

THE OZONA STOCKMAN

The Only Paper in Crockett County—3,000 Square Miles Of Livestock Territory

"Out In The West, Where The Air Is Pure, The Climate Agreeable, And The People Friendly—The Best Place On Earth To Call Home"

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OZONA, CROCKETT COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1932.

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No. 6

RECORD CLASS GET DIPLOMAS TONIGHT, 8:30

22 Ozona High Grads To Receive Coveted Sheep Skins

STRANGE SPEAKS

Commencement Exercises To Be Held In Auditorium

The all-time record graduating class of Ozona High School, in point of numbers, will march across the stage in the new high school auditorium tonight to receive their high school diplomas, the culmination of eleven years of studious effort. This will be the first commencement exercises in the new auditorium and the first class to graduate from the new \$170,000 high school building, one of the finest structures of its size in the state.

CLASS ROLL

Lois D. Adams
Bernice Bailey
Phillip Lee Childress
Conley Cox
Margaret Deland
Fletcher Freeman
Aubrey Fussell
Ethard Glover
Lois B. Hoover
Hattie McKinney
George Vic Montgomery
Angeline Patrick
Joe Sellers Pierce
Luetta Powell
Marvin Rape
Rosalie Rauhut
Miller Robison
Lowell Schwalbe
Massie Ray Smith
Mary B. Vaughan
Chester Wilson
Ethel Word

W. T. Strange of Longview, one of the most talented speakers in this area, will deliver the commencement address. Mr. Strange is in demand as a speaker wherever he is known and Ozona people are looking forward to a real treat in tonight's exercises.

Honor students in this year's graduating class are Marvin Greer Rape, valedictorian, and Margaret Deland, salutatorian.

The complete program for the commencement exercises is as follows:

Processional
Invocation—Bro. L. N. Moody.
Piano Solo—"Prelude"—Rachmaninoff—Bernice Bailey.
Salutatory—Margaret Deland.
Piano Duet—"Country Dance"—Nevin—Mary B. Vaughan, Bernice Bailey.
Valedictory—Marvin Greer Rape.
Introduction of Speaker
Address—W. T. Strange.
Presentation of Diploma—Judge Charles E. Davidson.
Presentation of Woman's Club Prize.
Song—"Commencement Recessional"—Patterson—Class.
Benediction—Rev. M. M. Fulmer.
Recessional.

Miss Dorothy Miller Opens Beauty Shop At Her Home Here

Miss Dorothy Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Miller, has opened a beauty parlor at her home here under the name of Dorrette Beauty Shop. She is being assisted by Miss Ann Williams, an experienced operator.

Miss Miller has been in San Angelo several months where she recently completed a course as an operator and she has installed all modern machines in her shop here. The new modernistic permanent waving machine is being used. To acquaint Ozona women with her work, she is offering a special combination price for shampoo, manicure, facial and wave set all this week.

Cast Scores In "Step Husband"

Rollicking Comedy Is Big Hit With Audience Here

A triumph for every member of the cast, two hours of hilarious entertainment for every person in the audience and a net gain of approximately \$60 for the funds of the athletic department of the Ozona schools were results of presentation of Larry Johnson's riotous three-act comedy, "Her Step-Husband" by a home talent cast in the high school auditorium Tuesday evening.

The play was directed by Mrs. A. W. Jones and the finished performance given by the entire cast showed the results of her careful training.

Guinn Carruthers proved a dramatic find in his interpretation of one of the leading comedy roles, that of the permanent husband of Mary Marshall, an incurable romanticist, whose fantastic ideas brought about the comic situations developed in the play. Miss Hester Bunger played the part of Mary Marshall in her usual finished manner, her interpretation and that of Miss Wayne Augustine as Stella, the maid, Pascal Northcutt as Dr. Jerry Niles and J. L. Jordan as the crook lending a touch of the almost professional to the production. Mrs. J. L. Littleton as Sylvia Allen, friend of Mary Marshall, was another who carried a difficult role with marked ability. Miss Kaleta Cox again proved her ability in the interpretation of character roles with her performance as Emily Paisley, old maid aunt of Mary Marshall. Less important but equally well done were the roles of Florence Ainslee, Mary's cousin, done by Mrs. Ted White, and the affable cop, interpreted by Royce Smith.

The biggest hit of the evening, however, was made by Miss Rosalie Friend, 5-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Friend, Jr., who played the part of Willie Marshall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Marshall. Although it was well past her bedtime, the little-miss played her part with apparent grace and ease, greeting the acclaim of the cast and audience with a smile of satisfaction.

Between-act features included a reading by Madye Jo Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bailey, who gave the reading that won her first place in her school and in the Pecos County Interscholastic League meet recently. She gave two additional numbers as encores. An interpretive dance, "The Dance of the Silver Moth," by Ora Louise Cox was enjoyed by the audience. Mrs. Royce Smith directed the dance, with Miss Noreen Allison at the piano. A song by Mrs. F. T. McIntire, with Mrs. Vic Pierce playing the piano accompaniment, and a book skit by Misses Tommy Smith and Carolyn Montgomery were other between-act numbers that were enjoyed by the audience.

Equalization Board To Complete Work Of First Meeting Friday

Work of the first meeting of the Crockett County Board of Equalization will be completed at a session to be held Friday. The Commissioners Court met as a board of equalization last week, but when the work of the board was not finished, another session was set for Friday of this week. At that time the board will decide on a date for the final meeting of the board of equalization and will issue proper notices.

The board in last week's session placed a valuation of \$1.25 an acre on all lands not otherwise valued, and valued sheep at \$1.50 the head, goats at \$1 a head, cattle at \$6, stock horses at \$5 and saddle and work horses at \$20 a head.

Joe Pierce returned Wednesday from Fort Worth where he had been on business since Monday.

Seniors Swing Into Final Week With Full Entertainment Slate

Commencement exercises tonight will climax the final week's festivities for the 22 members of the 1932 graduating class of Ozona High School. The gay round of entertainments provided by friends of the graduates the past two or three weeks continued into the final week, with a chicken barbecue and dance, a chuck wagon supper, a morning German and breakfast, and an ice cream supper and dance as the final numbers in the program of entertainments.

Friday evening Mrs. Tom Smith was hostess to members of the class and a few other guests with a chicken barbecue supper and dance. After the supper, guests spent the evening in dancing on the concrete driveway at the back of the Smith home, the out-door dance floor being gaily lighted with Japanese lanterns.

Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Friend, Jr., entertained the Juniors and Seniors with a chuck wagon supper at their home. The feast was spread under the live-oak grove back of the Friend home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Oberkamp entertained the Seniors and a few other guests with a morning German starting at 3 o'clock Monday morning. Guests assembled at the Oberkamp home and from there went to the concrete dance platform at the fair grounds where they were served cake and coffee before the dancing started. Dancing continued until 7 a. m. when the guests were served breakfast by Mesdames George Montgomery, P. T. Robison and John Bailey.

I. G. Rape was host to the class with an ice cream feast at the Ozona Drug Store Wednesday evening. Limeade, sandwiches, potato chips and ice cream were served during the course of the evening, which was spent in dancing.

Eastern Star Names Officers

Mrs. Mary Flowers Is Chosen Worthy Matron Of Order

Mrs. Mary Flowers was elected Worthy Matron of the Ozona chapter of the Order of Eastern Star at the regular meeting for the election of officers held Tuesday night.

Other officers of the order were elected as follows: Worthy Patron, Richard Flowers; Associate Matron, Mrs. Charley Coates; Associate Patron, George Bean; Conductress, Mrs. George Bean; Associate Conductress, Mrs. W. J. Grimmer; Secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Perry; Treasurer, Mrs. Will Baggett; Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Baggett were re-elected.

Retiring officers are Mrs. Joe T. Davidson, Worthy Patron; Mrs. T. Davidson, Associate Matron; Richard Flowers, Associate Patron; Mrs. Charley Coates, Conductress; Mrs. George Bean, Associate Conductress.

