

FIVE IN FAMILY ARE SHOT TO DEATH

Armistice Day Program Be Held at Methodist Church RANGER IS HOST TO FORT WORTH AEROCADE

AIR QUEEN LEADS THE VISITORS

Derryberry, Famous Racer,
Accompanies the Air
Voyagers.

Flying an hour behind schedule, the planes of the Fort Worth-West Texas aerocade reached the Ranger airport shortly after 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The planes presented a beautiful sight as they came zooming out of the West, having hopped from Abilene to Ranger. The pilots were guided to the Ranger field by the large sign on top of the Gholson Hotel and the marking of the airport, all of which pilots said could be plainly seen from a height of 4,000 feet. The Ranger airport, they said, was well marked.

When the plane carrying Miss Virginia Stearen, Queen of the Aerocade, her Maid of Honor, Miss Mable Gouldy, and their escorts, came to a stop on the field in front of the airport hangar, Miss Stearen was presented with a bouquet and welcomed to Ranger. Due to the lateness of the arrival of the aerocade, the program that had been arranged to formally welcome the party to Ranger, was dispensed with. Members of the aerocade party were taken in charge by committees of Ranger citizens and taken in "courtesy cars" to the Gholson Hotel where they were assigned quarters for their stay in the city.

Among those in the aerocade were J. E. Brown, J. B. Green, D. W. Carlton, C. D. Lockwood, H. J. (Continued on page 2)

AIRPORT MEETS NEED OF THIS FLYING EPOCH

All Steel Hangar Can Accommodate
From Four to Six
Airplanes

Ranger's new airport being formally opened and dedicated Saturday and today, is one of the best yet established in West Texas. The field consists of 115 acres of land, ideally located just one mile from the heart of the business district. It is also an ideal field for landing, having four 2,200 to 3,100 foot runways. These extend north and south, east and west and southeast to northwest. Fenced in with wire and cedar posts, the posts painted yellow and black, and with a large lettered sign on top of the hangar, the field is easily seen from the air.

An all-steel 60x60-foot hangar is located at the northeastern corner of the field. This hangar is capable of accommodating from four to six planes. It is electrically lighted. The field is also to be well lighted as soon as workmen can complete the job.

The airport, which is the result of the activities of Ranger's Chamber of Commerce, of which W. D. Conway is president and Wayne C. Hickey is secretary, and of progressive citizens of the town, was established that Ranger might continue to keep abreast of the times.

Pioneer Arrives Here In Airplane

Howard Peak of Fort Worth, who was among the passengers on the Fort Worth aerocade, is a Texas pioneer and 52 years ago traveled over much of the territory on horseback that he has gone over the past few days in the airplane. Peak is flying with E. G. Rhenstrom, who is piloting a Fairchild plane which has a 44-foot wingspread. The wings of this machine are capable of being folded back against the body of the plane and, when in this shape, the plane occupies a space only 13 1/2 feet in width. Rhenstrom has flown 8,300 miles since Sept. 26, when he began a tour on behalf of the Fairchild plane for which he is distributor. The Canadian royal air force uses planes of this make.

Al's Successor Hears the News



It was an exciting night for Franklin D. Roosevelt, the democratic gubernatorial nominee in New York, as radio election returns finally showed him to be winning by a narrow margin. Here you see the friend and successor of Governor Al Smith in his Hyde Park, N. Y. home with his daughter, Mrs. Curtis Doll, and his mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt.

\$5,000,000 DAMAGE IN OIL BLAZE

Burning Gasser is Being
Fought in California
Field.

WHITIER, Calif., Nov. 10.—All available fire fighters and fire apparatus were directed today toward putting out the giant fire raging at well No. 2 of the Bellview Oil company in the Santa Fe Springs district.

Oil company executives were to discuss emergency measures to control the blazing furnace with already a damage of more than \$5,000,000. Nearby wells are in danger from the fire which resulted when the well came in a gasser yesterday morning and exploded.

Fire fighters hoped to quench the blaze by means of a tunnel which is being forced to the casing of the well. The recent fire in the Gettys gusher was controlled in this manner.

All In Readiness For The Methodist Annual Conference

The delegates of the Methodist conference will be here Tuesday evening. The committee of transportation will be at the offices of the church, ready to convey the delegates to the various homes.

Cars Needed For Ranger Pep Squad

That the pep squad may be able to go to Cisco Monday, more cars must be had. All who can assist in conveying the pep squad to Cisco are requested to be at the High school at 1:15 Monday afternoon. Miss Simer stated the pep squad will not leave at 3 o'clock in the morning as planned.

FARMER-LABOR MOVE PLANS TO COME TO TEXAS

"Strong Progressive Trend"
Is Discerned In This
State.

By United Press.
CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Believing that the democratic party is about to collapse, Farmer-Laborites will assemble tomorrow in Sioux Falls, S. D., to make plans for a strong progressive third party in 1932. Tuesday's election has awakened Farmer-Labor workers, Charles C. Shirley, head of the Illinois delegation told the United Press today.

"We are going to re-organize the party," Shirley said, "and will start our work for 1932 in Texas which showed a strong progressive trend Tuesday. From Texas we will spread east and west and hope, within four years to put a strong presidential ticket in the field that will attract progressives and liberals all over the country."

GREATEST CROWD OF THE YEAR

Supreme Occasion of Year
for Bulldogs Will Occur
Monday.

Ranger had the crowds yesterday and will have them again today but they'll all be at Cisco Monday.

If you have not heard about it, there's going to be a football game at the Big Dam city at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. It will bring together two of the three undefeated teams of the Oil Belt district and the winner of tomorrow's "survival of the fittest" has a sweet chance to win the championship of the district.

The contenders? We nearly forgot to mention that particular. The Ranger Bulldogs will try to get a death grip on the throats of a snarling pack of Lobos from Cisco.

The records of the two teams to date give Cisco an edge, with the exception of their respective showings against San Angelo—Cisco tying the Bobcats 13-13, and Ranger defeating the same team, 7-0.

However it must be conceded that Cisco was caught unaware by a fast, fighting team while Ranger was forewarned and therefore forearmed.

Ex-Stage Driver Doesn't Think So Much of Airplane

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Smoking a pipe he has puffed on for half a century and wearing an old sombrero, "Deadwood Dick" Clark, 82, sole survivor of the Gun. Custer scouts, arrived here today by air plane from Rapid City, S. D., bearing an invitation to President Coolidge to spend his summer vacation again in the Black Hills.

LEGION NOW IN SESSION IN RANGER

Armistice Day Program at
Methodist Church at
11:15 A. M.

Hundreds of people packed the streets Saturday afternoon to view the big parade which was the most colorful feature of the opening day's program of the 17th district convention of the American Legion convention.

Bands of Mineral Wells, Ranger and Cisco played; several attractive floats including those representing the Salvation Army and the legion post were in the parade as were a great number of World War veterans from 15 towns, and the Ranger company of the National guard.

The savory fragrance of doughnuts and coffee served by Salvation Army lassies from booths on Main street floated upon the breeze. The number of legionnaires and their wives here yesterday totaled several hundred and many more will arrive for today's session.

Mineral Wells was awarded the loving cup offered by the Gholson hotel to the city with the most striking representation in the parade.

Features arranged last evening for the legionnaires included a dance at the Legion hall and a smoker at the Country club.

After breakfast in the green room of the Gholson this morning for post commanders, adjutants and immediate past post commanders, the legion will take part in the airport dedication from 9:30 to 11 with Dr. W. C. Palmer, former post commander, master of ceremonies the last feature being a minute of silent prayer while flowers fall from an airplane circling overhead—this being an impressive phase of the remembrance of the World war dead.

An Armistice day service will be held at 11:15 this morning at the Methodist church. The public is invited to attend. Mayor John Thurman will deliver the welcoming address. Read Johnson of the Veterans bureau will respond. The Rev. G. W. Shearer will speak on "American Citizenship."

The legionnaires will attend a luncheon at the legion hall and an interesting program will be given. The business session of the legion convention will begin at 2 o'clock and the business session of the Legion auxiliary will open at 2:30.

BIG AIRPLANE IS CENTER OF INTEREST HERE

Three-Motored Beauty Is
Viewed Eagerly By
Everyone.

"Wamblee Ohanko," which is Sioux Indian for "Swift Eagle," was the big tri-motored commercial monoplane of the Rapid Airlines, Inc., was the first of the large number of planes taking part in the celebration of Ranger's new airport, to land on the field Saturday morning. The big plane, a veritable palace of the air, piloted by Clyde W. Ice, nationally known air mail pilot, and carrying a number of passengers, made a perfect landing at 9:30 o'clock. Its arrival was witnessed by several hundred people, gathered for the dual purpose of witnessing the opening of the new airport, one of the best in West Texas, and attending the annual meeting of the American Legion in session in the city.

HOOVER GETS READY TO GO ON A VOYAGE

Bustle and Activity Preliminary
to South America
Good Will Trip.

By United Press.
PALO ALTO, Calif., Nov. 10.—The calm atmosphere about the home here where President-elect Hoover has secluded himself since his election changed today to one of nervous activity as Hoover, his attaches, and those who will accompany him on his good-will South American tour began preparations for the journey.

Hoover and his party are scheduled to leave here next Saturday or Sunday for San Diego, where they will board the battleship Maryland for a 40-day trip to the South American countries and also Panama and Cuba.

Telegraph wires in the Hoover home were flooded today with messages pouring back and forth between here and Washington and they brought as well inquiries from South Americans and newspapers anxious to know just what the American president-elect's plans were. Hoover's assistants likewise were kept busy on the long-distance phone making the thousand-and-one arrangements necessary.

The attention of the president-elect as well as those who accompany him also was directed today to the fact that the trip carried them through tropical countries and orders began pouring into local clothing stores for summer-weight clothes.

TRAIN ROBBER IS BELIEVED UNDER ARREST

Man Identified in \$53,000
Holdup of Texas and
Pacific Train.

By United Press.
FORT WORTH, Nov. 10.—Positive identification of the man who robbed the Texas & Pacific passenger train No. 4 of \$53,000 Friday night was made by M. E. Pruitt and P. E. Carney, railway mail clerks at noon Saturday.

The suspect was arrested shortly after the robbery on a downtown corner Friday night by city detectives. He was lined up with the other suspects but was immediately picked out by the clerks.

The suspect was booked under the name of T. H. Wilson of Fort Worth.

DALLAS, Nov. 10.—J. A. Taggart of Houston, street car operator, today identified D. R. Hunt, army deserter, as the man who held up and robbed him of \$21 in Houston Nov. 1. Hunt is charged in an indictment here with the slaying of Sam A. Cole, Dallas car motorman, on the night of Nov. 3. Cole was shot while operating his car and died in an ambulance en route to a hospital.

Taggart was taken to the hospital today where Hunt is confined with a broken leg and bullet in his thigh. As soon as the Houston man saw Hunt he told officers that Hunt was the man who held him up.

"Burn Death" Self Inflicted

By United Press.
WAUKEGAN, Ill., Nov. 10.—A coroner's jury tonight found that Elfrida Knaak came to her death by burns "which appear from the evidence produced to have been self-inflicted." County authorities and members of Elfrida's family refuse to accept the decision and announced that the inquiry would be continued.

Negro Murderer Is Ground to Death Underneath Train

Meets Horrible Death As He Flees After
Killing Man, Wife and Three Children
Besides Wounding Three Other Members
Of Family.

By United Press.
JENNINGS, La., Nov. 10.—Dupree Mallett, his wife and three children were shot to death and three others of the Keystone plantation, 11 miles southwest of here today.

Later, in attempting to escape, the negro, George Coleman, fell beneath a Southern Pacific passenger train and was killed.

Mallett's seventh child—a girl of 14—escaped by hiding in a straw stack. The motive of the crime was believed to have been to prevent the negro's prosecution on a charge of attempting to assault one of the children, according to the sheriff.

Deputy Sheriff Daughenbaugh was called to the plantation to investigate the shooting and was given the name of the slayer by the survivors. He returned to Jennings and prepared to send out telephone warnings when the railroad agent called him and asked that arrangements be made for removing the body of a negro who had been cut in two by a train.

The deputy went immediately to the scene and identified the negro as the one sought. The negro had gone to the plantation early in the morning.

Toral Will Ask
For New Trial

By United Press.
MEXICO CITY, Nov. 10.—An appeal will be filed Monday in behalf of Jose DeLeon Toral, assassin of President-elect Obregon, and Mother Superior Concepcion convicted with him of complicity in crime. The defense will contend that the jury was chosen illegally because of the list of names was not drawn from an urn as required by law. It will be contended also that the hostility of the spectators toward the defendants prevented a fair trial.

MANY EVENTS WILL MAKE TODAY NOTABLE OCCASION

8:00 A. M.—Post commanders, adjutants and immediate past post commanders of the American Legion will breakfast in the Green room of the Gholson hotel.

9:30 to 11:00 A. M.—Dedication and opening of Ranger airport.

Dr. W. C. Palmer, former post commander, master of ceremonies.

Address by Mayor John W. Thurman of Ranger.

The Texas Pacific Coal & Oil company's plane, the Pathfinder for the Fort Worth-West Texas aerocade, will be first plane to enter the new hangar of the Ranger airport, which will be dedicated when little Miss Alice Louise Henry breaks a bottle of champagne or its equivalent against the walls of the hangar.

Big Airplane Center Of Interest Here

(Continued From Page One)

the earth than the eager, cheering crowd made a rush for it, and it was with some difficulty that the officials in charge kept them back and made room for the passengers and crew to get out of the machine. Among those making the trip from Wichita Falls to Ranger were: T. E. Edwards, manager of the W. S. Langford interests; T. E. Jr., and Edward David, small sons of Mr. Edwards; C. S. Red, all of Wichita Falls; F. L. Yates, Ford Motor Company, Dallas; W. J. Gouchie, Wichita Falls and two mascots a Texas terrapin and Princess Pee Wee, a screw tail bull pup.

M. C. Enfield, publicity director for the Wamblee Ohanko, motored from Fort Worth Saturday morning, arriving in Ranger some two hours ahead of the plane.

The Wamblee Ohanko, manufactured by the Stout Metal Airplane Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company, at a cost of \$50,000 is owned and operated as a commercial plane by the Rapid Air Lines, Inc., of Rapid City, S. D., which conducts flying schools, distributes the Ford Motor company planes and gives demonstrations in flying.

The big Ford plane has a 74 foot wing spread, is 49 feet and 11 inches long, weighs 6,100 pounds, empty; is constructed of a composition metal of almost the lightness of aluminum; is powered by three 220 horsepower radial motors, any one of which is capable of carrying the plane. The cabin is beautifully upholstered and is equipped throughout with

electric lights for night flying, has upholstered seats for the passengers, lavatory and places for baggage.

It has a maximum speed of 140 miles per hour and a cruising speed of 115 miles per hour. The passenger capacity of the plane is 16 persons, including the pilot and crew. The crew consists of the pilot and three mechanics. Mechanics with the plane in Ranger are: J. C. Welling, chief and Walter and Frank Millers, assistants.

Fuel capacity of the plane is 255 gallons. Fuel consumption of the motors is from 40 to 50 gallons per hour, depending upon the wind.

The Ford plane, which is on a six months educational tour of the south, will remain in Ranger over Sunday and will make commercial flights. Passengers will be taken on thirty mile tours about Ranger for \$5 each, children under 12 years of age at \$2.50 each. At so 135 mile trips with as many as 15 passengers, will be made at the rate of \$10.00 per person. Owners of the plane declare that the tri-motored plane is the safest mode of transportation known today. They point out that the Department of Commerce of the United States so ranks it.

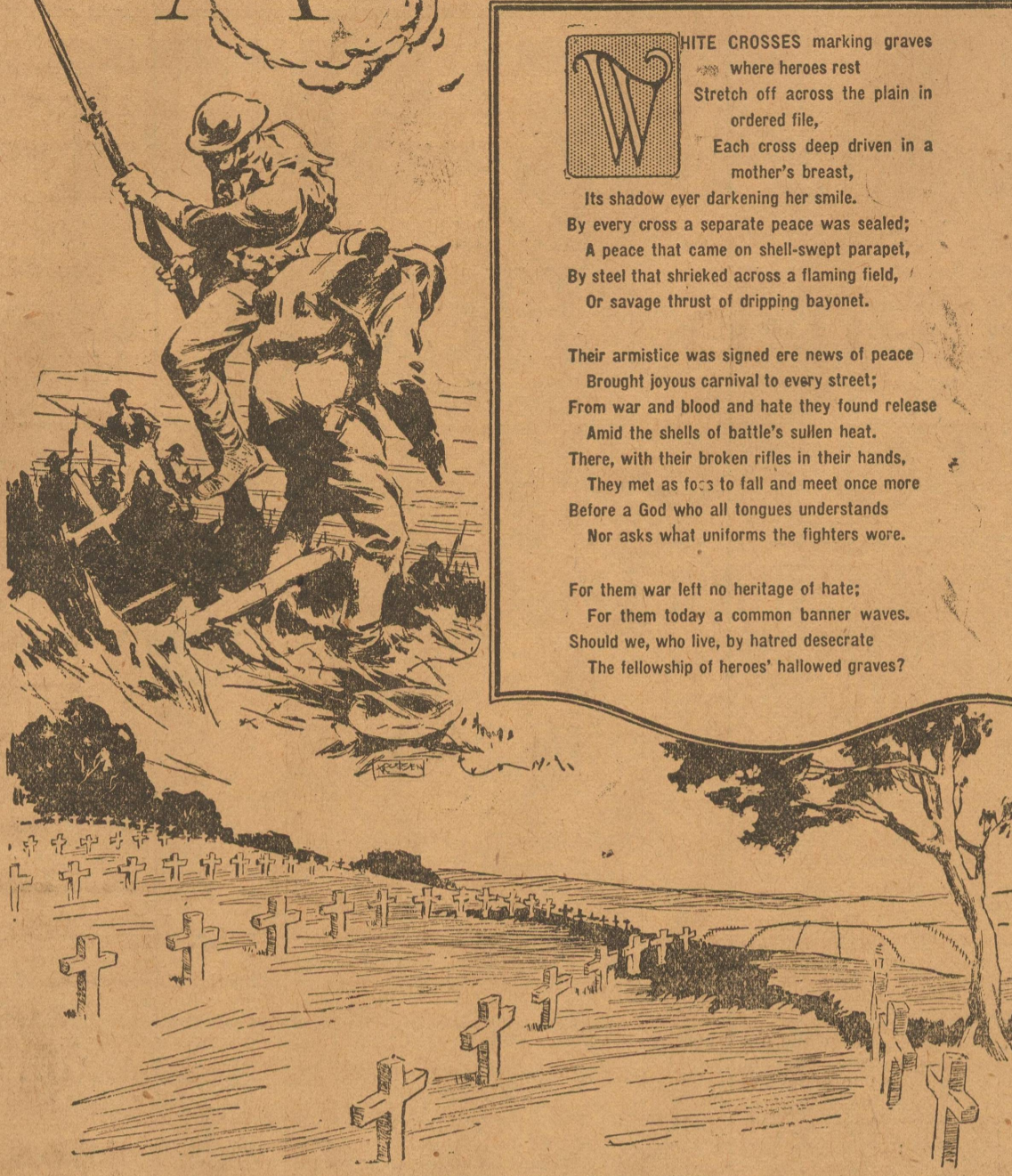
D. Fulcher Passes Away at Age of 72

Funeral services of D. Fulcher, who died Saturday morning at the age of 72, will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon at Bullock. Mr. Fulcher lived on Caddo road.

He is survived by his widow, two sons—Will of Ranger and J. H. of Eastland, a daughter, Mrs. Bargesley of Eastland, and a brother.

