

SANTA ANNA NEWS

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

VOLUME 47

SANTA ANNA, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1932

NUMBER 24

W. FORD BARNES FETES FIREMEN WITH BARBECUE

LARGE GROUP ENJOYS OUT-
ING ON COLORADO
RIVER TUESDAY

Monday evening the members of the Santa Anna Volunteer Fire Company hied themselves out to the lovely banks of the Colorado river, where, for an hour or more, they enjoyed a fine barbecue and the necessary trimmings, the guests of Ford Barnes, former fire chief and a long time member of the company.

Mr. Barnes had prepared and barbecued two chevons, and the trimmings were furnished by other members of the company and the local merchants.

The News editor accompanied County Agent C. V. Robinson out to the place of entertainment and eats, and greatly enjoyed the occasion. Thanks to the firemen and others who made the outing possible and thanks to Mr. Barnes for his splendid entertainment. Mr. Barnes has that same good natured disposition out on the farm he used in business and proved himself to be a first class entertainer.

The firemen are now making plans to put on a local talent show at the Queen Theatre on the night of June 22. We will have more to say about the show in our issue of next week.

Texas U. President Addresses South Dakota U. Grads.

VERMILLION, S. D., June 6—Money spent on State universities is a wise investment, declared Dr. H. Y. Benedict of Austin, president of the University of Texas, in the address which he delivered June 4 at the commencement exercises of the University of South Dakota. The cost of a students education at the University of Texas and at other institutions of higher learning is relatively small when compared with expenses of government along other lines, he said. The message which Doctor Benedict sought to convey to the graduates had for its theme the great interest which everything in life holds for them. He urged them to do each day's work well.

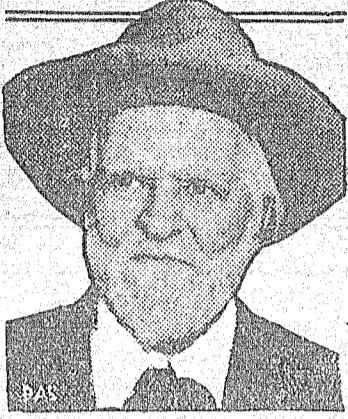
"Never allow life to become wholly a matter of routine, but always struggle to come in contact with the new," Dr. Benedict said. "Strive continuously and earnestly to enlarge the circle of your thoughts, the sweep of your sympathies, the fields of your knowledge. You are sure to cease growing physically, but no such certain fossilization faces you mentally. What is more attractive than a bright child happily acquainting himself with the whole world? What is more monotonous than the oyster-like life of many people circumscribed and unchanging, dull, vacant-eyed?"

"Civilized man has recently learned that the trail blazers are so valuable to all of us that special provision must be made for them, that progress must not be left to chance but must be consciously sought. Witness the huge growth, in recent years, of the spirit research in universities, in commercial laboratories, in government bureaus, in hospitals. Witness the increasing fellowships and other aids to young artists, composers, philosophers, and scientists. Mankind, I think, will never again let civilization become static, all old and no new, as has almost happened most of the time in the past history of the world."

Crum Family Holds Reunion Sunday

The Crum family enjoyed a reunion at Buffalo Gap the past Sunday. The following group met there for a day's visit with each other: Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Crum and Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Crum of Santa Anna, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crum and children of Melvin, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Howard and children of Roscoe, John Acres and son and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hickey of Snyder, and Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Crum of Sweetwater.

Spry at Eighty



Edwin Markham, famous poet, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently by reading from his poems before an audience which packed New York's largest concert hall.

NEWS EDITOR TO BE HOST LIONS CLUB AT HOME

CLUB ACCEPTS INVITATION
TO HOLD OPEN-AIR
INSTALLATION

At the regular meeting of the Lions Club Tuesday, the Club voted to accept an invitation from the editor to meet with him out at the farm, five miles north of Rockwood at 6 o'clock next Tuesday evening, for a picnic luncheon and open air installation. May we add here, to those who were not present at the meeting Tuesday, all Lions and their wives are invited, and those who have no wives are privileged to bring their sweethearts or girl friends. We want all the members of the Club to be there and help make the occasion a pleasant one.

Lion Rex Golston introduced as his guest one Whit McKinney, who very pleasantly entertained the Club with two splendid vocal numbers.

Associational B.T.S. To Meet Sunday At Rockwood Church

The Coleman County Associational B. T. S. (B.Y.P.U.) will meet at the First Baptist church in Rockwood at 3:00 o'clock next Sunday afternoon. The program will consist of talks by eminent people in our association on Departmental work. The Rockwood Service will have charge of the devotional period.

This program will do more to build up the efficiency of your local Service than any other program of recent months. In your reports give the number enrolled and the local efficiency in each Service. Six pennants will be given, one in each department, instead of only one pennant as has been done formerly.

Baxter and Binion Attend Lions Meet

Mayor W. E. Baxter and Prof. J. M. Binion went to Dallas the first of the week where they represented the local Lions Club in the annual state convention.

There were approximately 500 Lions registered for the gala occasion, and the program was interesting and constructive. The 1933 convention goes to Lubbock.

Miss Jimmie Vinson Weds Lon Woodson

(San Angelo Standard-Times of Sunday, June 5th)

Miss Jimmie Vinson became the bride of Lon W. Woodson last evening at 8:30 o'clock at a quiet ceremony held at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Clyde V. Bays, 1514 South Sam Street. The single ring service was performed by the Rev. Grady Timmons in the presence of a few friends of the couple.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Vinson of Santa Anna. Her father was here for the wedding. Mr. Woodson is a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Woodson of Ballinger. Following a short trip, Mr. and Mrs. Woodson will be at home at 3 North Washington.

W. F. CURRY, ONE OF PIONEERS, DIES THURSDAY

PROMINENT RESIDENT OF
SALEM COMMUNITY
DIES INSTANTLY

Friends here and throughout the vicinity were grieved Thursday morning to learn of the very sudden death of W. F. Curry of the Salem community, who passed away at his home late Wednesday evening.

Mr. Curry was out about the place, doing the evening chores, and suffered a stroke of paralysis of the heart, according to the examining physicians who were called to determine the cause of his death, which resulted in instant death.

Deceased was 77 years old, a native of Tennessee, according to data furnished this office. He was born in Lawrence county, Tennessee, where he grew into manhood and married in 1874 to Miss Sallie Penington. He moved to Texas and settled in Ellis county in 1882 and lived there eight years. He came to Coleman county in 1890, and settled on the farm where he died 42 years ago. He is survived by his companion and the following children: Charley and William, living in the Salem community; Mrs. Nettie Wilson, living in Coleman; Mrs. Lillie Archer, living in the Salem community; and Sidney Curry, living in Coleman. His remains were buried in the Salem cemetery, Thursday afternoon, the funeral services being in charge of his pastor, Rev. Swindall, of Bangs.

W. F. Curry united with the M. E. Church, South, in early life and lived a consecrated Christian life. He was ready when the summons came. His spirit went home to the God who gave it, and was not excited, for preparation had been made to meet his Maker long ago. Mr. Curry was clean in his habits and thought. He was a good man in the community, always ready and willing to extend a helping hand to the needy and his wise counsel was sought by many. His life is a monument for good deeds and righteousness and he will be greatly missed in the community. One of the largest congregations of people ever to assemble in the community was present at his funeral.

Editor Misses the Texas Press Ass'n Meet This Week

The Texas press Association met in Mineral Wells, Thursday of this week for their annual three days convention. This is one affair all editors in Texas look forward to from year to year and regret more than we have words to express when we have to miss attending.

We imagine, as we type these few lines, just before going to press, there are about 500 newspaper men and women from all parts of the state, the finest bunch in the world, now in Mineral Wells, having a real good time, but with us, it is different. Circumstances over which we have no control have ruled against us and the best we can do is stay at home and work. Letters from friends have reminded us of the gathering and urge us to be there, and nothing would afford us more pleasure, but fate has ruled against us this time.

Singing To Be Held At Whon Sunday

The Santa Anna News has been requested to announce that there will be a singing at Whon Sunday afternoon, and all singers and lovers of sacred music are urged to attend. The community plans to organize a class and is to start a singing school there Monday night.

ALL COUNTY DEPARTMENTS ARE AUDITED

A recent report of the W. F. Turner Co. Waco, who audited the several departments of the county's business has completed his report and departments in satisfactory conditions, and the reports are now the property of the county.

Amelia Did It



Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam, first woman to fly alone across the Atlantic, got to Ireland in spite of storms and a damaged plane.

REV. ODER WILL RUN FOR OFFICE JUSTICE PEACE

RETIRED CHRISTIAN PASTOR
OFFERS HIMSELF FOR
PRECINCT OFFICE

Added to our announcement column last week was the name of Rev. A. L. Oder for the office of Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 7, Coleman county. The announcement came in too late for any comments last week.

Rev. A. L. Oder, a retired minister, former pastor of the First Christian Church in this city, stands four-square for the right in all things. He is well read and has a fair knowledge of law and is fully competent to fill the office. He is making the race subject to the action of the Democratic primaries, July 23rd, and will appreciate your favorable consideration and vote.

Double Ceremony Unites 2 Coleman County Couples

Miss Sadie Mae McClure of Shield and Mr. M. Arman Carter of Rockwood and Miss Alma Bee Hornsby of Fisk and Mr. L. L. Bryan of Rockwood were quietly married last Sunday afternoon at five o'clock at the home of Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Squyres. Rev. Squyres, pastor of the First Baptist church, read the impressive ring ceremony in the presence of immediate members of the families and a few intimate friends.

Mrs. Carter is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Green McClure of Shield and Mrs. Bryan a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hornsby of Fisk. Both Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Bryan attended Coleman High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan will make their home at Rockwood and Mr. and Mrs. Carter will live in New Central.

Honored at Dinner

Following the wedding ceremony Miss Bessie Wilder honored the couples when she entertained with a dinner at the home of her brother, Leman Wilder, south Commercial avenue. The guest list included Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Leman Wilder, Misses Vivian Mitchell of Santa Anna, Nora Hornsby, Grace Hornsby, Messrs. Vernon Close, Thomas Carter and Melvin Snyder.

—Democrate Voice—

Whon Community To Start Singing School Next Week

Prof. G. W. Bobo of Trickham was a pleasant caller at this office Monday and incidentally informed the editor that he would start a class in vocal music at Whon next Monday night, and continue three nights each week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for four weeks. Our way of thinking, G. W. Bobo is not only one of the leading singers we have in Central Texas, but is a splendid instructor, and everyone living in reach of Whon would do well to join his class during the ensuing four weeks.

NEWS MOVES TO OWN BUILDING 2 DOORS EAST

NOW LOCATED IN A LARGER
BUILDING; MOVE MADE
BY EDITOR AND SONS

As we make our debut upon this week's paper, we are worn into a frazzle, so to speak, and our nerves are almost shattered beyond repair.

The editor and force, with the help of a few extra hands, moved our entire plant last week two doors east of our former location, and the ordeal was a trying one.

Negotiations were begun for the new location early in the year and finally closed several weeks ago, and the News is now located in a building we hope some day to designate as the Santa Anna News building and make it a permanent home.

J. G. Williamson's repair shop, known as the Shoe Hospital, also moved with us into our new location and is now situated in a nice new home.

This move would have been made sooner, but was delayed on account of the boys being in school. It is no problem to find plenty of help, but the problem of meeting a payroll is an item. Therefore, the move was delayed until after school in order to get the boys to help. The moving is now history, and when we recover from the heavy lifting, prizing and pulling things around, we will be back on the job better prepared than ever to publish a newspaper for Santa Anna and the vicinity.

Judge Miller Makes Statement to Voters About Candidacy

I am busy in court and will be until up into July and therefore cannot see a very large percent of the voters personally. I stand upon my record and the time honored democratic customs of giving a second term to all officials who have made good.