Nine members of the local order composed a delegation attending an Eastern Star school of instruction in San Angelo all day Wednesday. Those attending the school were Mrs. Joe Davidson, Mrs. Will Baggett, Mrs. Hugh Childress, Mrs. P. L. Childress, Mrs. C. J. Watts, Mrs. Mary Flowers, Miss Velma Richardson, Miss Ethel Childress and Mr. and Mrs. George Bean.

A special meeting of the local chapter will be held at 2:30 this afternoon for the official visit of the deputy Grand Matron, Mrs. Mary Ellen Hughes of Mertzon. Initiation of a candidate will be a part of the program in honor of the visiting deputy Grand Matron.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Bosworth, their son, Jimmie, of San Francisco, Mrs. Betty Bosworth and Dee Bosworth of Sanderson, were in Ozona Sunday and Monday. They are all old residents of Ozona.

Woman's Club To Award \$10 Prize

Most Deserving Student To Receive Reward Tonight

Some student in Ozona High School who has been adjudged the "most deserving student" by a committee consisting of the entire faculty of the school will receive special honors and a cash reward of \$10 during the commencement exercises in the High School auditorium this evening.

This reward will be made by the Ozona Woman's Club, the second annual reward of this nature to be made by the club. Presentation of the prize will be made as a part of the commencement program tonight.

The identity of the winner of this award will be kept secret until the moment of the presentation the winner's name to be announced by the club member who makes the presentation. Selection of the winner has already been made by the faculty committee.

Points upon which this award is made include the general attitude of the student toward school work, the faculty and student body, the attitude of the faculty and student body toward the pupil, application to school duties, citizenship, character and ability. The grades a pupil may make in school work are not considered in making the award.

22 Boys Out For Spring Grid Work

Coach White Has Promise Of Good Material For 1932

About ten days of intensive football training was secured by a group of 22 candidates for next year's Ozona High School Lions under the direction of Coach Ted White during the past week.

Coach White seized upon the few remaining days between the close of baseball season and the end of school to gather his prospective gridiron warriors together for a little spring training and daily workouts and general instructions were issued by the coach to a group of two complete teams.

Five letter men will be available for next year's eleven, Coach White announced. Captain Buddy Moore, S. W. Westfall, Billy Baggett, Edgar Galyon and Joe Chandler compose the handful of veterans to form the nucleus for the 1932 team. Some promising material came out for spring training, however, and the coach is confident of having a strong aggregation with the opening of school next fall.

Mrs. Frank McMullen, who came in from the ranch Sunday, suffering from a severe attack of sciatica, is able to be up. She is at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pon Seahorn.

State Historical Commission May Result From Efforts Of Local Club To Mark Old Spanish Trail Highway

Establishment of a state historical commission whose duties, among others, will include the proper marking of all points of historical interest in the state and the marking of such points along all the principal highways of the state may be the ultimate outcome of a movement started by the Ozona Lions Club seeking to mark points of historical interest along the Old Spanish Trail through Crockett County.

Such a possibility was pointed to by Rev. J. H. Meredith, chairman of a highway marking committee from the club, in a report of progress of the movement made at Monday's meeting of the organ-

Rev. M. M. Fulmer Is Principal Speaker At Sonora Meeting

Rev. M. M. Fulmer, Past President of the Ozona Lions Club, was the principal speaker at a banquet Monday night commemorating the fourth anniversary of the organization of the Sonora Lions Club. In connection with the anniversary program the officers for the coming year were installed with fitting ceremonies.

The program was an intermingling of musical numbers and brief addresses. Special tribute was paid to the departed Lions of Sonora led by Lion W. E. Caldwell, first president of the Sonora Club. Three members of the Sonora club have died since its organization. They were W. L. Aldwell, M. O. Britt and Harold Steen all three well known civic leaders of Sonora and West Texas.

Lion Fulmer in his address called attention to some outstanding community and national problems which ought to be faced and solved. Chief among them he called for a campaign against pessimism and organized crime.

"There are no problems that cannot be solved by a conscientious God-fearing people," Lion Fulmer said. "The public conscience has been aroused by the Lindbergh tragedy in a way that it has not been for more than five years, and it behooves us now to rise and stamp out this monster (organized crime) which almost threatens our national existence," he further stated.

Lions Play Cast Bring More Rain In Trip To Sonora

The journey of members of the cast of the home-talent play, "Sun Up" to Sonora last Saturday night was productive of another rain, but though the fall was enough to make the return trip difficult, it did not prevent the group from enjoying the visit to the neighboring town.

Rain, accompanied by a severe electrical disturbance, began falling a short time before the hour set for the play and as a consequence the crowd was small. The play was sponsored by the Sonora club and receipts from the evening's entertainment were divided by the two clubs, the local club adding a small amount to its treasury above expenses of the trip.

2ND GRADERS ENTERTAINED

Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 the children of the second grade were the guests at a lawn party given by Mrs. M. M. Fulmer for her little daughter, Betty Ann. Practically every pupil was present and in the attitude for a rollicking good time. "Grunt" and "Three Deep" and "Red Rover" were among the principal games played. After an hour of fun the children assembled on the porch for stories and stunts, after which refreshments consisting of "kows" and cookies were served.

Cane chairs for the ranch.—\$1. Oberkamp's.

CANCEL ROAD LETTINGS IN CROCKETT CO.

Failure Of Federal Approval Cause Of Cancellation

DROP 19 PROJECTS

Commission Hopes To Award Contracts By June 10th

Hopes of Crockett County people for an early revival of road work in the county were raised this week when announcement was made by the state highway department that three contracts for work on Highway No. 27, east and west, would be let May 26 and 27.

But these hopes were dashed Tuesday when Exline Martin, resident engineer for the state highway department, received information through A. F. Moursand, division engineer, advising that all of the proposed lettings in Crockett County had been removed from the list of advertised jobs, along with projects in a number of other counties, because the federal bureau of public roads had failed to approve finally plans and specifications for the projects.

The state commission last week announced contracts totalling more than \$3,000,000 would be let at the March 26 and 27 meeting. Nineteen of these projects were withdrawn from the list this week because of lack of federal approval.

Projects in Crockett County listed for the May letting included application of caliche base course on 15 miles of Highway No. 27 from Ozona east to the Sutton County line, grading and small drainage structures from Ozona 9.23 miles west and large drainage structures on Highway 27 in this county, which possibly would have included a bridge over Johnson Draw. Grading and drainage structures on the two sections of No. 27 in Sutton County from the Crockett County line to Sonora are left in the list of lettings for this month.

The highway department announced that it hoped to have federal approval of plans and specifications for these projects in time to award contracts at a session to be held June 10.

Offer Work In Summer School

Bishop And White To Teach Credit Courses This Summer

Courses for high school credit will be offered in the Ozona High School this summer under the direction of John L. Bishop, superintendent, and Ted White, it was announced this week by Mr. Bishop.

Courses in all high school studies with the exception of manual training, home economics and commercial work.

The summer school session will begin Monday, May 30, and continue from five to eight weeks. Classes will be conducted according to rules prescribed by the state department of education and work finished during the summer may be counted for high school credits looking toward a diploma. Students who failed to pass in all of their work during the past regular term will have an opportunity through the summer school to make up their work or to add new credits if they so desire.

Classes will be conducted six days a week. Students will be permitted to take either an old or a new course, or both, or two old courses, those which they have failed to pass in regular term work. Students will not be permitted to take more than one new subject, however.

OZONA STOCKMAN

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

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1932.

PENSIONS

The United States has always been the most liberal country in the world in providing pensions for the men who have served in its army and navy. Recently, there has been a good deal of discussion of this pension situation, which is costing the taxpayers of the United States considerably more than a billion dollars a year.

We have no quarrel whatever with the principle that a man who has been wounded or disabled by illness while risking his life for the defense of his country should be taken care of, so long as he needs it, at the expense of his country. But we have no sympathy for the able-bodied, self-supporting man who thinks that he is entitled to a pension merely because he was under arms for a while in training camp. And we have still less sympathy for the man who tries by fraudulent means to obtain a pension by special act of Congress.

