

RANGER TIMES

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Any erroneous reflections upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of this paper will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

The 'New Disorder' in Europe

The dull, sickening crash of the guillotine sounds in Paris, and the old Sante prison runs red with blood as the pages of history flip back 150 years.

What is the crime of Frenchmen who are dying today in Paris at the hands of Frenchmen? They are against the Germans. Yes, it has come to that! Frenchmen are dying in Paris in 1941 because they are against the Germans and against a kind of German system that the German conquerors of 1870 dared not even try to inflict on beaten Frenchmen.

The script for the next act is already written—written by Hitler himself years ago in "Mein Kampf." He personally admired the stern measures which the French took when they occupied the Ruhr, especially as the ineffective measures taken by his political opponents within Germany to defeat them were grist for his mill.

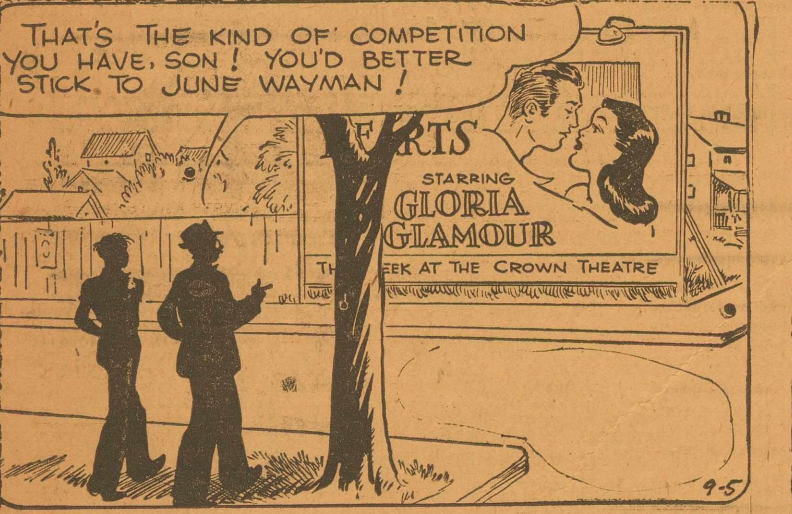
This, one may be sure, his vice fuhrers in France will now carry on. Every decent person in France who has at any time been reluctant to cheer and whoop for Nazism, now stands in danger of his life.

But not by the Germans themselves. This also Hitler noted: that in the case of conquered countries there are always people who "contrive to feel not so badly, since they not infrequently are entrusted by the crafty victors with the job of slave overseer, which these characterless natures then exercise over their own people, at that generally more heartlessly than any alien beast placed over them by the enemy himself."

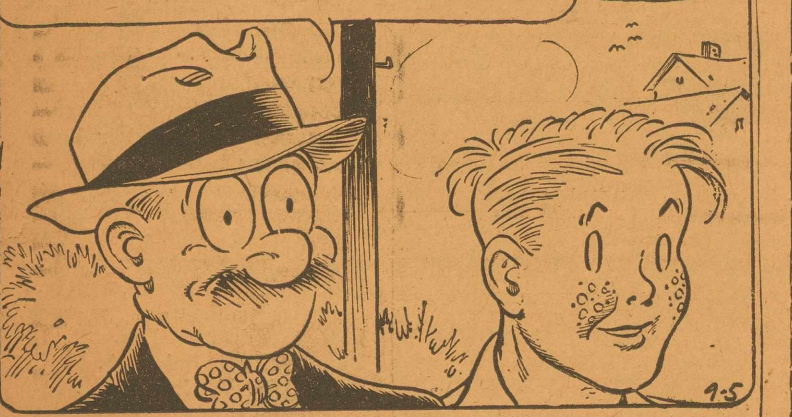
Should there be any in France who seem increasingly well described by such graphic phrases, we hope Monsieur Henri-Haye will remember that they are Hitler's phrases, not ours.

We hope prices don't take that old pledge, "We will never take another drop." Extra! Dressmakers are busy, now that the slack season is about over.

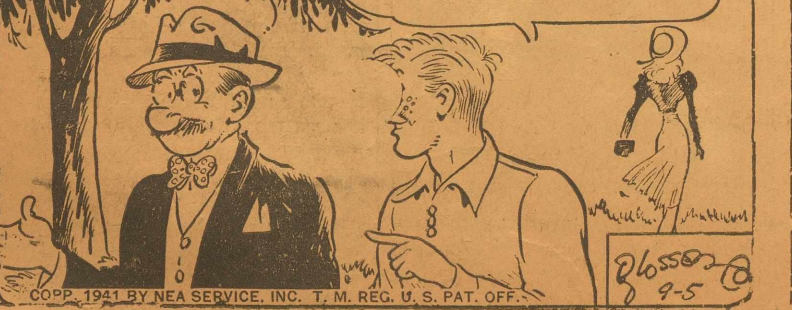
Freckles and His Friends—By Blosser



DID YOU EVER NOTICE A CAT'S WHISKERS? THEY KEEP A CAT FROM GETTING INTO THINGS THAT DON'T FIT HIS HEAD!



