

# STERLING CITY NEWS-RECORD

VOL. 36

STERLING CITY TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1936

NO. 9

## BRISBANE THIS WEEK

### Childhood Tugwell's Little Girl Holland Buys Planes Rev. Webber Knows

Childhood lasts longer in France than in America and it is real childhood. Boys in their teens, writing letters, call their fathers "Cher petit papa," "Dear little papa" — imagine that from an American "prep" school.

Little French girls play innocently with Toto, their little dog, hardly knowing that such things as francs exist, when much older than Assistant Secretary Tugwell's intelligent young daughter, Marcia, aged twelve, who, in partnership with her friends, Mary Frances Cottrell and Joyce Helmick, organized "a laundry for washing dogs." They advertised: "Small dogs, 30 cents; middle-sized dogs, 35 cents; groomed and washed. Dogs not good-natured must be sent with muzzles, and we cannot wash large dogs."

Too bad that parental severity broke up the dog laundry. It had announced working hours "10 a. m. to 5 p. m. on Saturdays," the studious little girls' only holiday, "all hours after school on other weekdays."

What a good example for government enterprises: the little girls really meant to work to "groom and wash" the dogs, not merely stand around and collect the 30 cents.

Plucky little Holland and her wise queen seem to have decided that the 1914 "war to end all wars" did not finish its job. Holland went through the big war safely, selling butter, cheese, eggs, not disturbed, not making any bad \$10,000,000,000 loans.

Now Holland is buying 13 heavy bombing planes in Baltimore, spending \$1,500,000 for the 13, and spending many other millions for other killing machinery.

That means work and wages in Baltimore; it may mean poison gas and death for some of Holland's neighbors.

Foreign countries read everything said about them in America; not that foreign countries care what Americans think, or attach importance to American opinion, as such; but America has money, raw products, and governments that are sometimes whimsical, changeable and boyish.

Europe, Asia and Africa watch with equal interest statements of Americans that count and more numerous Americans that float like feathers in the air.

One simple-minded Russian pointed with pride to the statement of a clergyman in our Union Theological seminary.

That gentleman, Rev. Charles C. Webber, has a plan for a better government, not based on the text about rendering unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. The big idea is to take away what is Caesar's.

Eight hundred young people were told by Reverend Webber: "God, who is not content with things as they are, is a revolutionary Being, constantly seeking to make all things new."

Rev. Webber, "recognizing this," about God being a revolutionist, has a plan to help God in his efforts; a plan as simple as A, B, C. Capitalism, he says, must be abolished. Rev. Webber wants a planned and planning social economy in the United States. Under the Charles C. Webber plan, people would own and manage such things as industry and property; no money would be spent for war, and youth would rule.

Those brought up with the old-fashioned idea of God might ask Rev. Webber, respectfully: "If God really is a revolutionary 'constantly seeking to make all things new,' why does He not carry out His will and 'make all things new' every few minutes? Can it be that He

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## Pre-Fair Activities



## Fire Destroys Barns At U Ranch

Last Tuesday evening about eight o'clock a barn, horse sheds and other out buildings at the U Ranch headquarters were destroyed by fire.

The Sterling City Fire Truck made the twelve mile run in quick time, but the boys got there too late to do much except to save more valuable buildings. While the loss was considerable, and will run into several hundred dollars. The fact that some of the buildings were very old, made the loss less severe. Spontaneous combustion is supposed to be the cause of the fire.

Two of the buildings destroyed by fire were about the oldest wooden structures in this part of the country. The Dan Barnett house was built more than 50 years ago, and was being used as a saddle house when it was burned.

The old ranch house, built by Holland in 1876 was used to store relics, when it and most of its contents were reduced to ashes. This old building was known as the Finous Bates house. Bates was the first foreman of the U Ranch. He operated the ranch when the Indians made neighborly calls at the ranch and borrowed the boy's horses on moonlight nights. There was a large auger hole in the wall next to the door. It was worn smooth from ropes to which a horse was tied on the outside and passed through the hole, and held by an anxious cowpuncher on the inside to keep the Indians from borrowing the animal for a little ride. After the Indians went somewhere else to steal horses the cowboys used this hole through which to spit tobacco juice.

