

RANGER TIMES

TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY, Publishers

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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.

Lean Forward, Americans!

Americans generally delight in leaning back in an easy chair, barber shop chair or just any convenient chair and listening to the advice and argument of whoever happens to be indulging in that good old custom of sounding off.

And it's a very fine thing in time of peace. But the time has arrived—and it's right now—when we all must lean forward, cast a fishy eye at our whispering informant or windy talker, and ask ourselves a question. Is he, or quite possibly she, pulling my leg, knowingly or unknowingly, for the benefit of Adolf, Benito or Lieut. Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita?

As all school children know by now, Hitler's cardinal rule is "Divide and Conquer." And as all Czechs, French, Dutch and Norwegians know it is one of the smartest and most devilish politico-military weapons of all time. Why? Because it works.

Edmond Taylor, noted student of propaganda, declares now is the time to fear and fight the slime of Nazi propaganda which seeped over the great, impregnable Maginot Line and drowned France. It worked in France and other countries and it can work here. The Nazis know they must knock out the United States and the quickest way to do that is to set us snarling and snapping at each other.

Oh, you won't get any letters from Doctor Goebbels telling you President Roosevelt is crazy, or that we are obviously headed for dictatorship, or that the Jews and Communists plan to chop the hands off every third baby boy. You will get something much slicker and much harder to combat. There is and will be some of those rawer types for the lunatic fringe, but chiefly it will be in such form as these:

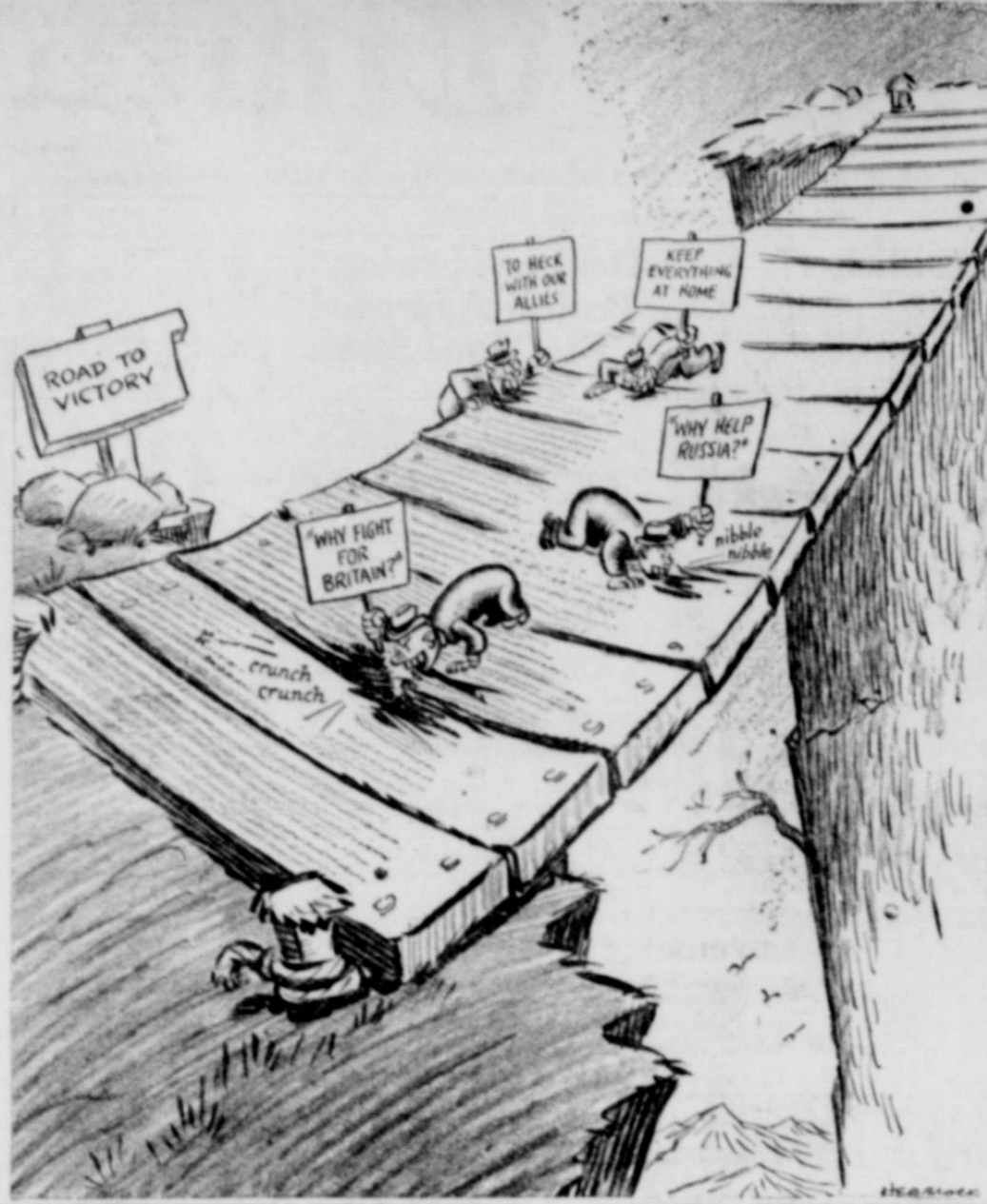
We are dupes of British Imperialists. Our entire Pacific fleet was destroyed at Pearl Harbor. The Army had to shoot 400 strikers in a Detroit tank factory. Jap saboteurs have destroyed large sections of San Francisco. Six troop transports with 10,000 American soldiers on each have been sunk. The Republicans are blocking the war effort. The Democrats are blocking the war effort. Jesse James, Peter the Rabbit, the no-girdles-for-girls rule are messing things up. In short, things have gone to hell. We can't win. There's no use trying. We're lost up to now and besides Hitler has no designs on America. He just wants all the Germans of Europe joined in one big happy family.

