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RANGER TIMES

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Romantic Youth Still Smiles On To War

It is interesting to speculate how long the institution of war could be maintained if it were impossible to persuade all young, untried soldiers that the affair was a gay and romantic adventure.

The young fellow who is starting off for the front invariably goes with a song and a smile. How he comes back may be something else again; but at least he starts out with the conviction that the sky is blue, that he is a stout fellow, and that unimaginable excitement and glamorous doings are ahead of him.

All this was called to mind recently by publication of a newspaper photograph showing a contingent of Italian troops embarking for Africa, where Signor Mussolini seems on the verge of starting something.

It was a traditional photograph of its kind; grinning, hilarious young men waving their arms, fondling their guns and laughing; heads protruding from car windows, eager faces expressing all the gay anticipation of youth beginning a high adventure.

And to look at it is to feel a deep regret that experience is, after all, the only teacher to which will listen.

Young men have been going off to war through endless centuries, and each time they have started out in just this way—with smiles and laughter and expectant cheers, to bump into reality quite unlike their brave expectations.

Probably Caesar's legions pulled out of Rome with the same air . . . only to find out, when they got into the thick of things in Gaul, that there was precious little romance in having Gallic spears stuck into their stomachs, and that soldering carries with it an uncommon amount of bridge-building, ditch-digging, and similar back-breaking and unromantic jobs.

Every army since then has had to learn the same sort of lesson. The Crusaders started out with fluttering banners, and discovered that typhus was one of those features of war that they hadn't thought about.

The ebullient young colonists who enrolled in 1776 couldn't look ahead to Valley Forge; the young Germans who gaily chalked "Nach Paris" on their railway cars as they left Berlin had no way of foreseeing the horrors of Verdun and Ypres.

And so it goes. The history of war is one long, tragic story of terrible disillusionment of youth, and it is there for anyone to read; but no one heeds it.

Each young generation must learn for itself. It simply will not believe what it reads.

So we have these Italian boys singing and laughing as they head for Africa—and to look at their picture is to understand why it is still possible for war to exist.

Business Runs Away From Employment

The man who said that there are lies, dam' lies, and statistics touched a popular chord. Most of us learned to dislike figures while we were studying arithmetic in grade school and never got over it.

Unfortunately, however, about the only way we can gauge the progress of our business recovery is by statistics. Still more unfortunately, the statistics that are now at hand are not entirely comforting.

They show progress, to be sure—but progress of a kind which creates new problems to replace the old ones.

John T. Flynn summed it up very concisely in his recent newspaper articles.

Comparing our industrial output today with that of 1929, Mr. Flynn demonstrated that we have traveled 54 per cent of the distance. In wage levels, the gain from the 1932 low point is only 18 per cent. In payrolls, we have gained but 21 per cent.

Mr. Flynn draws this inescapable deduction from these figures:

"It is perfectly plain that employers are spending an ever smaller fraction of the cost of producing goods upon their workers."

This does not mean that employers are a mean and conniving set of chisels. It simply indicates that our recovery efforts are bumping us up against the knottiest problem of the modern age—the dismaying fact that modern industry is progressively able to produce more and more goods with the expenditure of less and less human effort.

In the long run, any society which hopes to find its way back to a condition of peaceful plenty must find some way of answering that challenge.

The Marxist says that there is no answer—that under capitalism it is utterly impossible to have both plenty and profits.

The ordinary American won't accept that statement. But for that every reason his obligation is so much the greater to find out how, under the existing social framework, the puzzle can be solved.