I was elected upon the following Platform: "More work and less pay. More trials and fewer continuances. Work 6-days per week or clear dockets."

That platform has been carried out 100 per cent. By persistent, untiring work, with longer daily sessions, night sessions and special sessions, the dockets have been practically cleared.

By setting cases, refusing continuances, using or excusing jurors and witnesses without delay, and staying on the job, disposition of business has been expedited and court expenses very materially reduced.

Appellate Court Record unusually good. Of the hundreds of criminal cases disposed of there has not been one reversal from McCulloch County, only two from Brown County and comparatively few from Coleman County. This is the best evidence of ability and fairness.

Do you approve of systematic economic methods and dispatch in court business? Do you endorse industry, ability and justice on the bench?

Is not this record worthy of a vote of confidence—a second term? Investigate, consider and let your vote and support be your answer.

E. J. Miller

Baptist Workers To Meet At Trickham, Tuesday, June 14th

The following program has been announced for the Coleman County Baptist Workers' Conference to be held with the Baptist Church at Trickham on Tuesday, June 14th. The program will begin at 10 o'clock in the morning, and is as follows:

10:00 a. m.—Song service.
10:15 a. m.—"Sunday School Evangelism"—B. F. Thompson.
10:35 a. m.—"Brotherhood Evangelism"—P. F. Squyres.
10:55 a. m.—"Pastoral Evangelism"—J. L. Isbell.
11:15 a. m.—Evangelistic sermon—Dr. A. E. Prince.
12:15 p. m.—Lunch.
1:30 p. m.—Board and W.M.U. Conferences.
2:30 p. m.—"Associational Evangelism"—Hal C. Wingo.

Reduction of Public Expenditures, Buy at Home Movement on Program for WTCC Under President Hawk

"In assuming the presidency of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, I am sincerely appreciative of the honor which West Texas has bestowed upon me. The confidence which has been shown in me will be a constant inspiration and challenge to give of the best I have in filling the position to which I have been elevated," said Wilbur Hawk, new president of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, in a press release this week.

No one could have attended the sessions of the Sweetwater convention without coming away deeply impressed with the great spirit of West Texans to press on with an unexcelled determination in times of economic stress and difficulties such as we now have.

The West Texas Chamber of Commerce met the challenge of the times during the year closing with the convention in an admirable, loyal and worthy fashion. At no time in its history has the organization given a better account of itself than at the Sweetwater meeting. Under the magnificent leadership of President Houston Harte, many worthwhile and far reaching programs were inaugurated and carried through to successful consummation. Others were begun and advanced which it will be my purpose to carry forward in my administration.

The Sweetwater convention adopted many constructive and vital resolutions and I shall regard these as the work program and platform of my administration. One of our first tasks will be to formulate plans for getting positive results upon the resolutions. These plans will be announced soon in the form of a definite work program with an organization plan for the performing of the work.

I have three definite objectives in mind for my administration which I think are of paramount importance.

Reduction of Taxation

First, I want to carry forward the excellent program already under way for the reduction of public expenditure and taxation. The leadership of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce in Texas upon this project is generally recognized and firmly established. It shall be my foremost purpose to advance this program and carry it out to the fullest. There is no problem of more vital concern than that of the increasing cost of government. In fact, I want every county in West Texas to have a Tax Payers Committee.

I am firmly convinced that we must have lower taxes before we can expect a full measure of prosperity. To have lower taxes we must curtail public expenditures. To curtail public expenditures, we must demand less services of our government, and perhaps cut off some which we have come to regard as highly essential. This will be done only when demanded by the taxpayers themselves. I believe we have in the West Texas Chamber of Commerce and our splendid local chambers with their tax committees the kind of organization that can most easily and effectively accomplish the ends desired. Many of the resolutions adopted at Sweetwater have to do with the problem, and I sincerely hope that all West Texans will familiarize themselves with them so that we may have their intelligent cooperation.

We are pledged to the promotion of the following activities and policies: to memorialize public officials to reduce expenditures, to organize budget making proceedings in all forms of local government, to require the proper auditing of county claims, to compel tax collections, to provide less costly county administration, to provide less costly state administration, to provide less costly judiciary administration and to lessen public school affiliation requirements.

Beautification Plan

The second objective to which I expect to dedicate my administration is the furtherance of the West Texas beautification plan started under President Harte's leadership. One of the common complaints from visitors to West Texas is its barrenness. This condition can be eliminated to a great extent through co-operative effort such as the West Texas Chamber of Commerce is fostering through the eighty odd local beautification committees in as many towns. We have the plan in operation. We expect during this year to stage a big inter-city beautification contest whereby communities will vie with one another in planting trees, shrubbery, and flowers. Soon we shall announce the contest plan which will be conducted until the Big Spring Convention in 1933.

Buy at Home Shows

The third objective I have in mind is that of having all of our one hundred and seventeen affiliated towns conduct and stage "Buy-at-Home Shows," with the particular purpose of getting the women of each city interested in the promotion of this activity in each town. These shows may be held at one time all over West Texas. Towns will be surprised themselves to find just how many products are manufactured and produced right in their own confines. They will be further surprised to find the great variety of products carried on the shelves of the local merchants. I believe this idea can be made a great factor in promoting Texas industrially. If West Texas is to expand industrially it must come from small beginnings we already have. Most of our large industries were once small. By encouraging the small ones we now have through these shows, we shall be promoting larger ones for the years ahead.

While I expect to major on the above three projects, it shall also be my purpose through the West Texas Chamber of Commerce to carry the other projects outlined at the Sweetwater convention and to continue the organization's effort of ever fostering and strengthening that spirit of loyalty, progressiveness, and determination so thoroughly characterized by our West Texas citizenship.

The accomplishments of the objectives I have in mind for this organization is only possible with the cooperation of our one hundred and seventeen affiliated towns through their accredited directors. With all these pulling together under the banner of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, we can do what we make up our minds to do.

If I were to select a slogan for my administration, it would be "Press On", because only by pressing on toward the objectives we have set up can we expect to be successful in our aims and ambitions for West Texas.

Will Play Abroad



Helen Jacobs, next-to-the-top American woman tennis player, sailed for Europe to take part in tournaments in Germany, France and England.

Milligan News

The binders in this community are in constant use now.

The high wind Sunday morning blew down quite a lot of the grain.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Wheatley spent Sunday with Mr. Wheatley's mother in the Shield community.

Those who spent Sunday in the W. L. Banks home were Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Yancy and children, Grandma Yancy, Ray Constable and Ellis Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Constable Nacoma and Mary spent Sunday in the Herman Constable home at Red Bank.

Mrs. Watson and daughter Gladys of Shields visited in the W. L. Banks home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston of Red Bank attended our Bible Drill Saturday night.

Next Saturday night and Sunday Bro. F. A. Adam of Coleman will preach. Sunday school will start at 10 o'clock.

Cal Goes Fishing



Former President Coolidge moored down to Connecticut the other day and caught a dozen brook trout like the one he's holding.

BABY LINDY

Be LELA BELLE WHITE

You parents whose small children

Play quietly at your knee.
Come hear of Baby Lindy,
And give your sympathy.

He was a darling baby.
Heir to a famous name
A heritage of courage,
And favored child of fame.

And wealth was his and fortune,
And mother love and care
Made his a life of sunshine,
No baby's was more fair.

Months passed by fleet and happy

O'er his small golden head,
Till come one night kidnappers,
Who stole him from his bed.

And they who are the vilest
That on the earth draw breath,
Left notes demanding ransom,
Or promised certain death.

Friends searched the wide world
over,
His parents prayed and, too,
They used their wealth and prestige
To ferret out each clue.

Weeks passed in grief and anguish
That only God could guess.
They found their baby murdered
Hearts break at their distress.

There's only left one Comfort
To slay fate's Cruel rod;
They know he sleeps with Jesus
His soul's safe home with God.

Back to Buttonholes

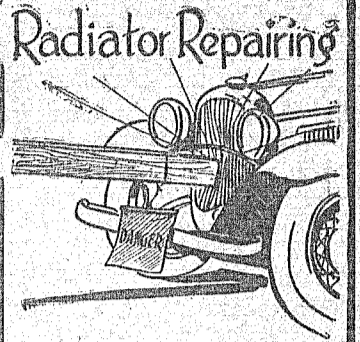
(Editorial in Dallas News)

The Texas & Pacific is discharging married women employees whose families will be able to get on without their contribution to the budget. For these women the event means the return to economic dependence. They will go back to buttonholes on the front porch and dishpans in the kitchen. To them it must seem a cataclysm thus to be clapped all of a sudden back into the world of their grandmothers.

Can it be that we are working around to 1893 or even 1873? The horse and buggy seems unlikely to come back and the old bustle appears far, far away. But when the car is put up in the garage because papa can't afford the license and mamma comes home because she is out of a job, the front porch returns to its prestige as a family forum and needle-work and lawn croquet threaten to become normal. The married women go now, but if things get a bit tighter, the unmarried women who are doing work men used to do will go next. The bachelor girls in trades and even some of them in professions must feel already the premonitions of a time when marriage will once more be the doom and opportunity left open to their sex. That time may never come, but we are headed that way at the moment.

Of course, there remains woman suffrage. Women will surely not lose the privilege of voting. But women came to vote thru their passion against the liquor business. Nowadays many women drink and advocate drinking without subterfuge. It would

be a curious outcome, indeed, if economic dependence and political independence exist side by side. Or will the woman whose bread is brought to her have to climb back on the pedestal supported by tabus of what a lady may not do, until at last no lady will deign to mix with the common herd at the polls?



Radiator Repairing

Keep Clear!

Radiator "tinkers" are as dangerous as the traffic menace that threatens your Car's Radiator. The worst the accident does is to injure the Radiator. But what "tinkering" can do may lead to the ruination of the entire motor! Keep clear of trouble in traffic. But, if you do get bumped up, keep clear of worse trouble by coming to us for the needed RADIATOR mmh the needed Radiator Repairs.

BOB LEAVELL
THE RADIATOR MAN
Coleman, Texas

INSIST ON Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

Because

The Bayer Cross is not just a trade-mark, but a symbol of safety.

That name tells you it cannot depress the heart.

The tablet stamped Bayer dissolves so quickly you get instant relief from headaches or other pain.

There is no disagreeable taste or odor to tablets of Bayer manufacture; no harmful quantities of free salicylic acid to upset the stomach; no coarse particles to irritate throat or stomach.



Butterfly Nets Can Not Hold Dollars

The catch-as-catch-can scheme of acquiring quick wealth holds dramatic possibilities, but little promise when held in the light of past experience. Thru years of carefully planned guidance regardless of storms or calms, the First National Bank directors have safeguarded the interests of the depositors whose number has grown from a mere handful to the large number they now accommodate. Consultation is always gladly given.

The First National Bank

OF SANTA ANNA, TEXAS

Coleman Junct'n

Sunday school and B.T.S. were well attended Sunday.

Several of the members went to Salem Sunday morning, and reported having an enjoyable day.

The S. S. Study Course, which was to be held this week, was put off to an undecided date, which will probably be after the threshing is over in the community.

Miss Edna Shamblin of Santa Anna spent the week-end with Miss Velma Dunn.

Miss Opal Odom spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents.

Willis Moore and Hubert Smith spent Sunday with Raymond Dunn.

The B.T.S. members are planning to go on a moonlight picnic Friday night, which will likely be held at the Coleman Park.

Miss Cleo Dunn visited relatives in Santa Anna Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Mary McCorkle of Coleman was a guest of Miss Merle Dean Odom last week.

Miss Edna Shamblin spent last Sunday night with Miss Nadine Ripley.