Those are the things you have heard and will hear. Those are the things axis agents spread—and the alleys and rat holes are infested with them. Good Americans hear them. They tell other good Americans. Soon the vicious lie assumes the proportions of a national scandal and everybody is talking about it. That wrecks morale, wrecks the war effort and can wreck America. It's all the simple application of "Divide and Conquer."

This doesn't mean free speech, free press and free assembly must be shelved. It does mean that every loyal American must lean forward, not backward, repeat no wild rumors, and smash as many lies as possible. And above all, have faith and work hard.

We have to thank the Japs for one thing — they certainly have helped us appreciate the Chinese.

Termites



Front Office Incentive



President Larry MacPhail paces Shortstop Pee Wee Reese in road work at Daytona Beach training camp of Brooklyn Dodgers.

School Students to Aid in Building Models of Aircraft

NEW ORLEANS, La. — High school students in Texas will be given a opportunity to participate in a vital part of the U. S. Navy training program by the Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox.

Under a new plan, 500,000 aircraft models—10,000 models each of 50 different types of fighting planes—will be needed for training personnel in aircraft recognition, range estimation in gunnery practice and civilian defense training. The Navy soon will call on Texas students to build at least 20,000 of them.

The United States Office of Education, which will administer the program, will send letters outlining the plan to state superintendents within the next few days. The first set of working drawings will be in the hands of cooperating schools by Feb. 23.

The models will be made on a precise scale of 1 to 72—one inch on the model represents 6 feet on the actual airplane. The same proportion holds true as to distance, a model seen at 35 feet is identical with the true airplane seen at just under half a mile. Studying the models through the standard ring sight used on aerial gun mounts becomes invaluable training for the cadet flier, teaching him not only type and identification, but range. Only three dimensional models can serve properly for all these functions.

After a review of every model submitted, students completing stated quantities of models, will receive certificates in recognition of the importance of the work. Approved models will be sent to aviation units ashore and afloat. The Boy Scouts of America, the 4-H Clubs, the Air Youth of America, the Junior Birdmen, various Boys Clubs and other youth organizations throughout the state have pledged support.

Eastman Says We Face a Lack of Transportation

WASHINGTON (UP) — Shortage of transportation facilities in many cities is expected to become more acute as the war effort gains momentum. Despite increased loads, the War Production Board is unlikely to release strategic materials for new equipment, Defense Transportation Director Joseph B. Eastman warned in suggesting steps that might help relieve congestion.

Methods of making greatest possible use of facilities, Eastman pointed out, are staggering business, school and working hours, improving regulation of street traffic to speed vehicle movement, and making more efficient use of private automobiles through doubling up.

Staggering of hours, a step already taken in government agencies, promises to be one of the most effective methods of relieving the problem, he said.

He stressed the importance of this program by pointing out that in most cities more than 50 per cent of total volume of local traffic is carried during morning and evening rush hours, leaving 50 to 75 per cent of the facilities idle during the rest of the day.

A woman can do most anything with a hairpin except make it stay in her hair.

A wife is a great comfort to her husband during the distressing times a bachelor never has.

HORSE THIEVES, TAKE HEED TROY, N. Y. — The Sand Lake Association for Mutual Protection Against Horse Thieves has reorganized with a full set of officers and announces that it is ready to do business.

CLASSIFIED

SPECIAL NOTICES

EXTRA INCOME!

Profitable sideline sells to every merchant. Proven quick sellers. Liberal commission paid weekly. No car necessary. Estab. Mfr., AAI Rating, Write Box 51, Norwood Branch, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED, girl to share bedroom with another. Inexpensive. Call 16.

TO WHOM THIS may concern. J. D. (Buddy) Rodgers has been removed from office as manager of the Buddy Rogers Auto Company, by order of the board of directors and he has no authority to collect notes, accounts or to sell, buy or transact any kind of business for the corporation. Buddy Rogers Auto Company.

WANTED — 100 Personal Mention Items to run in tomorrow's Ranger Times. If you have been anywhere, have had guests or know anyone who has, just let us know so we may run them in the paper. Telephone 224.

2—MALE HELP WANTED

HELP WANTED: Male, Female, Man or woman to sell 20 gal. of milk daily. Cox's Jersey Farm—One mile west Cross Road school.

3—HELP WANTED, FEMALE

GIRL or Young Woman, room, board and salary. Guarantee Ice Cream Parlor, Ranger. GIRL or woman for housework to stay in home—Ross Station—Gulf Camp or leave name at Times Office.

WANTED: Beauty operator. Following preferred, Grace R. Taylor, 401 Main St.

9—HOUSES FOR RENT

FOR RENT — Modern 5-room house completely furnished. 110 Sue Street. Apply Elton Jennings, Gholson Hotel.

11—APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT: Bedroom with private entrance. Bathroom handy. Close in. Call 270-J.

FOR RENT: Five room apartment—two room apartment—Furnished. 421 South Hodges.

19—FOR SALE

FOR SALE: Six-room house—new paint—new roof. Mrs. W. S. Barnett.

FOR SALE—My home, Hodges Oak Park. Call 61.

SINK, Table Top Cook Stove. Dr. Hodges. 996 Cherry St.

FOR SALE: Farm of J. H. Williams—6 miles NW of Desdemona—if interested write Mrs. E. E. Williams, Freer, Texas, Box 925.

FOR SALE: 50 Austr White Pullets, nine weeks old. Mrs. R. E. Barker, Phone 379-W.

FOR SALE: Practically new Philco farm radio, complete with 1,000 hour Economy battery. Will sacrifice. Johnson Radio Service, 318 East Main St.

WE HAVE BABY CHICKS coming off each Saturday night. Come look them over on Sunday. The prices are cheap and the quality is not to be excelled. All are Fullorum tested. — Kennedy Hatchery, Dublin, Texas, Box 17.

