

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

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Taking the Surplus Out of Suits

With the decision to buy \$10,000,000 worth of already manufactured clothing, now unsold and in stock, and distribute it free to people who can't afford to buy, a distinct new step is taken to meet the present relief situation.

Exactly what the implications of this policy might be, and what might be its eventual outcome, nobody can say certainly. Few people realize to how great an extent the government has already gone into the clothing business. The National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers declares that more than 10,000 WPA units are making clothing, and that more than 100,000,000 garments have been produced. The Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation has been buying the materials and giving them to WPA to make into clothing.

This cotton and wool has, of course, been bought and used up, not simply bought and stored to overhang the market and depress prices, which is one of the advantages of the plan quite aside from the necessity of clothing those who have no decent clothing and can not buy any under relief or WPA wages.

Whether this tremendous work has definitely hit retail sales, it is hard to say, though of course it is impossible to guarantee that not a single piece went to a person who might have bought it otherwise, or who perhaps feigned need and sold the garment.

Certainly, if increased indefinitely, this vast "industry" would come to a point where it was competing with possible "legitimate" markets for clothing. The whole trick seems to be to determine as accurately as possible that point, and stop there.

But now, for the first time, the government goes farther and buys up tremendous stocks of men's, women's and children's clothing which have been already manufactured. These also will be given away free to the needy.

The same benefits accrue, the same dangers follow. The cloth, the manufactured goods, are taken off the shelves, making way for new. They will be used—worn out—which is what they were intended for, and not lie on shelves to hang over a lagging market. The clean shelves open the way for the clothing factories to manufacture more clothes—which means more wages in circulation, more cloth used. This is all to the good.

Only at the point where some of those suits begin to get into the hands of those who could have afforded to buy, or who acquire only to re-sell, is there a competition with private business which wants worrying about.

The trick, again, is to determine that point, watch for it, and stop there.

This vigilance becomes all the more necessary when you think that the government is also planning on buying 31,500 tons of dried prunes, 500,000 cases of grapefruit juice, and perhaps even enough wheat to cut down somewhat the tremendous surplus that looms.

FEMININE ARTIST

HORIZONTAL • Answer to Previous Puzzle

1, 5 Famous painter pictured here.
11 Grandparental.
12 Less good.
13 Era.
14 Alleged force.
16 Pasty.
17 Morphin dye.
18 To impel.
20 Spin.
22 Neuter pronoun.
23 Varieties of carnation.
25 Wayside hotel.
27 Eccentric wheel.
29 Female sheep.
30 Spigot.
32 Myself.
33 Line.
34 To devour.
36 Chaos.
37 Dresses.
40 Storage place for weapons.
42 Eggs of fishes.
43 Chum.
45 Before.

19 Animal fat.
21 Her work is still.
22 Into.
24 Street.
26 Mesh of lace.
27 Center of an apple.
28 Reverence.
31 Data.
33 Disturbance of peace.
35 Threefold.
38 Streetcar.
39 Goods to action.
40 Person having deficiency of pigment.
41 To require.
44 Branch.
47 Young salmon.
48 To yield.
49 Heavenly body.
51 God of war.
53 Twitching.
54 Night before.
56 Preposition.
57 Form of "a."
59 Type Standard
61 Street.

46 Gaiter.
48 Restrains.
50 Close.
52 Form of "be."
53 White ant.
55 Doctor.
56 Either.
57 Helps.
58 Wheel hub.
60 Electrical unit.
62 She was a native of.
63 She was the _____ feminine artist of her time.

1 Sun god.
2 Egg-shaped.
3 To sink.
4 Vigilant.
5 Waist.
6 Northwest.
7 Expected.
8 Silkworm.
9 Consumes.
10 Musical note.
15 Part of a bureau.
17 She specialized in painting.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41

42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51

52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61

62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71

STAMPS AND COINS

U.S.M. THE NEXT MAIL PICKUP IS AT 2:15 AND THE NEXT NEW STAMP ISSUE COMES OUT AT 2:30!

COIN NOTE: IT WOULD TAKE 60,000,000 JEFFERSON NICKELS TO PAY FOR THE PROPOSED JEFFERSON MEMORIAL

SEE, WISE GUY—CLEVELAND WAS THE 22ND BUT NOT THE 24TH PRESIDENT!

HELLO—MAYOR HAGUE? ARE THE JEFFERSON STAMPS GOOD IN JERSEY CITY?

THE NEW PRESIDENTIAL SERIES

HARDING STAMP \$2.00

COOLIDGE STAMP \$5.00

SYMBOLIC OF REPUBLICAN PROSPERITY!

