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RANGER TIMES

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College Talks Reveal New World Attitude

This being the season when hopeful young college graduates step down from the rostrum and look timorously out at a cold and faintly hostile world, it is worth while to see just what they are getting in the way of farewell advice from their mentors.

The ring of the baccalaureate sermon and the commencement address is abroad in the land again. If we listen carefully, we can get at least a cross-section of the ideas of our educators—and if the cross-section lacks unity, it is none the less interesting for that.

Dr. Harold W. Dodds, president of Princeton, warns Princeton seniors that boredom is a greater danger than the fast tempo of modern life, while Cornell's seniors are told by Dr. Julius Bixler of Harvard that "a change in the direction of some form of collectivism" seems to be on the horizon.

Dr. James B. Conant, Harvard's president, tells his graduates that "fear and apprehension are in the air and the dread of tomorrow colors the views of even some of the sanest members of the community"; and Dr. Vaughan Dabney reminds seniors at Colby that "a dangerous age develops character," adding that "conflict is better than complacency."

While all this is happening, Nicholas Murray Butler reminds Columbia University's graduates that what is wrong with the 20th century is chiefly a "fundamental and far-reaching lack of moral integrity," Dr. William Mather Lewis tells Irving School seniors that Americans are "the best half-educated people in the world," and graduates of Tufts are urged by Dr. Lee S. McColester to meditate on the world's need for "calm, sane, and constructive leadership."

Carrying the record a little farther, we find Amherst graduates hearing from Dr. Henry S. Leiper that the depression was caused "not by ignoramus, but by intelligent men who did not have the dynamic resources to keep themselves straight."

President Tyler Dennett of Williams tells his seniors that they have been the beneficiaries of "a system which did not distribute wealth in proportion to the effort of those who created it," and Dean Virginia Gildersleeve urges the young women of Barnard to mix "a certain degree of skepticism" with their natural enthusiasm toward life.

Now when you add all these together, you can detect the outlines of a change that has come over American thought in recent years. There is little of the old complacency that used to be so common on commencement platforms.

If the college graduate of 1935 doesn't realize that he is going out into a confused and drifting world, it won't be because his educators have failed to tell him about it.

Scientist Calms Fear of Dust Storms

With the threat of widespread dust storms allayed by recent heavy rains, it is comforting to sit back and listen to a less hysterical view of the situation than that shouted to the country by various experts a few weeks ago, when the menace was at its height.

Such view is that of Dr. J. W. Humphrey, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, who discounts the dire prophecies of America's great grain belt turning into a vast unproductive waste.

Only a complete climatic upheaval such as the one that occurred centuries ago to transform fertile North African lands into the Sahara could leave our midwest a desert, the scientist avers.

That transformation came through countless ages while Europe was emerging from its ice cap, and involved great shifting of air current to new courses as the ice melted their northern ranges.

Therefore, as long as the frozen north remains frozen, Humphrey declares, no radical climatic changes is scheduled for this country—and he adds that, though the ice probably will melt there some day, such happening is unlikely for the next 5000 or perhaps 10,000 years.

So it seems, if we take the brighter view, that the prophets of gloom might well seek a new field in which to play their Jeremiah roles, while government officials and farm leaders go intelligently about their task of combating erosion and other factors giving rise to the dust menace.

When a city is sick, the people look to the Chamber of Commerce to care for it. When it is doing well, they look to the Chamber of Commerce to make it still better. When things go wrong, the Chamber of Commerce is blamed for it. When it is prosperous, they give no praise. Such is life.

Seven Americans win sweepstakes prizes. Huey can wipe them off his prospect list.

The world would be a better place if the cobbler stuck to his last, and the Hollywood actress to her first.

BASEBALL

TEXAS LEAGUE

Standing of the Teams
Club— W. L. Pct.
Galveston42 29 .592
Tulsa36 28 .563
Beaumont37 32 .536
Oklahoma City40 36 .526
Houston35 33 .515
San Antonio31 33 .484
Fort Worth32 41 .438
Dallas23 44 .343

Yesterday's Results
Fort Worth 7-0, Houston 3-2.
Galveston 5, Dallas 1.
Oklahoma City 3-1, Beaumont 2-5.
San Antonio 3-0, Tulsa 2-7.