Advertisement for 'MAKING AMERICA STRONG ARMED CITIES THAT FIGHT'. Includes text: 'OUR NAVY'S NEWEST SUPER-BATTLESHIPS CAN BE COMPARED TO A TOWN OF OVER 1000 PEOPLE... EACH SHIP HAS A POWER PLANT BIG ENOUGH TO SUPPLY MANY A COUNTY WITH ELECTRICITY'. Includes illustrations of ships and people.

How big is a battleship? Imagine a town of over a thousand people—a town with houses, stores, garages, a post office, a church, a barber shop, factories, a telephone exchange, a power plant and a water system. Imagine all that and more made of the heaviest, strongest, toughest steel that's available in the world, and you have some idea of the size of one of Uncle Sam's huge floating fortresses.

Today in America's shipyards these enormous ocean cities are being built in record time along with other naval units that will make the United States fleet the strongest in the world. One battleship was recently completed in three-quarters of the time originally scheduled for its construction, and the same speedy pace is being maintained for other vessels that are now being built. Here is an actual case that shows what is being done along this line.

Normally it takes 150 days to construct a tanker to the point where it can be launched. The men in one shipyard determined to cut this time to 91 days. They worked so fast that they bettered their intended record and sent hull down the ways in 76 days.

Sixty days are ordinarily required for "finishing touches" from the time a tanker is launched until it's ready to be put into service. The men whittled this down to 21 days. Instead of a normal 210 days to build the ship, they finished it in 97—less than half the usual construction time.

To pick up such speed American shipbuilders have developed shortcuts that would have been thought impossible only a few years ago. In the old days, for example, every piece of steel used to be cut to pattern and then taken onto the ways and attached to the ship, piece by piece.

That kind of construction put a definite limit to the number of men who could work on the vessel at one time without getting in each other's way. Today those pieces are assembled away from the ship. In that way the work can be done in many different factories, and it can be done all at once. Hundreds of separate pieces can be built into sections. When the sections are completed, they are brought to the shipyard and put into place.

DRAMATIST AND POET

Horizontal and vertical crossword puzzle with clues. Includes 'Answer to Previous Puzzle' and a list of clues for both directions.

A portrait of a man with a beard, likely related to the 'DRAMATIST AND POET' section.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

A large illustration of a sperm whale with text: 'THE SPERM WHALE HAS A NOSE 12 FEET LONG... AND 8 FEET HIGH!'. Includes other illustrations and text about 'ROTUNG OYS' and 'Barbers Service Men Free'.

FOR RENT 2-3 and 4-Room Furnished or Unfurnished Apartments With JOSEPH'S FIREPROOF APARTMENTS and GHOLSON HOTEL

START CHICKS RIGH PURIN STARTER FIELD and GARDEN SE PRONE 112 BLACKLOCK Feed Store

Chiropractor The Science that restores & maintains Health. Let us help you with your problems that are puzzling you. COLA THERAPY is also a very efficient way to rid your system of that toxic poison, the been deposited from flu, cold, constipation, prolapsed tonsils and etc.

Your Chiropractor E. R. GREEN

THE BEST ... at Higdon Mrs. Higdon's Cafe

Let Us Keep Your RADIO In Perfect Condition

So You Can Receive the Latest War News

JOHNSON RADIO SHOP Located at My Residence 318 EAST MAIN ST. 2 Blocks East of Raliff's Feed Store

A CHAIN IS NO STRONGER than its weakest link. Never more true than when insurance is involved. If your insurance program has not been carefully checked someone who knows, you may be vulnerable to when you least expect. May we be of assistance?

C. E. MAY Representing The Ains Causality & Surety Company of Hartford, Conn.

SERIAL STORY

KINGS ROW

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

HOME COMING

RANDY spread out the sheets of Parris's letter on the kitchen table. The letter had come two days ago, and she had read it a dozen times, but she returned to it again and again for the warmth and comfort, the sense of security and safety that she derived from it.

"I am sure that you have already made Drake feel that he is needed and wanted in the world. I am writing him in this same post that he is certainly needed and important in my life. We can't give him legs, but we can keep his mind and personality, and soul, if you wish to call it that, whole and well."

"I recalled last night that a long time ago—Drake talked of real estate projects of some kind. I don't remember just what the ideas were. The main point is to get his mind going on something definitely constructive."

"Drake has been more than a brother to me, and from this moment on you are more than my sister. In you two I feel that I have more than a professional reason for coming back to Kings Row. You know, of course, that I have always hoped for an appointment at the State Hospital for the insane. I have kept Dr. Nolan informed of my progress. He has promised to recommend my appointment when I have finished my work here in Vienna."

Randy folded the thin sheets of paper carefully. It was strange, she thought, how well she knew Parris Mitchell.

"There is just one front window. It looks into the front yard. There's a big cedar tree outside, and across the road you can see around Harper's Hill on out into the country. It's quieter, too. You don't hear the switch engines as you do back here."

Drake's face contracted suddenly. "I'll be glad to get where I don't hear them so plain. Sometimes I dream—I guess I'll always have dreams like that."

"I don't think so, Drake," Randy spoke very calmly, but her chest was tight. "You'll have a lot of other things to think about."

"Randy!"

"Remember this always. You've had a terrible accident and all that, but you're just Drake McHugh. You're no different. You can arrange your life anyway you want to. I'm here to see that it's done the way you want it, but you are to Drake, and I love you. Do I have to tell you that every day?"

"Gradually," as the weeks went by, Randy pressed the suggestions Parris had made in his first letter. She was amazed to see how Drake felt more and more easily into the pattern she so carefully planned.

One day, following her carefully disguised leads, Drake recalled the old project for reclaiming the creek-bottom lands nearby. He alighted upon it with joy. He had begun from that day to move toward a normal life. Sometimes, as Randy studied the sharp-cut profile, it seemed as though this catastrophe had burned Drake clear of every trait that had been a little careless and coarse.