Misses Merle and Billie Winslett, Velma Dunn, and Sybil Ripley spent last Wednesday and Wednesday night with Misses Alleene and Nadine Ripley.

Miss Wilma Martin was a guest of Miss Thelma Sharp of the Bowen community Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Aleene Ripley visited last week-end in Santa Anna with her cousin, Sybil Ripley.

Almost everyone in the community is busy cutting grain this week, as threshing will begin some time next week.

Miss Lena Moore spent Tuesday with friends at Grosvenor.

Miss Grace Odom had as her guest Friday night Miss Jewell Candler of Coleman.

Emmett Grelle, who has been working at Millersview for the past three months, returned to his home last week, where he intends to remain through the summer.

Several of the young folks of the community attended graduating exercises at Loss Creek on Friday night.

B.T.S. will begin at 8:30 Sunday evening. The subject will be "What Shall We Do on Sundays?" It will be interesting, and everyone is invited.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE! Jersey Cow, second calf. Priced to sell. CARROLL KINGSBERRY.

3 CHOICE MILK COWS for Sale! FRESH. H. J. PARKER ttc

WANTED: To buy a farm of 100 to 150 acres, direct from owner. Must be good land, free from Johnson grass, and priced right. J. CURTIS JOHNSON Killeen, Texas 4p

FOR SALE, at a bargain, one-half ton Model A Ford truck in good repair. W. H. Ragsdale at the Bakery. ttc

EGGS from Master-Bred PLYMOUTH ROCK HENS at 50c per setting of 15 eggs. J. J. GREGG

V. RAWLINS GILLILAND Attorney-at-Law Office on third floor of Coleman Office Building, Coleman, Texas.

FOR SALE!!! BARGAINS IN



GEO. D. RHONE, Coleman, Tex.

Phone No. 6 for PICK-UP SERVICE for JOHNSON MOTOR LINES Overnight Service out of Dallas and Fort Worth

Embassy Hostess



Mrs. David Bruce, daughter of Ambassador Andrew Mellon, will be the official hostess of the American Embassy in London.

Political Announcements

The News is requested to announce the following names listed below, all subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, Saturday, July 30, 1932.

For County Clerk: L. EMET WALKER (Re-election) LEMAN BROWN

For County Treasurer: MRS. E. K. THOMPSON (Re-election) A. H. BREWER

For County Tax Collector: MISS JETTIE KIRKPATRICK (Re-election) FRANK LEWIS

For District Clerk: W. E. GIDEON (Re-election) D. S. JENNINGS J. B. HILTON

For Public Weigher: CARL ASHMORE (Re-election)

For County Commissioner: J. S. GILMORE (Re-election) CURTIS COLLINS R. E. DERUSHA

For County Judge: A. O. NEWMAN (Re-election) S. J. PIERATT

For Sheriff: FRANK MILLS (Re-election) B. F. AUTHUR

For Tax Assessor: L. E. COLLINS (Re-election) H. M. (Shorty) BROWN R. A. CARROLL

For District Judge 35th Judicial District: GIB CALLAWAY E. J. MILLER (Re-election)

For District Attorney 119th Judicial District: W. A. STROMAN EUGENE F. (Gene) MATHIS (Re-election)

For State Representative, 125th District: MISS CARRIE REAVES J. J. GREGG

For County Attorney: W. B. (Billy) BAKER J. O. HARRIS (Re-election)

For Constable, Prec. No. 7: MACE BLANTON J. E. (Dock) BRAND (Re-election)

For Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 7: L. G. (Lester) JONES A. L. ODER

THE RED & WHITE STORES

HUNTER BROTHERS | J. L. BOGGUS & CO.
TELEPHONE 48 | TELEPHONE 56

Friday and Saturday Specials

BRAN FLAKES or RICE LAKES, RED & WHITE regular .13 size package	.10
BAKING POWDER Calumet, 16 ounce can with one cake size package Swan Down Cake Flour FREE	.23
NEW POTATOES--RED TRIUMPH ---10 pounds for	.15
LEMONS Red Ball Dozen	.19
Oranges California Dozen	.17
PINEAPPLE BLUE & WHITE Broken Slices 2 No. 2 Cans	.25
ICE CREAM POWDER RED & WHITE Any Flavor Pkgs 2	.15
PEAS GOLD BAR 2 No. 2 Cans	.25
Vinegar Colored Distilled bring jug. Gal.	.21
Potted Meat Red & White 4 Cans	.15
ICE Cream Salt Morton's 5-lb. Pkg.	9c
TEA RED & WHITE, Fancy Orange Pekoe	1-4 lb. pkg. .19
SYRUP Blue Label or Bre'r Rabbit GALLON CAN ONLY	.56
JOWLS Salt Cured Pound	5c
BACON FISHER'S Sliced. Lb.	.18
Bologna Dixie Brand Pound	.13
Cheese No.1 Wisconsin Full Cream. Lb.	.16
CHEVON Goat Meat Pound	5c
RIB STEW VEAL Pound	7c
STEAK Forequarter BEEF. Lb.	.10
ROAST Forequarter Beef. Lb.	.10

Red Bank News

Tom and Glen McClure and Alvin and Garland Millam spent Monday night on the creek. They reported plenty of fish for everyone and a real enjoyable old time campfire outing.

Mr. Jim Hurr of Brownwood spent Sunday with his cousin Mrs. Roy Bledsoe. Others the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon McClure and family and Mr. and Mrs. Jess Upchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Arther constable and little son of Milligan spent Saturday night and Sunday with the Herman Constable family.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Brown and her two children as neighbors in our community. Mrs. Brown has been teaching at Plain View. The children have been going to school in Santa Anna. Mr. Brown has been with us for quiet a while, farming on the Waford place.

Mrs. Annie Hays of Rock Wall Texas is visiting this week in the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Weston.

Sunday School was very interesting Sunday. The lesson was about the life of Joseph.

Harvesting grain has been the order of the day on several farms the past week.

A very severe wind storm swept through this community about four o'clock Sunday morning. It picked up a few of the out building and barns and distributed them around. It was believed to have been a small twister but no one could say for sure because almost all the people in the community were in the storm cellars.

Little Gerald Dyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Dyer and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Smith was laid to rest in the Shields Cemetery Tuesday after-

noon. His life was short but sweet. The Lord says "Suffer little children come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." We extend our greatest sympathy to the bereaved.

Misses Myrtle and Hazel Brown spent Saturday with their sister Mrs. Curtis Glasscock.

Miss Iva Smith is staying with her sister Mrs. Frank Dyer who is ill.

Mrs. John A. Smith visited her daughter Mrs. Frank F. Dyer of Coleman, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. J. Hays Dixon and children of Santa Anna spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John A. Smith.

Little Miss Bernice Dixon of Santa Anna spent the past week with her grand parents Mr and Mrs. John A. Smith.

Rockwood News

Miss Jesse Lee Ashmore arrived here Wednesday from Eldorado, where she taught in a near-by school the past term.

Mrs. Richard Cheatham and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Bill McSwane and children of Eldorado visited the past week with relatives here.

Sunday Wilma McIlvain, Blake Williams and Nelson Ryan went over to Talpa to spend the day with Curtiss and Marie Gregory.

Pollock Wise is now at home from Brownwood where he attended Daniel Baker for the past nine months.

Miss Hazel Hodges of Coleman is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hodges. Miss Hodges recently graduated from Baylor University.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brusenhahn and small son of San Antonio arrived here Saturday for

a short visit in the T. J. Johnson home. They left Sunday, and were accompanied by Mrs. Ada Brusenhahn. They stopped in Coleman for a visit enroute to their home.

Last Tuesday a few of the members of the Missionary Society met at the church to quilt.

Miss Ida May Lankford visited last week with her mother, Mrs. R. L. Steward.

The County Associational B.T.S. will meet here with the Rockwood church Sunday, June 12.

Misses Lois Moore and Betty Mae Brusenhahn visited last week in Brady.

Miss Mamie Capps is visiting this week in Brownwood.

Rev. Capps filled his appointments at the M. E. Church here Sunday morning and night.

Mrs. Walter Weaver and children of Coleman visited Mrs. T. J. Johnson last Thursday.

Miss Gladys Moore left Tuesday for Brownwood, where she entered Daniel Baker College for the summer term.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bryan entertained Monday evening with an ice cream supper honoring Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bryan, who were recently married.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Culluns of Dallas left Thursday after visiting her mother, Mrs. R. L. Steward. Ida Mae Lankford accompanied them back to Dallas.

Some few from here attended the singing at Whon Sunday.

WHITES CREAM VERMIFUGE
For Expelling Worms
TURNER'S DRUG STORE

Santa Anna News

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1932

J. J. GREGG, Editor-Publisher
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Santa Anna, Tex.

Subscription Rates:
Coleman Co. and Bangs, R.F.D. 2
Per Year \$1.50
Elsewhere, Per Year \$1.50

Member Texas Press Association

All cards of thanks and resolutions of respect charged for at one-half the advertising rate.

Local readers and classified ads charged for at a rate of 2c a word for first insertion, and 1c a word for each additional insertion, with a minimum charge of 25c.

Any erroneous reflection on the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and properly corrected if the attention of the management is called to the matter.

Unsigned or anonymous articles or letters will not be published.

The WAY of LIFE
BY BRUCE BARTON
It Makes the World Go Round

A young man burst violently into my office. His face was somewhat haggard, and his clothes disheveled, as though he had been up all night, which, in fact, he had. But there was electricity in his walk, and sunshine in his eyes. "Have you heard the wonderful news?" he cried. I told him I had not heard any wonderful news since 1929. "Well, you're going to hear some now," he exclaimed. "I have a boy. Yes, sir, seven and a half pounds, born at 5:30 this morning. Think of it . . . me a son."

Whereupon he became almost inarticulate, waving his arms and emitting sounds that were half laughter and half tears.

At length he gained sufficient self-control to impart the information that the baby had blue eyes. "I hadn't the heart to say that all babies have blue eyes. He wouldn't have heard me anyway." "When I looked down at him the first time, the little rascal looked up and smiled. And he reached out and grabbed my finger, and say . . . well, I don't know how to express it, but when I felt him grip my finger, so trusting and everything . . . well, say if I were worth five thousand dollars to my boss yesterday, I'm worth ten thousand today."

Did I treat his enthusiasm seriously? You bet I did. Any man who himself has passed through that experience and does not feel a reverent sympathy for a younger brother in the same situation has some serious lack in his soul.

One night in 1856, Thomas Huxley, the great scientist, sat alone in a quiet room awaiting the birth of his first child. His spirit was on fire with great new resolves:

"In 1860 I may fairly look forward to fifteen or twenty years," he wrote in his diary, "and with the comprehensive views my training will have given me, I think it will be possible in that time to give a new and healthier direction to all Biological Science."

"To smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognized as mine or not, so long as it is done—are these my aims? 1860 will show. Half past ten at night."

"Waiting for my child. I seem to fancy it the pledge that all these things shall be."

"Born five minutes after 12. Thank God."

Every night, somewhere in the world, hundreds of thousands of men sit waiting for their children. Thoughts come into their young minds, which never were there before. New purposes; new earnestness.

Not all of this impulse is permanent, of course, but a part at least remains of the urge to do something and be something worthy of these children.

It is a greater force than personal ambition. It makes the world go round.

WHY MEN DIE

Among the men whose friendship I enjoyed was the late C. W. Barron, owner of the Wall Street Journal.

One day in Boston I received a message that he was sick in New York and wished to see me before he died.

I hurried home by the fastest train, but when I reached his hotel I discovered that he had given up all idea of dying. He was in bed, but he was telephoning, dictating, receiving visitors, and having a glorious time.

