWING TWINE
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Agents for Lone Star Co-Op.

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Let Electric Refrigeration Decrease Your Food Bill



You kitchen magicians who can produce the most attractive and tasty of meals from a supply of "leftovers" will be doubly appreciative of the modern Electric Refrigerator.

Its dependable low temperatures will enable you to preserve those odds and ends, safely, over a longer period—serving them deliciously disguised as something different each time—and by thus eliminating all waste from spoilage, further satisfy your thrifty instinct by cutting an even larger amount from your food bill each month.

And you'll enjoy preparing the many delicious and inexpensive frozen desserts and salads you can make in the high-

speed freezing compartment. In short, the Electric Refrigerator will soon become your indispensable working companion.

Your ability as a home-manager deserves the aid of this new Frigidaire, so let a trained representative explain and demonstrate its many superior features today.

Convenient Terms

**West Texas Utilities
Company**



CALENDARS

It is on the cards that sometime—perhaps in five years, perhaps in fifty, we shall have a new calendar. Everybody who has to do with the present method of dividing the year agreed that it is clumsy and uneconomical. Some are for making a radical change at once to a thirteen-month system, which many business houses now use in computing their own budgets and making their own comparative analyses of business conditions. Others believe that would be too much of a change, and prefer to take two bites at the cherry.

Not until the League of Nations, the Pope, the Anglican church, the leaders of the Jewish religion and the head of the Mohammedan church agree will there be any radical change from the present calendar.

EINSTEIN

Back in his home in Germany, Einstein, the great scientist, tells what he thinks of the United States.

"A land of cooperative effort," he says, "quite different from our individualistic Europe. Everybody does team-work."

That is not the conception many people have of America. We think of Europe as a hotbed of Socialism if not of Communism, and of our own country as a place where everybody goes his own way without giving enough attention to his neighbor's problems.

Probably both points of view are both right and wrong. Professor Einstein saw, principally, only men of science, working together in laboratories and universities. Their methods may be much more co-operative than those common in business, without signifying any such wide-spread teamwork as the good Professor attributes to our whole people. And it may well be that we hear a great deal more about Communism than the facts warrant, because it is more sensational than the fact that most Europeans go strictly about their own business and let other people alone.

DAM

Work on the Hoover Dam across the Colorado River will begin within a few weeks. This is the largest engineering project the United States or any other government has ever undertaken. The dam will be 730 feet high, 1,100 feet long, and will impound a lake 100 miles long. A canal 20 feet deep and 200 miles long will carry water from this lake 265 miles across the desert of Southern California, irrigating arid lands on which nobody can live now but which will provide homes and subsistence for five million people. The surplus water, not needed for irrigation, will be used for power development, under lease to a private power company.

This is one case in which the Government is justified in investing huge capital, since the problem of controlling the floods of the Colorado River and irrigating the desert is too large for any single state to undertake and too unprofitable for private enterprise.

HARVESTER

Just one hundred years ago, in 1831, the first harvester was demonstrated by Cyrus Hall McCormick before a group of farmers of Rockledge County, Virginia. McCormick's invention has been called the pivot on which the industrial revolution turned. By making it possible for fewer people working on the farms to feed more people in the towns, it released labor from agriculture to work in the engineering industries.

Where it took three-quarters of the population, a century ago, to feed themselves and the other one-quarter, now all of the people can be fed by the labor of only one-tenth of their number.

The overproduction of agricultural commodities, from which the whole world is suffering today, is due to failure to control the agricultural machine's output. Many remedies are proposed. The one which seems most likely to cure the situation, if it can be applied, is the Farm Board's program of limitation of acreage in the staple crops.

Today, the more all of the farmers grow the less each of them

Ozona Contestants Make Good Showing In District Meet

Although they failed to win a place for the local school, contestants from Ozona schools who entered the Interscholastic League district meet in San Angelo last week made splendid showings in the face of strong competition, according to Supt. John L. Bishop who attended the meet. The Ozona declaimers and debaters attracted considerable favorable comment at the meet and local school officials and teachers were well pleased with their showing.

Marvin Greer Rape and Aubrey Fussell represented the local school in boys debate and Bernice Bailey and Frankie Mae Cloutd in girls debate. The boys lost to a team from Midland and the girls were nosed out by a team from Eldorado.

Declaimers were Hazel Robison, senior girls; Rob Roy Curry, senior boys; Helen Adams, junior girls; and John Henderson, Jr., junior boys.

Mrs. Thomas Kyle of Fan du Lac, Wisconsin was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery for a few days the first of the week. Mrs. Montgomery accompanied Mrs. Kyle to San Angelo Thursday for further visits in Texas. Mrs. Kyle is Mrs. Montgomery's aunt.

Mrs. Vernon Cox left this week for Temple to attend the State Music Club convention as a delegate from the Ozona Club.

Rusty Smith of the Crockett Motor Company, local Ford dealers, was host to a group of local friends on a trip to San Angelo Tuesday to witness the Ford show there the first of the week. In the party making the trip to San Angelo and return Tuesday were M. T. Blackwell, John L. Bishop, Elbert Sadler and Glenn Rutledge.

Carpenters are at work this week laying new flooring and underpinnings at the Baptist parsonage.

It is a curious paradox that there is more profit in less production.

