





OUR WAY - - - - - By Williams



THE SPOILS OF SPORT

J.R. WILLIAMS T.M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPY, 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. 5-22

RYDER . . . . . By Fred Harman



LEY OOP - - - - - By Hamlin



VALLEY FEVER IS RISING IN WEST

Valley Fever Is Rising In West  
TUCSON, Ariz.—Discovery in Tucson of numerous cases of valley fever, a kind of fungus infection attacking human beings, has aroused the search by scientists for some more effective methods of treating the malady.  
"Valley fever," known scientifically as coccidioidomycosis, is so named because it was first found among great herds among inhabitants of the San Joaquin Valley in California.  
It is believed to be caused by spores of certain types of fungus that attack the lungs, lymph nodes, skin or bones, according to Dr. O. J. Farness of the Desert Sanitarium here.  
In the absence of a cure for the ailment, its victims receive the same treatment as prescribed for tuberculosis.  
In its early stages, Dr. Farness said, valley fever often is mistaken for severe colds, influenza or bronchial pneumonia. If treatment of the malady begins in the early stages, it is easily arrested, but in its later stages death occurs sometimes in as many as 50 per cent of the cases, he reported.  
Dr. Farness said the prevalence of valley fever in Arizona was

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BRUCE CATTON IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON.—FDR's victory in the California primary pretty well deflates John L. Lewis's third party threats.  
All spring Lewis has been demanding the New Deal play ball, hinting if it didn't would face a new party made up of C. I. O. labor, old age pensioners, keep out of war groups and dissatisfied left-wingers generally. The California primary gave a preview of the way such a party might fare.  
The Patterson ticket was supported by precisely the sort of grouping Lewis has been talking about. It had the advantage of operating in a state where all of these groups are strong, plus the fact Governor Olson, head of the Roosevelt slate, has been in bad with large numbers of voters.  
But it placed fourth in a field of four, polling less than one-tenth of the votes the Roosevelt slate got and running behind even the ham-and-eggs ticket.  
If Mr. Farley can pick elections the way he can pick horse races, he ought to know next November's answers. At the Kentucky Derby he bought a \$5 win ticket on Gallahadien and a \$50 place ticket on Bimelech.  
ANOTHER MIRACLE MEDICINE  
NEWEST of the famous sulfanilamide compounds is sulfathiazol, which has been getting extensive tests at the National Institute of Health.  
Sulfathiazol was heralded as one of the greatest medical discoveries of all time because it was effective against diseases of the virus type. It was especially useful against streptococcal infections; a compound called sulfaparadine proved equally useful against pneumonia.  
Sulfathiazol is a compound somewhat like sulfaparadine; slightly less effective in killing the pneumonia virus, its big advantage is that it isn't so hard on the human system. Most sulfanilamide compounds have a toxic effect which make them dangerous to use except under a physician's care; some people react so strongly they can't use them even then. Sulfathiazol is a step toward the researcher's dream—an agent that will banish the virus killer with no wear and tear on the human body.  
LEFT-WING strategy against the Dies committee nowadays apparently is to invite contempt proceedings with the idea the committee can be made to look bad if it can be put into the position of sticking a lot of people in jail just for refusing to answer questions.  
Left-wingers attacked in testimony before the committee used to stay as far away as possible; now they volunteer to come in to reply to the charges, and then tangle with the committee after they get on the witness stand. Half a dozen are already under contempt charges, and there'll probably be more. Most recent case in point is that of Michael Quill, transport union head, whom the gendarmes quieted when he barked back at the committee.



