

Since 1889, newspapers have served Coke County beginning with the Coke County Rustler. In the 1980s, the Bronte Enterprise and the Robert Lee Observer combined to become The Observer/Enterprise. The history told in these publications is fascinating and we want to share it with our readers of today.

# The Bronte Weekly Enterprise

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## PRATT WILLIAMS DIES

When it became known Wednesday morning that Pratt Williams had died almost suddenly in the early morning hours, at his home in Bronte, there was universal sorrow—for everyone, from every walk of life, realized that the town had lost one of its finest and most progressive of its younger citizens. And each one knew, too, that he had lost a friend—for Pratt Williams was the friend of all.

Deceased was the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Williams, a family of the earliest pioneers of the Bronte country. Deceased was born July 28, 1895 and departed this life June 28, 1933, making him to be 38 years and 11 months old when the grim reaper, death, put in the scythe and mowed down the life of this fine, Christian gentleman and useful young citizen, though he was just in the prime of life and cherished fond ambitions both for himself as to his private affairs and of his community and his country at large.

Deceased showed the type of character he was in his volunteering for service when the World War came on. Instead of waiting to be called under the draft law, as most of those in the limits of military age did, deceased voluntarily enlisted and went into the service of his country. He was stationed during the World War at Fort Bliss where he served in the medical corps. At the close of the war he was mustered out with honorable discharge. Immediately, however, he re-enlisted and became a member of Co. F., 21st Infantry, and was sent to Fort Liscomb, Alaska, where he served his second tenure of military enlistment. Again he was mustered out of service and came home with another honorable discharge from the service of his country. Frank Keeney has a card he received from deceased while deceased was in service in Alaska. The post mark of the date of the year is so blurred that it is not legible. But the month is August 20. The scene is one of snow and shows the snow to be several feet deep. In his writings on the card to Mr. Keeney he shows a keen interest in the town of his birth and begs Mr. Keeney to keep him advised about news of the old home town. And as the years passed the devotion of deceased for the town and country of his youth increased. The writer has had many conversations with deceased through the years with reference to Bronte and that which would make for the town's progress and beautification. And as a town builder he

## COTTON MEETING HERE MONDAY, ENTHUSIASTIC

The large numbers of the farmers in town Monday reminded one of the old days when the Farmers' Alliance was in the height of its glory, when all the farmers would come to town to attend a meeting.

The farmers gathered in town Monday to hear the plan of the government with reference to destroying part of this year's cotton crop.

An explanation was made and after discussion the meeting adjourned and the farmers began to "get on the dotted line." Everything indicated clearly that our Uncle Samuel had bought him some cotton.

will be missed in the councils of those who always sought the town's betterment.

Deceased was a charter member of George Scott Post No. 394, American Legion and was the post's first and only adjutant, he holding that position through the years and filling the position continuously till death called him. And his record is that he never missed a meeting till illness came on him some months ago from which he could and did never fully recover. An inspiring record indeed! Hence it was beautifully befitting, following the religious services, conducted by Rev. N. W. Pitts, assisted by Rev. Wallace N. Dunson, pastor of the Bronte Methodist church, his comrades in war, should take the body that was encased in a flag-draped casket to the cemetery and give it military burial. A great host of life-long friends and acquaintances from all over this section and from other towns and cities, came and mingled their tears with the sorrowing companion, brothers and sisters and other loved ones. Deceased professed faith in Christ when only a mere lad and united with the Methodist church in which he worked and worshipped till some four years ago he united with the Baptist church. Hence the religious services were tender and appropriate. Rev. Pitts said many splendid things in keeping with the life of deceased. The church choir sang the hymns of the church which were full of comfort for the large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.

Indeed, the passing of this fine man, just in the meridian of life, and useful citizen and devoted husband is beyond the power of human ken. "Why should this be?" There is no reply—we strive in vain to look

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## REVIVAL MEETING AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

A revival meeting will begin at the Methodist church, Sunday July 9.

Everybody is invited to attend these services. Good inspirational singing will feature every service. The singing will be under the direction of J. C. Milbourn, of N. E. S. T. C., whose home is at Jarrell. Mr. Milbourn is a splendid leader and an able soloist. Come and hear his message in song.