MARKETS

By United Press

Closing selected New York stocks:

Table listing various stocks and their prices, including Am Can, Am P & L, Am Rad & S.S., Am Smelt, Am T & T, Anaconda, Auburn Auto, Avn Corp Del, Barnsdall, Bath Steel, Bannock Dry, Casp, Chrysler, Cons Oil, Curtis Wright, Elec Au L, Elec St Bat, Foster Wheel, Fox Film, Freeport Tex, Gen Elec, Gen Foods, Gen Mot, Gillette S R, Goodfellow, Gr West Sugar, Houston Oil, Int Cement, Int Harvester, Johns Manville, Kroger G & B, Liq Carb, Marshall Field, Montg Ward, Nat Dairy, Penney J C, Phelps Dodge, Phillips Pet, Pure Oil, Purdy Bak, Radio, Sears Roebuck, Shell Union Oil, Southern Pac, Stan Oil N J, Studebaker, Texas Corp, Tex Gulf Sul, Tex Pac C & O, Union Carb, United Air & T, United Corp, U S Gypsum, U S Ind Alc, U S Steel, Westing Elec, Worthington, Curb Stocks, Cities Service, Ford M Ltd, Gulf Oil Pa, Humble Oil, Lone Star Gas, Niag Hud Pwr.

CENSUS TAKERS USE SKIS

By United Press

POCAATELLO, Idaho.—Dog teams and skis will be the means of transportation for the farm census enumerators in the Yellowstone Park area. Snow there is four to eight feet deep asserts E. T. Spencer, district supervisor.

BARGAIN FARES

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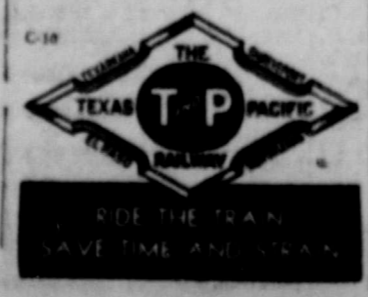
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"OUTOURWAY" ———— By Williams



Plan to Control Land and Water Losses Started

By United Press

DALLAS, Tex.—A vast plan to control soil and water losses throughout Texas, embracing the

expenditure of \$100,000,000 over a period of 10 years, was announced by Dr. H. V. Geib, regional director of the Federal Soil Erosion service. The plan is based upon figures showing that there is a \$30,000,000 loss annually resulting from water loss and soil erosion in Texas.

of the state, including the East Texas sand lands, the redlands, the West Cross Timbers, western ranges, the prairie sections and the blacklands, are included in the program. Immediate work is recommended in the Southern Division of the South Plains, in the ranching country of the Northwestern and Southern division, and in the Rio Grande Plains section.

A New Official

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Clues include 'Answer to Previous Puzzle', '1 Admiral', '11 Matter-of-fact', '12 Native metal', '13 Measure of area', '14 Secured', '16 To exist', '17 Eye tumor', '19 Era', '21 To talk', '23 Witticism', '25 Grief', '29 Bird', '31 Railroad', '32 Plaything', '33 To doze', '35 Exclamation of inquiry', '36 To purchase', '37 To knock', '39 To make lace', '41 Victuals', '43 Stratum', '45 Acetic', '47 Cotton machine', '48 Flour box', '49 Bronze', '51 Sailor', '52 Behold', '53 Carol', '54 To tie', '56 Afternoon', '57 Horny sub stance', '59 Silk worm', '61 He is a — by profession', '62 And was Presi-10 Requirement', '15 Male cat', '17 Mineral potato', '18 Sweet potato', '20 Neither', '21 Bashful', '22 Cognize', '24 Pedal', '25 Squire', '26 Either', '27 Demure', '30 He is — the Red Cross', '32 Bucket', '34 Wages', '36 Biscuit', '37 Cattle pasture', '38 From a rap', '40 Child', '42 Steam', '44 To renovate', '46 Aperture', '48 Knife', '50 Fern seeds', '53 Perched', '55 Sesame', '57 Before Christ', '58 Northwest', '60 Like'.

There's something about a Chesterfield —

There's one thing I especially like about Chesterfields—entirely aside from the fact that it's a milder cigarette—and I've heard a number of people say the same thing ... While I'm smoking Chesterfield I never get little crumbs of tobacco in my mouth—the tobacco doesn't spill out and that adds a lot to my pleasure of smoking them ... I notice more and more of my friends smoke Chesterfields.