Bruce Catton

DANGER - ROMANCE AHEAD

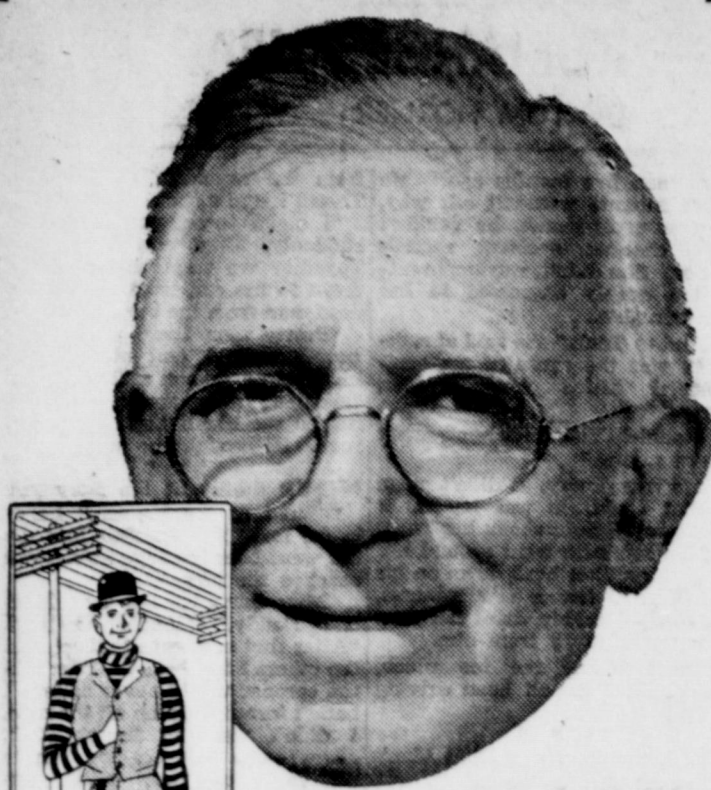
● SERIAL STORY  
BY TOM HORNER

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YESTERDAY, Larry and Monnie became better friends. One night he asks her to go to a dance, but she has a date with Bentley. When Mike is delayed, Larry stops to chat. He questions her about the accident on Dead Man's Curve. She refuses, angrily, to talk about it. "I have a right to know," Larry tells her. "That man was my brother."  
CHAPTER VII  
MONNIE relaxed under the grip of Larry's fingers. She looked up at him, unbelieving.  
"Your brother?"  
"Yes."  
"But the man was never identified. He was burned so horribly."  
"I know it was Hugh," Larry tried to make his voice calm. It wasn't easy, talking to her like this. His hands dropped from her shoulders. "When I didn't hear from Hugh, I came down to look for him. I've been all over the west, searching for him," Larry lied. "I hear about this accident, this unidentified man. I took a chance it might be Hugh. I was right. A dentist's examination confirmed it."  
"I'm sorry, Larry, terribly sorry." The touch of her hand on his arm was comforting, her sympathy was sincere. She sat down again, gently pulled him to the swing beside her. "Tell me more about him, Larry."  
He rolled a cigaret, tried to keep his eyes from her.  
"That Monnie knew more about this accident than she was telling, he was sure. But how could he find out, without arousing her suspicions. Perhaps she might be involved—No, Monnie would never be mixed up in a crooked deal. But if she loved Bentley. . . . A woman will do almost anything for the man she loves."  
"What was Bentley's role? Hating Bentley as he did, it was easy for Larry to accuse him of some part in Hugh's death. Bentley was on friendly terms with a bank robber—this Bill was working at the Circle-Cross.  
A match flared in the darkness. Monnie's hand was touching his own. Larry liked being near to her. He was tempted to put his arm around her, pull her close, kiss those inviting lips. Monnie's voice brought him back to the present.  
"This brother of yours, Larry—" "Hugh was a swell guy," Larry began. "Married, lived downstate. He was—he was in the insurance business. Burglary insurance. Traveled a lot. But he wrote me regularly, and wrote to Betty, his wife, every day."  
"When Betty didn't hear from him for a week, she wired me. I came down and we've been looking for him ever since. That was more than five months ago." He hoped Monnie wouldn't ask why, as a newspaperman, he couldn't have checked accident records sooner. She didn't, was apparently too deeply engrossed in her own thoughts.  
"And to think," she said abruptly, "I was the cause of the accident. I killed your brother, Larry."  
"Monnie! You don't know what you're saying."  
"It's true, Larry. I didn't mean to, but I did. It was my fault! Oh, Larry!" Sobs shook her body, and Larry's arm went around her then, to pull her head down on his shoulder. After a few minutes, she stopped crying, dried her eyes and pushed away from him.  
"Don't blame me too much, Larry. If I hadn't been driving so fast—"  
"It happened up on Dead Man's Curve," she began. "That's on the highway about half-way between here and Mike's. You know where you leave the concrete to turn into the Hayhook. . . . If you went straight on, you'd dip down into the canyon and then climb a long hill to go by Bentley's. The curve is halfway up the hill. It's a sharp turn, but it's well marked and not dangerous unless you try to make it too fast. Going up, you have the inside. The canyon floor is about 300 feet below the curve and it's almost a sheer drop."  
Larry could feel her grow tense as she forced herself to go on.  
"On the night of the accident, Mike called me. It was late but he said he'd just come back from Chicago, flown down with some friends and they wanted to meet me. He'd brought me some presents, too, and some things I'd asked him to get for me. He couldn't leave his guests, he said, so would I drive right over."  
"I was on the way inside of half an hour. I always drive fast and I went up the hill doing about 50 or 60. Then at the curve—" She paused briefly, got a new grip on her emotions, then went on.  
"I must have been about 200 yards from the curve when this car came down the hill. I couldn't stop. The driver apparently made no effort to turn, when he saw my lights. His car crashed through the barricade, plunged over the cliff and rolled down into the canyon."  
"I stopped as soon as I could, pulled off the road a little and ran back to where the car had disappeared. Far down in the canyon, I could see flames shooting up from the wreckage of the car. Then I heard a shot.  
"I stood there, paralyzed, and suddenly, Mike was beside me. Together we scrambled and slid down to the car, tried to pull the dead man from the burning wreck.  
"Pretty soon there were other people around and at last two highway patrolmen arrived. Mike talked to them for a bit, then helped me climb back up to the road. He brought me home."  
"BUT that's not the story you told at the inquest," Larry broke in. "You testified that the car went over the edge before you reached the turn—" "Mike made me say that, Mike and Daddy," Monnie admitted. "After that accident at school, and the others I had been in, Mike said the coroner would never believe I hadn't forced the man off the road. I didn't want to lie about it, Larry—she was begging him to believe her—but Mike was right. With my reputation for fast driving, and because I was the only witness to the accident—they might have tried me for manslaughter. The man was dead—I couldn't help him any, and— Oh, Larry, I wanted to tell the truth, but Dad said Mike was right. And Pete Barnes, too. Won't you try to believe me, Larry?"  
Looking at her, Larry knew she was telling the truth. Hugh's death had been no fault of hers. Hugh probably saw the lights of her car, speeding toward him, took the curve rather than crash into her head-on. Hugh was like that. Larry would have done the same thing, had he been in Hugh's place.  
"I believe you, Monnie," he said. "I don't blame you."  
HE paused a minute, puzzling over an unanswered question. "How did Bentley get there so fast?" he asked.  
"Monnie had an answer for that. "Mike said he went outside to wait for me, right after he called. He saw this car go racing down the highway, swinging from side to side, as if the driver were drunk. Mike was afraid there would be a wreck if we met, was terrified to think what might happen to me if we met on Dead Man's Curve, so he hurried out to stop me."  
"Bentley said Hugh drove like he was drunk?" Larry demanded. "Hugh was drunk, Larry. The autopsy showed he had been drinking, and a broken whiskey bottle was found in his car."  
"But Monnie," Larry countered. "My brother never drank liquor in his life."  
(To Be Continued)