NAH! THOSE ARE JUST FOR THE ECONOMIC ROYALIST TRADE!

BASEBALL Autos Are Traded For Farm Livestock

LEAGUE STANDINGS

Texas League

TEAM	W.	L.	Pct.
Tulsa	41	29	.586
Oklahoma City	41	32	.562
Beaumont	39	33	.529
San Antonio	37	33	.529
Houston	35	33	.515
Fort Worth	34	41	.453
Dallas	30	42	.417
Shreveport	28	42	.400

American League

TEAM	W.	L.	Pct.
Cleveland	34	20	.630
Boston	33	23	.589
New York	31	22	.585
Washington	31	29	.517
Detroit	29	29	.500
Philadelphia	24	30	.444
Detroit	29	29	.500
Chicago	19	32	.373
St. Louis	18	34	.346

National League

TEAM	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	34	22	.607
Cincinnati	31	22	.585
Chicago	34	25	.576
Pittsburgh	30	23	.566
Boston	27	24	.529
St. Louis	23	30	.434
Brooklyn	23	24	.404
Philadelphia	14	36	.280

EL PASO.—Swapping automobiles for livestock is the latest idea of Sam Watkins, automobile dealer, for beating the depression. Watkins started the "trading post" when salesmen working in rural areas reported that they encountered farmers who were short of cash but would not mind putting down a few animals as first payment on a car. "Why not?" Watkins asked. "Livestock is worth money." So far, Watkins has handled 150 head of livestock in connection with his automobile business. "It's an experiment, but I'm satisfied with the results," he said. If the cattle taken in are fat, Watkins sells them to packers. If they are range cattle, they are sold to feeders. Horses and mules are sold to farmers or anyone else who will buy them.

RESULTS YESTERDAY

Texas League

Tulsa 11, Beaumont 3.
Dallas 4, Houston 8.
Fort Worth 4, Shreveport 3.
Oklahoma City, 7, Santone 2.

American League

Boston 8-4, Detroit 3-5.
Washington 7, Chicago 0.
Philadelphia 2, St. Louis 5.
New York 5, Cleveland 10.

National League

Cincinnati 6, New York 2.
St. Louis 1, Boston 3.
Chicago 4, Philadelphia 3.
Pittsburgh 9, Brooklyn 3.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

By Mrs. Gaynor Maddox
NEA Service Staff Writer

CAN you cook? Can you make popovers? A thin, crispy crust all around a hollow—that's a popover. Lucy Mary Malby, recipe lecturer, says all teen age girls and boys can be good cooks and have lots of fun in learning to make popovers.

Popovers
(about 12 of them)

One cup flour, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift flour once; then measure it, and combine with salt, milk and eggs. Beat mixture rapidly with a rotary egg beater for about 3 minutes. To avoid spattering, take a clean sheet of paper and put it over the top of the mixing bowl. Then cut a slit through which to insert the egg beater.

Add melted butter and beat mixture for about 1-2 minute longer. Place 2 tablespoons of the popover batter in each ungreased glass custard cup. The popover batter can climb farther up on an ungreased cup than on a greased one. This makes bigger and crisper popovers.

Formerly it was thought that popovers needed to be put in hot, greased baking cups. Modern experiments have proved this pre-heating of baking cups to be wasteful effort.

Bake until the popovers feel crisp and firm while still in the

Tomorrow's Menu

BREAKFAST: Stewed cherries, bacon cornbread, honey, coffee, milk.

LUNCHEON: Peach and peanut salad, French dressing, popovers, tea, milk.

DINNER: Lamb chops, French fried potatoes, peas in cream, asparagus with Hollandaise, strawberry cream pie, coffee, milk.

oven. Otherwise they may collapse when taken from the oven. The oven heat may be reduced toward the last of the baking period, if the popovers get too brown before becoming crisp. Time: about 40 minutes of baking. Temperature: moderately hot oven, 400 degrees F.

Fancy Popovers

Hot popovers filled with cream ed meats or scrambled eggs are unusually tasty as a main lunch or dinner.

The crispest of popovers make attractive salad cases. Instead of making cream puff (a touchy job!) you can bake popovers, cut the top part off part way round, tip the tops back and then fill them with strawberries or other fruit mixed with whipped cream. A delicious dessert.

Always sift flour once before measuring it, and always lift it lightly into the measuring cup

Primitive Jungle Indians Develop Practical Doctors

WASHINGTON.—A really old-fashioned doctor—the wishinu of the Jivaro Indians who live at the headwaters of the Amazon—in some ways differs little from the "general practitioner" of pioneer America, according to a Smithsonian Institution study.

