

Ranger Daily Times

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OUT OUR WAY



YES, WE HAVE A BANANA!—Robert Majewski of Wilmette, Ill., looks over his 15-foot-high banana tree that grew in a greenhouse with a roof not quite that high. When the tree began to grow out of bounds, Majewski took some panes out of the skylight and let it just keep growing. So far, it's produced no bananas.

FUNNY BUSINESS



East Texas Will Be Host At Fair Oct. 17

All visitors to the State Fair of Texas on Wednesday, Oct. 17, are invited to be the guests of East Texas at a big free Cotton Bowl show featuring Crooner Frank Sinatra.

by the famous Apache Belles and band from Tyler Junior College and bagpipe music by the Plymouth Klittle Band.

NEWS FROM OLDEN

The Olden P. T. A. executives met Thursday to discuss plans for the Halloween carnival.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Holliday and son of Petrolia visited Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Renfro over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Gravel Nabors and daughter Connie of Beaumont are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Yielding.

Mr. Bob Lester is in the Ranger hospital.

Mrs. E. A. Norton is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tiny Norton in Odessa.

Mr. Jess Hughes of Ranger is visiting his daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Rouch this week.

Miss Laura Simer of Wichita Falls, visited her mother, Mrs. Ida Simer, over the weekend.

Mike Thompson of Irdale spent the week-end with his grandmother, Mrs. D. O. Moffett, while his parents attended the State Fair in Dallas.

The Olden High School girls attended a slumber party at the home of Betty Vaughn before attending the State Fair, Saturday.

Mrs. Marvin Hutto has returned from the hospital where she underwent a tonsilectomy, Saturday.

Miss Carolyn Burk of Abilene visited her parents in Olden over the week-end.

Mrs. Johnny Newman and children of Odessa are visiting her mother, Mrs. Ethel Rouch and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Rouch and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. McKelvin



FOR EYES AND EARS—The tiny brooch pinned to the blouse of this New York model is actually part of a hearing aid. The brooch is a microphone, minus tell-tale cords, designed for hard-of-hearing women who wish to conceal their deafness.

were dinner guests Monday in the home of Mr. McKelvin's sister, Mrs. Minnie Holliday of Cisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Butler, Jr., of Bryan are the parents of a baby girl.

Mr. Jimmie Fox of Camp Hood visited relatives over the week-end.

Mrs. Hugh Vermillion is recovering from a fall in which she suffered an injured arm several days ago.

Miss Molly Green left last Thursday after spending several days with Mrs. Ida Simer.

Mrs. Joe Langdon and Peggy visited Mrs. Langdon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Philey of Abilene Monday.

Dee Cooper is attending school

LOOK

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Lockhart and Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Daniels, visited friends and relatives in Fort Worth Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ray of Millsap visited in the Joe Langdon home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hardman of Abilene visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wharton Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shaw of Long Beach, Calif., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lawrence last week.

Jack Clark visited his parents and grandparents in Carbon Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Everett and son and Mrs. Stella Jarrett were in Dallas Sunday to attend the State Fair.

Mrs. Bob Sellers and children and Mrs. Ruth Chancellor left Monday for a visit with Mrs. Chancellor's son in Rankins.

Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Rouch of Electra visited relatives in Olden last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Lawrence and daughter, Sharon, attended the Tom Thumb Wedding in Eastland last week.

Mrs. Dan Bryant visited her husband at the veterans hospital in Dallas Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gravel Nabors and Connie visited relatives in Grand Prairie and Mineral Wells Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill George of

LOOK
A whole Fried CHICKEN
• With Plenty of French Fries and Toast
Delivered To Your Door
PIPING HOT
2.00
Don't Cook... Call 384
TAXI TAVERN

WANTED

CLEAN COTTON RAGS
RANGER DAILY TIMES
Phone 224

FEMALE WEAKNESS
Do you suffer distress from...
Periodic FEMALE WEAKNESS
which makes you nervous several days before?
Do female functional ailments make you suffer pain, feel so strangely restless, weak—at such times, or just before your period?
Then start taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound about ten days before, to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound works through the sympathetic nervous system. Regular use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against this annoying distress.
Truly the woman's friend!
Note: Or you may prefer Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS with added iron.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

BARBS

BY HAL COCHRAN
GETTING nowhere should make people get sick of letting well-enough alone—but in lots of cases it doesn't.

When the wife begins to describe the vacation to neighbors, hubby begins to wonder where he was all that time.

Fall is another time of year when you feel like going home.

A Maine poet was married—so now for some odes to canned food!