## Old Timers Visit Friends And Relatives Here

O. L. Pearson accompanied by his sister, Mrs. J. F. Butler of Cleburne, were last week end guests of their brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Pearson. It has been many years since these people have visited in Sterling City. They were among the pioneer settlers of Sterling County.

## County Democratic Convention Is Held

The County Democratic Convention of Sterling County was held at the court house last Saturday afternoon. After the County Democratic Executive had met and canvassed the vote of the preceding Saturday primary election and attended to such other business as came before it. County Chairman Homer Pearce being in doubt about ordering the second primary, held the matter in obeyance until he could be certain of the law governing such action. It was understood there would be no second primary ordered unless the law made it obligatory on the chairman.

After the executive committee had finished its business, Chairman Homer Pearce announced that next in order would be the holding of the County Convention. W. F. Kellis was elected chairman and W. H. McDonald secretary.

The following were elected as delegates to represent Sterling County in the State Democratic Convention: Homer Pearce, W. W. Durham, E. L. Bailey, D. M. Brown, S. A. Mahaffey and W. F. Kellis.

These delegates go without instructions and are to cast the vote of this county according to their best judgment. Delegates to district convention were not named.

## Klingman In Series of Sermons

Mr. Klingman is preaching a series of sermons each Sunday morning on "The New Testament Church." He has already delivered two of this series, one on "Its Origin" the other on "Its Organization." Next Sunday morning the theme will be, "The N. T. Church—Its Designation and Its Creed." Sunday evening the sermon will be "God's Will and Man's Salvation." The remaining sermons in the series on the Church will be as follows: August 16, "Its Reception and Expulsion of Members" August 23, "Its Worship" August 30, "Its Purpose and Its Finances" September 6, "Its History and Its Destiny."

Everyone is cordially invited to attend all services at this church where a warm welcome awaits you.

## With The H. D. Clubs

"We've certainly had a busy day" were the general remarks heard Monday afternoon, after the Clothing Demonstrators in Sterling County Home Demonstration Clubs had met for their pattern school in the high school home economics laboratory. Ten foundation skirt patterns were made and to fit!

This meeting marked the introduction of wardrobe work into the home demonstration clubs. Miss Dyora Crowder, home demonstration agent in Tom Green County, conducted the school, and was assisted by Miss Ruth Jenkins, agent in Irion County and Miss Delene Reid.

The club demonstrators who were present were: Mesdames Lee Hunt, Fred Hodges, C. A. Bowen, Ralph Bynum, Everett Cope, W. Y. Bengel, Dick Knight, J. C. Eyns and Ola Horton. Others present were Mrs. W. R. Hudson, County Home Demonstration Chairman, and a visitor, Miss Ola Hunt.

The Divide Home Demonstration Club met with Mrs. Nelson McClellan last Wednesday afternoon with Miss Reid present for the meeting.

Mrs. L. R. Knight, vice president of the club was elected president to fill the office vacated by Mrs. J. H. McCabe. Mrs. Earl Welch was elected as vice president.

A foundation skirt pattern was cut for each one present.

Several visitors were present including Mesdames Mike Slaton, W. W. Lipps, Andrew Smith of Iraan, Frances Welch, G. G. Ainsworth, Minta Phillips, J. L. Ainsworth of Water Valley and Dan Ritter.

The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Robert Lee.

Mrs. Ralph Bynum, clothing demonstrator in the Divide Home Demonstration Club has had her foundation skirt pattern only one day but she has already used it to remodel a dress that did not fit. The dress was of cotton crash and was too large in every way. After ripping out the seams, Mrs. Bynum re-cut the skirt by her foundation pattern. "You would be surprised at the amount of material that I cut away, and how much better it fits," says the clothing demonstrator. She is already planning to re-model a winter swagger suit by her pattern.