"I'm going to move you downstairs next week," Drake said.

He frowned. "Where?"

"The front room. That's going to be our living room, and the little room off to the side that never has been anything but a storeroom will be our bedroom."

He thought a moment. "It sounds pleasant."

PARRIS walked across the square. At the corner he paused and thought a moment. Yes, Cedar street, that was the shortest way to Randy's house. He had thought so often of coming home. Now he was here. This was Kings Row. He looked east and west on the cross street. This shabby, dingy-looking street, this village, a strange heaviness settled on his heart, and with it came a quick, keen wave of homesickness for Vienna. Vienna had meant friends, a comfortable something that was almost home—Vienna was—he shook himself free of the thoughts.

"Parris!"

"Randy—my dear!"

"Oh, Parris, I'm so glad to see you!"

Randy had just started out when she met Parris. She swung the white-painted gate open again. "Come on in. Drake will be crazy, he'll be so glad to see you."

"How is he?" Parris caught her arm and held back as they came to the door. "How is he really?"

Randy looked away, then back again. Her eyes dimmed a little. "I don't really know, Parris. I don't really know. He seems—more like himself lately. But I can't tell."

Randy opened the door. Parris held tight to Drake's hand and looked down into the deeply shadowed eyes.

"Drake."

Drake moved his lips, but no word came. His face was like a mask of thin stone. He shifted a little like an embarrassed child and turned his face away.

Parris sat down on the edge of the bed and laid his cheek hard against Drake's.

Randy backed out of the door and closed it behind her. She went to the kitchen and sat down in a low chair behind the stove.

"Send the baggage up. I'm going out first—to look around."

(To Be Continued)

Japs Tactics

Hawaii, and American patrols (Continued from page 1) would have a chance of spotting them in this time.

This particularly is true in view of U. S. operations from Johnston, Palmyra, Christmas, and Canton Islands, as well as Samoa. Announcement of U. S. cooperation with Free French forces in New Caledonia gives us another aerial outpost for patrol purposes at Noumea, former Pan American Airways Clipper base.

At the same time patrolling this area is comparable to patrolling a desert stretching from Los Angeles to Denver and Seattle to San Diego, or from New York to Chicago and Boston to Miami. Literally hundreds of planes would be required.

Furthermore, in a week's travel an enemy convoy would travel at least half the time at night, and arrive at its destination at dawn, as the American expedition to the Marshalls and Gilberts did. Storms, squalls and haze might offer invaluable cover to scattered convoy units during daylight hours. Flying weather in this re-

Barnacle Bill

Bill deLorreyont, wisely publicized Norrinson's track, joins Navy as gob after passing up chance for commission in Air Corps or officers' training.

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RED RYDER By HARMAN



OUT OUR WAY By WILLIAMS



Glamor Gloveman Freckles and His Friends By Blosser



ALLEY OOP By Hamlin



Freshman Is Crowned NTSTC Beauty Queen



RENTON, Texas. — Miss Jackie McKay of Madsionville, freshman student in the North Texas State Teachers College, was crowned as NTSTC's first Queen of Beauty at a Coronation Ball held last Saturday night.

Her identity was kept secret from the campus until the ball, when she was crowned as beauty queen of the Yucaea college yearbook, by Dr. W. J. McConnell, president of the Teachers College. As queen, Miss McKay was at-

ended by the other four nominees: Rosalie Grimes, Abilene; Velma Rae Bateman, Fort Worth; Jewel Taylor, Corsicana; and Jo Frances Worley, Claude. Miss McKay also presented certificates to the 10 campus favorites recently elected at the Teachers College.

Miss McKay and her attendants were chosen from campus nominees last month by an impartial committee. They will be pictured in the Yucaea beauty section, a new feature of the yearbook.

THE PAY-OFF

BY HARRY GARLAND
NEA Service Sports Editor

MORAL GABLES, Fla.—“You can beat a race but you can't beat the jacks” is an old axiom.

But the thousands of suckers who wagered on the Widener Challenge Cup Handicap were hit with additional evidence that you can't always as much as beat a race.

The result was another striking illustration of why all horse players must die broke. It climaxed a long list of Florida form reversals.

The Rhymer, Best Seller and Olympus, none of them much horse, trimming such as Our Boob, Alash, Chaledon, Market Wise, Midland and Attention, to place the big names in the order in which they finished, is one of those unsolvable mysteries.

NONE had anything more in the way of an excuse than would ordinarily be required in a field of 17.

The time for the mile and a quarter—2:05 1/2—makes the result even more puzzling.

There was nothing wrong with the strip. That it was fast was made clear by the fact that the field, which 35 minutes before negotiated the same route in 2:04 1/2.

Offhand, you would say that the Widener Challenge Cup of 1942 would have been a walkover for Whirlaway, yet on the face of what transpired there is no way of telling that a given race would be a breeze for any thoroughbred.

RESULT can't be dismissed by saying that the race demonstrated that our handiapp horses of today are an ordinary lot. Not a few picked Our Boots to score. Alash last summer was hailed as another Man o' War. Chaledon, Market Wise and Midland have repeatedly revealed their out-and-out class. Although looked dead spit in the eye by Whirlaway in the stretch, Attention prevailed in the Arlington Classic.

If anything, the race showed just how great an animal must be to win all the time, even against rigs.

It was an even greater upset than the one turned in by Jim Saratoga in 1930 to pay 100 to 1. That memorable race was run in deep mud. There was no field. Only four horses ran.

Fields are made necessary when mutual machines cannot accommodate any more horses. The Rhymer, Olympus and a plug named Waller were put in the Widener field because the handi-capper figured they had the least chance.

Yet the Rhymer got up to win and Best Seller, a 58 to 1 shot, barely lasted to take the place from Olympus, the limit of which was supposed to be a mile.