President Hoover put his finger on one of the weakest spots in our pension system when he vetoed the Omnibus Pension Bill. This is an annual affair which usually has a great many meritorious claims in it, but frequently also contains claims of would-be pensioners who are not by any stretch of the imagination entitled to be supported by the public. As Mr. Hoover pointed out, the people of the United States should not be taxed to pension a man who was court-martialed for drunkenness and conduct prejudicial to good order and was finally discharged without honor for the good of the service, or for a man whose injuries were incurred in attempting suicide, or for a soldier whose only injury was the loss of a leg by being run over by a street car when he was lying on the track intoxicated. Those are only a few of the fraudulent claims for pensions which were included in this year's Omnibus Pension Bill.

By all means, every man who has ever proved his willingness to die for his country has a special claim upon the nation's gratitude. But the greatest care should be taken at all times, and especially now, to protect the nation against fraudulent pension claims.

SHORTENING THE WORKING DAY

A general shortening of the hours of labor in all branches of industry may come about as one result of the present business depression. An increasing number of large business concerns are operating on a five-day week. There is a great deal of discussion among business men of the possibility of making the six-hour day the standard. A bill has been introduced in Congress for the reduction of the working day on government work, with a corresponding reduction in compensation to each worker, and for the adoption of a general five-day week in all industries. We don't expect very much to come out of that, because we have given up expecting Congress to do anything to bring about the millennium. But we hear encouraging reports from industries that have adopted the shorter day and the shorter week, and it wouldn't surprise us to see this movement grow very rapidly.

Of course, the earnings of

What Chance Has the Fox?

By Albert T. Reid



THAT'S ME—

I'm the half-wit that loves to brag. Can you imagine—anything that is more fun. Just let me get in a crowd where I'm not so well known and then I really pour it on. I can tell you of the great things I have done, and the wonderful things I am going to do, but very little about what I am doing. You can't imagine just what a bore I am, but I go cheerfully on bragging my way from one crowd to another.

workers are necessarily less, individually, when they work shorter hours; but it takes more workers to operate the business and, on the whole, it seems a better thing for the nation at large to have everybody earning something than to have a few earning big pay and a lot earning nothing. Fewer people are going to be able to buy luxuries in the next few years than were able to buy them in the few years preceding the big slump. But even if everybody earned twenty-five per cent less for the next ten years than they did in the years from 1920 to 1930, our average income and buying power would still be much higher than that of the people of any other nation in the world. And if the five-day week and the six-hour day will result in putting everybody back to work, then we are for it.

WE'LL SOON KNOW THE WORST

We are cheered by the news from Washington that Congress expects to finish its work by the early part of June and shut down shop until next December. We have no inside information as to what the ultimate tax program will be, or how the proposed reductions in government expenditures will finally come out. But any certainty, even the worst, is better than an uncertainty. We know and hear of many businesses which are marking time, waiting to find out for sure what Congress is going to do about taxes, before they can make their plans intelligently for going ahead. It may make all the difference in the world whether one kind of a tax or another kind is finally decided upon. But American business men and manufacturers have always had a happy faculty of adjusting themselves to conditions as they are, and when they know exactly what the conditions are we believe that there will be a rapid and general revival in manufacturing and trade.

Before the end of June the Presidential conventions will have been held and will know exactly what each party promises in its platform, and who it offers as its candidate for the Presidency. That will remove another uncertainty. And we can then enjoy a pleasant summer, fishing and talking politics, with the satisfying knowledge that there isn't any more that we, as individuals, can do about the situation until election day.



SCANDALS

By THE TOWN GOSSIP

The Ozona Rainmakers, being the Sun-Up play cast, say they are out of the rainmaking business until a suitable reward is posted by those who really want rain. Good money has been paid out for a lot less certain methods of producing rain than these folks have and it's an opportunity ranchmen of West Texas should not overlook. The next time a drought threatens, or the lawn needs watering, or water-holes need filling, just get together, put up the price and maybe these actors and actor-esses can be induced to bring down a deluge or a shower, according to the needs of the moment.

Glenn Rutledge expressed his regrets that they were unable to run the draws Saturday night, but in view of the already abundant moisture in the ground, it is doubtful if such extreme effort was necessary.

"Come on, gimme a kiss."
"No, no, no!"
"Aw, stop hoarding."

Last week, Gossip brought you some information along the line of "She was so dumb that," but so far we have failed to recount the heights of dumbness reached by the young lady who thought hardships were concrete boats.

Next in line is the high school Senior who thought that a Jersey sweater was a perspiring cow.

It was a Junior, though, who thought a person that was deaf was one who couldn't hear.

Be careful of your speech. Where would the country be if Paul Revere had stuttered?

Just giving the present situation a casual once-over, T. G. is inclined to wish the famed midnight rider had had a complete stoppage in his speech.

If I ever find a real Indian, I'm going to make him take back my part of the gold-blamed country.

Moonlight inspires the urge to poetry—moonshine the urge to try to sing it.

The editor has handed T. G. a recent communication from Mrs. Rice Lynn, "Cot," you know, now in San Antonio. She inclosed a clipping from Jeff Davis' "Around the Plaza" column in the San Antonio Light with this laconic comment attached: "I think it will take 'TOWN GOSSIP' to do this insult justice."

Here's the clipping: "San Antonio tourists send back a fanciful story from Old Ozona, where you're liable to hear anything. It seems that some years back they were having a rodeo and one of the horses broke away and galloped away to freedom just after a performer tied a rope tightly about the horse's head.

"Here a short time back someone was riding across the prairie and found the horse's skull with the rope still tied under the jaw. In the years the horse lived following his escape his skull structure had entirely grown around and encased the rope. What price freedom?" "Well, Mr. Ripley, it was either you or us, and we just beat you to it, that's all."

Now, now, Mr. Davis, you've got us all wrong. "Liable to hear anything in Ozona." Imagine! Why, we wouldn't spoof you city guys for the world. Your attitude is amazing. Why, we'd bet you wouldn't even believe some of the stories Ad Harvick tells, or Armand Hoover, or Bill West or others whose reputation for truth and veracity are beyond question. Bet you don't even believe politicians when they say they will lower taxes if you will elect 'em to office.

The tourist who took that "fanciful story" back to the "Winter Playground of America," (sniff! sniff!) was just a bit mixed on his facts. Now, the fact is that the boss in question was not roped by a rodeo performer. They don't get away when those fellows rope 'em. They are city guys just like you, Jefferson, drug store cowboys if you must. This one was roped on the range by a fellow who was drawing a handsome salary (\$30 a month) for doing just that and several other things in the course of his normal day from 3 in the morning until 9:30 at night. That was back in the days when punchers drew good pay and worked short hours. But that horse didn't get away—that puncher turned him loose through carelessness. He was a puny fellow and had been laid up with a spool of the croup



CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, JR.

The Lindbergh Tragedy

The most striking tragedy in American history since the assassination of President McKinley, thirty-one years ago, is the ruthless murder of the Lindbergh baby, by the fiends who stole the infant from its crib and, apparently, killed the little boy and hid his body in the woods when they found themselves pursued.

We can imagine no crime worse than this. Nothing could be more shocking, nothing could so move the hearts of the whole world to pity for the little one whose life had hardly begun, to tearful sympathy with his beloved young parents and to stern and righteous anger at the perpetrators of this foul deed.

To the gallant "Lone Eagle" and his no less heroic young wife, Anne, we can only say that we know that we speak for every one of our readers in trying inadequately to express our heartfelt sympathy. We know that they will bear up bravely, for both of them have proved that they are of the stuff of which heroes are made. It is the very irony of fate that to them, who merited nothing but happiness, should have occurred a tragedy so awful that for the rest of their lives they must live in its shadow. There is, perhaps, a small measure of consolation in the news that the little cradle will not long be empty, but the memory of their murdered firstborn will tug forever at their heartstrings.

But there is an aspect to this crime which touches not the Lindbergh family alone, but every one of us. This murder of a child is the crowning climax of the wave of lawlessness, of unpunished and reckless crime which has been sweeping over our country in a swelling flood since the war. It has aroused public indignation to a pitch to which it has never been aroused, and we hope that this great outpouring of public indignation may find concrete expression in a stern determination to put an end once and for all to wholesale lawlessness and immunity for criminals.