He had been close enough to eternity, however, so that the experience left a deep impression. When his secretary went out of the room, we talked about death.

He told me two stories. The first was about a man who accumulated a large fortune, built a house on Fifth Avenue, put his feet on the window-sill, and said, "Now, I am going to enjoy myself." But he was like a watch spring which has been wound up tight for a long time, and, being suddenly released, snaps into pieces. After only a few months of idleness he died.

The second story had been told to Barron by a noted surgeon. A woman, taken to the hospital for a slight operation, died almost before the anesthetic was applied. The surgeon could not understand it. On looking into her history, he discovered that from the minute the operation was decided upon she had begun to prepare for the worst. She had made her will, given away her jewels, and divided her personal property.

The surgeon said: "That taught me a lesson. I shall never again operate until I find out what preparations the patient has made. If any person cares so little about holding on to life that he makes all preparations to let go, then some other surgeon can have the job."

Barron said that by the degree of their courage and faith men themselves determine how long they will live.

I believe that is true—that those live who want to live; that when interest ceases, the heart stops. Montesquieu remarked that "the love of study is almost the sole passion that is eternal in us; all the others fall as this miserable machine which sustains them falls more and more into decay."

None of us can escape the process of decay, but there are many things I want to learn, so many places I want to see that I hope to fool the old heart and kidneys for quite a while. And so, I trust, will you.

The price of cotton reached new low levels during the past week, middling spot cotton selling on the New York market on Tuesday at 5.3 cents a pound, the lowest price in thirty-three years. And yet the price went still lower on Wednesday, both the New York and New Orleans quotations for middling spot cotton being 5.05 cents a pound. The prices at Dallas were 4.8 cents a pound on Tuesday, and 4.6 cents a pound on Wednesday. That the market should "react" from these prices was to be expected, of course. But if the recent past is any criterion, such "reaction" is likely to be followed by a settling down around the low levels, with the danger of working to lower levels. In saying that these prices are the lowest in thirty-three years, we are making allowance for only one year—1898—when the average price was lower than the price quoted at New York on Wednesday, but even that was only fifteen points lower. Besides that year, only during two other years, 1894 and 1897, were prices at low levels comparable with those which have been prevailing recently. With those exceptions, there has been nothing like the present price level during 140 years of cotton growing in the South. The truth is that, considering the present cost of producing cotton, there has never been anything like the present price level. It is necessary only to consider, for example, that the cotton farmer of the 'nineties had no such taxes to pay as the cotton farmer of today is expected to pay, in order to appreciate this. Cotton is selling today for less than one-fourth of the 1928 price, and no other commodity upon which so many people depend has fallen off in price to that extent. Meantime, comes the news that the New York Cotton Exchange Service announces that unless there is a decided upturn in consumption during June and July, its previous estimate of from 12,750,000 to 13,000,000 bales as the world consumption of American cotton during the current fiscal year must be revised downward. This means that we shall probably have a carry-over on August 1 equivalent to the past year's consumption. In other words we shall have a year's supply of cotton on hand when the new crop begins coming to the market. Four-cent cotton at the gin is now a reality. What is the outlook?

The outlook can hardly be said to be bright for the immediate future. A month ago we estimated that we would not sell more than \$200,000,000 worth of American cotton to Europe during the current year, as com-

pared with an average of \$682,570,000 a year during the four years ending with 1928. We based that estimate on the assumption that exports of American cotton to Europe for the current fiscal year would not be more than 5,500,000 bales. The outlook now is that exports to Europe most average more than 10,000 bales a day for the rest of the season, and in the present conditions that does not seem likely. We cite European exports, because until the European market for American cotton improves considerably we do not think there can be any great improvement in our situation. No purely domestic measures to affect the commodity price level, such as inflation of the currency, can affect cotton to any appreciable degree. The cotton market is a world market, and only by improving world conditions can the cotton market be improved. As a matter of fact, the present depression, as we have pointed out repeatedly, is a world depression, and there really can be no kind of recovery but world recovery. That is true of the general situation. But it is especially true of cotton, and particularly Texas cotton. This seems to us to be so clear that we regard it as little short of extraordinary that Texas and the rest of the cotton-growing South have not been practically unanimous long ago in favor of international action to deal with the problems which the situation presents. It is truly remarkable that there has not been an overwhelming demand for such action throughout the South. We have felt for a long time that only through international action, resulting from discussion and negotiation among responsible statesmen, including those of the United States, can any real start toward recovery be made. But the dominant majority at Washington, irrespective of party, has been proceeding on the basis of a different view. Meantime, we have continued to drift into worse conditions steadily, and there is no outlook that anything being done or proposed at Washington can be expected to bring about improvement.—Editorial in The Texas Weekly, June 4.

He Called Himself To Order

The Wichita Falls Times, digging around in the factual debris of the recent democratic conventions brought to light a curious circumstance or incident. Two of them in fact.

In one precinct a lone democrat showed up. Undismayed, the solitary upholder of democracy's rights proceeded to call himself to order, elected himself chairman of the meeting, instructed himself for John Garner, and wound up by naming himself delegate to the county convention.

This looked like a sure bet for Mr. Ripley's cartoon, but later developments placed a pall of insignificance over it.

In another precinct, it was found, a lone democrat showed up and went through all the formalities followed by the other. In addition to electing himself chairman, this stickler for the rules likewise nominated and elected himself secretary of the meeting. After listening to himself instruct himself for John Garner, the one-man convention determined to go the whole hog or none, then proceeded to make a speech. As the convention keynoter he made his speech, and as convention secretary he solemnly set it down in writing. Then he signed the minutes of the meeting as the chairman and attested as secretary, moved as chairman to adjourn the meeting, seconded the motion as secretary, put the question as chairman, voted as chairman and secretary, and declared the motion carried.

Then presumably, this ingenious democrat went out and bought himself a campaign cigar shook hands with himself and called it a day.—Dublin Progress

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our Sincere appreciation for every kindness and expression of sympathy extended to us during our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Vertie Weaver Moore and daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Turner and family.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

by REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE D.D.

International Sunday School Lesson for June 12
JUDAH, THE TRUE BROTHER
Genesis 44:18-34

Children's Day observance will interfere with the lesson study on this particular day, but the general facts of this portion of the life of Joseph should be taken up either Sunday or in connection with the review two weeks hence.

The Egyptians were being supplied from the stored up granaries. Many grave questions relating to social service are involved in the problems which arose at that time. When all these matters are adjusted between man and man it will be only as the principles enunciated by Jesus Christ are worked out in all human relationships. Every injustice is solvable when the Gospel-declared order is really put into practice.

Joseph assigned grain could be given to the brothers, who had received authority from Pharaoh over the famine stricken country. Before him stood the brothers who had ridiculed him, who were now in his power. His direct question always sought all valuable family information that he appeared to be talking about general events.

One of the ten finds that his money has been returned in the several bags of grain. Then a condition of receiving any further sustenance is that Benjamin must be in the party next time. We notice the length that people will go in search for food to avoid starvation.

Dr. W. G. WILLIAMS

GENERAL PRACTICE
GLASSES FITTED
PERCEPTION DRUGS
Mercantile Bldg.
Rockwood, Texas

Here's Simplified Cooking

Actually, cooking consists of only three fundamental operations: preparing the foods . . . putting them in the oven . . . and placing the meal on the table.

But so many more are required by old-fashioned methods! So much pecking, tasting and testing is necessary! So much time is wasted on these unnecessary, tiresome tasks!

With a modern Electric Range, cooking is reduced to its three fundamentals. You merely prepare your meal, place it in the oven, set the Time and Heat Controls, and forget the actual cooking! All the work is done automatically . . . requiring none of your time or attention—and leaving you free to enjoy happy leisure hours!

.. And this Freedom is only one advantage of modern Electric Cookery! Foods look better, taste better and are more healthful. In fact, there are so many advantages you'll wonder how you managed with old-fashioned, inefficient methods!

Call us for an individual investigation of your use of electric service, to determine the cost of cooking by electricity in your home. You may be surprised to know that there are many cases where electric cookery actually decreases the total of electric and gas bills.

West Texas Utilities Company

R. D. Moore Dies In Ft. Worth Past Week, Burial Here

Last week we gave a brief account of the burial of Mr. R. D. Moore, who died at his home in Fort Worth Tuesday. The writer has not been able to procure very much data pertaining to Mr. Moore.

He came here in 1891 and lived here about ten years. During his stay here he was married to Miss Nettie Weaver, daughter of the late Col. A. G. Weaver, a well known and respected Coleman county family moved from here to Childers about 1900, later moving to Fort Worth, where they have lived since.

R. D. Moore was known to most every family in this part of Coleman county. He came here constantly to purchase mules and other livestock for Fort Worth concerns, being here several times during the past year. Mr. Moore usually stopped in the Fred W. Turner home while in Santa Anna, Mrs. Turner being his sister.

The funeral services were held in the Turner home, conducted by Rev. M. L. Womack, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and the remains committed to earth by the Masonic order, in the local cemetery. A large number of sympathizing friends and relatives attended the funeral and the floral offering was profuse.

Among those from out of town to attend the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. S. E. French, Stephenville. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore of Temple. Mr. and Mrs. Tip Reneau of Dallas. Mr. and Mrs. J. Rob Griffin, Fort Worth. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Weaver and children and some other friends of Dallas, and probably others whose names we failed to get.

HONOR ROLL FOR HIGH SCHOOL

THIRD PERIOD

FRESHMEN

Beth Barnes, Billie Baxter, May Campbell, Holland Cheaney, Leon DuBois, Frances Gregg, Francine Merritt, Eddie Vaughn Mills, Bess Inez Shield, Ernestine Thames.

SOPHOMORES

Lena Jane Barlett, Brown Lee Hunter, Ruth Niell, Armenta Ragsdale, Irene Rountree, Annie Louise Watkins.

JUNIORS

Garland Close, Robert Dempsey, Seth Ford, Nowlin Meyers, Edwin Niell, Clifford Oder, Rebecca Turner, Ruby Williams.

SENIORS

Kathryn Rose Pinney, Carl Flores, Elizabeth Richardson, Arthur Lewis, Jesse Lee Sparkman, Maurice Kirkpatrick, Weldon Clark, Louise Zenor, Ruth Polk, Marian Foley.

SECOND SEMESTER

FRESHMEN

Beth Barnes, May Campbell, Holland Cheaney, Leon DuBois, Francine Merritt, Eddie Vaughn Mills, Leon Morgan, Bess Inez Shield, Ernestine Thames.

SOPHOMORES

Lena Jane Barlett, Brown Lee Hunter, Ruth Niell, Armenta Ragsdale, Irene Rountree, Annie Louise Watkins.

JUNIORS

Garland Close, Robert Dempsey, Seth Ford, Nowlin Meyers, Edwin Niell, Clifford Oder, Rebecca Turner, Ruby Williams.

SENIORS

Kathryn Rose Pinney, Carl Flores, Elizabeth Richardson, Arthur Lewis, Jesse Lee Sparkman, Maurice Kirkpatrick, Weldon Clark, Louise Zenor.

FOR THE YEAR

FRESHMEN

Beth Barnes, May Campbell, Holland Cheaney, Leon DuBois, Francine Merritt, Eddie Vaughn Mills, Leon Morgan, Bess Inez Shield, Ernestine Thames.

SOPHOMORES

Lena Jane Barlett, Brown Lee Hunter, Ruth Niell, Armenta Ragsdale, Irene Rountree, Annie Louise Watkins.

JUNIORS

Robert Dempsey, Seth Ford, Nowlin Meyers, Edwin Niell, Clifford Oder, Rebecca Turner.

SENIORS

Kathryn Rose Pinney, Carl Flores, Elizabeth Richardson, Arthur Lewis, Jesse Lee Sparkman, Maurice Kirkpatrick, Weldon Clark, Louise Zenor.

