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You can do what this happy young woman is doing—cook a full meal in your newest frock, (or while you are away from home at a party, for that matter)... Electric cookery, the only really MODERN cookery has no flame, makes no odor, soot or smoke. It's absolutely CLEAN. It applies heat directly to food, is perfectly insulated, and is therefore COOL... Only with such cleanliness and coolness is it possible to cook while keeping your clothing spick and span ... See these and other features demonstrated at our nearest store or display room.

Special Cooking Rate Available With Current as Low as 2¢

C. P. and L.

IT IS NOW CALLED GARWOOD

First it was Red Bluff, then Vox Populi, and now commonly, "Frnkaville."

The following story written by Paul Franke, editor of the Acco Press, a magazine published at Houston in the interest of better agriculture by Anderson, Clayton & Co., is reproduced by permission of the publishers and the writer. The illustrations, as used in the original article, are furnished the Headlight through the courtesy of that publication.—Editor.

Every now and then when I introduce myself to someone and say: "My name is Frankie," they ask: "Are you related to the Frankies of Garwood?"

Because I have been asked this question many times, I have always been anxious to get a story of the family and the town.

I now know from talking with Mr. Frank Frnka that the Frnkas of Garwood are Moravians and came to Texas three generations ago. The family has adopted the English pronunciation of Frankie.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Let me tell it as I actually happened upon it.

I drove into Garwood in Colorado County about 10 a. m. on Easter Sunday. For information and direction I went into the town's drug store. When I explained to the druggist-postmaster I wanted a story of the Frnkas and the town, he said: "You picked a bad day, Mister. This is Easter Sunday, you know.

Frank Frnka

and I'm afraid all the Frnkas are at church."

He stopped to ring up a purchase on the cash register.

"Let's see," he said.

Then: "Look across the street. See that man over there with the big hat. That's Cap Abell. Probably he knows more about this country than any one else."

I told Mr. Abell what I wanted and he stopped me in the middle of the second sentence.

"Yes, I got the idea—Centennial year. Everybody wants to know what happened in the old days."

Cap Abell is about 75 years old. He wouldn't admit his age to me, but he mentioned he was about the same age as another Garwood gentleman whose age, I later found, was past the number 85.

Cap Abell's grandfather landed in Galveston, and as did most of the immigrants of that time, he and his family pushed inland. He went into Columbus—then moved to Fredburg. From there his people sought out the fertile land around Red Bluff in Colorado County.

"Those were the rip-snortin' days," I prompted.

"Oh, yes," agreed Cap Abell, "those were the days when the milk cows came home with Indian arrows in their hides.

"Once a week the mail was brought out from Columbus to Red Bluff, or Vox Populi, as the post-office was called. My own aunt, Phoebe Barnett, was postmistress. She kept the mail in a box in a drawer of her sewing machine.

"That was in the '60's.

"Then the 'Sap' built its right-o'-way through this country in 1884. After that, the mail was brought to Altair and distributed more frequently."

"When did the first farmers land here?" I interrupted.

"The Schoellmanns and the Labys (the spelling is possibly wrong, but I could find no one to properly authenticate it) came here before the '70's. I believe they were the first."

"William Schoellmann put up a horse gin' at old Tobin's place. I remember they used to wet the walls of the press to hold the cotton while we tamped it with our bare feet."

"It took all day to gin a bale, I guess?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "if they came early we would gin two, three or maybe four bales a day."

The religious needs were taken care of by a roving priest who came by the community once a week and held mass in private homes. Later he made use of the community's school house.

"Commerce flourished then," said Cap Abell, "or at least we thought so. Two river steamers regularly plied the Colorado River, bringing merchandise to inland towns. I well remember one of these boats that went aground at Mercer's Landing. Its anchor is on display today in the courthouse square at Columbus.

"You want to see something old-timey?" asked Cap Abell suddenly.

"Certainly," was my answer.

We got in the car and drove to the edge of town. Before us was an old house leaning at crazy angles.

