

The Bronte Weekly Enterprise

VOL. 18.

BRONTE, COKE COUNTY, TEXAS, JULY 2, 1937.

NUMBER 26.

Local Baptists and Pastor Lewis Stuckey Have Revival Plans Complete

The leaders and other interested members of the local Baptist congregation, with Pastor and Mrs. Lewis Stuckey leading, have been much engaged for the past several days, getting plans perfected for the annual evangelistic meeting of their church. The church, at least once a year, has a meeting of days given over purely to evangelistic endeavor. Early in the year the congregation set the date for

congregation and he himself felt that they were most fortunate in securing Rev. Grant to lead in the evangelistic campaign.

"For," said Rev. Stuckey, "anything and everything commendable of Rev. Grant can be said, both as to his private life and character—his ideals of Christian deportment, his pleasing personality, his love for people in their spiritual needs, and



REV. J. RALPH GRANT

the meeting this year, to begin July 9, which is next Friday. The meeting is scheduled to continue for ten days, through July 18.

Far as local details and arrangements are concerned, everything has been completed and the congregation and pastor are waiting for the opening service.

Rev. J. Ralph Grant, pastor of the Park Heights Baptist church in San Angelo has been secured to do the preaching and lead in the meeting. While Rev. Grant, far as The Enterprise is advised, never visited in Bronte, yet he is no stranger to Bronte people, especially the Baptists, as they know him through his many years of successful pastoral work with the San Angelo congregation.

Speaking of Rev. Grant, Pastor Stuckey said that both his



REV. LEWIS STUCKEY

with all this, he is a preacher of far more than ordinary power— (Continued on page four)

STORES CLOSE MONDAY

The following agreement to close their places of business Monday, as July 4 comes on Sunday, was circulated, and was signed by those whose names are below:

We the undersigned agree to close our places of business on Monday, July 5, 1937:

T. C. Price & Co.; F. L. Clark; Cumbie & Wilkins; Bronte Bakery, Keene's Variety Store; J. A. Perciful; McCuiston Drug Co.; Conoco Service Station; City Cafe; Mrs. R. J. Epperson; City Drug Co.; Ernest Ivey; Ed Stevens; Cumbie & Co.; W. Modgling; Geo. Thomas; G. L. Bridges, E. E. Pruitt Service Station.

Names and Faces of the Yesteryears

Within the last few days the emotional nature of the writer has run the gamut of all the finer sensibilities that memory is capable of producing. Indeed, memory has been truant and has gleaned in the silent fields of the past.

On our visit to Sonora Monday on the sad mission reported elsewhere in this issue of The Enterprise, we retraced the steps we first made thirty-five years ago.

It was in August 1902 we made our first trip to that town. It was the day before the Landon hotel in San Angelo burned that night. We traveled via stage coach which carried the United States mails.

On our journey the other day we passed the old "stage stands," or rather where they used to be. The "stage stands" were relay stations where the driver got a fresh team of horses. The horses were the really wild kind—the kind that if they had at some of the modern rodeos there would be fewer winners among the bronc riders. The stage stand keeper, knowing the time for the arrival of the stage

coach which maintained a schedule almost as exact as a railway train, always had the fresh team groomed and ready to swing right into harness. So, within a few minutes the driver was on his way again.

On our first trip we left San Angelo just as day was breaking and reached Sonora just after nightfall. Just after leaving Eldorado the driver had trouble with one of his vicious broncs, and almost wrecked the old stage coach. The bed of the vehicle broke in two. The driver threw the parts of the bed off and we rode into Sonora on the running gear, both seated on the mail pouches, holding them down.

As we passed through Eldorado Monday and saw the fine, modern homes and substantial business houses we could hardly realize that it was the frontier village through which we passed thirty-five years before.

From Eldorado to Sonora and the town of Sonora itself most deeply impressed us. On our first trip there was not a fence or residence from Eldorado until we got within about five miles of Sonora. (Continued on page two)

Dallas Young Man Brought Back to Sonora for Burial

The early Saturday morning press reports brought information from Dallas that made the writer apprehensive. The reports stated that Francis McGonagill, a young man of thirty, was found dead in the home of his mother and himself, in the afternoon Friday. We stated then to friends that we were apprehensive lest the young man was a member of one of the families of the dearest friends we ever had.