The Armistice of Steel

by Paul McCrea



WHITE CROSSES marking graves where heroes rest Stretch off across the plain in ordered file, Each cross deep driven in a mother's breast, Its shadow ever darkening her smile.

By every cross a separate peace was sealed; A peace that came on shell-swept parapet, By steel that shrieked across a flaming field, Or savage thrust of dripping bayonet.

Their armistice was signed ere news of peace Brought joyous carnival to every street; From war and blood and hate they found release Amid the shells of battle's sullen heat. There, with their broken rifles in their hands, They met as foes to fall and meet once more Before a God who all tongues understands Nor asks what uniforms the fighters wore.

For them war left no heritage of hate; For them today a common banner waves. Should we, who live, by hatred desecrate The fellowship of heroes' hallowed graves?

Air Queen Leads The Visitors

(Continued from page 1)

Jones, G. L. Paxton Jr., Eddie Laich, H. G. Brown, Jerry Marshall, Andy Burke, J. H. Johnson, Jr., Hub Diggs, W. E. Hayes, L. M. Mitchell, S. L. Willard, Mrs. Hub Diggs, R. H. Rhinston, Howard Peak, Lee Caldwell, Geo. Friedell, V. A. Johns, Lt. D. H. Dunton, Sgt. R. Ward.

Arriving at the airport just ahead of the aerocade were a number of army planes from Fort Crockett, Galveston. In these planes were Lt. McBlain, Capt. Holmes, Lt. Gross, Sgt. Shelley, Lt. Childress, Corp. Trawick, Lt. Moore, Lt. Macnair, Sgt. Croft, Lt. Heber and Sgt. Crawley. Fred Yonker of Ranger accompanied the army planes to Ranger flying with Lt. Moore.

L. E. Derryberry of Abilene, accompanied by Miss Evelyn Andrews and Eddie Anderson of the Abilene News and Abilene Reporter, came with the aerocade to Ranger from Abilene. Derryberry, who finished seventh in the recent transcontinental race, was flying the same plane, a Travel Air which he took part in the race. Mr. Derryberry and his party returned to Abilene after stopping only a few minutes at the Ranger airport.

The plane entered in the aerocade by the Texas & Pacific Coal & Oil Company was the first plane to enter the new hangar at the airport.

Queen Fort Worth of the aerocade and her feminine companions, after being greeted by a reception committee of Ranger ladies composed of Mrs. G. G. Henry, chairman; Miss Mildred

Matthews, Ranger Princess; Mrs. B. H. Murphy, Mrs. Howard Gholson, and Miss Arrietta Davenport, who was maid of honor to the princess, were escorted to Acorn Acres where they were guests at a 6 o'clock dinner.

Three army planes from Kelly field, San Antonio, arrived at the airport shortly after noon. In these ships were Captain Lynn, Sergeant Starkey, Lieutenant Arthur Thomas, Captain W. E. Keyner, Lieutenant Y. H. Taylor and Lieutenant B. T. Casidy.

Other army flyers at the airport were Captain O. W. Tomason, Lieutenant H. F. Smith, Lieutenant William K. Ennis, Sergeant G. D. Kinnaird.

The Cisco High school band played during the progress of the ceremonies at the airport.

Bids on Street Work Are Asked

Bids for the improvement of Cypress, Commerce and West Main streets and Eastland hill will be received not later than 8:15 p. m., Nov. 13, by the city of Ranger, it is announced by Mayor John Thurman.

You just ought to see our holiday goods that are now on display.

VARIETY STORE AND FIXIT SHOP

FEED BARGAINS

HO-MAID DAIRY FEED	\$2.40
100 lbs.	
HOME-BREW DAIRY FEED	\$2.10
100 lbs.	
RANGER CHIEF EGG MASH	\$3.25
100 lbs.	
RANGER CHIEF SCRATCH FEED	\$2.75
100 lbs.	

K. C. JONES MILLING CO.
Phone 300 We Deliver

SPECIAL SUNDAY DINNER 65c

We welcome you Legionnaires and extend you an especial invitation to try our Sunday Special Dinner.

TABLES FOR THE LADIES

NEW LIBERTY CAFE

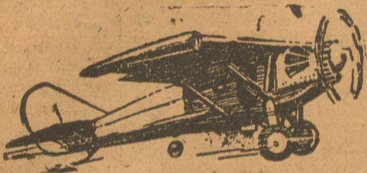
111 S. Rusk St. Liberty Theatre Opposite

Armistice Day

WELCOME—TO THE AMERICAN LEGION

C. E. MAY

Real Estate, Rentals and Insurance
216 Main Street Phone 418



Huge Aerial Sign Here Is Donated

The big sign atop the Gholson hotel, which points the way to the new Ranger airport, is something of which Ranger is proud. The metal used for the letters was donated by the Gholson Hotel. They were cut by the Ranger Tin Shop, painted by the C. C. Advertising Company and put up by "Andy" the colored porter at the Gholson hotel.

The sign reads "Ranger" and has an arrow pointing toward the airport. At the end of the arrow is "1 M" signifying one mile. The sign is 120 feet in length and may be seen from a great distance in the air. The letters are 12 feet high.

"Andy" while laboring to put the sign up is said to have expressed the opinion that everyone having anything to do with getting the sign and putting it up was donating service and material and should have their names in the paper so "Andy" here's your wish realized.

BREMOND — Deposits of First State Bank doubled since first of July this year.

BLOODHOUNDS ON THE TRAIL OF KIDNAPER

Seek Man Who Abducted Two Officers in Kansas Town.

By United Press.

COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Nov. 10. A pack of bloodhounds were put on the trail of a kidnaper today after he had freed two police officers and then wrecked the auto which he was driving.

The officers, Earl Hackney, chief of police, and W. H. McMurtrey, his first assistant, were kidnaped just before noon yesterday when they answered a call to a local produce house to arrest a man who was stealing chickens.

Near Caney the kidnapers stopped and released his prisoners. Hackney ran to a farmhouse and obtained a rifle with which he fired at the car. One of the shots may have been effective because the auto crashed into a fence and the driver disappeared into the brush.

Bloodhounds from Jefferson were put on the trail today. First reports here were that there were a dozen men in the band but Hackney and McMurtrey said there was but one. It also was presumed that the kidnaping was to get the officers out of town so a bank could be robbed but it now appears that the abduction was merely to avoid arrest on a petty charge of theft.

More than 500 persons were in posse hunting for the officers. An airplane participated in the hunt.

Hackney and McMurtrey arrived back in Coffeyville late last night and today joined the search for their kidnapers.

BOLD HOLDUPS IN CHICAGO

By United Press.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Two payroll robberies in which bandits escaped with a total of \$20,000 occurred today, one at the Hotel German in the heart of the business district and the other in suburban Chicago Heights.

At the Hotel German, three robbers entered an elevator with Miss Evelyn Houston, assistant cashier and forced the operator to run the car up to the eighth floor where they took \$8,000 away from her. They then forced the assistant cashier and the operator out of the car, descended to the main floor and escaped through the crowded lobby. In Chicago Heights five men with shotguns held up a paymaster for the Columbia Meal Co., and fled with \$2,000.

Dolls, Santa Claus Gladden Kiddies

Conferences and conventions may come and go, but, so far as the little boys and girls of Ranger are concerned, the greatest happening was the doll show given by J. C. Penney's Friday afternoon. Mrs. Bascom Johnson told the story of "The Lost Babes in the Woods," and also introduced the dolls of Dolltown. A small victrola was played, and Mrs. Kimble gave a reading, while the children were waiting for Santa Claus, who arrived amid bells and horns, and received about 200 letters from the children. He promised to come again real soon.

CORPUS CHRISTI — Erection of new First Evangelical Lutheran church building completed.

FRESH CAT FISH

Our regular shipments include Haddock, Shrimp and oysters.

Always Fresh

CITY FISH MARKET

—buddy, this is personal: as man to man, you are truly welcome.

ARMISTICE DAY SUNDAY, NOV. 11

There are legions who have passed in last review; there are legions who are here today; there are other legions who fought in the great conflict—but today, ten years since the signing of the armistice, let us pause and pay a reverent tribute to those who paid the supreme sacrifice in the great struggle for right—who won a victory that will last throughout the years to come.

Legionnaires, Again Welcome!

SIVALLS MOTOR CO.

Ranger, Texas

BILL'S PLANT

For Sunburst Pleating PHONE 498

Armistice Day

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11

LEGIONNAIRES WELCOME



Let us pause today and pay tribute to those sterling men who at the cost of their lives bought peace for us. When we stand with bared heads and face the east we honor our heroes.

GLOBE

CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN 220 MAIN STREET

WACO TIGERS TAKE A LICKING WHILE STATE REJOICES

CORSICANA LEAPS INTO STATE-WIDE ATTENTION

Crippled Passer Overcomes 13-Point Lead to Down Tyson's Team.

Of all of Frank Merriwell's football games, that one Friday afternoon between Waco and Corsicana is the greatest.

Consider the situation: The mighty Waco Tigers, claimants of the high school grid championship of the United States last season, had not lost a game in their last 37 appearances. In 1922, they won the state title. In 1923 and '24 they went to the state finals. Then in 1925, '26 and '27, they won the Texas championship. In games this season, they had been piling up huge scores.

Against them was the Corsicana team—also known as Tigers but rated as toothless, aged, helpless and tame in comparison to the raging, blood-thirsty Bengals from the Cotton Palace metropolis.

The score is 13 to 0 in favor of Waco when into the din and the glare there staggers McNutt, crippled but loaded for bear—to paraphrase Robert W. Service. And this lad begins throwing passes. There was a toss to McGarity for 30 yards, then a fling to Wells for 10 yards and touchdown No. 1. Soon after, there was a 41-yard pass by the crippled McNutt to Price, for the second touchdown. And the winning score was put across on a 23-yard pass, McNutt to Price.

Waco fought desperately to regain the lead but, although in the final period they kept the ball in Corsicana's territory most of the time, the defense was too fierce for them. Tyson's famous spin play worked well in the first few minutes of the game but after that, it was ineffective and the overhead game was broken up, too. Corsicana made nine first downs to eight for Waco.

The defeat of Waco will be hailed with almost unanimous delight throughout the state. Fans are weary of the long reign of the Tigers and towns of 10,000 population who try to compete with Waco's one high school in a city of five times their size are happy that Waco has been knocked over. The situation in that district is not clear, however, for Corsicana has two difficult games yet confronting them. The Cleburne Yellow Jackets and the Temple eleven are to be faced. If Cleburne should defeat Corsicana and Waco should defeat Cleburne, the race would be a triple tie. Temple has already lost to Cleburne and the odds are very much against that usually strong team. Waco, however, cannot be considered as eliminated from the race for the district title but that defeat Friday is likely to chill their spirit and give Cleburne a better chance to slip them down.

NO JOY IN GERMANY

By United Press.

BERLIN.—There will be no celebration of Armistice Day in Germany. In fact it has never been observed in this country; not even in November 11th, 1918, when the Armistice was proclaimed. Germany was then in the throes of a revolution.

In the years that followed, it was felt Armistice Day was no occasion for rejoicing, because it marked Germany's defeat and the opening of a period characterized by economic distress and political humiliation.

The Germans with premeditation have even avoided to commemorate their war dead on Armistice Day. The 11th of November, in this country, is an ordinary working day like any other.

Two Bulldogs Are Themes of Poetry

(Students of Ranger high school have become poetic, with two members of the football team as the subjects of the poems.)

LEE HAMMETT

Lee Hammett is a football player; He plays for Ranger town, When he gets that old pigskin, He scores for a touchdown.

We've had a lot of trouble Keeping Hammett at home this year, But after several conferences, They wiped his record clear.

Lee Hammett learns his English, And the mathematics, too, He also gets his other lessons So he can carry our pig-skin through.

But the one regret that is to come; This is Hammett's very last year, But R. H. S. will still play on Without our Hammett dear.

ONOS MILLS

Onos fights for the R. H. S., For he is a Bulldog true; When efficient men are needed, Mills is called on, too.

When asked, "Does Ranger have him?" Always tell them "Yes." For without our Smokey We'd be in a pretty mess.

His place is at right end, And he is number five, He goes right out, and downs his man With a spirit that is alive.

That we will lose our Smokey Is one regret we feel; We pinch ourselves to find it Is unquestionably real.

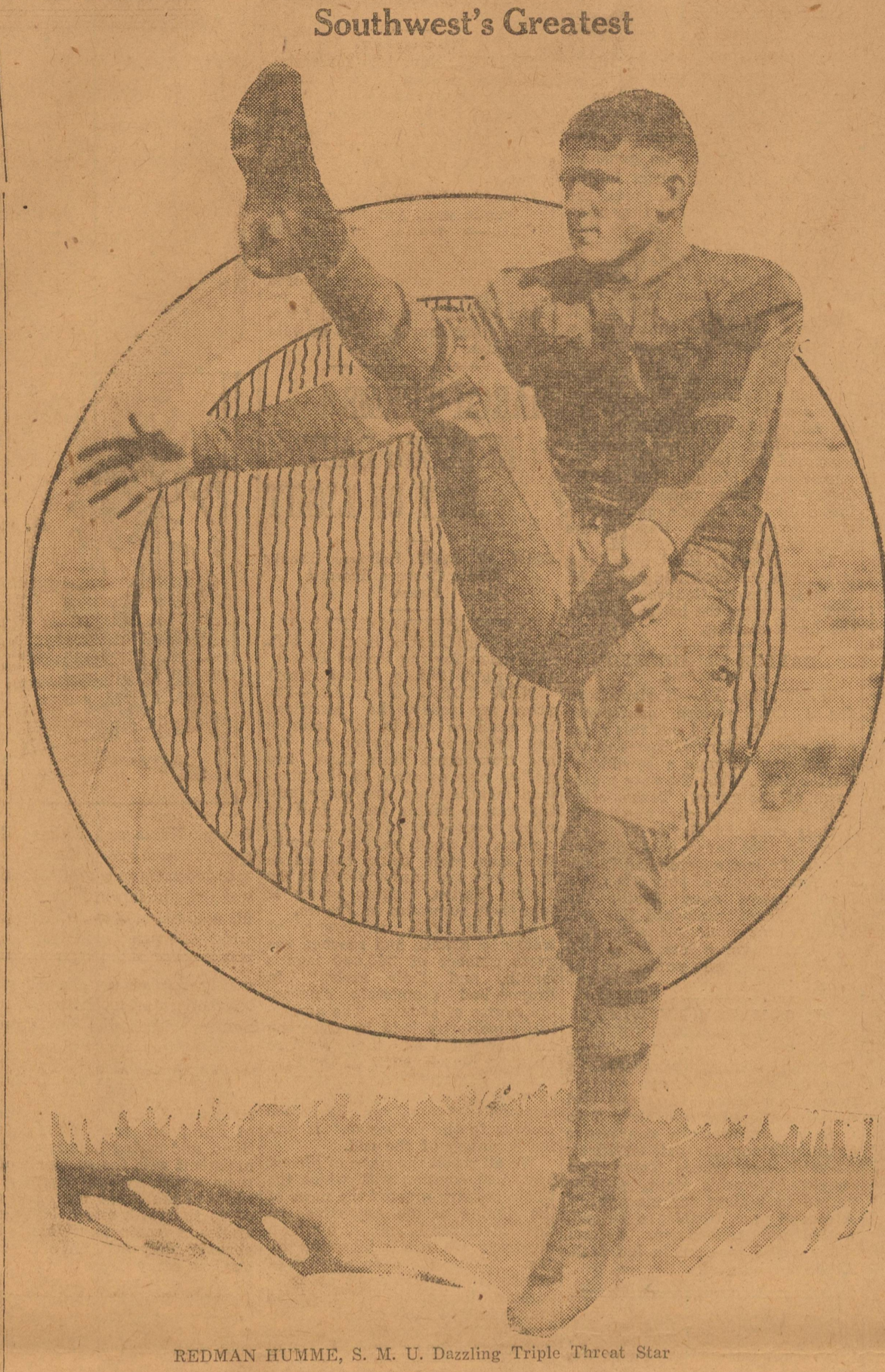
GREATEST CROWD OF THE YEAR

(Continued from page one.)

Members of the Maroon and White with a win over Cisco. Hinman, captain, will be thinking about two years ago when he was in the thick of the fray and Cisco was twice defeated. Other boys on this year's team saw those games as spectators and dreamed of the day when they, too, could play against Cisco and win glory for their school by duplicating that 13-6 or 3-0 game.

The memory of one gallant lad who no longer walks the pathway of life will be burning sacredly in the heart of every Ranger player—brave Glen Seay, slender guard, who fought magnificently in those two victories of 1926. Death stifled his brave heart and garnered his splendid soul a year ago. The memory of his quiet, modest ways, his refusal to falter no matter how heavy were the odds form one of the most cherished traditions of Ranger high school and every boy tomorrow will play the game the way that Glen would play it—with all his strength but above all things in the essence of sportsmanship—and it is said in a true spirit of reverence that perhaps Glen will be there tomorrow when his old high school colors go again into action.

Ranger is meeting the supreme test Monday afternoon. But the Bulldogs have risen to the demands of every occasion this year. They saw Abilene go into the lead but they kept trying—and the team that WILL NOT be beaten CAN NOT be beaten. The people of Ranger are behind their team, confident that they will give their



REDMAN HUMME, S. M. U. Dazzling Triple Threat Star

Line Is Composed Of Ex-Fullbacks Of Other Seasons

Special to The Times.

FORT WORTH.—A line of fullbacks—that's what Texas Christian University has this year. While in high school, almost every one of the Frog forward wall was a star totter. All big, fast boys, who Coach Ed Kubale, line instructor, has fashioned into first class linemen.

To begin with there was Captain Jake Williams. While Jake was wearing the jersey of Central high school of Fort Worth, he was one of the outstanding fullbacks in the state. The teams that Jake played against were hard put to hold the desperate lunges of the giant ball totter. When Williams reported at T. C. U. coaches Bell and Kubale shoved him into the line. Weighing 195 pounds, he has made one of the outstanding linemen in the conference. He was used at guard his first year under the Purple banner but was shifted to tackle last year and there has remained.

Noble Atkins, crack 200 pound pivot man, was also fullback in high school. Graham was the school for which the big center totted the mail. His freshman year at T. C. U. found him working in the line. He started at guard, but was shifted about and didn't seem able to find himself. Last year, during spring practice, Matty Bell tried him at center. He is one of the best men in the conference at that position now. He does the place kicking for the Frogs.

Lester Brumelow, smiling Irish guard, was a fullback on the Jacksboro high team before coming to Froglind. Lester is one of the hardest fighters on the squad, and his conversion into a high class lineman has been complete. Also from Jacksboro comes Othol Martin, first string end. Othol also played full for Jacksboro and promises to be one of the best wingmen in the Frog camp.

Ralph Walker, hard kicking end, ran with the ball from the fullback position for Cleburne high a few years ago. Kubale has made a great end out of the hard working boy. Milford Barr, veteran tackle, played full for Kaufman high. Heavy, fast and aggressive, the Frog mentors terminated him "tackle" and so it has been.

Robert "Red" Moore, first string tackle, ripped through Graham high opponents before reporting to Dutch Meyers, freshman coach. Dutch kept the big boy in the backfield during his first year, and Kubale continued the practice in his second. But Red just didn't fit there, so he was shoved into the line. He will earn his letter this year at tackle. Leo Butler, reserve guard from Holland and Less Swafford, hard working tack-

le from Ranger both played fullback in high school. So of the Frogs first string line, five were fullbacks in their high school days, and three of the reserve linemen played the position.

Mavericks Are No Match For Angelo

By United Press.

SAN ANGELO Bobcats rolled up a heavy score against Eastland yesterday on the Angelo gridiron—the count being 45 to 6.

OLD-TIME RIVALS IN 0-0 GAME

Gorman Wins Tie Game on "Points" Against DeLeon.