LAS AMIGAS CLUB

Miss Helen Montgomery entertained Las Amigas Club and a number of guests with four tables of bridge at her home Friday afternoon. Mrs. Hugh Childress, Jr. was awarded high score for the club, colorful table mats. Miss Hester Bunger won guest high, a vanity. Mrs. Tot Grimmer took the prize, stationery. The dessert course served was in lavender and green, as were the table appointments.

The guests present were: Mesdames Albert Boggess of Dallas, Richard Flowers, Ralph Meinecke, Hugh Childress, Jr., Leta Hawkins Alvin Harrell, Evert White, John Curry, Tot Grimmer, Marshall Montgomery, Misses Mary Childress, Hester Bunger, Ethel Word, Tessie Kyle, Mildred North and Mildred Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins Coates and their daughter, Mrs. Buck Pyle of Fort Stockton, were visitors here the first of the week. Mr. Coates says range conditions in Pecos County are ideal. A two-inch rain fell on his ranch near Stockton over the week-end. While here Mr. Coates renewed for his Stockman, ordered the paper for P. C., Jr., who is also ranching near Fort Stockton and Mrs. Pyle ordered the paper sent to her at Longfellow, Texas, between Fort Stockton and Sanderson.

George Whitehead was confined to his home a few days this week with an attack of the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Harrell are in San Angelo this week attending the Fiesta de San Jacinto.

Mrs. Willie Hawkins, who has been visiting here several days, left Tuesday for her home in Waco.

Richard Flowers was ill several days last week with an attack of the flu.

Kitty—Poor Alicia is 30 years old.

Catty—Yes, and it seems only a few years ago that she was 29!

Dr. G. Miller, M. D.

Office over Smith Drug Store No. 4 Office Phone 243—Res. Phone 49 8-1-31

A Letter To the Men Who Produce Wool

Uppermost in the minds of leaders of the United States wool industry, who have for years been working on various plans to give the grower greater influence in wool marketing, has been this dominant idea:

The Producer's Interest Must Come First

The program of the NATIONAL WOOL MARKETING CORPORATION puts the producer's interest ahead of all else.

Better times appear ahead for the wool industry.

Many signs point toward 1931 as the opening of a period of increased consumption of wool. The American Woolen Company notes a "trend toward greater use of woolen garments." Another forecast says "On every side are to be seen unmistakable signs that this is a wool season, that 1931 is to be a wool year."

WOOL GROWERS—As these developments come let's be ready to "CASH IN" on them through ORGANIZATION.

WRITE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Lone Star Wool-Mohair Co-Operative Assn.

Affiliated with the

NATIONAL WOOL MARKETING CORPORATION 9 EAST CONCHO AVE. SAN ANGELO, TEXAS PHONE L. D. 56 "CONSERVATION BY CO-OPERATION"



Prices Never Were Lower

The economy in keeping homes and business structures always under good repair may be enjoyed still further when only first grade materials are used. For new structures . . . there are no sound reasons for using inferior materials.

Our lumber, roofings and building materials are guaranteed standard supplies and there is no variation in quality. If you want good materials, at lowest prices . . . and delivered promptly then you will call or phone for price and estimates. No extra charge for estimate or building plans.

Wool Bags, Fleece Twine, Sewing Twine, Sheep Marking Liquid

PROMPT DELIVERY QUALITY BUILDING MATERIALS West Texas Lumber Co. Ozona — Barnhart

Here...Is The "Land Of Heart's Desire"

SPREAD before you, on these pages, are advertisements. Take a few moments, and their words and pictures reveal what life can hold for you, if you but choose!

Longer days of lighter tasks . . . appointments for your home of more deeply satisfying comfort, beauty, usefulness . . . devices, methods, that save anxiety, and effort, and time . . . others that offer new economies . . . things to delight you, from far corners of the world . . . once rare and fabled objects that are now within your reach . . . all these and more are in that treasure house to which advertisements give you the key.

No magic formula, no "open sesame," could profit you so well as this certain knowledge of what is new . . . what can bring you pleasure, leisure, security . . . what is yours to possess!

End

Clipping From Old Ozona Paper Tells Of "Gay 90s" Party

A yellowed clipping from The Ozona Kicker of vintage about 1898 or 1899 describing a "grand baile at the Twin Hell Ranch," now the Monroe Baggett ranch, was handed The Stockman this week by Babe Phillips, the clipping being a treasure of his mother, Mrs. Lela Phillips, who was a guest at the party of the "gay nineties."

Tom Casbeer, who was also a guest at the party but whose name was omitted from the guest list, barbecued a cow for the festival. There were a number of other Ozona people present for the big celebration whose names were not mentioned in the article, according to old timers. Many local residents will remember this event and the article from the ancient Kicker is reproduced below:

GRAND BAILE AT THE TWIN HELL RANCH

Everybody Was There and They Had Their Dogs Along, Too

Pursuant to the notice in The Great Family Weekly, the "grand baillie" came off on last Friday night, and never did people gather together at a social gathering and experience the enjoyment and receive the substantial benefits as they did at this. When we arrived on the scene, buggies, hacks and suries fairly dotted the hills around the large, six-room, magnificent stone ranch house of R. A. Williamson; supper was already in progress, and such a supper as to tempt the appetite of a dyspeptic. When we saw all those delicious viands Dick's good wife had spread on that table, we wished for the bread trays of Charlie Schauer and Uncle John Kirkpatrick, and mind you we wanted 'em empty, so we could do full justice to the occasion. We ate to the full capacity of our little 2x4 stomach and then went away licking out our tongue and wishing for more capacity on the inside. We are an expansionist of the first water on this subject. Uncle Bob Peacock, as generous a cow man as ever lived, had given a beef and along with it Dick barbecued two fat muttons, had a cask of beer that he bought at Ozona, and 200

pounds of ice, to which everyone had free access, and you bet the access was pretty general.