The preaching will be done by the pastor. The theme of the preaching will be "Real Religion." Come and take part in these services as we sing and pray and re-think the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The church with a welcome for all.

Wallace N. Dunson, Pastor.

## BRONTE BOYS WRITE FROM NEW MEXICO CAMP

The Enterprise is in receipt of the following interesting and breezy letter from the Bronte boys who are enlisted in the U. S. reforestation work and are in New Mexico. The following are the boys enlisted from Bronte: Las Vegas, New Mexico. Company 844, C. C. C. Camp F., 21 N

June 20, 1933.

Ed. D. M. West, Editor Bronte Enterprise, Bronte, Texas.

Dear Sir:

We are enjoying camp life here in New Mexico, for a change. Of course, our chief purpose here is to work and make a livin'. But in our leisure hours we enjoy the mountain scenery, mountain climbing, and hikes to the summer resorts in our neighborhood. Las Vegas, 19 miles east, is our nearest town. None of us have been to town since we got to camp ten days ago.

It has rained every day since we have arrived here, but the drainage is good and it does not get very muddy. The days are pleasant and the nights are cold, but we are getting acclimated so that we do not have to sleep in our overcoats.

A Bronte Enterprise arrived in camp today and we nearly broke a cot down, trying all to read it at the same time. We are all interested when one of us gets a letter from home, but when "the old home town" paper hits camp we have a real celebration.

We are all in good physical condition. You would have proof for this statement if you could see us about ten minutes from now, when the "chow" whistle blows and we "scram" for a place in line.

We are looking forward to "A Hot Time in the Old Town" when our six months are up.

Our handle, "Rabbit Twisters," has followed out here, but we are not ashamed of it. We are proud that we are from grand old Coke.

The Boys from Bronte. By D. T. McCleskey, Scribe.

Miss Myrtle Marion Shaw of Littlefield is the guest of Miss Bettye Butner. Miss Shaw and Miss Butner were college mates at Texas Tech the past session.

Miss Lottie Ivey is visiting relatives at Winters this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bruton and little daughters returned Thursday afternoon from Bonham where they visited relatives. Mrs. Forrest Clarke accompanied them to Ranger where she visited relatives.

## "UNCLE BILL KELLIS 'SKINS' A CRITIC

"Uncle Bill" Kellis editor of the Sterling City News-Record, came out in last week's issue with his war pain on and blood in his eye. He fell upon one of his critics, "rubbed a raw place" and then "rubbed on salt and pepper." "Uncle Bill" did not say who his critic was. But, one acquainted with what is going on in the bailiwick of "Uncle Bill" can easily guess as to who the critic is—that it is someone of Sterling county's citizens who are against the legal return of booze to this country—some anxious father or mother, perhaps, whose parental heart is anxious as to conditions that prevail everywhere if booze is legalized again.

Anyhow, "Uncle Bill" recites the long years of fidelity of his paper to the best interests of his town and county as he has seen things and holds up that fact as evidence of his sincerity in the causes he espouses and the things he says in his columns. And as one who has read his paper for a long time, we can attest that all "Uncle Bill" says of himself and his paper, far as the material development of his community is concerned, is true. "Uncle Bill" is a man with a vision and of progress when it comes to schools, good roads and civic betterment everywhere.

And we write here only to say that to us, it seems nothing short of a tragedy that "Uncle Bill," with the interest he has in the weal of his fellows, could or would ever for one moment lift his pen in behalf of a cause so damning in its whole history as is the cause of legalized liquor. Admitting that he is correct when he says, he is doing so because bootlegging is prevalent—which is not comparable to the amount of booze sold under license—we cannot conceive how that a man with his ideals of private life and character can champion the cause of booze, for any reason. We sure can't, "Uncle Bill"—and personally we think none the less of you because we disagree on this issue. But, the flaying you gave your critic impresses me with reference to the responsibility of one who edits even a small country weekly, such as your paper and mine. We are moulders of public opinion in the homes into which our papers go. If I should champion the cause of booze and some child were to get the impression that booze drinking is all right, just so that it is legal booze—well, "Uncle Bill," I just can't afford to take the risk—children are so impressionable! And their impressions whether founded on fact or not, once formed, are hard indeed to change.