Like his North American colleague, the wishinu is bound by a very rigid code of medical ethics, and must answer a sick call at any time of day or night through the trackless jungles, the institution says.

And, it adds, as often happened in backwoods America, Jivaro people go to their medicine man for advice, as well as for healing, and he is the wise man of the tribe.

The wishinu must undergo a long education—at least a month long—which, according to the institution, is a lot of education for Jivarolanders.

There are, however, certain differences, the report of Dr. Matthew Stirling, who lived a year with the Jivaros, reveals, in the methods employed by the wishinu and by the early-American practitioners.

The wishinu effects a cure by sucking the afflicted part until the evil spirit is finally drawn out into his own mouth. Then he expectorates and with many gesticulations orders the evil spirit not to enter the house again.

Stirling says there are these disease spirits, the wishinu which is Minura, spirit of the fish. Others are identified snakes, woodpeckers and ants.

But aside from these spirit treatments, the wishinu is a skillful bone-setter, using a chisel, basis of chewing gum, the bones are put in place. He has an extensive knowledge of herbs, too, with which he cures colds, fever and dysentery, are regarded as arising merely natural causes.

Uruguayan Girls Will Go to Bat



Demonstrating the "new" game she is taking back to Uruguay, Miss Alicia Ibarburu explains to her mother the idea behind a baseball bat. After a year as a foreign exchange student at Texas State College for Women she plans to teach the girls in her country the sports and activities she learned over here. Her mother, who speaks no English, traveled twenty-eight days from their home in Montevideo, Uruguay, to see Alicia graduated.

Carmel Decides It Needs a City Jail

CARMEL, Calif.—For years past this city's literary, artistic, and musical colony has successfully resisted all attempts to have a town jail.

Now, with the city administration in the hands of the art colony, a jail is being demanded. Reason: So many empty beer cans were thrown on the colony's white sandy beach Easter by students and visitors generally that it has been decided proper policing and a jail are necessary if the town is to be kept clean.

TRY Our Want-Ads!

In go —

... into the Chesterfield factories every day go

... bales of aromatic Turkish tobacco

... hogsheads of mild ripe home-grown tobacco

... and reels of pure cigarette paper

the best ingredients a cigarette can have

Out Come —

... refreshing mildness

... more pleasing aroma

... and better taste

... that's why Chesterfields give you more pleasure than any other cigarette

Weekly Radio Features of the PLEASURE cigarette

GRACE MOORE
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
PAUL WHITEMAN
DEEMS TAYLOR
PAUL DOUGLAS

Chesterfield

This Man, Joe Murray

BY WILLIAM CORCORAN

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CHAPTER XX

COMPANIONSHIP . . . comradeship!

A stark thought came to Joe Murray. It came inevitably. It came often, clearer and clearer. It came and abided with him, unbidden. It had been with him a long time, he suddenly saw, unrecog-

nized. These stings, these rankling stabs . . . they were alive! They were not, they never could be, happiness and peace—because they were alive! The other, the happiness and peace, the visions: they were passionless and dead and unattainable. They were a drug and a delusion for a starving man, who was sick for the days of his strength and his plenty.

It was not Helen he yearned for any more. It was the past. Helen was dead, gone into limitless time; his love for her had not died, but was part of him; he would always love her and remember her in beauty, through all the years. Helen was not of the earth, she was beyond all passion; she was not real, she was a vision.

It was a vision he dreamed with . . . but it was Terry he lived with daily!

Realization rushed upon him, cataclysmic. It was Terry he wanted and hungered for.

He felt this interval of lingering dependence to be a shame on him, a recollection that must be wiped out. He had his manhood. He knew the ways of the road. He could make his way, wanting nothing from any man. He'd come right side up. There would be work. There would be need of more automobile bodies sometime, somewhere; there would be work and forgetfulness. Work and forgetfulness.

Not peace! He rebelled at peace, shattering the seductive visions. There was no peace—not in life. Life goes on, a fight and a struggle always, and the greatest torment, the greatest loss, is to be out of the struggle, out of the stream of it.

Neither life nor love have peace in them, though they both have surpassing beauty: the beauty of change, the beauty of growth, the beauty of a continuity, inscrutable and unending.

And this was Joe's groping sorrow. He who had been out of the stream of it, out of the run-

ning . . . he was plunging back. This man, Joe Murray.

Joe Murray went foraging. When he found what he wanted, he brought it home to the hotel with him: a piece of cast-off leather, light and fairly pliable. It was treasure trove. He borrowed a pocket knife from the hotelman at the desk and went to work in his room.

