

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

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Refugees Wait for Their Day

In every nation whose people have opened their gates, refugees from Europe's war zones are scattered. Some are depressed and fatalistic about the fates of their nations. A few are indifferent. But most of the political refugees are fortified by an almost sublime faith in the ancient axiom that right will prevail.

It has been a long time since the prospects of Europe's freedom and progress has been quite so black. Some folks say not since the medieval era. But it's not quite as bad as that. The whole world looked pretty bedraggled back in 1914-18. This has not been the first time in recent history that blood flowed freely and butchery was rife.

The tragedy is not that civilization is being annihilated. It isn't. The disaster is rather that all the advancement that has been made in Europe is being suddenly halted. It takes a long time to achieve small gains; it takes only the time necessary to sign a decree to smash everything.

But the people who have been driven from their homelands, forced to accept the hospitality of friendlier nations, will not soon forget the ideals for which they once struggled. The folks who have been left behind under the domination of greedy, stronger powers will harbor in their hearts a deep resentment that will grow as the days and years roll by.

Nations are pretty much like business companies. They must operate under the same set of ethics. They must be just as honest with their neighbors and their peoples as a business man must be with his customers if he wants to remain in business.

Occasionally the system of ethics cracks up. A few nations may decide that competition must be crushed, monopolies established, the people given whatever the state wants to give them in the way of freedom and civil liberties. That happens in business sometimes, too. It happened to a certain Chicagoan by the name of Samuel Insull, whose commercial empire had become so vast that it seemed impossible that anything could undermine it. But the Insull network collapsed with a mighty thud.

A nation can't forever remain dishonest and get away with it. As the victims of its atrocities increase in numbers, as their resentment and rage against oppression rises, the rumblings of mass opposition will become more distinct, will finally end in a victorious putsch for freedom.

It may be a long time before international virtue asserts itself. Like a dishonest business man, a dictator can hold a people under his thumb for years before he is driven out. But eventually, he will be unseated, just as the crook in business is finally caught, because the other business men around him are not dishonest and because the people with whom he deals can stand only so much of corruption before they balk.

Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells!



Consula de los Santos. I'm seven years old. With the most love in the world, Consula de los Santos, Eastland.

Dear Santa: I'm Angelita de los Santos. I'm Consula's older sister. I'm 12 years old. I wouldn't like for you to give me anything. The only thing I should like to ask is long life for my mother, sisters and brother. With the most love in the world, Angelita de los Santos.

Dear Santa Claus: I am writing you a letter to tell you that I am a good boy. I am four years old. I want a gun. I want a drum and I want a little car and a ball and bat and a little boat and a truck and airplane and quiddlocks and ball and some blocks and a little train. And bring me some fruit and some candy. From Roy Guajardo, Eastland.

Dear Santa Claus: I am writing you a letter to tell you that I am a good boy. I am five years old. I want a gun. I want a drum and I want a little car and a ball and bat and a little truck and airplane and a little boat and a ball and some blocks and a little train. Goodby. And bring me some fruit and candy. From Joe Guajardo, Eastland.

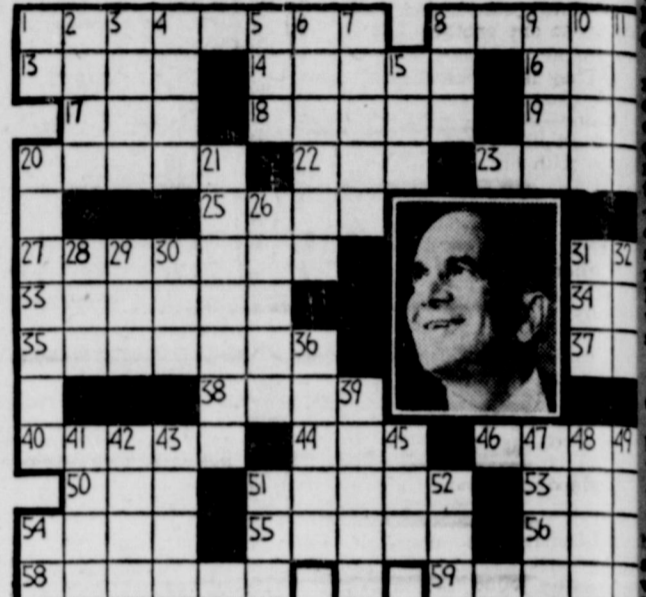
Dear Santa Claus: I am writing you a letter to tell you that I am a good girl. I am eight years old. I want a ball and doll and a doll table and some chairs and a little bed and a jack in the box. And bring me some fruit and some candy. From Mary Guajardo.