It is a simple statement of fact that the responsibility for the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby lies at the door of every citizen who has permitted, without protest, the criminal element to defy the law, to corrupt public officials charged with the enforcement of law, and to mock at the law-abiding. It lies at the door of every lawyer who has connived to obtain the acquittal of a known criminal. It lies at the door of every judge who has given convicted offenders light sentences or has suspended sentence altogether. It lies at the door of every sheriff, every constable, every police officer who has fallen short in his duty of relentless pursuit of criminals and suppression of crime.

No more terrific indictment of an entire nation can be drawn than our indictment by the rest of the civilized world, which today looks upon the United States of America as the paradise of the criminal and upon our people as the most cowardly and supine race, in the face of outrageous lawlessness, to be found upon the face of the globe.

We hope that out of the death of a little child may spring a flaming spirit which will fire the American people, not to vengeance but to relentless determination to set our house in order, to give known criminals no quarter, to bring before the bar of justice every one who has connived with criminals to evade and escape the law, and so to put our country back into the list of civilized nations.

We call upon our public authorities, from the President of the United States to the most remote town constable, to make the suppression of crime and lawlessness the chief aim of their office from now on, and we promise them that, in taking the most drastic means at their command to clean the cesspools of crime, they will have the hearty and unhesitating support of every good citizen. And, at the same time, we warn them that unless speedy evidence is given that the long arm of the law has not yet in America lost its power, those responsible for its execution, who fail in their duty, will face an aroused popular indignation which will put a speedy and effective end to their careers.

We heartily approve and endorse the declaration by the President of the United States that this crime must be kept "a live and never-to-be-forgotten case, never to be relaxed until those criminals are implacably brought to justice." But it must not end there.

It will not suffice merely to find and to punish the murderers of little Charles Lindbergh. The times, and the temper of the American people, demand that the pursuit of criminals and the extirpation of crime, of defiant criminals and of organized crime, shall never be relaxed until none shall dare to affront the majesty of the law and to drag the fair name of America into the dust.

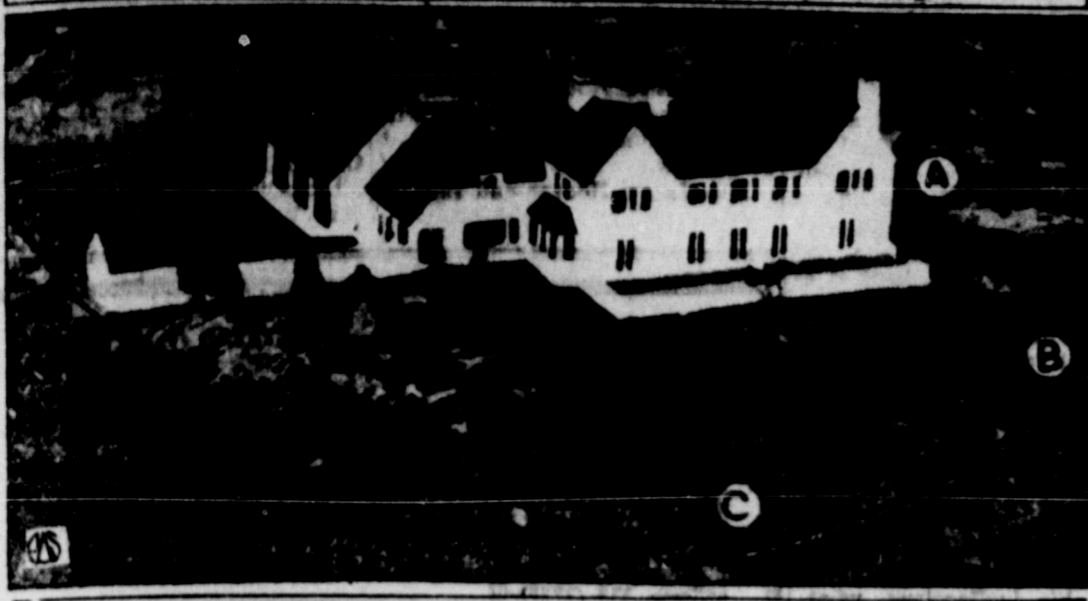
There should be no plea for mercy in this case. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my children ye have done it unto Me." That is the stern denunciation of the Lindbergh murderers which has come down to us through the ages. And if, as a result of the indignant public feeling which this crime has aroused, there should be a restoration of our country to its historic state of law and order, then we may again quote from the same inspired and sacred source:

"And a little child shall lead them."

for some time and had lost the feel of the rope. Well, the truth of the matter is, and this is the first time the real facts have been revealed, the puncher forgot that horse was on the end of his rope and his head, you know how they do it, Jeff, he was amazed to see the horse go flying through the air. The rope had become heated with the continuous bending and had broken, the unfortunate horse taking a bad fall as a result of the puncher's carelessness in not looking at what was dangling from the end of his lasso. And, of course, after treating a horse in such an unkindly manner, the puncher just didn't have the heart to rope him again and so he just let him go.

And that's the truth of it. Don't believe any of those stories these boys will tell you about the horse's head coming off then and there, 'cause it didn't. Else, how could the skull have grown around the rope as it did.

Scene of the Kidnapping of the Lindbergh Baby



Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., 20 months old, was stolen from the new home of his parents at Hopewell, N. J. A rough ladder was placed at the window of the baby's sleeping room, marked "A" in the picture, and the infant taken from his crib. The ladder was later found at "B" while footprints were discovered at the point "C."

Lindbergh Baby's Body Found Close To Home

The baby son of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was found dead on Thursday, May 12. The child had been murdered.

The body, lying face down in a depression and partly covered with dead leaves was discovered by a Negro truck driver in a patch of woods in the Sourland Mountains less than five miles from the Lindbergh home near Hopewell, N. J.

The discovery was made by accident when the driver, walking into the woods from the road, found what he thought was a child's foot sticking out of the ground and notified the police. The identification followed quickly.

The news instantly aroused the sympathy and the indignation of the whole world. President Hoover announced that all of the forces of the United States government would be directed toward the discovery and arrest of the murderers. He said:

"I have directed the law enforcement agencies and the several secret services of the Federal Government to make the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby a live and never-to-be-forgotten case, never to be relaxed until these criminals are implacably brought to justice."

The New Jersey State police and the numerous detective agencies which had been engaged in the search for the missing baby had been forced to move cautiously because of the fear that the kidnapers would kill the infant if they found themselves hard pressed. But as soon as it was certain that the worst had happened, there was an instant tightening of the lines and the most determined man-hunt in American history was begun.

It was apparent that the child had been killed soon after he was stolen from his crib in the nursery on the night of March 1. Whether he had been killed with calculating purpose by criminals who found it advantageous to them to get rid of the child, or whether he had been thrown there by kidnapers fleeing in panic, was not determined.

The body showed the marks of two fractures of the skull, one on the left side and the other on the right. The latter was a hole a half-inch in diameter.

"Unquestionably it was a brutal murder," said Dr. Charles H. Mitchell, County Physician of Mercer County, after he had completed an autopsy.

The condition of the body indicated that the child had been dead at least two months, and there was a strong possibility that he had been killed on the very night of the kidnaping.

Positive identification of the baby's body was furnished by Betty Gow, the nursemaid, about whom so much interest in the case centered immediately after the baby's disappearance. The garments found on the body were taken to the Lindbergh home and examined by Miss Gow there. She positively identified the shirt and the waistband as those of the baby whom she had taken care of and to whom she was devoted.

The sleeping suit which the baby wore when he was stolen was missing.

Dr. Van Nigen of New York, the child's physician, found the measurements of the body, the formation and size of the skull, the number and formation of the

teeth and the peculiarly twisted toes identical with those of the Lindbergh child.

Though the search had extended up and down the Atlantic coast had stretched from one border of the United States to the other, and even had included many cities in Europe, the child had been lying all those weeks near the home from which he had been stolen, and only a little more than a mile from Hopewell, N. J., the centre of much of the activity surrounding the case.