"Daughter of Colorado," said Cap Abell, "they are going to tear the old shack down. They are going to wreck it. It was the home of my uncle, Harvey Abell—built 60 years ago."

"Funny thing, an itinerant artist came by one day and painted an emblem of the Lone Star State on the ceiling of the living room. That was over 50 years ago and it is still there today—has never been repainted.

I took a picture of it.

"An interesting thing happened once. A Yankee fella with headquarters at Eagle Lake gathered together a gang to engage in the job it was to kill cattle at night for their hides. They would kill 'em and bring the hides in before daylight. One night a man named Gordon caught the gang red-handed and threatened to turn them in.

"The gang killed Gordon, and, as criminals usually do, they tried to destroy the evidence. They were caught in the act, however, and a mob quickly formed to deal out justice. The whole countryside rose in arms. Headquarters were at this very house—they stacked their arms right here on this porch . . . Eventually, of course, the gang was got.

All of which brought back to Cap Abell the memory of Civil War days (his father fought in the Confederate ranks).

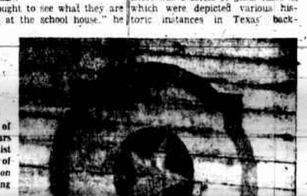
"You ought to see what they are doing up at the school house," he said.

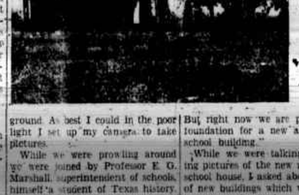
It was Easter Sunday and the school house was closed. But Mr. Abell has been a member of the school board for 22 years, so it was an easy matter to get the janitor's key.

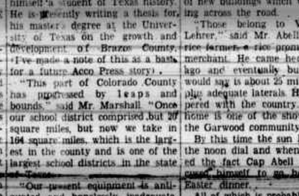
On the walls of the downstairs corridor of the old school house is a map of Colorado County on which have been placed gold stars marking the location of land owners who possessed slaves prior to the War between the States. Also there was a series of glass cases in which were depicted various historic instances in Texas' back-

A map of Colorado County on which are marked the location of land owners who possessed slaves prior to the War between the States. Also a series of glass cases depicting various historic instances.

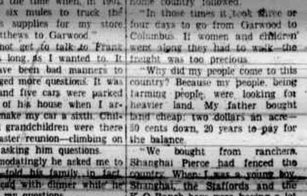
"It was the home of my uncle built 60 years ago. An itinerant artist painted an emblem of the Lone Star State on the ceiling of the living room."







"Those belong to William Lehrer—rice farmer, rice promoter, rice merchant. He has prospered with the country."



ground. As best I could in the poor light I set up my camera to take pictures.

While we were prowling around we were joined by Professor E. G. Marshall, superintendent of schools, himself a student of Texas history. He is recently writing a thesis for his master's degree at the University of Texas on the growth and development of Brazos County. "I've made a note of this as a basis for a future Acco Press story."

"This part of Colorado County has progressed by leaps and bounds," said Mr. Marshall. "Once our school district comprised but 20 square miles, but now we take in 196 square miles, which is the largest in the county and is one of the largest school districts in the state.

"Our present equipment is antiquated and hopelessly inadequate. But right now we are pouring the foundation for a new and modern school building."

While we were talking and taking pictures of the new and the old school house, I asked about a series of new buildings which were standing across the road.

"Those belong to William K Lehrer," said Mr. Abell. "He is a rice farmer, a rice promoter, a rice merchant. He came here 20 years ago and eventually built what I would say is about 25 miles of canal plus adequate laterals. He has prospered with the country. Today his home is one of the show places of the Garwood community."

By this time the sun had crossed the noon dial and when I remarked the fact Cap Abell hastily excused himself to go home to an Easter dinner.