Dear Santa Claus: I am writing a letter. I am a good girl. I am eight years old. I want a ball and doll table and some chairs and a little bed and a jack in the box. And bring me some fruit and some candy. From Mary Guajardo.

Georgia fisherman made a pretty good haul by draining a pond and scooping up the fish. Anything, these days, for sport.

STAGE FAVORITE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Pictured stage star.
 - 8 He gained fame as a mammy song.
 - 13 To fly.
 - 14 Smell.
 - 16 Otherwise.
 - 17 Inlet.
 - 18 Overpowering fright.
 - 19 Measure.
 - 20 Tomb cloths.
 - 22 To scatter.
 - 23 Abrupt.
 - 25 God of love.
 - 27 To use flattery.
 - 31 Since.
 - 33 Combined.
 - 34 Limb.
 - 35 Pertaining to the side.
 - 37 By means of.
 - 38 Indigo plant.
 - 40 Royal.
 - 44 Pile of fabric.
 - 46 Mohammedans.
 - 50 Brink.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- TOWER OF PISA**
ALIVE RIDER
MERE DIANE
THE GAME WE
MT SOLE BIS
A TOM TESTATOR
RAVED KEEP TRIL
BLEW GNAT POILU
LAR PRAM RANG I
EL ALAR CAME FE
INLAY DOME SR
ITALY COMPLETED
DEBASER ESSAYER
- TOWER OF PISA**
20 He was most stage star.
- 21** Various on radio.
- 24** He was on radio.
- 26** Fortified.
- 28** Data.
- 29** Kindling.
- 30** Grand.
- 31** High mountain.
- 32** Driving commotion.
- 36** Marked machine.
- 39** Turntable.
- 41** Assam silkweed.
- 42** Fourth of a pint.
- 43** Killing malady.
- 45** Pastry.
- 47** Slender bag.
- 48** Tardy.
- 49** Mocked.
- 51** To repay.
- 52** Circle.
- 54** Street.
- 57** Mine.
- VERTICAL**
- 1 White.
 - 2 Zoology term.
 - 3 Prison.
 - 4 Verbal.
 - 5 Tree fluid.
 - 6 Speaker.
 - 7 Canonical hour.
 - 8 Membranous bag.
 - 9 Birds' home.
 - 10 Mirth.
 - 11 Female slave.
 - 12 Musical note.
 - 15 Middle.



ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS! TAKE A TIP...

In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned **86 Degrees COOLER**



70 fine roll-own cigarettes in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Letters To Santa From His Friends, The Boys and Girls

Dear Santa Claus: I am writing you a letter to tell you that I would like to have for Christmas. I want a big Gene Antry gun in scabbard, a football and any little toy you have for a poor little boy. I would enjoy fruit, nuts and candy. Hoping you find all little children. Billie Royse Sullivan, Eastland.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl 10 years old and I would like to have apples, oranges, nuts and candy. And I know you will give it to me. And Santa I would like to have a big doll for Christmas and a set of dishes too. Betty Jo Brown, Eastland.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a train that will go on tracks. I want apples, oranges, nuts and candy. That is all I want. I am nine years old. I live at 709 South Seaman Street. James Dush, Eastland.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a doll and apples, oranges, nuts and candy. I am six years old. My address is 709 South Seaman Street. Mary Hall, Eastland.

Dear Santa Claus: I am writing you a letter to tell you to bring me a big ball, little car, B. B.'s and a B. B. gun. Bring me some nuts, apples, oranges and candy. I am in the first grade. I am so glad for you to bring toys. Your friend Evabiso Manzano, Eastland.