## WHEN GRAND FATHER CAME TO TEXAS

In these days of wind, gas, steam electric motors, we take it as a matter of course, that motors were always thus. We rarely ever wonder what kind of motive power our grandfather used when they first came to Texas.

When grandfather got ready to leave Alabama and come to Texas, one of the most necessary things he packed away in his ox wagon was the little hand corn mill on which the corn was ground into meal for the family bread. Had he forgotten this most necessary machine, he would have been forced to dig out a mortar in a log and pound his corn into meal with a pestle, or boil it in a kettle, for there was no meal for sale in Texas, and as for flour, it was a luxury one heard about but never saw.

When he landed in Texas, he found others had preceded him a few years and had made crops of corn, and he found that he could buy a few bushels for the family bread until a crop of corn could be made on the rich, virgin soil. While the work of opening a farm and building a cabin was in progress, each day some member of the family had to turn the little hand mill to make meal for the daily bread.

By and by, as time went on, time got to be valuable. It took time to turn the mill by hand, besides it was a hard and tiresome job. Grandfather began to think up an easier way to turn the mill. If he lived on or near a running stream, he would build an overshot, undershot or breast wheel and harness the water to turn the mill. On every running stream in those days were to be seen crude water mills on which the corn of the settlements was ground.

But if Grandfather happened to settle too far away from a running stream, he would use his horses and cattle to furnish power for his mill. He would build a large "bull wheel" with cogs on its outer perimeter to mesh with smaller pinions to transmit the power to the mill. This wheel was set upright in a gudgeon and was made to revolve horizontally after the manner of a top. Levers were attached to the upright shaft of the wheel and a yoke of oxen or a span of mules or horses was hooked to the lever and they were driven round and round in a circle to make power to turn the mill. When more power was required, the number of levers was increased. I have seen as many as four pairs of animals hooked to the mill.

Another form of the "bull wheel" was the incline tread wheel. Like the other wheel described, the tread wheel had a tall center shaft with a horizontal cogwheel. To this upright shaft was built a wide circular floor which had an angle of about 30 degrees from the shaft and was usually about 30 feet in diameter. This big wheel had a brake attachment on the outer circle so that it could be stopped when desired. It had stalls and hitch racks, so that when the animal to be worked was driven upon the floor of the wheel, he could be tethered to the hitch rack with his head pointed up the incline. When all was ready, the brake was released, the weight of the animal on the incline plane started the wheel revolving. The animal had no choice but to start walking and keep it up until he fell exhausted or the brake was applied.

(Continued on 2nd page)

**Sterling City News-Record**

**W. F. Keilis,**  
Editor and Owner

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**BARNUM-TOWNSEND**

If T.P. Barnum understood human gullibility in his day and knew his gullibles, Dr. F. E. Townsend knows the whole gamut of human credulity and knows the credulous.

Dr. Townsend, before he entered politics was comparatively a poor man. He wanted to make money, lots of money and easy money. He had studied human nature along with human anatomy and physiology. He knew that the greatest weakness of human nature was the propensity for getting something for nothing. Getting money without working for it, or giving value received in return.

Knowing this weakness, even though it might not comport with common honesty, he set about coining this weakness into money. He first waded about hunting for gullibles. He found them in great schools in the waters of the Pacific. When the Doctor told them that when they got to be 65 years old, they could get \$200 a month for nothing, they swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker without blinking an eye.

Soon the fish of the waters of the Atlantic began nibbling at the bait, and Dr. Townsend landed scads of them. In the meantime, this wise old guy and his business associates, have extracted millions of the "long green" from his great school of funny gullibles. So profitable has this business grown, Dr. Townsend has stored his pillbags in the attic and established a magazine which will serve as a funnel through which to feed his B. plus stuff to his scads of gullibles.

Dr. Townsend is too wise not to know that outside of a plan to assist the needy old age in a modest way, his plan is as untenable as the fabled Cat-Rat Ranch scheme, the tale of the Kilkenny Cats, or the doctrine of Metempsychosis. Baron Munchausen in all his flights of fictional imagination, never concocted a more unreasonable story than Dr. Townsend did in his plan to get \$200 a month from the government for nothing.