Select two teams that are rivals of long standing, match them in a game that means a chance for a championship to the winner or that means that although one is already out of the race it can wipe out the chances of its rival by winning that game.

The identity of the two teams is a matter of slight consequence. It can be Yale and Harvard, Army and Navy, Ranger and Cisco, Texas and A. & M.

In this particular instance, it was Gorman and DeLeon. Two years ago, these teams met twice and both games were ties. The writer saw the second game in 1926, which ended 0-0. So hard do the Panthers and the Bearcats scrap that a tie is rather to be expected so they have worked out a system whereby, in case of a tie, the team that carries the ball inside of the other team's 20-yard line—the most times is awarded the game on "points"—like a prize fight in which no knockout occurs.

The scribe had a hard time coaxing his motor vehicle over the road and arrived in the first minute of the game just in time to see DeLeon make a pretty gain on a forward pass from a break formation. But the teams fought thereafter on even terms until near the end of the half when Gorman made three first downs in succession mainly on sledge-hammer drives through the line but, even then, the goal line was far, far away.

Hudson, Gorman backfield man, opened the festivities with a rush in the third quarter when he apparently started to tackle but, finding no opening, he outran tacklers and circled left end for 35 yards. But DeLeon braced and Gorman had to punt. DeLeon kicked in return. The punt was partly blocked and Hudson grabbed the bounding ball and raced back some 15 yards before being dragged to earth. The Panthers were able to reach the 14-yard line or thereabouts but were stopped. However, as this was the only occasion that either team crossed the opposition's 20-yard line it entitled Gorman to the game "on a decision," bystanders said.

The battle abounded in interesting episodes. It is very unusual to see a "tie ball" in football but twice passes were caught by two men at the same time. There was another pass which tipped the intended receiver's fingers, was caught at by a defensive player who failed to hold it and was then caught by another man on the defensive side. In no other game this year has this writer seen such uniformly high punts as both kickers got off. The ball sailed so high that the ends had time to stop and eat a sandwich—if they had so desired—and then be down under the ball.

Whoofus Whiffletree's Woozy Wonderings

Not since the tower of Babel has there been such confusion as the Texas Interscholastic league football race is rapidly attaining.

Of course the upset supreme was the walloping of Waco by Corsicana, who spotted last year's state champions a 13-point lead and then showed them how to play. Almost on a par was the 19-19 tie that Ranger, little esteemed last year, played a few weeks ago against Abilene, last year's near-champions of Texas. Another upset that comes to mind was the "moral victory" of San Angelo, hitherto a doormat in the Oil Belt over the haughty Loboes.

At the jumbled rate things are going, it wouldn't be surprising to see Carbon meet Jacksboro for the State championship next month.

We can now write "finis" to the pennant hopes of the Breckenridge Buckaroos. There was lots of power on that team—weight, speed, reserves—but the machine cracked in its first major test and then the wreck was completed when Breck met Abilene Friday.

"Watch Breckenridge" was the slogan that went crackling forth upon the crisp autumn breezes as the Buckaroos overwheeled early season opponents. But their performances, coupled with the vaults of their partisans, placed other teams on guard and, when Cisco met them, the Loboes were set for battle.

However nothing would give Breckenridge greater satisfaction than to end their disappointing season with a victory over Ranger on Thanksgiving day. That would be closing in the proverbial burst of glory and would afford a subject of pleasant reminiscence around the blazing hearths of Buckaroo fans in the long cold winter as the chill wind whistled without. Such a victory would wipe from their minds that 26-0 score and that 31-6 count. It would also afford a balancing of accounts for that 7-6 game last Thanksgiving.

The Bulldogs would do well to be on guard on Nov. 29. "Watch Breckenridge." We mean it.

LIQUOR HOMELESS.

By United Press.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 10.—Several thousand bottles of good, bad and indifferent liquor are looking for a home.

The prohibition building where the Prohibition Administrator E. R. Bohner, legal guardian of the orphaned booze, stored it has been ordered sold to the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange.

The problem became acute when Bohner was refused permission to rent storage space for all the seized liquor and now he hasn't any idea what to do with it all.

CORPUS CHRISTI—33 building permits issued here during recent month totaled \$59,000.00.

Eagles Administer Knockout to Hopes Of the Buckaroos

Abilene finished what Cisco started.

The Breckenridge Buckaroos have folded their tents like Mr. Longfellow's well known Arabs and have silently stolen away as far as the 1928 district title race is concerned.

The score of the Abilene-Breckenridge game Friday was 31 to 6. Mr. Mayhew's boys put over 18 points in the first quarter. Breck's only score came in a spectacular fashion. Boon Magness was back to pass. There was no one to throw the ball to. Tacklers were coming at him. Time was precious. Something had to be done, so Magness did it. He started running and he kept running for 90 yards and a touchdown. However that game was largely won for Abilene by Cisco two weeks ago when the Breckenridge menace exploded with a loud bang. That 26 to 0 defeat that the Loboes administered shattered the spirits of the Buckaroos.

Abilene looked good Friday and it may be that the black shirts have hit their stride. Phelps made a touchdown on a 30-yard run; Smith paved the way for another with a 20-yard gallop and then carried the ball over. Passes—Smith to Salkeld and Allen to Daniels—then a gain by Smith netted another score. Phelps made the final touchdown.

The biggest bargain in town

Good Will reconditioned used cars

Come in today and inspect the biggest used car bargain ever offered in one group! These cars are on sale at special low prices! Every car is fully equipped and has been thoroughly reconditioned. And backed by the famous "Good Will" policy, every car represents the largest value in the city at its price! Don't miss this opportunity! Come in today!

Welcome

LEGIONNAIRE and member of the Aerocade

Deer Season Opens Nov. 16th

There's no need going out for deer unless you go prepared in the right way. We have the kind of guns and ammunition for deer hunting—or any other kind of game you want to hunt. When you buy—get the best.

Lawson Heaters

There's no need waiting for a real cold spell but get that heater installed now. We have a complete line of Lawson Heaters—a style for every need—a type for every price.

Hardware

Winter time is hardware time and here you will find a stock that has been selected for its high quality. Whatever your needs are in this line we can supply you.

HARDWARE—FURNITURE—UNDERTAKING

Killingsworth-Cox Co.

"Everything a Hardware Store Should Have"

Phone 29 Ranger

ARMISTICE DAY

Foot Ball Game

AT CISCO

Ranger Bulldogs

VS.

Cisco Loboes

THIS GAME WILL BE PLAYED AT CISCO MONDAY AFTERNOON

It is the big game of the season. Don't miss it. Tickets are on sale now at—

RANGER DRUG STORES

1928 Pontiac 4-door Sedan—This car like new in every respect. See it.

1927 Pontiac Coupe—Thoroughly reconditioned. Paint new. Tires practically new.

1926 Chevrolet Coupe—New Tires new paint. A real little two-passenger coupe.

1926 Buick Master Six Touring—Looks good, runs good, equipped with Rex winter enclosures.

1925 Dodge Coupe—Good motor, New tires. Duco paint. See this car for a bargain.

1926 Chevrolet Roadster—Be sure to see and drive this car. Well worth the price.

Small Down Payment—Easy GMAC Terms. See our daily bargains in the Classified Section.

GOOD WILL OAKLAND Says— "One reason why 'Good Will' used cars are popular is because we back them to the hilt!"

Boyd Motor Co.

Ranger

TEN YEARS AFTER

By THOMAS BEER
(Written for the United Press)
(Copyright 1928 by United Press)
Editor's Note: Thomas Beer is one of the leading writers in our generation. He is the author of such best sellers as "Stephen Crane—a Biography," "The Mauve Decade" and "The Road to Heaven." He enlisted in the United States Field Artillery in May, 1917, and in January, 1918, was commissioned a First Lieutenant on the staff of the 87th Division in France.

As far as I was concerned the Armistice took the shape of a morose French peasant in a black smock who came down to the side of a halted troop train and told us that the war had stopped. We did not at all believe this rural person in the bright, warmish morning, and I was still trying to disbelieve him that night in Thours where the population allowed us to buy anything for it to drink and Chinese lanterns were squashed all over the streets. I had hope at the end of the next war in France nobody will be offended as I was in 1918 by a lot of trivial, cheap rice paper and sticks trailing behind his spurs on the way back to an icy railway carriage. However, the train had to go on, and five young officers were in charge of the dreary machinery of this useless little movement on the Lorraine front. We went on, quite endlessly, and played bridge on the side of a suitcase, or got out and bought timed meats and had halves of strange meals in stations, and quarreled about lost razors in our middle of bags and goats. It was desolating, but it was inset with an episode in prophecy.

We happened to represent, roughly, the whole of the United States. North, East, South and West. When we took to pro-

phesying it was, at least, not the pooled opinion of one community. A clever cotton broker, an advertising man, a statistician, a budding banker, a young freight manager and a lawyer mingled minds on the business of wondering what would come out of the war. Ten years later it appears that we were pretty often in the right. I can brag for the party gracefully, because everything I prophesied has singularly failed of coming to pass and the one unpopular view I took of the game as it lay was shared by the statistician. For we two did agree that the United States would be hated, shortly, as only creditors are hated. But sharing in that guess was my only stroke of sense. No, the world is not more democratic, in any sane meaning, since 1918, and I can't discover that the farmer is much better off, and there were some other things I wanted to see happen, and they haven't come along.

We saw this much: From 1914 there had been a keen acceleration of various techniques. Men had been whipped into a monstrous study of methods, medicine, transportation, the art of advertising—unless you must have it called propaganda to make it sound less vulgar—and the allied art of psychology had all been shoved forward. The world had gained. And it had gained through the loosening, largely, of its conservatism as to method. Mere fright had made societies willing to try anything—a Viennese method of dealing with nervous disorders, a French solution for burns and wounds, an American trick with high explosives under water, a fresh kind of wheel-rim for tanks. All these things would be worth having in time of peace, and war had raised them into sight.

"The war spirit," said the grave statistician, "is all right. If you could get rid of the element of slaughter, a war every ten years would be good for humanity. Can't we suppose some desperate international competition that would have the same effect, without loss of life?"

"Try to imagine one," said the advertising man. "No! Your driving element is your fear. That's your gasoline. And you can't get

Governors Console Injured



Between halves of the recent Alabama-Wisconsin game, Governors Graves of Alabama and Zimmerman of Wisconsin paid their respects to Milo Labratovich, star Wisconsin tackle whose leg was broken on the opening kickoff of the game. The Alabama governor is shown at the left here, with Zimmerman in the center, and Arlie Mucks, former Olympic weight thrower, standing behind Labratovich. Labratovich, after having his leg placed in a cast, watched the game from the sidelines in a wheel chair.

your stimulus any other way. A whole society won't move simply from competitive spirit. Half of mankind hasn't got any competitive spirit."

We wrangled about that and then we took to prophesying a bit, and the cotton broker shone here, when the rest of us were dubious. He came from Mississippi and his drawl quickened to a rapid baritone lilt of syllables. He said that a lot of men would be ruined by this war. They'd never get over it. He had grown up among men who had never gotten over a War. It took everything they had. Since he is too clever to read a great deal he said nothing about neurosis and tensions. He was just speaking from observation. Excitement had blistered his millions. The rest of life would be a try at new excitements, drink, curious loves, disillusioned gambling, this way and that way. There would be a new hardness in folks, and a queer indifference, and a "fired kind of feeling that the new dogs won't fight." This was so true, of course, that we all called him a fool.

"But," said the advertising man, "you'll all have to admit that some thing has come out of this dog fight! Let's say it was nothing but a war over commerce, in the long run, and that nobody started it with clean hands. But it's been a kind of education. Look at the States!" he went on to argue that the rural folk had been dragged in to shower baths in camp and had probably gotten over some medical superstitions. Men would go home to backward districts with ideas of sanitation and clothing. The world had been made smaller for them. It had been a good thing and a new thing for masses of men. They had learned heaps. And perhaps this wartime cynicism and skepticism would end a quantity of false values, pruderies and evasions.

"All right," I said, "but your damned war's destroyed thousands of talents. You know the names of some of them. I grant your philosophy of accident. The ill wind has blown good—and perm-

inent good. But we don't know what the world has lost!"

"Yes," said the advertising man, stretching his handsome legs, "but the clock won't tick backwards. It's happened this way, I claim the commonplace man's going to be better off than he was."

The young freight manager, who never spoke at length, said slowly, "Let's hope so. But my dad was finishing the plans of a cheap gasoline carriage when he went off and got killed in Cuba. The commonplace man needn't have waited for twelve years more after 1898 for cheap transportation, if he's a farmer. And you didn't have to sell papers when you were nine years old."

"May be it was rather good for you," someone said.

"May be. Only," said the young manager, very simply, "I don't love, disillusionsed gambling, this way and that way. There would be a new hardness in folks, and a queer indifference, and a "fired kind of feeling that the new dogs won't fight." This was so true, of course, that we all called him a fool.

I remember just what he said, although he may not remember it himself. We were jogging in a clear noon light through upper France, now, and passing more platforms with their flags and their swarming, mixed uniforms. Just when he said "and sorrow's worse" the train slowed at a station where many coats were English and a tall, old officer with gold on his cap was directing something out of our sight. Perhaps it was his glitter more than the blank band on his arm that made us look at him. But we all looked at a lady whose face was hidden in her veils and at the two children with her, a scared, embarrassed little lad and a girl who might be twelve. They edged in close to their mother and the girl tried not to cry. She tried so hard that I wanted the train to hurry me from her before heels grated and eight sweating English soldiers came up with the drab box heaving slowly between their olive

files. They had almost got it past the old officer walking behind their common bodies, when the girl screamed. Perhaps it only lasted for one breath, this everlasting protest. But it was like a white, hot arrow aimed at everyone. I know that we all threw ourselves back from looking at her, and that cry seemed to mount perpetually in air, as if it must be heard above the sun. Then the train moved. But we had nothing much to say, until we were past the town, and could laugh at some children playing soldiers in a bright field.

THREE SIGNERS LIVING

By United Press.
BERLIN.—Three of the Germans who signed the Armistice are still alive. The fourth, Mathias Erzberger, the only politician on the delegation, is dead. He was killed by the bullets of two assassins at the South German health resort Kniebis on August 26, 1921. The three other German signers of the Armistice, Count Alfred von Oberdorff, Major-General von Winterfeld and Commander Ernst Vanselow of the Germany navy, are now private citizens and take no part in politics.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

"All Over the World"

Ranger Dry Goods Co.

The Place Where Your Money

Buys More

HADDOCK

Fresh fish shipments arriving daily. Wholesale or retail.

CITY FISH MARKET

If you are interested in MINT VENDERS Write to WILLIAM H. DYER & SON Ranger, Texas

Jewelry for every occasion. Holiday stock just arrived. DIAMOND RESETTING

Pfaeffle's

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WE SALUTE YOU LEGION BOYS

And Welcome You to the Convention City

On this, the 10th Armistice Anniversary, we extend you the hand of welcome and express our most sincere wishes for a splendid and successful convention.

BISHOP MACHINE WORKS

Have You Had Your Daily Package of "DYER'S MINTS?"

WILLIAM H. DYER & SON

The Nation's Quality Mints

Dyer's Mints

Made Clean—Wrapped Clean. Net Weight 3/4 Oz.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR DAILY PACKAGE OF DYER'S MINTS?

—Everybody is finding Dyer's Mints so delicious, so pure, so delightful, that many people have formed a habit of buying at least one 5c package a day.

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Distributors for

Mill's Automatic Vending Machines, Pianos, Etc.

King's Candy for American Queens

Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Off.

We Want Your Business. Phone 602, Ranger, Texas

THE HUB OF THE OIL FIELD

SOLD THROUGH MILLS FRONT O. K. AUTOMATIC VENDER

DYER'S MINTS are sold only through the Mills Front O. K. Automatic Mint Vender. You simply drop a nickel into the machine, pull the lever and out comes a 5c package of Dyer's mints. While you get full value for your 5c you are rendered an additional service by being able to watch the reels spin around and read your fortune.

Amusement Tokens At Frequent Intervals

In addition to delivering a 5c package of mints and telling your fortune every time a nickel is deposited, the machine also delivers amusement tokens at frequent intervals.

These tokens are small brass checks. They have absolutely no value and are for amusement purposes only. They can be played back into the machine for the purpose of having your fortune told. The machine will not deliver mints when these tokens are used. To get a package of mints a 5c coin must be dropped into the machine.

Look For Mills Front O. K. Mint Vender In Your Neighborhood

Wide awake dealers in every neighborhood are selling high quality Dyer's Mints through the Mills Front O. K. Automatic Mint Vender. This is a sanitary way for selling this high grade confection. All that is necessary is to simply drop a 5c coin into the machine, pull the lever and you get a full size 5c package of mints.

So popular are these high quality mints that last year over 56,000,000 packages were sold through this automatic mint vender.

To make these mints 1,250,000 pounds of sugar was used. These facts are simply stated to prove the great popularity of Dyer's Mints. We suggest that you buy three or four packages at a time so that you will always have a package in your pocket. You will enjoy this delicious confection—absolutely pure, deliciously flavored and conveniently sold at 5c a package.

Special Notice to Retailers

Dyer's Mints are sold by restaurants, drug stores, confectioners, cigar stores, etc. Any retailer interested in selling Dyer's Mints through the Mills Front O. K. Automatic Mint Vender can get full details by writing us.

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Jewelry, Leather Goods, Cutlery, Glassware, Candy; Distributors for Mint Vender for West Texas; King's Candies for American Queens



10TH ANNIVERSARY

Our doors swing open to you, Legions, in memory of your deeds on bloodstained fields of battle.

On this solemn occasion of the convention of ex-service men do we dedicate our airport, and join with you in celebrating this Armistice.

Bourdeau Bros. Planing Mill

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

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LEGIONNAIRES, WELCOME!

—You are always welcome and doubly so on this the tenth Armistice Day. Let us remember

OUR BOYS WHO PAID THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

And who are now in the silent city of the dead—yet who will live in memory forever—let us pause today and pay them silent homage.

THARPE FURNITURE COMPANY

WE FURNISH FROM PARLOR TO KITCHEN

Phone 154

Ranger



REVEILLE

Will Not Be Today

But There Is a Hearty

WELCOME

From the citizenship of Ranger and we join them in welcoming you "Buddies" to our city.

May your stay here be one pleasant memory that you'll never want to forget.

Welcome Again Welcome

RANGER SHOE CO.

Quality—Service—Popular Prices

BRILLIANT BOOKS ARE POURING OFF PRESSES

History, Mystery, Humor, Satire, Autobiography Are Reviewed.

By PAUL W. WHITE (United Press Feature Editor) A Brilliant Novel. Aldous Huxley has a clear mind and surely no other English fictionist has a style so gloriously brilliant. "Point Counter Point" (Doubleday-Doran), his latest nov-

el, is almost sheer perfection in the art of writing. But that does not say "Point Counter Point" is through its 432 pages continuously entertaining. On the other hand the reader's interest is apt to flag and he may find himself wondering whether Huxley has become too hard. Even the most glittering satire should be tempered with sympathy.

But smart people who move across the pages of this book, thinking and speaking their creator's thoughts, are not very attractive people. Not even London society, we are convinced, harbors such hopelessly and incessantly obscene characters as Huxley places in his own particular Mayfair.

The humor that was so blessed a part of "Antic Hay" is missing to a large extent in "Point Counter Point." For that reason you may be less than enraptured by the doings and dialogues of Bidlake, Quaros, Elinor and others of the new Huxley portraits.

Who Did It? The contribution of Evelyn Johnson and Gretta Palmer to the gap left in our moments of recreation by the death of the cross-word puzzle and ask-me-another vogue is "Murder" (Covici-Friede).