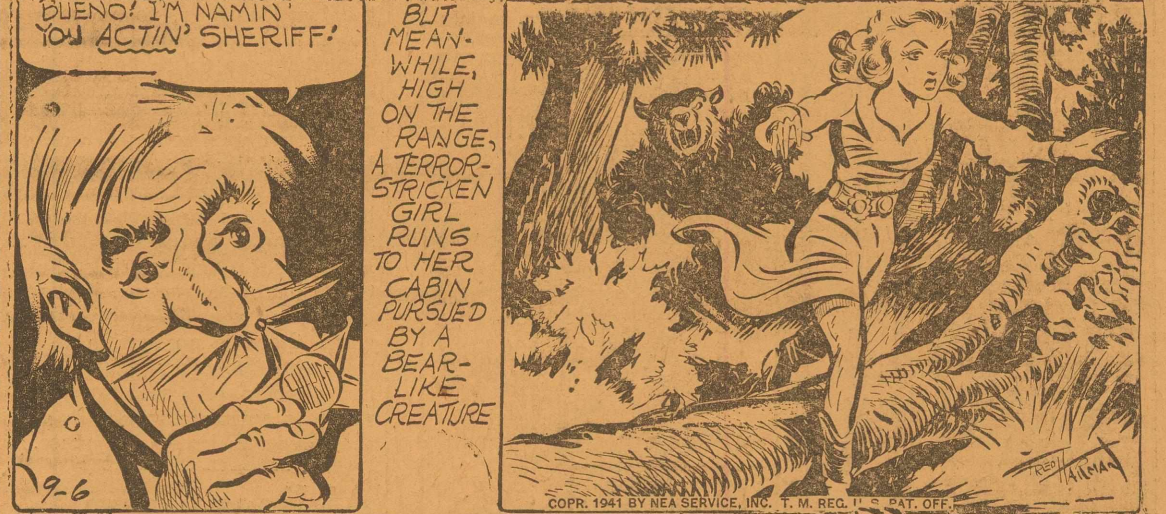
POP, YOUR LECTURE ON ANIMALS WAS VERY INTERESTING— BUT THE FACT STILL REMAINS THAT YOU WERE NEVER KISSED BY GLORIA GLAMOUR!



RED RYDER By Hamlin



HELLO, RED! CHARLENE AND ME ARE GOING TO GET MARRIED AND SETTLE DOWN!



IS LIKE HOPE CHARLENE CAN KEEP SLIM OUT OF TROUBLE NOW THEY'RE MARRIED, SHERIFF?



New Classes Will Be Started Soon By Ranger Project

An interesting unit in foods, with the Texas Food Standards as a basis, has just been completed by the members attending the mothers' special training classes at the housekeeping aid project, North Austin street.

1,200 Mile Dove Flight Holds Record

AUSTIN, Texas—One of the longest flights of white-winged doves on record has been reported to the State Game, Fish and Oyster Commission.

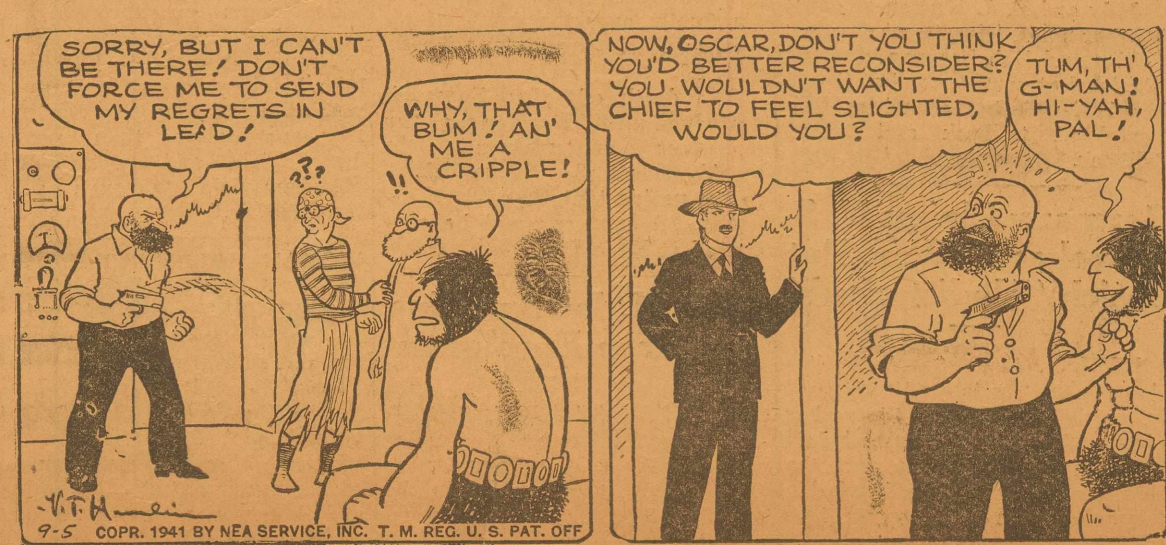
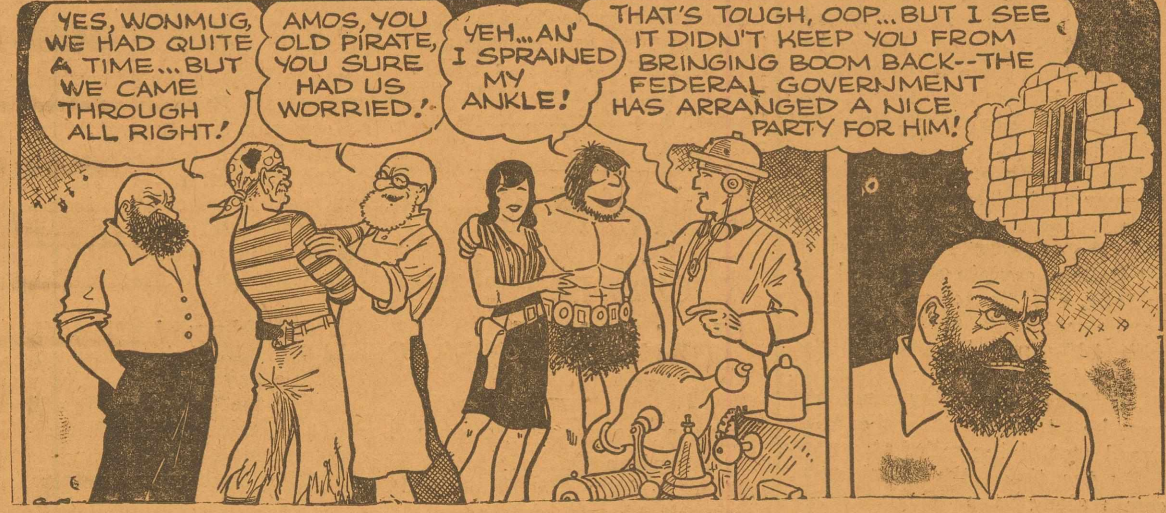
SOCIETY