Saturday afternoon our fears were confirmed by a telephone call from the family in Dallas, advising us of the tragedy, stating that the body would be returned to Sonora, the childhood home of deceased and the childhood home of his mother, for interment, in the family plot in the Sonora cemetery, Monday afternoon, and requested that we be present and speak the last words.

The intelligence of the tragedy was shocking to us beyond words—no particular shock at the manner of his death, for the press reports had given sufficient information regarding the matter, stating that the young man had been ill and was ill at the time of the tragic deed. To us, far as the manner of his passing, it was no more shocking than had he fallen dead instantly from natural causes; for, he was not only ill physically, but he was mentally ill. From the lips of his mother we learned that it was her birthday and he and she had talked about his being her birthday, as she sat by his side. She left him against his plea for her not to do so, to prepare his food—he told her that he was anxious for her to remain with him. And without thought, of course of the mental collapse that followed, she went to the kitchen to prepare the necessary food for her sick boy. No!—we have no cause for shock at the manner of his passing than had he passed from natural causes. For, it was "natural causes," in reality that clipped for this dear boy "the thread of life," and causing, as is always true in families where they are much devoted to each other, as are the members of this family, suffering and sorrow that only the long, weary days can relieve.

The shock that the intelligence of this death brought us was because of the long years of intimate friendship between the family of deceased and the writer. The writer knew the grandmother on the paternal side of the family, Mrs. McGonagill, and both the grand-parents on the maternal side, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis, before the parents of deceased were married. The writer administered the marriage vows to the parents of deceased. That was in 1904.

One of the most tragic and shocking experiences to that time the writer ever had was the accidental death of the father of deceased. It was in 1910. The writer had gone elsewhere and the family and he had drifted apart. We were advised by telephone from Sonora that the father of this dear boy we buried the other day had been killed in a train wreck near El Paso. We attended and spoke the last words at his bier. The young man we buried Monday was then only five years old—just a little, chubby-faced, black-haired, smiling baby boy—the pride of his parents, for he was their first-born. A few years later, the

Announcement of the 14th Annual Sanco Camp Meeting Is Given Out

The people of Sanco, the Board of Directors, the young people's committee, all the workers, and many others who have come to the Sanco Camp Meeting through the years send out a cordial invitation to the Fourteenth Annual Sanco Camp Meeting July 15-25, and to the Home-coming Day for Sanco and Coke County and all who have ever been here, on Sunday, July 18.

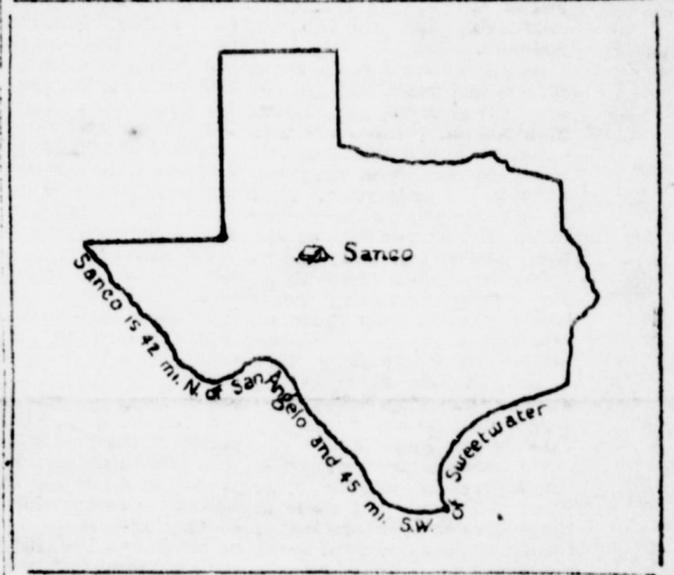
The meeting will open Thursday night, July 15. On the following Sunday will be special homecoming service, in which a number of Coke county people will take part. Monday morning the Bible Conference will open. Tuesday will be barbecue day. Then on Friday, the last barbecue day, Rev. W. E. Hawkins, Jr., is to conduct some of

through the mountains of northern Coke County, in a peaceful pasture country where the hills have a thousand echoes, there are people who believe the Bible, love the Lord, and welcome you to this believing fellowship.

Prosperity has blessed the hillside pastures.

"O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

Send your Sunday School teachers, country community leaders, bring a delegation from your church or community to camp on the grounds, to get good and give good. The young people, grown up in the meetings here, have extended a county-wide invitation. In the old-fashioned Western way we invite you. Our only profit is the blessing we gain and the



the services.

