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RANGER TIMES

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

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Obituaries, cards of thanks, notices of lodge meetings, etc., are charged for at regular advertising rates, which will be furnished upon application.

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ONE YEAR BY MAIL (In Texas) \$3.00

F. D. R. Protecting the Cotton Farmers of the South

Speaking through the President, Secretary Henry A. Wallace has made the important announcement that the extension of the 12-cent-a-pound loans on the 1934 cotton beyond the July 31 maturity date will prevent the government from coming into possession of large cotton stocks. Secretary Wallace in his statement said that the 1934 advances would be extended and new loans made on the 1935 crop. A reminder that the 1934 loans total about \$250,000,000, and are secured by 4,500,000 bales of cotton. Chairman Jesse Jones of the RFC is a Texan. His is a powerful voice, and his RFC controlled Commodity Credit corporation, which advanced the loans, will not become the owner of large supplies of the fleecy staple, for the reason that cotton growers will not be forced to liquidate.

Cotton is the money crop of many Southern states. Cotton advanced a dollar a bale when the Wallace announcement was made. As the buyers of America and foreign countries construed it as meaning further loans to the growers this year. And why not? Cotton is one of the great world staples. It has been hammered down by foreign buyers and foreign millers. Its exportation has been handicapped by the vicious tariff laws of America made by republican presidents and republican congresses. There is a large surplus grown every year. It must find an export market in foreign lands. Really cotton and its future concern the 2,000,000 growers in the Southland and a large army of croppers and tenants they carry.

Immensity of Dust Storms

If you have wondered just how much earth was moved in the recent western dust storm, you might be interested in the estimate submitted by A. F. Turner, of Kansas State College.

Mr. Turner says that if a 96-mile line of 1 1/2 ton trucks could be put to work hauling 10 loads apiece daily, it would take them a year to haul back to Western Kansas the dirt that was blown over to the eastern half of the state. Altogether, he says, there would be 46,500,000 truckloads to be moved.

Putting the thing in that form helps us to realize the terrible destructiveness of the storm. You don't need to use your imagination very hard to understand that a lot of good farm land must have been ruined to provide those 46,500,000 truckloads of dust!

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS—By Blosser



Is Government in Business Any Worse Than This?



Discharge Cisco Man as Executor McMurray Estate

Discharge of P. R. Warwick of Cisco as executor of the estate of James Lindsey McMurray, who died Oct. 3, 1934, has been made by the county court, papers on file Thursday in the county clerk's office showed. The discharge had been requested after estate papers had been filed.

Since he had charge of the estate, Warwick's papers showed, \$55,956.72 had come into the estate while estate debts were paid out in the sum of \$27,217.75. Other money paid out totaled \$1,469.73.

There remained a bank balance of \$5,928.29, the papers stated.

Disposition of the estate was as follows: Mrs. Gladys Hughes McMurray, widow, one-half; Tom McMurray, Oklahoma City, brother, one-tenth; Jack McMurray, Norman, Okla., brother, one-tenth; Douglas McMurray, Norman, Okla., brother, one-tenth; Mrs. Jeanette Alessandri, Norman, Okla., sister, one-tenth; Mrs. Patricia Butte, San Juan, Puerto Rico, sister, one-tenth.

MARKETS

By United Press
Closing selected New York stocks:

| | |
|----------------|---------|
| Am Can | 120 1/2 |
| Am P & L | 3 1/4 |
| Am Rad & S S | 13 |
| Am Smelt | 37 1/2 |
| Am T & T | 107 1/2 |
| Anacosta | 11 1/2 |
| Auburn Auto | 19 1/4 |
| Avn Corp Del | 3 1/2 |
| Barnsdall | 8 1/2 |
| Byers A M | 14 1/4 |
| Case J I | 53 1/2 |
| Chrysler | 36 1/2 |
| Comw & Sou | 1 1/4 |
| Cons Oil | 7 1/2 |
| Curtiss Wright | 2 1/2 |
| Elec Au I | 20 1/2 |
| Elec St Bat | 41 1/2 |
| Fox Film | 9 1/2 |
| Freeport Tex | 23 |
| Gen Elec | 24 1/2 |
| Gen Foods | 35 1/2 |
| Gen Mat | 30 |
| Gillette S R | 15 1/2 |
| Goodyear | 19 |
| Gt Nor Ore | 11 |
| Gt West Sugar | 27 1/2 |
| Int Cement | 26 |
| Int Harvester | 38 |
| Johns Manville | 45 1/2 |
| Kroger G & B | 25 |
| Liq Carb | 29 1/2 |