Mrs. Williamson had cooked up enough cakes of different kinds, such as lemon, cocoanut, chocolate, and pies and salads to feed Coxey's army. What more could they have prepared for their friends? Everything to eat and drink—my goodness, what more could a person want? There were at least 150 people present and enough provisions was left to feed that many more, and just think of it, too, we saw people from Ozona there who we are confident hadn't eaten a bite for a week—simply been holding themselves in reserve for this occasion. Why its an actual fact, Billie McKee had to be carried off on a litter and Jud Swearingen got such a bad case of founder that the boys stood him in water, but his hoofs

all come off anyway.

After supper their spacious parlor and an adjoining room were cleared for action. Bob Erwin and Willis Rymes, the expert musicians, commenced pulling the bow to their old, familiar tunes—"Nigger in the Woodpile," was heard to float gently out on the cool night air, Claude Hudspeth's head went off to "get your pardner's fellers," and the fascinating quadrille was in progress. Some tripped the light fantastic while the gentle zephyrs fanning their hot cheeks out on the gallery. Every few hours partners were promenaded from the dances to the dining table, and by taking mild nourishments of barbecued meats, delicious pies and cakes the constitution was kept constantly in repair and the terpsichorean revelry continued until

the morning star showed itself in the east, then, with lasting gratitude in their hearts, which came through and illuminated their very countenance, one hundred and fifty as happy people as Crockett County ever contained, grasped the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson and Uncle Bob, and wishing them God speed, set sail for their homes. The following guests were present from Sonora: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hagerlund, Misses Sofa Vander Stucken, Winnie Buchanan and Joanna Stokes, Hon. Mike Murphy, of the News, Judge Burrow, J. J. Ford, Alex McConagill, Felix Vander Stucken, Sam Woodward, Rear Admiral Albert F. Bellows and Jud Swearingen. The following are the Ozona and Crockett County contingent: Hon. C. E. Dubois and wife, R. E. Erwin and wife, J. C. Perry and wife, son and little daughter,

Wm. McKee and wife, Mrs. A. W. Mauldin and children, Miss Winnie Baggett and Tom Metcalf, Miss Cloma Sowell and Roy Hudspeth, Miss Riba Baggett and Loss Carmichael, Miss Maggie Metcalf and Claud Hudspeth, Miss Lela Williams and Samuel Byrd Phillips, Misses Pearl McKee, Blanche Mauldin, Bertha Erwin, Millicens McDonald, Effie Williams, Messers R. G. Peacock, Bobbie Gipson, Dan Kisbee, Paul Perner, J. H. McKee, John Carmichael, E. S. Gardner, Chinch Colbaugh, Dock Harrell, Tom Sowell, Blake Mauldin, Wils Metcalf, Claude Mathews.

NOTE

Harvey McKee divided his time between eating and loving, with the larger proportion in favor of the loving.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. Cox and Mrs. S. E. Couch were here from San Angelo this week visiting and transacting business.

Tom: "I'd like to give my fiancée a surprise for her anniversary present."

Jerry: "Why not tell her what your income really is?"

POSTED

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

1-32 P. L. CHILDRESS.

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

GREATEST SALE IN 48 STATES

FINDLATER HARDWARE COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, CHINA, SPORTING GOODS

WINDMILLS AND WELL SUPPLIES

San Angelo, Texas

STORE-WIDE ENTIRE STOCK INCLUDED

\$100,000

PEOPLE ARE COMING HUNDREDS OF MILES AND SAVING HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS

Hardware Disposal

SALE WILL CONTINUE ALL NEXT WEEK WITH NEW SENSATIONAL PRICE REDUCTIONS COME GET YOUR SHARE

When It Comes From Findlater's You Know It's Good

Under New Management

A Clean, Comfortable Place To Enjoy Your Leisure Time

An Exclusive Recreation Club For Ladies and Gentlemen

The new management of this club takes pleasure in announcing a complete renovation of its quarters. A thorough cleanup has been made and its quarters made more inviting and more comfortable.

It will be our aim to make this a recreation center for the best class of people in Ozona. Strict rules of propriety will be observed at all times and members will have an opportunity to enjoy the fascinating pastime provided by its facilities with a feeling of pride in the up-to-date appearance and orderly atmosphere to be maintained in the club quarters.

The Ozona Club

GREEN MANKIN, Manager



BILLIARDS SNOOKER POOL

Strict Membership Rules Prevent Any Ungentlemanly Or Boisterous Conduct

This Club will be conducted so that anybody will feel free to come in and enjoy its facilities. Only those who agree to abide by rules of the Club are invited to membership.

TIGER EYE

by B. M. Dower

THE STORY SO FAR

The Kid's name was Bob Reeves, but back home on the Brazos they called him Tiger Eye, because one eye was yellow—the eye with which he sighted down a gun-barrel. His father was "Killer" Reeves, but the boy did not want to kill. If he stayed home he would have to carry on his father's feud, so he headed his horse, Pecos, northward and encountered Nate Wheeler, who drew his .45 and fired just as Tiger Eye did. The Kid didn't want to kill Nate, only to cripple him, but his aim must have been wild, for Wheeler dropped from his horse. Babe Garner came riding up. Wheeler was a "nester," he said, and had it coming to him. Tiger Eye rode to Wheeler's cabin to notify the dead man's widow.