The place where the body was found is on the downward slope of a hill directly across the valley from the Lindbergh home. Before Colonel Lindbergh's new home was built, he and Mrs. Lindbergh lived for a time within a mile of the place where their child was to meet his death.

Col. Lindbergh was away from home when the body of his son was found. He had been for several days on a yacht, searching for another yacht on which, he had been informed, the little boy was held prisoner. Mrs. Lindbergh and her mother, Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, were at home. Mrs. Lindbergh will be a mother again in August, it was stated by her family.

The kidnaping of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., 20-month-old son of Colonel Lindbergh and the former Anne Morrow, from the isolated Lindbergh home on Sourland Mountain, near Hopewell, N. J., occurred between 8:30 and 10 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, March 1. In the days and hours which elapsed before the solution of the mystery virtually the entire civilized world followed every development with unparalleled concern.

While the search was spreading throughout North America and then to Europe and South America, with ships being searched on both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the child's body was lying within five miles of his crib.

The discovery that the baby was missing was made by Miss Betty Gow, 26-year-old Scottish nurse, who had put the child to sleep in his crib at 8 o'clock. The youngster was sleeping soundly when she looked in at 8:30 o'clock, but the crib was empty when she returned at 10. Muddy footprints were visible on the floor between the crib and a window, the shutter of which could not be fastened because it was warped.

In the nursery on a cedar chest, just beneath the window, the kidnapers left a note, the exact contents of which had been kept carefully secret. It had been reported and not denied, however, that the missive promised the child would be cared for and demanded a ransom of \$50,000.

While the entire nation, from President Hoover down, was shocked by the crime and assurances of coordinated vigilance came from every branch of Federal, State and local law-enforcing agencies; the first few days of the anguished hunt brought forth nothing but a flood of wild rumors, false leads and crank letters.

On April 2 Colonel Lindbergh paid \$50,000 in small notes in a lonely spot in the Bronx to a man who had convinced him he was in touch with the kidnapers. Dr. J. F. Condon, Fordham lecturer, was the intermediary; but this series of negotiations proved fruitless.

Meanwhile, John Hughes Curtis, a Norfolk boatbuilder, convinced that he had made contact with the kidnapers, told his story to Rear Admiral Guy H. Burrage, retired, and the Rev. H. Dobson-Peacock of Norfolk. For weeks Mr Curtis had been making mysterious trips to sea and overland by plane in a fruitless effort to complete his negotiations.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS, TO THE SHERIFF OR ANY CONSTABLE OF CROCKETT COUNTY—GREETING:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to summon L. H. G. Bouscaren; Ethel Bouscaren, his wife; Gabrielle Bouscaren, a feme sole; Charlotte E. Lincoln, a feme sole; Martina P. Lincoln, a widow; Mary L. Mitchell, a widow; all residents of the city of Cincinnati, county of Hamilton, State of Ohio by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 112th Judicial District; to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Crockett County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Ozona, Texas, on the 3rd Monday in September A. D. 1932, the same being the 19th day of September A. D. 1932, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 19th day of April A. D. 1932 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court as No. 475, wherein W. T. Noelke, is Plaintiff, and L. H. G. Bouscaren; Ethel Bouscaren, his wife; Gabrielle Bouscaren, a feme sole; Charlotte E. Lincoln, a feme sole; Martina P. Lincoln, a widow; Mary L. Mitchell, a widow and John F. Hefner, are Defendants, and said petition alleging that on December 1, 1925, said defendants executed to plaintiff as lessee, grazing leases for a period of 5 years ending December 1, 1930, covering the following described lands in Crockett County, Texas, to-wit:

Abst., 3371; Cert., 1291; Survey, 29; Block, GG; Original Grantee, H. E. & W. T. Ry. Co.; 640 Acres.

Abst., 3372; Cert., 1292; Survey, 25; Block, GG; Original Grantee, H. E. & W. T. Ry. Co.; 640 Acres.

Abst., 3913; Cert., 2215; Survey, 57; Block, GG; Original Grantee, T. C. Ry. Co.; 640 Acres.

Abst., 3914; Cert., 2214; Survey, 55; Block, GG; Original Grantee, T. C. Ry. Co.; 640 Acres.

and that on December 1, 1930, they executed to him grazing leases covering said lands for a period ending December 1, 1934. That said survey No. 57 has never existed on the ground; that survey 55 contains only 32 acres and plaintiff actually secured the use of only 1312 acres under said leases although he paid on the basis of 2560 acres; that in connection with the leases dated December 1, 1930, plaintiff executed to defendants 6 promissory notes each in the principal amount of \$128.00; that said notes are without consideration; that on account of excess payments made, plaintiff by virtue of an agreement relating thereto by and between him and the defendants is entitled to have said excess payments applied to the ex-

ension of grazing leases for a period of 5.8 years from and after December 1, 1931, covering the following described lands in Crockett County, Texas, to-wit:

Abst., 3371; Cert., 1291; Survey, 29; Block, GG; Original Grantee, H. E. & W. T. Ry. Co.; 640 Acres.

Abst., 3372; Cert., 1292; Survey, 25; Block, GG; Original Grantee, H. E. & W. T. Ry. Co.; 640 Acres.

Abst., 3914; Cert., 2214; Survey, 55; Block, GG; Original Grantee, T. C. Ry. Co.; 22 Acres.

Plaintiff prays that he be adjudged to have paid up leases for said period of 5.8 years and that said notes held by defendants be cancelled. Plaintiff further prays for relief, general and equitable.

Herein Fail Not, and have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

(SEAL)

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the Seal of said Court, at office in Ozona, Texas, this 19th day of April A. D. 1932.

Geo. Russell, Clerk, District Court, Crockett County.

Issued this 19th day of April A. D. 1932.

Geo. Russell, Clerk. 3-4tc

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Accurate and scientific eye examinations FREE, and lowest prices ever offered on quality glasses. New York optical service at about half the usual cost. And by the well known Optometrist, whom everybody knows. See Dr. Fred R. Baker, at the Hotel Ozona, Tuesday only, May 24th. 50 Local references furnished upon request.

POSTED

All my pastures in Crockett County are posted. Hunting and all trespassing without my permission is positively forbidden. 1-33 P. L. CHILDRESS.

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

A newspaper reporter was calling on one of the biggest business men in New York. All the time the reporter was asking questions the captain of industry was cutting paper dolls.

Say "I saw it in the Stockman."

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MAN MADE THE TOWN

by RUBY M. AYRES



SYNOPSIS

Diana, in love with a married man, Dennis Waterman, has a nervous collapse as a result of the gay life of London society. Her aunt, Mrs. Gladwyn, takes her to a doctor, who orders her to the country for a rest. Dr. Rathbone has a country home nearby. Dennis calls at the cottage, then goes away for a long trip. He writes from America that he is there with Linda, his wife. Diana finds herself becoming more and more interested in Dr. Rathbone, and questions her nurse, Miss Starling about him. She also questions Jonas, a farm boy of the neighborhood, about a woman who lives in Dr. Rathbone's house. Her name is Rosalie. Then Diana meets Rosalie in the woods; she acts strangely and leaves Diana puzzled.

Soon after the meeting in the woods with Rosalie, Dr. Rathbone calls again at Diana's cottage. A cablegram from Dennis arrives. He is returning from America. That interrupts what might have been a tender episode between Diana and the Doctor. He leaves; later Dennis cables that his return will be delayed. Diana, thirsting for love, turns her thoughts again to Dr. Rathbone. She is thinking of him now as "Donald." Regardless of the mysterious Rosalie, Diana resolves to see Dr. Rathbone. She goes to his house, but as she stands at the front door the doctor's big police dog leaps at her.

THE STORY

Somebody at last! She took another step forward ready to speak and at the same moment Nero, the big Alsatian, came running down the stairs, and then, after the barest hesitation, he moved slowly towards her, walking on tiptoe. Diana spoke his name at once, confident that he would recognize her.

