

STERLING CITY NEWS-RECORD

VOL. 42

STERLING CITY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1943

NO. 37

HOW WE DID AFTER CIVIL WAR

When the Civil War closed in April 1865, the Confederate soldiers who were left alive and able to travel, began to filter back home to their wives and children.

When the rangers were with drawn from the frontiers, there was no protection against the Indians. On this account, father moved us from Wise County to the piney woods of Trinity County.

Aside from the problem of food and shelter, these ex Confederate soldiers were deeply concerned about their religion and the education of their children.

Schools over Texas had been closed for nearly five years. Parents were getting anxious that their children should not grow up in ignorance. In our community the people were a unit about schools and churches. They were poor and such a thing as a free school was never heard of by these people. Books were few and far between and were very dear.

But these soldiers of the lost cause knew how to help themselves and they did it.

Nogales Prairie was a well settled neighborhood. In the center of this prairie stood a little log school house which served as a church during the four years of war.

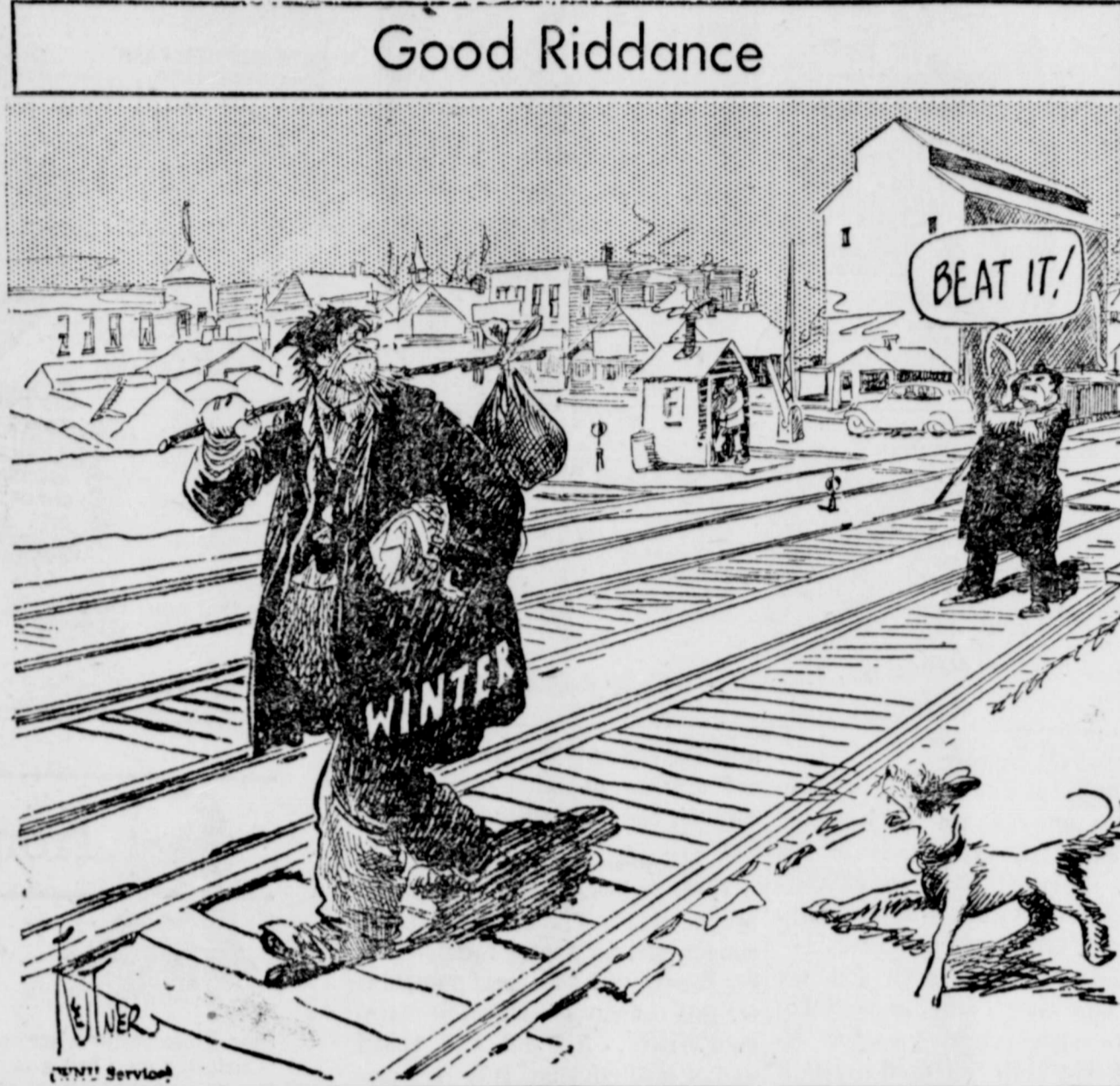
Most all the people of the neighborhood met at the little log shack and made plans to erect a large school and church building two stories high. The upper story to be used as a Masonic hall, at Moore's Spring about two miles northeast of the little school house.