The difference between Dr. Townsend and Baron Munchausen is this: The Baron wrote and sold his stories as plain lies. He did not expect people to believe that there was a word of truth or reason in his extra line of B plus stuff, but he knew that people of a humorous turn of mind would delight in a first class, unreasonable fable and buy it.

On the other hand, Dr. Townsend knowing that his scheme is an unreasonable fake, yet, he knows that his gullibles want to believe that the government will give them \$200 a month for nothing. He understands the theorem of the "wish is the mother of the thought," hence he labels his B. plus stuff as practical tenable and true, and he sells it in great gobs, sections and townships to his gullibles.

It is a great money making scheme, and if the Doctor and his associates can manage to stay out of the penitentiary long enough,

they will find people enough who can't think any more than an oyster to make him and his associates the richest people on earth. They have made a good start.—Uncle Bill

**"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"**

It pays to advertise. If you have anything to sell, or find or lose anything, it pays to let the folks read about it, as the following will show.

Last week, under the caption of "Good Neighbors," among other things, I mentioned loaning a cross cut saw to a neighbor and said that he was gone and so was the saw.

Bob Martin, having read the article, remembered that he borrowed the saw from this neighbor and that he forgot to bring it home, and was the innocent cause of this erstwhile neighbor of being suspected of being lax in his neighborly obligations. The lost saw has been located in good hands but if I had not beefed about it, it is likely that I would have still been ignorant of its whereabouts.

And this reminds me that some friend of mine last year borrowed a pair of fine field glasses, while another borrowed a 20 vara chain. These are a part of my surveyor's equipment and I need them quite often especially the field glasses. If anyone who reads this can let me know where they are, I will deem it as a special favor.

Speaking of kindly acts, last year I loaned my transit, chain and full surveyor's equipment to a surveyor who posed as my friend. He was to bring it back in five days. After months of patient waiting, I lost sight of the man and my surveying instruments.

I sicked Sheriff Davis on his trail: After nosing around awhile, Vern treed the transit head in a hotel at San Angelo, minus tripod, chain, pins and other things that belonged to it. I inferred from the action of the hotel people that my friend (?) had left it to cover a board bill. The hotel people having taken a fancy to the instrument, proposed to keep it.

Their lawyer told me that the hotel had the best right to the transit because it was soaked for a board bill. He cited the case of Hornswoggle versus the Stuffgutt Hotel where the hotel could take the other people's property, even though it was borrowed or stolen, for a board bill. This lawyer was very positive that he did not steal the instrument. He was only trying to help this crook and the hotel people get away with it. Concluding that I was dealing with a bunch of deadbeats and sticky fingered gents, I swore out a writ of godamus ad sockum, as well as a search warrant, and with two sheriffs and a big strapping deputy, we raided the hotel and brought home what was left of my outfit.

After spending about fifty dollars my old transit is in fine working order again. I complained to the grand jury about these neighborly acts but that was all that was ever done about it. I reckon I got what was coming to me, but I'll bet if that fellow had soaked a five dollar dogy calf which he had borrowed from one of these boys for a board bill instead of a three-hundred dollar transit from me, that Jasper would now be in the pen. But it is all right, I am not complaining. Maybe it will be my friend (?) who will have cause to complain some day. Some fellows have queer ideas about stealing.—Uncle Bill

**A Card of Thanks**

We wish to thank every one who came to our aid and fought our fire so bravely. Especially do we thank the Sterling Fire Department, Mr. and Mrs. George McEntire



Alma Smith, drum major of the richly uniformed high school band of Union Grove, Gregg County. A delegation of Gladewater citizens took Alma and the band to the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas to help them celebrate their day at the Texas world's fair. The big oil exhibits were the Mecca which drew many of the East Texas throng to the Exposition.