Dear Santa: I am a boy six years old, and I want a little telephone and radio speaker, doctor case and train, farm set, fire crackers, horn, marble bag, fruit, nuts and candy. My little brother is not quite two years old. Please bring him wheelbarrow, sweeper, ball, telephone and some candy and fruit. Just bring me as much of these as you can. My little brother's name is Robert Barr McDaniel. Raymond Allen McDaniel, Eastland.

Dear Santa: I am a little boy six years old and in the first grade. This is my first year to go to school and I sure do like to go to school. I wish you would please bring me a writing desk with a chair, scooter, bath robe, house slippers, Chinese checkers, a pocket watch, knife and chain. Billy Haynes, Eastland.

Dear Santa Claus: My name is Beth Reed. Please bring me a doll, doll bed, doll buggy, a little ironing board and iron and dishes. Thank you. Beth Reed.

Dear Santa: My name is Dan. Please bring a dunk shovel, machine gun and suit for a mounted police and a little train. Thank you, Dan Reed, Eastland.

Dear Santa: I should like to have a doll, a set of dishes, and a bed for my doll. You were very kind to me last year and I hope you are the same this year. I am



For a Merry Christmas For The KIDDIES — See — JIM HORTON

JIM HORTON TIRE SERVICE East Main St. - Eastland

Typing Paper

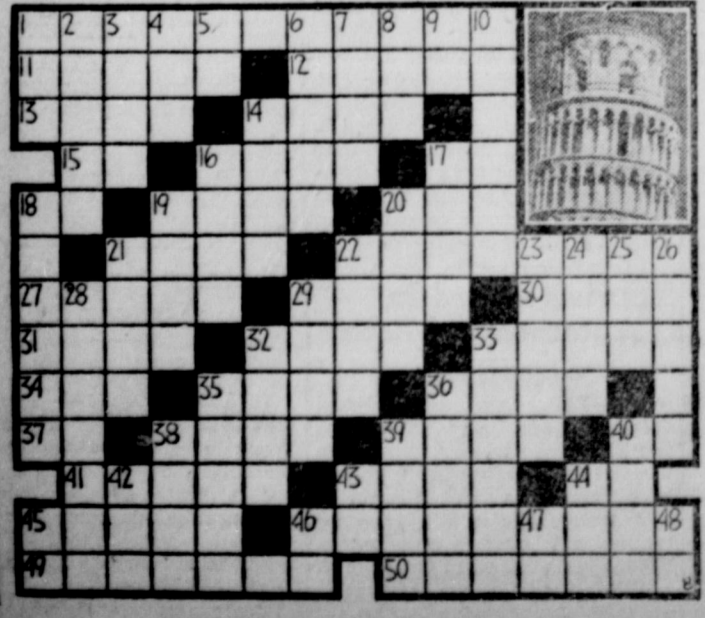
FOR STUDENTS HIGH SCHOOL

CUT TO THE SIZE YOU WISH

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

LEANING BUILDING

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Ancient leaning building.
 - 11 Opposite of dead.
 - 12 Jockey.
 - 13 Nothing more than.
 - 14 Part of a window.
 - 15 Northeast.
 - 16 Sport.
 - 17 You and I.
 - 18 Mountain.
 - 19 Solitary.
 - 20 Twice.
 - 21 Tiny particle.
 - 22 One who leaves a will.
 - 27 Declaimed.
 - 29 To retain.
 - 30 Three collectively.
 - 31 Puffed.
 - 32 Small fly.
 - 33 French private soldier.
 - 34 Gibbon.
 - 35 Baby carriage.
 - 36 Pealed.
 - 37 Eil.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- VERTICAL**
- 17 Handful.
 - 18 It is a round, leaning building.
 - 19 To simmer.
 - 20 Red vegetable.
 - 21 To affirm.
 - 22 Baseball nine.
 - 23 To make amends.
 - 24 Spruce.
 - 25 To lubricate.
 - 26 Course.
 - 28 Green mineral.
 - 29 Burr in wood.
 - 32 Color.
 - 33 Wainscotting.
 - 35 Dramas.
 - 36 Stopping drives in Louisiana.
 - 38 According to structure.
 - 39 To arrive.
 - 40 To liberate.
 - 42 To seize.
 - 43 To suffice.
 - 44 Eye tumor.
 - 45 Ident.
 - 46 Credit.
 - 47 Each.
 - 48 Doctor.