The Kid breaks the news of Nate's death to his widow and then goes out and brings in his body, discovering he had not missed his shot to disable Wheeler but had broken his arm, while another shot had killed the man. A gang of strangers ride up. One of them insults Mrs. Wheeler by coupling her name with the stranger. The kid shoots a hole in each of the ears of Pete Gorham, who hurled the insult, making his escape in the confusion. He lays in wait for the party and finally sees the men drive off with Wheeler's widow and child. He trails them silently.

Half a mile behind them, he followed the little cavalcade. Easy enough, with the cluck of the wagon coming faintly through the starlight. The kid wondered if they were afraid he might be on their track. Probably not. His little argument with Pete was kind of personal. One of the men didn't like Pete's remark any too well. He'd be glad Pete got himself earmarked that-a-way.

He followed the wagon to Becker's ranch and saw the men gathered there, and knowing the signal, he softly whistled the first two bars of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and so got by the man on guard at the gate. The room would not hold all the men gathered there, and some stood outside in the dark and talked and smoked. Drank, too, from the bottles that went from hand to hand until they were emptied and thrown away.

The kid did not talk. He kept his mouth shut and his ears open, like old Killer Reeves had advised. When the gathering showed signs of breaking up, he melted into the shadows so quietly he never was missed, and presently he rode past the unsuspecting guard at the gate and went his way.

The kid unsaddled Pecos, rubbed him dry and went whistling up the path to the cabin. It was warm and reeked with the smell of coal oil fumes and stale cigarette smoke. Babe's paper novel lay open, face down on the table, only two or three pages left unread at the back.

"I damn near saddled up and took out after yuh, Tiger Eye," he said querulously. "These are shore bad times to be ridin' around alone. Nester see yuh—well, you oughta know."

"Shoah do, Babe."

"Have any trouble? If it's fair to ask yuh a uestion." "Not to call trouble. Trailed some nestahs to Sam Becker's ranch. Had meetin' theah. Right smart gatherin'. They aim to call the Pool men into a trap. Some talk of drivin' cattle into Oxbow bend. Poole men'll go theah and half the nestahs will be cached in the pass—"

"Yeah?" Babe looked startled. "Say, that might'a drawn the Pool riders out, at that, if they didn't know it was a frame-up. We been watchin' our chance to get 'em in the act, the damn cow thieves! Say, you got no call to take a chance like that." Babe frowned as the kid's exploit recurred to him. "F they'd'a caught yuh there, they'd 'a' strung yuh up in a holy minute. Don't yuh take another chance like that, Tiger Eye."

The kid did not say anything to that.

"Say, you goin' to promise me yuh won't take no more chances like that?" Babe pressed the point. You got something more under your hat than what you told me. Damn you, Tiger Eye, what more you been doin' tonight?"

The kid turned and looked long at Babe over his cup. His yellow

eye was curiously softened.

"I been hearin' talk about Nate Wheeler," he said finally, and blinked when he saw Babe failed to repress a start. "I been findin' out I didn't shoot so wide. I aimed to hit his gun ahm down, and that ahm shoah was hit, just like I aimed it would be."

"Yeah?" Babe's eyes took on a hard, watchful look.

"I heahd men say it was a rifle bullet hit him in the haid," the kid drawled softly. "I reckon yo'all thought he was goin' to shoot me. I shoah am much obleeged to yo' all, Babe."

Babe Garner stared, then laughed shortly and turned away.

"You're welcome, Tiger Eye." He turned and began thumping pillows with savage energy. "Which side the bed you want? Me, I like to lay on the edge, where I can roll out quick."

"Just lay wheah yo'all feels best Babe," grinned the kid, swallowing the last of the coffee. "I'm sleepin' sound tonight, no mattah wheah I lay my haid."

The kid was scouting along the rim of the Big Bench a day or two later, playing his mouth organ as he rode. Softly, because yo'all had to be mighty careful nobody down in the valley noticed and took a long shot at you, just for luck. But shucks! Yo'all couldn't hear that mouth-organ-~~any~~ farther'n you could flip a rock with your thumb and finger.

Bad country up this way. Nice country, but plumb full of ornery no-account cow thieves that wouldn't wait to see if a fellow was all right but would holler, "Draw, you coyote!" and come a-shooting, plumb crazy like.

Funny, though, if Nate Wheeler hadn't come riding and shooting that-a-way, the kid wouldn't have met up with Babe Garner. It shoah was worth riding all way up from Texas to Montana, just to meet up with a fellow as nice and friendly as Babe Garner was.

Shoah was a snakey kinda country, though. The kid didn't know just all the ins and outs of the fuss. The way Babe told it, cow thieves, that let on like they were nesters, had banded together to wipe out the Poole, which was a big Eastern outfit. Babe said the nesters were stealing the Poole blind and the bosses back East wanted it stopped. Babe said the Poole wouldn't stand for no more, and they now looked on all cow thieves same as they did on wolves—varmits to be got rid of. Nate Wheeler was gunning for Poole riders, Babe said, and that was why he rode at the kid that-a-way.

He played absently, his thoughts dwelling on what Babe had said. Babe seemed to think Poole riders had to be fighters. Reckon he ought to tell Babe he wouldn't kill a man for nobody; he'd seen too much of that back home. Anyway Babe never asked him a word about that part. If he did, the kid would tell him straight out where he stood.