**WHEN GRAND FATHER CAME**

[Continued from first page]

The incline tread wheel had the advantage of being operated without harnessing the animals. The favorite animal for this purpose was a large wild steer, horse or mule. No matter how wild he might be, if he could be gotten on the floor of the wheel—and they usually found ways to get him there—he would do the work whether he wanted to or not. The more he reared, pitched and cavorted, the more power he gave, and that was what they wanted. One mill that I used to carry corn to, lost its popularity because the boys who operated it would go out and round up the neighbor's milch cows to work on the treadmill when they couldn't find wild steers to work.

By and by, settlers began to invade the prairies far away from timber and water, but where the wind blew most of the time. They harnessed the wind to grind their corn. The first windmill I ever saw was on the edge of the prairie in Hunt County, near Greenville in the fall of 1861. The tower was built of massive hewn logs and about 30 feet high. The windmill which gave the motive power was very unlike the trim, graceful wheels of today. This wheel was a large contraption with sails made of canvas, not unlike the windmills of Holland often the subject of an artists dream. The corn mill was in the tower below the windmill that was so geared that whenever the wind blew the mill ground the corn, even though the miller might be asleep.

The trim, neat and powerful motors of today, operated by gas and electricity, make us forget the crude motors made by our grandfathers. But we must not forget that Grandfather was a genius in his day, and necessity forced him to do wonders. Can you find a man today who can go out into the forest with his ax, saw, auger, square and chisel and construct one of these wheels which I have described out of the trees that he fells with his ax—all out of wood?

Can you find a man today who can cut a screw out of a log 15 to

18 feet long for a cotton bale press? Not only this, cut a nut out of two logs to perfectly fit this screw.

Can you find a man today who can go into the woods and build one of those huge, squawking sorghum mills entirely out of logs?

Can you find a man who can go into the woods today and bore out long logs with a hand auger for piping for a water pump?

You may know how to adjust the wiring on a battery, or regulate a carburetter, but could you rive clapboards from bolts with a fro?

You may know how to saw a piece of dressed lumber to a mark made by the boss, but could you—or your boss take a ten-inch broadax and overhanded hew to a black line on a 20-foot scored log without leaving an ax mark? Grandfather could do all these things and then a lot more.

These arts are no longer required and of course they are among the things that were. How many of you would know what a glut is, a maul, a broadax, a fro, a shuttle, a warping bar, a cut, a thrum, a skein a sleigh, a weavers harness, a hank, a quill, a broach, a roll, cards, sizing weaver's knot, a chicken head knot, warp, filling, a trivet, dog iron, crane bellows, tuyere iron, auger, rifle follower, friz iron gun dog and many other things which were necessary to the well being of our pioneer Grandfathers and Grandmothers? Our Grandfathers and Grandmothers knew a thing or two in their day, that even we, with all our learning do not know. Many of us would starve and go naked if we had to take our chances in the wilderness which our ancestors conquered with their superb knowledge of their environments.—Uncle Bill

**THEY DIDN'T MEAN TO**

Although they didn't mean to Tom Hunter, Roy Sanderford, Judge Fischer and Brooks proved to be the most powerful aids that Governor Allred had in the recent campaign. In most all the speeches these boys made, they flung mud at Jimmy. They didn't know that mudslinging had gone out of style. They didn't know that the more mud they flung at Jimmy the better the voters liked him. They liked Allred

all the more because they flung mud at him because he did the things they wanted him to do. He got more votes than the whole syndicate of mud slingers put together, and then some.

Maybe, these boys will keep their hands clear of mud the next time. They may learn that Texas people are becoming more decent and will no longer tolerate the dirty tactics of the political mudslinger. Even jimferguson, the smoothest mudslinger who ever went down the pike realizes that mud has become an obsolete weapon in politics, except in localities where oyster brains are still at a premium.—Uncle Bill

**HELP US**

School will open Sept. 3, and continue until about next May, 1937.

As in the past, I expect to do all I can for the school through the News-Record, I expect to devote the usual space under the caption of "Eagle Eyes", for the benefit of the kiddies as well as the faculty and patrons.