"Nero—good old boy . . ." and she took another step towards him. She saw him hesitate; saw his gleaming eyes through the dim light, and then suddenly and utterly without warning he sprang. Like a panther he was upon her, his solid weight bearing her to the ground before she could cry out or leap aside.

"Nero!" She could feel his hot breath on her face, and she put up both arms wildly in a vain effort to shield herself before she felt the agony of his great teeth tearing into her soft flesh.

For a moment it was just a lurid nightmare of pain and pandemonium: the savage snarling of the dog, her own frantic and unavailing efforts to beat him off, and his hot heavy body crushing her down, before her fear and agony rose above it all in a wild scream of blind terror, calling frantically on Rathbone's name: "Donald . . . Donald!"

Donald Rathbone had dined alone that night. He had heard Diana's car drive up, but had merely thought it was one of his own returning from the village to which he had sent his chauffeur with a message.

The dining room was on the far side of the house, and the heavy oak door was shut, so he heard nothing more till Diana's terrified scream rent the silence, followed by that piteous cry upon his name. "Donald . . .!"

Rathbone was out in the hall almost before it had died away, but even then, for an instant, in the dim light he could hardly understand what was happening.

Servants were rushing from other parts of the house, but it was Rathbone who dragged Nero away, almost throttling him in his iron grip, Rathbone who, throwing the dog aside into someone else's custody, lifted Diana in his arms.

"Oh, my—God!" She looked up at him, her eyes half mad with terror, then with a little convulsive gesture she put her lacerated arms round his neck clinging to him desperately for one heartbreaking moment before she fainted.

He carried her into the study and laid her on the couch; his face was gray, and his breath came tearing from him as if it were he who was suffering, and not she.

The chauffeur was in the room

now, and the housekeeper, a middle-aged woman with a quiet, capable face; and seeing that for a moment at least Rathbone was utterly unnerved, she fetched water and brandy and gently bathed Diana's face and bleeding arms.

It seemed an eternity to those around before she stirred a little and then opened her eyes: eyes still so terrified and wild that it was almost unbearable when she started up, crying and moaning afresh: "Donald . . . Donald . . . Save me!"

He went on his knees beside her. "It's all right . . . I'm here . . . don't be frightened . . . you're quite safe with me."

He put his hands over her eyes for an instant as if to wipe the last terrible moments from her memory, but she pushed him away, crying out like a frightened child—

"He tried to kill me . . . he tried to kill me . . . oh, why didn't you come? . . . He tried to kill me . . ."

And then, with a shuddering sob: "Oh, my arms . . . look at my arms!"

It was a relief to them all when she slipped back into unconsciousness, but when Mrs. Farmer tried to force brandy between her lips Rathbone prevented her. "No, leave her alone."

He dressed and bandaged her arms while she lay unconscious; he was as gentle as a woman, thorough and capable, but the sweat was standing in great beads on his forehead, and his curious hard breathing alone broke the silence.

"Thank God her face isn't touched, sir."

Rathbone said nothing, he stood looking down at Diana with a queer blank look in his eyes.

Mrs. Farmer spoke again, hesitatingly: "Shall we put her to bed, sir?"

He turned then. "Here!—in this house? . . . No, I'll take her home."

When they brought the rug he wrapped Diana in it and lifted her in his arms, carrying her out to the car himself.

He laid her on the seat with a cushion beneath her head and let down the windows to the cool night air.

"Drive carefully," he said. The car moved slowly away.

Rathbone sat opposite Diana, leaning a little forward, his hands gripped between his knees, staring at her.

It was like some monstrous nightmare from which he could not free himself.

How had it happened? Why had she come? Why, in God's name, had she come, alone and at this time of night?

The car stopped at Miss Starling's cottage, and the chauffeur came to the door.

Rathbone got out. "Don't touch her," he said briefly.

Rathbone went back into the passage and called the Creature's name, but there was no reply, and with a muttered imprecation he returned to the car.

"The place seems deserted, I'll carry her in. Go in the kitchen and get some hot water—and bring it upstairs to me."

He laid Diana on her bed, clumsily pulling the quilt aside and then gently covering her with it, before he pulled the curtains back and opened the window wide.

She stared up at him piteously for a moment before she whispered: "Am I going to die?"

"No, my dear—not!" He went on carefully, as if realizing the importance of every word. "You've got to be brave and try never to think about it again. You've got to be very brave and trust me to look after you. Can you do that?"

"Go?—Where?" "Not see me any more, I mean."

He put his hand on hers for a moment: it was like her to touch his tenderness when he had been trying harshly to condemn her.

"No, not if you still want me," he said.

She said suddenly, with a ghost of her old childish impertinence, "Poor Dr. Rathbone—you can't quite escape me, can you?"

"Have you thought I wished to?" She sighed. "I have thought so—yes."

Away in the distance the church clock struck eleven.

He asked, "Does that mean that I am still—a wall for you to lean against? Wasn't that what you called me?—a safe harbour, Diana?"

She pressed his hand in assent, the old sweet smile crossing her face as she looked up at him.

The garden gate creaked, and Rathbone went over to the window.

"That is Miss Starling," he said. "I'll just go down and see her; you don't mind being left now for a moment?"

Downstairs she could hear him talking to Miss Starling, and presently they came up together. Diana wondered if the Creature could possibly have been crying, or if it was just the night air had reddened her lids.

She bent over Diana and rearranged her pillows and the bedclothes with capable hands.

"I'll make you nice and comfy presently," she promised.

She asked no questions, and Diana liked her better at that moment than ever before.

"I'll just run away and take off my cloak and bonnet," she said practically, and went away.

Rathbone stood at the foot of the bed.

"Do you mind if I go now?" Rathbone asked, "I'll come in the morning—quite early."

"You've been very kind." "And you won't worry?"

"No." She looked up at him with such trustful eyes that, moved by a sudden impulse which he could not control, Rathbone bent down and kissed her.

A very gentle kiss on the forehead, just between her brows, and he turned away at once, but not before he had seen the look of happiness that flashed into her eyes.

"Good-night," he said again, but when he reached the door she called him back to say: "I'm glad it wasn't 'good-bye' this time."

He looked at her gravely. "I hope you'll always be glad," he said.

CHAPTER XIV The day Dennis Waterman was due to arrive at Southampton Rathbone took the bandages from Diana's right arm.

"And now there's something I want to say to you," Rathbone said briskly.

Diana turned round, the old scared look creeping into her eyes. "Something nasty?"

"Nothing in the least nasty," he assured her. "Quite the contrary, in fact. It's just this—I want you to start going about again, to take an interest in your old life."

She said slowly, her eyes on his face: "When I went to see you that first day in Harley Street, you told me that if I went on as I was going then, I should kill myself, and now you are telling me to go back to it all."

"But not at the same breakneck pace. Besides, you are so much better in every way than you were then, in spite of this last. You cannot go on living here indefinitely, you know that, Diana, so the sooner you make a start the better."

asked. "To be where I am happiest," Diana said with troubled eyes. "And I am happiest where I know I shall see you most often."

And then there followed a profound silence which seemed as though it could never be broken, till Rathbone said with an effort: "We must be very frank with each other this once, Diana, and then we'll never talk about it again. I know you won't misunderstand me when I say that my life was settled for me—or perhaps I settled it myself, whichever way you prefer—many years ago, when you must still have been only a schoolgirl. I can't go back on it, even if I wanted to. I've always felt that when a man takes certain responsibilities upon himself he should stand by them, whatever his inclinations, whatever comes between. I can't explain more definitely, I haven't the right to. I can only hope you will understand."

He broke off, as if for a moment he had lost himself in the wistful beauty of her face.

She stood helplessly silent for a moment before she broke out with something of her old impetuosity.

"I wish I knew what it really is I feel about you; I wish I could explain, but I can't, and if I did, you wouldn't understand. Nobody would. But if I go back to London, as you say you want me to, there'll be other men again, I know that. You see—"

she submitted rather pathetically—"I must do something—go about with someone. Aunt Gladwyn is kind, but we're not really friends. I know lots of girls like myself, but we don't any of us really care about each other. Then there's Dennis . . . he arrives in England today you know, I didn't tell you before, but he does."

