

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.

A Gesture of Farewell

Very quietly and without much public notice, Congress is doing away with Section 7 of the Neutrality Act. That is the section which provided that no person in the United States might lend money to a foreign government at war.

Of course the section no longer means anything, now that we are actually at war, and so it must be repealed. What is happening is more interesting than that.

It is no less than the complete wiping out of a 20-years' philosophy, drowned in the tidal wave of actual events, submerged in the flood of fast-flowing history.

After the First World War came a period of intense disillusionment. Obviously the objects for which the war was fought were imperfectly realized. How could an America still living in the "splendid isolationism" of the 19th century have been "sucked into" Europe's war? People began to question.

They found plenty that was questionable. They found smelly nests of secret diplomacy. They found that munitions had been privately manufactured and sent abroad at big profits. They found huge private loans to the allies. They deduced that these things brought us into the war. How avoid another war? Simply by not doing those things. It was not that simple. Greater forces were at work. The Neutrality Act protected us against loan-entanglement. Not only did we make few munitions for the allies—we virtually abolished our munitions industry, so that when war came, we had to build one from scratch.

In the months before war came, no private interests had loaned money to fighting nations. Cash and carry guaranteed that such munitions as were privately furnished to belligerents were paid for on the barrel-head. No private financial interests, then, were drawing us toward war. Yet war came closer and closer, and finally it struck, treacherously and without warning.

A bigger game was being played than a mere juggling with loans and munitions. The stake was the domination of the world, and we stood in the way. Our whole outlook, geared to a microscopic view of a single phase of the First World War problem, was blind to the largest phase of the new problem. Like France, said always to be prepared for the previous war, we took all our measures to prevent the previous war. It helped to blind us to the realities of this one.

Now we are learning, the hard way. The lesson; that we must look forward, not back; we must bear our full share in so arranging the world that this shall not happen again.

Shorty Is Still Scooting Around



Company B. Has Best Inspection; Skirmish Planned

Company B, 15th Battalion, Texas Defense Guard, underwent a very successful inspection Monday night, conducted by Maj. McKinney and Capt. Gillar of Breckenridge.

Following the inspection Maj. McKinney stated that it was one of the best inspections any company in the battalion has stood since he was made major several months ago, and complimented the men and officers of the company for the improvement that had been shown.

Capt. Paul McDonald, commanding officer of the company, stated today that a federal inspection would be held sometime within the next 10 days to two weeks.

It was also announced that skirmishes and extended order drills would be conducted by the company at Bulldog stadium as soon as possible. All ex-service men, ex-army officers and the general public have been invited to attend this drill to see what progress the company has been making. Suggestions and criticism of former army men will be invited, for the purpose of getting the defense guard company into as near fighting trim as possible. Capt. McDonald stated in announcing the drill.

Much more attention is being paid to the regular weekly drills, and both the officers and enlisted men are showing more interest in the company than ever before, it was pointed out today, which accounts to a large extent for the improvement in the company which Maj. McKinney noted at the inspection Monday night.

The company rendered one of its greatest services Sunday and Monday of this week when it aided in searching the Leon River bottoms for the body of Tandy Wilhite, who drowned Tuesday of last week, and whose body was not recovered until Monday afternoon of this week.

Sunday 25 members of the company spent the entire day aiding in the search, covering more than 13 miles of the river below the point where the rancher drowned. Monday another group of 12 guards assisted again in the search after Deade-mona residents had requested aid.

Ranger Citizens Surprised To See Deer In The City

Want to go deer hunting? Then try Pine street, if the season is open on deer within the city limits. Or you might try almost any part of Hodges Oak Park.

R. L. Elliott, who makes his home with Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Kuykendall, has reported seeing a deer, right on the front lawn.

Mr. Elliott heard a noise in the yard early Sunday morning and, upon investigation, was surprised to see a large deer calmly grazing on the lawn. Kiltie, the Scottish terrier belonging to Mrs. Kuykendall, soon ran the deer away.

Investigation revealed that three deer, which had been in the city park, in the eastern part of town, had escaped from their corral during the recent heavy rains. One was reported to be in the Hodges Oak Park section of the city, one was reported seen recently near Tiffin, while the third had not been seen at last reports.

Local Board Has Information For Ramon Fuentes

Ramon Fernante Fuentes, registrar of Eastland County Local Board, is requested to call at the local board office immediately for important information.

Last Rites Held For M. L. Spiess Here On Tuesday

Funeral services for Martin Le-roy Spiess, 60, who died at his home in Ranger Sunday, were conducted from the First Christian Church of Ranger Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, with Rev. H. B. Johnson, pastor of the church, in charge of the services. Interment was in the Evergreen Cemetery, with the Morris-Stone Funeral Home having charge of burial arrangements.