Legion Auxiliary Will Meet Tonight The Ladies' Auxiliary of the American Legion will meet tonight at Legion Hall, it was announced here today.

SUN BOB CORN

DALLAS, Texas—Hot? W. E. Fagg, Dallas County farmer, reports it was so hot last week that he found an ear of corn in the field with more than 50 kernels popped.

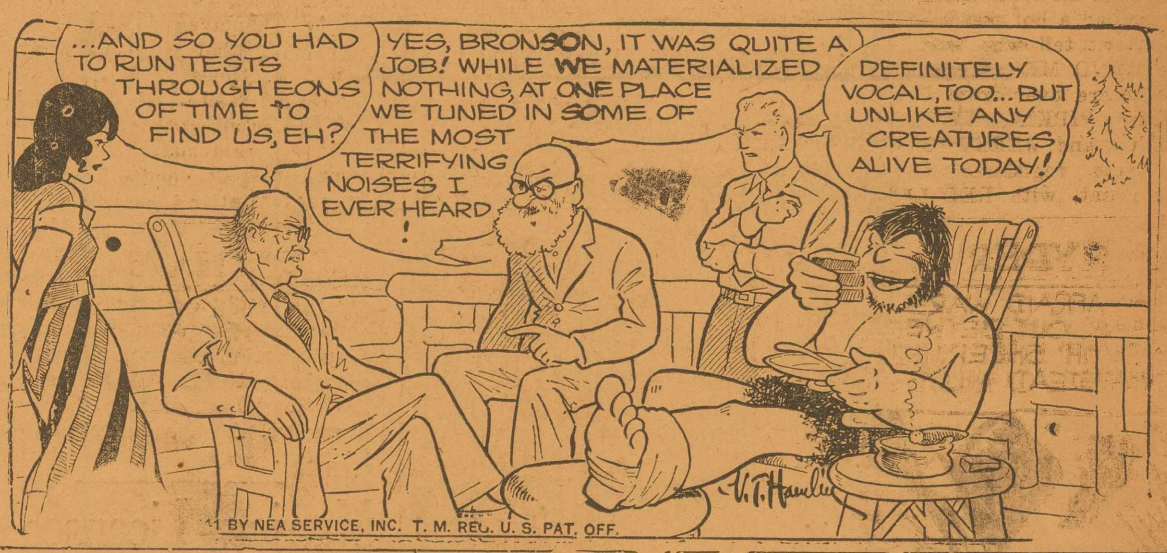
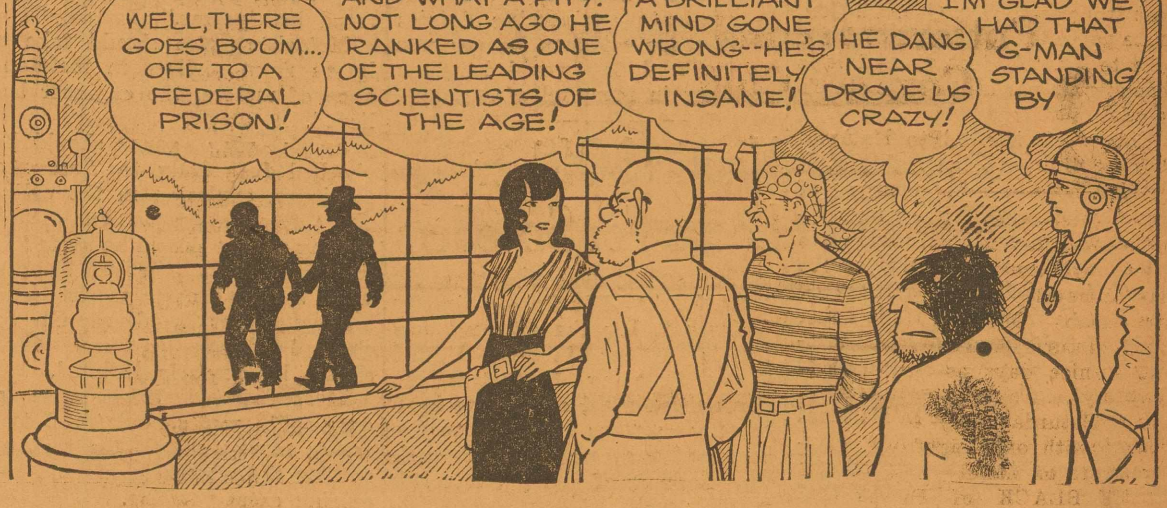
ALLEY OOP By Hamlin