Today's Schedule
Fort Worth at Dallas.
Houston at Galveston.
San Antonio at Tulsa.
Beaumont at Oklahoma City.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Standing of the Teams
Club— W. L. Pct.
New York37 22 .627
Cleveland33 24 .579
Chicago30 24 .556
Detroit32 27 .542
Boston30 30 .500
Washington27 32 .458
Philadelphia24 32 .429
St. Louis17 39 .304

Yesterday's Results
Washington 12, Detroit 7.
Philadelphia 11-13, St. Louis 7-3.
Cleveland 6, New York 5.
Chicago 4-2, Boston 2-8.

Today's Schedule
Washington at Detroit.
Philadelphia at St. Louis.
New York at Cleveland.
Boston at Chicago.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Standing of the Teams
Club— W. L. Pct.
New York39 15 .722
Pittsburgh36 26 .581
St. Louis34 25 .576
Chicago31 25 .554
Brooklyn27 29 .482
Cincinnati25 34 .425
Philadelphia20 35 .364
Boston17 39 .304

Yesterday's Results
Pittsburgh 4-7, Boston 3-4.
Cincinnati 6-5, Philadelphia 5-2.
St. Louis 16-6, Brooklyn 2-10.
New York 8, Chicago 0.

Today's Schedule
Pittsburgh at Boston.
Cincinnati at Philadelphia.
Chicago at New York.
St. Louis at Brooklyn.

MARKETS

Am Can141
Am P & L4 1/4
Am Rad & S S14 3/4
Am Smelt42 3/4
Am T & T127 1/2
Anaconda15
Auburn Auto23
Avn Corp Del3 1/2
Barnsdall8 1/2
Bendix Avn15
Beth Steel26 1/2
Byers A M14 1/2
Canada Dry10 1/4
Case J I56 1/2
Chrysler49 1/2
Comw & Sou1 1/2
Cons Oil9
Curtiss Wright2 1/2
Elec Au L22 1/2
Elec St Bat43
Poster Wheel14 1/2
Fox Film14 1/2
Freeport Tex25 1/2
Gen Elec26 1/2
Gen Foods37
Gen Mot33 1/2
Gillette S R15 1/2
Goodyear18
Gt Nor Ore10 1/2
Gt West Sugar29 1/2
Houston Oil15
Hudson Mot8
Int Cement30 1/2
Int Harvester45 1/2
Int T & T10 1/2
Johns Manville53 1/2
Kroger G & B29
Liq Carb32
Marshall Field9
Montg Ward28 1/2
Nat Dairy16 1/2
Ohio Oil12 1/2
Penney J C76
Phelps Dodge16 1/2
Phillips Pet22
Pure Oil9 1/2
Purity Bak13 1/2
Radio5 1/2
Sears Roebuck43
Shell Union Oil10 1/2
Socony Vac13 1/2
Southern Pac18 1/2
Stan Oil Ind25 1/2
Stan Oil N J45 1/2
Studebaker2 1/2
Texas Corp20 1/2
Tex Gulf Sul34 1/2
Tex Pac C & O4 1/2
Und Elliott69 1/2
Union Carb62 1/2
Un Avn Corp13 1/2
United Corp4 1/2
U S Gypsum59 1/2
U S Ind Alc42 1/2
U S Steel33 1/2
Vanadium13 1/2
Westing Elec53 1/2
Worthington16 1/2

Curb Stocks
Cities Service1 1/2
Ford M Ltd8 1/2
Gulf Oil Pa66 1/2
Humble Oil62
Lone Star Gas5 1/2
Niag Hud Pwr6 1/2
Swift & Co15 1/2