Thieves Ply Trade Near Santa Anna

Saturday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker Newman discovered their premises had been invaded, the intruders relieving them of all the bacon and lard they had. Sheriff Frank Mills was notified and pretty soon he was on the scene with his deputies and blood-hounds, but failed to pick up any trail of value.

J. J. Kline, living in the same community discovered he had also been robbed of a heavy duty truck tire and a hydraulic jack, which he treasured very highly. The search was continued throughout the day, but no arrest was made.

Saturday night an automobile, belonging to Iru Bray just south of the Colorado river, in McCollough county, was stripped of all the tires. The sheriff's office at Brady was notified and the officers got busy at once. Sunday afternoon, the sheriff of Mason arrested a young man driving an automobile loaded with extra tires, rems, wheels etc., and most of the loot stolen from Mr. Newman and Mr. Kline was recovered in the haul. The young man driving the car gave his name as Wallace and said he lived in San Antonio. At last reports, he was being held in the jail at Brady for further investigation. Mr. Kline has his truck back in service and Mr. Newman and family have bacon and lard for their table.

Why a Young Woman Is a Democrat

(Tarpon Springs Fla. Ledger.)
"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. And the neighbor of that man was showed mercy."

When the young woman was seven years of age she saved a few pennies, planning to buy Christmas gifts for Daddy and Mother. While looking at the holiday merchandise, her purse was lost or stolen. She returned to her Mother in tears, was scolded for her carelessness, and told that she ought never to be trusted with anything. With increased hurt she ran to Daddy, who laughed at and belittled the loss, saying that the good things of life belonged to those who are strong enough or clever enough to take them. Wholly stunned with grief, she ran to the rough little neighbor boy, with whom she was seldom permitted to play, and he reached her heart in a way she will never forget, by making for her undeserving parents tiny Christmas boxes of bright paper filled with striped peppermint candy from his own little store.

When the young woman had graduated from high school, completed a short stenographic course, and had obtained a good job, a certain H. Hoover represented that the dinner pail would always be full and that the garage would have two automobiles instead of the old-fashioned Ford, and that stocks were so cheap all wise Americans should buy them.

She made a payment on an automobile, signed a contract to purchase a building lot, and acquired on margin five shares of that Steel Preferred that now maketh the heart sick. She lost all, including her job. The garage is empty, also the dinner pail. Needing human aid and understanding just as bad as the man on the Jericho road, yes, even as much as the little girl robbed in the toy store, she went to her Socialist Landlady, who took away her trunk and belongings, and told the young woman that she ought to be kept in jail until she would help elect a government which would rob the rich through capital tax levies for the benefit of the poor. Then, she went to the Republican banker who had made a commission on the stock she had lost. He laughed at and belittled the whole matter, lighted a fresh 25-cent cigar, and explained to her that only a few of the wealthy deserve the good things of life.

Again she returned to the boy friend, who gave understanding human sympathy, loaned her two dollars from his own slender wage, and helped her get a job in a workingman's restaurant. He told her to join the Jeffersonian Club and become a partizan in favor of the common man, that is to say a Democrat, upholding the inherent and inalienable rights of man, practicing that self-reliance taught by Emerson, suppressing privilege and monopoly, restoring rule to the people, and preserving American ideals. And because she believes the boy friend's philosophy that the rich should not be robbed by the poor nor the poor be robbed by the rich, but that each should have political and economic equality of opportunity with his fellow citizens; and because she believes in the teachings of the parable about the man on the road down to Jericho, the young woman is resolved always to be a Democrat.

Here's a Fine String of Fish for Mr. Hoover



Miss Vesta Steven of Cape May, N. J., with the first catch of mackerel, which were sent to the President as a gift from Jersey fishermen.

Ex-Texas Rangers Invited Meet Here

Mayor W. E. Baxter received a telephone call Wednesday from George Black of Comanche, advising him of a meeting of the executive committee in Austin Saturday, to name the dates and designate the place of meeting for the Ex-Texas Rangers annual association in August. Mayor Baxter called a number of the business men in a meeting at the Armory Thursday morning, and they authorized him to extend the invitation and pledged their support.

Capt. Sam H. Collier, Howitzer Co. No. 2 Texas National Guard, offered the services of his men and equipment for the benefit of the men and women who will attend in event of their accepting Santa Anna's invitation to meet here this summer. We will know next week whether the invitation is accepted or not.

CHAS. L. FISHER DIES SUNDAY IN JACK CO. HOME

Friends are in sympathy with Mrs. C. M. Wood and children in their grief over the death of Chas. L. Fisher, a foster son of Mrs. Wood, who died at his home in Jacksboro last Sunday night. Mrs. Wood received a telephone call from Jacksboro Sunday morning, relating to the serious illness of Mr. Fisher, but she was sick with influenza and not able to go. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Douglass and Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Rowe left immediately for the Fisher home. Mr. Fisher died Sunday night and was buried Monday.

Prior to his marriage in 1919, Mr. Fisher spent several vacations here with his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wood, and gained the friendship of a number while visiting here.

There Is Nothing New Under the Sun

We think we live in a complicated age, but more than three hundred years ago everything was just as topsy-turvy as it is today. Robert Burton, who was born in 1576, published a famous book called "The Anatomy of Melancholy" in 1621. And three hundred and seven years ago he wrote in that book a number of paragraphs which have a very familiar sound in this year of grace, 1932. Here are some of them:

"New news every day. Those ordinary rumors of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, shipwrecks. A vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, grievances. Then come tidings of weddings, entertainments, embassies, trophies, sports, plays, treasons, robberies, enormous villainies of all kinds, funeral, death of princes, new discoveries and expeditions.

"Our summum bonum is commodity, and the goddess we adore. Dea Moneta, Queen Money. "So many professed Christians, yet so few imitators of Christ; so much talk of religion, so much science, yet so little conscience.

"To see so many lawyers, yet so little justice; so many laws, yet never more disorders. Lawyers get more to hold their peace than we to say our very best.

"New books every day, pamphlets, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, &c."

—Stephenville Empire-Tribune.

Baptist Church

We will have our regular services Sunday, with the pastor preaching at both hours.

The morning subject will be: "Why Men Do Not Trust Christ". The night service begins at 8:15. An evangelistic message will be given at the night hour. We invite the general public to worship with us.

HAL C. WINGO, Pastor

Hardware & Groceries

When Goods Are Sold For Less We'll Sell 'em

Watch Our Bulletin Boards

Garden HOSE 50 feet long	3.25	Files Good 7 inch	.10	Cotton Chopping HOES	.69
--------------------------	------	-------------------	-----	----------------------	-----

Cans-Lids-Jars Caps & Rings	Plenty	Neatsfoot OIL	.25
-----------------------------	--------	---------------	-----

Camp Stools	.60	Twine	.07	Camp Cot	1.98
-------------	-----	-------	-----	----------	------

SEE THE NEW Westinghouse Lines

ICE TEA Glasses Extra large SET .45

AUTOMATIC Sealers & Cookers	National Cookers BURPEE SEALERS	Hayties	1.10
-----------------------------	---------------------------------	---------	------

W. R. Kelley & Company

"Recollections of Quality Remains Long After The Price is Forgotten."

THIS WEEK IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 9—With the political conventions getting closer and closer, the two big questions which everybody is asking and nobody knows the answers to are:

First, what is the Republican National Convention going to do about prohibition?

Second, who are the Democrats going to nominate for the presidency?

The first question is important, because it is the only question on which anybody can stir up any semblance of a controversy in the Republican Convention. Mr. Hoover's renomination is definitely assured, with the likelihood that Mr. Curtis will also be renominated for the vice-presidency.

Therefore, the only thing that it seems possible to start a quarrel over in the convention is the prohibition plank in the platform.

These things can be set down as definite.

First, there will be a prohibition plank.

Second, it will be a plank that will open the door for action by the next Congress looking toward a constitutional amendment superseding the 18th or Prohibition Amendment.

Whether this plank will call for a popular referendum, or will pledge the party to the submission of a new constitutional amendment through the usual channels, for ratification by the state legislatures or conventions, whether it will propose a liberalization of the Volstead Act, or however it will open up the subject of prohibition, is still undeterminable. President Hoover has been in conference with dry leaders and wet leaders of all shades of opinion. Very careful political efforts will be made to avoid alienating the so-called "moderate" dries. Also, there will be pussyfooting in the convention to avoid offending the wets.

How important the prohibition question seems right now is indicated by the fact that many leading dries have been trying to organize a third party, and that so eminent and able a statesman as Senator Borah of Idaho has been taking part in these conferences, until Washington gossip has it that Borah may run for President on a third party ticket, if neither the Republican nor the Democratic convention adopts a prohibition plank which is satisfactory to these dry leaders.

Just the bare threat of a third party in the field sends politicians into conniption fits. The Republicans are afraid that a third party would draw voters from its candidates, and the Democrats are equally afraid that a Prohibition party with Borah at the head would steal a lot of ordinarily Democratic states in the election. Senator Borah undoubtedly knows this, and it would be surprising if he did not use that knowledge to exert a very strong influence in framing the Republican prohibition plank.

It almost goes without saying that the Democratic party, whose convention comes two weeks later than the Republican will try to be a little more wet than the Republicans, without being so wet as to alarm the dry states of the South, which happen to be also the normally Democratic states. That, at least, would be the natural thing for the Democrats to do, in order to gain whatever party advantage there may be in "wet" support. There is a suggestion, however, that leaders of both parties may agree upon an identical plank. None of the political leaders wants to get into a prohibition fight. If both parties made exactly the same declaration on the subject there couldn't be any fight and the campaign would be devoted entirely to actual issues of candidates and economic principles.

"Al" Smith's strength as a party leader is becoming more apparent from day to day. Reports from the country at large indicate that Speaker Garner's prestige is not quite so great as it was. If and when Governor Roosevelt is beaten for the nomination which is the principal aim now of a large but scattering group of Democratic politicians, it seems more and more likely that ex-Governor Smith will name the candidate. In that case it will not be Mr. Garner. It will not be Owen D. Young because he has taken himself out of the contest. It might be Newton D. Baker, but then again it might be another Ohioan, Governor George White. Governor White will come into the convention with the solid

Ohio delegation behind him. He is not widely known outside of Ohio, but his record is good, his ability is said to be very great, not only as an administrator, but as a vote-getter; he is the Democratic Governor of a state that has gone Republican oftener than it has gone Democratic, and he might turn out to be the dark horse at the Chicago convention.

Nobody knows, but it is all very interesting speculation.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LONE EAGLES—THE LINDBERGH'S

A little boy is dead. And because the little boy's father once gave us an hour of imperishable splendor, and became for us a fulfilled dream and a realized ideal, we opened our hearts to the youngster and made a place for him there. And every home today is a little emptier than it was.

Lindy himself has known loneliness and darkness before. Once he was alone in an airplane far over the Atlantic, in the blackness of midnight, with nothing but empty sky above him and empty sea beneath—a measure of literal, physical aloneness such as few men have ever faced. Yet that was nothing compared to the loneliness and darkness that have come to him now. That friendly nickname, "Lone Eagle," was never more apt than today.

To say, "We are sorry," is easy—and meaningless. There is a grief so deep that nothing any man can say will make it any easier, and that is the kind of grief that Lindy and Anne are feeling now. We can feel for them and we can sorrow with them, but we cannot help them.

And yet, although what we feel is only a faint shadow of what they feel, we must express it. We believe, confusedly but perhaps not altogether mistakenly, that there is a kind of power in human love, a power of sympathy and tenderness.

So we offer it, humbly, deeply-grieving, silently.