I remember when nearly everyone came and made a camp at the springs. They brought tools, teams, food and bedding and didn't go home until a log building 40 feet long, 30 feet wide and 20 logs high had taken shape and ready for use.

The Baptists and Methodist held a big revival and most everybody joined the church. Then a school was started, and later, a Masonic Lodge was organized and my father became its first Worshipful Master. To this day, this Lodge is known as Eastern Star Lodge. A town grew up around this place and is now known as Centralia.

These people had built this house without any money except for a few dollars spent for lumber for the doors, windows and floors.

Everyone went to church on Sun- (Continued on 2nd page)



Communicable Diseases Can Be Controlled

If every case of suspected communicable disease could be promptly visited either by the family physician or the local health officer, thousands of susceptible persons would be protected from disabling illness, according to the State Health Officer.

To quote Dr. Geo. W. Cox, "The old fashioned theory that it is a good thing for children to have a number of the catching diseases and get it over with has long since been known to be a serious and sometime fatal error. The longer a child can keep from having these diseases, the better it is for him. Every child should be completely protected by immunization against smallpox and diphtheria."

Prompt diagnosis, isolation, good medical and nursing care give the patient the best chance for a satisfactory recovery without the serious complications that sometimes accompany even the mild forms of communicable diseases. Dr. Cox emphasized that obeying the public health laws regarding isolation and quarantine of communicable diseases protects not only the patient, but helps prevent others from contracting the illness.

"Every health officer knows," Dr. Cox said, "that the danger of spread of infection increases when a nation is at war. Men, material, and a large number of our civilian population move from one section of the country to another. The State Health Department is doing everything in its power to protect the health of the people of Texas. It is the patriotic duty of every man, woman and child to do his share to maintain a high level of health; a healthy civilian population contributes greatly to the health of our armed forces."

Lt. Jack W. Mathis Makes the Supreme Sacrifice in Battle

Though Arm Torn From His Body and Mortally Wounded, Young Hero Releases His Bomb, Closes the Bays, and Then Dies

Lieutenant Jack Mathis is no more. The gallant boy for whom two Texas counties lay claim, has suffered the supreme sacrifice.

Thursday morning of last week, March, 18, Lieutenant Jack Mathis climbed aboard the big Fortress Dutchess somewhere in England and flew across the English Channel on his last earthly mission.

When the enemy target was sighted Jack bent over his bomb sight and released a bomb and triumphantly sang out to the pilot, "bomb away." Then again he prepared to repeat his task, an enemy shell tore through the vulnerable nose of the plane, filled his side with steel fragments, tore his right arm almost from his body and blew him nine feet away from his post.

Then he struggled back and with the remaining left hand and with his last ounce of strength, he released another bomb. Then with his last breath, he faintly cried: "Bombs—." That was the way his buddies said that our beloved Jack died.

Like Arnold Weinkelreid of old, when he gathered ten Austrian spears to his bosom, "Make way for liberty," he cried: made way for liberty and died.

When the great airship had completed its mission, it returned to England where the body of our hero was claimed by his older brother, Lt. Mark Mathis, who had that morning pleaded that he be allowed to accompany Jack on his deadly mission. Mark cabled the sad news to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Mathis of San Angelo.

A COMMENT

I had known Jack Mathis all his life. When he was an infant at his mother's breast, he challenged the admiration of all because of the perfect symmetry of his little form.

When he was a little totler, he often played around the door of

this shop. Many was the time I took Jack in my arms and pressed his little warm body to my breast. Then I saw the little black head toddle off to school.

When Jack became a Boy Scout, with his companions, we roamed the hills together in search of the beauties of nature as well as the remaining evidences of a race of people who are among the things that were.