Poole riders kinda expected to down a man for keeps if it came

to gun play between them and nesters, the kid reckoned. Babe said the Poole had tried the law and it wouldn't work, because the Poole was an Eastern firm and all the nesters and town folks hung together. No jury in the country would convict a cow thief, Babe said.

So the Poole was going to shoot it out with the gang.

The kid's job was to ride, along up here on the rim, just lazy like, and watch through field glasses for any bunch of cattle being rounded up or driven along in the nester country below. Anything that looked like a round-up down there, or even a bunch of riders going anywhere, the kid was to ride to the top of a small pinnacle, standing back from the rim of the bench, and signal with a little, round looking-glass Babe Garner had given him.

It wasn't much of a job. The kid would rather ride with Babe, wherever it was he had struck out for at daylight. But Babe didn't act like he wanted anybody along.

The kid watched faithfully for awhile, halting Pecos behind boulders while he got off and focused the glasses on this ranch and that ranch and the tranquil range land in between. Quiet as Sunday afternoon in a Quaker village, down there.

The kid swung the glasses farther into the coulee and along the trail to the gate, and on up to Wheeler's cabin. There he held them steady, little puckers showing in the skin around his eyes, he squinted so. His lips fell slightly apart as he watched. No wonder the valley was empty and no nesters were stirring! Having a funeral for Nate Wheeler, that was why. Yard full of wagons and saddle horses, men standing around outside the house, not talking but just standing there, looking sour. Every one packing guns.

The kid sharpened the focus a little, still gazing with his forehead wrinkled, trying to figure out what was wrong. Now the men were edging back from the door—plain as if he stood in the yard with them he could see all they did; plain as looking at a play on the stage. Fetching the coffin out now. Just a board box with strap handles nailed on, nesters all stretching their necks like turkeys in a grain field, minding their manners but wanting to see it all. Something mighty strange, though. And then the kid knew what it was. There weren't any women at that funeral. Nate Wheeler had a wife and baby, but they weren't there, either. Just men, not dressed up in their Sunday clothes, but wearing colored shirts and overalls. Not shaved, either. Looked like they had just

(Continued On Page 7)

ROBERT-MASSIE COMPANY
Superior Ambulance Service
Phone 4444 Day or Night
San Angelo, Texas

Ambulance Service
DAY OR NIGHT
Joe Oberkamp
Phone 181



Karlton Marquard, 17, of Baldwin, Kans., got 19 foreign countries on his home-made radio.

Talks to World

MRS. KINCAID WANTS EAGLES OR EAGLE EGGS

Mrs. T. A. Kincaid, Sr., who has an interesting zoo collection of birds, including pheasants, peafowls, Brazilian birds, quail, etc. is anxious to add to her collection specimens of the native eagles to be found in this section.

A number of local ranchmen have been trapping these big birds recently and Mrs. Kincaid is anxious to get one in case one is caught in a trap and is not so seriously injured that he will not recover. Specimens of both the Mexican black eagle and the American bald eagle are wanted. Eagle eggs would also be acceptable. Mrs. Kincaid has an electric incubator and says that if she can secure the eggs that she can hatch them in the incubator.

Sets New Record



Amelia Earhart set a new auto-giro record for women flyers in a flight above Philadelphia.

Let Us Be Your Cook

DELICATESSEN DISHES TO ORDER

Our delicatessen service, announced last week, met with almost instant success. Ozona housewives have expressed gratitude for the convenience of this service and for the economy which it affords.

We have at all times boiled vegetable dishes, meats, salads, chicken—and those good, tasty hamburgers.

Chicken Salad Sandwiches

A Specialty at 15 cents Each

Any dish prepared for you to take home. Special sanitary cartons provided for carrying these home-cooked foods.

Short Orders — Regular Meals

Mrs. Cyclone Pierce, Manager

Mike Couch

Welding
Windmill Erecting and Repairing
Wagon and Wood Work
See Us for Your Cabinet Work
O. W. SMITH
Blacksmith Machine Shop

a Good resolution

See it through!
"I will buy only the leading make of tire"

GOODYEAR

It costs no more to buy any other company en-Goodyears; it costs less to ables Goodyear to give ride on them ... why not buy the kind that are first choice with the public? Building millions more tires than

Your Tires Monogrammed FREE!
Trade in your old tires and get new Goodyears with your initials attractively placed on the sidewall!

North Motor Company

OZONA, TEXAS

1 The famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread is superior in traction. Note how the deep-cut high-gripping blocks are placed in the center of the tread, where they belong. Press the palm of your hand upon this tread and feel how the blocks grip and pinch the flesh. This illustrates the All-Weather Tread's holdfast action on pavement or road.

2 The patented Goodyear Supertwist Cord Carcass is superior in vitality and long life. Under continued flexing or sudden road-shock, where ordinary cords fatigue or snap, the extra-elastic Supertwist Cords stretch and recover, like rubber bands. Ask us to show you our cord testing machine the extra stretch is enormously greater ... of Supertwist cord over the best standard cord.

TIGER EYE

(Continued From Page 6)

stopped by from their work. Plenty of guns, though, and belts full of shells.

The kid stared for two seconds longer and took the field glasses from his eyes.