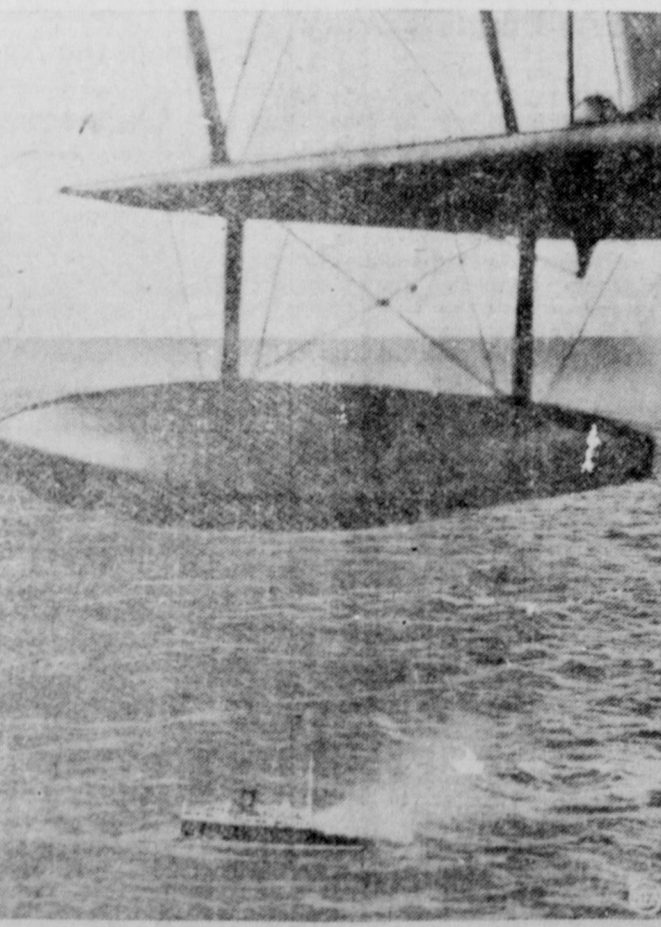


WON-UP
5c The Can—12 for 50c

Take Home a Dozen Cans TODAY!

Won-Up Distributor JACK LEWIS, Jr. 109 East Main St. Eastland

'SOS' Is Answered From Sky



The British reconnaissance plane that flew over the sinking merchant vessel pictured above in the Barents Sea after enemy attack, was a welcome sight to the crew. The plane signaled a destroyer that sped to the rescue of the merchant crew.

SERIAL STORY

SANTA CLAUS BROWN BY MILDRED GILMAN

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CHAPTER I

It was Christmas Eve, and the small town of Southbury glistened gaily with Christmas cheer. Festoons of holly were strung across the center of the street and lighted trees blazed along the walks. The snow was falling gently, whirling into soft white drifts. Street lights gleamed in the darkness.

Along the main street of the town, men were busy clearing the street with snow shovels, stopping occasionally to blow on their hands and stamp chilled feet.

By far the most festive place in town was Southbury's main department store, Donaldson's Palais Royale, its glittering windows filled with toys and games and Christmas trimmings. Last minute Christmas shoppers passed in and out through its doors, and hurried homeward along the snowy street, their arms full of packages. It was a good-natured crowd that hurried and jostled and called greetings to one another.

The snow shovelers began to retreat. They leaned on their shovels and joked with each other; all except one—a young man with an earnest, intelligent face, who went right on with his work. Jim Carter had but one purpose in mind—shovel snow until he had enough money to give his three small children the kind of Christmas they should have. He looked up at the town clock. It was only 5:30. . . . he could shovel for hours, and hours.

His comrades called to him. "Come on, knock off for the day, Jim. It's Christmas Eve!"

"I'll be along in a little while," he answered, as the others slung their shovels over their shoulders and trudged off toward home.

Jim Carter stood for a moment before Donaldson's department store and gazed at its toy-filled windows. He found himself picking things out for his Pete, and Joe, and little Betty, impossible things with high price tags, that a man shoveling snow at 40 cents an hour can only look at, never buy.