The DARK BLOND

By CARLETON KENDRAKE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

MILICENT GRAVES' employer, George Dringgold, tells her he has a confession to make and a proposition to make. He has a confession to make and a proposition to make. He has a confession to make and a proposition to make.

She stared steadily ahead, saying nothing, but conscious of Norman Happ's approving glance studying her profile.

The young man made her strangely nervous. He had all of the magnetic attraction of his father, coupled with the appeal of a young man of her own age, and there was, moreover, a daring, rollicking something in his eyes—a

devil-may-care spirit of adventure which made her feel that sooner or later this man was going to keep her very, very much on the defensive.

The car sped along a boulevard, Ewing to the right, turned once more into a private driveway. Garage doors slid noiselessly open, manipulated by some mechanical means. The car stopped in front of a portico and the chauffeur jumped down to open the door.

Millicent felt very self-conscious as Jarvis Happ handed her from the car to the pavement. Norman Happ pushed past them into the house, saying, "I'll tell Cynthia."

The chauffeur caught Happ's nod of dismissal, slipped back behind the wheel and drove the car through the open doors of the garage. The door instantly slid shut.

"Why," asked Millicent breathlessly, "are you doing this? What are you after? What...?"

His voice was vibrant with power. It cut through her quick questions as the prof of a steamboat cuts through water, turning it up on either side in neat, graceful waves.

"There's no time for that now," he said. "Remember, you have given me your references, and I have hired you. Be careful to keep things between us on a strictly business basis. Norman is interested in you. Stay away from him. Keep away from Robert if you want to hold you. Use your eyes."

"Who's Robert?" she asked.

"Cynthia's son."

"My wife."

"Then you've..."

"Yes," he interrupted, "I've been married twice. Cynthia is my second wife. Norman's mother died when he was 10."

"But what am I supposed to do? Why did you do this? Why...?"

"You're supposed to do secretarial work, and you'll work hard at it. I did it because I wanted to. Now tell me, have you any baggage anywhere? Have you left any anywhere at all?"

"Only the trunk and clothes in my boarding house."

"Those," he said, "are out of the question. Say nothing about them. I'll have some baggage sent out tomorrow. You can go on a shopping expedition. And now here's Cynthia."

The door opened. Norman Happ, standing slightly to one side, indicated Millicent with a bow.

"Dad's new secretary," he said.

Cynthia Happ stepped through the door and stood, as coldly polished as the facets of a diamond, staring at Millicent Graves with expressionless appraisal.

"Miss Graves," Happ said. "Miss Graves, this is my wife."

Millicent bowed, muttered her pleasure, and felt strangely ill at ease.

Cynthia Happ stood perfectly still, surveying her as one might look at a picture hung on the wall, then she nodded slowly. Suddenly a smile twisted her lips. She extended her hand.

"My dear girl," she said, "come right in and make yourself at home. I've been trying to get Jarvis to get a secretary for his home work for a long while. I'm glad he's finally found one that suited him."

She turned to her husband.

"It WAS rather sudden, wasn't it, Jarvis? I mean, finding one who happened to suit you."

Millicent, to her surprise, heard an entirely different tone of voice issuing from the lips of the man who had figured so prominently in her life during the past 24 hours.

RECKLES and HIS FRIENDS—By Blosser

HERE IS THE ROUTE WE WILL TRAVERSE... OUR USUAL CRUISE! WE'LL TAKE OFF AT 10:30 SHARP!

THEN WE'LL CIRCLE THE FIELD ONCE AND HEAD NORTH PASSING OVER KINGSTON... THEN PRINGLE!

AND AT 11 O'CLOCK SHARP WHERE WILL YOU BE?

YES, SIR! I THINK SO... AND I HOPE TO FIND OUT, FOR SURE, SHORTLY.

HERE'S THE LOG BOOK... A RECORD OF OUR CRUISES OVER THE SAME ROUTE!