Instantly that grim gathering in the coulee receded into the slight movement of vague dots three miles and more away. The scene was gone, wiped out by the distance. Instead, the kid was staring down off the hill at a wagon that came rattling down a long slope directly toward him. The driver was standing up, lashing the horses into a run, with the long ends of the lines which he swung like a flail upon their backs. The wagon was jouncing along over hummocks and a woman with her bonnet off, and her hair flying straight out behind her like the tail of a running horse, was hanging to the seat like grim death.

A man on horseback came tearing up over the top of the little ridge. He started shooting, but he didn't hit anything at first and then the team came on, leaving the road at the first turn and galloping straight down the slope.

The horseman spurred closer, still shooting, and at the third shot the driver made a sudden dive down on one of the horses, rolled off onto the ground and lay still. The team shied violently aside and snagged the front wheels in a big clump of buckbush which they tried to straddle. The girl jumped out and started running for the hill, the man taking after her, yelling at her to stop. But she didn't do it, though.

She was a girl, all right. The kid knew that as soon as she jumped out and started running. She didn't run like a woman. This one legged it for the hill like a boy, her hair loose and waving out behind her like a yellow flag.

The fellow after the girl was trying to catch her before she got in among the rocks where he couldn't ride. It kinda looked as if she might make it all right, especially when she went over that wash in one long jump like a deer and the fellow's horse balked and reared back on the edge. The man yelled again, pulled down with his gun and sent a bullet kicking up

the dust right in front of her. That scared her so she stopped, not knowing which way to turn. The fellow didn't shoot again but took down his rope and jumped off his horse.

The kid was waiting, with his blue left eye squinted nearly shut and his yellow right eye open and staring like a tiger. They kept coming closer and closer, and the kid's gun barrel jabbed forward and spat.

The man was widening his loop as he ran, but he dropped it as his arm jerked down to his side. He wore two guns, though. He started to draw a second gun with his left hand, but the kid fired another shot. The man gave a lurch and almost fell. Suddenly he sat down right where he was and leaned over sideways, acting kinda sick.

When the kid took another look at the girl, she was lying on the ground all in a heap, like she'd fainted or been shot or something. He watched her for a minute and saw she didn't move, so he went jumping down the bluff like a loosened boulder.

He was plumb sorry for her and he hoped she wasn't hurt, but he hung back and didn't want to touch her or turn her over to see if she was dead. Her hair was all down over her face, and it was the longest, yellowest hair he had ever seen in his life. She gave a deep, gasping sigh and she stepped back a little farther. She had just fainted. She'd be coming to in a minute, and she wouldn't thank him for standing there gawping at her that-a-way.

The kid walked over and stood looking down at the fellow on the ground. The man glared up at him like a trapped wolf. Both ears were swollen and red, a puckery round hole showing in the outstanding shell of each.

"When I plugged them eahs," he drawled contemptuously, "I shoah thought yo'all was just plain skunk. I wisht I'd known then yo'all was half skunk and half Side-windah!"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

FOR RENT—2 unfurnished rooms. See or call Mrs. H. O. Word.

Earl Sparks, small son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks, is able to be out again after being confined for several days with an attack of flu.

New President Of National Wool Marketing Corp. Enthusiastic Over Future Of Co-Operative Movement

Sol Mayer, one of the leading and most successful sheep operators in the nation's largest wool-producing state, Texas, is the new president of the National Wool Marketing Corporation. Mr. Mayer, whose home is in San Angelo, the place where wool grower representatives met in November, 1929, to form the national cooperative, was chosen for this post at the annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the cooperative at Chicago, April 11th. He succeeds Roger Gillis of Del Rio, Texas.

The new president of the wool cooperative has been engaged in the livestock industry in Texas for more than 40 years. He now operates approximately 20,000 head of sheep. His land holdings amount to about 74,000 acres. He also is engaged in cattle and goat ranching and other general branches of agriculture. In addition to being so prominent in livestock and agriculture, Mr. Mayer is active in Texas banking affairs. He is a director of the San Angelo National Bank and an officer in several other financial institutions of the State.

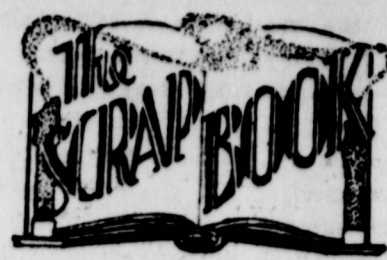
Mr. Mayer is a member of the executive committee of the National Wool Growers Association. He was a member of the original committee of five selected to formulate plans for Texas participation in the national wool cooperative movement. Mr. Mayer is identified with several cooperative undertakings in Texas; is associated with the Southwest Irrigated Cotton Cooperative Association, a local unit affiliated with the national cooperative for this commodity; is a member of the executive committee of the Texas Sheep & Goat Raisers' Association; a director of the Texas Livestock Marketing Association; has for many years been identified with the Toyah Valley Alfalfa Association, a producer-operated organization; and is chairman of the Eat-More-Lamb Club of Texas.

Mr. Mayer is the father of E. S. Mayer, president of the Lone Star Wool-Mohair Cooperative Association, one of the Texas units of the National Wool Marketing

Corporation.

The new cooperative president is enthusiastic over the future of the wool cooperative movement. "Considering the difficulties of the year just passed, the results achieved in the cooperative marketing of wool were extremely good," he said at Chicago. "If the wool producers patronize their own marketing organization they will find in it a real opportunity to benefit themselves and their industry. There is no doubt but that the cooperative will prove of tremendous value to the producers who have sponsored it and are giving it their fine support."