While I am trying to help you would you not help me? Printing school news costs quite a sum of money. If I were to sell this space to advertisers, you would be amazed at what it would cost them in a period of nine months, but I am reserving it for you—free—but—

I am expecting every member of the faculty of the Sterling City school to become a paid up subscriber of the News-Record and not a borrower of the paper. This expectation is based on a notion of fair play. If I work week after week and spend good money to boost your calling and business, surely, you will admit that it is nothing but fair that you contribute a sustaining crumb to your humble friend and servant who puts his whole existence into the school without stint.

If there is a member of the faculty who thinks this is not fair and just, let him say so by ignoring this suggestion. This is not written to swell my subscription list, or to coerce anyone into supporting the News-Record, but it is to remind those who are inclined to neglect this important matter which they owe to themselves and their calling.

The best school in the world can never get anywhere without the help of the press which gives it publicity. The brightest light in the world can not be seen, even in the darkest night if it is hid "under a bushel". The book teaches you that.—Uncle Bill

**THIS WEEK**

[Continued from first page]

needs the help of Rev. Webber! Lenin and Stalin got along without that help."

Also arises this question: With capitalism abolished, who would build the churches, the Union Theological seminaries, and pay salaries to Rev. Webbers for reading the mind of the Divinity?

Dean Swift should have known Rev. Webber when he wrote his tale of a tub.

France calls Paris the "aerial port of Europe," proudly. In America the still prouder title "Chief Air Traffic Port of the Whole World" is claimed by Miami, Los Angeles, San Diego, Chicago, Cleveland, and with a great deal of reason by San Francisco and Oakland, thanks to the magnificent bay, and to the fact that the greatest air line, running from America to Asia, starts from that neighborhood.

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**Local Items**

Pigs for sale, \$4 each.  
—Phillip Thompson

For flowers see or phone Mrs. E. B. Butler

For flowers, for all occasions, see or phone Mrs. W. N. Reed.

Ant Killing, two bits a bed. Work guaranteed. See John Cass. 3mo pd.

N. L. Douglas came up from Brownwood last Saturday to attend to business here.

Mrs. W. A. Bynum of Abilene visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Davis last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Potts, of Big Spring were last week end visitors to relatives and friends here.

Mrs. J. C. Alsop, the veteran chief operator of the local telephone exchange, is taking a two week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Bengé Sr. were in San Angelo last Tuesday where Mrs. Bengé attended a Woman's Club meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. David Glass spent several days last week at Dallas and Fort Worth seeing the sights at the big Centennial shows.

Six 2-year olds and 15 yearling thoroughbred Rambouillet bucks for sale. See or phone P. C. Knieff at Joe Askey's ranch. 2t. pd.

Mrs. R. L. Lowe who visited friends and relatives in Dallas and Shreveport, La. for several weeks, returned home a few days ago much improved in health.

Miss Archie Marie Garrett is spending the week visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Cy Foster of Midland. Mrs. Foster before her marriage was Miss Mearl Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Demere and children of near Water Valley were last week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Demere at their ranch home south of Sterling City.

After several days visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Bengé Sr., Jack Bengé returned to Randolph Field last Tuesday. Jack is taking training in aviation at Randolph Field.

Charles Humphry of Stamford, an old time friend of the Reeds, Davis, Slaton and Kellis families, visited here last Monday. Mr. Humphry is a large landholder and farmer at Stamford.

Don't forget that Hornbuckle's store is chuck full of choice groceries at attractive prices. You can't go wrong in buying groceries at this store where service, courtesy and low prices combine to make a pleasant profitable deal.

Master Dan Dearen suffered a broken wrist last Tuesday when he fell from the wall of a tank in which he and another boy was swimming. Dan will be laid up for repairs, but it is hoped that he will be able to report for school when it opens.

MAN WANTED to supply Rawleigh's Household Products to consumers. We train and help you. Good profits for hustlers. No experience necessary. Pleasant, profitable dignified work. Write today. Rawleigh's, Dept. TXH-710-53, Memphis, Tenn.

