

The Peacock Path

By Edwin Rutt

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THE great wrought-iron gates guarding the entrance to Windsor opened into a straight tree-lined driveway almost broad enough to be called an avenue. Far down at the end of a red-and-yellow tunnel formed by interlocking branches and Autumn leaves I could see the house.

It was a very big house, long, low-lying, beautifully proportioned. It looked solid and substantial, as if the builders—carefully placing brick upon brick—had intended it to endure for centuries. Centuries had not yet passed but the house gave the impression of beginning to grow old gracefully. It had crept halfway to the roof. The shutters were pale blue, the front door with its huge antique knocker a shade in between white and cream.

The driveway ran in a circle before the door. Going around the I saw on my right an expanse of lawn which seemed to run, sloping upward slightly, to bluffs overlooking Long Island Sound. Under and around a green-and-white garden umbrella on the lawn was a group of people. I braked, glad that I had hired this smart blue convertible for the occasion.

There came a cry, "Hello, there, Jim," in a clear strong voice. A tall blonde girl detached herself from the crowd under the umbrella. She ran across the lawn. She could take long strides with those long, slim, tanned legs. The legs were highly visible, because she wore white shorts.

I noted upward bronzy hair, good shoulders and, presently, wide gray eyes with a hint of the

laway in them. That was all, before she swooped upon me and threw both arms around my neck.

To my regret, she omitted a kiss. But she was satisfactorily close.

She said, into my ear, "Hi! But I hope you are Jim Orth, or I'm going to look darn silly."

I got myself together and reassured her. She let go of me, stepped back. Her nose was cute, with a splatter of freckles across its bridge. "All right, Jim. You know the routine. Remember—Bermuda and my name's Sally, Sally Cravath."

"I've got it straight," I told her. She took my hand, began leading me. "Good. Now come along and meet the people."

I WENT, wishing fervently that that lovely warm greeting had not been a complete phony—just a gag to explain my presence at Windsor, the magnificent home of Mr. Marston Cravath, stockbroker, socialite and sportsman.

Marston Cravath, Marney, as he was known to his intimates, arose as Sally brought me up. The movement dislodged a chocolate-brown dachshund, with a back like a shoeshine, which had been curled at his feet. The dachshund gave my ankles a brief sniff and walked off disdainfully.

I'd met Cravath off the record the day before, when he came to my cubbyhole office in the West Forties. Now no hint of recognition showed in his sea-blue eyes. He



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was, I thought, a fair actor. Like-wise a fine figure of a man. Well over six feet and built like a light heavyweight. But he'd gone to fat a little, the way former athletes often do, and his strongly-chiseled face was a mile too florid. I'd already figured him for around 30.

"So you're Sally's Bermuda discovery," he said, smiling. "Well, we've glad to have you." Running to fat or no, he still had a grip like a beartrap.

"Only one of her discoveries. I'm afraid, sir," I said. "And I was in a bad way when she discovered me. On a lonely road, with a flat bike tire, and no pump. But she had a pump."

"Just a fagrant pickup, Uncle Marney," Sally laughed. "Well, now for the rest of these characters."

I MET in quick succession Dolly Dumont, a fading redhead with slanty green eyes, and a languorous brunette whose name was Eve Wheeler. Then Jack Dumont, thick-set, mobile-faced, visibly balding, and obviously belonging to the redhead. The last member of the party was Ames Warburton, a slight yellow-haired girl in his early thirties.

Sally couldn't have been more than 24. I found my eyes straying involuntarily to her left hand. It was bare of diamonds and platinum bands—and why I should have derived comfort from the observation I didn't know. I had a job to do.

"Well, that's that," Sally said. Her tone was just right, friendly, casual, and as if we were old pals. A little "flipping" in a white jacket was circulating with a Martini shaker. He brought me a drink as Sally sat me down in a chair beside the dark, languid Wheeler woman.

"Watch yourself, Jim," Sally said. "Eve's a man-eater."

Momentarily the Wheeler woman ignored both of us. She held out an empty glass to the Filipino who stood behind her, a grin on his face. "While you're at it, Manila," I then, to Sally, "Run away, small fry. I won't hurt Orth, much."

Sally disappointed me by running. She dropped onto the grass

dear," she said, as one giving advice to the young and foolish, "if you're lucky enough to have unearned increment, just live on it and shut up."

At that point a young man dressed in sports shirt and slacks of matching blue appeared on the lawn.

"Well, here's Dave," Marston Cravath said. "He'll want a drink too, after all those letters I gave him. Pour the rest of that for him, Manila, and go make some more."