Jack was a model in the school-room. So sincere and studious as well as ambitious to make his grades as he did so. I watched him in the field of sports on the campus of the Sterling City schools. I saw his leadership and rejoiced that he was a champion.

I saw Jack receive his diploma from the Sterling High School. I saw his beautiful brown eyes sparkle with pride. He was marked for distinction.

One day Jack came and announced his intention of joining the armed forces to do battle with the enemies of God and man, and sought counsel and then he went away. When he joined in the forces, he wrote me letters that inspired the hope that he would bring honors to the arms of his country and pride to the people who loved and admired him.

Just before he embarked for the scenes in which he fell, he came to visit me. At parting, Jack thanked me for all I had done and said for him. I dared not think of the awful fate that overtook him.

But our hero is dead. All we have left of him is the heroic memory of a noble boy. All Sterling mourns with me and offer sincere condolence to the bereaved parents. We take comfort in: "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."—Uncle Bill

Mr. and Mrs. Jim McCollum left last Tuesday for Mobettie to spend a season visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Neath. Mrs. Neath, before her marriage was Miss Rosamond McCollum.

Big Rains Break The Drouth

Last Tuesday the low hung clouds began to drop a heavy blanket of mist over the thirsty earth. Every one was afraid a dry norther would drive away the clouds, but a little after midnight the mist got heavier and about 3:30 a. m. it rained for several hours until the local gages showed two inches had fallen.

From reports most all West Texas received good rains. This makes a bright prospect for the farmer and rancher. Give us plenty of green grass and the feed ration board can go to the dickens.

April 1 Deadline for Cotton Insurance

The closing date for making application for cotton insurance is April 1, 1943. Farmers will be allowed to insure their cotton against drouth, insects and all other uncontrollable causes. They can insure for 75 or 50 per cent of their normal production.

Nine farmers in Sterling County insured their cotton in 1942, and 4 of the 9 had total losses and received payment from the Cotton Loan Insurance Corporation for the amount they were insured for.

All who wish to insure their 1943 crop please call at the AAA Office some time before April 1.

Cotton crop insurance has been extended to include all cotton planted within 110 percent of the 1943 acreage allotment.

Under the 1942 program, initial year of cotton crop insurance, protection was limited to insurance on the production from the acreage allotment for the farm. Extension of insurance to include the additional acreage follows Secretary of Agriculture Wickard's announcement that cotton growers may plant 10 percent over their 1943 cotton allotments without losing AAA farm program payments and privileges.

The additional cotton acres, up to 110 percent of the allotments, are subject to the same insurance requirements as all other cotton regularly planted on the farm. Such acreage must be planted and cared

Wimodausis Club

The Wimodausis Club met with Mrs. Harvey Glass on Wednesday afternoon. Twelve members were present. Reports were given on the purchase of bonds for the year, which amounted to \$11,650 and \$2.50 worth of cookies which were sent to the U.S.O. in San Angelo.

A program on "America's New Mood" from the Reader's Digest was given in parel discussion by Mrs. Pat Kellis, Mrs. Roy Foster, Mrs. Clyde Davis and Mrs. V. E. Davis. A piano solo was played by Mrs. Herman Everitt.

Served Lunch to Lions Club

Meedames D. Hall, T. S. Foster and R. T. Foster served a fine lunch last Wednesday to the Lions Club in the basement dining room of the Methodist Church. These good ladies have the sincere thanks of the Club as well as all Sterling for their unselfish devotion to the interests of the people, because the Lions Club is needed in these war days.

Pvt. H. W. Hart Jr. writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hart Sr. from somewhere in Africa, that he had landed safely and was well.

for in accordance with good farming methods and usual practices followed on the farm.

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

That new cooking range, whether it be gas, electric or otherwise, is something to look forward to when the War is won. But you can start saving now to buy it. Put a definite amount every payday, ten percent of your pay check . . . into War Bonds today.



When your Bonds mature you will have the money ready for that new range. You will have made a good investment, getting back \$4 for every \$3. And your purchase of War Bonds is helping that boy, husband or sweetheart on the fighting front.