The decedent was born at Llano, Texas, Dec. 29, 1881, and had lived in Ranger for the past 23 years. He had long been a member of the First Christian Church.

Survivors include his widow, Mrs. Bessie Mae Spiess; four sons, Roy Spiess, Ranger; Jack Spiess, Newburyport, Mass.; L. L. Spiess, Eldorado, Kansas and Woodrow Spiess, Modesto, Cal.; two daughters, Mrs. Louise Love and Miss Marie Spiess, both of Ranger. Also surviving are six grandchildren.

Political Announcements

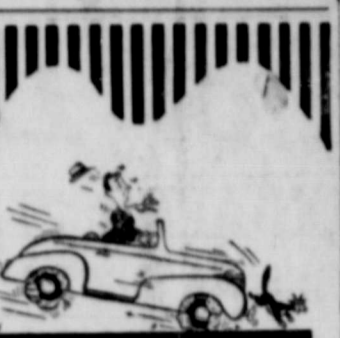
This newspaper is authorized to publish the following announcements of candidates for public offices, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries:

- For District Clerk: JOHN WHITE
- CLAUDE (Curley) MAYNARD
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 1: HENRY V. DAVENPORT
- Criminal District Attorney: EARL CONNER, JR.
- ALLEN D. DABNEY, JR.
- For County Treasurer: MRS. RUTH (GARLAND) BRANTON.

- For Sheriff: LOSS WOODS, JOHN HART, JOHN C. BARBER.
- For County Judge: W. S. ADAMSON
- For County School Superintendent: T. C. WILLIAMS, HOMER SMITH, C. S. (CLABE) ELDRIDGE
- For Constable: L. J. (LUKE) HARDIN
- Constable Precinct No. 2: RAY FAIRCLOTH
- For Collector-Assessor: CLYDE KARKALITS
- For County Clerk: R. V. (RIP) GALLOWAY
- Representative of 106 District: L. H. FLEWELLEN

Cat Rings a Dinner Bell When Hungry

MCKINNEY, Tex.—Mrs. Annie Hedrick's cat has a throat deformity and can't meow. But that doesn't stop the cat from letting its mistress know when it's hungry. The pet learned to ring a bell by tugging on a string attached to it.



TIRES OR NO TIRES. --

You can't afford to drive your car without Automobile Liability Insurance. A single accident might cost you all you own. Insure today with

C. E. MAY

Representing The Aena Casualty and Surety Company of Hartford, Conn.



Did This Ever Happen To You?

The Seller convinced the Buyer that the title was good. The sale was made without an abstract. Later on, a second sale was attempted, the prospective Buyer demanded an abstract, and the title proved to be worthless. The story ends here, but not the expense and troubles of the poor fellow who bought hurriedly without being sure of his title. Moral: Get the abstract first and buy later!

Earl Bender & Company, Inc.

Abstractors
1923-1942
Eastland Texas

Western Mattress Factory

San Angelo, Texas
If they are Western Built they are Guaranteed—Inner Spring or Felted Cotton.
Pickup and delivery every two weeks.
Drop a Card.

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Earl Bender & Company, Inc.
Abstractors
1923-1942
Eastland Texas

FISHING SEASON Opens

APRIL 1

We have just received the most complete stock of fishing and camping equipment, bought last year before prices advanced, and we pass the savings on to you. Come in and select yours today.

Fishing License Issued

Montgomery's WESTERN AUTO STORE
Phone 300 — Ranger

Build Healthy Bodies With Better Foods

Better food is what makes America strong. That's why it's imperative that you buy and serve only foods you know to be healthful and nutritious. Do what wise homemakers are doing—shop at Powell's

A. H. POWELL GROCERY & MARKET
WE DELIVER PHONE 103

BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS and STAMPS

You Can Help Win The War In Your Kitchen

Help make America strong by serving your family the right foods properly cooked.

Follow your Government's "balanced diet" in choosing the foods your family needs every day—and let your Gas Range help you cook them in a way that preserves their health-giving vitamins!

COOK VEGETABLES in little or no water. Cook in covered utensils and stir as little as possible. Bring to steam quickly, then cook on gentle simmer heat until done. Do not over-cook or use soda.

BROIL instead of fry whenever possible to preserve the natural juices, salts, minerals and vitamins. It's so easy in your gas broiler.

ROAST meats at low temperatures in your dependable gas oven to reduce shrinkage.