National Jamboree

The members of the Comanche Trail council jamboree committee state that there may be some vacancies in the National Jamboree troop. Should there be any vacancies, scouts who want to go and can finance their way should put each scout who goes as a delegate

in their applications at once. A number of applications with fees attached have already been received at the office. This will certainly be a wonderful experience for scouts who are fortunate enough to have an opportunity to attend and will mean so much to the troops who are taking care of delegates' expenses. Each scout, who has had a part in sending a representative from his troop should be commended for the part he has played.

Camp Billy Gibbons

The folder and registration blank for Camp Billy Gibbons is now being printed, and will be sent out to all scouts in a few days. Council officials feel that this will be the greatest camp in the history of Comanche Trail council. Instruction in water activities, and handicraft, including archery, leathercraft, silversmithing, beadwork, airplane building, etc., will be offered. Also hiking, cooking, and other outdoor merit badge tests will be given. Of course the camp paper, "The Daily

will have the responsibility of bringing the jamboree back to his own troop as nearly as it is possible for him to do so.

Cuban Strong Man

Answer to Previous Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------|--------|------------|----------------|--------------------|-----------|---------|-------|-----------------|---------|--------------|---------------|---------------|----------|------------------|----------|----------------|----------|--------------|-------------------|---------|---------------------|-----------|-----------|---------------|----------|---------------|----------------------|--|------------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|---------|----------|------------|----------------|-------------|------------|-----------------|------------|------------|-----------|----------------|---------------------|--------------------------|---------------|-----------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|----------------|------------|---------|-----------|--------|
| 1 Military head in Cuba | 2 To decorate | 3 Poem | 4 To adore | 5 17 identical | 6 Mineral fissures | 7 Thought | 8 Three | 9 Fat | 10 Lions' homes | 11 Unit | 12 Eye tumor | 13 Postscript | 14 Was proper | 15 Slash | 16 Grandparental | 17 Metal | 18 Metric foot | 19 Passy | 20 To peruse | 21 Kats sparingly | 22 Also | 23 Surgical machine | 24 Within | 25 Parrot | 26 To hearken | 27 Dross | 28 To combine | 29 Parts of a circle | 30 He is — of staff of Cuba's army (pl.) | 31 He recently settled a general — | 32 Opposite of odd | 33 Rented by contract | 34 Poem | 35 Longs | 36 Biscuit | 37 First woman | 38 Door rug | 39 Prophet | 40 Type of fish | 41 Sun god | 42 Company | 43 Vulgar | 44 Young horse | 45 Flat round plate | 46 One-twelfth of a foot | 47 Toilet box | 48 Heavy volume | 49 Hodgepodge | 50 To scorch | 51 Clay house | 52 Fire basket | 53 Attacks | 54 Want | 55 Matter | 56 Eye |
|-------------------------|---------------|--------|------------|----------------|--------------------|-----------|---------|-------|-----------------|---------|--------------|---------------|---------------|----------|------------------|----------|----------------|----------|--------------|-------------------|---------|---------------------|-----------|-----------|---------------|----------|---------------|----------------------|--|------------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|---------|----------|------------|----------------|-------------|------------|-----------------|------------|------------|-----------|----------------|---------------------|--------------------------|---------------|-----------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|----------------|------------|---------|-----------|--------|



Market data table with columns for various stocks and their prices.

To distress... I bring comfort I'm your best friend I am your Lucky Strike

Try me I'll never let you down

I give you the mildest smoke, the best-tasting smoke. You wonder what makes me different. For one thing, it's center leaves. I spurn the little, sticky, top leaves... so bitter to the taste. I scorn the coarse bottom leaves, so harsh and unappetizing. I do not irritate your throat. I bring comfort. I am the best of friends.

Radio Flash
Lucky Strike on the
Saturday, beginning April 20 with
THE HIT PARADE
over NBC Network 8:30 P.M. E.S.T.

STOP US

if you've heard this one....