U. S. Treasury Department

50¢ delivered

TEXAS

Sterling City News-Record

W F Kellis,
Editor and Owner

Entered Nov. 10, 1902, at the Sterling City postoffice as second-class matter ISS EVERY FRIDAY AT STERLING CITY, TEXA

Subscription: 1.25 per year; 6 months 65 cents; 5c per copy

Subscribers failing to receive their paper will confer a favor by reporting same to us

NEWS Established in 1891
RECORD Established in 1891
Consolidated in 1902

MISINFORMED

A number of Sterling City people have asked me why the San Angelo Standard, Fort Worth Star-Telegram and other papers in mentioning the name of the late Lt. Jack Mathis always refer to him as a San Angelo boy and a graduate of the San Angelo High School. There is not a word of truth in the statement except that Jack took a short business course in San Angelo.

These papers have been misinformed. No paper wants to serve its readers with items that are untrue. In justice to the Standard and the other papers in error, I am giving the true facts as I personally know them.

From his infancy to the day he graduated from the Sterling City High School in 1940, he lived in Sterling City all his life. The school records show this. Except for a short business course, he never attended school in San Angelo a day in his life so far as I know and can learn.

Jack is dead. He goes down in American history as an outstanding hero. Let the chronicles of our beloved dead speak the truth. Let no mistatement mar his record.—Uncle Bill

HOW WE DID

(Continued from 1st page)

days. There were no church slackers then.

Back over on the west side of Nageles Prairie, another log church and school building had been erected. It had a dirt floor. The cracks between the logs had not been chinked daubed. A large sized dog could crawl through these cracks. But for the comfort of the kiddies a fire place four feet wide had been built in the end of the building with a stick and dirt chimney.

They built split log benches for the kiddies to sit on. They were so high that only a kid with long legs could reach the ground with his feet.

Both these places were in the midst of a virgin forest where the pine trees grew to be 100 feet tall. Timber was no object then.

This latter school was near a spring where the kiddies went for water. Our teacher was an ex-Confederate Chaplin and a Methodist Circuit Rider named Henley.

Parson Henley was a kindly old man, but the milk of human kindness had soured in his reverence. I have watched him spend much time trimming the thorns from a wild locust sprout so the thorns would not stick in the kids when he licked them with it. Just why he preferred a locust to a hickory or a dogwood switch with which to inject learning into a kid, I never knew. But the blood he drew with his locust switch, soon became unpopular with the mamma patrons of the school, so he substituted it with a pine paddle. While the paddle did not draw blood, yet it generated so much heat, that we often



regretted the change. Henley's idea of learning was to inject it into the kid through the medium of the epidermis of his back. This method proved successful on me, but some of the big boys wouldn't take it and quit school. I was between the devil and the deep blue sea. Father insisted that I go to school and my teacher insisted that I bring up good work. If I failed my back paid for the failure. One Friday evening my teacher gave me the whole multiplication table from 1 to 12 to memorize between that time and Monday morning. I tried to tell him I couldn't do it in that short a time. "You just think you can't," he told me. "If you fail next Monday morning, after I get done with you, you will have changed your mind." I went home and told my troubles to father. Father thought I could do it, so that night I started repeating the table after him, because I had not yet learned the figures. Hour after hour father patiently repeated the table while I followed. When Monday morning came with my last coaching I made a perfect score with father as my coach. With head high and triumph in my heart, I marched away to school. I fully believed that I would cheat old Henley out of the pleasure of giving me a licking with his cruel paddle. I was the first boy called to recite the multiplication table. I ate the thing up until I came to 9 times 7. I said 9 times 7 is 82. "What," he said, slapping the table with his paddle, "9 times 7 is 63. That makes one you missed. Two more and you are going to catch it." I was scared, but I was full of resentment and determined to cheat the old man out of the pleasure of beating me. "Proceed sir," he ordered. I began slowly and carefully. While I was full of terror, my anger rose so that I didn't care if he killed me. When I came to 9 times 9, I said 63. The same scene as before was enacted, but when I triumphantly recited 12 times 12 is 144, I slumped down on a bench. I was all in. Then the old man said: "Ugh! You came within one of catching it." Six other boys did catch it. If that old man ever did say a kind word to one of us, I never heard it. But he taught me one thing about myself, that if I just had to do a thing I could do it. We all hated him and dealt him all the misery we could. My pal, Bill Mitchum and I planted locust thorns in his chair. We put cockle burrs under his saddle, but the meanest thing we did to him was to denature his bottle of whiskey which we found covered up in pine needles

near the spring. The reason he did not murder us was because he couldn't catch up with us.—Uncle Bill
Three or four pumpkin vines will produce enough pumpkins to make enough pies for a large family during the winter. The best pumpkins for this country is the yellow cornfield variety. It is flat and round and of medium size. It is very prolific and easy to raise. Lay off the big pumpkins for pies. They grow big but are not sweet. The small variety called the Sweet Potato Squash is valuable for pies. They are thick mended and very sweet and will keep all winter. A few vines planted where the soil is good and plenty of water, is a fine investment. People who look back these days may not turn into a pillow of salt, but they may turn into a telephone pole.