The book contains accounts of 32 crimes which are left for the reader to solve. After puzzling his wits and (usually) failing to guess who killed the bank president, how the famous multi-millionaire escaped from the airplane, and where the costly pearl was hidden, the reader can turn to the back of the book, break open the sealed envelope attached to the cover and find the answers therein.

It will be apparent, of course, that the clues are fair except in those cases which you are unsuccessful in solving.

For No Good Reason. Frank Sullivan in the foreword to "Innocent Bystanding" (Horace Liveright) informs us that it was to have been a pretty monument work and might have been so had not a fickle wind whisked away many of the sheets of his manu-

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



FOR PETE'S SAKE!! WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? OSCAR CERTAINLY HAS THEM GUESSING NOW!!

EAT Banner ICE CREAM
"It tastes better"
On Sale at
ALL FOUNTAINS

WE MAKE LOANS ON HOMES PAY LIKE RENT
Ranger Building & Loan Association

TRUE'S PAINT
For every paint need
PICKERING LBR. CO.
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WRECKER SERVICE
First class repair work.
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LONE STAR GARAGE
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GOOD USED CARS
Oilbelt Motor Co.
Phone 232 Ranger

take ENOUGH ice
—It pays for itself in the food it saves.
SOUTHERN ICE AND UTILITIES CO.

We appreciate your patronage. Enough chairs to give service.
GHOLSON HOTEL BARBER SHOP
Basement of Gholson Hotel

Thomas Tire Co.
Ranger
Goodrich Tires at Wholesale prices to Everybody.

WHETHER
It's a prescription or drink at our fountain, you'll find our service right.
OIL CITY PHARMACY
Ranger

The Fountain
Nine Years on Main Street
Fruits, nuts, candies—Smokers' articles, etc.
Phone 417, Raymond Teal prop.

HEATER TIME
No need worrying with that old one. You'll save gas with a new one.
Tharpe Furniture Co.

Ranger Cafe
OPEN ALL NIGHT
Service
Quality Foods, Courteous

When you wonder what to cook
Eat Barbecue
We cook it right and sell it hot. Bring your bucket and get the gravy.

THE JAMESONS'

script and scattered them to the four winds. "Oh there were more than four winds that day. I counted seven. There must have been nine or 10 in all."

Then, with formal thanks to the Acme Comma company of Bayonne, N. J., for the commas used in the book Sullivan is ready to proceed.

His is an irrepressible humor that is easier to enjoy than analyze. He has a trick of putting familiar words in completely unfamiliar surroundings but his wit is much more than that. Sullivan sees the whole panorama of modern life as a good deal of a joke and, for all we know, it may be one. Thus, in this at times hysterically funny book, you will find discussed comically such serious subjects as the income tax, alarm clocks, street cleaning and the Tiller girls.

MOM'N' POP



A Long Awaited Collection. "The Buck in the Snow" (Harper) is the first book of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay in five years, which is at least four years longer than her admirers care to wait.

Yet this work finds Miss Millay in a more sombre mood than heretofore and her verse suffers somewhat in consequence. "Moriturus" finds the poetess thinking of death and the conception is almost morbid in its intensity. The spontaneity of her earlier poems is lost in those verses which follow the tenor of her previous writings, but Miss Millay is still one of the most interesting and stimulating contributors to modern poetry in this country.

Chills and Thrills. Having little respect for the laws of plausibility and having the

talent to make his readers forget this failing, Herman Landon has compounded another thrilling mystery story in "Murder Mansion" (Horace Liveright).

The scene is laid in an old New York house over which has lingered the shadow of a crime committed 100 years ago. A piano that at eerie moments, is apt to begin playing "The Devil on Two Sticks" and a leering ghost of Mr. Amicus add to the hair-raising qualifications of the book. This is not a novel to take to a desert island,

especially if there are moonlight nights when the wind wails in the palm trees.

Harold Lloyd. To this reviewer no movie plot is half as entertaining as the incredible story of the movies themselves and the people they suddenly rocketed to fame and fortune.

Such a viewpoint is given support in "An American Comedy," an autobiography of Harold Lloyd edited by W. W. Stout. The book is published by Longmans, Green. It is astonishing that in so few years a harum-scarum youngster in a Nebraska town could become one of filmdom's greatest and make so much money that, as he naively writes, he is now building a home in the inevitable Beverly Hills where he shall be the proud possessor of a private outdoor swimming pool.

Stout has given the volume a lively style, reminiscent of its hero's cavorting on the screen.

Balboa. "Sails and Swords," by Arthur Strawn (Brentano's), is the story of Balboa and an important contribution to English biography. Strawn himself is authority for the statement that "Sails and Swords" is undoubtedly the best book on Balboa printed in the English language, because it is the only one.

The man who discovered the Pacific ocean has had plenty written about him in Spanish and in Latin, but the record of his career is limited to meager paragraphs and incidental mention in English.

Strawn has delved deeply into sources contemporaneous with Balboa in compiling data for his book. Balboa appears as a man who rose to leadership through his own ability, accomplished tremendous things, and lost his leadership and his head because his very enthusiasm for what he was doing brought down upon him a crew of adventurers less scrupulous than he.

Strawn's book contains an excellent index and appendix, a bibliography listing 43 authorities consulted, and enough typographical errors in the first edition to give collectors a tooth.

French Compile Bulky History. PARIS.—The French National Printing Establishments have turned out the eighth volume of the official history of the war—unbound, and only the surface of the subject has been scratched.

The new volume consist of 575 pages, but there are three volumes of annexes, each consisting of nearly a thousand pages and another volume of nothing but highly technical military maps. The campaign covered is the first period of the operations to the north of Salonika.

The history is being published by the French general staff, but it is certain that long before it is concluded the present French military leaders, their subordinates and their subordinates will have been dead for years.

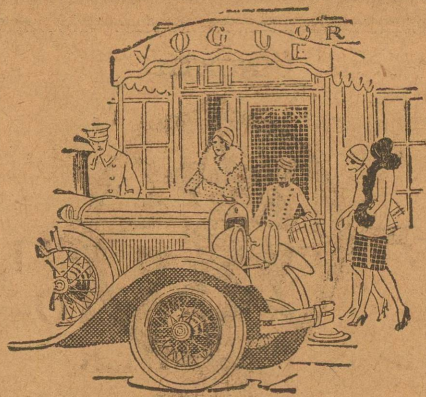
It required forty-eight years for the official history of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 to reach completion. In those days telegraphic and typewritten communications were unknown for battle purposes. But the new history already has at its disposal more than 50,000 dossiers, some of which contain a thousand different documents—army orders, official reports, communiques—or several million pieces of evidence and defense which must pass through technical military hands.

Only one volume is to be completed each year.

ARDMORE.—5th annual convention of Shalom Alchem International oil men's order will be held here November 8.

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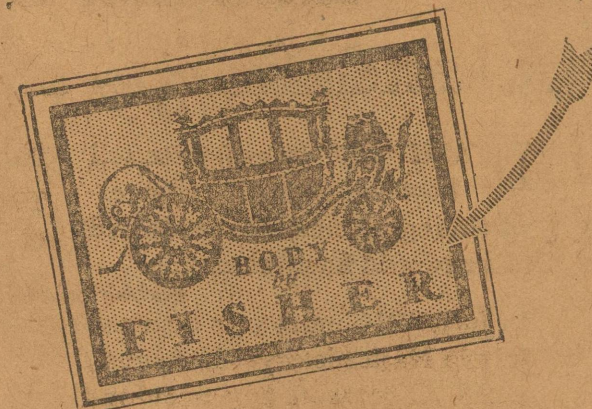
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FORT GRIFFIN'S RUINS A PLACE OF INTEREST

West Texas Landmark Once Scene of Surging Activity.

By TROY MORRIS.
Crumbling buildings, scattered corrals, broken bottles and dishes, unroofed officers' quarters, chimneys standing as silent sentinels,

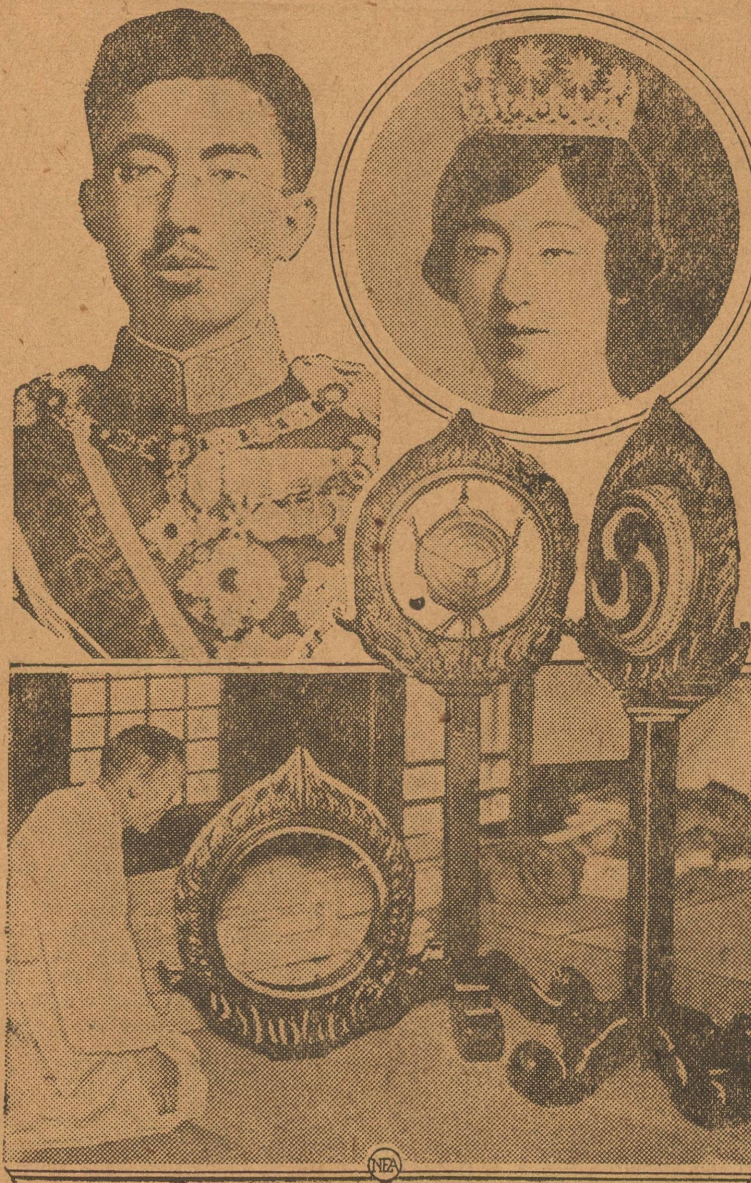
while the houses they warmed have long since crumbled into the dust, or the native stones scattered haphazard over the countryside, the parade ground, overgrown with bushes, and fast infringing mesquite bushes. All ruin; all decay; all silent; and all devoid of habitation. That is Fort Griffin in Shackelford county today.

Known as Government Hill, which covered a space of not less than 15 acres, are the remains of this once important and imposing fort. Here regiments of soldiers were stationed for the safety of the fast advancing civilization. Of its hundreds or more houses, there is yet but one intact—the old mess hall. Its eaves are yet in good repair; its shingled roof has seemingly withstood the onslaught of the elements and decay of time. It stands as a monument to its builders; it stands as a reminder of the deeds of the early days of the west.

It is true that the walls of the officers' quarters yet stand. But this building is a charred ruin, fire having destroyed it long after the soldiers had marched away. There is a strange tale connected with its destruction. It is said that soon after the soldiers had deserted Fort Griffin, a hermit took up his abode in this structure, and lived there unmolested by man. He was a strange old man, small of stature, snow white hair, and a grizzled beard which completely hid his face, while from deep sockets faded blue eyes peered out at the world. He was a peculiar creature—a human being that inspired fear, and seldom during his lifetime was the old fort visited. An unseen force seemed to impel people away from him. His year were many; he had seen the world; he had lived among his fellowmen, but apparently had not found it to his liking, so he lived alone and brooded, some heavy sorrow seeming to weigh down his frail shoulders. Time passed, and he became a landmark. Then one morning men passing along the road saw the building he occupied a smoking ruin. They investigated. From the ashes they unearthed the body, burned and charred beyond recognition. The cause of the fire and the manner of his death remain a mystery. It was said by some that while he was asleep and he awoke the building burned while he was asleep and he awoke too late to escape, and by others that he was murdered for the money that was reputed to have been hidden away, and the murderers had burned the building to hide their crime.

In front of the officers' quarters is the parade ground. A level piece of land, which before the mesquites sprang up, covered possibly ten acres of ground. The officers' quarters, the corrals and the mess hall are on the east side of this, while on the west ruins are more numerous, and it is likely that the soldiers were billeted on this side. There are yet old fire-

When Japan Crowns New Rulers



Here are the new Emperor and Empress of Japan—Hirohito and Nagako—whose coronation at Kyoto Nov. 10 is one of the greatest events on Japan's calendar for many years. Below, Asataro Takei, noted Japanese artisan, is shown putting the finishing touches on the sacred drums and bells used during the imperial enthronement ceremony.

face it slipped from our hands and broke into a hundred pieces. We continued our explorations, and Mother Earth yielded to us squat whiskey bottles, black, green and red, fancy carved long necks—the type of bottle that our grand father knew. A little farther on we came to a pile of horse shoes which had never been used, but left piled in one corner of the enclosure. The rock wall completely surrounds an acre or more of ground, and was well laid and braced with logs. It does not take a very vivid imagination to see the block house, and bristling from the low wall, vicious looking cannon, for in all likelihood, it was here that the main defense of the post was stationed.

Standing on Government Hill and looking to the north one views the flat low country below, sees in the distance the winding Clear Fork of the Brazos, with its background of low rolling hills, while nearer at hand, surrounded by giant trees, is the sleeping hamlet of Griffin. The scene is one of peace and quiet, the panorama restful to the eye, yet in the years gone by it was not thus, for Griffin was one time an important trading point, and the headquarters for buffalo hunters. It was peopled with every manner of humankind. Sharpe's rifles and Colt's six shooters were the supreme law of the land. It was a town filled with tumultuous life; a town where men died young. It was a product of the early days, and with the passing of those days Griffin gradually drifted into a sleep from which it has not yet awakened. But as we have said it was a thriving metropolis in the early seventies from which great caravans moved forth, loaded with buffalo meat and hides, as many as one hundred thousand skins being shipped yearly. It boasted of ten saloons that never closed their doors, and if there were any churches they are never spoken of. There was an "eating joint" in this town then that was the equal of any to be found on the outside, and the meals that it served, and its strong, black coffee were spok-

en of in remote places. It was the only one, and remained the only one until the end.

As one goes down into the valley he passes the old jail, if we may call it such. It is a tiny building not more than seven or eight feet square, built entirely of stone, even to the roof, which is in a wedge shape. The space for one man, yet, when Griffin was in its heyday, as many as eighteen have been placed within—packed like sardines until they could not move and hardly breathe. It is a landmark, and will long remain such.

Away from the road, over in a pasture, is a large two-story rock structure. Tradition tells us that it was the first Masonic Hall built west of Dallas. The old building is still in use, the people of the community using it for a church. We viewed it, and high up close to the roof, on the outside, is a stone plate on which is carved the Masonic emblem and the figures 1872.

This hamlet is in the lowlands, and it is said that some years after it was established a disastrous flood almost wiped it from the map. The story as we have it is as follows:

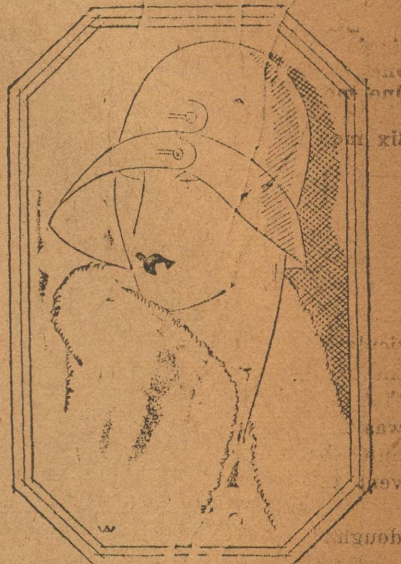
In the spring of 1876 the Tonkawa Indians, who had their village located on the banks of the Clear Fork, suddenly commenced to move to higher ground, without any apparent cause. The settlers became curious and asked the chief the reason of the sudden flight.

"Much big flood," grunted that individual.

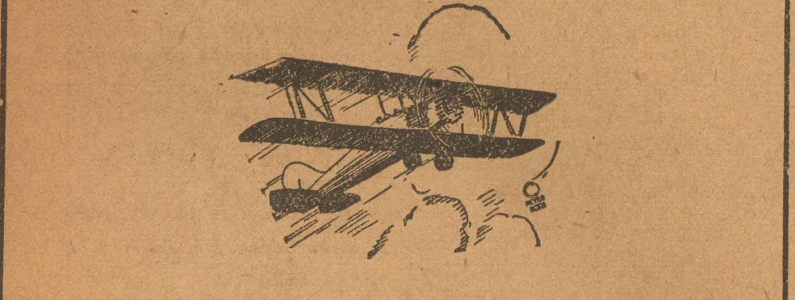
The white men laughed long and loud, as there had not been enough rain to wet a man in his shirt sleeves. The Indians completed their moving by May and things rocked along until the fifth of June. On that night the heavens were clear, and a full moon bathed the landscape in its mellow and seductive light. There was no hint of disaster, no hint of rising water, yet before dawn (caused by a cloudburst near the head of the stream) the muddy red waters of the Clear Fork came racing down with a roar that woke the people, and before they could escape to Gov-

ernment Hill the whole flat was engulfed, and the raging waters ran four feet deep in the streets of Griffin, carrying before them shanties, and melting to the ground the adobe houses. It was a night of horror, death and destruction. When dawn came it was found that practically the entire town was demolished.

This was in the dawn of West Texas history—not old in years, but centuries in development. The old fort is a crumbling ruin. Griffin is still there, but in the place of the old tumultuous town, there is a sleeping village, and the Clear Fork sweeps smoothly on toward its mother, the sea. If they could talk, these old buildings, this earth that has drunk the blood of humankind and this peaceful stream, what strange and entrancing stories could they tell?



THE DISTINCTIVE TRAMPING on this ledge felt hat consists of two tabs at one of the corners and held in place with a hook and eye fastener, and a small button at the top.



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To Ranger and all the amusement we have arranged for your entertainment. We invite you to have a part in the dedication of our Airport. We welcome you.