"MY DEAR, I SIMPLY DREAD THIS DAILY SHOPPING!" HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU HEARD THAT STORY? MORE THAN ONCE, WE WILL BET A HAT. AND IF YOU ASK THE WOMAN WHO "DREADS SHOPPING" JUST WHY SHE DOES SO, YOU'LL USUALLY HEAR SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

"IT TAKES SO MUCH TIME! I START OUT AND LOOK AND LOOK . . . AND BY THE TIME I'VE FOUND WHAT I WANT I'M DEAD ON MY FEET. ALL IN, MY DEAR. I MEAN I ACTUALLY AM!"

YOU CAN DO A FRIEND LIKE THAT A REAL SERVICE. ASK HER IF SHE READS THE ADVERTISEMENTS. POSSIBLY SHE'LL LOOK SURPRISED AND SAY, "NOT VERY OFTEN. WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH IT?"

TELL HER HOW YOU HAVE YOUR MIND ALL MADE UP BEFORE YOU HANG THE MARKET BASKET OVER YOUR ARM . . . HOW YOU'RE ABLE TO SAVE STEPS, BUDGET YOUR EXPENDITURES NEATLY, GET WHAT YOU WANT---AND ALL WITH A MINIMUM OF TIME AND EFFORT. SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE NEWS OF THE SHOPPING WORLD AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS ALL THE TIME, BY READING THE ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY.

ADVERTISEMENTS ARE NEWS. VITAL, PRACTICAL NEWS. NEWS YOU NEED TO KEEP ON TAP.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY.

WHAT'S Happening Today? The Answer Is In The RANGER TIMES



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**THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER BUY IN THE WORLD
FOR RESIDENTS OF EASTLAND COUNTY**

"I SEE BY THE PAPER, THAT---"

Thus the well-informed man starts a chat with his neighbor, on the day's happenings in Eastland and adjoining counties.

Wherever men gather, over the back fence, at the corner, in front of the bank, anywhere, in groups of two or three, the local events come first in their minds. If you read the paper every day you will keep posted on what's going on all the time.

You will know what is happening at the courthouse, what shows are in town, what various organizations are doing, what the latest market prices are, and all the important events and occurrences of the day, both at home and abroad. **YOU GET THE NEWS WHILE IT IS FRESH!**

IT COVERS THE COUNTY

Every part of Eastland County is covered by experienced correspondents, who gather the important items of interest. Only in our daily paper do you get the local news, the announcements of organizations, the markets, the want ads and the store ads every day.

Don't be content with only the distant city newspaper—Your home is here, your work is here, your property is here! Keep in touch with local conditions. Be alert to every change and how it affects you. Know what is happening in your community.

Your home daily tells you the facts, keeps you informed, brings you the news of Eastland and adjoining counties, gives you entertainment and enjoyment, helps you to buy, to sell more profitably.

A FARM PAGE EVERY WEEK. Scores of farmers have told us how much they like and appreciate this helpful weekly feature.

**THE BETTER YOUR NEWSPAPER
THE BETTER YOUR COMMUNITY**

WELCOMED BY THE WHOLE FAMILY

Every day your home town daily brings features that become more and more interesting to its host of women readers throughout Eastland and adjoining counties.

The shopping news, the fashion notes, the household hints, the serial fiction, the home news—all help to make life more enjoyable.

Stories by the world's most popular writers are only a small daily part of the service to its readers. As soon as one story is completed another is begun.

Comic strips by famous artists and humorists form another daily feature the delights young and old alike. New readers eagerly look forward every day to see what plights and embarrassments the characters will be in next.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY!

The DARK BLOND

By CARLETON KENDRAKE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

...secretary to Dringold, finds her em- in his office dead. Jarvis a stranger, offers to help He sends her to a beauty where she is transformed into met, then takes her home, n- ing her as his secretary. She Hupp's son, Norman; his son, Robert Caise; Mrs. Hupp, Vera Duchens, Mrs. Hupp's

at night a note under her Millicent, "The wom- black ermine is here." Millicent the woman, tries to fol- but loses her. Millicent goes the chauffeur's quarters. The hour is dead from a bullet

st morning Sergeant Mahon- charge of the case. the telephone Mrs. Hupp that her husband has been ed. She is warned not to in- the police.

Norman begs Millicent to tell what she knows of the whole she does. Together they de- to solve the mystery.