From where I sit...
by Joe Marsh

Sam Abernethy always said: "Curiosity may kill a cat—but I'm no cat." Which is Sam's way of saying that when he's curious about something he goes out and gets the facts. Seems our government feels the same way. After hearing rumors about our soldiers drinking too much—government people went after the facts. They got the evidence on what our boys drink... and don't drink. The government found out our Army's the best behaved in history. More'n half of 'em drink beer—nothing stronger. And a government found that selling 3.2 beer in Army camps is a reason why our Army is so temperate. From where I sit, there is much cause to worry about our men in the Army. Looks like they can take care of themselves—and take care of the Nazis and the Japs, too.

Joe Marsh

No. 54 of a Series Copyright, 1943, Brewing Industry Foundation

Santa Fe
gives right-of-way
to Victory Gardens

Now Santa Fe employees do war work in their hours off duty too! They're grabbing spades and tilling fertile stretches near their homes, along their railroad's 13,199 miles of right-of-way. They're raising fresh, vitamin-packed vegetables their nation needs to win a war. Santa Fe—all out to win—gives right-of-way to troops and victory-winning freight... moving millions of men, and tens of millions of tons of vital food, raw materials and finished products—swiftly and surely to where they're needed now. Santa Fe locomotives, cars, tracks and men are all working in their country's service. And now the Santa Fe right-of-way itself steps into victory uniform! And Santa Fe people—already working hard, and buying war bonds—like this Victory Garden scheme—this chance to do one more thing for victory! Santa Fe goes all the way, for the U.S.A.!

Your local Santa Fe Agent will gladly help with your travel or shipping problems.

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

SERVING THE SOUTHWEST FOR 75 YEARS

LOC...
Mrs. Edwi... husband, Lt... fornie...
Mr. and... Waver Valle... and visited... here last Tu...
After a... parents, M... Mrs. W. E... Sunday to f...
Mrs. Jenn... last Tuesda... son-in-law... Mrs. W. J... daughter at...
Branlett... Mrs. W. B... Sunday fr... where he h... four factor...
Mr. and M... few days a... visiting trip... say that th... fields hoin... the country...
Garden C... show last... was given... the Sterling... was A. C... County Ag... Road and C... was select... It is report... stank was... Midland fo...
Mr. and... from their... last Satur... welcomed... Shafter rep... ing well, b... look after... ing from a... which he c... ago. The... with the r... Big Spring...
Red Cr...
Red Cr... Madjame... John Wa... Murrell, F... ling Foste... Lester Fo... Kellis, J... Marrell, C... Cannon, A... Augustin... Boone, Cl... Guire, Re... Leola Jo...
Red C... Miss M... day repo... Sterling C... quota of... Red Cros... the raisin... Red Cros... collector... has the t... this fine...
Uncle...
One of... War B... least 10... Bonds t...

Local Items

Mrs. Edwin Aiken is visiting her husband, Lt. Edwin Aiken in California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Merrell of Water Valley, attended to business and visited friends and relatives here last Tuesday.

After a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Glass Mrs. W. E. Grigsby returned last Sunday to her home in Sanderson.

Mrs. Jennie Atkinson returned last Tuesday from a visit to her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wallace and their baby daughter at Gretna, La.

Bramlett Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Allen, arrived home last Sunday from Oakland California, where he has been working in a defense factory for the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Martin returned a few days ago from a business and visiting trip to Aransas Pass. They say that they saw people out in the fields hoeing cotton in that part of the country.

Garden City had its fat stock show last Monday. A barbecue was given to the visitors. Among the Sterling people who attended were A. C. Pearson, H. M. Carter, County Agent Houston Smith, Bill Reed and C. H. Davis. Bill Reed was selected to judge the calves. It is reported that a lot of good stock was exhibited, and carried to Midland for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shafer were in from their ranch near Garden City last Saturday and were among the welcomed callers at this office. Mr. Shafer reported that his stock is doing well, but he can't get help to look after things. John is recovering from an attack of typhus fever which he contracted several months ago. Their son, William Shafer is with the armed forces stationed at Big Spring.