The field paid no more than 15 to 1 only because there were so many in the bulging crowd stalling around with \$2 tickets.

THE RHYMER, the only horse known to have been saved by a blood transfusion—two years ago when he developed a serious ailment as a 2-year-old—started only because Eddie Arzoo was without a mount when War Relic was withdrawn and John Gayer thought it would be nice for Mrs. Payne Whitney to have a horse in such an important race.

Trainer Gayer admits he was shooting at the moon.

And betting doesn't have to strike twice—at \$200 a horse.

U.S. Marines by Krab



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On the Civil Liberty Front

Since the days when agents of George III kept ropes handy for the necks of too critical colonists, Americans indignantly, and usually with just cause, snap back, "It's a free country, isn't it?" when a freedom is threatened.

You bet it's a free country. We are going to keep it that way, too, even if we must surrender some of our blood-bathed liberties for the duration. The price of liberty still is marked "eternal vigilance." And Thomas Jefferson observation—"the tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants"—rings as true today as when he said it. When the exercise of certain freedoms by certain groups menaces the nation, however, it is time to take a look.

The American Civil Liberties Union, an organization which has done much to help make our Bill of Rights more than a scrap of patriotic plantitudes, objects to removal of American-Japanese from vital West Coast areas. The union argues that these citizens might be deprived of some of their constitutional rights.

Certainly Americans of Japanese ancestry removed from those zones suffer loss of some liberty. But isn't it preferable that they lose a few freedoms than for the traitors among them to blast war plants, air fields or guide invading forces?

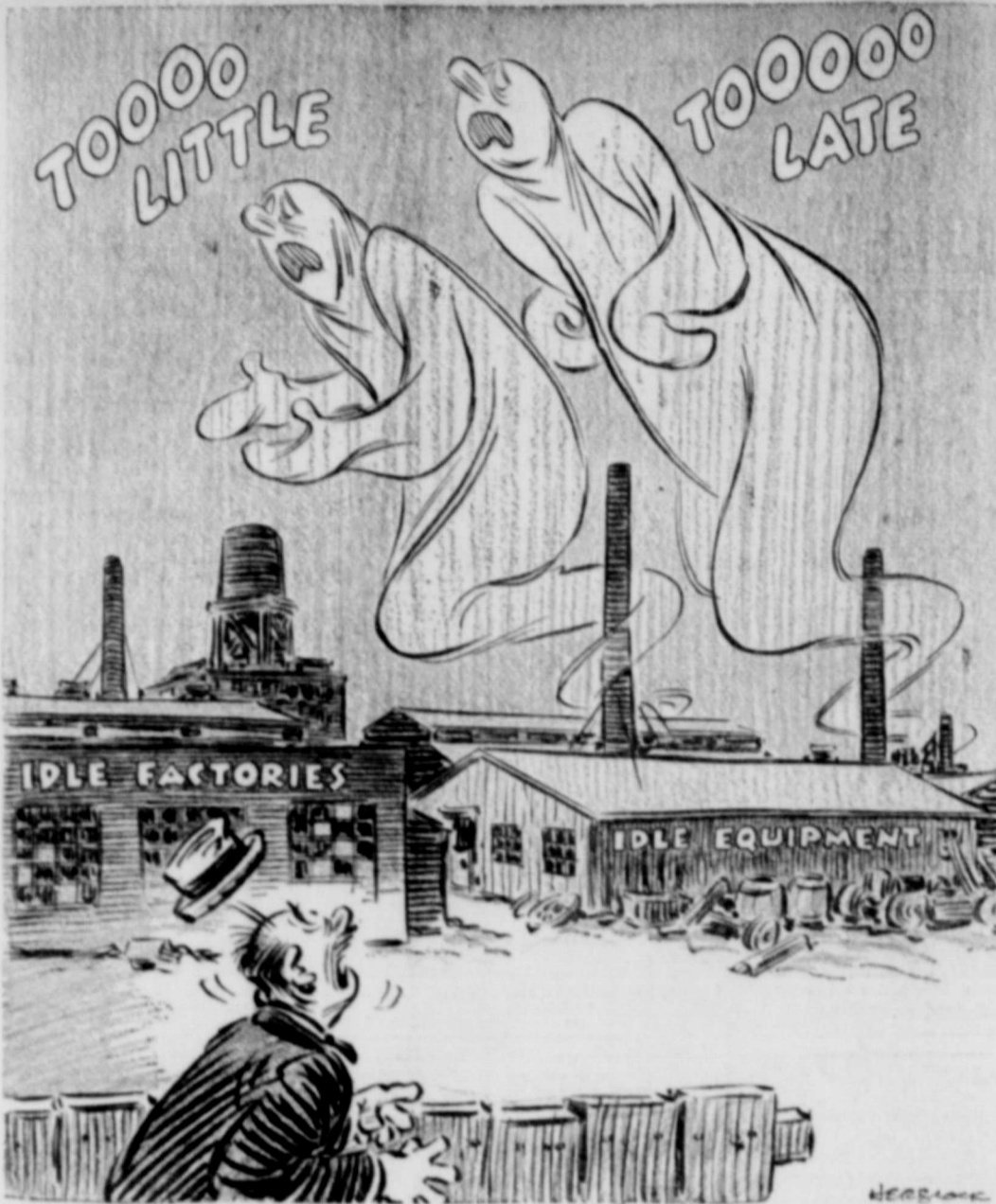
Take a more touchy case, involving freedom of the press, but one which no doubt causes the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin to rock with glee. This paper, published near Detroit, reaches few people, but by circulating its lies and half truths might drive a drastic division into our united front.