WANT-AD ROMANCE BY TOM HORNER

CHAPTER XI TED: Please let us hear from you. Worried. Kay. KAY danced down the dock to the canoe. Joe and Mary were to be married! Tomorrow, maybe. If Ted—they could make it a double wedding— Ted should be waiting for her. She had promised herself this last moonlight canoe trip, planning an ideal setting for his proposal. There had been other opportunities, she recalled, but Ted had evaded them. Last night in the plant— She was sure he intended asking her then, but she had wanted a more romantic setting. She wondered when Joe had asked Mary. That first night at the lake, or at the dance. She decided it must have been at the dance. Mary had adored Joe ever since he came to the factory, she had confessed, but she was willing to turn him in a spy. Kay wondered if she would have possessed such courage. And Joe, dear old Joe. If she had had a brother, Kay would have wanted him to be just like Joe Benton. Big, successful, understanding. She owed everything to Joe. If he hadn't spilled that acid, they might never have known all about Wondrosoap. Where was Ted? Surely he wouldn't break their last date at the lake. He might have been delayed in town, getting the car serviced for the trip home. She would wait. FLYNN called her outside early the next morning. "Just what did you say to that boy last night, Kay?" he demanded, almost sternly. "You've been leading him on, making him think he had a chance. There was no cause to hurt him that much." "What are you talking about, Mike? I didn't see Ted last night. I waited on the dock until after midnight. He didn't show up. He's the one who will do the apologizing." "You didn't see him?" Flynn was bewildered. "He stormed in the house about 10, packed his things and left, before I knew what he was doing. He seemed sore about something." "He's gone? He didn't say goodby?" Kay could hardly believe it. Not Ted. He couldn't leave her like this. Without a word of explanation. Without asking her— The final blow came later. A couple of youngsters, swimming near the diving raft, saw a gleam of shining metal under water. But the treasure they retrieved was not the gold they had imagined, but a shining doorknob. Kay heard them yelling outside the cottage, ran out to see for herself. She recognized it instantly. "He took it from the plant—he kept it—now he's thrown it away." She ran back to her room, threw herself on the bed. "I never want to see him, or that doorknob again," she sobbed. "Never!" But she took time to hunt up the youngsters and buy the doorknob for a dollar before she left the lake. MIKE FLYNN paced the length of his office, turned, faced Kay. "Now stop your worrying, Katie girl," he said tenderly. "The lad will see this ad and come a-runnin'. He should be telephoning any minute now." He bit down fiercely on a stub of a cigar, resumed his pacing. "The young idiot!" "Ted's no idiot!" Kay defended. "It was all my fault. He must have seen me kiss Joe, and then he thought—" The tears were freed again. "So what?" Flynn demanded. "If a girl loved me like you love this—this—I'd be willing to fight for her. I wouldn't let any college professor run away with my girl—" "I never told Ted I loved him. I wanted everything to be strictly business—I've made him think I care for Joe—" The telephone jangled. Both grabbed for it. Mike took the call. It wasn't Ted. It was Mary. "We're postponing the wedding," she said. "Joe is taking a leave of absence until you locate Ted. We'll arrive on the afternoon plane." THERE were no clues. Ted had simply dropped out of sight. The telegrapher at Lake Olivara had sold him a ticket to Chicago, but there the trail ended. Mike hired private detectives, even notified the police, but Ted could not be found. To Kay, the days and nights were torture. She recalled everything Ted had said. That kiss at the plant, when Wondrosoap was their big dream. She couldn't even go back to the plant to recapture any memories. A high steel fence surrounded the factory now; soldiers guarded the gate. She didn't have a single can of Wondrosoap. All she had was a shining doorknob. Joe and Mary tried to find new interests for her to help her forget Ted and failed utterly. Kay pretended to enjoy the parties and dinners they arranged, but the foursome was not the same without Ted. All the fun was gone. Then the telegram came. It was brief, to the point: "Saw your ad in hometown paper. Am okay. Uncle Sam's Army turned me down. Bum ticker. Maybe Canada can use me." It was signed "Ted." "He might at least have added 'Love,'" Flynn grumbled. "Wouldn't have cost him much." "If he goes to Canada—where will he cross the border?" Kay asked. "Any place in a couple of thousand miles," Flynn snorted. "But he'll probably go either to Detroit or Niagara Falls. Joe, you and Mary try Detroit. Kay, we'll take the plane to Buffalo." THE big airliner seemed to crawl through the air. Kay's thoughts raced ahead. What if they were too late? What if Ted had already enlisted? She would wait, she knew, always. What if—? The stewardess tapped her shoulder. "Fasten your safety belt, please, we're landing." Mike hurried the remaining miles to Niagara, installed Kay in a hotel. "We'll check in at the recruiting office first. Ask them to notify all other offices. Don't fret, Katie, we'll find the boy." She made Mike go alone. Something a hunch, perhaps—kept her from going with him. She walked from the hotel to the Falls. Even Niagara's magnificence left her unmoved. Honeymooners come here, she thought. Happy brides and grooms. She was alone. She sat on a park bench. Across the walk a man glanced at her. He would speak to her in a minute, if she didn't stop staring. She picked up a newspaper, but she couldn't read the headlines. She did not see him come down the walk, didn't notice him at the far end of the bench. He man across the walk shuffled his feet. Kay looked up. "TED!" "KAY!" His arms were around her, his kisses on her lips. "Ted! Why? Why did you leave?" she whispered. He kissed her again. There would be time for explanations later. The man across the walk left abruptly. (To Be Concluded)