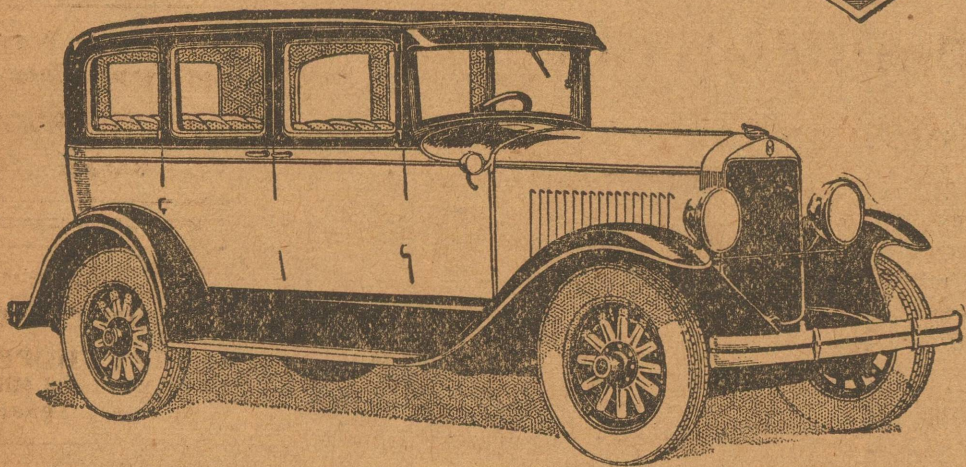
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Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from \$860 to \$2485. Car illustrated is Model 610, five-passenger Sedan, \$875 (special equipment extra). All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

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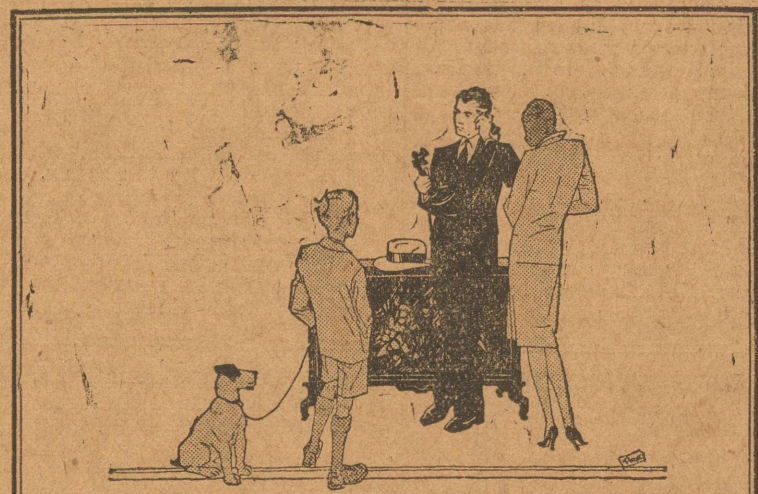
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places standing with no semblance of buildings near them, while farther on, and on the very outer edge of the post, there are the ruins of a once imposing structure. In the three walls that are yet intact, there are numerous windows, devoid of frames. The windows there large, while the single door is low and narrow. Beside the door is a fireplace built into the wall. It is a small affair, but sufficient to heat the big building, which is of native stone, and plastered with red clay. The north wall of this building has crumbled, and from indications the other three will soon follow.

Back of this building is a corral built of rails. On the ground we found a gate hinge. It was not like the hinges we know, but a huge affair, that when closed looked like the mouth of an alligator, while drilled through it were numerous holes, as many as

twelve to the side and placed in rows of three.

A little way from the mess hall, on the east side, are the ruins of what was once a barricade, built of rock and logs. In the enclosure were many ruins. There was the foundation of a house, a stone walk, a huge cistern, a cast iron stove broken into a thousand pieces with only the squat legs remaining intact, and over the entire space was scattered glass—the pieces of hundreds of broken dishes, on which the designs were clearly visible, while interspersed with this was the glass from bottles of various hues. Under a large and aged mesquite we dug into the earth with a pointed stick, and some six inches under the surface intact, and over the entire space was scattered glass—the pieces of hundreds of broken dishes, on which the designs were clearly visible, while interspersed with this was the glass from bottles of various hues. Under a large and aged mesquite we dug into the earth with a pointed stick, and some six inches under the surface intact, and over the entire space was scattered glass—the pieces of hundreds of broken dishes, on which the designs were clearly visible, while interspersed with this was the glass from bottles of various hues.



Let's Find Out

ONCE the Joneses drove 30 miles to visit cousins who weren't at home!

So now they find out first. A Long Distance call—to just anyone at the distant residence—assures them a ready welcome.

Station-to-station service* makes it reasonable. You talk with whoever answers the telephone—don't specify a particular person.

If you give the number it's quicker!

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Armistice Day **WELCOME LEGIONNAIRES ARE YOU GUILTY Of Criminal Negligence?**

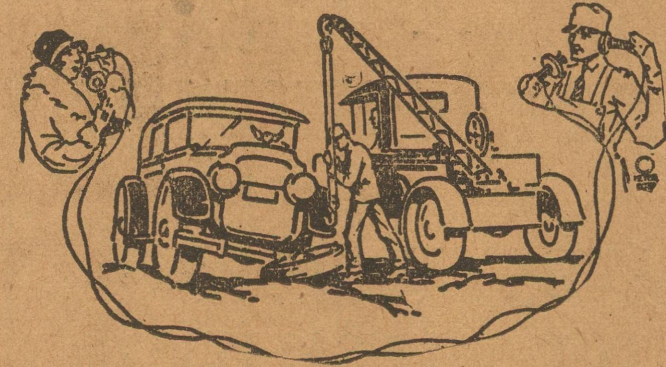
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General automobile repairing, fender and body work, acetylene and electric welding. Equipped to handle any and all auto wrecks, using factory machinery and methods. Call 23 for instant road service.

American Legionnaires, welcome to our city on this our tenth Armistice Day, and may all the pleasures of Ranger be yours.

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Agent
Ranger,
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The Adventures of The Fire Hellion

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GUESS I'LL LIGHT MY PUNK BEFORE I GO OUT

JUNIOR, STOP! DON'T EVER LIGHT MATCHES OR HAVE ANY OTHER FIRE NEAR FIREWORKS IN THE HOUSE

WHAT'S THE USE! WHEN BOYS HANDLE FIREWORKS CAREFULLY THERE IS SMALL CHANCE OF FIRE

Do everything you can to prevent Fire—then insure with a Hartford Agent

CONSTRUCTION OF NEW DODGE AGENCY BUILDING STARTS SOON

\$30,000 Brick Building to be Erected on Corner of Commerce and Daugherty Streets

R. S. Glenn, Cisco, has been retained as the architect for the new \$30,000 building to be erected on the corner of Daugherty and Commerce Street by the Deo Sanders Motor Company, Sanders announced today.

The building will be used by the company as the home of the Dodge automobile.

It will be a 75 by 100 foot building, one-story, with a basement the size of the structure.

The main floor will be used as a salesroom and office and will be

located on the south and east. The brick structure will face on Commerce Street.

The basement of the building will be occupied by the shop and mechanical department of the Dodge agency.

E. R. Johnson, secretary and treasurer of the company, has closed out a wholesale tobacco and candy business in West Texas, belonging to him and Sanders, and has moved to Eastland.

One house in San Angelo was

sold and one in McCamey is in the process of liquidation.

Sanders stated this morning that it would be 30 days before actual work started on the building and that it would be probably the last of February before it would be ready for occupancy.

The lot on which the building will be located, was recently purchased from Abilene parties.

Until the building is completed the agency will be located at the present place of business on South Seaman.

One carload of new Dodges was received by the company yesterday direct from the factory.

A woman in Evanston, Ill., defied the jinx, walked under a ladder and it fell on her head. But probably her "intuition" told her it was going to happen just like that, and she walked under the ladder just to test the premonition.

Sugar Cane From Tropics



Uncle Sam is determined to revive the sugar cane industry in this country. For this purpose Dr. H. W. Brandes, of the Department of Agriculture, has returned after an adventurous trip in New Guinea with 221 tropical varieties of sugar cane and has begun introducing them experimentally here. He is shown above planting some of the varieties in a government hot house.

MONEY REPAYED AFTER WAITING SIXTEEN YEARS

Chinese Servant's Faith in American Borrower Finally Justified.

By HAROLD P. MILLS, United Press Staff Correspondent. SHANGHAI, Nov. 10.—Sixteen years of unwavering faith in the honesty of a penniless American, whom he aided years ago, has been rewarded and Sing Tsau-lib, a grey-haired, aged Chinese hotel room-boy today is happy in the ownership of his own house and the knowledge that he has enough money to support himself and family for the rest of his days.

Here's the story: In 1912, Virgil Crumpacker, who originally came to Shanghai from Unionville, Mo., a country town about 200 miles north of Kansas City, was ejected from a local hotel for non-payment of his bill. Crumpacker had lost everything he owned in ill-advised investments.

He had lived at the hotel many months and had a faithful old servant in the person of Sing Tsau-lib. The latter, with an abiding faith in his master, advanced from his hard-earned savings enough money to buy a third-class passage to America for Crumpacker.

The years rolled by but Sing still believed in his former master. To other old employees he would often say:

"Master come back this said some day; I no worry."

Every year on Sept. 15, Sing would repair to a temple and burn joss sticks for his old master.

Crumpacker made his way to

Alaska and eventually became well to do. He recently returned to Shanghai, compelled the now feeble Sing to quit work, purchased a home for him and gave him a considerable sum in cash.

ENEMY SOLDIER HELPED ALLIES ANNEX VICTORY

Ludendorff Offensive "Tipped" to French by Saxon Machine Gunner.

By J. MacGREGOR-MORRISON, United Press Staff Correspondent. PARIS, Nov. 10.—An ordinary German soldier helped for the allies, according to one of the former members of the French army's intelligence section, who says that the German's only compensation for information which led to the debacle of the German forces in 1918 was moderate treatment and a safety razor with which to shave a beard of several weeks.

It was in the early days of July, 1918, that a Saxon machine-gunner deliberately crawled toward the French lines, showing from time to time a white handkerchief. He was dragged into a trench and told his story. "I hate the Prussians and wish to see them defeated," he said.

The French general headquarters were notified of the German's capture and desire to "tip off something important." One branch of the headquarters was skeptical and refused to have anything to do with the affair. Another decided that there was just a possible chance that the German might be sincere.

He was called into a conference attended by several officers and produced evidence that Luden-

dorff himself had fixed the morning of July 14, 1918—the French national holiday—for the opening of a great offensive.

The morning of July 14 dawned—and there was no offensive, not even the cracking of a machine gun along the entire line. But it did start on July 15 and in exactly the direction indicated by the Saxon prisoner.

Fortunately, his information

had reached Marshal Foch and sufficient troops had been called into reserve and transferred to points behind Compiègne, ready for all emergencies. They were ready when the counter-attack began on July 19, and from that date it was only a question of speed, with Ludendorff's forces and those of Foch both moving in the same direction, but for different purposes.

Ahmed Zogu is paid \$96,500 a year as president of Albania. If the present rapid rate of growth of the United States continues, we may be able to afford a little raise for our president, too.

The former German crown prince writes a magazine story of how he lost at Verdun. The St. Louis Cardinals ought to find out how he does it.

WELCOME LEGIONNAIRES AEROCADRE AND VISITORS TO RANGER

Men and nations forget. Wounds that were deep, wounds festered and rubbed with the salt of hate, have healed in the sunshine of a new day scars that were thought ineffaceable are vanishing as the years pass on. Once more men and goods travel the seas where sailed the grim destroyers, and the plow turns over deeper the buried hatred of the greatest war. And it is well that we forget.

But let us not forget those who, when the nation called in those stormy days were the first to answer. So we join today in paying silent, due, reverent homage to our glorious dead.

JOSEPH DRY GOODS CO

Ranger's Foremost Department Store
208-10 Main Street Ranger, Tex.

WELCOME

LEGIONNAIRES --- AEROCADRE TO OUR CITY ARMISTICE DAY

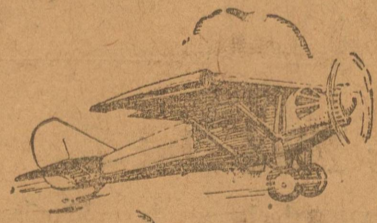
THE PATHS OF GLORY LEAD TO IMMORTALITY

The poet said: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Can this be true? Are we, who sacrificed sons, brothers, husbands, fathers—to be satisfied with ignominious death as finale to their efforts? A thousand times NO!

In their glorious stand for liberty they perished and so passed from the finite to the infinite.

Now, our boys will live forever; On this day let us show how immortal is their glory by standing in silent reverence to the unfading memory of our heroes.

The Boston Store
Hassen & Company
THE SHOPPING CENTER OF RANGER
PHONE 50 RANGER, TEXAS



"BUDDY" WELCOME

---AND HOW!

Legionnaires we want you to feel welcome. The town is yours during your stay here.

AND

We don't want to forget other visitors to our city. Especially do we welcome the members of the

AEROCADRE

Who are our guests. May you get an impression of our city that will leave pleasant memories always.

GHOLSON COFFEE SHOP

JACK FLEISHMAN

"At Your Service"



SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11

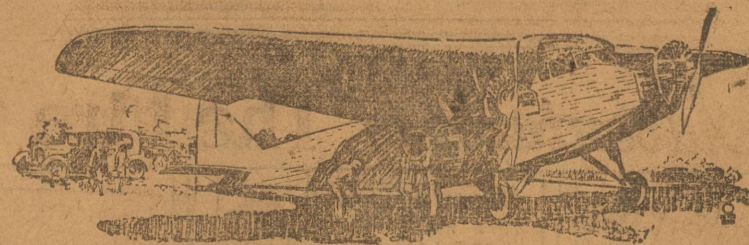
Let us give thanks that the earth, once sown with the salt of hate and watered with the blood of heroes has at last grown fertile and now yields the fruits of peaceful toil.

Let us give thanks that hearts once closed in enmity are today open in good will, that hands which once brandished the sword now guide the plow and the loom, the scythe and the pen. Let us give thanks that we can today pay silent tribute to our martyred youth. And so, this morning, let us pause—

FOR ONE MOMENT

Legionnaires and Men of the Aerocadre

WE WELCOME YOU



CITIZENS STATE BANK

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY FOR POSTAL SAVINGS

LEGIONNAIRES!

Your unhesitating response when duty called to danger for your country's sake has won the undying gratitude of this age and the admiration of all succeeding generations whose enjoyment of liberty and happiness will result from your sacrifices, your sufferings and your deeds.

Ten years after the roar of conflict has ended, America acclaims the living heroes and sheds

the tears of affection and pride beside the graves of the dead, who gave their lives for the deathless principles of right and justice.

Hundreds of veterans of those days of 1917-18 are in Ranger today for their great American legion convention, and the people of this city bid welcome to the men who, in peace as in war, serve the needs of their nation.



"Unlucky Hero" of the War

By RODNEY DUTCHER, NEA Service Writer. (Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Armistic day finds Corporal Walter A. Kleck recovering from one more of a series of operations designed to restore the use of his hips and enable him to walk.

Corporal Kleck has spent more time in hospitals as a result of his war injuries than any other disabled veteran now at the government's great Walter Reed hospital. He hasn't walked for five years.

Corporal Kleck has been displaying his heroism in the 10 years since the war. He did not fall gloriously on the battle field, victim of gas or shell. That wasn't his job. He was never less than 20 miles from the front, for he was driving a supply truck and when he was wounded it was because one truck crashed into another.

Worst Luck of All.
But Corporal Kleck is a victim of the war. His sacrifice has been as great as anyone's and more than once in these 10 years he has brought him to the brink of death. There are many other disabled veterans today, suffering who were not hurt in actual combat. Some of them feel keenly the fact that it wasn't a bullet instead. Theirs, they have often told hospital officials, was the worst luck of all.

This story is of what the war meant to Kleck and, in ferentiality, to so many others. Kleck, upon request, told it as follows: "My home is in Niagara Falls, N. Y. I was a metal worker. I was 21 when I was drafted, sent to Camp Dix and then to France, as a member of the 312th supply train. I was put to driving a big truck. Our headquarters were at St. Nazaire and it was our job to get all kinds of supplies to the front.

"My troubles began at Nevers, after a year over there. We were driving from St. Nazaire to Dijon. The convoy stopped at the bottom of a hill and the truck back of me had bad brakes. When it struck me I was thrown back in my own truck and wrenched so that I was laid up for several days, wound in adhesive plaster. Then pneumonia and flu got me and I spent my first 10 weeks in a hospital.

"This was in February, after the armistice. I was sent back to the states and mustered out at Camp Upton in July. I went home for five months and during that time my spine was being treated, because I was getting worse.

"Eventually I was able to work again and went back to my old occupation for more than a year.

"But early in 1922 my spine and legs gave out on me and they diagnosed the case as arthritis.

"I spent 13 months in the Marine hospital at Buffalo, undergoing physio-therapy. I was just

barely able to get around when I was discharged, and spent eight months at home again. I couldn't work, of course.

"Next it was three months at the Naval hospital in Brooklyn, with more electricity treatment.

"All this time I had been in terrible pain. When this pain finally began to decrease I found my spine had become rigid and immovable.

"From Brooklyn I came here to Walter Reed, and here my legs became flexed, gradually drawing themselves up to a constant sitting position. At times I had 50 pounds of weights on both legs, with the idea of straightening them.

"After nine months at Walter Reed they sent me to Hot Springs for electric and hot bath treatment. I was there 22 months and the pain began to subside. For the first 15 months I was in bed, getting up rarely to take the baths.

"A year ago last September I was allowed to go home again. I could only move about a little, stooped and bent, with two canes.

"On Christmas eve one of the canes slipped. I landed on the floor with a broken hip. This time it was five tough weeks at a private hospital, and then back to Walter Reed in a plaster cast.

"Out of the cast and into a traction, a system of weights and counterweights all over the bed pulling at the break in the hip and making it straight. It was a lot more pain, of course, but you get used to it in two or three weeks.

"Then they found that I had developed ankylosis in both hips. In other words, I hadn't any hips. They wouldn't move. Colonel William L. Keller, who does the big operations here, found there was no trace of the old hip joints left—just stiff and solid.

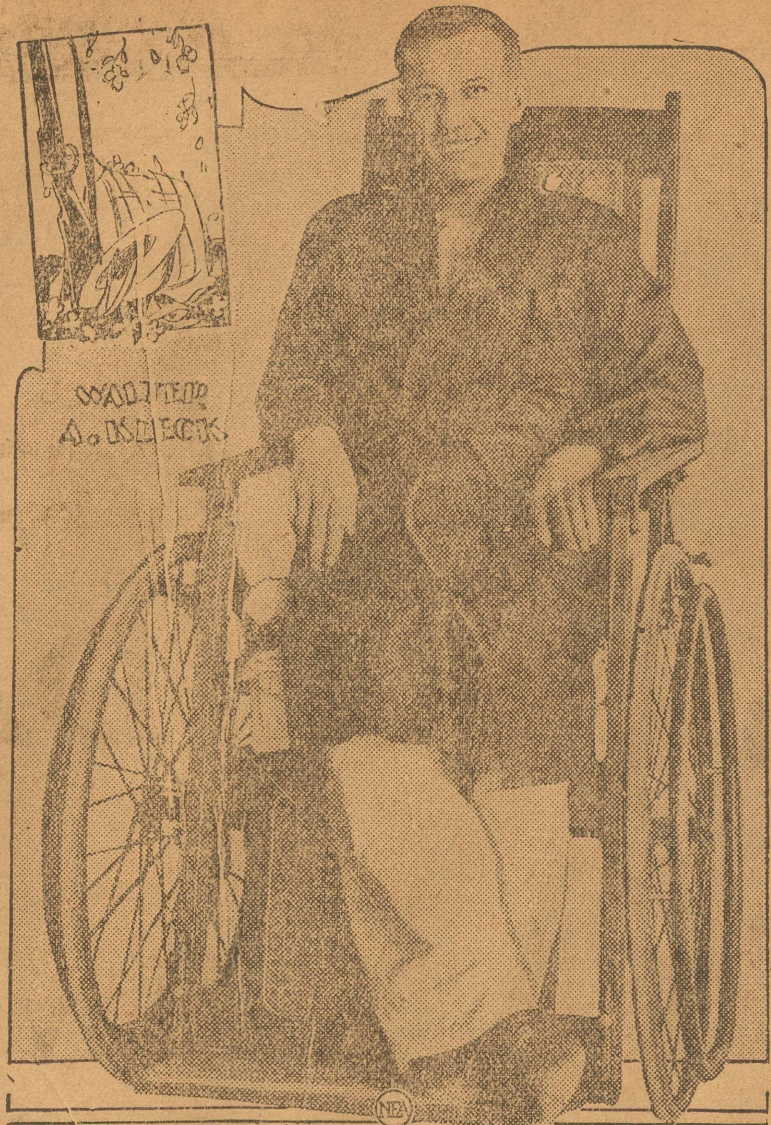
"So Colonel Keller decided to give me some new hips. He had to go in there and chisel where he thought the old ones were, and make new joints. Then he takes and cups it, grinding it off to a smooth surface. Before finishing he took a piece of fat from my leg and put it up in the new joint. He got a three-inch spike and put it into the bone, and then he sewed me up. They won't tell me what the spike is for.