Today, with the United States at war with Germany, Japan and their camp followers, this paper has the gall to say that Jap aggression "is nothing more than an expansion of our own Monroe Doctrine;" that the super-race Nazis are the milk-white innocent victims of a "sacred war declared against Germany nine years ago by the Jews;" that the idea of an all-out, United Nations offensive is "Moscow-born and will produce a defeat abroad and the liquidation of Americanism at home." In other words, the Japs are just dandy, the Nazis are nice and we should never think of taking the offensive in this war. Call MacArthur home.

Few responsible persons demand curtailment of freedom of speech, press, assembly and movement. But if a few hotheads, by abusing the same freedoms they would probably deny us if they were in power, threaten the security of all, it's about time to swap our silk gloves for brass knuckles.

We are fighting to save the Bill of Rights and the way of life with which it blesses us. Let's don't let anyone crawl safely behind that Bill of Rights in an effort to tear it from us permanently. Let's keep the Bill of Rights, but let's do right by the Bills, Toms, Jacks and Joes on Bataan, on the assembly lines and in the homes.

Haunted Houses



Will Hop on Japs



Troops protecting northern Australia have a baby kangaroo for a mascot.

quarrelling among ourselves. We need every ounce and atom of energy, of resources and patriotism to combat the enemy. We need production in the factories and plants. That means we need the unselfish, the patriotic and devoted services of the owners of the plants and the unselfish, the patriotic and devoted services of the men who work in the plants and of men who are not yet working in the plants, but who may be needed in the plants as pater.

For the life of me, I can't see how any group or class of our people in the dark hour of the nation's trial would want to segregate itself from the general public, from the great masses of our people and claim or demand a special privilege or a special profit when men are shedding their blood to preserve the nation's life.

AFTER HOURS

(Continued From Page One)

We set out to avenge Belgium — not just to remedy. We made a vow that we'd reach Berlin or bust, toyed with plans to hang the Kaiser. We warned the to "keep your head down, Fritzie-boy!" We girded ourselves for a Crusade we didn't close the doors for siege.

We hated the Kaiser — we didn't laugh at his likened his upturned handle bars to the devil's horns. We were not to anything so harmless and pathetic as the fat hirsute prop Charlie Chaplin plasters on his upper lip. We saw nothing to be amused about in his vain and pous posturings—as we do today in Mussolini's strutting. We didn't pin our hopes on the defective sight of our enemy.

We planted war gardens. We poured our money war chests. We had gasless Sundays and yelled "Slack at anyone who dared to venture out in his Winton or I mobile or Stearns-Knight. We churned one pound of ter into two pounds and did it with as much will as if were turning out ammunition.

We took the offensive psychologically long before took it physically. And if we hadn't taken it psycholcally, we'd never have developed the drive to take it psically. And don't tell me we can't do the same now.

I want to sing that today we control our own dest tomorrow the destiny of the whole world. I want to aganst Germany, against Italy, against Japan. If they sail aganst us and our allies, why can't we sail aga them?

I want to construct a greater America co-prospehere. I want to correct the mistakes of the Versa treaty insofar as they allowed all this to happen. I want win lebensraum for the democratic way of life.

I'm fed up with singing plaintive songs — I want ing battle songs. Don't tell me there'll be bluebirds, the white cliffs of Dover. To hell with blue birds. Yes, there'll be vultures and a deathly silence-over Berchtes den.

I'm bored with keeping a stiff upper lip — I want develop a stiff uppercut. I'm tired of being made to f sad. I want the experience — the purging, marshall driving experience — of being made to feel mad. FIG ING mad!

You get me?

AMBULANCE CALL GETS RESULTS

By Daniel T. ... INGLEWOOD, Cal.—Citizens and city councilmen protested because of the lack of a public ambulance to answer emergency calls. Now there are three. The

city purchased one, a localician donated one, and the men's Ambulance and def corps obtained a third.

Careful clean-up now will vide a sound defense against

Cities And

(Continued from page 1)

In January, the city sent a committee to Washington, where the pool and its prime contractor were approved by WPA and the Attorney General's office. A week later they brought back the first contract—a \$40,000 education job, making airplane shop devices.

A school was set up in the aircraft plant with the cooperation of the State Vocational Education Department to train workers, selected from capable men who needed the work most urgently. Production soon jumped from three units a day, the scheduled output, to seven units.

But the contract was such, it couldn't be sub-let to other shops. So plans were pushed to complete the "pooling plan."

No other big machine shops were available in town, but six miles away, at the county fairgrounds, there were 15 exhibition buildings, concrete floored, steel reinforced, with 72,000 feet of floor space. They were winter quarters for a circus. The buildings were perfectly arranged for assembly line production.

The circus people prepared to start their road trip a week earlier than usual—the latter part of March—to make way for the war project, and a nearby ranch owner agreed to let the show winter there next year.

Now things are humming. Each of the small shop owners is moving his machinery into the fairgrounds to be set up on an assembly line plan. Each firm will keep its separate identity as part of the pool, and will get its proportionate share of the profit.

While the plant is being readied so are its workers. In the vocational school, 611 students are learning to do the jobs they will start as soon as the plant gets going. About 250 more will be enrolled in the next 30 days.

While these activities were being planned, the city manager went to Wright Field, and returned with a million dollar contract and a \$285,000 down payment.

Officials estimate that when production begins, there will be no one left on the local WPA jobs. Women will be paid the same as men, on a base scale ranging from 62 1-2 cents to 80 cents an-hour, and training will continue after the workers get on the job. The plan is to prevent a woodworker, for instance, from losing out if the next contract entails mostly metal work. Hence, woodworkers will learn to handle metal tools.

Sen. Connally

(Continued from page 1)
mitted to perfidy. No corporation, no partnership, no group, no industry shall be permitted to join the nation's distresses and the sacrifices of our people into unearned gains and indefensible profits.

Our task is gigantic. We must utilize every resource. We must convert plants and factory from peace-time production. We must see that small plants and small concerns secure contracts and sub-contracts to produce the articles of which they are capable. We must bond every effort and exert

every power. Every citizen-capital and labor and tax-payer and the vast amount of our people who belong neither to the capitalistic class nor to the organized labor class, all must perform their patriotic duty.