Go On With the Story

CHAPTER XXXI

Norman Hupp emerged from the retail liquor store he had cov- Millicent looked at his face, that he had discovered some- "You've found it?" she when he had approached the

think so," he told her. "This is open until 3 o'clock in morning. A little after two a bought a pint bottle of and demanded that par- brand.

"woman?" Millicent ex- ed.

"he said.

"What did she look like?" want you to come in and with the man," Norman said. "I'd be more apt to get the we want in a description— know, clothes and every- manner was that of one ring against tense excite-

ment and Millicent said, "Look here, you've found out something already."

He nodded.

"What is it?"

"Just this," he said. "She wore a black ermine coat."

Millicent scrambled out of the car, quivering with nervous ten- sion. "Honestly," she asked, "was it the woman in the black ermine coat?"

"Steady," he cautioned. "Don't get excited. It was a woman in a black ermine coat."

Millicent felt his hand on her elbow steadying her as she crossed the sidewalk and entered the swinging door of the retail liquor store.

A man well past middle age, with a white mustache, surveyed her with tired, expressionless eyes.

"We want to talk with you a little more about that whisky sale," Norman said.

The man surveyed the bottles stacked upon his counter with a critical eye, picked up one of them, held it to the light, dusted it with a cloth and nodded.

Norman looked significantly at Millicent, and Millicent said, "You saw her clearly?"

"Oh, yes."

Millicent's voice betrayed her excitement. "I mean you could see her face? She didn't have her col- lard turned up so it concealed her face?"

"No, ma'am. But why all the excitement? You aren't detec- tives, are you?"

"Merely, no," she said. "Just trying to get some information."

He nodded, rearranged some of the bottles on the counter, said wearily, "What information?"

"Was she young or old?"

He looked at her. "Ma'am, I d'know. I'm 68 myself and to me women divide themselves into three classes. There's the young ones that are full of giggles and awkwardness. Then there's the smooth, pretty ones that range

anywhere from 20 to 50. And then there's the women that don't care anything about being beautiful, and look about my age. I know some of them are beautiful when they're 60 and some look old when they're 40, but to a man who's lived as long as I have as long as a woman's smooth and pretty she's young and I can't tell the age."

"But surely you can tell whether a woman is 20 or 35."

"Well, perhaps I could tell that. This woman wasn't 20. Probably she was around 30, but I can't tell. She was one of the smooth kind."

"Did she smile?"

"Yes, she knew how to use her smile. I remember she had me grinning and cutting capers around the store, trying to get her service. She said she was in a hurry. That brand of whisky is a genuine 9-year-old, bottled in bond whisky. We don't sell much of it. I had to go in the back room to get it."

"Did she drive up?"

"There was someone waiting for her in a car. She drove up with him."

"A man?" Millicent asked.

"Yeah, a man."

"What kind of car was he driving?"

"I can't tell you that—wait a minute, maybe I can, too. They transferred a suitcase from the back seat to a baggage compart- ment in the back, come to think of it. I guess it was a black sedan. It had a little compart- ment for baggage back of the spare tire. I remember the man was transferring this suitcase from the inside of the sedan to the baggage compartment while she was getting the whisky."

"Would you know this woman if you saw her again?"

"Sure I would. She was pretty."

"What kind of hat was she wearing?"

"Some kind of a small hat that didn't have any brim. The ermine

"OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By Williams



coat had a big collar and she kept the collar turned up. There wasn't any brim on the hat, so the collar fitted right up close around her head.

"But you're sure you saw her face?"

"Sure I did. I looked right at it. Why, what's so mysterious about it?"

"Nothing," Millicent told him, smiling, "but I was wondering if you'd be able to recognize a photograph of her."

"If it was a good picture I think I could. Sometimes you see a woman dressed a certain way and then you get a snapshot picture of her and it doesn't look at all the same, but if this was a good picture I think I could spot it all right."

"What color was her hair?"

"Black, I think, but I can't be sure."

"What color was her hair?"

"It was covered up pretty well by the hat. I don't know whether it was black or not. She had the kind of skin that goes with a blond—sort of smooth and white, except for the cheeks, and her lips were real red."

"I think we'll get a photograph," Millicent told him, "and come back. You can look at that and tell us if it's the same woman."