Rev. W. O. Love, who did the preaching last year, will be the evangelist again this year. Bro. Love is pastor of the Sycamore Heights Baptist Church in Fort Worth. Specially invited workers include Baptists, Methodists, and independents.

There is no line of prejudice drawn. The statement of faith by the Board of Directors plants the meeting on the solid Rock of Ages, but welcomes all who come in His name to work, and everybody who comes to hear.

The work done here is to give out the gospel of salvation through Christ, to encourage upright Christian life and service, to encourage all country Sunday Schools where all sincere and believing Christians in the community may have a part and to inspire and send back better Christians to every church from which they come for this vacation from care and communion with Christ.

On the banks of Yellow Wolf Creek, where the newly designated Highway 208 runs

blessing we give, and we need and welcome all you people from the towns and communities of all Coke County and all the counties around it.

In His Name,
L. S. Bird,
Secretary Board of Directors.
The Directors, and the Young People's Committee.



FLOWING SPRING at the Sanco Camp Meeting Grounds.

maternal grandfather, J. L. Davis, died—a man who was a prince in spirit and one of the best and truest friends we ever had. He was the sheriff of his county for many years. Those were the days of outlaws, but he feared none of them. We repeat here what we wrote of him when he was dead: the archives of Sutton county will show no peace officer within the history of the county with a cleaner record than J. L. Davis. At the time of his death the writer was making his home in central Texas. The daughter of the deceased sheriff, mother of the

boy we buried Monday, wrote us, giving the sad news of the passing of her father and stated that no man knew the fine spirit of her father more than we and requested that we write concerning his life. We wrote what what we knew about this West Texas sheriff and fine man—what we knew about him in his home life and his devotion to his family. Therefore, when the news came of the death of the dear boy at Dallas it was more like the tragic passing of one of our own kin. And we stated in the last words we spoke at his casket side, (Continued on page four)

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D. M. WEST
Publisher-Manager

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THE YESTERYEARS
(Continued from page one)

miles of Sonora, and there was not a foot of land, far as we know, in cultivation—just the great, wide, unfenced open spaces before the traveler.

And Sonora!—well, it was the same old town, and yet it was not the same town we first knew in the long yesteryears of which we write. The court house and Main street were natural, except the court house has been improved and modernized and the lawn has been made beautiful as a landscape. And the corner that was the center of the life of the frontier town, when first we knew it, the Decker hotel, is now a vacant lot. Sonora, keeping pace with the progress of modern times, has builded beautiful homes and modern business houses, with the main street in the business section paved, and made modern and attractive, with a magnificent school plant and beautiful churches.

But, as we stood on the street corners and gazed into the faces of the passersby our heart grew sad and pensive within us—for, we looked almost in vain for the faces of those who greeted us in the yesteryears. Most of them are gone—either having taken "the long trek," or else they have moved away and no longer make their homes there. But, during our waking hours before going on our journey, Monday, we were much in reminiscent mood, recalling the names and faces of those we knew in those long, long yesteryears, when the writer was only entering well into life.

We found a few of those whom we knew in the other years still there—and those in the generation older than that of the writer have now come to the evening time of life. It was a delight almost akin to meeting long absent loved ones to meet and greet the old acquaintances and friends of those long, never-to-be-forgotten years. We spoke briefly in the religious services of those we knew in the past and that because of their absence we felt as "one who walks in a banquet hall deserted." For, those halcyon days of life's beginning, with the writer were "banquet days"—for, it was then that "ambition's young dream" was on our brow and in Sonora, like other frontier towns, "Out where the West begins," a man "could make friends without half trying." And as is true in the life of everyone, our most lasting friendships were formed back in those

days of youth and young manhood. In fact, as one grows older he does not make friends so readily. Hence the young man or young woman who has an ambition to achieve in life can make no greater mistake than not to make friends—(real, genuine, intimate, confiding and abiding)—whose confidence and appreciation and esteem will follow through life. We have read of "The Land of Beginning Again." Our trip to Sonora was to us "our land of beginning again." As we looked into the faces of persons of whom we had not thought, perhaps, in a quarter of a century, and some would say substantially: "You do not remember me, of course—but, I remember you." Then they would call the name of their parents, and the name would be readily recalled.