GOSSIP NOTE



New Oil Town is Expected to Grow

DALHART, Tex.—Jack C. Col-

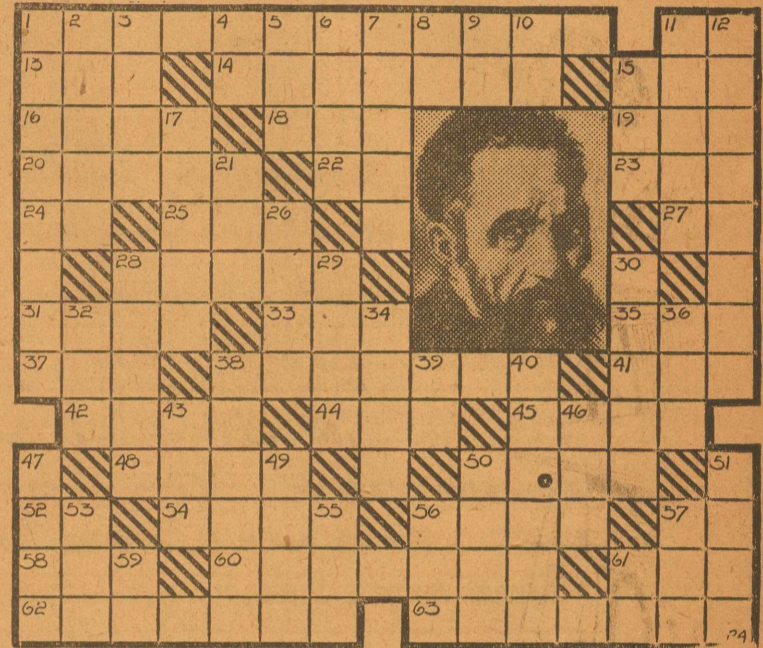
ins, who laid out the townsite of Sunray, feels that the little oil city, 30 miles east of here, will see a steady and fairly rapid growth in the next few months. In Dalhart recently, he pointed out that five new oil well locations

have just been made, four by the Shamrock Oil & Gas company, and one by the Watchhorn company which last winter brought in one of the largest wells in the field. The Shamrock company, he said, use 250,000,000 cubic feet of gas plans to spend \$250,000 to double

Master Painter

HORIZONTAL
1 Greatest painter of ancient times.
11 Postscript.
13 Form of "be."
14 Genus of lizards.
15 Fabulous bird.
16 To dangle.
18 Moisture.
19 Ye.
20 To set into.
22 Southeast.
23 Measure of cloth.
24 Northeast.
25 To bark.
27 Spain.
28 To send in payment.
31 Always.
33 Opposite of high.
35 Indian.
37 Hastened.
38 Changed.
41 Sailor.
42 To relate.
44 Epoch.
45 Consumed.
48 Vigil.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
SOLOMON BUTLER
PAW FADES LEON
DIPER BID PARTY
RADIO SORAN RE
OTO POACHER PEA
VEST SNOOP TIER
E TAG IMP H
RT MAP F PO KING
BAN DEMISE SOLOMON
SLAB PETER
KILO NUT A
SEVERE R PISTON
TRET SHEBA WISE



capacity of its McKee stripping 100,000 gallons of gasoline. The enlarged plant, to be in operation about August 1, will line are also being laid in the expansion program.

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott © 1935, NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Katharine Strykhurst, 20 and beautiful, allows her emotions to rule when she marries Michael Heather, young riding instructor who comes into a title and fortune. Katharine's father is rich and her stepmother is snobbish. The night following his marriage, Michael is injured in a traffic accident and when he regains consciousness his memory is impaired. He forgets the marriage.

Katharine, heart-broken, believes he has deserted her. She goes to New Mexico with a friend, starting secret annulment proceedings meantime. Sally Moon, who has snared Michael into a sort of engagement, unaware of his marriage to Katharine, makes plans for a wedding. During rehearsal of the ceremony Michael's memory returns. He explains to Sally and her father what

has happened, sets of immediately for New Mexico. Finally he arrives at the inn where Katharine is staying.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XL
Katharine hadn't wanted, really, to go on the motor trip with the Millard's. Dirk Millard and his handsome, resourceful, managing Hilda had been very insistent, however. It was to be a two-day pic-

nic in the mountains. Oh, but they often did it! And they were going east soon—Dirk was having a show on Fifth avenue, and this would be their last chance. Miss Strykhurst really must come. Evelyn Vincent, too. Frank Millard, Dirk's big, handsome brother, a football player at Berkeley, was going along. Frank had "fallen for" Katharine, Hilda said enthusiastically. The party would simply be spoiled if Katharine did not come.
More to please Evelyn than for any other reason, the girl had consented. Frank Millard's attentions were not unpleasant; indeed, she found herself liking the big fellow with the rich, scalloped, golden hair and the beautiful profile. She went.