All of which is probably too lengthy an introduction to the fact that I had come to Garwood to see Mr. Frank Frnka. I secured the direction to his home from his own brother Ed, himself the owner of the first store in town and who remembered the time when, in 1905, "it took six mules to truck the Christmas supplies for my store from Matthews to Garwood."

I did not get to talk to Frank Frnka as long as I wanted to. It would have been bad manners to have begged more questions. It was Sunday and five cars were parked in front of his house when I arrived to make my car a sixth. Children and grandchildren were there for an Easter reunion—climbing on his lap; asking him questions.

Accommodatingly he asked me to come in to hold his family in fast to go about with dinner while he answered my questions.

Frank Frnka's father, together with seven other families, settled in What is now known as the Garwood community in the early '70's. They wrote home to the home country and more families from the home country followed.

"In those times it took three or four days to go from Garwood to Columbus. If women and children went along they had to walk—the fought was too precious.

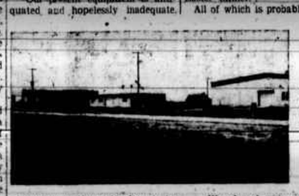
"Why did my people come to this country? Because my people, being farming people, were looking for heavier land. My father bought land cheap: two dollars an acre—10 cents down, 20 years to pay for the balance.

"We bought from ranchers. Shanghai Pierce had fenced the country. When I was a young boy Shanghai, the Stafords and the K-O Ranch boys were having a lot of difficulties over the boundaries of their domain.

"We have driven down here on a concrete highway in a modern car to see me," he continued. "You can't possibly visualize the country as it was when I was young. Grass was head high, and when it rained! . . . We plowed with oxen hitched to a wooden plow. We had no rope—all lines were made of hides . . ."

Mr. Frank Frnka's father had five sons. Each of them, I understand, has a family. Mr. Frank Frnka has five boys and two daughters. All, save one, are in the country," said Mr. Frnka; "but," he added, "the people must take care of it. The first families robbed it of its soil.

"If we farm as we should farm and take care of the land, our children and our children's children will never have to worry."



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Garwood Hi Spotlight

VOL. 1 NUMBER 25

Garwood, Texas, May 29, 1936

Alace Lorraine Kallina, Editor-in-Chief; Vivian Williams, General Reporter; Gertrude Otto, Sports Reporter; Evelyn Krenek, Society Reporter; Freddie Kallina, Joke Editor; Samuel Martin, Agriculture Class Reporter.

In Appreciation

The Spotlight staff and Garwood High School faculty take this means of express their sincerest appreciation to Mr. Bruce McCarty for making possible the weekly publication of our school paper in the Headlight. Having a school paper improves school spirit and creates more interest in school activities, therefore we all owe a debt of gratitude to the editor of the Headlight for publishing our Spotlight in his paper each week.

Senior Class Honor Students

All the students in the Senior class were workers but the highest honors were won by Lillian Lundquist and Alace Lorraine Kallina. Lillian ranks an average of 92.3 throughout Sr. She has attended Garwood High School only this past year, but she has many friends in the student body. She is an all-round good student, always ready to do her part.

Lorraine Kallina, with an average of 92.6 is the valedictorian of the class. She has always been very popular with the students, being elected editor of the school paper and captain of the volley ball team for two consecutive years, as well as president of the Senior class this year.

Personals

G. P. Hofer was in El Campo Friday.—Frederick Priesmeyer attended the show in El Campo Sunday.—Evelyn Krenek and Jim Ella Kallina were in El Campo Sunday night.—Lorraine Kallina attended the show in El Campo Sunday night.