Hutsinpillar—But why did you buy a dachshund for the children? Haasenpfeffer—So that they can all pet him at once.



"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE"

By George Pope Morris

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bow!
In youth it sheltered me
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
The axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earthbound ties;
O, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old, tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save
The axe shall harm it not.

J. H. McClure, manager of the Smith Drug Store here, returned Monday night from San Angelo where he has been at the bedside of Mrs. McClure, who has been suffering from the flu. Mr. McClure's son, Truett, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is doing well, he reported.

SONORA WOOL & MOHAIR CO.

SONORA, TEXAS

FIREPROOF BUILDING THAT WILL ACCOMMODATE 1,500,000 POUNDS OF WOOL & MOHAIR

Liberal Allowances on Wool and Mohair

WE SELL WOOL BAGS, SEWING TWINE, FLEECE TWINE, BRANDING FLUIDS AND ETC.

OFFICERS

ED C. MAYFIELD, President
W. A. MIERS, Vice President
J. N. ROSS, 2nd Vice President
R. A. HALBERT, 3rd Vice President
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BEN F. MECKEL
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C. T. JONES

FOOD VALUES



FOR OUR NEIGHBORS

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

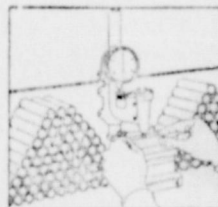
The oldest store in Ozona, we have grown up with this community and know its needs. We have served its people in time of distress, carried them through when to have done otherwise would have meant suffering. And, now, we are still serving—growing with the modern need, and still 100 per cent for Ozona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

Chris Meinecke

PHONES

278-279-280

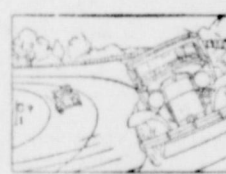
Soundly built to serve you long and well



The piston pin—strongest one of the main—maintains its position in the crankshaft.

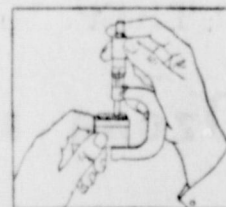
If you could see the new Chevrolet Six being built, you would understand why it performs so well, lasts so long and brings so much satisfaction and pleasure to its owners. The quality of raw materials is held to standards unsurpassed anywhere in the automotive industry. In the manufacture of the engine alone there are hundreds of separate inspections. Pistons are matched in sets to within one-half ounce. Piston pins must be within 1/1000th of their specified size. Connecting rods are matched to within

one-quarter ounce and are individually fitted by hand. The special alloy steel crankshaft is the subject of truly amazing care and precision in manufacture and cannot vary from perfection in balance more than 1/16th of an ounce!



Chevrolet cars are run millions of miles each year at General Motors' great proving ground.

These few examples of Chevrolet standards indicate the care used in the manufacture of every part of the car.



Chevrolet precision instruments are regularly checked against master gauges which are accurate to one millionth of an inch.

Soundly built to serve you long and well! No compromise with quality in manufacture means no compromise with complete satisfaction in ownership.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

New Low Prices—Chevrolet's passenger car prices range from \$475 to \$650. Truck chassis prices range from \$355 to \$590. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy terms.

See your dealer below

NORTH MOTOR CO.

OZONA TEXAS

Grandmother Of Mrs. W. E. Friend Dies At Age Of Nearly 100

Mrs. W. E. Friend and her mother, Mrs. J. W. Wilson of Big Lake, returned last week from Raymondville, where they attended the funeral of Mrs. Wilson's mother and Mrs. Friend's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Jones, who died at the age of 99 years, 3 months and 20 days. Death came to the almost centenarian Friday, April 10. The following account of Mrs. Jones' death is taken from the Raymondville News:

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Jones, mother of Mrs. T. J. Brownfield, died at her home in this city, Friday night at 9:45.

Mrs. Jones was 99 years of age, being born in Lexington, Ky., Dec. 21, 1831. She came to Texas in 1852, and later to the Valley, in 1914.

She was married to J. H. C. Jones in Missouri in 1851, and to the union was born four children. Her husband preceded her in death in 1870, when a team of horses he was driving ran away, fatally injuring him.

Mrs. Jones had been active in the Eastern Star for a number of years and had done much for the promotion of its affairs.

The deceased is survived by three daughters—Mrs. J. W. Wilson, Big Lake, Texas; Mrs. J. C. Keith, Ocala, Florida, and Mrs. T. J. Brownfield of this city; one son, J. W. Jones of Mercedes; seventeen grandchildren, forty-four great grandchildren and eighteen great great grandchildren.

Burial was made Saturday afternoon in the Raymondville cemetery, with Rev. Fitzgerald, pastor of the Church of Christ, officiating. Funeral arrangements were in charge of Thompson's Mortuary.

THE LIONS CLUB (Contributed)

The Ozona Lions Club is the only civic organization Ozona has. And a civic organization is something that every town needs. This being the only civic organization here, I think it the duty of every citizen of Ozona to support it. And not just by saying "I'm in favor of the club" but by supporting it with your membership and with your presence at every meeting.

The club just at present has felt the slump like every other form of business organization. There are some Ozona people who have the feeling that there are enough to do such things without their assistance. The age-old idea of "letting George do it." If every one did that the club would soon pass into oblivion as other attempts at some sort of local civic organization for the advancement of the community have done.