The generation of young people there a third of a century ago, and many who are even younger, are now the men and women of affairs in both the town and the county, who are "carrying on" in a most worthy way in all the activities of life—in their industrial and commercial activities, in building their homes, maintaining their schools and supporting their churches.

In the days of which we write, there were but two little churches in the town—the Episcopal and the Methodist. The Baptists had no place of worship of their own, worshiping in the Methodist church. But, now the Episcopalists have remodeled and beautified their edifice, the Methodists have an imposing and beautiful brick structure on the same old church site, while the Baptists have built them a modern brick structure which is adequate in all its appointments and is imposingly beautiful.

We regret that we did not have the privilege of meeting any of the ministers of the town. We did not learn as to the Episcopal minister. Rev. R. F. Davis is pastor of the Methodist church—we heard kindly references made to him and his work. Rev. R. C. Brinkley is pastor of the Baptist congregation. Rev. Brinkley was in Fort Worth, in a meeting and hence was not present. Rev. Lewis Stuckey informs the writer that he has known Rev. Brinkley for some time and that he is an excellent gentleman and splendid preacher. From members of his congregation and others we heard kindly words of commendation of Rev. Brinkley.

Being a printer and having known the Devil's River News these many years, we naturally wanted to "take a look-in," and therefore late in the afternoon we ambled down the sidewalk to where the old and familiar sign was hanging out on the street—but it was "after hours" and the editor had "closed shop," and hence we did not have the pleasure of meeting him. The present editor we learned is Mr. Robert W. Jacob—we regret we did not get to meet him—for, we knew the first editors of The News, the Murphy brothers,

many years. We peered through the office windows and discovered that the plant of the News is modern and that it is now a thoroughly equipped office with typesetting machine and other modern equipment.

Among the new acquaintances and which we appreciate was that of Prof. F. T. Jones, superintendent of the Sonora schools. Speaking of the Sonora schools brings back to us the memory that in the years of our relations with the town and community we delivered the graduating address before the class of that year. We heard nothing but words of approval and pride as touching the school—its life and work under the present administration. Prof. Jones is a pleasing gentleman and an enthusiast with reference to school work.

We were happy to greet again our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Caldwell. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell were in Bronte recently at the highway 70 celebration. Until that time we had not seen them for many, many years.

That "truth is stranger than fiction," we had another instance of proof. When the funeral services of our dear boy friend had been concluded at the cemetery, a gentleman, not old as the writer, stepped up to us, and grasping our hand said: "You, of course, do not remember me—I was just a 'cow puncher' out on the Circle D ranch, when you used to be here. But, I remember you. I am J. D. Lowry." We inquired "And what are you doing now?" He replied that he was county clerk. And from others we learned that he is efficient, courteous and obliging and had the confidence of all the people. That made us to remember our good friend, Sam Stokes deceased.

ed, who was county clerk for many years in that county. At that moment Mr. Stokes' daughter, whose married name, we fail to remember, came and introduced herself—we were glad to see her again. But, if we were a writer of Western stories we would not study out fictitious characters, but we would take the life story of J. D. Lowry, and others like him and we would write a book on "From a Cowboy's Saddle to the County Clerk's Office"—it would make a story more fascinating than any fiction that ever was written touching western life.

Another gentleman we met and also enjoyed forming his acquaintance was Hon. L. W. Elliott, attorney. We wanted to call him "Doctor," but he objected—or, rather he "demurred." We found that his work is to remove a man's legal "disabilities," rather than his appendix. He was a most affable spirit—something not always found in the make-up of a lawyer. For, having to deal with the worst side of men, generally in the courts of justice, many lawyers, seemingly, lose their hold on the pleasing, affable side of life—but not so, with this gentleman and lawyer of whom we write. We found him in the church choir, delighting in the sentiment and melody of the old hymns of the church. "Believe it or not," usually when that is true of one he has in him "the stuff of which men are made." Anyhow, it was a genuine pleasure to know him.

Another it was a pleasure to see again was Roy Aldwell. In the days of long ago, Roy was just a youngster in "knee

pants." We told him—jocularly, of course—that we used to "spank" him. As a boy Roy was likable, and we found him still that way as a man.

A another acquaintance we made and whom we appreciate is Dr. J. F. Howell. Dr. Howell is the family physician of the members of the family circle of the stricken family, who reside in and around Sonora. He is Mississippian by birth and is a fine, courteous gentleman and an attentive family physician. He now, however, is a full-fledged West Texan and booster.