The United States is faced by grim and terrible war. This is no time to expend our energies in life.

YOUR GREATEST Power RESOURCE

When you think of electricity, do you visualize great power plants, whirring turbines, poles and wires that carry vital energy? Important as these are, your *greatest* power resource is in the muscles and minds of experienced employees.

As you enjoy the light in your home, or listen to a radio program, think of your electric service, not in terms of kilowatt hours, wires or power plants, but as a service rendered by a lot of experienced people, perhaps some of them your friends or neighbors, whose reward comes in proportion to how well they serve you.

Your electric service company, like other local businesses, is a product of the American system of free enterprise.

TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

RUSSIAN COMPOSER

- HORIZONTAL**
1 Pictured composer, Peter —
12 Rob.
13 Name based on a place name.
16 Within.
17 Caucasus language.
18 Pile.
19 Electrical engineer (abbr.).
20 Mother.
22 Article.
24 Stout.
25 Beverage.
27 Contempt.
30 Sweet.
32 Undermine.
34 King's son.
35 Music note.
36 Tree.
38 Moisture.
39 Declare.
40 Renown.
42 Sun.
44 Male child.
46 Evil.
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**
13 BATA
16 VITA
17 CAUCASUS
18 PILE
19 ELECTRICAL
20 MOTHER
22 ARTICLE
24 STOUT
25 BEVERAGE
27 CONTEMPT
30 SWEET
32 UNDERMINE
34 KING'S SON
35 MUSIC NOTE
36 TREE
38 MOISTURE
39 DECLARE
40 RENOWN
42 SUN
44 MALE CHILD
46 EVIL
- VERTICAL**
1 Singing voice.
2 Steamship (abbr.).
15 Assembled.
21 He wrote — compositions.
22 Step.
26 Count.
27 Slice of beef.
28 Nostrils.
29 Suitable.
31 Office of Civilian Defense (abbr.).
33 Church bench.
37 He was born in —.
38 Contribute.
39 Fly.
41 Perform.
42 Perch.
43 Choke up.
45 Breathe rapidly.
47 Pain.
48 Speck.
50 Monkey.
51 Tree.
52 Not (prefix).
54 Title of respect.
57 Ireland (abbr.).
59 Symbol for germanium.



SERIAL STORY

KINGS ROW

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

OUT OF DANGER

CHAPTER XXVIII
PARRIS shoved a chair toward the kitchen table and sat down. Randy stood for a moment looking at him.
'What's the matter, Randy?'
'You said just now that you considered Drake all right—just as he always was. What about you?'
Parris looked puzzled.
Randy finished the preparations for coffee. 'Yes, Parris, you've known ever since you got back here to Kings Row that you're not happy. I don't mean to meddle with your business in any way, but—I just wondered if there is anything I can do for you?'
'You're a sweet kid to think about me, but it's just a matter of readjustment. I—I didn't like Kings Row when I came back.'
'And now you want to go away?'
'You were never more mistaken in your life. I've got my job—it's work I like and want to do.'
'I'm glad, Parris. I'd hate to see you go away.'
'I never expect to. It's a little hard to explain, but in some way that lies considerably beyond the ordinary meaning of the word, this is home. I was 'prety suddenly and violently' uprooted, and when I came back here didn't seem to be anything here that I thought was here. My friendship with Drake was about all that was left of parent soil—do you understand what I mean?'
'I think so.'
'Drake, and old Professor Berdorf. Well, that took me a while to put down roots again. The hospital is new ground, of course.'
Randy nodded.
'Randy, do you know what mysticism is?'
'I kind of know, I guess. Belief in something that is behind something else that isn't there.'
Parris laughed, and Randy set cups on the table.
'Well, that'll do as a starting point. I hate mysticism, as I hate everything that isn't clear. And that's ridiculous, too, because just about all of my work is concerned with chasing spooks that aren't there. I have to try to keep myself and my ideas realistic, but hallucinations—I'm getting off the track—I started out to say something else. I'm not exactly in love with Kings Row, nor with the town, or the way it looks, nor any place in the town, nor the people that live here. But I'm content to go through the stages of being I went through right here.'
'I understand something of

what you mean. Go on.'
'I thought and felt certain things here. Now a lot of people carry their spiritual homes around with them—either inside of them, or, well, maybe the way a snail carries his shell on his back; I can't do that. I have to have a place. And, strangely enough, this is my place. I know in some sort of way that I've got to be here. I used to love to walk about the country and—just look at it. I have to learn to do that again.'
Parris laughed. 'I'm talking too much.'
'It's your own medicine, Doctor.'
'What?'
'You know—talking it out. You've explained it to me.'
'Well, I know I'm going home—that's the first time I've said 'home' since I landed here.'
'Maybe you ought to get married, Parris.'
'No, Randy, I don't think so. There doesn't seem to be any room anywhere for that kind of an arrangement.'
'THERE was a special-delivery letter lying under the lamp on his table when he reached his apartment.
Dear Dr. Mitchell:
I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you since your return from abroad, and I regret that my first communication with you is somewhat professional rather than social. I shall be grateful if you will call as soon as convenient. I should like, also, to have you keep this in strict confidence.
Very truly,
Harriet Gordon
Parris frowned. Mrs. Henry Gordon! Strange...
He turned and looked around the apartment. The door stood open into his study. Beyond he could see a dim light burning in the bedroom. He had called this 'home.' Without thinking.
It was a small apartment on the fifth floor of the central administrative building of the hospital, identical with those assigned to all bachelor staff members.
Randy's suggestion that he marry found no response in him, nor did it disturb him in any way. There was no one... But something else did disturb him. Just two words she had spoken in her friendly fashion: 'And you?'
Oh, drat Randy's teasing question!
Parris threw a towel over an enameled bench and sat down to wait for the bath to fill. Something about the patterns in the water made him think of the little pools and shallows of the creek where