And then suddenly he saw Betty, his 6-year-old daughter, skipping up the street with a group of playmates. He turned away and went over his work so that she would not see him, but he watched them out of the corner of his eye as they all trooped into the big store.

"Going to see Santa Claus Brown," he told himself. "Bless their hearts, how the children all do love him."



Illustrated by Harry Grüssinger

"Are you the real Santa Claus, Santa Claus Brown?" Betty asked him earnestly. He smiled down at her. "If you believe in me, I'm Santa Claus, Betty."

"I want a doll carriage for myself, and a sled for Pete and a tool set for Joe," the child answered. "So please be sure to bring them."

MR. DONALDSON, proprietor of the store, approached Santa Claus Brown. He was a pompous, small-town, big business type, bristling at all times with his own importance. The children became instantly silent at his approach.

"Brown, could you do me a big favor?" Donaldson's tone was a command. "Work a little later tonight? The wife has a party—her idea. They want you to put on an act for the youngsters. Ten dollars extra. Guess you can use it this time of year—eh?"

He slapped a condescending hand on Brown's shoulder.

"After all, old fellow, you are Santa Claus. Every youngster in this town believes in you. You've been Santa Claus for almost 20 years—ever since you first came in and asked for the job, with that little girl of yours riding piggy-back. Where is that daughter of yours now, Brown?"

Santa's smile disappeared. Everyone in town kept asking him, "Where is that daughter of yours?" None of them realized how cruel the question was.

"She's—a—she's doing very well in New York," he answered politely. "On the stage you know. Keeps her on the go—doesn't have time to get back here. Always was ambitious for the stage."

"Children should have enough respect for their parents to come home once in a while," Donaldson was unsympathetic. Then he beamed with pride. "My son's coming back from college on the 6:10. Fine boy. Won't take over the business, though. Wants to be a lawyer. Maybe that's just as well. Good profession, law." He paused. "Then you'll help me out tonight?"

"Sure. Might as well stay right here till you need me. You're keeping open till 9, aren't you?"

Donaldson nodded. "Have to help out these last minute fellows."

Santa Claus Brown turned back to the waiting children.

"Santa Claus will remember every last one of you," he promised. "Now you'd better run home to your dinners. Good night, children, and Merry Christmas!"

The children left reluctantly. "Good night, Santa Claus Brown," they called back.

"Do you suppose he's the real Santa Claus," Betty asked her friends in hushed tones as they went out to the street.

"Now, there's no real Santa Claus," answered a little boy scornfully.

"Course there is," responded Betty, shocked.

Several of the children laughed. "Faah—she still believes in Santa Claus," cried one, and the others took up the taunt. "Betty thinks there's a real Santa Claus, that comes down an honest-to-gosh chimney, and wears a red suit, and . . ."

"Children, what on earth are you doing?"

The children stopped, and looked around, surprised, as Alice Banks, their school teacher, came up behind them.

Alice Banks was a pretty young woman with frank blue eyes and a warm, pleasant smile. Her cheeks glowed, pink as a child's in the chill of the December day. But she was not smiling now. She looked down sternly at her pupils.

"I heard all that you said to Betty," she said. "Now, stop teasing her!"

The youngsters muttered unintelligible apologies and then, with the surprising suddenness of youth, disappeared around corners and down side streets, leaving Betty clinging to her teacher's hand. The child's eyes glistened with tears as she turned her face upwards.

"Tell me, Miss Banks," she begged, "is there really a Santa Claus?"

(To Be Continued)

"OUT OUR WAY" By Williams FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS

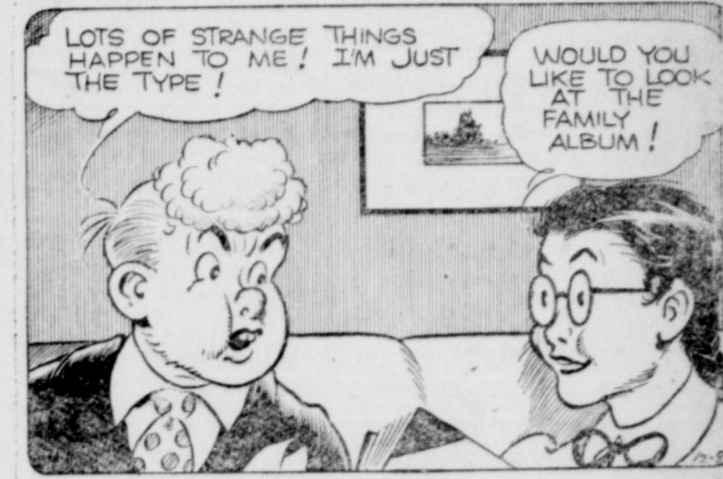


THE UNDERGROUND SKY SCRAPER

ALLEY OOP By Hamlin



RED RYDER By Fred Harman



hauled, her rigging was renewed and for a long time she attracted the attention and interest of the sea-minded.

Richardson recently got a graphic illustration of the reason.

While walking through a field he saw a large bull snake rush past, struck, but missed. The bull snake did this repeatedly, and each strike of the rattler was slower than the last one. Finally the bull snake rushed by, turned quickly and brushed the rattler before it could coil again. There was quite a scuffle, but the bull snake began twisting itself around the rattler and Mr. Richardson heard the hoarse of the smaller reptile crack. Finally the bull snake relaxed its hold, satisfied itself that his foe was dead and crawled to the tail of the smaller snake and proceeded to swallow it. When he had completed the job he quietly crawled away as if in search for another victim. Morris: Never kill harmless snakes. One may destroy a rattler which might have bit you.

Bull Snakes Rid Ranch of Rattlers

STEPHENVILLE--Bull snakes are helping W. Albert Richardson, district clerk of Erath county rid his ranch in Summerville county of rattlesnakes. Shortly after Mr. Richardson purchased the place he advertised for bull snakes, obtained fourteen and released them on the ranch. That was ten years ago. The number of rattlers has diminished since then and Mr.

Red Plane Is Trophy of Finnish Sharpshooting



Soldiers examine wreckage of a giant Russian warplane, brought hurtling to earth after a barrage of anti-aircraft guns routed sky invaders, near Soviet-Finnish frontier.

are Riggers Are ing Out Slowly

By United Press
FRANCISCO.—With the sale of the Star of Finland, hereafter as a refrigerator storage plant, there passed from the Golden Gate the famous fleet of square-

rigged windjammers, which once proudly sailed the Pacific, and with it the last trace of a kingly dream for a mighty Pacific empire.

The Star of Finland, sister ship of a whole fleet of other Star ships, was built on the order of King Kalakua of Hawaii, and bore the name of Kaiulani.

It was the dream of King Kalakua to combine the various South Sea island monarchies into one

vast empire, of which he would be the head.

His plan embraced the building of a merchant marine that would send its ships into all parts of the world and which would be greater than any other fleet in the world. But the grandiose scheme failed through lack of co-operation and vision on the part of the other South Sea kings and monarchs. Then King Kalakua died. There was no successor who

could see as far as he had seen, despite the fact that already a number of other vessels had been ordered built in various American and British shipyards.

And so the Star of Finland in 1910 passed into the hands of the Alaska Packers Association, which eventually built up a vast fleet of 25 great windjammers, flying the fish-tailed pennant of the packers and virtually ruling the waves of the Pacific.

The fleet included many other famous "stars," all of which have disappeared at last from their original use.

Among them were the Star of Alaska, the Star of England, the Star of Italy, the Star of Lapland, the Star of Shetland, the Star of Zealand, and others.

They were veritably "king of the North Pacific Ocean" during the period of 1890 and well into the 1900s.

Then steam vessels began gradually to displace them, and one by one they disappeared until the Star of Finland was the last.

The Star of Chile is known as the barge at Roche Harbor. The Star of Alaska became the gambling ship, Pacific Queen, and the Star of France became a prison hulk in the harbor of Noumea.

The Star of Greenland was bought by Norwegian interests and became the training ship Abraham Rydeberg.

The rest of the old ships either were wrecked or went to the junkyards.

Two of them, the Star of Zea-

land and the Star of Lapland, were sold to the Japanese, sailed across the Pacific and broken up for the iron and copper their hulls contained.

The Star of India became a floating museum, owned by the San Diego Zoological Society, and is maintained in the port there.