We were also glad to meet Fred Berger. Mr. Berger is the undertaker and is careful and considerate in his offices, when the services of an undertaker mean so much to those whom he is serving.

And thus at indefinite length we could continue to write but lack of space forbids. But, indeed, we have returned from "the land of beginning again" to live over afresh in memory the years that are gone forever—for, the trip of which we write, and "the names and faces of the yesteryears" having come back to us afresh, we shall get more heart's delight out of our memories of those "names and faces" than could ever have been ours again. It was a trip, far as the above aspects are concerned, forgetting for the moment the tragic cause of our going, that made "just a little bit of heaven" for us.

Mrs. F. O. Key has gone on an extended visit with relatives at Lamesa, Seminole and other places.

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"INVENT A WORD FOR HOUSEWIFE CONTEST"

A growing "suspicion" that West Texas women resent being called "housewives" prompts a radio contest to find a new name for the home-maker, G. E. Chisholm, local manager for the West Texas Utilities Company, announced yesterday.

Prizes valued at approximately \$500 will be awarded in the contest, he said. The grand prize will be a largesized electric refrigerator (Frigidaire).

The contest will begin July 5, lasting six weeks. It will be conducted over Radio Stations KGGK, San Angelo, and KRBC, Abilene, and will be supplemented by newspaper advertising in their broadcasting radius. Details of the contest, Chisholm said, will be given on the company's woman's news program over the two stations Monday morning at 9:15 o'clock in San Angelo.

Women will be invited to invent a substitute name for "housewife," and explain why they prefer that particular name in a 100-word letter, it was learned. Second prize will be choice of electric dishwasher or washing machine, and third prize will be a food mixer. The next 10 best names will each win their author a small electric appliance.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Knerim attended the funeral of Francis McGonagill at Sonora Monday. Mrs. Knerim and the young man's mother were very dear friends in their girlhood and young womanhood days.

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"SALT-MARSH" CATERPIL-LAR OR "WOOLLY" WORMS

Damage often occurs in the spring or early summer by a caterpillar, commonly called "woolly bear." This pest normally feeds on dozens of kinds of weeds. Suggestions for control are as follows:

FALL AND WINTER CONTROL: Turn under deeply all green cotton stalks and other plant growth. Destroy all weeds along turn rows, fence rows, roadsides, in pastures, or any other places near fields that are to be cultivated the following season. Drag a heavy roller over the weeds growth on fairly level land and kill the larvae and the pupae in the cocoons on the grounds and weeds.

SPRING AND SUMMER CONTROL: Keep down all weed growth in or around cultivated fields and within at least 100 yards of such fields. Plow deep double furrow around the cultivated fields with the straight sides of the furrows toward the field. Dig numerous post holes in both furrows at intervals of a few yards as recommended for wingless May beetles, army worms, chinch bugs, etc. If desirable, drag a log along the furrow so as to crush the worms. Or a blast torch can be used to burn them in the furrows.

In case the worms get into a field along the edges, control by heavily spraying the infested rows. Or in case "millers" of the early generation have flown over the fields and started centers of infestation, heavy spraying will kill the worms IF APPLIED WHEN THE WORMS ARE YOUNG and if the following materials are used:

Two pounds Paris green to 50 gallons of water, to which is added at least one-half gallon of milk of lime. Milk of lime is



ONE VIEW OF THE CHURCH AND TABERNACLE AT SAN CO. WHERE THE 14TH ANNUAL SANCO CAMP MEETING IS TO BE HELD. BEGINNING JULY 15 TO JULY 25

Mr. and Mrs. Odas Brunson and children will leave Sunday for a three week's vacation with the parents and other relatives of Mrs. Brunson at Mineral Wells. Odas made us "mad" almost telling us about how he is going to eat "yaller-legged" chickens and good old Parker county "watermilions." How lucky some mortals be! Odas assured us that he will think of us when he shall come into those gloriously happy gastronomic realities. But, what we'd like to know is: how is his thinking of us to do us any good, when we are so far from the "yaller-legs" and the "watermilion" patches? If Mr. Brunson will explain that one thing to our satisfaction, he will relieve us of an awful perplexity that has come on us. Anyhow, we wish Mr. Brunson and family a happy vacation.

KICKAPOO BAPTIST CHURCH

The churches of the Fairland Association have employed Bro. J. H. Hallford of Levelland as missionary. Bro. Hallford began his work with us Tuesday. He will be with us this week in some of our services and Saturday night and the Sunday service before our revival meeting begins.