And we fall back, as all bereaved people have fallen back, since time began, on simple faith. Faith that somehow, in some way that we cannot understand, the strange and tragic mosaic of human experience has a meaning; faith that there is to be, in a life that is better than this one, recompense for all suffering, healing for all wounds; faith that no life is ever really lost, that nothing fine and lovely and good is ever really wasted, that no agony of heart or loneliness of spirit ever goes unnoticed.

That is the faith that gets us through life. We lose sight of it, very often, and once in a while we get the notion that we are so strong and so wise that we do not need it. But we learn otherwise; and we realize, as we are being forced to realize now, that we have neither strength nor wisdom of our own, and that we must go adrift unless we rely on the old promises.

So we cling to Faith.—San Angelo Standard.

It was March 1, 1932. As the clock hands pointed to 7:30 on that Friday night a chubby little blue-eyed, 20 months old baby boy, the pride of his daddy's life, the idol of an American mother's heart, was given his evening meal. An hour later that mother's love was poured out in a goodnight kiss as innocent babyhood was tucked away in his little crib at Hopewell, New Jersey. It was the last good-night kiss; it was the last time mother Lindbergh would ever fondle the chubby hands, press the warm pink lips and soothe the golden locks of her first-born baby, little Charles. For outside at Hopewell, at that very hour, lurked the fiendish, cruel, cowardly, heartless, snarling ghoul hiding in the black shadows of night and before two hours later that little babe was kidnapped, dragged through an open window, his little head crushed and the broken body thrown in the bushes a few miles away. And that crime of crimes was committed in Christian America. The crime of Cain multiplied a million fold. What a mockery. What a shame. What a humiliation. If that crime had been committed in Bolshevik Russia ten thousand American pulpits would have rung with denunciation of a government shamelessly helpless and impotent, of a social order reeking with crime and debauchery, of a people heartless and uncivilized, of a land of infidelity and knowing no good but the god of crime and fiendishness blacker than the spirit of the stormy cape. It all raises the question: Is America "the Country God Forgot?" It is enough to bring the blush of shame to the face of every American citizen. It reveals in all its frightful fiendishness the criminal social order of these boasted United States. So far as the record shows Sodom and Gomorrah, those ancient cities swept by the wrath of an avenging God, had no parallel. Babyhood, the fairest flower that blooms in the human heart, the sweetest nectar from the beautiful garden of home, sweet home,

the sum-total of divine innocence. Is it possible that this is America? Is it possible that human life, even innocent, helpless baby life is unsafe in this so-called Christian land? What a crushing indictment against American manhood, American civilization and American Christianity.—Son-of-a-gun in the San Saba News.

Farmers Want Justice

(Editorial in Dallas News)

The American farmer is not going to vote blindly partisan fashion, in the coming elections, national and State. The old shibboleth will have little meaning for him, for he is, if not down and out, so near it that he shudders at the approach of the peril.

Never before in his lifetime has he received such low prices for his products, provided he can sell them at all. His land has lost value, and, if mortgaged, he sees his equity slipping away under the drainage of high interest payments and fees. If a tenant, he is more likely an object of partial or complete charity as a reward for his toilsome work. Taxes are high, loans at the local bank can not be had, his family lack the decencies of life, perhaps even the necessities, and he is told that the worst is yet to come.

If the farmer class, so numerous in our population, were as vociferous as are skilled labor unions, the product of the last two industrial generations, they would see themselves by this time seated on the top of the earth, eating with silver spoons. But they speak with no united voice, they submissively take the skimmed milk and leave to others the cream, and they grumble against the weather instead of the Government.

Farmers should realize their common interests and should work together. Beginning with the home county they should insist on better government, honest and efficient. High interest charges, excessive fees, and juggled land values should receive attention. State and national legislation should be understood, especially as far as they affect marketing. The present tariff system, for example, adds to the cost of farm production and living expenses; it also kills off export trade, deeply affecting the price of cotton and wheat, and drives capital abroad.

Texas should feel disgraced that it has so large a percentage—over 60 per cent—of tenant farmers. The ownership of land free from serious obligations is the best guarantee of democratic liberty. Interest, fees and mortgage charges exploit the farmer and keep him in poverty. He needs help; self help in part, but also the aid of his Government to enable him to become a free citizen, economically independent, proud of a decent home and of a family enjoying the comforts of modern civilization.

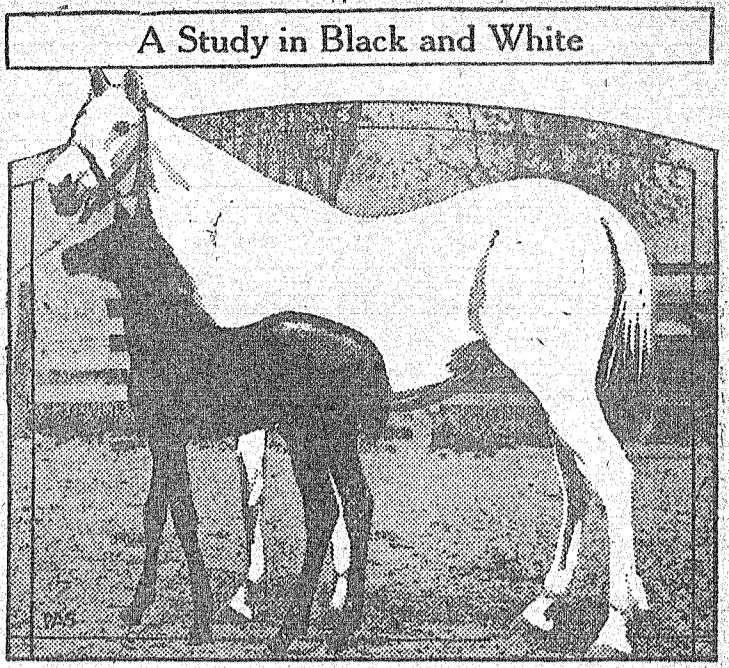
As long as the farmer remains unintelligent in public affairs and takes meekly whatever is put upon him he will remain as a sort of doormat for others to wipe their shoes on.



RESTFUL SLEEP for FRETFUL, FEVERISH CHILD

—With Castoria's regulation

When your child tosses and cries out in his sleep, it means he is not comfortable. Very often the trouble is that poisonous waste matter is not being carried off as it should be. Bowels need help—mild, gentle help—but effective. Just the kind Castoria gives. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for children's ailments. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics. Don't let your child's rest—and your own—be interrupted. A prompt dose of Castoria will urge stubborn little bowels to act. Then relaxed comfort and restful sleep! Genuine Castoria always has the name:



A Study in Black and White
The snow-white mare is Imp. Herodias, one of the best thoroughbreds in America. Her colt hasn't a name yet, but he's jet black and his father is the famous racer Blue Larkspur. They were photographed on W. R. Coe's stock farm in the Kentucky Blue Grass.

6 "Plies"

★ of the six layers of cord fabric under the tread in this tire, two do not run from bead to bead—they are really cord "breaker strips" and that's what we call them, although some tire-makers call them extra plies.

FULL SET \$18.60
29x4-21
4-40-21

Expertly Mounted Free

PAIR \$9.30
\$4.79 EACH
TUBE \$1.03
CASH PRICES

QUALITY at new low prices!

Famous Lifetime Guaranteed

GOODYEAR Pathfinder

SUPERTWIST CORD TIRES

Big husky handsome Goodyears—QUALITY tires within reach of all—built by Goodyear processes, with Goodyear craftsmanship, and measuring up to Goodyear standards in every way—at prices so low you can afford new rubber all around.

29 x 4.40-21 \$4.65 Each In Prs. Single \$4.79 Tube \$1.03	29 x 4.50-20 \$5.19 Each In Prs. Single \$5.35 Tube \$1.02	30 x 4.50-21 \$5.27 Each In Prs. Single \$5.43 Tube \$1.03	28 x 4.75-19 \$6.16 Each In Prs. Single \$6.33 Tube \$1.17
29 x 4.75-20 \$6.24 Each In Prs. Single \$6.43 Tube \$1.02	29 x 5.00-19 \$6.45 Each In Prs. Single \$6.65 Tube \$1.30	30 x 5.00-20 \$6.55 Each In Prs. Single \$6.75 Tube \$1.33	31 x 5.25-21 \$7.91 Each In Prs. Single \$8.15 Tube \$1.43
30 x 5 \$3.95 Each In Prs. Single \$4.07 Tube \$1.0	30 x 3 1/2 Reg. Cl. \$4.06 Each In Prs. Single \$4.19 Tube \$0.8	30 x 3 1/2 O.S. Cl. \$4.16 Each In Prs. Single \$4.29 Tube \$0.8	33 x 4 \$7.35 Each In Prs. Single \$7.58 Tube \$1.32

Other sizes equally low. These prices are for cash. GOOD USED TIRES \$1.00 UP. EXPERT VULCANIZING

Heavy Duty Truck & Bus \$14.07 EACH In Pairs Single Price \$14.50 6.00-20	\$14.98 EACH In Pairs Single Price \$15.45 30 x 5
Goodyear Pathfinder \$16.93 EACH In Pairs Single Price \$17.45 6.50-20	\$16.00 EACH In Pairs Single Price \$17.10 33 x 5

TRADE OLD TIRES for new Goodyear All-Weathers

Mathews Motor Co.

PHONE 16 SANTA ANNA, TEXAS

TUNE IN Goodyear Radio Program on Wednesday
REVELLERS QUARTET
Goodyear Concert-Dance Orchestra—Guest Artists

GOING UP THE TRAIL

W. E. HEALD
in the Sabinal Sentinel

Having heard so much about hard times and depression, it takes me back to '87 that would make the present one look like six bits. I think some of the Old Timers will bear me out in this statement, that they planted a crop in the spring of '87 and it came up in the spring of '88.

I was working on a ranch in Nebraska when I received a letter from my brother, W. D., with whom I had left some horses to pasture, telling me to come and get them as they were starving to death. "Bee Tree" and "Turkey Roost" water holes had gone dry, something that had never been heard of before. Well, like all cowboys, I was "broke" but I had a private horse so the boys all chipped in and bought my horse, then put him up and played poker to see who would get him, while I bought a ticket to the Sunny South.

Arriving at Sabinal, I had just \$3.60 left. I bought a coffee pot, a frying pan, a few groceries, which came to \$3.00, leaving me sixty cents. Then we proceeded to round up the horses and in the meantime I related my financial condition to my brothers and they gave me the "horse laugh" and told me I was well fixed. One of them said "I want to give you an idea of the financial condition of this country at the present time. I was down in Uvalde a few days ago when one of the wealthiest ranchmen in Frio Canyon walked into his brother's store and asked him for ten dollars. His brother said "I haven't got it, but I will see if I can get it for you" so he went out in town and had to borrow from three different men to get it."

Well, hope springs eternal in the human breast, I had a friend at Leaky who had a few old ponies and was going with me. He had been teaching school and as all school teachers had money, I was sure he would too, so it would work out O. K. after all. We got the horses rounded up and reached the Hackberry waterhole the first night. The next morning when we went to turn the horses out we found a little baby pinto colt just a few hours old. When I pulled out my pistol to shoot it my brother said, "Don't do that, we will have trouble with the mare all day and maybe lose her," so being an obedient kid, I spared the colt. Going up the Frio that day the colt got in swimming water three times but got out and we made Leaky that night. Leaky being our playground, the boys got up a big farewell dance for us. That night when they passed the hat around to get a few nickels for the fiddler they caught me sitting by a young lady and not having the nerve to show colors I dropped in fifty cents and tried to look as cheerful as though I had a hundred. Of course I was much impressed with the old adage that "he who dances must pay the fiddler."

