

**TRIP TO LAND OF
FOOD AND RAIMENT**

The editor and wife went to San Angelo last week to attend the annual meeting of the Texas Press Association. The trip was made over the splendid highway through Austin, Fredericksburg and Brady, every inch of which is hard surfaced and where motoring is a delight. We reached Brady, 217 miles in 6 hours, where we were entertained at the country club with lunch and golf. After praying the course which traverses a running stream seven times and where you have either to climb up or down a mountain on each fairway, the editor had lots of fun, even if it was somewhat like work.

From Brady to San Angelo, 80 miles in 2 1-2 hours because most of the road is not improved. The Tom Green county part is concrete. We were then in the pretty and modern city of San Angelo with its wide streets and lengthy blocks. It has numerous signs of prosperity, including a splendid court house and an auditorium in the city hall which is not surpassed anywhere. There is an abundance of fine water, the middle, north and south branches of the Concho River meet there on the rolling plains. Plenty of water permits irrigation and the pecan crop along the streams is a good one. The soil is fertile. San Angelo is the wool and mohair marketing center of the U. S., shipping a million pounds a year. So, it is a land of food and raiment.

If you want to know about conditions out there, just look about you and you will then know, for they are the same everywhere just now. Business interests are being hard pressed, just like agriculture and the factories are being put to the test. People are cutting expenses, trying to pay back borrowed capital, paying high rents, hustling for business and hoping that they will pull through this the worst situation that ever confronted the present generation.

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The wheat and oat crops are the largest some counties out there have ever known, both as to acreage and bushels per acre. Prices of grain and wool are down. Wheat averages 16-18 bu. per acre and oats 35-45. In some spots wheat is threshing 25-30 bu. per acre and oats 60-70. Wool brings 20c and oats 16-17c. Tom Green County has 10,000 acres in wheat and 15,000 acres in oats and barley this year and estimates the production at 120 cars of wheat and 400 cars of oats. Beyond San Angelo is Carlsbad, the state sanitorium for tubercular patients. A visit through this institution shows the state to be doing fine work for so many patients, so many of whom are children. The waiting list is some 300 or more, we were told.

In San Angelo we met our former fellow townsman Geo. H. Cox and two sons who left Giddings some years ago and now have the prettiest store in that city, in the heart of the business section. They enjoy patronage from a wide territory and carry stocks that appeal to the best trade equaling that of the stores of the larger cities. Mr. Cox is an enthusiastic golfer and he sends word back to his Giddings friends, especially Mayor Hilsman, W. H. Cherry, J. R. Folkes, G. E. Kelly, and others to get into the game for they do not know how much they are missing. The editor had the pleasure of playing with him and was only able to keep up with him because the editor had been dubbing long enough between Hansler, Dell and Childress, the Giddings team that makes you hustle. The sun burns out there, but the editor developed his tan before leaving home, so was not blistered.

A West Texas Storm

We planned to leave San Angelo Friday evening and spend that night with a friend in Brady. From about 4 p. m. on,

we noticed a dark cloud toward Brady and to the north. At 5:30 we could see light streaks of white appearing in the direction of the cloud. These streaks look like white smoke when the woods are on fire. We left at 5:30 and drove hard to miss the threatening rain. All the time we noticed a small dark cloud, somewhat funnel-shaped and larger than your hat. As we drove along, the sand storm hit us, and it was severe but not enough to stop us from driving. As we reached Eden, we noticed the effects of a storm and learned we were just 40 minutes late. It tore the roof off the lumber yard, blew buildings over and put the electric lights out. It was then dark and the road was being covered with water from the 3-inch rain that had fallen to the north. We remembered the "dips" and wondered if we could make them. The highway crosses the same stream four times, all dips. When we reached the first one,

it was bank full with motorists on each side. There was nothing to do but wait for it to run down. By midnight many cars and trucks had gathered, and it was a jolly night waiting for the water to run down.

Tourists with their families, business trucks, mail carriers, professional men, men in a hurry to get to their work, others in search of work, it seemed that all kinds of people were present. We spent a jolly night on the bank watching the water slowly recede. At day-break the big trucks would wrap their radiators with a tarpaulin and hit the water as hard as they could and manage to get through. Others stuck and had to be pulled out. Seeing that we might be all day waiting for the water to run down for a light car, several of us detoured for miles and reached Brady at 9 a. m. Saturday. It was an enjoyable experience as it was a clear, warm night. One man said he had

waited only 72 hours at one place for the water to run down and that was on a state and federal highway! Caution: Watch the West Texas dips after a rain.

We held our hat and wheel and opened up for Gliddings which we reached in due time and with only 10 cents auto repairs for the whole trip. Glad to have gone, and glad to get back. If you want a delightful trip and to study a few pages of Nature's note book, take a trip through the hill country of Texas. You will not mind the heat for the high, rare and dry atmosphere will be so bracing that you will not want to stop until you get back to Gliddings. If you enjoy camping, you can find numerous camps along the rivers with all arrangements for a pleasant outing.