They had tents and bedding rolls; they had a de luxe equipment of cups and plates and spoons and forks, all neatly fitted into a great leather case strapped on the side of the big touring car. There was space in the trunk at the back for their few bags. It was all very gay and casual and Bohemian.

After the sun of Roanne the green of the mountains was cool and grateful. Streams tinkled in unexpected places. Dirk broiled bacon and made coffee and Hilda asked Frank to open jars of caviar and produced salted crackers and jellies from nowhere. A de luxe picnic.

They had their sketching things and the days were full, what with trout fishing and chatter and bathing in crystal-cool rivers and playing Dirk's pet gramophone which went with him wherever he went.

"He took it with him to Russia last year," Hilda said. "Imagine, my dear, Russia!"

She talked incessantly, spreading her hands, punctuating all her sentences with gestures and lifted eye-brows and smiles. Almost, in this amusing company, Katharine forgot what the summer and the early days of autumn had been like. She enjoyed it and thought she wished it could go on forever.

Frank Millard worshiped her with his eyes and his marvellous words. The others smiled at them benignly, as though they saw romance blossoming and were glad of it.

The two days passed serenely enough. There had never been such dawns and sunsets. The food was marvelous. You slept eight long hours, wrapped in an army blanket, and woke to dash your face with cool mountain water and fall wolfishly on toast and coffee, eggs and bacon.

But the Millards admitted reluctantly that they had to turn their faces toward the ranch and Roanne. Dirk had work to do before he left for the east. So the big car was packed again; the women, in riding breeches and jerseys with handkerchiefs knotted at their throats, helped.

Katharine wore a lemon-yellow sweater, and her old jodhpur breeches were shabby and stained. She sat on a rock, both russet boots stretched out before her.

SLAYER TO DIE BEFORE FIRING SQUAD AFTER TRADITION OF FRONTIER DAYS

Bullets to End Utah Murderer's Years of Dodging Doom

By United Press

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.—A crash of rifle fire in the state prison yard will put an end on June 26 to one of the strangest criminal cases in Utah's history.

For five years, Delbert Green, sentenced to die for a triple murder, has dodged death in a series of appeals, retrials, and resentencings. His last appeal finally has failed. The highest state courts have decreed that he must die before a firing squad.

Execution by rifle fire, common in Europe and Central America, is still sensational in the United States. In Utah, men condemned to death by the state get their choice of noose or firing squad.

It is nearly 10 years since a man has died before a firing squad in the United States for a civilian offense. Utah is the only state which still provides the penalty common in frontier days.

Delbert Green, killer of his wife, mother-in-law, and uncle at Farmington, Utah, refused the bullet.

"Neither," he replied laconically to the judge's question.

So the judge chose for him the firing squad, which has been the almost unanimous choice of the condemned in Utah since the state has offered it.

Preparations are complete. In the prison yard, against a stone wall, will stand a chair. Here with wrists, ankles, and elbows bound to the chair, will sit Delbert Green.

A black hood will be over his head. He will have seen nothing after entering the prison yard, not



even the chair where death will come for him, nor the grim muzzles of the rifles.

Five men, whose names will never be disclosed by the state, will draw rifles at random from a stack. One gun will be loaded with blanks, the others will have regulation ball cartridges in the



This is how a man will die in Utah for murder . . . bound and blindfolded in a chair, unable to see the muzzles of five rifles in which death lurks . . . He is Delbert Green, left, confessed and convicted murderer of his wife, mother-in-law, and uncle. . . . Not for 10 years has there been a civilian execution like this in Utah, the only state which now provides the firing squad.

breach. No one will know which rifle is harmless.