"We call him Manila," Eve Wheeler woke up long enough to inform me, "because his real name is longer than your arm and very unpronounceable."

Dave Shaden, Marston Cravath's secretary, was about my own age, 27, brown-haired and stocky. He gave me a short, but deliberate, look before extending his hand. That seemed strange. I'd never laid eyes on the guy before.

Shaden collected his drink and went away with it. Cravath called over the conversational hubbub, to Ames Warburton, "Don't suppose that watch of yours has turned up yet, Ames?"

"Not a sign of it," Warburton replied.

"Ames only got here early this afternoon," my specific information bureau volunteered. "But the first thing he did was lose his watch. They've taken the place apart looking for it."

(To Be Continued)



The second day back on the job was much the same as the first except that there was a variety of new faces. W. F. Creager can always be seen in or around the bank though, and yesterday we saw him wandering slowly down the street with Wilson Guest. Noticed that the two stopped in front of Penney's and offered a little moral help to John Smith who was industriously washing the windows.

Saw Marjorie Maddocks drive her Plymouth into the drive at the Caraway Paint and Body Works. Incidentally, the Plymouth is a beautiful color. . . Mr. and Mrs. Dago Varner leaving Killingsworths for a quick trip down the street to King's Dixie Grill. Cup of coffee on their mind, probably. . . Noticed Floyd Rogers driving his taxi down the street with a woman passenger. . . Mrs. Dick (Peggy) Hodges wheeling her mother's car around town. . .

Mrs. Bill (Ima) Johnson crossing the street to do a little window shopping. . . Saw Mrs. H. A. Shockey driving the black Chevrolet down the street to a parking spot in front of the Gheison. She was accompanied by her very attractive daughter, Marinell. . . Evelyn Bagwell hurrying about the White Auto Store to wait on an impatient customer. . . Mrs. J. A. Johnson walking across the street clad in a becoming light colored suit. . . Noticed Jimmy Foster, Duke Dixon and young Mr. Greer walking along the sidewalk having a hilarious time. Can't for the life of me think of Greer's first name.

Took a quick turn up Main Street and caught a glimpse of a familiar face whirling by in a tan colored Studebaker. Looked like Jodie Ann Faircloth Stroud but we thought she was in New Mexico. . . Miss Anna McEver driving toward the Post Office. . .

Happened to see Floyd Killingsworth Tuesday afternoon checking on the progress being made on his remodeling job on the house. . . Noticed Mrs. Wendell (Onaida) Halbrook at the checking counter at Figgly Wiggly's. . . R. C. Carwile taking a moment out from the bakery. . . We were pleasantly surprised yesterday to see M. I. a Mildred Balch on the street after school. We rarely see her since she teaches all day but it's always a pleasure. . . Jim Ingram standing on the street passing the time of day with an acquaintance. . .

Evidently John Lacey is going into the fed business. Saw him leave the Tip Top Feed and Hatchery weighted down with feed. . . Miss Betty Reuser and Laura Mitchell chatting for a moment at the Ranger Clinic. . . J. D. Nichols leaving Burton Lingo after a hard day's work. . . John Tibbels is keeping very much to himself these days. Haven't seen him around much. . .

Television sets seem to be mushrooming up all over town. Drove

along Blundell early today and noticed a new set at the Millard Herweck home. Also saw the big husky men trying to hoist the antenna into proper place. . . Heard by the grapevine that young Miss Ann Dennis has returned to her home in Lubbock following a week's visit with relatives in Ranger. . . Mrs. Frank Arrendale in town with a friend. She doesn't get out much either. . . See you soon. . .

SOCIETY

Priscilla Class Has Luncheon

Members of the Priscilla Class of the First Baptist Church met at the church January 6 for a luncheon. Hostesses were Estelle Stiff, Dorothy Hise, and Christine

Bullock. The devotional, "Personality," was presented by Mrs. H. L. Cuddy followed by the presentation of a going away gift to Mrs. J. W. Ball.

Those attending were—Mmes. Cuddy, Stiffler, Hise, Corvis Beck, L. G. Kennedy, Ball, J. W. White, Wilson Guest, Ralph E. Perkins and Bullock.