Other Operations to Come.
"He did that to hip number one nine weeks ago. Now I can move that hip, and he's going after the one that was broken. He has to graft a piece of my shin bone to put into that one and give a new joint.

"After this operation they've got to go back to the other hip in about two months and put another piece of bone in that.

"If I'm lucky I won't have to use braces on my legs. I won't ever be able to work, but maybe I can get around with the canes again. Maybe I'll be leaving in six or eight months.

"I'm lucky to come out as well



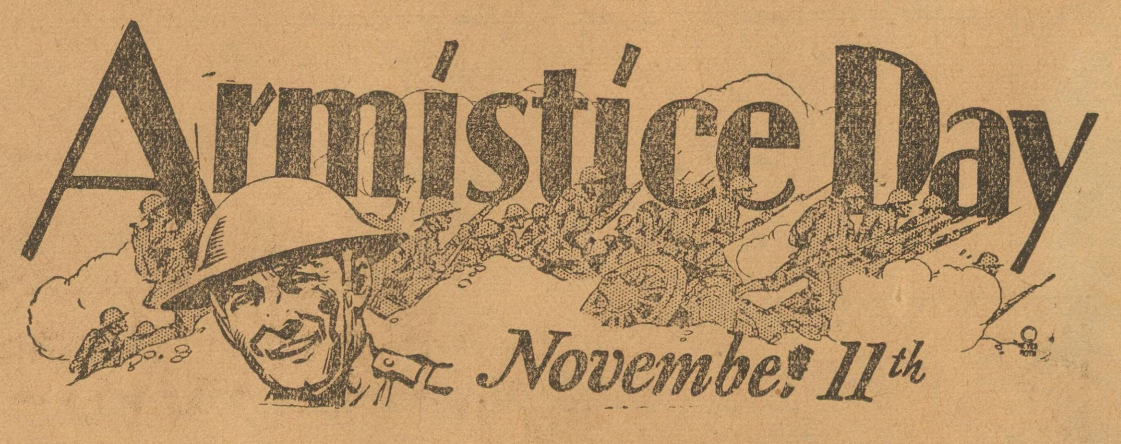
Alameda

as I have. I realize that when I think of some of the other fellows I've seen—especially those with families. I haven't ever whimpered much, but once I had to yell when they were bandaging me. Pride didn't save me from doing it then like it generally has. I don't think anything is more painful than arthritis. For a year I couldn't even roll over in bed. "But everything's been done for me that could be done, and if I get out I can do leather work, making pocketbooks and things like that, and read a lot. I'm just tickled to death that I can sit up in this wheel chair, and when I was out in an automobile the other day for four whole hours, the first time in a year, I had the time of my life."

HUNTSVILLE — Construction of new \$200,000 library begins on local campus.

Wm. N. McDonald
PLUMBING, ELECTRICAL
WORK
PHONE 344 RANGER

We have been having some rather damp weather on the peanut thrashing. The peanuts are kindly short in this community.
Mrs. W. J. Jones spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Jim Blackwell.
Miss Agnes and Eunice Weekes visited Miss Winnie and Linnie Rogers Sunday.
Mrs. Dock Watson and family returned to their home at Roger, New Mexico, Wednesday.
Jesse McGaha of Carbon is already moving some plow tools and we all extend a welcome to Mr. McGaha in this community.
Karl Foreman and brother, Warren Foreman, of Millersview, Texas, spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rodgers. The Alameda school is going along fine now with most of the pupils attending. They are practicing basket ball and will soon be ready to play match games with other schools.
Aron House of Brownwood spent Saturday night with Mr. Dee Rogers.

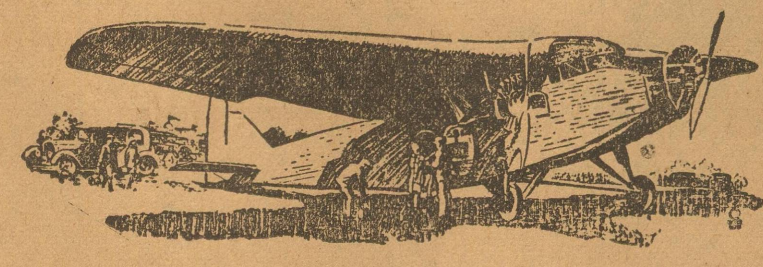


A Million Hopes, A Million Fears A Million Souls Struggling in the Darkness Against Despair then Suddenly---the Light

—Such was Armistice Day; a never-to-be-forgotten memory to the throngs who fought and to the throngs who awaited news of the fight.

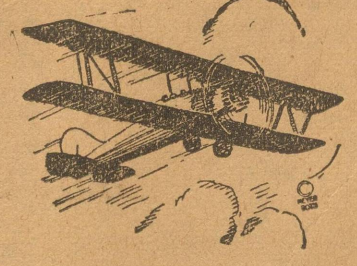
—For us who commemorate the day there is joy in the realization that the struggle was not in vain. The great side of right triumphed and the peace established was a lasting peace. When we stand with bared heads facing the direction of the rising sun, let us give thanks for victory.

Dedicated to Our Heroes who are Welcome to Our City

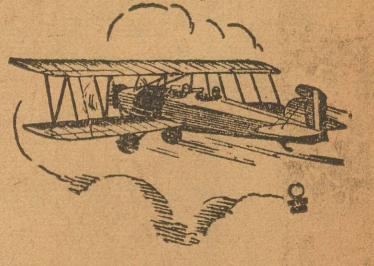


Dedicating Ranger's Airport

—Service must be ceaseless, seeking and developing higher standards; accepting the most modern interpretations of service; the most efficient facilities; exercising the most progressive and aggressive methods of travel and establishing more landing fields.

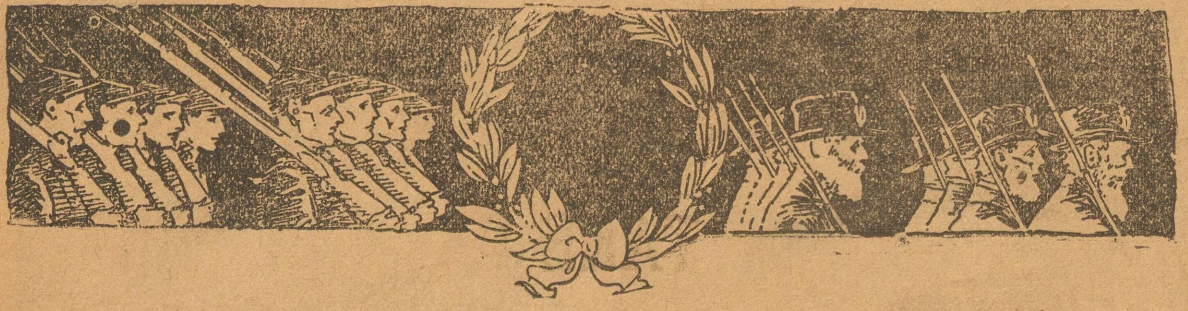


—Today we dedicate Ranger's Airport—and to the visiting aviators we extend the hand of welcome. To your efforts much of the success of the day is attributed.



TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

WE WELCOME the 17th District American Legion Convention



TODAY---ARMISTICE DAY

—DEDICATED TO OUR HEROES OF IDEALISM

ALWAYS in our hearts there is a tender feeling for those who fought in the great struggle—and today as we come to pay tribute to our heroes—both living and dead—let us give thanks for the realization that the struggle was not in vain.

TODAY when you stand with bared heads facing the direction of the rising sun—remember, you are indeed welcome.

Commercial State Bank
Capital \$25,000.00; Surplus \$5,000.00



ARMISTICE

DAY

LEGIONAIRES Welcome TO OUR CITY

May your stay Be Always Pleasant Memories

Shall we break faith on Armistice Day?

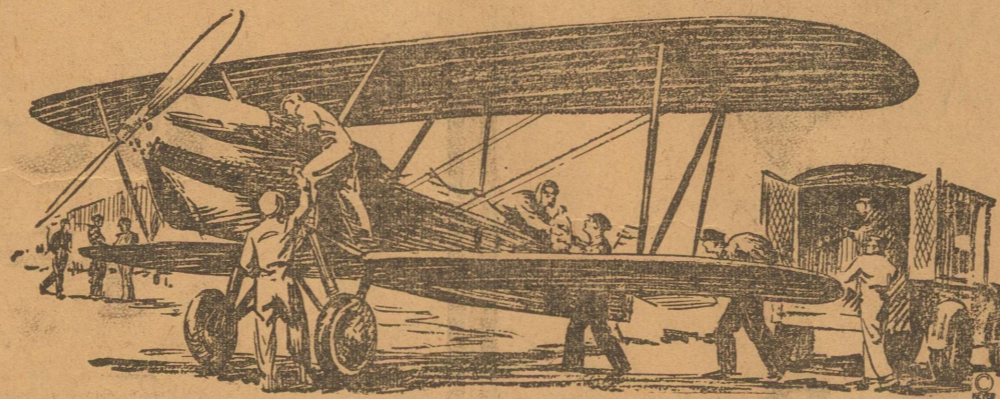
BREAK faith we shall not! Holding high the sacred torch—the torch of heaven-sent liberty—we shall “carry on.” We shall value it as we value an Eternal principle.

Americans we are, all of us; the very name holds in it something high and noble: The uncompromising integrity of a Washington; the trenchant wisdom of a Franklin; the humane charity of a Lincoln, fused by that firm adherence to Justice and Freedom which has earned our nation the respect and gratitude of the hearts of the world.

BREAK faith we shall not! Loyalty to the community, loyalty to the country, loyalty to an ideal sternly beckon us onward and upward, ever bearing aloft the Torch whose flame shall be immortal. Not all of us can be statesmen, not all of us can be heroes. But ALL of us—every one—can be true Americans, worthy citizens of the greatest commonwealth that dwells in the memory of Mankind.

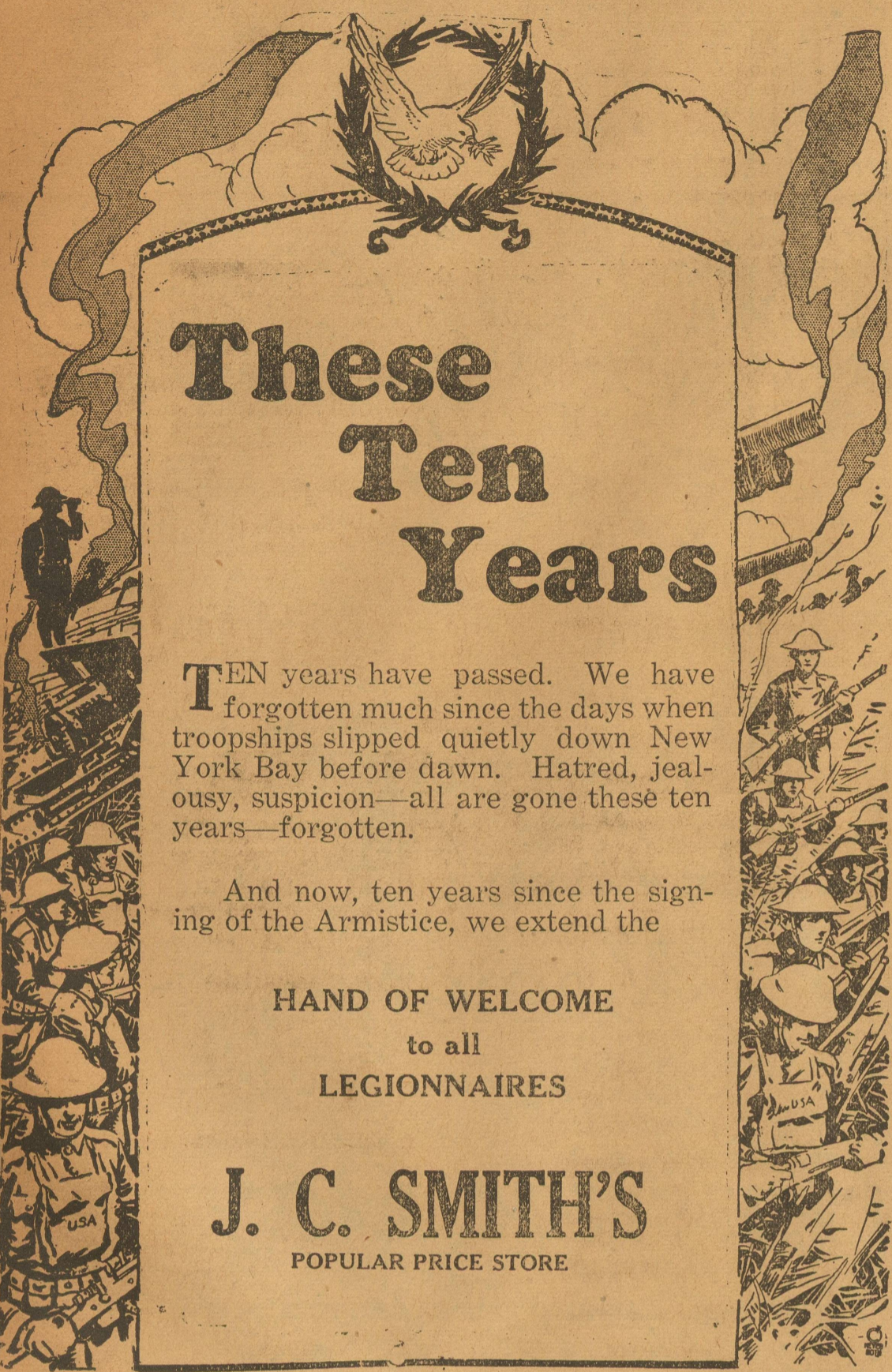
Break faith we shall not! Is not the onward path clearly marked? Honest endeavor, industrious efforts, scrupulous faith to duties of good citizenship—these alone can qualify us to receive the Torch from the hands of heroes in Flanders field.

ESPECIALLY DO WE WELCOME YOU TO RANGER ON THIS THE TENTH ARMISTICE DAY



AND WE ASK THAT YOU TAKE PART IN THE DEDICATION OF RANGER'S AIRPORT

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| Busy Bee Confectionery
107 South Rusk | O. W. Hanson's Welding & Radiator Works
216 Elm Street
Phone 26 | Ranger Building & Loan Association |
| Ranger Tin Shop
207 Elm Street | Jnc. J. Carter, Plumbing and Heating
111 South Marston
Phone 27 | Gill F. Gulley's Barber Shop
105 South Austin Street |
| Standard Tank & Steel Works
Tiffin Road | Robinson Auto Supply Co.
Phone 84
Ranger, Texas | Phillips Drug Store
204 Main Street |
| Clarke's Radiator, Fender & Body Works
403 Main Street | Bill's Dry Cleaning Plant
Phone 511
108 South Rusk | Texas-Louisiana Power Co. |
| | | 117 N. Rusk Phone 15 |



These Ten Years

TEN years have passed. We have forgotten much since the days when troopships slipped quietly down New York Bay before dawn. Hatred, jealousy, suspicion—all are gone these ten years—forgotten.

And now, ten years since the signing of the Armistice, we extend the

HAND OF WELCOME
to all
LEGIONNAIRES

J. C. SMITH'S
POPULAR PRICE STORE

BRITISH SCHEME CURBING RUBBER REACHES CLOSE

Stevens Restriction Plan Is Costly Experiment For Six Years

By United Press.

LONDON—An intensive experiment in the restriction of a world commodity has ended in the British Empire. After six years of rubber restriction the Stevenson plan came to an end. Foreign opposition to the restriction scheme reduced the British position in the rubber industry from one of domination to the role of struggling to maintain a hold in the world market.

The center of the world's rubber control has changed from London to New York since 1922. Mincing Lane—London's rubber market—has been dictated to from Wall street. The immense increase of the use of reclaimed rubber in America, the refusal of Dutch growers to co-operate in the British restriction scheme, and the raising of the pivotal price set by the Stevenson plan combined to wreck the hopes of the restrictionists.

Britain learned about rubber from Stevenson. After the industry experienced the disastrous year of 1926 and the disappointing period of 1927, during which time efforts at restriction were increased to the maximum under the Stevenson scheme, planters were advised to organize selling pools and to give special attention to the development of a higher-yielding strain of trees.

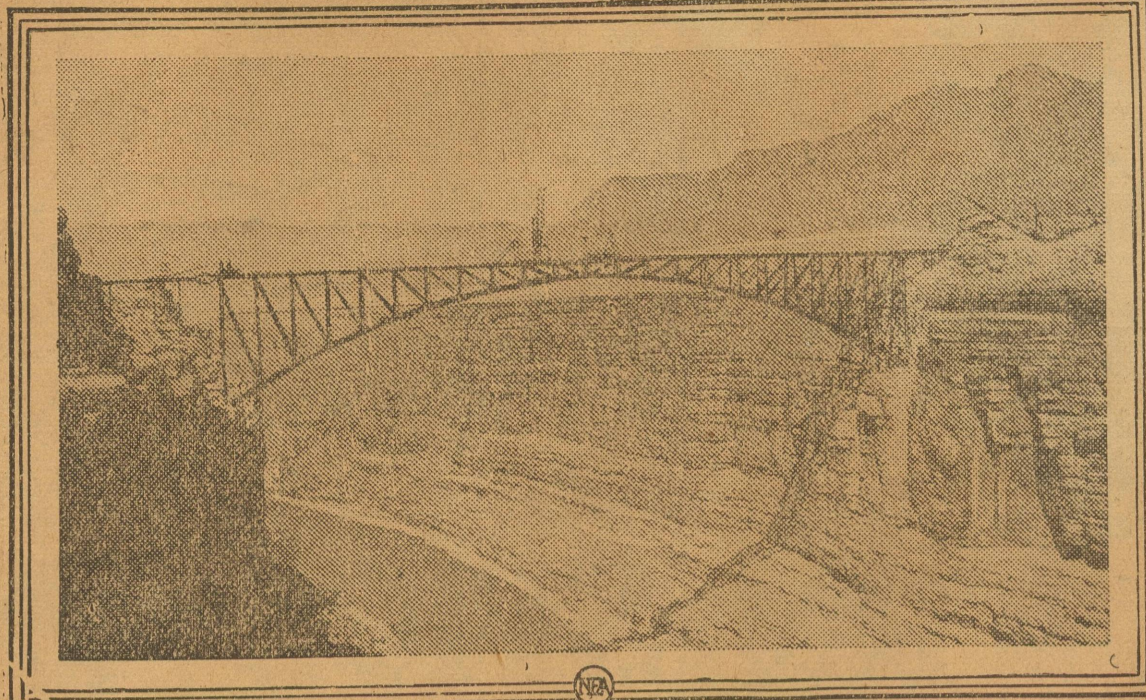
Further Restriction.

Exports had to be further restricted to arrive at the new pivotal price of one shilling and nine pence (42 cents) a pound. The price of plantation rubber made reclaimed rubber profitable and thousands of pounds were put into the reclamation industry. The government was faced with the problem of reducing the price of plantation rubber to meet the reclaimed rubber competition, and at the same time protecting plantation rubber to get an economic price for the product.

While planting was reduced in the restricted areas, it naturally increased amazingly outside the limited districts. British found that restriction was a boomerang, and decided to throw it overboard. America's answer to the plan—conservation of rubber, Firestone's Liberian development, and Ford's project in Brazil—undoubtedly influenced the decision.