HMM... AT 11 O'CLOCK, ON THREE SUCCESSIVE JOURNEYS THE SHILOH WAS OVER THE MARSHES!

THEN YOU THINK THAT THE MARSHES HAVE SOME SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE?

WELL... I WISH YOU LUCK!

THANKS A LOT, COMMANDER! WELL... I GUESS WE'RE OFF!

ALLEY OOP — By HAMLIN

LOOK OUT, OOOLA! I'VE GOT 'EM! I'VE GOT 'EM! I'VE GOT 'EM!

NO, ALLEY! WE'RE WELL RID OF THEM! LET THEM GO!

I WAS COUNTIN' ON THEM HELPIN' US, WHEN WE HAF TA FIGHT OL KING TUNK AN HIS THUGS!

I KNOW — BUT CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE'RE LUCKY THEY RAN OUT ON US, NOW, INSTEAD OF DESERTIN' IN TH' THICK OF BATTLE?

WELL, HAF TA! I CAN'T HOLD 'EM! YOU GET DINNY WHILE I ATTEND TO ANOTHER LITTLE MATTER!

RIGHT! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' — I'VE GOT 'EM!

WAR AXES! OOOLA, THAT'S SWELL! WHERE'D JA GET 'EM?

THE LEMMINGS DROPPED THEM, DURING THEIR ATTACK ON OUR HIDE-OUT!

DIABETICS

Seattle Man Finds Complete Relief in severe case with simple natural method after specialists failed. No needles — no starvation. Write today for interesting facts. N. H. Boies, 363 Jayview Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Roosevelt Guard Gets a New Chief



A tall, "dead shot" Kentuckian, after whom South Dakotans named a mountain, is new chief of the White House secret service detail. Col. Edward W. Starling, above, who has been at the executive mansion since 1913, nationally known as advance man for presidential trips, succeeds Richard Jervis, who returns to field service.

The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop)

By Cowen

WHAT HAPPENED? PLENTY!! I WAS KIDNAPIED AN HELD PRISONER ALL LAST WEEK, BY TWO THUGS WHO BEAT ME UP!

WHY WE WAS HERE ALL LAST WEEK!

JOKE NOTHIN! DOES TUSEEVE LOOK LIKE IT WAS A JOKE? I TELL YOU I WAS BEATEN UP BY THE KIDNAPERS!

WOW! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD OF A WIFE BEIN' CALLED A KIDNAPER, BECAUSE SHE CLOUTED HER HUSBAND!

We are in A New Automobile Era!

Cars built since 1931 have twice the power and speed of ten years ago!



Continental offers you better lubrication for modern cars — an *Alloyed Oil with twice the film strength of other oils!

IT'S hard to realize how improved cars of the '30s are over those we drove ten years ago. We are in a new automobile era! Power and speed have almost doubled in a decade, with little increase in motor size.

Increased power has brought enormous increases in bearing pressures and crankcase temperatures. In making motor parts that will stand up under these severe conditions, car manufacturers have turned to new alloy metals of extra strength and durability. For the same reason, you must have oil with enough extra oiliness and film strength to protect your motor under extreme pressures!

Yet motor oils generally have no more oiliness and film strength now than they had ten years ago. New refining methods have recently come into use to make oils free from carbon and sludge. But these new refining processes have actually lowered instead of increased oiliness and film strength!

There is one exception—Conoco Germ Processed Motor Oil.

Just as the metallurgist adds small amounts of other metals to make special alloy steels, so we add small quantities of concentrated oil essence to highly refined, paraffin-base motor oil. This Germ Processing, discovered and patented by Continental scientists, gives Conoco Germ Processed Motor Oil lubricating qualities no other oil has.

★ Alloyed by the Patented Germ Process

CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY • Est. 1875



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"There were road maps of every state with road conditions and best routes marked, and booklets about scenic and historic points. Hotel and camp directories, too."

"Friendly Conoco service wherever we stopped made it a grand trip, too. You can apply at any Conoco station for this free Travel Bureau service."

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