Misses Rheta Beth Perstein and Betty Lou Hagaman have returned to their studies at Stephens College, Missouri following a holiday visit in the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Saulo Perlatein and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hagaman.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob McCleskey of Austin, Glen McCleskey of NTSC, Denton, and Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Nixon of Altus, Okla., have returned to their homes following holiday visits in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCleskey and Mrs. Jerry McCleskey.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Merrill Blosser

VIC FLINT



By Michael O'Malley and Ralph Lane

ALLEY OOP



By V. T. Hamlin

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RANGER DAILY TIMES

ELM STREET—RANGER, TEXAS
Joe Dennis, Manager Grover Lee, Editor
TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY
Joe Dennis and O. H. Dick, Publishers

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Ranger, Texas under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
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One year by mail out of state 7.50

NOTICE TO PUBLIC—Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of this newspaper, will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

CLASSIFIED

Table with advertising rates: 1 Time per word 3c, 2 Times per word 5c, 3 Times per word 7c, 4 Times per word 9c, 5 Times per word 11c, 6 Times per word 13c, 7 Times per word 15c, 8 Times per word 17c.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE: 4 1/2 room modern house. 1/2 Block Young School. By owner. Phone 170-J.

FOR SALE: Famous Dearborn Cool Safety Cabinet Gas Heaters. Killingsworth's.

FOR SALE: Five room modern house. 1302 Spring Road. Call 72.

FOR LEASE: 160 acres land with 5 room modern house. C. E. Maddocks & Co.

FOR SALE: Pigs. Call 9-J.

FOR SALE: Horse and saddle. Tommie Harper, Phone 161.

FOR SALE: Bargain. One 30 gal. automatic hot water heater. Used only 1 month, good as new. Original cost \$89.50. If you need a hot water heater, it will pay you to see this one. Phone 224 or after 5:30 p.m., phone 147.

NOTICE

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS: Strictly confidential. Phone 881, Box 181.

INSTRUCTIONS: EARN \$100.00 or more per month addressing envelopes in spare time at home by hand or typewriter. Send \$1.00 for information and instructions. Beacon-Service, Dept. 35 Box 310, Cambridge 39, Mass. Money Back Guarantee.

MASONIC NOTICE: Stated meeting Ranger Masonic Chapter 394 R.A.M. Thursday, Jan. 8, 7:30 p.m. Marvin Edwards, H.P. J. F. Donley, Recorder

FOR RENT

FOR RENT: Two and four room furnished or unfurnished apartments. Phone 521, if no answer call 816. Joseph's Fireproof Apartments.

APARTMENTS for rent, furnished. 3 rooms and private bath. Phone 51 or 406-J.

FOR RENT: Furnished apartment, 301 Hunt Street.

FOR RENT: Two-room apartment, 304 Elm.

LARGE furnished apartment. Two blocks from Main, bills paid. 309 Elm.

WANTED

WANTED: Welding. Will build farm gates, trailers, clothes line poles, swings, cattle guards, barbecue pits, trailer hitches at reasonable cost. Lawnmowers sharpened and repaired, general mechanical work. Portable welding equipment. Call E. L. Norris, 642-W, day or night.

MIDDLE AGED woman wants light housekeeping job. Phone 57-R.

WANTED: Rock, cement and curb work. Also build chimneys. Underpin houses. Call 651-M. Buster Shugart.

WANT TO BUY: 5 to 10 acres cleared land. Must be good and abundance of water. Phone 166-W.

HELP WANTED: Waitress at Regal Restaurant.

LOST

Cuttings of grape vines from Spain were transplanted to New Mexico in the days of the first missions.

Between Us...

(Continued From Page 1)
cently the railroad built its line across my cow pasture, and I am going to sue them in court, because their trains run so slow up those hills that the passengers lean out of the windows and milk my cows."

"I would like to buy a brassiere."
"What bust?"
"Nothing bust—it just wore out."

A poem, titled "Remembering" and authored by a Ranger woman, Mrs. Brice Walker, appeared in the December, 1952 issue of The American Post of Minneapolis, Minn. The verse, penned in 1945, was dedicated to her son, Robert Belovsky, then serving with the U. S. Army Air Force in the Pacific area.

REMEMBERING
Once again it's springtime, darling,
And my thoughts return to you.
Are you thinking of me, darling?
Or does a foreign grave hold you?

Just as in that other springtime,
Red roses are in bloom.
Once again the hedge of lilacs
Showers its fragrance in my room.
White roses, too, are nestling
Among their thorny vines.
Once more the virgin's bower

The garden fence entwines.

The stars at still inspires me
And my rebellious pen,
It waits for you, my darling,
Just as it did then.

The poem, Mrs. Walker said had appeared in other periodicals prior to its most recent publication in The Post.

The Ranger woman again waxed poetic in 1946 when her two fighting sons, Robert and Boris, the oldest son, who had been on duty in the Atlantic with the Army Transport Command, returned home. Mrs. Walker removed the service flag from the window of her home and wrote these lines:

THANK GOD TO THE STAR'S STILL BLUE

With reverent hands I lift you,
Service flag of my son,
With gratitude to God
That Victory has been won.