The Lost Echoes

Clayburn, isn't it too bad you and Robert couldn't go to Palacios the other night?—Wallace and G. P. will some day be good life savers.—Victor still can't take a hint. He must like for people to express themselves. Don't worry, They will.—Herbert and Harry like to be teased. We found this out Thursday.—Herman knows a good way to open soda water bottles.—G. P. likes to take a mad bath. He claims that it reminds him of his childhood days.—We think Wallace would enjoy living just a little way out west to help others chase turkeys and ship boats.—Cho-Cho was rather generous Thursday. He shared the marshmallows with those around him. Ask Monk.—For a while it looked as if the gain would keep the Seniors from graduating.—Frederick, the person you were with Tuesday night did not go home right after he let you out of the car. He went in the opposite direction.—Where these finals were in main in the week.—Erin insulted the Juniors the other day.—I, Ola are you afraid to wear your glasses when it's thunderint and lightning? Can you imagine the having been the last week of school?—Erma Rose, selfish, so many more shocks it is liable to affect her heart.—Vivian, who brought you to school Friday at noon?—Can you imagine The Junior-Senior hike by any chance result in a new Junior-Senior romance? Information please. — Lucille, did you write "Goggles" a letter? You'd better.—Adell can certainly hear well. Imagine her hearing the hiking group laugh and yell when they didn't think they were loud at all.—Emma and Ellen don't mind walking by a furnace when they want water bad enough.—I Ola, do you miss that certain blonde very much? You ought to make a trip to Houston soon. The H. E. girls don't like to criticize each other's dresses in class.—Wasn't that too bad there were so many finals to think about over the week-end? Otherwise it would have been an excellent time to catch up on sleep.—Jim Ella, why were you so happy Friday? Did you receive the day before, or was it the weather?—Vivian, were you caught in the rain Friday? Oh, well, you didn't mind it, did you?—Cleo was rather surprised when she found out that she had the measles.—Gertrude, why weren't you at the picnic Friday? You missed a lot of fun.—Two facts about Emma: She likes to run races and she likes to throw rocks across the river.—Oh Evelyn, you have given yourself away by singing "It's Been So Long" so much during the last few days. Oh, well, there's a reason, we surmise.—The senior girls must have quite generous boy friends. You ought to see their pile.—Wonder if next year's seniors will have as much fun, but will be as disciplined as the 1936ers are.

H. E. Girls to be Given Party

Miss Taylor is going to entertain the H. E. girls with a party at the H. E. cottage next Thursday afternoon June 4, at 3:00 o'clock.

SOUTH TEXAS NEW RICE ENTERPRISE

(From Rice News)

A new enterprise in the Southern rice industry which is indicative of the vitality and resilience of rice to financial depressions and other calamities, and which also is a new expression of confidence in the future of American rice by business men of Texas, is the rice irrigation and production project at the South Texas Water Company, with headquarters in Rosharon, about twenty miles southwest of Houston.

This new enterprise was begun in the latter part of April, the first part of 1935 by E. E. Wood, R. T. Briscoe, W. E. Devant, R. Q. Pegram and L. D. Clements. The company was incorporated in November, 1934 and in 1935 planted 16,000 acres of sod land to rice. A crop of 350,000 barrels of paddy was harvested.

This season 2000 acres of sod lands are being added to the area under cultivation, giving a total of approximately 23,500 acres. These lands are situated in Brazoria county and will be cultivated by 105 farmers, practically all of whom are members of the American-Rice Growers Cooperative Association.

Officers of the South Texas Water Company are E. E. Wood, president; W. E. Devant, secretary, and R. Q. Pegram, vice president. These with R. T. Briscoe and L. D. Clements form the board of directors. Mr. Pegram was formerly one of the owners of the Bay City Rice Mill on Mat City Texas and was vice president of the Rice Millers' Association.

Mrs. Robert Cook and baby of Houston are here for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cearnal Jr. and son Monte spent Sunday here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cearnal.

Rock Island Items

(By Mrs. M. I. Nicewander)

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Zumstein left last week for an indefinite stay at their old home in Winsor, Illinois.

Mrs. Dixie Bane of Houston spent several days here with home folks this week.

On Friday night of last week Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Humphreys entertained the pupils of the High School with a party at their home. Forty-two games furnished amusement and delicious refreshments of cake and punch were served.