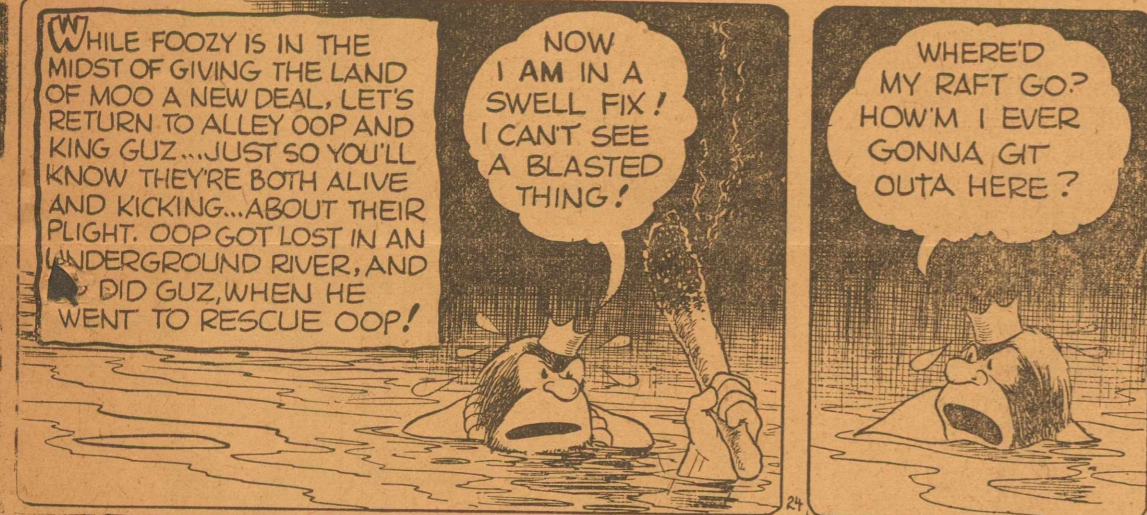
The five executioners will go by a guarded passage to a doorway that looks out across the prison yard at the stone wall. Through slits in a temporary canvas covering, they will see Green seated in his plain wooden chair. A "target" set in place by the prison physician will mark his heart.

Through the slits in the canvas the five men will aim at the "heart target." At a given word the five will fire. Four bullets will plunge into Delbert Green's body at almost point blank range. The prison physician will make a brief examination to be sure the bullets have done their work. The only peace-time firing squad carried out its grim mission.

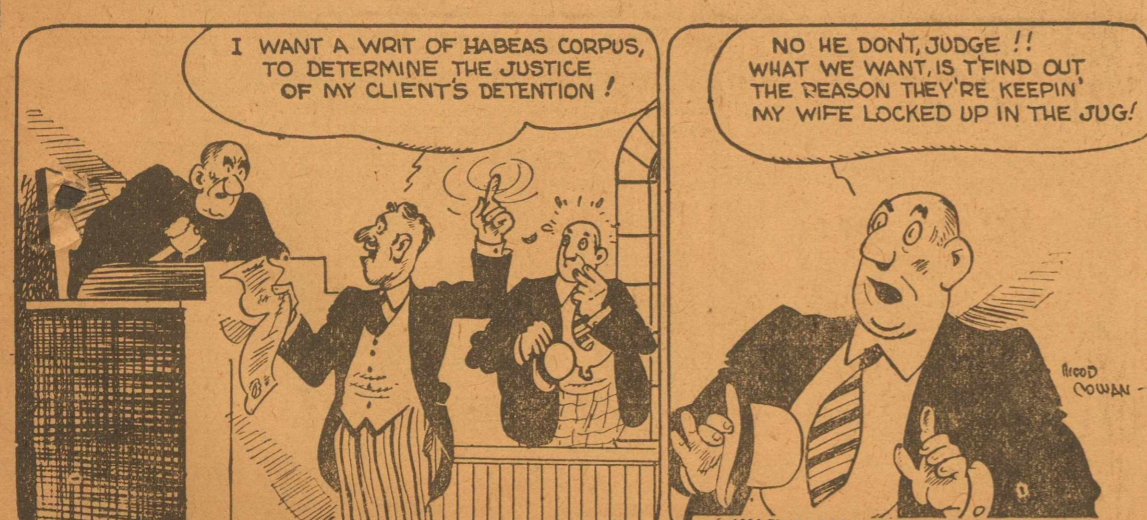
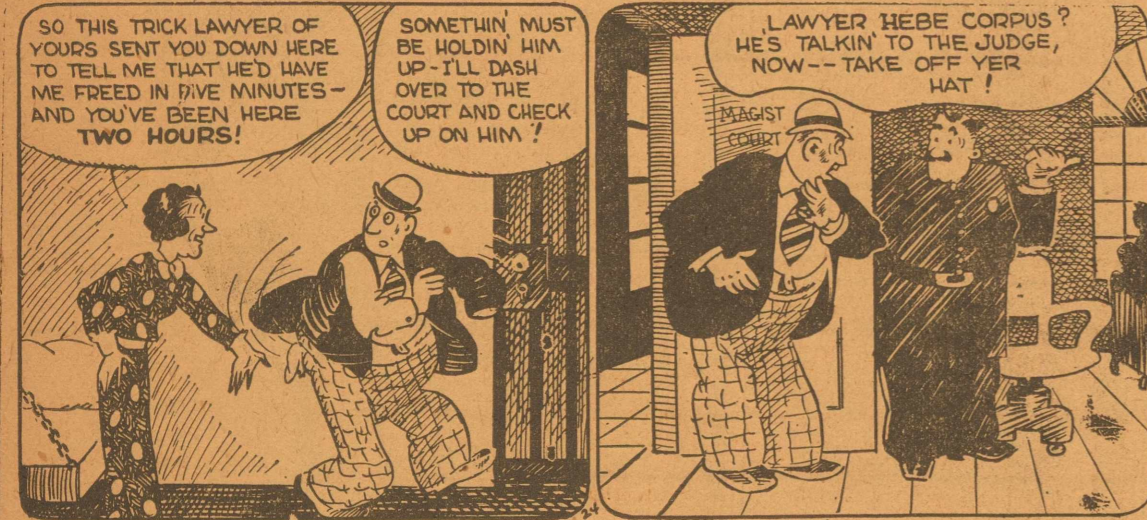
"OUT OUR WAY" By Williams