Let Us Keep Your RADIO In Perfect Condition

So You Can Receive the Latest War News

Phone 351-W for Free Tube Testing. KEN-RAD TUBES

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

GAS IS YOUR MOST ECONOMICAL HOME SERVANT

A Citizen and a Taxpayer
COMMUNITY PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
Alert and Eager To Serve You

BRITISH COMEDIENNE

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

- 1, 7 Pictured
- 13 Revolved
- 15 Dental
- 16 Like surgeon
- 17 Gardien tool
- 18 Infatuate
- 19 Backless seat
- 21 Terbium (abbr.)
- 23 Twice five
- 24 Gods
- 25 Dispatched
- 26 Hammer head
- 28 Grimace
- 29 Female of the ruff (pl.)
- 31 Symbol for osmium
- 33 Boat paddle
- 34 Native of the east
- 35 Chum
- 38 Symbol for tellurium
- 39 Reason
- 40 Source of light
- 42 Entice
- 44 Upon
- 45 Dress edge

VERTICAL

- 1 Turf
- 2 Roll
- 3 Stamese (abbr.)
- 4 Cask for dried fruits
- 5 Italic (abbr.)
- 6 Exclamation of mild fright
- 7 Pedal extremities
- 8 Inflow
- 9 English town
- 10 Ignited
- 11 Doctor of Science (abbr.)
- 12 Divest
- 14 Abominated
- 15 Daybook (abbr.)
- 16 Single in kind
- 17 Play on word
- 18 Article
- 19 More painful
- 20 Rest house
- 21 Symbol for radium
- 22 She has a prominent place in entertainment for long time
- 23 Fabricate
- 24 Ditch around a castle
- 25 Eza. (abbr.)
- 26 Editor (abbr.)
- 27 Over (poet.)
- 28 Compass

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24

25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35

36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48

49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58

SERIAL STORY

MEXICAN MASQUERADE

BY CECIL CARNES

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EXPLORATION CHAPTER IX

"Ah, now you misjudge me," protested Escobar quickly, and his tone was equable, there was still a trace of red to color his olive skin of his cheeks. "As the officer responsible for this district, I have lately found it advisable to keep an eye on telegrams. A mild censorship, you see, quite unofficial and very extra-legal. The wire to you came through the San Saba office while I was there, and it was placed before me as a matter of routine—police routine, senior."

"I beg your pardon," said Allan, rising and holding out his hand to make it more convincing. "I should have remembered your official position and not spoken out of turn. With the whole world going to hell in a hack you are certainly justified in doing everything you can to keep this little corner of it peaceful."

"My sentiments exactly," nodded the Mexican, and gave a friendly pressure of his strong fingers to Allan's hand. "And now—you will excuse me, yes? Perhaps we shall have the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening."

His smiling, debonaire self again, he sauntered back to where his charming companion awaited him. Allan made a grimace at the treacherous telegram and stuck the thing in his pocket. He gave some thought to the incident that afternoon when he wasn't wondering if the axes would snap or the radiator blow up. Whatever else Escobar might be, he was still the Government with a capital G in this neck of the woods and it made Allan a bit uncomfortable to think he might have become an object of suspicion to the police. It would be ruinous to his mission if he were slapped into the local hoosegow on charge of being a spy or fifth-columnist or something.

But the colonel had seemed quite good-humored about it, he tried to reassure himself, and if he really had serious doubts of Allan's bona fides he would hardly have tipped off his hand so openly about the "extra-legal" censorship. Moreover, his suggestion of dinner together had sounded cordial, and he had drifted away smiling. Not that the smile meant much, mused Allan, disassembling the sedan from plunging into a clump of cholla cactus. Mexicans have a reputation for taking life easily, but they stand for no foolishness. "Damn' efficient, these rurales!" muttered Allan. "The way he spotted that San Diego date-line summit, he's good!"

WHEN his speedometer had jolted off nearly ten miles of highway hell, Allan slowed up and began to look about him for Sun Su's landmark. He discovered it presently, well off to the left of the road he was on and evidently quite near the shore of the Gulf. It was a steep little hill, perhaps thirty feet high, and the top was crowned by a grove of knotty, gnarled old pines. If he could gain their shelter unseen, he could be comfortably sure of remaining so.

There was a jungle of cactus to the right. He located a break in the gray-green wall, turned into it daringly, and parked the long-suffering sedan where it would not be noticed from the road. Not a soul was in sight. He might have thought he had Lower California to himself but for faint sounds of human activity which came from the direction of the gulf. Distant voices, and mixed with them the rattle of chains and the clank of machinery.