There was a sharp silence which Rathbone broke. "Are you glad, Diana?"

"I don't know," she said almost in a whisper, and then, as he said nothing, she went on: "Everything is so different since I came here, I don't understand why. I've never had one single cocktail since I came here—no wonder my skin looks so nice."

Continued Next Week

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Wesley Likes The Depression He Says

The following appeared in "Wesley Likes The Depression" by Henry Wesley, member of the staff of the Amarillo News-Globe. This is a bit of an address he has been delivering, with riotous success at many places in the News-Globe circulation territory, since the depression.

"I like the depression. I have had more fun since the depression started than I ever had in my life. I had forgotten to live, what it meant to have friends, what it was like to have common every day food. Fact was getting just a little high

Then—And Now

Three years ago only one man in the News-Globe organization would be out of town at a time and had to leave at the last minute to get back as soon as possible. Many times I have driven 100 miles to a banquet, sat through hours of bunk in order to make a 5-minute speech, then drive the 100 miles back so as to be ready for work the next morning.

Nowadays, as many News-Globe employees as are invited make the trips and we stay as long as we want to. The whole outfit would leave the office now and it wouldn't make any difference.

I like the depression. I have to visit my friends, to make ones. Two years ago when I went to a neighboring town, I stayed at the hotel. Now I go home with my friends, stay overnight and enjoy home-cooking. I have even spent the week-end with some of the boys who have been kind enough to invite me.

Time, Neighbors, Clothes
I feel that you can spend an hour or two or three or a half just visiting and not feel that you are wasting valuable time. I like the depression.

I am getting acquainted with my neighbors. In the last six months I have become acquainted with folks who have been living next door to me for three years. I am following the Biblical injunction, "Love your neighbor." One of my neighbors has the best looking wives I have ever seen. She is a dandy. I am getting acquainted with my neighbors and learning to love them.

Three years ago, I ordered my clothes from a merchant tailor—and three suits at a time. All the clothes were good ones. I was always dressed up. But now, I haven't bought a suit in two years. I am mighty proud of my Sunday-meeting clothes. When I go to church, I am dressed up and I mean maybe, I like the depression.

The Wife

Three years ago I was so busy my wife was so busy that we didn't see much of each other. Frequently we sort of lost interest in each other. I never went to lunch. About twice a week I went home for dinner—at 11 o'clock. I never had time to go anywhere with her. If I did go to a party, I could never locate her since there was always a "red head" available. I didn't worry about it. My wife belonged to all the clubs in town. She even joined the mother's club. We don't have any children but she was dying—and between playing bridge and going to clubs, she was never at home.

We got stuck up and hifalutin. I even took down the old family bed and bought a set of twin beds on the installment plan. Then I would come home at night, if my wife was at home, she would already be in her bed. I would crawl in mine. If she was in first, it was vice versa.

Beds and Clubs

I like the depression. We have come down off our pedestal and are really living at my house. The twin beds are stored in the garage and the old family affair is being used. We are enjoying life. Instead of taking a hot water bottle to bed on cold nights, she sticks her heels in my back, like she did before Hoover was elected.

I haven't been out on a party in months. I have lost my book telephone numbers. My wife has dropped all the clubs. I believe we are falling in love all over again. I am pretty well satisfied with my wife. Think I will trade her for two twenties. I am feeling better since the depression. I take more exercise. I go to town and a lot of folks use to drive Cadillac cars

Will She Be First to Wed?



At Wellesley College for women, tradition is that the girl who wins the annual hoop-rolling contest will be the first bride of her class. Mildred Marcy of Newton Lower Falls, Mass., is this year's smiling winner.

"Solid Man" Adopts His Secretary



He's 86 years old, William Muldoon, who was known in his wrestling days, sixty years ago, as "Muldoon, the Solid Man." He is a member of the New York State Athletic Commission, and he has just adopted his secretary, Miss Margaret V. Farrell, 43, because he has no legal heirs and wants to leave her his property.

walking with me. I like the depression.

My digestion is better. I have not been to see a doctor in a year. I can eat anything I want to.

Food—And Food

I am getting real honest-to-goodness food. Three years ago, we had filet mignon once a week, now we have round steak with flour gravy. Then, we had roast breast of guinea hen, now we are glad to get saw bosom with the buttons on it.

I like the depression. My salary has been cut to where I can't afford to buy lettuce and spinach and parsley and we can't afford to have sandwiches and frozen desserts and all that dam foolishness which has killed more good men than the World War.

I like the depression. Three years ago I never had time to go to church. I played golf all day Sunday and besides I was so darned smart that there wasn't a preacher in West Texas who could tell me anything.

Now, I am going to church regularly, never miss a Sunday. And if this depression keeps on, I will be going to prayer meeting before long.

I like the depression.
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- For Tax Assessor—
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RUSTY SMITH
O. W. SMITH
Re-election
W. M. JOHNIGAN
- For County Treasurer
TOM CASEER
Re-election
- For County and District Clerk
GEORGE RUSSELL
(Re-election)
- For State Senator—29th District
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BENJAMIN F. BERKELEY
Of Alpine, Brewster County, Tex
(Re-Election)

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Full Flavored — Rich — Tasty
Pure — Wholesome

How can bread that is hauled over a hundred miles after it leaves the oven, placed on the grocer's shelves and offered you as fresh bread, be really FRESH?


FRESH bread tastes better and has more food value. Bread that is baked to be shipped long distances before being offered for sale is baked by a special formula designed to keep it SOFT a longer time—but this formula adds nothing to the food value of the bread, detracts from the full bread flavor and only keeps it SOFT—Not FRESH.

Two modern bakeries in Ozona bake as fine bread as can be found in any city. Demand OZONA-BAKED bread from your grocer. Demand FRESH BREAD.


Mike Couch

SANITARY DAIRY

"The Store That Lowered Prices In Ozona"



Cooperative Use Pays Well




Here is a lesson in the value of co-operation.

Time was when every community had its own small, isolated electric power plant — if it had any electric service at all.

That was before it was technically possible to link up groups of towns and provide them with power through widespread systems of electric transmission lines.

Today many communities share each power plant. Thus they utilize the facilities more efficiently and receive a higher grade of service at a much smaller cost. The small town's new industrial importance is a direct outgrowth of this improvement in power supply.

The West Texas Utilities Company is rendering this dependable, inexpensive and elastic type of power supply to 125 progressive West Texas cities and towns.



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

West Texas Utilities Company

More Crockett Leases Reported

Perner, Lee, Henderson Miller Tracts Reported Leased

The number of blocks in Crockett County leased for oil and gas exploration within the last six months has been doubled by the recent acquiring of acreage by The California Co., Humble Oil & Refining Co. and Gulf Production Co., it was reported Saturday from sources in San Angelo.

The California Co. has leased the remainder of the Paul Perner ranch, of which it already had four sections under lease. The exact amount was not learned but was understood to be 14 or 15 sections. A ten year lease by Cosden Oil Co. on the land recently expired.

Humble leased from Pat Lee eight to ten sections adjoining the Perner ranch on the south, according to a report believed reliable but unconfirmed. The Lee ranch until a short time ago had been held by Phillips Petroleum Co., under a ten-year lease.

Gulf Production Co. was reported to have leased approximately 10 sections from Rob Miller and Lee Henderson and one section from Mrs. H. W. B. Montgomery of Austin, formerly of Ozona and later of San Angelo. This land adjoins on the south the block leased a short time ago by The Texas Co., from Judge and Mrs. Charles E. Davidson and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kincaid and the Humble block out of the ranches of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Couch, Mr. Clara Couch and Dr. and Mrs. A. Helbing.

The new leases are for ten years with an annual rental of 25 cents per acre.