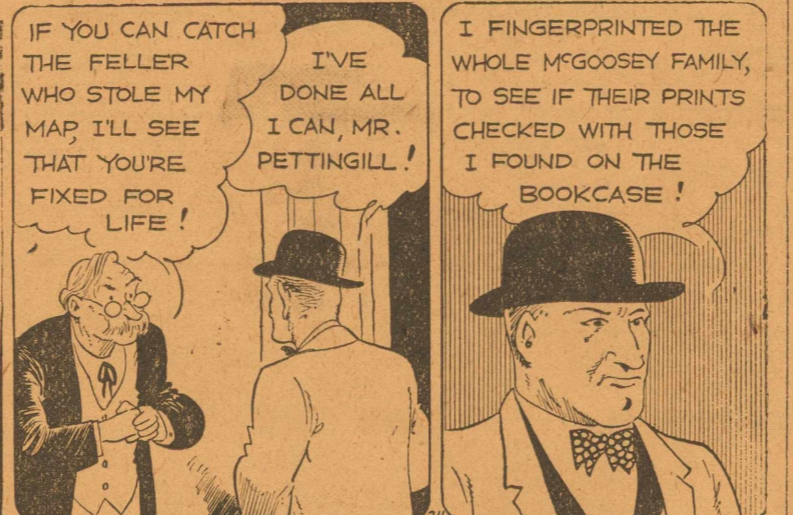
ALLEY OOP By Hamlin



The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop) By Cowen



FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS By Blosser



thoughts go arking back to one man, out of all the world, who had flout her?

Frank drove on the homeward drive and the three insisted that she sit beside him in the front seat. Hilda was heavily tactful about this; Katharine didn't mind. They were nice people and they liked her and showed it. She glowed in the atmosphere of admiration and easy laughter. Frank didn't talk much—he wasn't given to idle chatter—but every now and then he gave her an eloquent look.

He had to give most of his attention to the driving, however. There were traitorous dips in this canon road. Sometimes a sheer shear drop appeared on their left without an instant's warning. But Frank had a sure hand on the wheel. Katharine wasn't afraid. They took the journey in leisurely fashion. It was the way, Hilda explained, they liked to travel. That night they camped on the edge of the desert under the stars. Frank had his guitar with him—he'd been in a college orchestra—and he played "Parlez moi d'armour" with a good deal of feeling. The stars and the music and the campfire all more an unforgettable scene.