Red Cross Workers

Red Cross Workers this week were Mesdames Seth Bailey, C. T. Sharp, John Walraven, Joe Emery, G. C. Murrell, R. T. Foster, F. W. Cole, Sterling Foster, W. N. Reed, W. B. Allen, Lester Foster, Rufus Foster, Pat Kellis, T. F. Foster, and Henry Merrell, M. E. Churchill, G. H. Cannon, D. Hall, H. W. Hart, Lee Augustine, and Misses Vevian Reese, Clifford McCrury, Micky McGuire, Rena Ball, Mary Mathis and Leola Jones.

Red Cross Quota Exceeded

Miss Marvin Foster last Wednesday reported to the Lions Club that Sterling County had exceeded its quota of \$1,300 by \$315.85 for the Red Cross. The Club had sponsored the raising of this money for the Red Cross and Miss Foster was its collector. She did a good job and has the thanks of all Sterling for this fine piece of work.

Uncle Willie Mullins says—



One of my biggest investments is War Bonds. I figger on putting at least 10% of all my earnings into War Bonds from New Year's on!

HELPING WAR PRODUCTION

Livestock We have a complete line medicines, including vaccines of all kinds, drenches, "Smear 62," worm killers; and the famous sulfa drugs for animals.

Poultry Parke Davis' Nemazine tablets for worm control, insecticides and disinfectants

Victory Garden Don't let the insects get it! We have the sprays and powders to kill 'em.

Syringes, Sprayers, Dust Guns

Davis Drug Company

Scrap Metal WANTED!



Will Pay Cash

For every pound of scrap metal that can be gathered. Will haul it in for you if you have enough to justify the trip.

NOW is the time to make some more money; besides, Uncle Sam needs the scrap badly.

"Scrap the Japs with Scrap"

M. C. MITCHELL

Lost and found columns of Tokio newspapers are crowded these days. Every time an American buys a War Bond, the Japs lose face. Buy your 10% every pay day.

PIGS FOR SALE—5-weeks old.—E. K. Cherry. tfp.

My home is Sterling City for sale.—Mrs. Lena Findt tf

Palace Theatre

Friday and Saturday
March 26-27

Geo. Sanders
Herbert Marshall

in
"Moon and Sixpence"

Also News of the Day
Selected Short Subjects

Sunday and Monday
March 28-29

Monty Wooly
Roddy McDowall

In
"The Pied Piper"

Also—
Short Subjects

Wednesday and Thursday
March 21-April 1

Brian Donlevy
Robert Preston

In
"Wake Island"
News of the Day
Short Subjects

Friday, April 2

Gene Autry
Smiley Burnette

In
"Heart of the
Rio Grande"

News of the Day and
selected short subjects

Saturday, April 3

Weaver Brothers
& Elviry

In
"Shepherd of
the Ozarks"
News - Short Subjects

SUNDAY MATINEE
3:00 P. M.

Undertaker's Supplies

Ambulance Service
DAY OR NIGHT

Lowe Hardware Co.

Sterling Floral Shop

Mrs. Roy Martin, Owner

Cut Flowers, Plants,
Bulbs, Shrubs

Buy From Your
Home Folks

Phone 144 Roy Martin Res

Wm. J. Swann

Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE AT BUTLER DRUG COMPANY

Residence Telephone No. 167

Sterling City, Texas

Come! Join our classes. Help
make surgical dressings.

Monday night, 7:00 until 10:00
o'clock; and Tuesday afternoon, 2:00
until 5:30 o'clock. —Mrs. Lester
Foster, Chairman.

Baptist Church

Sunday

A.m.

10:00 Sunday School lesson

11:00 Worship Service

P.m.

7:45 Training union

8:30 Evening worship

Wednesday

P.m.

4:00 Missionary Society

8:00 Weekly Teachers meeting

8:30 Mid-week Devotional

We welcome you,

Claude Stovall, pastor

Methodist Church

Lowell O. Ryan Pastor

Church school 10:30 a. m.

Morning worship, 11 o'clock

Evening worship, 7:30 o'clock

Land Loans

Low Interest Rates
Quick Appraisals

H. W. Westbrook

McBurnett Bldg.

Dial 3555

San Angelo, Texas

SHEARING TIME IS HERE

WE HAVE--

Wool Bags
Fleece Twine
Branding Fluids
Plenty of Smear 62

MARTIN C. REED WAREHOUSE

WELDING---CUTTING

Electric and Acetylene welding,
brazing and cutting. Broken parts
of Iron or steel made as good as
new. All work fully guaranteed.