"I can try, anyway. Come again anytime, ma'am. It's a pleasure to help you any I can."

Norman Hupp piloted Millicent from the store and, as they

"Yes."

"Whose?"

Millicent said crisply, "Vera Duchens's, of course."

"You think she's the one?"

"At any rate we'll show him her photograph," she said.

She was about to step into the car when her attention was caught by some object which reflected the sun's rays. She paused to stare down into the gutter. A moment later she gave a startled cry and lunged forward. Her hand reached toward a small tri- angular piece of brass-studded leather.

"What is it?" Norman Hupp asked.

She held it up. "It's a corner," she exclaimed, "that came from the suitcase in which the Gentry books of account were kept—the suitcase that was stolen from my room?"

He took it from her, turned it over in his fingers, studying it.

"Come on," he told her, "jump in. We're getting hot on the scene. I know one other clew we're going to have in a few minutes."

"What is it?"

"The name of the person who owns the automobile you saw driving away from the garage. I've got a friend in the traffic department. He promised to trace the car registration for me. You're sure you got the license number right?"

"Yes," she said, "that number is burned in my memory. There's no chance for me to have been mistaken."

"Well," he told her, starting the car, "we'll know in a little while."

"I'm so afraid," she told him, "that it will turn out to have been a stolen car. That woman in the black ermine coat has been such a sinister shadow it seems almost impossible to think we could finally clothe her with a real flesh and blood identity."

His right hand dropped from the steering wheel to grasp hers with a reassuring clasp.

He pulled the car in close to the curb.

"Is this where your friend lives?" she asked.

"No," he told her, "I'm going to telephone. I can get the information over the wire, but I didn't want to telephone from the liquor

store."

He parked the car, ran to a drugstore while Millicent sat anxiously waiting, comparing the pulsing of the idling motor to the throbbing of her heart as she watched the door for him to re- appear.

Suddenly she saw him come out, walking so rapidly that he seemed almost to run.

"We've got it!" he called when he was still some 15 feet from the car. "We've got the name and address of the woman who owns that car!"

(To Be Continued)

DIAMOND FOUND IN FISH
By United Press
KNOXVILLE, Tenn.—Lacy Kilgore and John Gentry, two Sevier County residents, reported they found a \$500 diamond in the stomach of a large bass they caught in the Little Tennessee River below Gatlinburg. They brought their "find" here for appraisal.

A Kansas City business man be- queathed part of his fortune to his farm horses, leaving only a horse laugh for his relatives.

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Montgomery Ward & Co.

Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop)

By Cowen



ALLEY OOP

By HAMLIN



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It's a HANES... as cool and comfortable an undershirt as you ever tucked inside your shorts! And when you get it tucked—it stays. There's so much length to a HANES shirt-tail that it can't come out of place... can't make an annoying wad at your waist! Take a peep at your chest. See how the soft, elastic fabric smooths and snugs around your ribs. No matter how much you wash the shirt, it'll always fit as clean and trim. Never any droops or wrinkles!

These shirts should be enough guarantee that HANES Shorts are okay too. You'll know they are, if you climb into a pair! You can stretch and reach all over the lot—nothing catches or binds. And the colors stay put—or we'll make good! See a HANES dealer today. P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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All sizes • All styles
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"I'm Happy.."



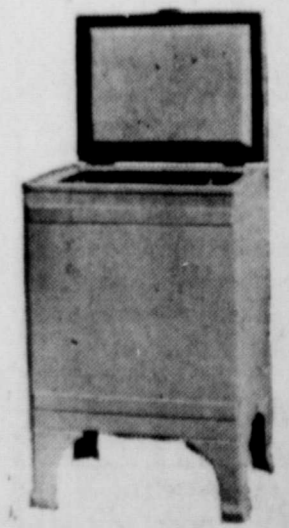
We've Bought an ELECTRIC Refrigerator

"No more hand-to-mouth living for us! We have an electric refrigerator so we can keep food fresh day after day and now we don't have to buy our perishables every afternoon after coming home from work. And you'd be surprised what a difference it makes in our food bill!"

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A. N. LARSON, Mgr.



Here is the new "lift-top" model, priced as low as \$81.50, f. o. b. Fort Worth, yet large enough to serve a small family. It is economical to own and to operate.