Freckles and His Friends — By Blosser



Pays Parking Fine On Horse and Buggy

FORT WORTH.—Old Joe is a pretty good horse, but R. C. James wishes he could be trained to put nickels in parking meters.
Driven to using a horse and buggy because of the tire shortage, James, an express company

Grandfather Of a Ranger Man Buried In Kaufman County

Funeral services for John James Workman, 89, grandfather of Jimmie Branch, linotype operator for the Ranger Times, who died in Dallas Sunday night, were conducted this afternoon, with burial in Kaufman County.
The decedent was born in Mississippi and had been a resident of Dallas 19 years.
Survivors include three daughters, Mrs. E. R. Branch, Munday; Mrs. J. D. Rupe and Mrs. K. Nash and son, Bonnie C. Workman, all of Dallas; six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren; five sisters, Mrs. J. C. Lindsay, Dallas; Mrs. I. W. Engledow, Mrs. J. T. Tucker, all of Blum, Texas and Mrs. Sue Land, Whitney, Texas.

Desdemona Enjoys A Good Business T. H. Key States

T. H. Key of Desdemona, senior member of the firm of T. H. Key and Sons, was a business visitor in Ranger Monday afternoon.
Key stated that business in Desdemona was much better than it was last year.
T. H. Key and Sons have operated a mercantile business in Desdemona for many years and are now taking over operation of the Desdemona store.

SENATOR REDUCES FOR ARMY

By United Press
ALBANY, N. Y.—After walking off 67 pounds, State Senator Phelps Phelps is in the army. The senator was rejected last summer because he was overweight. He began walking six to eight miles daily to reduce. He "came in" at 185.

ACC Debate Teams To Visit Ranger

Two Abilene Christian College debate teams and their sponsors will be the guests of the Ranger Junior College debate teams on Wednesday, March 24.
At noon the two groups will have luncheon together. A one o'clock the Ranger girls team composed of Betty Jo Jones and Mary Thompson will debate one of the Abilene teams in room 12 with Dean Baskin as chairman. At the same hour the Ranger boys' team composed of W. J. Powell and Joe Don Meroney will debate the other Abilene team in Room 30.
At two o'clock the Abilene teams will debate each other in Room 30 on the question: "Resolved that the democracies should form a federation to establish and maintain the eight 'Churchill Roosevelt principals.'"
All students of Ranger Junior College who do not have classes at two o'clock have been requested to attend the demonstration debate. The public is also invited.
The Ranger Junior College de-

Mrs. Baker Joins Hole-In-One Club

Mrs. Eugene Baker of Ranger joined the Ranger Country Club's Hole-In-One Club Monday afternoon when she made her ace on No. 7 hole, while playing with J. R. McLaughlin and P. B. Alworth. To qualify for any hole-in-one awards, however, a person must be playing in a foursome.
Others who have made one or more holes-in-one on the Ranger course are:
No. 2 Hole—James Phillips and Joe Elliott.
No. 7 Hole—R. H. Snyder, Feb. 28, 1938; James Phillips, Chief Williams, Mrs. Glenn West, Joe Elliott, Felton Brasher, June 8, 1941 and W. J. Van Bibber, Oct. 11, 1941.
Mrs. Baker's hole-in-one was made from the ladies' tee.
Carelessness is a crime in wartime! Are you guilty of harboring fire hazards?
bate teams are coached by Mrs. Hal Hunter, head of the English and Speech department.

Reports Made

(Continued from page 1)
ing a deficit of \$5.50, and a financial report on the annual Ranger Livestock Show was also made, showing a profit of \$5.71. A complete quarterly financial statement was also presented to the directors by P. L. Moore, secretary-manager.
The annual spring cleanup campaign was discussed, with the suggestion being made that this year residents be urged to keep their cans and scrap iron separated from other trash, in order that it might be salvaged. No action was taken on the cleanup drive, but R. L. Perkins, Jr., and C. L. Crews were named co-chairmen.
A membership drive was discussed and Joe N. Graham was named chairman of the drive, with C. L. Crews, Lee Dockery and Jess Haney being named as committee-men.
Those present at the meeting were L. W. Meador, Dr. Ross Hodges, John Kindle, L. R. Pearson, Lee Dockery, R. L. Perkins, Jr., Joe N. Graham, Jess Haney, A. J. Ratliff, Paul McDonald and S. O. Montgomery.

RED RYDER



By HARMAN



ALLEY OOP



By Hamlin



GEO. WINSTON DIES

Geo. Winston, about 60, of Cisco died at his home Monday, funeral services were being conducted there this afternoon.

WHICH DO I LIKE BEST? THE WONDERFUL RICH TASTE - OR THE MILDNESS? It's a stand-off," says W.M. Smith WIRE CHIEF

MAN! WHAT GRAND TASTE WITH SUCH COOL, REFRESHING MILDNESS—SWELL AROMA! AND DON'T OVERLOOK PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT FOR QUICK, EASY ROLLIN'. PACKS BETTER IN PIPES, TOO!



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86 DEGREES COOLER than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested... coolest of all! PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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'A CHAIN IS NO STRONGER than its weakest link' was never more true than when insurance is involved. If your insurance program has not been carefully checked by someone who knows, you may be vulnerable to loss when you least expect it. May we be of assistance?

C. E. MAY Representing The Ains Casualty and Surety Company of Hartford, Conn.

POWELL'S FOODS BUY Quality For TRUE Economy Do your part on the home front, by planning healthful, sustaining meals. Build your menus around quality foods from Powell. Eat well to stay well! SHOP AT POWELL'S. SAVE FOR DEFENSE A. H. POWELL WE DELIVER GROCERY & MARKET PHONE 103