Mrs. M. I. Nicewander entertained the Thursday Club on Thursday afternoon, with nine members and three guests present. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. Charles Wegenhoft returned Garwood community. Small wonder the countryside around Garwood calls the community "Frnkaville."

The place abounds in agricultural lore. Yields of 200 to 400 pounds of lint cotton per acre are not uncommon. "The coastal plains of Texas is a great country—a good

Special Milk For Babies

We produce two brands of milk—pure Holstein Milk for babies and the Rich Creamy Milk for family use.

Extra care and cleanliness makes both brands Extra Quality.

Our cows are healthy.—T. B. tested, not only this year, but three previous years.—Of your protection.

When you order our milk please state if you want milk for family use or for babies.

Leave orders at Calverts or at Q-P Store.

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for their Safety

THE New Firestone HIGH SPEED TIRE for 1936

AVOID accidents—take no chances—buy your tires on *Proof of Performance*. Make sure that you and your family will be safe! Skidding, blowouts and punctures caused more than 37,000 accidents last year. *Many of these accidents could have been avoided with safe tires.*

The new Firestone High Speed Tire for 1936 is the safest driving equipment you can buy. *Here is your proof:*

PROOF OF GREATEST NON-SKID SAFETY

A leading university made 2,350 tire tests and found that the new scientifically designed Firestone High Speed tread stops a car up to 25% quicker than other tires.

PROOF OF GREATEST BLOWOUT PROTECTION

Every year, since Firestone developed the Gum-Dipped Balloon tire, Firestone Tires have been on the winning cars in the gruelling blowout test of the Indianapolis 500-Mile Race.

PROOF OF GREATEST ECONOMY

Firestone engineers designed the new Firestone High Speed Tire for 1936 to give you up to 50% longer non-skid mileage. This is proved by our own test fleet records and the fact that the world's largest transportation companies, such as Greyhound, to whom safety and tire economy means business efficiency, use Firestone Tires. This is further proof that *they are the safest, most economical tires ever built.*

Why risk an accident when it costs so little to protect lives worth so much! Equip your car today with new Firestone High Speed Tires—the Masterpiece of Tire Construction.

THE MASTERPIECE OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION

HIGH SPEED TYPE	
4.50-21	$8.60
4.75-19	9.10
5.25-18	10.85
5.50-17	11.90
6.00-16	13.25
6.00-17 H.D.	15.90
6.00-19 H.D.	16.90
6.50-17 H.D.	18.40
7.00-17 H.D.	21.30
7.50-17 H.D.	31.75
FOR TRUCKS	
6.00-20	$18.85
7.50-20	39.10
30x5 Heavy Duty	18.75
32x6 H.D.	40.25

Other Sizes Priced Proportionately Low

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Designed and constructed by Firestone skilled tire engineers — a first quality tire built of all first grade materials, embodying the many exclusive Firestone patented construction features. Its exceptional quality and service at these low prices are made possible by large volume production in the world's most efficient tire factories. Made in all sizes for passenger cars, trucks and buses. Let us show you this new Firestone tire today.

$7.00 4.40-21

STANDARD TYPE	
SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21	$7.75
4.75-19	8.35
5.25-18	9.75
5.50-17	10.70
6.00-17 HD	14.30
FOR TRUCKS	
6.00-20	$16.95
30x5	17.50

Other Proportionately Low

$5.90 4.40-21 SENTINEL TYPE

Of good quality and construction and backed by the Firestone name and guarantee. An outstanding value in a popular class.

4.50-21	$6.05
4.75-19	6.65
5.00-19	6.85
5.25-18	7.00

Other Proportionately Low

$5.08 4.40-21 COURIER TYPE

A good service-able tire for owners of small cars who want new tire safety at low cost.

4.40-21	$5.00
4.50-21	5.00
4.75-19	5.05
30x3½ Clincher	4.35

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Auto Polish, Pint 50c; Chamois 25c; Sponges 50c; Wax, 1 Qt. 50c; Polishing Cloth 15c; Sun Glasses 10c up; Flash Light 1-cell 25c up; Glass Horns 69c; Auto Cushions 39c up

SPARK PLUGS 58¢ Ea. in Sets

FAN BELT 21¢ up

RADIATOR HOSE 45¢ up Per ft.