ALLEY OOP By Hamlin



Advertisements for 'ALL WALL PAPER 1/2 PRICE', 'Stidham Service Station', and 'SHELL'S CABINET SHOP'.

SERIAL STORY

WANT-AD ROMANCE

BY TOM HORNER

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CHAPTER XII
WANTED—a cottage in the country. Must be rose-covered. Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Ted Andrews.
MIKE FLYNN was waiting when they reached the hotel.
"Got a trace of—" he began. He saw Ted. "So she found you!" Mike pounded Ted's back. "It's good to have you back, son. And everything's patched up now, Katie?"
"I've been pretty much of a fool," Ted admitted.
"Flynn laughed. "No more than anyone in love, boy. Now that you're met and kicked out that green-eyed devil, perhaps you'll be safe from him."

company, we've obtained permission—"
An Army car took them to an isolated hilltop overlooking the river. The officer pointed to a sandbar.
"In a few minutes a time bomb will be dropped on that bar. . . . There is no danger. We're using a very light charge. Only a fraction of what will actually be used later. . . ."
They made an unusual picture. Two brides in wedding finery; grooms in formal attire, all staring at the sky.
A speeding bomber roared toward them, swooped low over the river. They saw the slender black bomb plunge downward, hit the sandbar squarely in the middle.
"Ten seconds . . ." the officer said. "The timing can be governed easily."

picked up playing football. I'll probably live to be 90."
Kay tried to convince him that buying Defense Bonds was as important as training to be a soldier—he had tried to enlist—and finally succeeded. But finding Ted a job was not so easy.
"He has to have something he really believes in," she confided to Mike Flynn. "If we could find him a business, lend him money to invest in it. . . ."
"I've given him a dozen leads on jobs, but he won't take them."
"Ted's not sold on those jobs, himself. He can't go calling on the same prospects year in and year out, getting the same orders. He has to do it with big advertising campaigns, sell the people on wanting the product. And he has to be sold on it himself, first."
"We'll keep trying—"
"He has to find something soon. He won't take a cent of mine. We bought the house with his share of Wondrosoap, and we're living on the rest. Mike, I can't lose him again."

THEY did.
It was a double wedding, in the warehouse of Tim Donovan's factory, with cases of Wondrosoap piled high around them. There was no music, other than the whirr of machine belts, the clanking of gears. The voices of workmen filled in for a choir.
Otherwise it was a formal affair, with Kay and Mary in white gowns and long bridal veils, and Ted and Joe handsome in cut-aways. Mike Flynn gave the girls away, pulling at a too tight collar.
MacLeod and Goldberg were the best men. And old Hans Stadt, always beaming and wiping his eyes with a huge bandana. There were Army officers and plant officials in the background.
After the ceremony, and after Kay and Mary had kissed everyone, including Hans, an officer stepped up to Kay.
"We've arranged a special demonstration for you today, Mrs. Andrews. You would probably like to see how your explosive works in an actual test. Because you all are stockholders in the original

They had no trouble finding the cottage Kay had dreamed of owning. The want ad took care of that. It was ideal, complete even to a rose trellis over the front door and honeysuckle vines climbing up the back porch.
"Find anything you want if you just advertise for it," Ted laughed as he carried Kay across the threshold. "I even found a wife."
But honeymoon house was not filled completely with happiness. Ted had refused, finally and definitely, to live on Kay's money. That was going into bonds. They would live on what he earned or go hungry. And the market seemed to be flooded with supersalesmen.
Ted worried, too, because he couldn't get in the Army. "You certainly can't be classed as a dependent," he told Kay. "And this ticker—just a little murmur I

WANTED—Salesman-partner. Inventor has formula for Marvelo, the all-purpose cleaner. Will clean cloth, metal, wood, anything. Need partner to supply capital for production, handle sales. Write for interview. 1111D.
THE END
WORTH. And we note our young dentist friend, FRANK CONLFY of Dallas, was here again and out for some golf Sunday.
No official scores were handed in for 18 holes . . . but we did see W. R. COLE with a nice 38 for one round. And MRS. GENE YONKER had 45 for one 9 holes.
The course right now is in wonderful condition for September, the fairways are all perfect, and the greens are putting much better. Caretaker, JOE ELLIOTT has been putting in a lot of good work on the greens and they are holding up good for this time of the year.
President A. N. LARSON has handed us a little book, defining some of the rules of golf and asking us to touch on these rules once in a while, for the enlightenment of the players in general.
Here's one that comes under discussion at times: "HITTING OPPONENT'S BALL." . . . The one says two different rules covering this—"In a single match, if your ball strikes and displaces the ball of your opponent, he has the op-

Puttern Around the Country Club
By A. Poor Putter
Can't understand it . . . Here with the weather a little cooler and nice and clear, things have become somewhat slow out at the country club. One would think they would turn out in droves on two such nice days as Saturday and Sunday . . . but such was not the case. Saturday only 40 were registered with only eight out of town players on hand.