There remained then only the Star of Finland.

Purchased by the D. H. Bates of Portland, Ore., it will be taken up the Columbia river and converted into a cold storage and refrigeration plant for the salmon fishing companies.

At one time, an effort was made to save the Star of Finland as a last proud relic of the famous fleet of square-rigged windjammers. She was at that time over-

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Society Notes

CALENDAR TONIGHT

Midweek prayer services, 7:30, Baptist Church.
Midweek prayer services, 7:30, Church of Christ.
Midweek prayer services, 7:30, First Christian.

CALENDAR THURSDAY

Alpha Delphian Club will meet at 2:30 Thursday afternoon for regular session.

A meeting and Christmas party for the workers in the children's division of the First Methodist Church will be held Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in the home of Mrs. J. U. Johnson, 612 W. Patterson. Plans will be made for special Christmas service activities, and the exchange of gifts held. Every worker is urged to attend.

Fete Class With Christmas Party

The members of the Amoma Class of the First Baptist Church school were entertained Tuesday

evening with a Christmas party in the home of their teacher, Mrs. Bucky Harris at Leon Plant.

Using the season motif in decorations, sprays and large clusters of cedar were placed throughout the home. A colorful lighted tree centered the decorations from which the exchange gifts were distributed. Clever candle holders of big red apples with a tiny spray of cedar at the base of the red and green tapers were used.

An evening of informal table games and contests was enjoyed with refreshments of nut pie and hot drinks served.

Those present: Misses Patsy Hodges, Allean Williams, Florence Barber, May Taylor, Alice Mae Sue, Jerry Terrell, Faye Taylor, Hazel Adams, Jo Riek, Lillian Caldwell, Edith Fields, Nell Searls, visitor, Bessie Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Miss Jody Harris, Ellen Mae Geue, Jimmy Harris.

Walton Moore Circle Met

The members of the Walton Moore Circle of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Baptist Church met in the home of Mrs. C. L. Garrett Monday afternoon with Mrs. Angie Crawford, chairman, in charge.

Mrs. Crawford brought the devotionals taken from the book of Matthews. Prayer by Mrs. Garrett closed devotional period.

The completion of the study course book, "Woman of the Way," was given by Mrs. Marvin Hood.

The next meeting of the circle will be held in the home of Mrs. Marvin Hood.

A refreshment plate was served to Mmes. Charles Van Geem, Long Wood, ess Siebert, no. Williams, O. P. Morris, no. White, E. E. Layton, Marvin Hood, Angie Crawford, Susie Naylor.

REPORTS HEARD

Committee reports were delivered at a meeting of the Eastland Lions Club Tuesday at the Connelley Hotel. L. F. Burnside, president, presided.

Mrs. Jones Opens Hillside Gardens At Eastland Home

Mrs. Annie Laurie Jones of Eastland today announced the opening of Hillside Gardens at the family home in the southwest part of the city.

Hillside Gardens will offer a landscape service and will offer also for sale, evergreens, flowering shrubs, freshly dug field grown healthy plants adapted to this climate, peonies, perennials and other specialties.

A suggestion was made by Mrs. Jones that visitors stop at the Hillside Gardens and see how their homes might be decorated for the holiday season.

Mrs. Jones said that Hillside Gardens will offer every service possible and that if there is an item not carried it will be secured.

Mrs. Jones' entrance into the work is more or less natural. She has studied landscaping and plants for many years and in the past has been consulted by many friends in their decorative problems.

Guard Regiment Is Claiming 2 Records

By United Press

AUSTIN, Tex.—Col. Ernest O. Thompson's 111th headquarters regiment of the National Guard of Texas claims two records. It is the only regiment in the Texas guard with all members resident of one city (Austin); more than one third of its members are college trained men.

Many of the enlisted men and non-commissioned officers have college degrees. Some have several.

Several of the members are students at the University of Texas and a large part of them are taking graduate courses for extra degrees.

Writers have so far shown remarkable restraint in avoiding cracks about carrying on the fight to the Finnish.



Ann Sheridan
STARRED IN "YEARS WITHOUT DAYS"
A Warner Bros. Picture
does her Christmas shopping early.