The next morning my friend informed me that he did not have a red cent, said he had a twenty dollar school voucher he could not even trade for dry goods, to say nothing of cash or groceries. Well, after our night of dissipation of course we got off late and several of the boys went along to give us a good send off and as we didn't get very far by noon they stayed with us for dinner and ate up the last crumb we had, but we made it to the Bell Ranch that night and found a hearty welcome, plenty of good eats—a hospitality you seldom find now-a-days. The next morning we had a mess of dry grits. Going on up the river one of our best mares slipped down and never could get up. Well, we made it out to the divide that night, and found lots of grass, but no water. We talked a Mexican shepherd-er out of enough eats for supper and breakfast, "such as it was." The next morning we had another big mare down and could not get her up. My friend said "That's hard luck." I said, "It's two less to drive."

Going on down Paint Creek we found a little bunch of horses, which meant there was water there somewhere, so we got on their trail and found a little rock waterhole. In this little bunch of horses there was a mule with a bell on and my friend said, "There is a \$5.00 reward for that mule down in Neuces," so we rounded up the horses in a little thicket and my friend ran them out and I roped the mule. We took the bell off and put it on one of our horses and he took the mule and beat it for Neuces. When he arrived at the brief end of his journey, in fact he had reached the object and goal of his desire, his fond anticipations were not fully realized for the Bo-hunk of the loans that had claimed the mule could not raise but four dollars. Well, he said to himself, "A half loaf is better

than no bread," so he took the four dollars.

In the meantime I left the horses at this little waterhole and drifted on down the creek to where my old friend John Evant had a sheep ranch. There I found a hearty welcome, and plenty of good eats and a very charming young lady, so I was somewhat unconcerned about my friend's return. When my friend returned some two days later we went down to the mouth of the creek where he had some relatives and spent the night with them. The next night we reached Junction City where we spent some of the \$4.00 for eats.

In the meantime I had written the foreman on the ranch in Nebraska to send me \$30.00 to Coleman City. We learned later that our best route did not go by Coleman City but by Ballinger, so we arrived at Ballinger, which was the end of the railroad. We just had enough of our \$4 left to buy me a ticket to Coleman. When I arrived in Coleman it was night and not having the price of a bed, I counted the stars from an empty wagon box. It is needless to say that I was up early interrogating the first man I saw as to the location of the P. O. He informed that it was Sunday and that the office would not open only to throw the mail out to the bus driver to take to the train some two mile away. When the door opened I butted in and asked for my mail, hurriedly opening the letter I found a \$30 money order, which the honorable postmaster refused to cash without identification, which was, of course, impossible. Being put to my wits end I did some deep thinking. In the meantime I asked the bus driver to wait a minute. It finally dawned on me that I had an old white shirt (not very white either) on the tail of which my washwoman had stamped my name, so I proceeded to display my cola de camisa; also a monogram which my little yankee sweetie had put in my hat the Christmas before. Well, I finally convinced the gentleman that I was the rightful owner so he handed me out the long green. Rushing out I discovered the bus-driver some 100 yards away, which was very unkind, to say the least. I don't know whether the milk of human kindness had dried up in his bosom or whether he became suspicious that something was wrong. Be that as it may, I gave chase and finally got aboard a little short of wind but a little longer on finances. Reaching camp, my friend and I had a big jubilee.

A few days later we camped at Margaret, a little town in Hardeman county. The next morning we had another baby colt, but it was not so peppy as the little pinto so we decided we had better sell the mare and colt. We failed, however. An old man with glasses on the end of his nose who had a little grocery store said, "I'll give you \$20 worth of groceries for your mare and colt." Well, we accepted, feeling somewhat elated over the fact that we at least had plenty of eats for many years. "But all is not gold that glitters." Too much groceries and not having a regular pack-saddle, we hurt the pack-horse's back which necessitated a change so we decided to put the pack on a halter-broke mare. All went well until the pack got a little to one side which evidently did not suit this broom-tail kayuse, so she decided to relieve herself of the burden. With a few bucks and snorts she got the pack on the opposite side from where it belonged, then she made a little semi-circle of some three or four hundred yards. It was quite laughable, and not so funny either, to see your good eats flying through the air in every direction. But we finally got her lassoed and, determined not to be outdone, put it back on her and necked her to one with a sore back, then off again.

A few days later we camped on a little creek in Greer county, the disputed territory. It was my friend's night to stake his horse, but the next morning we found the horse had pulled up the pin and was gone. There we were forty mile from nowhere, a-foot. Well, we got around the bunch and got them in a little bend of the creek, where there was a bluff on one side, and my friend said, "Heard, it's up to you; I can teach school but I can't rope a bronco." Well, as most of the bunch were just broncos, to swing a rope meant adios, so it was just "duck or no dinner." Friend ran the horses by me and I roped one and after plowing up terra firma for some thirty or forty yards, with my boot heel, I succeeded in getting the brute from a state of migration to a stationary orbit which ended our troubles for the time at least.

All went well then until we reached the South Canadian

river which was full of quicksand and very treacherous, but we thought to follow some cowboys who were putting a bunch of festive bovines across we too could make it. We were getting along fine when the only poor animal we had left got out of line and went down, and when she went down a blue smoke went up but we hurried the bunch across and went back to get the old thing out if possible. We would get one leg out and by the time we could get another one out that one would be back in, but we stayed until we got her out and across looking like she had been pulled thru hades and beat with a snot bag. However, going on up the road, a few miles we came to a little ranch owned by a widow, convincing her that we had a very fine animal, but just a little too poor for us to fool with, we sold her, thus relieving ourselves of some anxiety and adding a little more of the filthy lucre to our depleted money bag.

A few days later we arrived at Montezuma, Kansas, a new town also a new settlement, people having come from the East and settled on this bald prairie in western Kansas. There we happened to meet up with a good fellow who told us if we could stay there a few days we could sell some horses. Well, we stayed there some three or four days and sold eight or ten head.

There were no corrals except a little wire pen by the side of the livery stable, but we always had "speck-taters" enough to line the fences so we got by. As there were no fences we had to herd our bunch day and night and one morning while I was trying to untangle one of these kayuses which we had sold, my friend went to sleep and let the horses get on an old farmer's wheat patch. Now this old guy had an enclosure around his house and barn and by some "hook or crook" he got the whole bunch in there and when my friend woke up and found them the old man said, "You owe me one dollar per," which meant some thirty-five or forty dollars. Well, being the Judas Iscariot, carrying the money bag they came looking for me. Thanks to my Irish wit one time in my life I said: "we are strangers in here and not familiar with the laws in Kansas, but we are willing to do the right thing, so you fellows go down town and ask some lawyer or justice of the peace if that is correct, come back and I'll pay the bill." No sooner than they were out of sight I beat it up and turned the horses out and got them on the opposite side of town, then went back to where I was so when they found me they informed me that the charge was correct and demanded the money without any further argument. Then it was my time to talk. I says, "Listen, as a matter of fact, there is no damage. You know that, as the horses only walked across the corner of your wheat patch. You are just trying to hold up a couple of kids and we don't propose to be held up, but just to show you that our hearts are in the right place, we will make you a present of \$2.50. You can take that or go to where they don't shovel snow; take your choice." Learning by that time that he did not have the horses in his possession he chose the former, by doing so he may have gotten both.

As we had a good many miles yet to go, we thought perhaps we had better be on our way. Taking a farewell look as we were leaving town we saw several of those Texas kayuses still tied to the sack of sod where we left them some three or four days before. The owners never had been able to get to the sacks, much less the broncos. We patted each other on the back that we got away from there with a pretty nice roll of the long green and didn't get held up either.

On the third day of July we arrived on the south side of the Kansas river. The next morning we went over to town to get a broiled "T-bone" and they told us that there was going to be a big ball game there that day, Kansas City playing Garden City, so we decided to take a day off and stay and see the game. And believe me, that was some ball game. I don't think that I would be exaggerating to say that the ball was never on the ground from the start to the finish and unless my eyes deceived me the catcher took the ball from in front of the bat two different times. You know Kansas was a prohibition state even that far back, and we, being "ank strangers" had considerable difficulty in getting the "pass word," but after we finally succeeded everything went on very smoothly from then on the balance of the day. Mind you, we saw the ball game before we got the "pass word."

Going back the next morning to get our horses we found that our little pinto colt had gotten into the wire fence and cut one leg nearly off. Well, when I

pulled my pistol to shoot it my friend said, "Don't do that, we will have trouble with the mare all day and tonight we will lose her; it will keep up." I spared it, and the poor little thing went on dragging one leg and finally got well, and when it was two years old I sold it for thirty dollars which was my reward for obedience.

Our trip was uneventful until we crossed the B. & M. in Nebraska. We camped on a little creek and went back to town to get some groceries. Going back to camp as we crossed the railroad we heard a train whistle, the first one since we left Ballinger. My friend said, "Let's go by the depot." So we rode by, when he reached the depot, he got off his horse, unsaddled him, threw his saddle on the platform and turned his horse loose. I said, "Hold on now, Old Sport, what's the rip?" He said, "I am going back to Leakey." Well, I knew he had a sweetie back in Leakey, but I didn't know it was eating on him like that. But I soon found that "moral suasion" was of no avail so he went back to Leakey and I went on driving the remainder of the horses some two hundred miles alone. Arriving at the ranch on the 23rd day of July, just 90 days after we left Leakey.

Relating the little incident to my sweetie as to how I got the money order cashed she clapped her hands and says, "You owe me the best horse in the bunch." "Well," I says, "I never owed anybody anything that I would not pay, so pick out your horse." She picked out one and I delivered it to her pending further developments. A little later I learned that she had two other sweeties besides me so I demanded the return of my Arabian steed instantly, which she did with the declaration that I was radically wrong. "Well," I says "you are a mighty cute little yank, but you can't put anything like that over on a Texas bohunk, I'll go back where the girls are not so fortunate as to

have three sweeties at one time" In 1930 I went back to Kansas to look after some 2,000 head of cattle for H. W. and Geo. Kennedy and riding over some of the hills that my friend and I had gone over, not only months, but years before, I naturally thought of said friend, so I got a beautiful postal picture of Emporia, Kansas, the place where we were making our headquarters, and mailed it to my friend at the last place I had heard of him, which was Kaufman county. In a few days I received a letter from him in San Antonio asking me to write him a long letter and not to go through San Antonio on my return trip without stopping to see him. It so happened that we passed thru San Antonio in the wee small hours so we did not stop. However, we were back through in a few months, and I walked into his place of business. He looked up, bid me the time of day and asked if there was anything he could do for me. I asked him if he could direct me to the Chrysler garage as I wanted to have some work done on my car. He said he could not. Then I asked him how long he had been living in San Antonio, and he said, "About two years." I asked where he was from and he answered, "California, previous to that I lived in Kaufman county and at one time I lived in Edwards county around Leakey." I asked him if he knew any of the Heard boys. He said he did; that he went "Up the trail with W. E." I then asked him if he knew what became of W. E. He said, "The last time I heard of him he was looking after cattle in Kansas; he promised to stop and see me on his way home, but he has not shown up yet." I said, "would you know him if you could see him?" He said, "Oh, yes." "Well," I said, "you are looking at him." So we had another big jubilee, minus the "O be Joyful," which we had in Garden City, Kansas, on the 4th of July forty-four years ago.