So glad I can put you away
Still bearing a star of blue.
So glad that his task is finished
For his country and you.

So many prayers I've prayed
That you'd always keep your hue.
Thanks to a merciful Christ
For your star of brightest blue.
Those lines appeared in several widely-circulated magazines in 1946.

BANK

(Continued from Page 1)
tional Credit Conference to be held

under the auspices of the commission in Chicago, Jan. 26-28.

Nation's Bankers See Prosperous Months Ahead

During the first six months of 1953, bankers expect that competition will be tremendously increased. The possibility of the stretching out of defense orders will force some business classifications with enlarged productive capacity to seek new civilian markets for their products. However, bankers report that inventories of manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers generally are in balance at this time; and there are indications of understocking in some areas.

This is particularly true of steel stocks which were consumed during the work stoppage of the summer and which have not as yet been replaced.

Inventories in other lines held by wholesalers and retailers have been worked down due to the general belief that sufficient supplies are available.

It is the opinion of the majority of bankers responding to the survey that there will be some decrease in housing construction during the first six months of 1953, and in some areas a saturation point is being reached on residential housing.

The majority of those reporting forecast a decrease in construction other than housing. This is

predicted on the belief that the defense production expansion program is nearing completion.

However, the over-all decline in construction will be offset in part in some cases by such developments as the steel mills and industrial plants building in the Philadelphia area and the atomic energy program in Southern Ohio.

A divided opinion among bankers exists as to what change, if any, will take place in the volume of bank loans during the first six months of 1953. Approximately 30 per cent of those reporting believe that there will be an increase in bank lending while the same percentage anticipates a decline. About 40 per cent see no appreciable change in volume.

Factors taken into consideration for an expected increase in bank loans were continuing expenditures already committed in the defense program, the accelerated increase in tax payments, a continuing increase in consumer credit outstanding, and unfavorable weather conditions in certain areas which will necessitate large credit requirements by farmers.

Bankers who anticipate a decline in credit outstandings report that recent borrowings have been seasonal and will be liquidated shortly after the first of the year. Much recent financing has been for the processing and movement of crops to market and the normal build up of inventories by stores for the Christmas season.

CALL 22 FOR CLASSIFIED AD SERVICE

WORK

(Continued From Page 1)
der way on the long-awaited project was welcome news to the hundreds of families in both cities who suffered privation and hardship due to an acute water shortage during last summer's critical drought which extended into November of the recently-closed year. The new water supply when completed in the late summer or early fall of this year will yield \$6,500,000 gallons of water per day—roughly three times the present normal consumption of Eastland and Ranger combined.

Chamber of Commerce heads and industrial leaders said that the new source of abundant water supply would probably make possible "a vast industrialization" of the two cities area in the years to come. Interested manufacturers and industrialists in the north and east, who've been searching for locations for branch plants in Texas and the Southwest area, have found the Eastland-Ranger area "desirable," but the poor supplies of all-important water have forced them to strike the area from their lists of possible locations for serious consideration.

Freese & Nichols of Fort Worth are engineers for the million and a half dollar project. Construction of the water supply lines will be handled by E. E. Farrow of Dallas. The contractor submitted a bid of \$477,186 to cover that important detail. In the near-time, final details in acquisition of the land needed for the Eastland-Ranger water

supply are being completed. The reservoir, engineers say, will inundate more than 2,000 acres of land in that area.

Also allocated in construction expense for the project is a sum to cover building of a filtration plant.

Actual construction of the dam, originally scheduled for late December or "around January 1", was delayed due to the delay of the McCoslin Construction Co. in securing an allotment of steel necessary for use in erecting the big dam on the Leon River.

Henry Parsons To Be Buried Friday

Henry Parsons, 62, who passed away at his home in Houston early this week, will be buried in Eastland Friday afternoon. Funeral services will be at the Hanauer Funeral Chapel at 2 p.m., with Rev. W. E. Hallenbeck of the Church of God in charge.

Mr. Parsons has been in bad health for some time, but had been rapidly failing for more than a month, so his death came as no surprise.

Deceased was raised in this county, but had not resided here for many years.

MINNOWS

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For Over Sixty-Eight Years. Alex Rawlins & Sons. Weatherford, Texas. Phone 24.

50 Years of Continuous Service. Earl Bender & Company. Eastland, Texas. Abstracting since 1923.

FOR SALE. 22 acres, 6 room modern house, on paved road. 4 miles from Ranger. Priced to sell. C. E. MADDOCKS & COMPANY. Mrs. James Higdon Mgr. Real Estate. INSURANCE & REAL ESTATE.