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Windmill Work a Specialty

SAM SIMMONS At W. H. Sparkman Shop

EAGLE'S EYES

Official Publication of Sterling Public Schools

THE STAFF:

Staff Sponsor: Mary Mathis
 Editor-in-chief: Dan Dearen
 Assistant editor: Maudine Hallmark
 Society editor: Arlene Abernathy
 Grade editor: Frances Blauk
 Sports editor: Dan Dearen
 Filler editor: Marylene Storey

Senior reporter: Arlene Abernathy
 Junior reporter: Frank McCabe
 Sophomore reporter: Margaret Skeet
 Freshman reporter: Joe Snead
 Home Economics reporter: Jerrie Snead
 F.F.A. Reporter: Billy Chesney

STIRRING AROUND STERLING

By GADABOUT

Well, the seniors are in the circulation, at night, once more, after a very successful play. All of us enjoyed it immensely. Next? The juniors we hope.

The dance and picnic honoring JOHN seemed to provide fun for every one attending. The juniors were host and hostesses and presented John with two cartons of Camels for his visit in "boot camp." Good luck, sailor.

At the show after the play: Dan-Sue, Marylene-Billy, Scooter, Tom Dee, Chippy, Lou Ella, and Arlene.

Information please—where were: Fred, Johnny and Tom Dee?

Marylene went home for the day Sunday.

Maudine spent Saturday and Sunday in Big Spring.

Arlene's Friday night guest was Louella Fulcher, Marylene's cousin from San Angelo.

The seniors were having fun after dress rehearsal, as were many S.H.S.ers, Wednesday night. The seniors enjoyed hot chocolate and sandwiches in the lab. Thanks to Profs Atkinson, Mathis and the femmes at the show—well maybe there were a few (?) soldiers sitting nearby.

After dress rehearsal Joy Dan, Johnny "Rootzie", Billy-Marylene, Joe Arlene and Jack sat on the courthouse lawn to watch the sights.

Preparation for the Kid Day program begins Monday.

Peggy Jean was all of fourteen Sunday.

Some of our S.H.S.ers, namely Frank and Mac Mathis, are still acting like ten-year olds, or rather we heard Friday night.

Three of our "ex-s" are toughing it: RICHARD, LLOYD and GLAUDE are on desert maneuvers in California.

The Senior Play

The Senior class presented a three-act comedy, "Three Days of Gracie" on Friday evening, March 19.

The following financial report may be made for the play.

Total receipts	\$60 80
Total Federal tax	5 53
Royalty (1-8 of total receipts minus federal tax)	9 21
Money cleared	46 06

The senior class wishes to thank all who patronized our play.

Kid Day Program

As a final appearance before the commencement activities, the Senior Class will present the traditional Kid Day program on Thursday, April 1, at 1:30 in the afternoon. At this time a report will be made on the Jeep Campaign for the sale of stamps and bonds.

The Girl Scouts enjoyed a weiner roast on last Wednesday.

THE TEXAS CO.
 Petroleum & its
 Products
 R. P. Brown, Agent



Mom

"Sausages for breakfast! Sausages for breakfast! I can smell 'em!" Small Joe came tumbling downstairs fastening the belt of his shorts as he came. He made a bee-line for the kitchen. Pop was already sitting at the table, reading the paper, while Mom held the handle of the frying-pan over the stove. Small Joe came close and sniffed the delicious smoke, wriggling all over with early-morning joy.

"Better be thankful for them while you can still get them." One glance at Mom's face told small Joe this was one of her tight-lipped days. "Not a drop of coffee in the house, and no sugar left to put in it if there was. Some war!" Small Joe kept still.

"Letter for you, son," Pop said in his quiet voice. Small Joe made a leap for his place at table. There it was, a private personal letter for him alone, propped against his milk glass.

"Hey, Pop! It's from brother!" Small Joe was pulling the envelope apart and diving into the contents.

"Hey, look what he sent me." He passed over an oblong of thick, crinkly paper while he leaned over the sheet of writing-paper. "A twenty-five dollar War Bond," Pop said slowly. Mom turned and looked at it over Pop's shoulder, with the frying-pan in her hand.