Our meeting begins on Wednesday night, July 14. We will give a fuller notice of these services next week. A cordial invitation is extended to everyone

C. L. Carroll, Pastor.

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DETAILS OF ONE OF MANY UNIQUE CONTESTS IN WEST TEXAS HISTORY WILL BE ANNOUNCED OVER THESE TWO STATIONS MONDAY MORNING. THE WOMAN WHO COINS THE BEST SUBSTITUTE WORD FOR "HOUSEWIFE" WINS A GRAND...?

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DALLAS NOW TO OCT 3 * DALLAS PRICES HAVE NOT ADVANCED *

Miss Peggy Joyce Chisholm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Chisholm, has returned from a week's visit with her grandparents at Brownwood. She had a great trip.

Nathalie Caperton of Abilene is spending the week with De

Lois Sims. Recently De Lois visited with Nathalie and had a great visit.

Mrs. J. Len Keeney of Eldorado and Mrs. C. W. Luttrell returned home Saturday from a delightful visit with relatives at Dublin.

WETA SPYKES AND McNEIL WYLIE ARE WED

The marriage of Weta Spykes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Spykes of Hermleigh, and McNeil Wylie, son of Mrs. Dollie Wylie of Robert Lee, was solemnized at the altar of the First Methodist church of Snyder, Sunday, June 27, at 6:30 P. M., with the local pastor, the Rev. H. C. Gordon reading the ceremony. Miss Virginia Spykes, sister of the bride and a senior at the University of Texas, and Owen Benn, a Tech. graduate, were the only attendants.

The bride wore a tailored suit of white linen with blouse of white sheer, a white hat of soft felt, a corsage of gardenias with white accessories. The bride's attendant wore a frock of aqua blue silk linen with white accessories and a corsage of pink rose buds.

Immediately after the ceremony the newlyweds left for a tour of New Mexico. After a brief honeymoon the couple will be at home in Robert Lee, where Mrs. Wylie is employed as English teacher in the local high school and Mr. Wylie is county judge.

Mrs. Wylie is an honor graduate of the Hermleigh High School and Texas Technological College where she received her B. A. degree in 1934 and was a member of the Alpha Chi Chapter of the Southern Scholarship Society.

Mr. Wylie is a member of a prominent pioneer family of Coke county, and is an outstanding citizen of the county.

FOR SALE—Kraut cabbage 1/2c per pound. Phone Norton 302. E. Seipp.

W. B. Smith is at Weches, with his brother Dan who is ill. Dan Smith formerly resided here and has many friends who will regret to know of his illness. R. G. Rosser and son, Leonard, of San Angelo, accompanied Mr. Smith. They returned Monday night and report the condition of the sufferer as not improved.

INTELLIGENCE AT SONORA

(Continued from page one) other afternoon that we felt more like we had come to mingle our sorrow with a long absent sister.

William Francis McGonagill was born at Sonora, March 8, 1905, making him to be 32 years, two months and 17 days old when the thread of life was broken and he left the walks of men.

About fifteen years ago deceased professed faith in Christ and united with the First Baptist in Dallas, and was baptized by Dr. Geo. W. Truett. He was active in church life and work, especially in Sunday school work, and was president of his Sunday school class. He was a professional golf player and was manager of the Parkdale Country Club. Therefore, he was widely and prominently known. And that he was held in highest esteem by many was evidenced by the unusually large floral offerings that were piled up about his bier. We noted flowers from Dallas, San Antonio and other places throughout the country.

Deceased is survived by his mother, Mrs. Hollie McGonagill, and an only brother, Jamie McGonagill, his maternal grandmother, Mrs. J. L. Davis, two uncles, Rubey Davis, near Del Rio, and Alex McGonagill of Alpine; five aunts: Mrs. Lillie Covington, Plainview; Mrs. Ben Meckel and Mrs. Ruth Wallace of Sonora, Mrs. Ray Clark of Ft. Worth and Mrs. J. J. Ford, of Clint. All except Mr. McGonagill and Mrs. Covington were present—both were kept away due to illness. Besides the above, there are quite a number of cousins, many of whom were present.