AUTO RADIO $37.95

SEAT COVERS 79¢ up Coupes; Coaches and Sedans 1.69 up

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THE JOKESMITH

Some few made, mostly stolen, some merely borrowed. If you run across a good one, mail it to us.

Dewdimple—Cheer up, old chap. No news is good news, you know.

Galladay—Not when you're running a newspaper.

Wife (preparing breakfast) — There isn't a slice of bread in the house.

Husband (absently)—Never mind, dear; just make some toast.

Elsie—Percy is such a prevaricating flatterer.

Cora—Has he been telling you that you were pretty?

Elsie—No; he said you were.

Serious Politician — Utopia will never be achieved by a single party.

Hey Young Thing—Oh, no, there would have to be a party every night.

Cityite—Are you sure these eggs are fresh?

Farmer—Why, lady, if you'd step outside you can hear the hens that laid them still cackling.

Clara's Beau—Tell me, Bobby, do you ever peep through the key hole when your sister and I are sitting in here alone?

Bobby—Sometimes, if mother or sister Ellen isn't looking.

Hotel Keeper—I have rooms for fifty and seventy-five cents a night.

Guest—What's the difference between them?

Hotel Keeper—Not much; only the seventy-five cent ones have ice in them.

Specialist: Could you pay for an operation if I thought one was necessary? Patient: Would you find one necessary if I could pay for it?

"Well, mother," said the smart young fish. "I have been following your advice since I was a minnow and have been letting those plump, juicy worms strictly alone. I think I am now old enough to go on my own hook."

And he did.

Junior: "Say, mother, how much am I worth?"

Mother: "Why, you're worth a million to me, dear."

Junior: "Well, then, could you advance me a quarter?"

Professor—Correct this sentence: "Before any damage could be done the volunteer fire department put out by the volunteer fire department." Pupil—"The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire department."

Old Lady (to a one-legged tramp on the street): Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?

Tramp (looking down at his foot): Well, I'll be damed if I haven't.

Stranger—I came in because I read your advertisement for a man to retail canaries.

Proprietor—Oh, yes. Are you experienced in that line?

Stranger—Oh, no. I just wanted to ask how the canaries lost their tails.

After purchasing a railroad ticket a lady was asked by the booking clerk whether she would take an insurance ticket. "No thanks," she replied, "we are always taking tickets for this and that, and we never had any luck."

A motorist who owns one of those baby cars which everybody makes jokes about was recounting an experience to a friend.

"I had a bit of bad luck coming up from Brighton the other day," he said. "I ran into a trap."

"Is that so?" said his friend. "Any cheese in it?"

Wife—It's she furniture people come for, the piano, John.

Husband—But I gave you the money for the next instalment.

Wife—Yes. I know, dear; but don't say anything. I'm going to pay them as soon as they get it downstairs, because I've decided to have it in the sitting-room.

Little Mary Ellen was suffering from toothache and her father, hoping to cheer her up, asked: "What would you like me to give you for your birthday next week?"

"You might give me some teeth like mamma's so I can take them out when they ache," answered the child.

Judge—On what grounds do you ask for a divorce?

Wife—Insanity, your honor. I put crackers in his bed and he ate them.

Judge—Is that all?

The Wife—No, your honor. After he had eaten the crackers he wanted to know who stole his soup.

A farmer's wife went into the bank to make a deposit for the Ladies' Aid, of which she was president. As she placed a goodly sum at the window, she said: "Here is the Aid money."

The slightly deaf cashier understanding the depositor to say "egg money," replied: "Well, well! the old hens did well this week, didn't they?"

"Waiter, there is an insect in my soup!" "Impossible, sir; they're calling for the author," said the manager.

"But I can't make a speech!" replied the man responsible for the play.