Life would be so simple. Katharine argued with herself, if one could follow the line of least resistance. She might, for example, marry Frank Millard and bear him fine children and love him quite uncritically and make a sort of picnic of existence. But she had muddled up her life before she met him. She liked him a lot—he was as likable as a big Newfoundland or a friendly child. But love? Well, she had known that once; it hadn't been exactly pleasant. It had been all dizzy heights and awful depths. She would try to steer clear of it in the future.

All of this she thought as Frank strummed the plaintive music and the music and the campfire all more an unforgettable scene. Life would be so simple. Katharine argued with herself, if one could follow the line of least resistance. She might, for example, marry Frank Millard and bear him fine children and love him quite uncritically and make a sort of picnic of existence. But she had muddled up her life before she met him. She liked him a lot—he was as likable as a big Newfoundland or a friendly child. But love? Well, she had known that once; it hadn't been exactly pleasant. It had been all dizzy heights and awful depths. She would try to steer clear of it in the future.

His heart sank like lead in his breast. Gone? Gone where? The dark-haired maid did not seem to know. But she would call Miss Daisy Ingram. Miss Daisy would tell the gentleman.

Michael found himself in a cool, low-ceiled room with white walls and niches in which curious bright figures appeared. Over the polished floor the heels of Miss Daisy came tapping.

"A friend of Miss Katharine's? Well, how very nice." She beamed at the young man. "They've gone to the mountains. A matter of several hundred miles, I believe. You will wait until they return?"

Michael said, rather grimly: "If you can tell me the way I'll follow them."

(To Be Continued)

The Rehabilitation Clients Made Rapid Progress in May

AUSTIN.—With the aid of 78 rural home supervisors, Texas rural rehabilitation clients in May made rapid progress toward permanent self-maintenance, according to a report issued last week by the rural department of the Texas relief commission.

Home supervisors made 5,548 home visits, and interviewed 3,605 clients in county relief offices, giving instruction in canning, gardening, and other features of home economy. These visits and interviews benefitted 14,515 families representing 70,377 individuals.

Outstanding was the home canning program conducted by the home supervisors in an effort to see that rural families provide

themselves with sufficient food for next winter. From 3,683 gardens, 21,005 quarts of vegetables were canned, in addition to 11,307 quarts of fruits and 294 cans of meat. The food supply was further enlarged by 1,743 quarts of preserves, 2,077 quarts of jellies, 715 pounds of stored vegetables, 269 quarts of pickles, and 20 quarts of graut. All conservation of food was done in the homes of the clients, special portable canners being carried from house to house by the supervisors.

Surpluses in milk, eggs, and garden products were exchanged in many instances for cans, clothes, fruit jar lids and other necessities.

On rainy days when full time could not be devoted to food conservation or yard improvements, women in the families devoted their energies to production and repair of mattresses, pillows, bed spreads, sheets, pillow cases and garments.

Yard improvements included cleaning, fencing yards and gardens, planting shrubbery and flowers.

In addition to the above programs, rural supervisors gave assistance in uses of food, meal planning, refrigeration budgeting, repairing equipment, care of clothing, and helped clients add the following items to their home equipment: cook stoves, utensils, sealers, tables, chairs, sewing machines, washing machines, beds, springs, mattresses, pillows, quilts, smoothing irons, tubs, wash boilers.

Senate Secretary Is Invited to Visit "Where West Ends"

By United Press

AUSTIN.—Bob Barker, secretary of the Texas senate, having official correspondence with the secretary of the California senate, sent with it an invitation for the Californian to visit him in Austin.

Barker added that if the visit were out of session time he would be found at Fort Worth, "where the west begins."

The reply brought an invitation to Barker to visit the Californian at Sacramento in session time, or, after sessions, at Balboa, "where the west ends."

Use only one level teaspoonful to a cup of flour for most recipes.

Efficient and Economical

KC

BAKING POWDER

Same price today as 44 years ago 25 ounces for 25c

Manufactured by Baking Powder Specialists who make nothing but Baking Powder.

MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT.