OLNEY BLACK of Pumpkin Center and his old rival, J. BLAIR LEWIS had a hot match as usual. They went tell who won.
MR. AND MRS. R. N. CRAWFORD were over from Eastland. BRUCE PIPKIN, PETE ANDREWS, and JERRY RAYLEY, were also registered from the county seat, with RED LINGL

RED RYDER

BY HARMAN
I'M AFRAID WAR'S GONNA BREAK OUT BETWEEN THORSON AND TH' SHEEP HERDERS OF HOMESTEAD HILLS, RED.
IF TROUBLE BREAKS, I'LL KEEP THE RUST OFF YOUR SHERIFFS BADGE TILL YOU'RE ON YOUR FEET AGAIN.

AT THAT MOMENT A TERROR-STRIKEN GIRL RACES OUT OF THE HOMESTEAD HILLS TOWARD MAVERICK
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OUT OUR WAY BY WILLIAMS

COME ON, QUICK, AN' SEE THIS! SISTER'S BOUGHT SOMETHIN' AT LAST! THERE'S A DEPARTMENT STORE TRUCK STOPPED IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE -- MAYBE WE'LL GET OUR TOASTER BACK, ER SWEEPER, ER DISHES, ER CAN OPENER! COME ON, YOU WON'T SEE THIS OFTEN!
WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY
J.R. WILLIAMS 7-3

FRECKLES AND HIS FIENDS

--- AND THE STUDIO SENT ME HERE TO REMIND YOU THAT YOUR CONTRACT WON'T ALLOW YOU TO GET MARRIED FOR THREE YEARS!
WE HEARD ABOUT YOUR ROMANCE! YOU BETTER PUT IT IN MOTHSBALLS, GLORIA! MARRIAGE WOULD AFFECT YOUR PULL AT THE BOX-OFFICE!
AND WHAT HAPPENS IF I DECIDE TO FORSAKE MY SO-CALLED PUBLIC?
YOUR CONTRACT WILL BE BROKEN, AND YOU'LL WASHED UP IN HOLLYWOOD!

MISSISSIPPI BARS Checks To Purchase Land From State
By United Press
JACKSON, Miss.—A personal check may be good at the corner grocery but no one can buy land from the state of Mississippi with it.
The state treasurer has announced that no personal checks or drafts will be accepted for land purchases. He said too many purchasers stopped payment on checks after the official receipt had been issued. This made it necessary to change the records in the treasurer's office, the state land office and the auditor's file.

BOY, DO I HAVE A WAY WITH WOMEN!
JABBERWACKY
TWIN FALLS, IDAHO, COMES IN WITH A BANG LISTEN! AFTER THE FLICKERS WE'LL SCOUT OVER TO THE MEDICINE SHOW AND GULP WARM PUPPIES AND COW JUICE RUMBAS! (AFTER THE SHOW WE'LL DRIVE TO THE DRUG STORE AND EAT HOT DOGS AND DRINK MILK SHAKES) BY MARGARET POVEY. . . . BE HIT FOR THE HIVES! (GO HOME) BY BULA WILSON I HAVE A FLICK WITH A JUDY SKIRT! (I HAVE A DATE WITH A GIRL) BY KAY POST. . . 7-6

ALLEY OOP

UP FROM THE CAVE MAN...THE STORY OF ALLEY OOP..
YOUNG, STRONG, AND HANDSOME IS AC? HANDSOME DOES) HE WAS NOT CONTENT TO LIVE THE INDOLENT LIFE OF HIS FELLOW MOOVINS, BUT ENERGETICALLY PROWLED ABOUT THE INTERESTING BUT DANGEROUS COUNTRY SIDE.
BROWN! GRRR!!

...AND SO, ONE DAY (LONG SINCE PETRIFIED) HE CHANGED UPON THE AMAZING SPECTACLE THAT BEGINS OUR STORY...A HUGE AND FEARSOME DINOSAUR HOPELESSLY SNARLED UP IN A TANGLE OF TOUGH, ROPE-LIKE VINES
Woow! Yoink! Bwah!
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By PETER EDSON

Here's the Straight Stuff on That Tame Job Handed Wild Bill Donovan by the Administration

BY PETER EDSON
NEA Service Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON.—Organization of what will probably become known as a "brain trust for war" is now under way in Washington under the direction of Col. William J. Donovan of New York, better known as "Wild Bill" of the Fightin' 69th., but whose official title for the past few weeks has been co-ordinator of information.
There was considerable artificial mystery built up when Colonel Donovan first was appointed by the President, but it was largely the creation of gossips who wanted to know more of the job than it really was. Colonel Donovan has been trying to live down the name since he was appointed. Heinrich Himmler, Goebbels of a censor, a superior and Naval grand strategist, Army and Navy where to he Any and beled as the just what the title of his job is

THAT, however, isn't as simple as it sounds. Washington every day now reports from all kinds of places has its dope. Army and Navy foreign observers, State Department agents report to the Department, Customs, and Coast Guard reports to Labor. The transcript Commission's radio-listening in set to nearly a million words a day.