Everybody knows exactly how to raise children except the folks who live on either side of you.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



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VIC FLINT BY MICHAEL O'MALLEY and RALPH LANE



ALLEY OOP BY V. T. HAMLIN



The FORMER MISS FREY

By Edwin Rutt Copyright 1950 by NEA Service, Inc.

THE STORY: The former Edie Frey, whose marriage to former Senator Peter Flood has not been happy, has been placed under the charge of her father's will in full charge of Frey & Company, a successful advertising agency. Her Regan, one of the firm's executives, has just told Edie that two accounts are shaky. One of them, the Morn-Glo account, is the best one the agency has.

"WE'VE got to find out exactly what's in Northcott's mind," Edie said. Her eyes, slightly hooded, fastened on Regan. "Now tell me something about yourself."

Regan jerked up his head in surprise. He laughed again, the laugh that reminded Edie vaguely of the roar of a bull. "Me? There isn't much to tell. I'm from the wrong side of the tracks. Self-educated at night school and so on. Your father took me on as a kid 15 years ago, and he's helped me along. I owe him a lot and I'm not forgetting it. That's all, except that I'm ambitious. A guy like me, with no plush background has to be or he doesn't march in the parade."

"And you still want to stick by the ship?"

Regan's eyes were bright blue and bold. "More than ever."

Again Edie felt the aura of power that seemed to emanate from Regan. Undoubtedly, she thought, he would be a good man to have on one's side.

"That's that, then, for the present," she said, getting to her feet. "We'll talk again, Mr. Regan. Very soon. And maybe, between us, we'll find some way to lick Mr. Northcott."

PETER FLOOD'S reply to Edie's letter was prompt, and duly sympathetic. He objected, however, to coming to New York at this time and gave a valid reason for his objection. The play was progressing smoothly. He had

overcome the knotty problem of the second act and from this point on everything ought to be clear sailing. But he did not want the confusion of packing up and coming home until the thing was finished. He was missing her like the devil. He hoped she'd get things straightened out in that advertising agency and that they'd soon be able to resume their normal life. Would she mind very much if he stayed in Bermuda for another month?

Edie would not. In fact, Edie felt a relief that she was almost ashamed of. Having Peter, with his propensity for the maddest heights one day and plumbing the depths the next, on her hands just now would only complicate the issue. Besides, it might be the healthiest thing in the world for Peter to have no one but himself to lean on for a while.

She wrote him a charming and wifely letter agreeing that his proposal was all for the best. She hoped, privately, that her temporary satisfaction with the arrangement was not too palpable between the lines.

With Peter off her mind, Edith Flood plunged into the advertising business in a big way. She amazed everyone, including herself. As ruthlessly as her father would have done it, she cornered Dan Regan time after time and picked his brains. She had learned so familiar with the function and workings of every department. In three weeks she had a pretty fair idea of what the business was all about.

Regan said, without undue originality, that she certainly was a "chip off the old block." Even Myron Frey, moony and detached, came down out of the clouds long enough to observe that Edie was "a worse slave-driver than the Old Man." Edie merely smiled. These two gentlemen were not problems. But her brother Jeffrey

was another story. Jeff, apparently, had never been able to throw off his initial resentment of her position. He seemed to take the terms of his father's will as a personal affront. In Edie's presence he was distant and inclined to sulk. And he avoided being in her presence as much as possible. Edie noticed that he was growing evasive, even to the point of slyness. He kept things from her, trivial things in the main, regarding the Morn-Glo Soap account.

She also noticed another thing that disturbed her. Jeff was drinking a lot these days. She buttonholed him in his own office.

"Got a minute, Jeff?" she said. He looked up, an expression of irritation crossing his face.

"I met Stoneham in the hall a little while ago," she said. "He tells me that eight comprehensive layouts for Morn-Glo had to be remade last night. With overtime on them."

Jeff's eyes became wary. "So what? That happens once in a while. Northcott's as changeable as the wind."

"I don't mind his being changeable," Edie said. "But Stoneham says this was our fault. We'll have to absorb the cost of the new layouts."

"Well, we do. I fought Northcott on it, but I couldn't get to first base with him. And, in the frame of mind he's in, this is no time to get tough."

"Listen, Jeff," she said. "It isn't easy for me, practically a tyro at this business, to appear to interfere. But I've had a job wished on me and I've got to make some kind of a fight of it. It would be better if you'd confide in me a little, instead of making things harder for me."

"Harder for you?" He rolled his eyes benevolently toward the ceiling. "What have I done? Someone's always got the knife over for me."

In spite of herself she smiled. He was the perfect martyred little boy.

(To Be Continued)



HEAD WORK — His professional contract made Gorgeous Gussie Moran so happy that the tennis player of lace panties fame stood on her head.