With all the above before me, "Uncle Bill," I am going to stay on the safe side—therefore, should I ever see some mother's boy or girl in the pitiable state of drunkennes, I can say to them: "My child, you were not given that privilege by any sentiment I ever created by my writings in my editorial columns or elsewhere, nor by any vote I ever cast." "You bet," "Uncle Bill," if you will excuse the expression, that consciousness is worth it all to me—for more than thirty years, I have, regardless as to odds against me, said always, everywhere, under all circumstances, that booze is a curse and a curse continually—therefore I am against it, everwise, whether bootleg or legal. And through the years as I have seen drunk men and women here and there, it has been a thousandfold compensation to be able to say to them and to my own deeper and better self: "You are not in that pitiable condition by my vote or sanction." So pleasing is that fact that could I recall the third of a century, since first I began to edit a country weekly, and live the years all over again, I would adhere with the same strictness to the same policy. How many thousands of poor men and women during this time became drunkards and died drunk, and have gone to the world where there is no hope, yet not one of them became such through any word or vote of mine. Yes, I tell you again, it is really worth while to have such a memory. And after awhile, when I shall have to appear before "the One Great Scorer," as you and I both are going to have to do, according to our Bible, "Uncle Bill," whatever else may be marked up against me, I will be entitled to a one hundred per cent score on this issue. Hence, after all, I am not so much perturbed as to the outcome of this contest—while, of course, I think it will be an unspeakable calamity for booze to be made legal again—but I am more concerned about myself having no part whatever in that which will make men and women to be drunkards, thus damning them both in this life and in the life to come.

## KENNEDY SISTERS SHOW HERE NEXT WEEK

"The survival of the fittest" is something we have heard much about for a long time—it means that by merit the thing in question will survive according to its merits.

By the above standard of measure, Bronte is fortunate as to its entertainment facilities for next week. Kennedy Sisters tent show has billed the town for a week's engagement beginning Monday night, July 3. The Kennedy Sisters have been on the road for a long time—by that, we don't mean that the "Sisters" and their group of entertainers are old and toothless and get about on their walking canes—we mean exactly the opposite and that is that this aggregation of entertainers are not novices, or beginners, but are thoroughly trained and "know their lines." That this is true is evident from the fact that the Kennedy Sisters as a show has survived the hard knocks of the three years of depression. While other shows have stranded by the hundreds on the financial rocks Kennedy Sisters has

## J. H. GAINES DIES

J. H. Gaines, one of Bronte's best loved citizens, passed quietly away at the family home in Bronte, early Monday morning, June 26, 1933.

Deceased had been failing in strength for some months—he was not ill, nature had run its course, old age had held sway and hence it was as natural for him to pass on as it is for the sun to set at the close of one of these summer days.

Deceased was born in Georgia June 29, 1850, making him to lack only three days being eighty three years old when he was called from labor to refreshments.

Deceased professed faith in Christ and united with the Baptist church when he was eighteen years old—he lived faithful to his religious vows and to the church to the last day. He was a devout Christian man.

In 1872 deceased became a Ma-

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survived and is going right on. Their opening play Monday night is "On the Road to Hell" and is said to be a thriller from the first line till the curtain falls.

## WINTERS PLANS A GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

The stage is all set! Winters has on its prettiest frock and is "all dolled up" and waiting for the glorious fourth, so that everybody can come to see them.

The old town decided just "to take a day off," close their doors and have a genuine, sure-enough old-fashioned July celebration, with barbecue and red, elemond and invite everybody to come and spend the day and enjoy the fun.

To the above end, the whole citizenship, with the local American Legion leading in the day's events, a program worth while has been arranged.

A page invitation paid for by the progressive business men and firms of Winters whose local ads appear on the page, is in this issue of The Enterprise, in-

fourth with them in Winters. Winters is anxious to spend the more of the people of this section in making Winters their trading point. Winters has a fine set of business men and they will treat you square in their business relations with you:

- Sam Behringer, Groceries.
- Cohen Dry Goods Company.
- H. H. Hardin, Builders' Material.
- W. T. White, Groceries.
- Hickman & Graham, Groceries.
- Higginbotham Bros. & Co., Furniture, Hardware & Implements.
- Baldwin Grocery, Groceries and meats.
- Patrick Chevrolet Co., Chevrolet Dealers.
- Spill Bros. & Company, Furniture, undertaking and ambulance service.