He took off his shoes; they were in no state for the road, with holes large as quarters in the soles. He cut a piece of paper to a pattern and trimmed it till it slid inside one of the shoes easily and neatly. Then he laid the pattern on the strip of leather and hacked out a most practical inner sole.

HE was at work on the other shoe when there came a knock on the door. He had occasional visits from room neighbors; he called an invitation to come right in.

The door opened, and he glanced up. Slowly, numbly, he dropped the shoe, the leather, the knife.

"Terry!" She came into the room, closing the door behind her. She was looking at him with the big brown eyes . . . looking at him. She was thin; there were big circles under the eyes; her shoulders drooped beneath a cheap red coat.

"Joe," she said, and stopped. He looked scared, looked like a man who does not know what to do. She did it for him. She walked to him and sat down on his lap, sliding her arms around his neck and laying her head on his shoulder.

"Terry," he said. "God . . . Terry!" His voice would not function. He did not know what was happening to him, what was racking him.

She knew. She said, "Joe—" once, and suddenly began to cry, weakly, surrendering wholly. And he cried with her, because he couldn't help it. He was weak. He was unmanly.

It was some time before they were calm, with a kind of exhaustion. Slowly they got around to looking at each other, to letting go each of the other even to that extent. In the eyes of each of them there was a pain and a pity at what they saw. They were so thin, both of them, so older, so different from other days.

"Terry," said Joe huskily, "you floored me that time. You clipped me one. Right on the button."

"I'm glad," she told him. "I'm glad to know that I could."

"How did you get here?" "I came in an airplane."

"Airplane?" bewildered. "I flew all the way. I haven't slept in almost two whole days."

We flew all last night. I couldn't sleep anyway, coming to you."

"That costs money, Terry!" "I know it. So I got it."

"How did you get it?" "Stole it."

HE was utterly silent by that. She looked weary and said, "Oh, what does it matter, darling? I got here. I was afraid you'd be gone. Your mother told me. My father had a lot of money he won betting the races and I stole it. My own mother gave him more long ago than I'll ever see on her side."

"I've waited months. If I knew where you were I'd have crawled there. If anybody could have told me, I'd have paid them a million dollars."

"Terry . . . but why? I'm broke, I'm in trouble, I haven't earned a dollar in too long to remember."

"What does all that matter?" she cried fiercely, exultantly. "You're alive, I'm alive. We can be alive together. I only want to be dead if I'm away from you. I don't care if we starve—we can starve together. I don't care what happens if it happens to us together."

He bowed his head. He was blinded by a light; he was full of an awareness. He buried his face on her soft shoulder, out of sight. He was remembering . . . her small and intense persistence, her holding on like grim death when she wanted something badly, very badly.

"Why, Terry?" he insisted. "Because I love you, darling." He was silent, holding her.

She added, "And because you love me."

There it was. It was so! And Joe said, "What are we going to do, baby?"

And Terry told him, "Anything you say! We can do anything. Anything . . ."

And they sat there, together. And nothing mattered. Nothing. What could matter now? They could do anything. They could go home. They could go anywhere over a nation. They could find shelter in a field, live in the stars, strength in the wind. They could find work. They could live. They could do anything. Life was going on.

They were together. They were in love.

That is what this story is about. It is about love.

And that is where I come to an end. But the story does not. The story goes on, with a Terry and a Joe, and then another Joe, and beyond and beyond, another . . . forever.

(THE END)

"OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By Williams-SPORT GLANCES By Grayson



EMPTY BUCKETS IN THE OLD CORRAL

Plenty of Brawn



FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS - By Blosser



ALLEY OOP - - - - - By Hamlin



Making his first bid for an honor which few Americans have won, powerfully built Joe Burke of Bridgeboro, N. J., is shown the day he completed his training for the Diamond Sculls at the British Royal Henley Regatta on the Thames. Burke, as the nation's No. 1 sculler, demonstrates his championship grip before sailing on the Normandy.

War Cuts Supply Of College Books

AUSTIN.—War's horrors have reached the University of Texas. Donald Coney, librarian, has been notified by Shanghai and Barcelona agents that they were unable temporarily to fill book orders. The library now is out of direct touch with the Far East and Japan, the university announced.