The original Stevenson scheme, which became effective Nov. 1, 1922, was intended to stabilize

New Bridge Across Famous Grand Canyon



Three of the West's most famous national parks, Grand Canyon in Arizona; Zion in Southern Utah, and the new Bryce Canyon Park, also in Utah, will be connected by direct highway as a result of the construction of the first highway bridge over the great gorge of the Colorado river. The bridge, some 70 miles by air or 140 miles by road northeast of El Tovar and the Grand Canyon Station, is pictured above. The bridge opens a vast area of scenic wonders now seen by few transcontinental motorists.

rubber in London between one shilling (25 cents) and one shilling and three pence (31 cents) a pound. It was proposed to set up in the colonies machinery to limit the export, quarter by quarter, of a percentage of the standard production, according to the average price in London for the preceding quarter. The scheme went into force in all British producing areas in the Far East.

Unpopular in Ceylon.

The revised Stevenson plan began operation Nov. 1, 1926, and was designed to remove a lack of flexibility in the original plan. The pivotal price was raised to 42 cents and it was provided that in no case should the percentage of release fall below 60 per cent. But the new price was never maintained for a single quarter, and the colonial office declined to reduce the exportable percentage below 60.

Restriction had become very unpopular in Ceylon by this time and new rules for fixing standard

production had to be made for Malaya, the only country where restriction had been really effective. The new rules unfortunately worked the wrong way, raising a storm of public protest, and the Rubber Growers' association appointed a committee to look into the whole matter of restriction.

The decision of the government to remove rubber restrictions, effective today, was announced in the house of commons by Premier Baldwin on April 14, 1928. Consequently the rubber restriction repeal bill was passed in Singapore early in October, after rubber exported from the Straits Settlements for the first six months of 1928 had dropped about 18 per cent, compared with the corresponding period of the previous year.

Some of the results of rubber restriction may be seen in the following figures:

British areas produced 72 per cent of the world's crude rubber

before restriction; the percentage was 49 1-2 in 1927.

The production of non-British estates increased from 134,000 tons in 1922 to 308,000 tons in 1927.

The percentage of reclaimed rubber has risen from one ton in every five in 1922 to one ton in every two at present.

BORGER—Construction completed on new Sunday school annex to First Baptist church.

AUSTIN—Texas common freight rate system abolished.

SUPERIOR
—Feeds for stock.
—Mash for the chickens.

A. J. Ratliff
Phone 109 Ranger

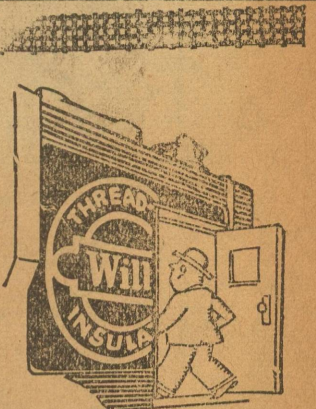
Dan Horn

The continued rain and cold weather is delaying the peanut thrashing, and cotton picking.

The Dan Horn school is progressing nicely. The teachers, Miss Manning of Cisco, and Miss Martin of Eastland spent the week-end at their homes.

Mrs. W. D. Peavy and children spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Harris.

J. M. McCullough is home from Colorado.



If you could do This

If you could take just one sightseeing trip through the inside of a Willard Battery you would know why this MAKE serves better, and lasts longer in the owner's car. We sell Willards because we know from experience that they do a better job, and save the owner money.

Ranger Battery & Tire Company
J. L. Chance Prop.

GENUINE WILLARD BATTERIES AND WILLARD SERVICE FOR ALL MAKES

WELCOME LEGIONNAIRES



Ten Years After Armistice Day

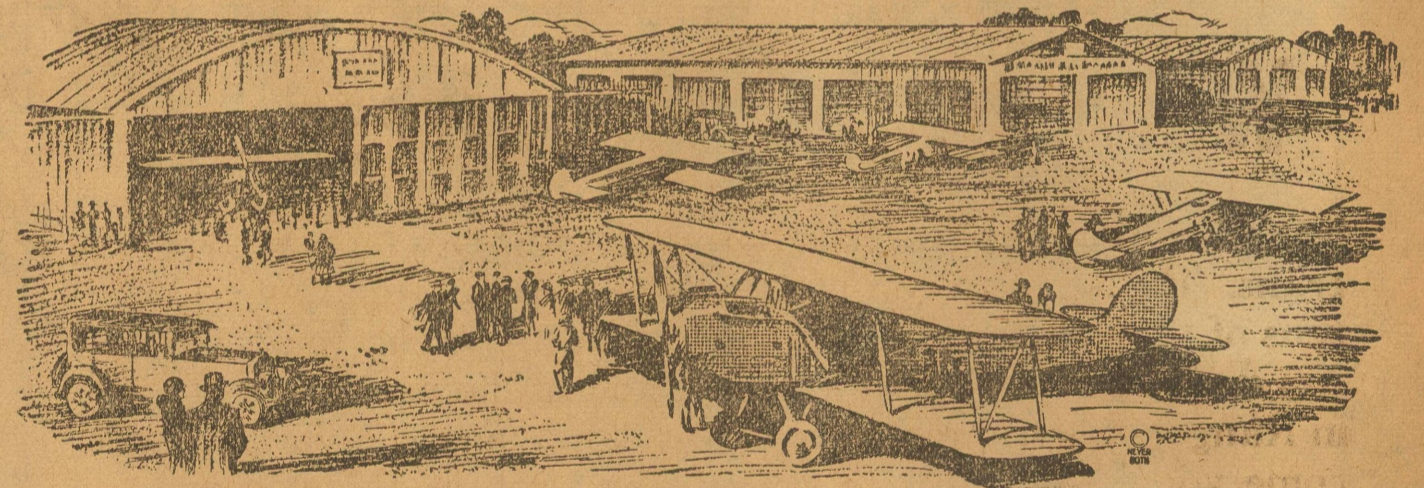
Let us pause today and pay tribute to those who paid the supreme sacrifice—to the gold star mothers who so valiantly gave—and let us not forget our living heroes who are our guests today. Ten years since the Armistice—you are welcome . . . thrice welcome.

Ranger is glad to have the 17th District Legion Convention and the Aerocade here on Nov. 11 and at the dedication of her Airport

BANNER ICE CREAM CO.
Making Ice Cream for West Texas

Dedicating Ranger's AIRPORT

Sunday, November 11th



OUR VISION—

THIS is the Twentieth Century. It is the era of flashing speed undreamt of by our great grandfathers. Great ocean liners churning the seas of the earth, flying expresses dashing across the continent, and now—whizzing birds of canvas and steel, streaking across the sky.

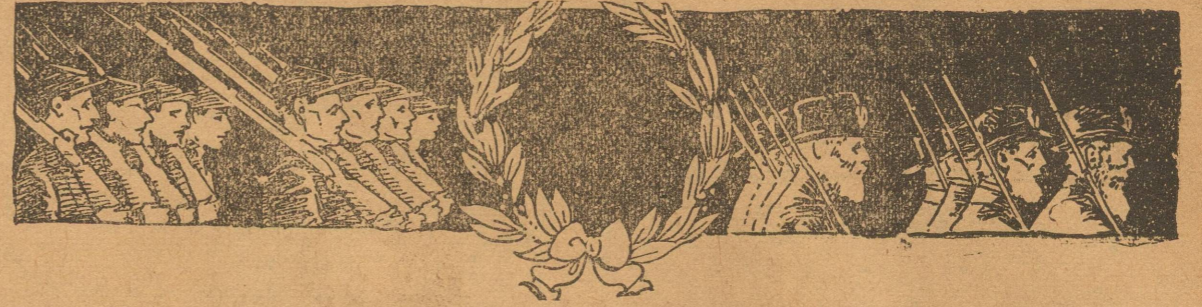
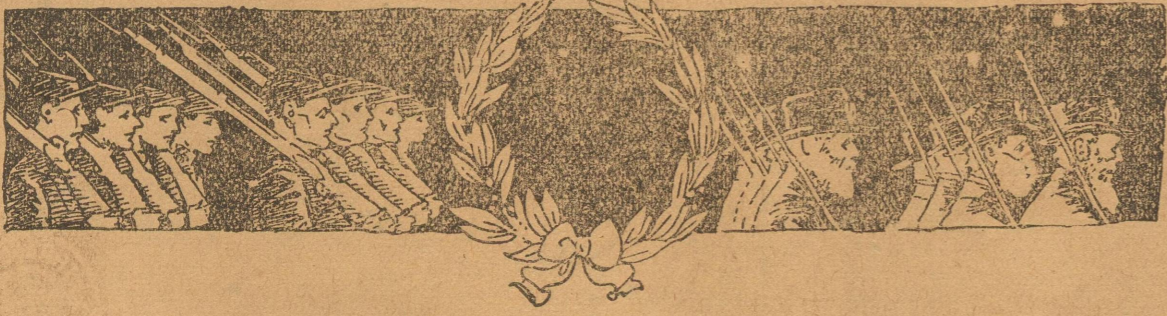
Today we dedicate Ranger's Airport—tomorrow it will be one of the important links in the endless chain of airports connecting Ranger with the leading cities of the United States.

OILBELT MOTOR CO.

Ranger

Eastland

“WELCOME LEGIONNAIRES”



LEGIONNAIRES WE WELCOME YOU TO OUR CITY

ON THIS TENTH ARMISTICE DAY

—We still remember those who fought for us. Not the wounded only are deserving of our appreciations on this day, but to those of you who escaped with battle scars—and are among us today still holding aloft in society and in business the high principles for which you fought. And on this day, dedicated to you, we welcome you, and may you take part in the dedication of Ranger’s airport.

C. MILLER’S GROCERY & FILLING STATION

800 Tiffin Highway

Phone 676

Legionnaires Welcome!

TURN back ten years in the annals of time—a white storm of torn paper—hysterical crowds—booming anthems and waving flags—screaming headlines—and—“Over There” deep in foreign fields those who had made possible this wild rejoicing of a people triumphant. Today—just for a minute—let us think of them, too—welcome again to our city on this memorable day.

HODGES MOTOR CO.

Ranger, Texas



Welcome Legionnaires

Not all of us can be statesmen, not all of us can be war veterans. But all of us can be true Americans, worthy citizens of the greatest State in the Union. And the least we can do for our boys is to welcome you to the best we have in Ranger, we still remember you, and again—we welcome you. And insist that you take part in the dedication of Ranger’s Airport.

THOMAS TIRE CO.

SERVICE FOR ALL

WE ARE AS NEAR AS YOUR TELEPHONE

Corner Oak and Hunt

Ranger

Phone 666

WELCOME, ‘BUDDY,’

The memories of ten years ago are fresh in our minds today—we live anew many of the exciting days of ‘18.

On this the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice we welcome you to our city. May your stay here leave a happy and pleasant memory you’ll love to recall.

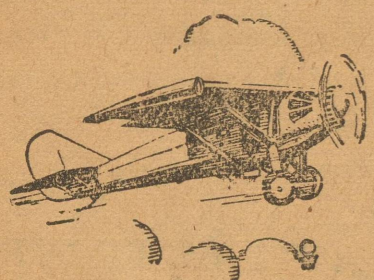
Make our place your headquarters—you’ll have a hearty welcome.

RANGER CAFE

NOTTINGHAM BROS.

“A GOOD PLACE TO EAT”

NOTICE LEGIONNAIRES



The latch strong’s outside, make yourself at home, the best we have to offer isn’t good enough for you, make our store your loafing place. In appreciation of your wonderful fighting records in Flanders Field, we welcome you over and over again, and implore you to have a part in the dedication of the Ranger Airport.

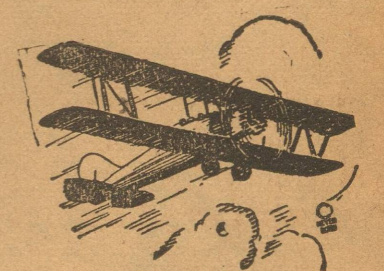
TEXAS DRUG STORE

105 Main Street

Phone 264

W
E
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E

LEGIONNAIRES WELCOME TO OUR CITY



Let us silently bless the unknown legions who have passed in last review; the “Gold Star Mothers” as well as the living heroes. We don’t ever forget you in the walks of every day life. We also pause to remember you, and again we welcome you, and invite you to have a part in the dedication of Ranger’s Airport.

RANGER TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.

East Main

Lowe & Ervin, Mgrs.

Phone 117

WHIRLWIND

ELEANOR EARLY
 THIS HAS HAPPENED
 Sybil Thorne, Boston society girl, was engaged at 18 to a young soldier, John Lawrence, who was sent to France on the eve of their marriage—and never returned. Sybil mourned him for months—and then, in the way of youth, gave herself up to romance and indiscretions in a vain attempt to forget.
 Years later she contracted a wretched marriage, of which a beautiful child was born. When her son was a year old, Sybil brought suit for divorce. On the day on which her case was to have

opened, her husband was killed while motoring from his home in New Haven to court in Boston. Sybil incurred her family's wrath and the displeasure of her friends by celebrating his death with a theatre party.
 Shortly afterward she goes apartment hunting with Mabel Moore, her dearest friend. The real estate agent calls for them at Mabel's flat. When he opens the door Sybil shrieks "John!"
 He recognizes her, and falls fainting at her feet.
 Sybil and Mabel revive him—and he tells the story of his strange disappearance. John Law-

rence—back from the dead!
 When he concludes his dramatic and tragic story of battles and death and shellshock—all as true as the history of the bravest of the brave—he takes Sybil in his arms. And, "Do you love me, Sybil?" he asks her.
 But, meantime, Sybil has had another lover—Craig Newhall. Her heart is pounding wildly as she tries to answer.
 Now go on with the story:
 CHAPTER XLIII.
 Sybil drew away, but he held her in the circle of his arms.
 "Oh, John!" Prayerfully she besought him. "Not now—don't ask me now, John. It's been such a long, long time. So much has happened. How can I tell?"
 His arms about her tightened, and he kissed her hair as he had done so many times before.
 "You've bobbed it, dearest!" he accused her.
 He held her away again, and, looking up, she saw that his forehead was wrinkled as though he were puzzled.
 "It's that odor," he said surprisingly.
 "Odor," she repeated stupidly. "What odor?"
 "The stuff you use on your hair," he told her, and pulled his eyebrows together quizzically. "What is it?"
 "Verbena," she said. "You used to like it."
 John closed his eyes tightly so that they made a crinkly furrow. And furtive memory drew her skirts tantalizingly across his sensuous.
 "It was a girl in Paris," he said at last. "She used that same stuff. Girl at Maxim's. Something about her reminded me of somebody. But I didn't know what it was—or who it was. She drove me almost crazy. I used to sit and watch her—and listen to her. One night—she was a cocotte you see, Sybil—and this night she asked me to buy her a drink. I stood there, staring like a fool—and all of a sudden I got giddy. I didn't know what it was. . . God, Sybil—don't you see—that girl had on verbena, too!"
 John passed his hand over his forehead.
 "I can smell her now, Verbena. . . That's what it was."
 "Poor darling!" Sybil took his thin cheeks between her palms, and drawing his head down, put her lips to his hair. "She reminded you of me, I suppose, only you couldn't know."
 "An odor," he said brokenly. "Like a breath from the past."
 "And it didn't bring back anything?" she asked. "You used to kiss my hair, John—remember? Remember that big psyche I wore? When I had it cut, I put it all away, and kept it in memory of you and your kisses on it. I remember I had some perfume in a little green atomizer with pink roses on it—Tad gave it to me one Christmas. And I always squirted it on my hair when I was going to meet you because you told me once I had the sweetest hair in the world. That thrilled me awfully. . . Tell me about that girl, John. You didn't associate her magnetism with any particular thing about her?"
 "I knew there was something," he repeated. "but I couldn't quite lay hold of it. I sort of thought it was her hands. She kind of flut-

tered them. You know the way some girls do, when they talk. . . "I used to wonder if those white hands of her held the secret of all I'd forgotten. . . I don't remember of having been conscious of any scent about her. But now it all comes back. I can close my eyes, and see her sitting there. . . "She always wore black, French women do mostly, you know. Her hair was sort of gaily—bleached, I suppose. And it used to kind of slip out from under her hat. She'd sit there, toying with a glass, and smiling quietly. . . Sometimes I thought it was her smile that would bring things back."
 "Didn't you ever talk with her?" demanded Sybil.
 John raised his shoulders.
 "Yes," he said all'hy.eiTAOI
 "Yes," he said heavily. "I talked with her—after a while. It didn't do any good, of course."
 "Oh, well!" Sybil said her arm through his. "Let's talk about something else. Come—sit down. We'll talk about me. Have I changed, John? Much, I mean. Of course I've grown older."
 They sat on the divan in front of the fire, but he did not touch her.
 "Look at me," she commanded, "and tell me." She laughed.
 "Talk to me tenderly," she begged. "Tell me lies."
 "Lies?" he said. "I don't have to tell you lies, Sybil. You were an exquisite child, my dear, and now you are a beautiful woman."
 She clasped her hands softly.
 "Hear! Hear!" she cried. "Tell me more, John." And she drew closer to his shoulder.
 "You were a white-souled child," he said, and said it in the voice a man uses when he speaks of the dead. "So sweet and good."
 He looked deeply into her face, so that she felt herself flushing hotly, and put out her hands beseechingly.
 "Yes," he said gravely, "I should say you had changed."
 "But," she stammered, "you really don't know anything about me. Of course I've grown older. I—I've lived so fiercely—and loved and hated. I suppose I have changed. I'm wiser—and hard, I guess."
 With a touch of unconscious coquetry she laid her hand on his and lifted her eyes, swimming now in tears.
 "Marrying and having a child," she said, "changes and improves a woman. I think I am far more attractive now than I was when I was 18, John."
 He had put her on the defensive, and she found herself growing angry with him in the first hour of their ecstasy.
 "Oh, you're beautiful," he cried. "It's not that."
 And then he fell silent.
 She held his hand in her lap, lifting his fingers one by one, and letting them drop back again.
 "Then," she whispered, "all the things you loved me for are gone? And all the lovely dreams are dead. Nothing could ever be the same again?"
 "Nothing is ever the same again," he told her, and turned to meet her eyes. "You've been disillusioned, Sybil."
 He looked at her so intently that she felt embarrassed, as if being disillusioned was like being pockmarked.
 "I suppose I have," she agreed and sighed deeply, so that he might be impressed with the bitterness and tragedy of her life. "You couldn't expect a woman of 28 to be as idealistic as a girl of 18. Women don't keep many illusions. Not outside of nunneries. And life's been cruel to me since you went away, John."
 It was humiliating—this feeling that she must defend herself.
 "You used to be a night sans peur et sans reproche," she reminded him. "You've probably changed a good deal yourself."
 "Oh, yes," he agreed. "Men do, you know. I've been a bit of an egg." He smiled ruefully. "But it's different, somehow, with a woman."
 "Why, I think you're horrid! Anybody'd think—" She drew back from his shoulder, and settled her short skirts primly.
 "John! We're not going to quarrel today!"
 "I should say not!"
 He gathered her in his arms again, and kissed her fiercely—not at all as he had kissed her 10 years before. And when she had freed herself, she was breathless and more than half indignant.
 "You HAVE changed!" she gasped.
 The blood in her veins pumped excitedly. She stood with one

hand on the small table at the end of the divan. With the fingertips of her other hand she touched his shoulder, holding him at arm's length.
 "Oh, John!" she cried, and her voice was small and breathless. "My dear—my dear!"
 The door swung open noiselessly and Mabel advanced upon them, with a try in her outstretched hands.
 "I couldn't knock," she apologized. "I didn't have a hand left. It's awfully convenient, having a door that doesn't catch. You simply kick it when you've got your hands full."
 John took the tray and placed it on a little red table that rubbed lacquered sides fraternally with a painted fireplace screen. There was fragrant coffee in a silver pot, and wafers freighted with toasted marshmallows oozing temptingly. On the center of the tray was a green bowl with purple anemones in it. And the little cigaret trays were orange.
 "Doesn't it look nice and cozy?" demanded Mabel.
 And when they had murmured politely, she confessed good naturedly.
 "I simply couldn't stay away any longer. So I ran down and got a jar of cream, and a package of marshmallows. I thought maybe if I fed you, you'd let me come in."
 She looked from one to the other expectantly.
 Sybil's startled glance darted toward the kitchen.
 "There's Teddy," she cried.
 "Oh, he's all right," Mabel assured her comfortably. "The little girl downstairs took him out."
 She poured heavy yellow cream into huge cups sprigged with morning glories and nasturtiums.
 "There's nothing," she remarked serenely, "like a good strong cup of coffee," and she smiled contentedly as the rich brown fluid from her silver pot blended with the yellow cream.
 Sybil reached for the nearest cup.
 "Oh, Mab," she begged, "don't make John tell it all again. It's awfully hard—talking about it. He simply lost his memory, and Mrs. Foster—you know—the congresswoman—she found him in Walter Reed hospital, and became interested in him. John says she's perfectly wonderful. And when he got strong enough she found him a position here in Boston. Those real estate people are her cousins, I think. And she got him compensation and a brand new start in life. She even chose his name for him—didn't she, John? But nothing anyone could do could restore his memory. Until he saw me, Mab. And now it's all come back again."
 Mabel stirred her coffee incredulously.
 "Don't you read the papers?" she demanded. "If you saw Sib's name in print, wouldn't it have meant anything to you?"
 "Yes, I read the papers," he said. "Has Sybil's name been in them? If it has, it didn't mean anything to me."