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**HE STARTED AS A "GRUNT" and helped develop a great telephone system for Texas**

FORTY YEARS AGO this man was a *grunt*... a telephone lineman's helper. His eyes have seen a miracle... the development of the Bell telephone system that today serves nearly 550,000 Texas telephones. His hands helped make the miracle come true.

When he was "breaking in," there were less than 25,000 Bell telephones in Texas. Based on present standards, the service then was slow and not very dependable or clear. Sometimes it took hours to complete a long distance call.

Today, from the sidelines, this old-timer watches with keen delight as 8,500 Texas telephone workers carry on. The job is bigger now, but the goal is still the same... to furnish Texas with the best telephone service possible, at the lowest cost to the user.



*Probably so called because he did the heavy lifting for the lineman on the pole.*

**SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE CO.**

## Society Notes

**Judge Hughes Speaker At Club Meet Tuesday**

Making a strong plea for better balance of justice through service of women on juries, Judge Sarah T. Hughes of Dallas spoke to the Eastland Business and Professional Women's Club and their guests at a dinner in the Community Clubhouse Tuesday night.

She discussed the qualifications of women for jury duty, and pointed out that they enjoy every privilege of citizenship. She quoted favorable comments of various judges who have had women jurors in their courts, and stated that of the 25 states which have granted the right of jury service to women, none have repealed such action.

Judge Hughes, of the 14th District Court of Dallas County, is president of the Texas Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. She was introduced by Mrs. Marie Gustafson, president of the Eastland club, who presided at the dinner.

Mrs. Victor Ginn, vocalist, was heard in two numbers, accompanied by Mrs. D. L. Kinnaird, and piano selections were played by Elwood Pfiesing of Ranger Junior College faculty. Mrs. R. A. Larner brought the invocation.

Miss Lallah Wright of San Angelo and Austin, State Membership Chairman and editor of a manual to be published soon for use by the Texas federation, was present at the meeting.

## Identification Of Bullets Is A Big Part In Evidence

**By United Press**

AUSTIN, Texas—Identification of bullets and cartridge cases has become a major part of the work of the state police department.

Scarcely a day passes that a bullet, or firearm is not sent to the laboratory by officers working on some shooting case or murder.

Movies have made the public familiar with the method by which marks from the interior of a pistol barrel are checked with marks on the bullet.

## Drums of Death To Be Presented By Senior Class

The Senior Class of Eastland High School will present Howard Reed's "Drums of Death," a three-act mystery play, tonight at 8:00 o'clock in the auditorium of the school.

Under the direction of Mrs. Kenneth McElroy, the play is an excellent presentation of the acting ability and unusual talent of the senior class.

With a setting in the living-room of a half-ruined mansion on a desolate stretch of the Atlantic Coast, Drums of Death has all the menace and magic and mystery for a full evening of entertainment.