The Lions Club has never been very large in membership, but you can look back over its three years history and enumerate a number of worthwhile things it has done and helped to do for the advancement of Ozona. If more of our ranchers, business men and others would join and help in this work, the club, of course, could accomplish much more. Go to the meetings and be a Lion and a town booster—it will help you and your neighbor no matter what your

business or your job.

If the meal doesn't suit your fancy when you go to the meeting, go back next time—maybe it will be better. Anyway, the meal is the most insignificant part of the day's meeting. If the club votes to do something of which you do not approve, don't quit—stay in there and fight. It's the exchange of opinions that arrives at the right verdict in any controversy. If the State Senate passes a bill that some Senator does not approve, he doesn't take his dolls and go home, he stays in there and fights for what he thinks is right. That's the way a good citizen should approach his civic organization, with a mind determined to do his part to help in any worthwhile movement and to give the best he has in defense of what he thinks is the right action.

Look about you. See what live civic organizations are doing for other towns. Study the fellowship and understandings that is generated in these weekly gatherings. Those which accomplish most are those that have the most general support. The Ozona Lions Club needs your co-operation. Won't you let them know you are willing to do your part toward building Ozona?

—A LION.

Good Crowds Attend Formal Opening Of New Variety Store

Ozona gave its newest business house a rousing welcome at its formal opening when the Popular Variety Store formally threw open its doors to the trade Saturday.

T. M. Sawyer and E. H. Carpenter, owners of the store, were on hand to greet customers and several local girls were employed as clerks to handle the opening day rush. Pink carnations were given out all during the opening day as favors for the ladies.

Messrs. Sawyer and Carpenter operate the Popular Variety Store in Hort Stockton and both are prominent in the business life of the neighboring city. The local store has no connection with any national chain, the Fort Stockton men being sole owners.

The new store, located in the Smith building on the corner across from the city park, has been made one of the most attractive in the city, with attractive window displays and tasteful counter arrangement on the inside. The store is well stocked with all new merchandise, purchased especially for the local store.

CARD OF THANKS

It being impossible to see you all in person, we take this means of expressing our sincere gratitude to our many friends in Ozona and West Texas for their many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy on the occasion of the death of our wife and mother, Mrs. Frank Taylor. We also wish to thank you especially for the many beautiful floral offerings. Your loving kindness and tender sympathy made it easier for us to carry on in the face of crushing grief. May God bless you all always.

Frank Taylor and children.

Miss Cara Mae Cook, daughter of R. J. Cooke, was taken to San Angelo the first of the week by Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Oden for treatment for abscessed ears.

A new fence has been built around the Mexican Catholic church in the Mexican suburb of Ozona and a number of evergreen shrubs have been planted around the building.

Dr. J. C. Hardy, Pres. Baylor College, To Speak Here Sunday

Dr. J. C. Hardy, president of Baylor College for Women, Belton, Texas, will speak Sunday night in Ozona at the First Baptist Church. He is expected to arrive here in the early afternoon Sunday, following an address in Sonora at the morning hour. Dr. Hardy is a gifted and pleasing speaker, who is constantly in demand all over the state and southland. He has been the president of Baylor College for twenty years and under his leadership it has grown to be the largest girl's school in the south. His address Sunday night will doubtless be in the field of women's education, dealing particularly with Baylor's contribution thereto. Services will begin promptly at 8 o'clock.

At the invitation of the High School authorities, Dr. Hardy will address the High School Monday morning at nine o'clock, after which conferences will be arranged for the members of the graduating class. Let everyone hear Dr. Hardy while he is here. The church and the school invite you to share this opportunity with them.

ed for the members of the graduating class. Let everyone hear Dr. Hardy while he is here. The church and the school invite you to share this opportunity with them.

Mrs. Ben Lemmons was in San Angelo Sunday to visit Mr. Lemmons who is in a hospital there recovering from a serious illness. Mr. Lemmons is improving rapidly. Mrs. Lemmons reported, and is expected to be able to return home the last of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Childress, Jr., and Mrs. N. W. Graham were visitors to San Angelo Tuesday.

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

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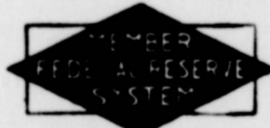
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But we, of the general public, do not call anything Punk, unless it is.

Every once in a while we see some Punk, but it does NOT bear the Golden Krust label.

You NEVER get our bread over a day old, and seldom older than five hours out of the oven.

Its BAKED RIGHT, MIXED RIGHT, CONCOCTED RIGHT and by Judas Priest, its GOOD. Yes, and its scaled to weigh a POUND—or MORE.

THREE DOZEN loaves a day MORE now, will cut out the Angelo wagon. They haven't made a thin dime on this run. They admit it. Every loaf you buy from our neighbors of the city only detracts a little more from Ozona.

If we were offering you something Inferior—we would not say a word. Golden Krust is fresher, tastier, prettier, better cooked, and YOU will be more satisfied with it. Surveyors having bought it have eaten the last of their purchase—3 weeks later and pronounced it GOOD.

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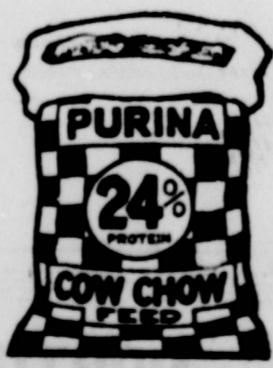
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