"Oh, not much."
 Sybil interrupted hastily.
 "I—I didn't tell you—I haven't had much time, you know. I had entered suit for divorce when my husband died. There WERE a few little stories. Last November it was."
 "I was in Washington then," he explained, "adjusting my compensation. I was there two weeks."
 He was very pale. He put his cup on the table, and his long fingers, drooping between his knees, twitched nervously. Sybil, noticing his agitation, took his arm tenderly.
 "John, this has been an appalling experience for you. I want you to go home, and I'll go to see you this evening. You're in for a terrific period of readjustment, and you've got to take things easily. Where are you living, John?"
 He pressed her hand, weakly grateful.
 "At the Fairmore," he told her. "And I guess you're right, dear. I hate to act like a week-end idiot. But I am pretty well done up. Will you really come round this evening?"
 "I surely will," she promised. "And I'll drive you down now myself. I'll be back for the baby in half an hour, Mab. You won't mind keeping him awhile?"
 "Lord, no."
 Mabel loved taking care of Teddy.
 "I'll tell him a story," she said, "about a man who went to sleep and when he woke up he was some body else."
 She laughed shortly. "It's ghostly—a dead man materializing in front of your eyes. Lordy! I thought for a minute we'd all gone crazy!"
 She shrank with a semblance of horror and proffered her hand.
 "John Lawrence, if you're half the man Sib thinks you are, I'm glad she found you."
 He bowed courteously. "I hope," he said, "we may be something more than business acquaintances now. I'd like to be your friend, Mrs. Moore."
 "That's all right by me," she assured him, and pushed them out with rough good nature. "Be good children now—and don't hurry back, Sybil."
 When they had gone, she set the room to rights with housewifely zeal, straightening the rugs and the table cover. Brushing cigaret

ashes into the fireplace. Slapping and puffing the pillows on the divan.
 "Hello! What's this?"
 A little white box beneath an overstuffed cushion. Mabel opened it curiously.
 "A wedding ring! Well, I'll be darned! Whose? Sib's?"
 She peered within the narrow circle. "R. C. to C. B."
 She held it between her fingers, appraising it unconsciously. One section of her brain counting diamond chips. The other deliberating.
 (To be continued)


EAGLE PASS—Contract let for construction of \$3,800,000 Maverick county irrigation project.

WEAR TILLYER LENSES
C. H. DUNLAP
 Jeweler and Optometrist
 304 Main Street



LEGION BOYS
WE EXTEND YOU OUR HEARTIEST WELCOME
 To Ranger and the Dedication of its Airport.
 Through these ten short years since that memorable day of world-wide rejoicing, you have been greeted with open arms by city after city on the anniversary of this great occasion.
 We are trying to do honor not only to the dead but to those, the living, and again, welcome you—and salute you.

SPEED'S BAKERY
 RANGER, TEXAS



7 Hours in This GLASS-LINED STOMACH
 Extracts Precious Vitamins From Cod Liver Oil—and filters away the grease, odor and objectionable taste. The remarkable and scientific manufacturing process used in producing the famous Waterbury's Compound is known by doctors the world over. That is why they prescribe it to their patients. That is why they endorse it so highly. They have seen the benefits to be obtained in thousands of cases.

If you feel tired out, draggy, pale, weak or if you lack the vitality and appetite you are entitled to get a bottle of world-famous WATERBURY'S COMPOUND from your nearest drugist and learn for yourself what it will do in your particular case. It is easy and pleasant to take and often results are apparent quickly.

Waterbury's Compound

LEGIONNAIRES WELCOME TO OUR CITY

AS we stand this morning with bared heads and face the East—to pay tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice—let us remember the gold star mothers and those of the living who are with us today. On such an occasion we can say

WELCOME
 THRICE WELCOME

—and today we dedicate Ranger's Airport

A. J. RATLIFF
 "Superior Feeds for Every Need"

THERE are others in our midst today that we want to extend the hand of welcome. We hope that you have indeed found the latch-string out. We are glad that you have seen fit to leave business worries—fly over to Ranger and have a good time. We know of no warmer welcome than to say

DON'T—
 BE A STRANGER IN RANGER.



1919



1920



1921



1922



1923



1924



1925



1926



1927



1928



1929








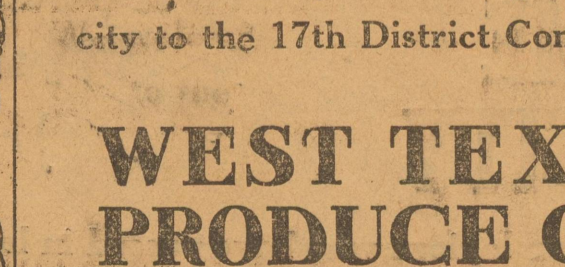
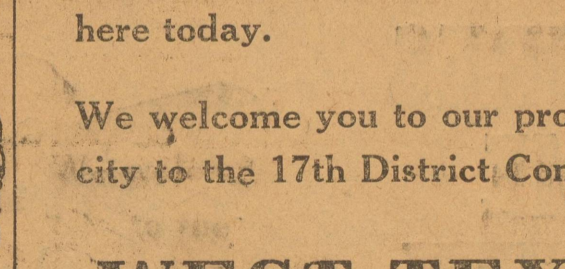
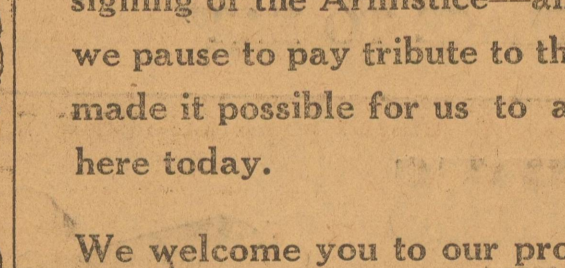
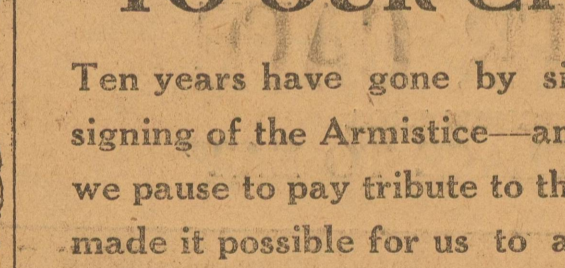
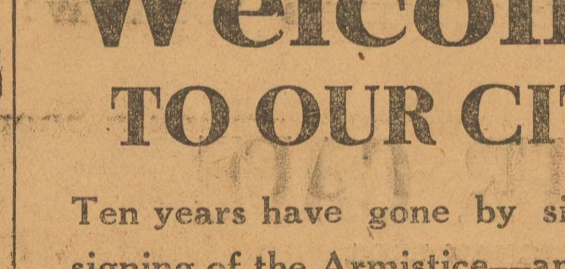






LEGIONNAIRES WELCOME TO OUR CITY

Ten years have gone by since the signing of the Armistice—and today we pause to pay tribute to those who made it possible for us to assemble here today.

We welcome you to our progressive city to the 17th District Convention.

WEST TEXAS PRODUCE CO.
 400 Melvin St. Ranger



WELCOME LEGIONNAIRES

to our city

on this the tenth

ARMISTICE DAY

LET us silently bless the unknown legions who have passed in last review; the gold star mothers who live on in glorified loveliness; the wounded veterans who present the most valiant picture of self-sacrifice the world has ever known.

THERE are living heroes, too! Let us not forget them in the affairs of every day. As they walk with us in the busy enterprises of our own community let us pause to remember them as the protectors of our homes and fortunes. An so let us make Armistice Day a meaningful day indeed.

R. C. Oglesby Cafe & Confectionary
605 Strawn Road

Bankhead Highway Garage
R. H. WEST, Manager

Peerless Garage & Furnished Cottages
519 Strawn Road

T. M. Hamilton Blacksmith Shop
217 Hunt Street

Ranger Pottery
520 Strawn Road

J. E. Matthews New and Used Oil Field Supplies
210 Hunt Street Phone 88

Bagley Drug Store
Corner Young Strawn Road

Ranger Iron & Metal Pipe Oil Well Supplies
Hunt and Railroad Avenue Phone 330

A. H. Powell Grocery
901 Pershing Phone 103

Quality Service Station & Garage
Corner Blackwell and Vitalous

Tourist Filling Station
Corner Hunt and Strawn Road

W. H. Waters Grocery & Market
1019 Blackwell Road O. M. Hudson, Mgr. Phone 669

Farmers Exchange Grocery
East Main and Oak Phone 197

Ranger Retail Mercants Association
210 Commercial Bank Bldg.

Harry's Delicatessen & Cafe
112 Main Street

Lone Star Garage & Storage
319 Walnut Phone 599

New Liberty Cafe
111 South Rusk

Valliant Flohwer Shop
306 Main Street Phone 73

LI
GHT

Stability Marks October Market Texas Petroleum

AUSTIN, Texas.—Stability characterized the petroleum market in Texas during October, according to Berward Nichols, editor of the Texas Business Review, issued monthly by the Bureau of Business Research at the University of Texas.

"For the past few months production and consumption have been pretty evenly balanced so that the statistical position of the industry has changed very little," Mr. Nichols said. "Each month the large output of crude is about offset by the heavy run to stills. Moreover, gasoline consumption is holding up better than usual for this season of the year."

"A total of 22,000,000 barrels of crude oil was produced in Texas in October, compared to 21,979,000 barrels in September and 19,215,000 barrels in October, 1927. Daily average flow decreased from 733,000 barrels in September to 729,000 barrels in October. The increase in total output for the month is due to the extra day in October."

"Field work was very active. During the month 587 wells were completed, of which 351 were producers, compared to 391 completions in October last year, 196 being successful."

"Crude price changes were very small. A few of the lighter oils were reduced slightly, whereas some of the heavier grades were advanced 5-10 cents a barrel. Gasoline prices were reduced fractionally in line with seasonal influences. Stocks of crude continue rather large."

AMARILLO — Contract awarded on bid of \$227,221 for construction of 14.7 miles hard-surfaced highway between here and Borger.

CLEBURNE — Bridge under construction over Buffalo Creek on West Henderson Street.

Wrecker Service
Phone 23
Day or Night
Quick Service Garage
NATH PIRKLE, Prop

KILLINGSWORTH-COX & CO.
AMBULANCE
Phone 129-J—302, Day 29
Funeral Directors, Embalmers
Years of Experience
120 Main Street Ranger

Watch Repairing
Louis Daiches
Breckenridge, Texas

OUT OUR WAY



Sees Faith as Peace Foundation

President of Gold Star Mothers Calls on Those Who Lost Sons in War to Aid the Movement Renouncing Conflict.

(By Mrs. George Gordon Seibold, President of the American Gold Star Mothers.)

(Written for the United Press) (Copyright 1928 by United Press) WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Just a decade ago a war-torn world was thrilled by the signing of an armistice that brought peace in America and Europe and cessation of ruin and desolation such as earth had never before seen, as well as joy to the hearts of mothers whose shawds, grief-stricken and desolate, stood the gold star mother whose boys had given their all to bring about the close of hostilities that threatened to exterminate mankind.

I believe it is a source of consolation and gratification not only to the mothers of America but to all mothers throughout the civilized world that the great sacrifice made by their sons was not in vain (even though in our moments of anguish we may question that belief) and gave birth to activities looking to the renunciation of war that have resulted in the drafting of a treaty giving promise of permanent results—what is known as the Kellogg-Briand peace pact, which, if faithfully observed, will go far toward making war unthinkable.

to follow and feed the guns, and therefore feel that they should exercise a wider influence when the question of war is being considered, will be of no avail unless nations shall cease their secret diplomacy and agree to settle their differences in accord with the principles of right and justice, setting aside their desire to acquire mastery of the seas and on land in order to exercise sovereignty over other less strong nations.

I do not believe there is a mother whose son lies in the sacred soil of America, in the solemn cemetery of France or in an unknown grave who regretted the great privilege of motherhood accorded her when her son offered his all to his country, for ever since the sanctification of maternity in Bethlehem of Judea motherhood has been glorified and the aspiration of femininity throughout the ages.

Peace through world motherhood? Yes, that is possible; but only as the appeal and urge of motherhood is heeded through the consummation of a faith in humanity founded on honesty and truth. That, I am convinced, is the faith which animates America in its efforts to finally bring about an agreement between all the nations of the earth to renounce war. Motherhood through-

out the world can do much to bring that aim to fruition by greater supplication to the throne of Him who leadeth in the paths of righteousness.

"Turn back, O world, from this wild today,
From the whirr of wheels and the flash of arms,
The clamor of toil and war's alarms—
Turn back to the silent, stary night
When under the angels' wings of light
The shepherds knelt to pray.
Turn back to the day when angels sang,
Peace on earth, good will to men."

For when human hearts are charged with that thought, strife and malice will cease, selfishness will be forgotten and warfare will be obliterated.

Family Menu

By SISTER MARY

BREAKFAST—Grapes, cereal, cream, scrambled eggs with dried beef, crisp whole wheat toast, apple sauce, chocolate drop cakes, milk, tea.

DINNER—English mutton chops, lyonnaise potatoes, creamed turnips, stuffed green pepper salad, squash pie, milk, coffee.

Canned pumpkin can be used in place of squash if more convenient. I have found that if the canned pumpkin is stewed before using the pie is improved. The length of time required for this additional cooking depends, of course, on the dryness of the vegetable as it comes from the can.

Chocolate Drop Cakes
One-third cup cooking oil, 1 cup light brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2 squares bitter chocolate, 1 cup mashed potato, 1-2 cup chopped raisins, 1-2 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder.

Melted butter can, of course, be used in place of oil. Cream sugar, shortening and yolks of eggs. And chocolate melted over hot water. Mix thoroughly and add mashed potato. Beat hard and add flour mixed and sifted with salt and baking powder. Mix well and add whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Drop from tablespoon onto oiled and floured pans. Bake

BEEVILLE—New tile products factory will be established here.

WOLFE CITY—New channel built in Sulphur creek.

LAREDO—Contract let on bid of \$185,304 for paving 50 blocks streets in this city.

MEXIA—Chamber of Commerce plans establishment of new milk plant.

MOUNT ENTERPRISE—Electric light plant under construction here.

PRE-HOLIDAY DISPLAY

On your pre holiday shopping visit don't fail to see our window displays. You will find those little "nifty" gifts that will please every member of the family.

Pleasing Varieties

A wide variety from which to select, valuable as gifts; yet at a commendably low price.

HICKS DRUG STORE

301 Main, Cor. Austin Avenue—Phone 6—Ranger

Ranger Dry Cleaning Plant

Xmas Photos
KINBERC'S STUDIO
Ranger, Texas

WELCOME LEGIONNAIRES

TO RANGER AND THE DEDICATION OF OUR AIRPORT

RANGER'S STUDIO

215 South Rusk St.

MR. A. ROGOSKI, Mgr.



LEGIONNAIRES

—WE WELCOME YOU TO OUR MIDST THIS TENTH ARMISTICE DAY.

—AND WE ESPECIALLY INVITE YOU TO HAVE A PART IN THE DEDICATION OF RANGER'S AIRPORT.

JOE DENNIS AT

JOE DENNIS AUTO WORKS

207 South Rusk

Phone 523



A warm welcome awaits the Legionnaires by the Ranger people. Make your selves known and have a good time on this eventful day the 10th Armistice.

We especially invite you to take part in the dedication of the Ranger Airport.

And again we welcome you.

W. C. Pfaeffle

Ranger's Jeweler

LEGIONNAIRES WELCOME TO RANGER!

10 years have passed and still we remember those who fought for democracy; and we shall value it as we value an eternal principle, we welcome you and invite you to take part in the dedication of the Ranger airport.

SEARCY CANDY CO.

Walnut and Commerce

Phone 93

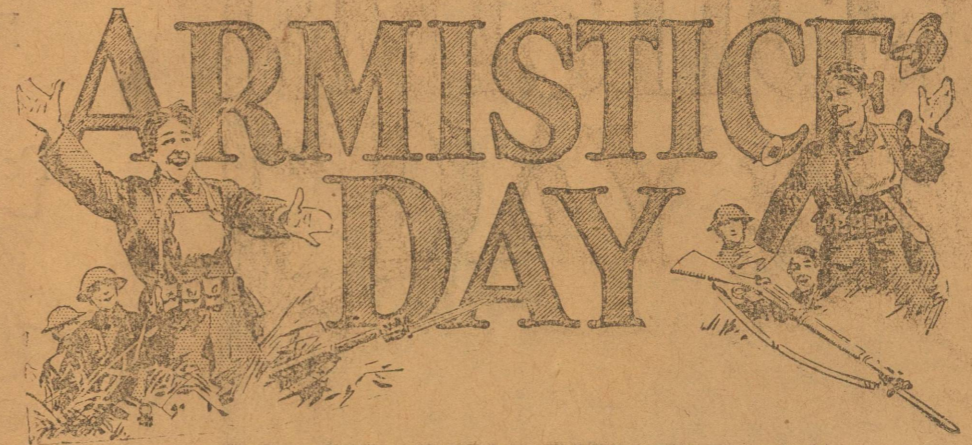
J.C. PENNEY CO

119-21 Main Street

Ranger, Texas

LEGIONNAIRES, WELCOME!

ON THIS THE TENTH



MEMORIES OF TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

WILL ALWAYS BE WITH THOSE HEROES

Who were at the battle front. And those, who with anxious hearts were awaiting news at home. It is on the tenth anniversary of that day we so gladly welcome you to our city.

Today ten years since the Armistice, Ranger wins a victory—in the dedication of its airport. Not a victory of spoils—but a victory of toils—a victory of endurance born; the development of an ideal.



WE WELCOME YOU TO OUR CITY LEGIONNAIRES

On this our 10th Armistice Day, the best Ranger affords is yours for amusement and recreation.

Be sure to have some part in the dedication of Ranger's Airport.

AGAIN WE WELCOME YOU



EXIDE BATTERY CO.

205 So. Commerce

Phone 60

Ranger