The body reached Sonora Monday about noon on the Santa Fe and was carried out to the ranch home of his aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Meckel where it lay in state until four o'clock in the afternoon when it was carried to the Sonora Baptist church, where religious services were held. The deep respect and high esteem in which the family are held in Sonora was evidenced in the fact that every place of business was closed for the funeral and the friends of the family who reside in and around Sonora, and the long-time friends of the mother at the old home of her childhood and girlhood days, were as gentle in their ministrations to her and the others of the family circle as if they had been ministering to their own kin. Six active leaders in the business and industrial life of the town and county were the pallbearers. The church choir sang beautifully and tenderly the dear, old, familiar hymns of the church, which reminded of the Saviour's compassion and told about the land of fadeless

light and immortal beauty.

Following the religious services, the body was borne quietly around the hillsides to the town's beautiful and well-kept cemetery, and there in that quiet, sequestered spot, was put away beside his father, to sleep out there, under the western stars, undisturbed, until all the things of this earth shall be no more.

EVANGELISTIC MEETING

(Continued from page one)

in fact, not many his equal and none his superior when it comes to making impassioned plea to men and women to turn to Christ for salvation and live according to Christian ideals.

"Say to the people for me," said Rev. Stuckey, "that I underwrite for Ralph Grant. I want the people to come and hear him at the beginning of the meeting and know for themselves that no ordinary man and preacher is coming among us, but a man of God, with unction and power, and I want no one who needs spiritual help to miss hearing him at the very outset.

"We cordially invite each and all to attend and that the Christian element of the community cooperate with us to the end that Bronte may have a spiritual awakening that will bless our people out to the very outskirts of the surrounding communities."

TEXAS THEATRE

BRONTE, TEXAS

COOL WASHED AIR COOL WASHED AIR

FRI. and SAT. JULY 2-3
Bing Crosby—Bob Burns
IN
WAIKIKI WEDDING
With
Martha Roye—Shirley Ross
Plus Comedy

TUESDAY JUNE 6
"SHE'S DANGEROUS"
With
Cezar Romero—Tola Birdell
Plus "Stranger Than Fiction"
and Comedy

ALAMO THEATRE,
Robert Lee, Texas

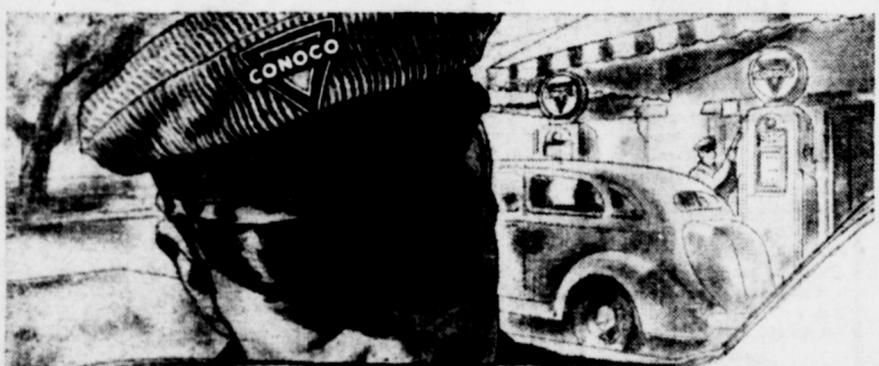
FRI. and SAT. JULY 2-3
"SECRET VOLLEY"

SUN. and MON., JULY 4-5
"WAIKIKI WEDDING"

WED., JULY 7
Paul Muni—Marian Hopkins
in
"THE WOMAN I LOVE"

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49 NORTH CHADBOURNE SAN ANGELO



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I know the trouble. So many oil ads yell mileage, that you can't tell one way or another. I don't want my own ads to be in that class, so I'd like you to know all I'm staking, when I personally recommend Conoco Germ Processed oil to you. In my case, you see, I'm the owner of my business. And there's nothing makes repeat customers for me like my Germ Processed oil . . . or I ought to say, the long mileage it gives you. The patent Germ Process makes this oil get fastened real firm to the bearings and cylinders and other parts—as if they'd been built with an actual plating of oil that can't separate . . . can't thin out and burn right up. Neither is it going to run down every time you stop. Then you can't make any "dry starts" with Oil Plating, and right there is where engineers say you will end a good half of all the wear you used to get in Summer. The less wear, the less oil your engine eats. You'll get on to this yourself, from your cool quiet Oil-Plated engine. And that's how I make another good friend for my Conoco Germ Processed oil.



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