The manager grabbed the playwright and impelled him along the passage. As he shoved him down the curtain he said curtly: "Well, just go in front and tell them you're sorry."

Curious: "What do you repair these shoes with?"

Cobbler (looking up very sharply): "Hide!"

Curious: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide, hide! The cow's outside."

Curious: "Let her in—I'm not scared."

The country farmer had given permission to an old Irishman to sleep in the barn. That night the farmer went around to the barn to see that the man was comfortable, and found him lying on a heap of straw with a drainpipe for a pillow.

"Don't you find that pipe hard?" asked the farmer.

"No, yer honor," said Pat, "I've filled it with straw."

Tom—Harry always was lucky. He won a fringe worth $100,000 yesterday by using the right word in the right place.

Dick—I don't believe a word of it. How did it happen?

Tom—He said "yes" when the minister asked him if he took Miss Goldust to be his lawfully wedded wife.

"Now, children," asked the Sunday school teacher, "why do you suppose that in our prayers we ask only for our daily bread and not enough for a week?"

"Well, teacher," piped little Johnny, thoughtfully, "it might be so's we will get it fresh every day."

A lad employed in one of the big chain stores turned up to work one morning in a new car. The manager heard of it and, fearing that the boy might be getting into debt, sent for him.

"How is it," he asked, "that you can afford to run a car on $12 a week?"

"Quite easy, sir," replied the youth. "There are 200 people employed in this shop. Every week I raffle my pay envelope at a quarter a chance."

For nearly an hour the actors went through their performance without stirring the faintest bit of applause. Suddenly the stage went dark. "Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen," shouted the manager. "The lights have merely gone out for the present."

"I don't blame 'em," came a voice from the front row. "I'd go too if I hadn't paid good money to get in."

"You say you were going only 20 miles an hour," said the traffic court judge to the motorist who had been hauled in for speeding, "but the traffic officer says you were doing 40. I dislike to refuse to accept the word of either of you. Does the officer hold any grudge against you?"

"Not that, I can think of," replied the parson after deep thought, "unless it is because I officiated at his marriage some five years ago."

An American tourist had an invitation to shoot over a large estate in England. On the evening before the shoot he went to see the gamekeeper.

"Says I'm one of the crack shots in the States," he said. "Tomorrow you'll be loading for me, and for every bird I miss I'll give you half-a-dollar."

After the shoot the gamekeeper went to the local pub and recounted the American's boast to a friend.

"And how did you get on?" asked the other.

"Fine," retorted the gamekeeper. "If I'd had another blank cartridge I'd have made a level fiver!"

The identity of the young woman is withheld, but the memory of her answer lingers on with the examiner conducting a science course at a local high school.

One of the requirements in the written exam was: "Define a bolt and nut and explain the difference."

The girl wrote:—

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only instead of the square bunch it has a hole in it like chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

S. G. Morgan, salesman for the Morton Salt Company, a brother of former school superintendent, J. H. Morgan, was a visitor here Monday and Tuesday. He reports both Mr. and Mrs. Morgan in splendid health and enjoying life.

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Care of the Saddle Horse

By Verne A. Scott, Professor of Veterinary Medicine, John Tarlton College, In December Southwestern Sheep and Goat Raiser.

In thinking of cow ponies you think of an animal of more or less a certain conformation that is accepted by cow men to be the ideal type for the work done. An animal that had sufficient speed to catch a calf, or cow, one with sufficient size and muscling to carry any sized man, and be sufficiently stout to hold anything tied to the saddle horn. An animal with sufficient intelligence, co-ordination and alertness to learn and more or less understand the duties of a good cow horse.

There are a great many horses of the proper type and conformation in the ranch country of Texas, of many different colors, because color is a matter of personal choice of the man. There are a great many noted horses—noted for their special ability, either as a cutting or roping horse or something of the kind. I am not going into details in regard to these famous horses, but to talk to you primarily of the care of the horse.