The cast is as follows: Winnie Pitzer as Celeste, a surly Octoroon servant; Kenneth Morrison, as Sheldon Harley, in charge of the estate of Bailey; Ed Freyschlag as Jules, the ignorant, murderous servant on the Bailey estate; Jerry Russell, as Mrs. Oakley, the terror-stricken housekeeper of the Bailey home; Mary Faye Beskow as Mrs. Gillette, Mr. Bailey's sister, a small town matron with a sharp tongue; Martin Jeanne Lister as Eugenia Bowles, a distant relative; Sidney Scott as Amelia Gillette, Mrs. Gillette's grand-daughter, a typical modern young lady, and Bob Galloway as Newton Cooper, the serious, unconventional county sheriff.

Tickets will be on sale at the high school and price of admission will be 25c for adults and 15c for children.

It is not generally known, even among officers, what care must be taken to preserve this important type of testimony. For information of those who wish to submit bullets, cartridge cases and firearms for identification tests, the state police have issued special instructions.

In extracting bullets from flesh use of rubber tipped forceps is recommended to prevent scratching or otherwise deforming the projectile. If it is embedded in wood or other hard substance, no effort should be made to remove it but the substance in which it is embedded should be cut away with an inch or more margin around the bullet and the whole sample be sent to the state laboratory.

Officers are warned not to attempt to remove any foreign material from the bullet.

To be used as evidence it is necessary that the bullet be so

marked that it can be identified later by the person who extracted it. For this purpose marks may be made anywhere except where rifling impressions appear. The base or nose affords a good surface for such marking. Cartridge cases may be marked on either the inside or outside near the open end. Police experts caution handlers not to mark them near the head or rim end.

Firearms submitted for examination should be left exactly in the condition in which they were found without cleaning any of the parts, but any unfired cartridges on the weapons should be extracted. A good place to mark firearms for identification is on the butt strap underneath the handles. The specimens must come to the state laboratory by express or personal delivery. Postal regulations prohibit shipment of firearms or ammunition by mail.

Another of the aids being given by state police to local officers is a complete description of confidence games and swindles worked on victims in the state. Samples of forged checks are also sent to officers of the state generally.

Typical of the information on the ways of swindlers in the report sent out recently from the department on the way of Pflugerville, Texas, farmer was parted from \$1,000.

Two men, both described for identification purposes, approach-

ed their selected victim with an offer to buy some cattle. They made arrangements to complete the deal the next day at an Austin hotel. One of the pair was late and the other took the farmer while the cafe for a cup of coffee while waiting his companion's arrival. At the booth where they were served the swindler suddenly said: "excuse me, did I tramp on your foot?" then followed the "finding" of a purse on the floor with letters, newspaper clippings about horse-race winnings, a \$50,000 bond, and some money. The confidence man went to a telephone ostensibly to report the finding of the pocket book.

Then the third of the group appeared. He claimed the purse seemed overjoyed at finding it and offered a reward. He was gaudily dressed, talked horse racing and proposed to make the reward really worth while by placing a bet with it. The reward was increased by winnings to \$47,000. But then there was trouble reported in collecting it. This brought a fourth man into the action. He appeared with the \$45,000 in a brief case but insisted on some security being put up. At this point the Pflugerville man was first called upon for money. He put up \$1,000 security. Next, the winnings were reported lost. The farmer was requested to meet his cattle buying friend in San Antonio for a return of the \$1,

000 but when he went there for the purpose he found no one. Then he realized he had been swindled.

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## the Senior Class

of Eastland High School

— PRESENTS —

# DRUMS OF DEATH

IN THE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 8:00 P. M.

ADULTS ..... 25c  
CHILDREN ..... 15c

# DOLLARS that reach to next week

People who make a study of such things say there are three ways to make money STRETCH.

- First. Budget. Plan your expenses and keep a record of what's spent.
- Second. Watch the pennies. It's the little savings that mount up.
- Third. Buy carefully. That's where advertising comes in. Printed news in this paper, from store and manufacturer, keeps you advised of the best buys of the day.

Read the advertisements—carefully. They'll give you the kind of information that makes this week's dollars reach over to next week!

# YES SIR!

THE BEST SALESMAN ON THE JOB EVERY DAY FOR THE BUSINESS INTERESTS OF

**EASTLAND IS THE EASTLAND TELEGRAM**

By reading the advertising and keeping up with the weekly bargains, many dollars are SAVED by the consumers of this entire community!



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OTIS (OAT)...  
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THOS. L. BL...  
SAM RUSSELL...  
C. L. (CLYDE)...  
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OMAR BURKE

For Representative...  
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For County Treasurer...  
GARLAND B...

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CLYDE S. K...

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For County Judge...  
W. S. ADAMS...  
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For Constable...  
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