THURSDAY CLUB

Mrs. J. W. Henderson, Mrs. Max Schneemann and Mrs. F. T. McIntire entertained the Thursday Night Club with a dinner bridge Monday night at the home of Mrs. Henderson. The house was beautifully decorated with pink poppies and the tallies and table numbers were hand-painted novelties emphasizing the flower motif. A two-course fried-chicken dinner was served to the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Denham, Mr. and Mrs. Early Baggett, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne West, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Childress, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Oberkamp, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. George Bean, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Baggett, Mrs. George Montgomery, Max Schneemann and Dr. F. T. McIntire.

FRIDAY CLUB

Mrs. J. M. Baggett entertained the Friday Club at her home Friday morning with six tables of guests: Mesdames L. D. Brooks, R. L. Flowers, Bryan McDonald, W. J. Grimmer, George Bean, Fred Deaton, Tom Smith, Joe Pierce, V. I. Pierce, S. M. Harvick, Roy Henderson, J. W. Henderson, F. T. McIntire, Joe Oberkamp, J. C. Montgomery, Max Schneemann, W. E. Smith, W. B. Robertson, L. B. Adams, John Bishop, Jim Miller, Joe T. Davidson and Mike Friend.

LEAGUE PROGRAM

May 22, 1932

Subject—"Who Is My Neighbor?"
 Leader—Carolyn Montgomery.
 Song—"I Would Be True" No. 40 Prayer.
 Song—"Living for Jesus" No. 179.
 Paper—"Test Your Self"—Aubrey Fussell.
 Paper—"The Greater Family"—Joe Rape.
 Special Music—Mary B. Vaughan.
 Paper—"The Right of Citizenship"—Billy Baggett.
 Paper—"For God Is A Spirit"—Helen Adams.
 Announcements.
 Benediction.

EXPRESSION CLASSES

This will notify my friends and patrons of my plans to open classes in expression in Ozona at the opening of the next school term in September. Further details will be given in future announcements.
 MRS. A. W. JONES, 1c

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Moore are spending the week in Lampasas visiting relatives.

BAPTIST ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sunday, May 22, 1932.

Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Ira Carson General Superintendent.
 Morning Worship 11 a. m. Subject, "The Challenge of the Difficult."
 B.Y.P.U.'S meet in their rooms at 7:15 p. m.
 Evening Preaching Services, 8:15 p. m. Subject, "The Other Prodigal."
 To all these services you are most cordially invited, and you will be heartily welcomed.
 M. M. Fulmer, Pastor.

S. L. Butler was seized with a heart attack in the office of the West Texas Lumber Company here Tuesday afternoon and was taken to his home in the Joe Oberkamp ambulance. He was reported much improved Wednesday and is expected to be able to be out again in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Eastman are the parents of a daughter born Tuesday.

Bill Friend, who is suffering from an injury to his back sustained while he was on the McMullen ranch about ten days ago, will be confined to his bed for the next two months or so. He is being kept in a cast.

WANTED—Quail or quail eggs Will pay good price for live quail or quail eggs. Mrs. T. A. Kincaid. Phone 48.

Supplying your paint needs is our business. We have it at any price you want to pay. Glenn Rutledge Paint Shop.

Miss Jessie Ingham is in Fort Worth for a visit with relatives.

Rev. M. M. Fulmer conducted special services at the Parks Heights Baptist Church in San Angelo Wednesday evening.

Large clothes hamper. \$1.25. Oberkamp's.

NOTICE

Passing through our pastures to reach Dudley Cave positively forbidden. We can make no exceptions to this rule.
 DAN WILLS
 RAY PINER.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

CARL H. W. GETZ

A pigeon wandered into a Fifth Avenue shoe store the other day and the fact was recorded in the city's newspapers.

There is a suburban development where the houses are rather oddly constructed. The first floors are given over to a garage and furnace room. The living-room, dining-room and kitchen are on the second floor. Bed rooms and bath rooms are on the third floor.

There was a time when drug stores derived most of their income from selling medicines. A centrally located retail drug store here in New York recently sold 50,000 books in a month, not one volume selling for more than a dollar.

Nearly 2,000 saddle horses are to be found within the city limits. Horseback riding is very popular here in the city parks and in the suburbs.

This past week a New York department store advertised a flask of perfume for \$1920. Haven't heard whether it was sold.

New Yorkers were told this past week that they can sit in their homes and call up practically any one of the 20,095,000 telephones in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

More persons in New York have X-ray photographs taken of their insides than have portraits taken of their faces.

New York's public library contains 2,000,000 volumes. The library adds two miles of books a year.

There are 22,156 horses left in New York City. What's equally interesting is that the city has 406 blacksmiths.

When you go to the home of Joe Cook, the comedian, here in New York, you are met by a solemn butler who very carefully takes

your coat and hat and then a moment later throws them on the floor. It is one way Joe has of getting a laugh out of life.

New York architects point out that in the apartment houses of the city, kitchens are getting smaller and bath-rooms larger.

There is a professional blood-donors association here in New York. They serve the hospitals and have a fixed price.

There is a church here in New York which has earphones for those who find it difficult to hear well.

Thirty-five pounds of gum are scraped from the of the Pennsylvania station every night.

SATURDAY LAST DAY FOR SPECIALS

FACIAL MANICURE SHAMPOO WAVE SET } \$1.50

Regular Prices: Permanent Waves \$3.00 \$5.00 \$7.50 } Guaranteed

Given On Modernistic Machine

SHAMPOO AND WAVE SET 50¢
 MANICURE 50¢
 FACIAL PLAIN \$1.00
 SPECIAL PACKS 50-75¢

VISIT THE **DORRETTE BEAUTY SHOP**
 Phone 102 Will Miller Residence
 DOROTHY MILLER, Prop.
 ANN WILLIAMS, Experienced Operator

PRESCRIPTIONS

Registered, Experienced Pharmacist
 On Duty Every Hour Store Is Open

Have Your Prescriptions Filled Here

OZONA DRUG STORE

A Home-Owned Drug Store
 I. G. Rape, Proprietor

SUMMER SCHOOL

OZONA HIGH SCHOOL BLDG.

Starting Monday, May 30

Work Equivalent to 8 Weeks In Regular Term

High School credit work offered in MATHEMATICS, SPANISH, ENGLISH, BIOLOGY, HISTORY and GENERAL SCIENCE—to be taken according to the following schedule:

- 1 New Subject
- 1 Old Subject (failed in regular term)
- 2 Old Subjects or
- 1 Old and 1 New Subject

Daily Classes—6 Days a Week

For Information See
John L. Bishop
Ted M. White } Instructors

Heir to Billion



John D. Rockefeller, Third, grandson of the oil magnate, as he appeared in court where he served as juror in a petty larceny case.

The SCRAP BOOK

A STARLING'S SPRING RONDEL
 By James Cousins

I clink my castanet
 And beat my little drum;
 For Spring at last has come,
 And on my parapet
 Of chestnut, gummy-wet,
 Where bees begin to hum,
 I clink my castanet,
 And beat my little drum.

"Spring goes," you say, "suns set"
 So be it! Why be glum?
 Enough, the spring has come;
 And without fear or fret
 I clink my castanet,
 And beat my little drum.

FLOWERS GROCERY & BAKERY

Phone 3

A Modern Store

Do you want an up-to-date grocery store in Ozona—one with an attractive, clean, modern interior, offering a wide variety of standard brands of staples and stocking fresh fruits and vegetables daily for your convenience?

Do you want your grocery store to be a credit to your town as well as a convenient market center for you?

Do you want a permanent, strong and dependable institution in your town, one that offers you a square deal on EVERY item you buy—with one price to everybody?

Do you want your grocer to shoulder his share of the responsibilities of citizenship—to be a part of the permanent citizenship of your town—to pay his share of taxes for support of your local government, to share his part of local civic endeavors?

Do you want a MODERN STORE?
 Then Make
FLOWERS GROCERY & BAKERY
 Your Headquarters

BIG DANCE

Goat Roping

CHAS. CHANDLER RANCH

At the Mouth of Independence
 Sheffield-Dryden Road

Friday, June 3rd

Music By
Charlie Rogers
 And His 5-Piece Orchestra

EVERYBODY INVITED!

Norman Chandler and Charlie Turk, Promoters