I think of four things when I think of the care of the cow horse. I think of the care of his feet and legs, his back, his teeth, and of his feeding.

If the horse is not born with a deficiency in his feet and legs, I want as little shoe as possible to protect the feet. Most cow men want the shoes calked behind so that the animal can stop quicker and hold better. This is all very well, but it gives great opportunity for spraining ankles due to the calks hitching.

The proper kind of a shoe is one that is tight, with as little calk as possible, but on a foot that is absolutely level. The side wall from the hair line to the shoe should never be rasped, taking off the membrane that protects it from the loss of water, because this allows the hoof to dry out and crack. If this has been done it is advisable to oil the foot with a good hoof ointment, or linseed oil painted on the foot once or twice a week will prevent the loss of water and the consequent cracking. The frog of the foot is the life of the foot and no more should be taken off than can be pulled off by the fingers.

If there are injuries to the legs above the foot and the animal shows marked lameness, rest is always the best treatment. If there is a wound which shows no inflammation, the use of greasy medicinal agents is unsatisfactory because it collects dirt, gums up the wound and is quite unsatisfactory. The treatment of such wounds and defects in the legs and feet of valuable saddle animals should be left wholly and entirely to the recommendation of your veterinarian.

The back of the animal should be protected by proper saddles, blankets and properly constructed saddle. If not, backs sq fast, etc. will develop, but this must be operated on by a man who understands such conditions. Saddles can be taken care of by proper cleanliness and rest.

The teeth of the animal have been provided for a definite purpose and that is to grind their food in smaller particles so that it can be more efficiently digested. When the teeth become damaged, worn-out, decayed, or anything, they should be corrected. Certain old animals should be given ground feeds. Some of the accidents that can happen to the teeth are that they may be split and prod the gums and tongue. A tooth may be knocked out or pulled out and the tooth opposite the gums long and interferes with mastication or chewing of the food. The edges of the teeth may become very sharp, cutting the tongue and cheeks. The teeth may wear irregularly. I think that it is quite advisable that all horses' mouths be looked at at the two time each year and corrected.

In regard to the feeding and managing of the animal, everybody knows that an animal at full work should require more feed of a more concentrated nature than an animal at rest. The good animal husbandry men will make this distinction in their feeding program. When an animal definitely is not going to be used for a week or 10 days, the concentrate should be cut unless the animal is unusually thin or weak. There are many different feeds used in the State of Texas, and they do a very fair job of developing the animal and maintaining it. It has been found, however, under recent experimentation, that alfalfa hay and oats are the best balanced for feeding horses. This feed not only will develop a better horse, but will supply the necessary food elements in such a way that it will prevent certain weaknesses of the bone and in many instances will cure these weaknesses. Horses should be fed one pound of hay for every 100 pounds of horse. Horses for example a 1000 pound horse should have 10 pounds of grain a day divided into three feeds with a block of alfalfa and with what other roughness you have. Salt should be kept before the animal at all times. When an animal is brought off of a hard day's work for the noon day meal of the evening meal, it should be allowed a small drink of water, then allowed to rest before it is fed. After the feeding the animal may be watered to satisfy itself.

I think of a horse in the same way I do of an athlete because the do the same type of thing, physical labor, either heavy work at a slow pace or lighter work at more speed, so I train them the same way by gradually conditioning the animal, this is especially important in young animals. One of the greatest mistakes made with horses is to lay them off for a month or more then bring them up and expect as much from them as when they were turned out. We find the condition of horses pretty much show the type of men that own them; some men try to get all a horse has, others try to protect them.

TROUBLE

This time it was the mathematics professor. It was 2:a. m. and the professor was groaning and writhing in agony. "Dear, dear" called his faithful partner of the years, "wake up, wake up! What on earth is the matter?" He came to. A cold sweat was on his brow. "Ah! Ah!" he said. "What a horrible nightmare! I dreamed our little Tommy was a prime sign under the guard and I couldn't get him out."

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