Herefore, the meat of all this information is not as good as it used to be. It is too mild. Its conflicts, incompleteness, fragmentary suggestiveness and lack of evaluation have been enough to drive anyone nuts. That's where the co-ordinator's job will come in—trying to make order out of all the chaos.
Doing a job of brain trusting on the war will be Donovan's division of analysis. It will be headed by James Phinney Baxter, III, president of Williams College. Baxter, in addition to being an able administrator, is a historian. He has been a member of the Naval War College staff for some years, and is the author of "The Introduction of the Ironclad Warship."
Granting that the now-tamed Colonel Donovan's Fightin' 69 Professors, or how many of them there may be, can co-ordinate all this information, it is not the idea to boil it down to a daily bulletin and then drop it on the President's desk. While the Donovan office will have no authority over the departments whose information it co-ordinates, it will be a Donovan function to "hunch" the various departments on courses of strategic action they might follow, and follow fast. For instance, if the foreign broadcast monitoring service picks up advance information of a new Japanese move to the south, as it did a month before the invasion of Indo-China, that is something the State and Navy Departments want to know about.

THE PAY OFF

BY HARRY GRAYSON
NEA Service Sports Editor

POMPTON LAKES, N. J.—Lou Nova isn't simply seeking publicity when he speaks of his hypothetical powerhouse and illustrates his cosmic clubs.
Joe Louis' challenger is convinced heavyweights and fighters in general—from Jim Figg to John L. Sullivan—had better balance than those of today.
Nova realizes that speed first accentuated by Jim Corbett, took boxers from the flat to the balls of their feet, and that they no longer can walk in as straight as a string without getting their heads knocked off.
What Nova is striving to attain, with the coaching of Prof. Walston Crocker Brown, who saw his need for it, is a happy medium.
Professor Brown, who has an exhibit at the Rockefeller Museum of Science and Industry in New York, went back to the ancient Greeks for his system, but all he is trying to show Nova is what Billy Gibson used to tell Benny Leonard in much simpler language.
"Now when you get this dude in the right spot," Will Gibson whispered to Leonard, "grip that canvas with your toes and let him have it on the old potato."

NOVA at Pompton Lakes is further perfecting his series of dynamic punches with a paddle 28 inches long and with a white cover. Ray Arcel nearly breaks his arm daily holding the stick out there and moving it around.
Nova feels the device helps him get proper leverage with his right hand. He jabs the board with his left, blazes away with the right and follows with a left hook.
Arcel, one of the better trainers, sees no harm in this . . . points out that Professor Brown's scheme actually has improved Nova's balance.
The collegian formerly was a sort of waddler. At times it appeared as though he had two left feet.
The stick is an eye sharpener if nothing else, so Nova may be contributing something worth while.
Few warriors have introduced anything new in conditioning since George Dixon—Little Chocolate—innovated shadow boxing.

Vitamin Doses Held Excessive

By United Press
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Weaker vitamin pills to aid defense are urged by Dr. Henry Paul.

He explained that too many pills and mixtures are overloaded with vitamins and thus encourage waste of these elements which should be conserved to bolster the national health.
"For example," explained Dr. Paul, "if a person requires 4,000 units of certain vitamin a day, that person gets as much as 10,000 units in some capsules and extracts."

The excess vitamins will do no harm, but also no good. A reduction in amounts, he added, would prevent any shortage.
Vast fields of knowledge on the use of vitamins still remain untapped by research, he declared.
"We still are not well acquainted with the vitamin necessities of old people, since the work so far has dealt mainly with young people and young animals.

"Now that the old-age problem is increasing due to greater longevity, a study of the changing food habits and vitamin requirements of older persons may lead to a cure for many old-age ailments."

Dr. Paul mentioned the effect of vitamin B in relieving nervousness as one of the more obvious values of vitamins in aiding the nation's defensive strength.
Vitamins, he stressed, should be used to fortify a person's diet, not replace it.

Means are being sought to keep large birds from breaking windshields of airplanes in flight, the Department of Commerce reports

WHAT MAKIN'S TOBACCO STAYS PUT, ROLLS FASTER, SMOKES MILDER?
A. (By William H. Porter)
NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT FOR MILDNESS, RICH TASTE, P.A. BURNS COOLER! IT'S THE FAST-ROLLING, EASY-FORMING BRAND, TOO—NO SPILLING, NO WASTE. THAT'S REAL ECONOMY!
70 fine roll-your-own cigarette in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Society Notes

T.E.L. Class Meets
The T.E.L. Class of the First Baptist church met at the church Thursday afternoon for a business and social meeting.

lection of officers was held after which Mrs. Nannie Walker conducted an old time spelling lesson using as her text the famous Blue Back Speller. Spellers were awarded candy suckers for their excellence.