"The cannery, I expect. The cannery—and what else?" His right hand went back to touch his hip-pocket, though the weight of his automatic was proof enough of its presence. Just for luck, and thinking of poor Harry Bishop, he took it out and made sure it was in readiness for use in case anybody came after him with a hypodermic needle. "Well, here goes!"

Stopping a little, his alert eyes watchful, he left the dusty road and headed cross-country for a pine-topped hill. He had on canvas leggings which protected him from cactus spines—and other more deadly perils. Several big scorpions scuttled away at his swift approach, and at least one side-winder rattled an angry warning at him to watch his step. He reached the base of the hill with no more than these reptilian alarms. He began the steep ascent, climbing fairly quickly till he was within a few feet of the top. Then he crouched and went the rest of the way on hands and knees. He came to the grove of pine, crawled through it to its farther edge, and dropped flat on his stomach in as nice a front-line observation post as nature ever devised.

Stretched before him was the blue-green expanse of the Gulf, glistening and twinkling in the reflected rays of sunlight. Across the water, nearly ten miles distant at this point, was the hazy shore of Mexico, barren, sandy and with no sign of habitation. THESE details held Allan's attention no more than an instant. What he was interested in

was a group of islands which lay close inshore, almost directly below him. They stretched out in a chain parallel to the shore and separated from it, as Sun Su had said, by a strait hardly more than a hundred yards in width.

Only two of the islands appeared to be occupied. One, much the biggest of the group, had several substantial buildings on it; the "cannery" obviously. There was a boat dock on its nearest shore; on the farthest, a long pier jutted out into the water. The other occupied island was a good deal smaller than the first. Allan noted a roomy, white stone bungalow in the center, and a small structure, apparently a boat-house, on its nearest shore. He saw the figures of a man and a woman pacing to and fro on a tiled path, and he focused his glasses on them curiously. Neither was Japanese. The woman was young, blonde, and rather pretty in a piquant way, he decided. The man was blond, too, tall and broad-shouldered; he might have been an American but for the way he gesticulated with his hands as he talked.

Still and all, the chief feature of the scene to hold Allan's bemused attention was on the Peninsula itself. A little way off, a crew of Japanese workmen were digging into the side of a small mountain with picks and shovels. They seemed to be excavating a dark, clay-like substance which was put on hand barrows and carried to a big scow by the water's edge. When it was loaded, the scow was towed by a launch to the cannery island and another scow came up to be filled.

"Something wrong about this," muttered Allan, wrinkling his brow in perplexity. "You don't use clay in canning fish, do you? I wonder why the Sam Hill Sun Su didn't mention this digging? It could have started, I suppose after he received his last report from his pals." He shook his head regretfully. "Wish I knew more about soils—"

In the middle of that wish, a rattlesnake whirred some yards behind him. He had done nothing himself to startle the most nervous of side-winders; he turned his head quickly to see what had. He found himself looking straight into the muzzle of a rifle. It was held by the squat Eurasian and behind him were six short but strongly built Japanese. The squat man growled a guttural order.

"Hands up, Senor Steele. Pronto!" (To Be Continued)



Miss Onah Jacks, above, is Texas 4-H Club Girls' State Agent. Through her efforts Texas 4-H Club Girls work with a greater understanding of 4-H club work. Miss Jacks, once a 4-H club girl herself, has been leader of the 38,351 girl 4-H members since 1936. In 1931 Miss Jacks became County Home Demonstration Agent of Falls County and two years later she was called to the Extension headquarters staff as specialist in landscape gardening. Miss Jacks had asked for an all-out food production goal for Texas and for the three hundred and forty 4-H Club Girls of Eastland County.

and so on. Newspapermen on the evacuation story wondered when he sleeps and eats and how the air lines get him around so fast.

IT'S A DOUBLE-HEADER!

SAYS SHORTSTOP Dick Rogers



PRINCE ALBERT'S FULL RICH TASTE COMES THROUGH SO MELLOW. P.A.'S CHOICER TOBACCO BURNS COOLER—EASIER ON THE TONGUE. P.A. ROLLS FAST TOO—NO SPILLING OR WASTE. THAT'S ECONOMY IN PAPERS—AND IN PIPES.

"MAKIN'S" SMOKES Milder yet Tastier!

In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned 86 DEGREES COOLER than the average of the 38 other of the largest-selling brands tested—constant of 99!

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Sometimes, in a pinch when he has missed a commercial plane or can't wait for the next scheduled trip, Clark flies with the army. The official plane of General De Witt is at his disposal whenever the army officer is not using it. Frequently they fly it together.