**Queens at Centennial Meet at Ford Exposition**



It was Queens' Day in the lounge of the Ford Exposition building at the Texas Centennial in Dallas when five reigning beauties celebrated Railroad Week with a reception. Queen of Queens was Miss Marybeth McGurk, of Chicago, who held court in the lounge with her maids of honor. Left to right: Mildred Kreher, St. Louis, Queen of the Cotton Belt; Dorothy Whitt, Chicago; Miss McGurk, Mildred Williams, Chicago, and Martha Bergersen, Chicago.

**Too Many Pets**

The U boys, aside from rattle-snake dinners now and then in which George McEntire Sr. plays host, the boys have some peculiar pets. Among these pets is a skunk named Stink and a big bull snake named Tom. Stink and Tom lived under the floor of the barn. They lived sumptuously on rats and mice that came there to live.

When fire threatened the barn, Ralph Davis the foreman, ran in and began to pick up ropes, bridles, jacquimas and such other things he might salvage. In his haste, he picked up old Tom, and when that individual began to wriggle and squirm, Ralph put him down rather hurriedly, because he might be a rattler, and Ralph did not care to waste precious time in the rescue of a rattler.

After salvaging all he could find in the dark barn, Ralph grabbed a hose and began spraying the fire with water. While doing this Ralph felt something tugging at his ankle. Looking down for an instant, he saw Stink trying to climb his leg. "Git down from there, you darned fool. You are the darnest fool polecat I ever saw. Gwan home and stay there, you gimlet-eyed son-of-a-stinker before I lose my temper and drop this hose." Then Ralph tried to spur the polecat, but missed his aim and spurred himself on the leg. Then he got mad, reached down with his free hand and grabbed the bunk house pet by the neck and pitched him clear out of his way. The polecat kindly reserved his fire and saved Ralph of having to sleep out doors for quite awhile. Ralph's experience had taught him that women folks are not very fond of a fellow after a polecat sprays him with stinkum. This polecat is a very considerate polecat. Perhaps he was scared.

**Grateful to Voters**

I am sincerely grateful to the people of Sterling County for the splendid support they gave me in the recent Democratic primary. If and when I am County Treasurer of Sterling County, I promise to bend every effort in my whole existence to make myself worthy of the honor they have bestowed upon me.

—Sallie Wallace

**The Church of Christ**

Wm. G. Klingman, Minister.  
Bible Classes 10:00 a. m.  
Worship 11:00 a. m.  
Preaching 8:15 p. m.  
Prayer and Praise—Wednesdays 8:15 p. m.

See or phone Mrs. E. B. Butler for flowers.

**New Food Store**

I have recently purchased the grocery stock of Mrs. W. S. Nelson, and will operate the business in the future at the same location

I have just received a big stock of high-class fresh groceries, and am selling them at most reasonable prices—prices that will pay to investigate before purchasing your food supply.

Fresh Vegetables, Cured Meats, and all other Staple and Fancy Foods

Come See My Store

J. M. HORNBUCKLE

FOR STOMACH WORMS USE



SHEEP GOATS

**ARSATE** Stomach Worm Drench for only 1-2 to 1c per dose. Economical, efficient, and easy to give. No long starving necessary.

It doesn't seem reasonable, but we make it possible.

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**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

We are authorized to announce the following candidates, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1936.

For Representative of 31st. Legislative District:

Penrose B. Metcalfe

For Judge, 51st Judicial District  
John F. Sutton

For District Attorney, 51st Judicial District:

O. C. Fisher.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector-Assessor:

V. E. Davis.

For County Judge:

G. C. Murrell

For County and District Clerk:  
Prebble Durham

For Commissioner, Precinct, No 1:  
R. T. Foster

For Commissioner Precinct No. 2:  
C. A. Bowen

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 3  
W. G. Welch

For Commissioner Precinct No. 4:  
W. N. Reed

For County Treasurer:  
Mrs. Sallie Wallace

Wm. J. Swann

Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE AT BUTLER DRUG COMPANY

Residence Telephone No. 167

Sterling City, Texas

Dr. W. B. Everitt

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

EYES TESTED—GLASSES FITTED

OFFICE AT BUTLER DRUG CO.'S

STERLING CITY TEXAS

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

GEORGE McENTIRE

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