At the close of the hour refreshments were served to the following: Mmes. R. E. Barker, W. O. Walker, Ida Hunt, Jack Phillips, Jessie Harrell, Nannie Walker, E. S. Erink, J. N. McFatter, T. A. Arney, R. P. Duncan, R. D. Cooper, Orlon Brushier, Sarrett, Williams, Mitchell, Stevens, Heinlin, and Miss Sallie Ringold.

P.T.A. Executive Committee Meets
Members of the executive committee of the Young School Parents-Teachers association met at the school Thursday afternoon at 8:30 o'clock for a business session.

At the meeting the following committee chairmen and members were appointed: program, Mrs. McCleskey, Mrs. P. E. Moore, L. C. Thomas; publicity, Miss Ene Harrell; budget, Mrs. Anley McAnelly, L. C. Thomas and Mrs. Ethel Moore; finance, Mrs. H. L. Post, Mrs. T. B. Tompson, Mrs. Evis Landers, and Miss Lorene Harrell; hospitality, Mrs. R. C. Carville and Mrs. O. L. Denny and membership, Miss Ethel Young, Mrs. M. L. Gray and Mrs. Charles P. Ashcraft.

Marriage of Miss Norton, M. Shelton Announced
Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Ella Joyce Norton to Mr. Arthur L. Shelton. The ceremony was performed Friday evening at 9 o'clock in the home of Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Johnson, with Rev. Johnson officiating.

Miss Seay and Mr. Carter Married
Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Nellie Seay to Mr. Dalton E. Carter. The ceremony was performed Sunday afternoon in the home of the bride's parents.

Child Study Club To Meet
The Child Study Club No. 2 will meet Thursday afternoon at

Peepin' Thru The Knothole

With Bill Mayes

Ranger football fans who saw the scrimmage Friday afternoon with the powerful Lubbock Westerners were very much impressed with the showing made by the Bulldogs against a much larger and more experienced team. Players on the Lubbock squad are quoted as saying that the Bulldogs have a better team this year than does Abilene. The Abilene Eagles have also scrimmaged the Westerners, so the players should know.

Lubbock, with several complete teams on the field, used all their combinations, and the Bulldogs looked good against the best Lubbock threw into the scrimmage, the reports indicate. Personally we did not get to see them, so all our reports are second-hand.

The next day the Bulldogs scrimmaged against Strawn, and while they scored 36 points in the first 10 minutes of scrimmage, Strawn was unable to cross the scrimmage line but twice.

Which, if true, seems to mean that the Bulldogs are really taking their early-season scrimmages seriously, and are training hard.

Many of the Bulldogs, too, have taken on considerable weight during the summer months, and the team will be much heavier than last year. From the results of spring training and the early-season scrimmages it appears that Coach Jennings is really getting the boys down to business early and in earnest, which is more or less what it takes.

Addition of Cecil Townsend as

2:30 o'clock in the home of Mrs. J. W. Harrison with Mrs. Rey McCleskey assisting the hostess. Mrs. Saule Perlstein will be leader for the program and Mrs. A. M. Carver will discuss the topic "leave your child at home." "Better Trained Parents" will be the subject of a discussion by Mrs. Walter Davis.

assistant coach should be a big help, too, with H. C. Scruggs remaining on in his previous capacity as freshman coach, which is the stepping stone from varsity school play to places on the Bulldog squad.

About 25 good boys are working regularly, and now, with the opening of school, several others might come into the Bulldog camp to help out at a few positions. Coach Jennings believes he has 15 good men, and with seven more could have two nice teams. Where the seven would come from, though, is a question. That's a lot of material to develop, and even two coaches like Jennings and Townsend, assisted by Scruggs, probably can't find them on the school rolls. But 15 men is not so bad, when picked from 25 who are about the cream of the crop in R.H.S.

Scruggs even goes so far as to predict that some who played last year on the two teams that alternated on the field, will have to go back to the pups for more seasoning, if some of those now out for practice continue to show up as well as they did during the first week of practice.

Friday night the season opens, with Gorman playing in Ranger. Gorman is reported to have a nice team, and one that should be able to put up a pretty good game. Personally we are expecting the Bulldogs to win, but we have been mistaken before and could be again. But Friday night, win or lose, the football season opens.

Texas Electric Is In New Building

Offices of the Texas Electric Service Company have been moved into the company's new building at the corner of North Austin and Walnut Streets, the move having been completed over the week-end.

The new building is of white

Society Personals

Wayne Lingle, former Ranger High School student, has enrolled in the high school at DeQueen, Ark., it was reported here today by Charles Ford of Ranger who has also enrolled in the school and will report for classes Wednesday.

Mrs. L. B. Gray and Miss Mary Leo Gray of Dallas, formerly of Ranger, visited friends here during the week-end.

Mrs. W. L. Downtain and her guest, Mrs. R. L. Arrington of Hinton, W. Va., are spending today in Fort Worth.

which is what a lot of fans have been waiting for.

Sept. 19, which is Friday week, the Mavericks come over from Eastland for a game with the Bulldogs. Last year the Mavericks won 12 to 6. This year they have a new coach, Coach Jeter, who played at Cisco several years ago and who coached a couple of years at Strawn, turning out some teams that gave the Bulldogs considerable trouble in numerous scrimmages. He, no doubt, will have a team that must be watched, because they could slip up on almost any team that wasn't on its toes. The Mavericks are always tricky.

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Ar. Altus, Okla. ... 8:00 P. M.
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