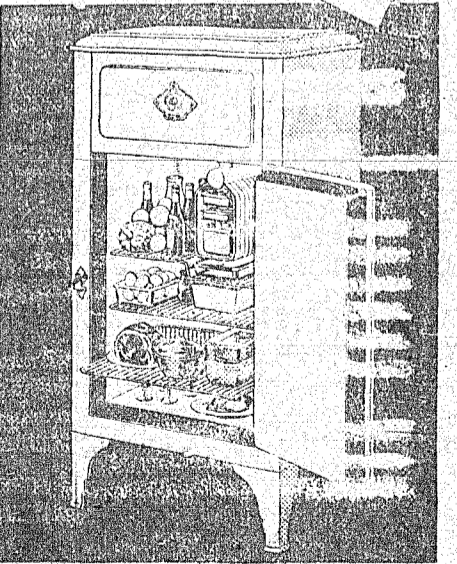
SENSATIONAL NEW IMPROVEMENTS

NOW FEATURED
IN THE
Westinghouse
Dual-automatic
Refrigerator



Westinghouse announced the Dual-automatic refrigerator. The biggest refrigeration news in years! Now another sensational announcement...

- four startling new improvements!
- All-steel Cabinets! Electric-Lighted Interiors!
- Easy Rolling Shelf! Built-in Crisping Pan!
- Talk about value! Talk about performance! See the latest Westinghouse Refrigerator today!



FREE! A BOOKLET THAT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

Please send me a copy of your De Luxe Booklet describing Dual-automatic refrigeration... and explain the many money-saving features of Westinghouse.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

W. R. KELLEY & CO.
SANTA ANNA, TEXAS

Local Happenings

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Spear and two small sons, J. T. Jr. and Gordon of Houston are visiting in the home of the lady's parents Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Everett.

Mrs. Shaffer returned to Sweetwater Wednesday after a few days visit with her daughter Mrs. Altus Bowden.

John W. Cox of Gouldbusk was in our city Tuesday. Dr. Cox returned last week after a few days visit in Stephenville, Fort Worth, and Dallas.

Ross Kelley and family went to Waco Sunday to visit a few days with Dr. V. A. Kelley and family.

Mrs. J. D. Thornton returned Monday from an extended visit in Arkansas.

Mrs. J. E. Spencer left Tuesday for an extended visit in Perryton and Ochiltree.

Mrs. H. W. Kingsberry returned Wednesday from San Antonio.

Miss Glenda Ford who has been teaching for the past term in the Dallas Public Schools has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ford, but has now returned to Dallas to teach in the Summer Schools.

Mrs. S. A. Hobbs of Mart is visiting her sister Mrs. J. E. Ford.

Max and Jack DuBois are home from A & M at College Station for the summer.

Mrs. Huby Clarke of Miles spent last weekend in the F. E. Combs home and was accompanied home by her little daughter Louise who had spent the week with Mary Lee Combs.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gray of Port Arthur came Monday for a visit with Mr. Gray's parents Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Gray and family.

Miss Madge Wagner of Abilene visited here Monday.

Mrs. Comer Blue left Sunday for an extended visit with her sister Mrs. Jack Ables, of Kaufman.

Mrs. J. G. Lewin and Mrs. T. E. Davis of Miles spent last week end with Mrs. E. N. Voss.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Verner and little daughter of Brady, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Virginia and Cecil Champion of Brownwood spent Saturday with their grandmother, Mrs. Nannie Smith.

Mrs. Whitten McKinny and children are visiting their mother and grandmother, Mrs. Sallie Golston of Fort Worth.

Oliver McClellan, who has been attending State University at Austin, returned to his home here Sunday.

Miss Mary Jean Bishop left Thursday for Wichita Falls, where she plans to spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. T. M. Stack.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Harper and daughter Elsie Lee returned Monday from Eldorado.

Miss Ruby Harper spent Sunday with friends in Gouldbusk.

A. G. Weaver returned last week from Waco, where he has been attending Baylor University.

Mrs. J. L. Harris left Sunday for Commerce where she will attend school this summer.

Miss Pauline England left this week for San Marcos where she will attend school during the summer months.

Mrs. Frank Turner and son John Franklin left Monday to attend school at Texas Tech in Lubbock.

Eugene Watkins has returned home from Lubbock where he attended Texas Tech.

Mrs. Horace Atnip and little son H. L. of Ballinger spent the latter part of last week in the E. K. Blewett home.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Chumley and Miss Marie Blewett of Menard spent Sunday in the E. K. Blewett home.

Miss Annie Maddox of Menard spent Sunday with her sister, Miss V. Maddox.

Mrs. Bob Gardner and Miss Mildred Bowman spent Saturday in Brady.

Mrs. Willie Gipson spent last week in Brady.

Mrs. Mildred Simpson is home after completing her business course at Abilene.

Miss June Bond returned to her home here Saturday following her first term's work in T. W. C. at Fort Worth.

Mrs. Thomas Culverwell left Monday for Whitesboro where she will stay for an indefinite visit. Dr. T. R. Sealy accompanied her and returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. J. L. Gober and Mrs. A. A. Williamson and son returned to their home in Fort Worth Tuesday after a few days visit with relatives and friends here and in Coleman.

Mrs. Jack Gober of Coleman visited in the Tucker Newman home Tuesday.

Miss Edrine Tyson who has been teaching school in Ballinger, came last week to spend the summer with her father, Dr. Jason Tyson.

Mrs. T. T. McCreary and daughters Mattie Ella and Irene, and son Dosh T. returned to their home here last week. They have been in Waco where Irene and Dosh T. attended school.

The following students from Simmons University at Abilene are home for the summer. Misses Eunice Wheeler and Dorothy Baxter, Messrs. Aubrey and Audas Smith, William Earl Ragsdale and Leon Bartlett.

Mrs. E. K. Thompson, of Coleman Candidate for County Treasurer was in Santa Anna Saturday.

J. L. Dry left Monday for his home in Carey.

Mrs. E. J. Johnson returned Sunday from San Angelo, where she visited two weeks with her children and grandchildren.

J. H. Green of Coleman was nixing with friends in the city Wednesday.

Intermediate B.T.S. To Study Prophets

The topic for June 12 is "The Major Prophets." The following program will be rendered:

- Introduction—Armenta Ragsdale.
- The Prophet Isalah—Ruth Niell.
- The Prophet Jeremiah—
 1. His Call—Rosalie Niell.
 2. His Message—Helen McKeand.
 3. His Own Suffering—Helen McKeand.
- The Prophet Ezekiel—Carmilla Flores.
- The Prophet Daniel—
 1. The Great Test—Ora Alice Newman.
 2. Daniel's Message—Ora Alice Newman.
 3. Favorite Stories from the Book of Daniel—Armenta Ragsdale.
 4. A Great Verse in the Book of Daniel—Armenta Ragsdale.

HONOR ROLL FOR WARD SCHOOL

FIRST GRADE
Joyce Wade, Arnold Williams, Robert Day, Billie Bob Gurns, Mary Jean Bishop, Emma Kate Parsons, Winston Conley, Jackie Simpson, Gloria Hensley, Z. B. Harvey.

SECOND GRADE
Bobbie Joe Cheaney, G. T. England, Eugene Harris, Rebecca Harris, Earl Irick Jr, Ruth Lovelady Mary Field Mathews, Lilly Pearl Niell, Rachel Louise Parker Glen Pope, Tom Robin, Jerrell Rice, Mary John Wade, Juanita Alexander, Mary Kathryn Williamsom, Mary Lu Ridings.

THIRD GRADE
Bettie Jean See, Willyne Ragsdale, O. L. Cheaney, Mickie Parker, Burline Seale, Dorothy Ross, Billie Pieratt, Bettie Ruth Blue, Margaret Mobley, Robert Gilbert, Joe Bruton Flores, J. T. Garrett, Foster Garrett, Vernon Oakes, Walter Burton Verner, James Zachary, Evelyn Wyatt, Wallace Woodruff.

FOURTH GRADE
Dorothy Sumner, Helen Oakes, Nannie Robbins, Joyce Hensley, Ara Belle Ragsdale, Mary L. Curry, Gladys Beth Williamson, Ima Niell, Billy Burk Pope, Loyd Morgan.

FIFTH GRADE
Gale Collier, John Gregg, Elizabeth Morris, Louise Oakes, John

Bob Sparkman, Mary Todd.

SIXTH GRADE
Carlene Ashmore, Marilyn Baxter, Jane K. Burden, Pauline Eubanks, Mattie John Justice, Anita Kirkpatrick, P. B. Lightfoot, Helen McKeand, Rosalie Niell, Ben Parker, Jr., Juanita Pritchard, Annelle Shield, Dorris Spencer, Irene Stiles, Heler Martha Zachary.

SEVENTH GRADE
Emma John Blake, Alton Diserens, Mary Southern Garrett, H. L. Voss, Emma Jeanne Werner.

SECOND SEMESTER SECOND GRADE
Bobbie Joe Cheaney, G. T. England, Rebecca Harris, Earl Irick, Jr., Ruth Lovelady, Mary Field Mathews, Lilly Pearl Niell, Tom Robin, Jerrell Rice, Mary John Wade, Juanita Alexander.

THIRD GRADE
Vernon Oakes, Walter Burton Verner, James Zachary, Bettie Jaen See, O. L. Cheaney, Mickie Parker, Burline Seale, Dorothy Ross, Bettie Ruth Blue, Margaret Mobley, Joe Bruton Flores, J. T. Garrett, F. C. Garrett.

FOURTH GRADE
Dorothy Sumner, Helen Oakes, Mary L. Curry, Joyce Hensley,

anne Robbins, Ima Niell, Billy Pope, Ara Belle Ragsdale.

FIFTH GRADE
Gale Collier, Elizabeth Morris, Ouse Oakes, John Bob Sparkman, Mary Todd.

SIXTH GRADE
Carlene Ashmore, Marilyn Baxter, Jane Burden, Pauline Eubanks, Mattie John Justice, Anca Kirkpatrick, Helen McKeand, Jen Parker, Jr., Juanita Pritchard, Annelle Shield, Dorris Spencer, Irene Stiles, Helen Martha Zachary.

SEVENTH GRADE
Emma John Blake, Alton Diserens, Mary Southern Garrett.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
Office of the Comptroller of the Currency
Washington, D. C.
June 3, 1932.

Notice is hereby given to all persons who may have claims against "The State National Bank of Santa Anna," Texas, that the same must be presented to John A. Best, Receiver, within the legal proof thereof within three months from this date or they may be disallowed.

J. W. POLE,
Comptroller of the Currency

HOW ONE WOMAN LOST 20 POUNDS OF FAT

LOST HER PROMINENT HIPS—DOUBLE CHIN—SLUGGISHNESS
GAINED PHYSICAL VIGOR—A SHAPELY FIGURE.

If you're fat—first remove the cause!

Take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning. To hasten results go lightly on fatty meats, potatoes, cream and pastries—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—you feel younger in body—Kruschen will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

But be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first—and SAFETY first is the Kruschen promise.

Get a bottle of Kruschen Salts from any leading druggist anywhere in America (lasts 4 wks.) and the cost is but a trifle.

Specials for Friday & Saturday

COMBINATION New POTATO SALE and BEAN

LOOK 2 lb. New Potatoes & 2 lb. Green Beans for .06

BANANAS! BANANAS!

Enough for the Whole Country Get Our Price!

ORANGES Large Size 2 doz. FULL OF JUICE! for .25 Regular 30c Doz.

LARD Swift's Jewel 8-lb. Bkt. .49 The Brand You 16-lb. Bkt. .98 All Like!

PIGGLY WIGGLY MAKES the PRICE—YOU ALL KNOW IT

PINTO BEANS 10 lbs 24 100 lb \$2.35

EVERYBODY Likes Pinto Beans at THIS Price

SYRUP GOLDEN STAR 42 Pure Sugar Cane GAL.

OUR MARKET SPECIALS

BACON SLICED BACON NOT THE ENUS! A GOOD GRADE Pound .11

ROAST From the Home-Killed Fed Baby Beeves. Lb. .09

FRYERS 100 FRYERS Dressed for Friday & Saturday .21 Each

COME EARLY AND GET ONE OF THESE NICE FRYERS