

OCTOBER 5, 1972

One of the big money jugs in San Angelo has been advertising checks that can be printed with their customers' pictures on them. Times have grown so good in the wool capital that the jugkeepers don't mind to see a steady stream of mug shots pass across their desks.

Conditions have improved in banking circles. It hasn't been too long since a ranch citizen's reflection in the bank's doors was enough to make the money changers grab for support.

Several past episodes in the history of the area's ranching business made plain everyday white checks as offensive as a clove of garlic at a ladies' luncheon. Such incidents as drouth markets followed by dry weather clashes have been known to put the bankers to ruffling their hair for reasons other than to shake out the dandruff.

Several times, herders have started a disaster program doing multi-hysterical toedances to be joined later in the catastrophe by jugsters to make up a duet. Had a sheaf of picture checks shown up in the midst of one of those calamities, I'm sure you'd have heard of plenty of bankers bucking their interest books from their inside coat pockets.

Collateral gaps like the ones in the drouth of the '50s were crises that aged the bankers. Forty-dollar loans on \$6 a head ewes really put the miles on their speedometers.

Financial statements didn't show much hope, but they were honest ones. Nothing that walked on four feet in those terrible times was worth lying about, and stuff on two legs wasn't much better off.

If there's anything a check doesn't need on it, it's a picture. There just isn't that much human beauty around. Naturalists make a big thing of moles being blind, but I don't imagine the moles envy people for having to look at each other. For every unhappy mother mole, I'd bet there are 10 dozen disappointed human mothers.

I noticed when our last child was born, the hospital was using identification bracelets that couldn't be removed by any tools that are readily available in a lady's purse.

Pundits stationed overseas in World War II wrote some mighty touching love stories of romance that started during blackouts. From the way the pictures looked that they sent back it didn't seem unreasonable that the love affairs had to start in total darkness.

Money keeps piling up in the San Angelo banks. Each time the bank calls have been published, deposits have shown impressive growth.

I wish the city folks would spend their money on beef and lamb and forget the fancy checks. However, wishing is a big part of our game. Receiving is where we come up short.