"Listen what he says. 'How are you doing, kid? Hurry and grow up so you can help me slap the Japs. Aren't you most big enough to get into the Army? Here's something for you in your name. Let's the whole family gang up and help to win this war.'"

Pop and Mom were silent. But small Joe didn't notice that. He was full of his letter and his War Bond.

"Gee, Pop, in six years I could get into the Army, couldn't I, Pop? Gee, Pop, I want to be a soldier like brother and fight in this war. Gee, isn't that bond nifty? Look, it was issued in Honolulu. It's mine."

But Pop was looking at Mom and Mom was looking at Pop. There were tears in Mom's eyes. She shook her head sharply. Pop reached out and patted her hand gently.

"Well, can't let our soldier boy beat us to buying War Bonds, can we, old lady?" was all he said.

She shook her head again. "I guess if he can give up his job and go off to war I can do some fighting back at home," she said in a queer voice. Small Joe looked up at her in surprise. She saw him looking at her and spoke sharply. "Well, Joe, we're about ready to eat. Say grace."

Small Joe folded his hands and bent his head as he had been taught. "Oh Lord, we thank thee for this food and all thy bountiful gifts..."

"Amen," Pop said. "Amen," Mom said. "Now eat your good sausages."

(Story from an actual report in the files of the Treasury Department.)

Amen: Say yes. Take your change in War Stamps. The least you can do is the most you can buy in War Bonds.

U. S. Treasury Department

U. S. Treasury Department

Notice to Bidders

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners Court of Sterling County, Texas, at the April Term, A. D 1943 of said Court, beginning on the 12th day of April, 1943, will receive sealed proposals from any banking corporation, Association or any individual banker of Sterling County, Texas, that may desire to be selected as the Depository of the funds of such County.

All proposals shall be in compliance with Article 2544 to Article 2546 inclusive, Vernon's Annotated Civil Statutes, and all other laws pertaining thereto.

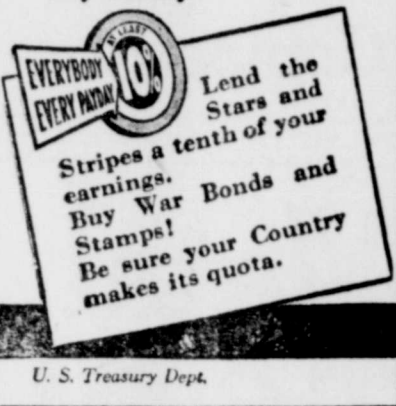
Given under my hand and seal of office this 8th day of March, A. D. 1943.

G. C. Murrell, County Judge,
 Seal Sterling County, Texas

LIBERTY LIMERICKS



Said a movie fan, Edward G. Mallory,
 "I may have to sit in the gallery,
 But War Bonds will get
 My savings, you bet—
 Right up to a tenth of
 my salary!"



U. S. Treasury Dept.

As soon as the ground is dry enough to plow, corn and other feed crops should be planted. Corn does better in this country when planted early because then it will mature before the worm pests gets a good start. June Corn is successful even when planted as late as the first of July, but May is the best time to plant it.



He's Starting To Crawl . . .

CHUBBY fingers clutch at all he sees. He's cutting teeth, too, and likes to chew on things. Sometimes Mother thinks in terror, "What if he'd fall from his high-chair . . . swallow a safety-pin . . . !"

She feels safer with the telephone handy. It brings the doctor . . . quickly.

Have one installed in your home . . . now!

THE SAN ANGELO TELEPHONE COMPANY

FIRE, FIDELITY, AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

FHA LOANS
 Let Us Protect Your Property
 D. C. Durham
 Insurance Agency

R. P. Davis
 Barber Shop
 Rain water shampoos

Geo. T. Wilson Worth B. Durham LAWYERS

205 Central Nat. Bank Bldg.
 San Angelo, Texas



—O. W. I. Photo by Collins

ODT To Help Keep 'Em Rolling.—Farm-truck operations such as this will not have to be discontinued as result of the mileage-rationing program. Joseph B. Eastman, Director of the Office of Defense Transportation, assures farmers that, local gasoline stocks permitting, farm trucks will be allowed sufficient mileage for all necessary operations.



NEWCOMER IN ARTS. P. H. H. H. H.



CLEANING & PRESSING

Suits cleaned and pressed
 Dresses, plain, cleaned & pressed 50¢

Work called for and delivered

The Men's Store

Sterling Wool & Mohair Co.

STERLING CITY, TEXAS