The size of Clark's role in the evacuation complex is indicated in the well known fact that none of the inland states at first wanted to accept the Japanese California, Washington and Oregon had to be rid of. Clark went to work and converted most of these states into receptive attitudes. If the Japanese evacuations so far have been sufficiently handled, it was due in large measure to the missionary work done by the transplanted Texan.

When the army decided to take over a 6,000-acre tract in Owens Valley, California, as a temporary reception center for the Japanese, the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power was contacted by army engineers. The utilities department, thinking of possible sabotage to the city's water supply running through the valley, demurred. Mayor Fletcher Bowron protested strongly against the army plans. The city of Los Angeles owns the land the government wanted to use and it looked like a battle.

But that was before Clark talked to the Mayor and the Department of Water and Power. After a memorable three-hour session, he came out with an okeh on the plans. Clark set up a committee of representative Owens Valley citizens to advise the government on problems arising from the evacuation center project and this committee set to work on plans for turning the development into a community asset.

A veteran cattle rancher of Lone Pine, Calif., who was a leader in the original opposition to letting Japanese come into Owens Valley, told newspapermen—after on them.

Clark had swung him around—that young fellow sure was hot by a fox when he was a young 'un down in Texas."

Clark is 42. He graduated from the University of Texas law school and practiced in Dallas before joining the Department of Justice when the New Deal was still new. He has been in charge of anti-trust work in the far west for nearly three years. He has a home in Beverly Hills where he used to live with his wife and two children. But now he keeps on the job of moving Japanese into spots where Uncle Sam can keep an eye

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WORKERS IN America's Second Line OF DEFENSE! INDUSTRIAL PLANTS are operating on stepped-up schedules in the Nation's all-out war effort. Success of this huge job depends upon the strength of America's Second Line of Defense, the factories and the workers who are pledged to production schedules which stagger the imagination. Electric power turns wheels of production. The men and women of the Texas Electric Service Company have dedicated their all-out efforts as workers in America's Second Line of Defense. TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY J. E. LEWIS, Manager

California Ties With Texas In Things that are Big

By United Press LOS ANGELES.—California vies with Texas in things that are big, but the Pacific Coast state is saluting a Texan today for doing a big job well. Lanky, soft-voiced Tom C. Clark, former Dallas, Tex., lawyer, is the man, and the job he is doing is that of evacuating some 93,000 California Japanese—and 20,000 others from the rest of the Pacific area—to non-military zones in the interior.

Clark is not doing the whole job, for the military establishment is responsible for the actual, physical evacuation. But he is doing the civilian end of the job—the part that probably is the toughest.

Clark's task involves the conversion of communities, governors and even whole states from their stand against having any Japanese around. Movement of alien Japanese from strategic Pacific Coast areas is, however, "stern military necessity" as Lieut. Gen. John L. DeWitt put it, and Clark has been paving the way by getting civilian authorities to accept establishment of camps for the Japanese in their areas. General DeWitt is commanding

general of the U. S. Western Defense Command and the Fourth Army and responsible for moving the Japanese. Clark is his right hand aide in dealing with civil aspects of the problem.

Clark was called into the work from the Department of Justice. His regular job is that of Assistant Attorney General in charge of anti-trust prosecutions in the eight far-western states. In his job of making advance arrangements for evacuations, Clark has been busier than any six men have any right to be. It is nothing to have him in Los Angeles one day and half that night, only to see him pop up in Seattle the next day, Denver the next, Helena, Montana, the next

ALLEY OOP



By Hamlin



RED RYDER



By Harman



CKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser



LOOK for this Banner at the sign of the Flying Red Horse Keep 'em fit SUMMERIZE A Service Born in Peace-Time that is NOW a War-Time Necessity In years past, SUMMERIZE SERVICE meant "A Fresh Start for Summer Driving" . . . an economical, one-stop "spring tonic" that made cars run better and last longer. Now, under the urgency of war conditions, this service originally created for peace-time economy, has become a war-time necessity! SUMMERIZE SERVICE means much more than just changing motor oil for summer driving. It means a complete check-up and servicing of the vital parts of your car which need regular attention . . . fresh Mobil Oil and Greases for your transmission, differential, wheel bearings and chassis . . . servicing your radiator, battery, tires . . . doing the many things your Magnolia Dealer knows how to do to prolong the life of your automobile. Don't waste the precious miles left in your car. SUMMERIZE NOW at the sign of the Flying Red Horse. WE KNOW HOW TO KEEP 'EM FIT! LARE FOR YOUR CAR - FOR YOUR COUNTRY YOUR FRIENDLY MAGNOLIA DEALER