MYRA NORTH, Special Nurse - - - By Thompson and Coll



BY HARRY GRAYSON
Sports Editor,
NEA Service
SPECULATOR, N. Y.—They say that Max Schmeling is a one-handed heavyweight—that all he has is a smashing right fist. Yet the German has shown time and again that this is worse than fiction. Schmeling is maddeningly methodical in workouts and has frequently carried his one-track plan into the ring, his style was an autochthonism. He is a cagey veteran capable of shifting his style. This he did to confuse and knock out Joe Louis two years ago. Schmeling is supremely confident that he'll repeat the feat at Yankee Stadium, June 22. Schmeling is the only fighter that I ever saw who everlastingly comes in without leading. His style forces his opponent to lead. Schmeling has started with the early foot of Menow at times—against Mickey Walker for example. While it has been sadly neglected by his critics, Schmeling jabs and books with his left with pile-driving force. SCAMELING was in trouble himself a time or two in the first Louis battle, but it generally was Louis who got the worst of it no matter what the Negro tried. Schmeling outboxed and outlast his youthful rival. Fists don't lie, and the expression on the cupid Dempsey's face, as Schmeling caught him with jarring lefts, was proof that Schmeling had two good hands. Louis tagged Schmeling just as he tagged Carnera and Beer. The difference was that Schmeling stood up. That was a new one for the Negro. The element of surprise was on the German's side.

WASHINGTON LETTER

BY RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Staff Correspondent
WASHINGTON.—Boy and girl graduates desiring to keep off WPA may get some ideas out of a dictionary of occupations, which the Department of Labor will publish in about a month. At least 25,000 types of jobs are being listed and defined, although there's no guide to any particular place where one might be found. Anyone unsure whether he would like to be a bulldozer operator, gin hand, powder monkey, fettler, green pipe-off bearer, empty pallet boy, pugger, sagger or special shapes man can find out what these jobs are by consulting the dictionary. In the brick and tile industry, it will be found, are jobs such as sponger, tosser, wicket man, catcher, and soft mud-molder. Some workers are pea pushers. The dictionary will also list puglist, boxer, prize fighter and fisticuffier. And hustler, busker, cat man, mammal man and deer man. If you want to know what a grip or an emcee does for a living, again you must consult the dictionary. Apple trucker, smother job, suggests the big ap, e—erroneously. Draw your own conclusions from bone picker, gang-knife man, bab-bitter, tub tester, smoker, soaker, tilker and giver out. For young ladies there are such jobs as bushel girl, inside pocket girl, flume girl, bundle girl, binding girl, jar girl, punch girl, can girl, sample girl and cutting-in girl. Not considering it an occupation, the dictionary will fail to list "dream girl." If you were one of 2,000,000 school kids who contributed in 1922 and 1923 a \$340,000 collection for a Navy and Marine Memorial, you'll be interested to know there's still a chance of getting it finished. The memorial was cast in Cleveland, a green bronze assemblage of waves and underpinned seagulls in flight, and planted down near the Potomac river three years ago, surrounded by dirt. Congressman Arthur Jenks of New Hampshire seeks a \$189,000 appropriation to provide steps and other finishing touches. "It is one of the worst looking things I have ever seen," says Congressman John Taber of New York. "We ought not to go on with its construction." "If the gentleman had bought only a suit of clothes and got only a coat and vest, leaving the suit standing at that, it would not look very well either," retorts Congressman Kent Keller of Illinois. "It is a beautiful piece of work and ought to be completed." Temporarily buried in the House by Taber's objection, the bill to complete the memorial will be brought up in the Senate. THE bootleg problem, theoretically eliminated by prohibition repeal, has popped up again in new and startling fashion under the shadow of the Capital dome. Federal agents have arrested a hardware dealer who was selling liquid paint and rust remover as a cheap substitute for whisky at 9 cents a half pint. Customers were instructed to set fire to the stuff to burn out impurities, and then filter it through a crustless loaf of bread. CONGRESSMAN MARY NOR-TON, the gentlewoman from New Jersey, has a womanly distaste for caterpillars. When a resolution directing the CCC to make war on tent caterpillars was referred to her House Labor Committee she quickly joined with Congressman Marvin Jones to get the bill transferred to his Committee on Agriculture. (Copyright 1938 NEA Service, Inc.)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

HANNIBAL
USED ELEPHANTS AS ARMY TANKS IN HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE ROMANS, ABOUT 218 B.C.

CARPENTER BEE,
WHEN BORING THROUGH WOOD, TOURS AROUND NAILS BEFORE IT ACTUALLY REACHES THEM.

FORTY OF THE EIGHTY KNOWN SPECIES OF PINES GROW IN NORTH AMERICA.

HANNIBAL, Carthaginian general, attempted to accomplish with elephants the tasks performed in modern warfare by armor tanks. Men, armed with spears and shields, bows and arrows, rode troops of elephants into the enemy ranks. The animals, panicky with fright, were hard to control, and the experiment was decidedly unsuccessful.

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A WANT AD IN THIS PAPER WILL BRING QUICK RESULTS!