A Welcome Gift

One of the most attractive Christmas packages—see it in the stores and order your Christmas Chesterfields now. Chesterfields, with their real mildness, better taste and delicious aroma, give real pleasure to anyone who smokes.

You can't buy a better cigarette.

Christmas Chesterfields

in attractive Gift cartons

Copyright 1939, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Electrify Your Friends with ELECTRICAL GIFTS

GIFTS THAT WILL MAKE HER HAPPY!



Buy Electrical Gifts NOW
They're Sold by Most Stores

JIM HORTON Tire Service

East Main St.

--

Eastland

LYRIC

LAST DAY

BOB HOPE
Paulette Goddard
"THE CAT and the CANARY"

CLASSIFIED

WILL LEAVE Cisco Thursday, 14th, 9 a. m. for Los Angeles. Can take one. Fare \$12.00. Make arrangements Travel Bureau, Cisco.

DID YOU KNOW you can buy 1940 Packard Sedan for \$1095. Frank Lovett, at Burnside Motor Co., Eastland.

FOR SALE—Boys' bicycle, Good-year, good condition. 207 S. College.

SEE THE 1940 PACKARDS. Four Door Sedan \$1095. Frank Lovett at Burnside Motor Co., Eastland.

FOR RENT—Three room furnished apartment with bath and refrigerator. See Mrs. C. T. Lucas, 300 East Main.

WHY NOT try my meals. During week 30c; Sundays 35c.—MRS. A. M. STOKES, 305 North Daugherty.

FOR RENT: New duplex, unfurnished apartment, 3 rooms and bath, well located, on pavement. Apply 207 N. Seaman.

PROF. THOMAS, psychologist astrologist, covers all affairs of life. Guaranteed readings 50c. Maverick Hotel, Eastland.

ATTENTION!
TO THOSE WHO HAVE
Refrigerators
WHEN IN NEED OF
SERVICE ON YOUR MACHINE CALL 33

SEELYE ELECTRIC CO.

Goodbye and Thanks Says Youngster To Benefactor



"Goodbye, Mr. Adams, and thanks," grinned Douglas Shaffer, 6, of Burk Burnett, who called on Nathan Adams, Dallas banker and benefactor of Scottish Rite Hospital for Crippled Children, as the youngster prepared to leave the institution after long treatment for his crippled hip. "Doug" has had two operations and worn a plaster cast for months, but soon will be able to discard his crutches. Mr. Adams this week launched his sixth annual appeal for funds to operate the hospital for treatment of afflicted youngsters. Personal letters sent by the banker to his many friends throughout Texas invite Christmas contributions to the institution, which has treated more than 37,000 crippled children.

MOUNTAIN NEWS

Bro. Collins of Olden filled his appointment here Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Some of our people are still making tanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Riggs of Howard visited Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Horne, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Fonville and son, Uel, were De Leon visitors Tuesday.

Joe Fair and son, J. W., came home for a few days visit with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cook spent Saturday with W. E. Askew and mother. It was Mr. Askew's birth-

day. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Johnson and little son and Jim Moore visited in the Askew home Sunday.

Sam Fonville of Staff is helping his brother, Frank, build a tank.

Zane Holmes was in Eastland Monday on business.

Edward Houser visited his family a few days last week. He left for Oklahoma where he will work for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Fonville and Joe Fair of De Leon were Strawn and Ranger visitors Wednesday.

Tillman Fonville is attending the N. Y. A. school at Ranger. Mrs. Addie Slaughter of Eastland visited her parents, Mr. and

Mrs. J. L. Fonville Tuesday.

Some of this community attended the funeral of Layton Rodgers at Desdemona Wednesday afternoon.

Zane Holmes and Uel Fonville T. J. Rainey and J. W. Fair attended the ball game Wednesday night at Desdemona.

Zane Holmes and Uel Fonville to T. J. Rainey to the Gorman hospital Saturday afternoon.



Announcing

HILLSIDE GARDENS

Landscape Service

Beautiful Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs freshly dug, field grown. Healthy Plants. Adapted to climate. Peonies, perennial and spring bedding plants.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME FOR CHRISTMAS!

If we don't have what you want will supply on short notice.

Mrs. Annie Laurie Jones

Southwest of City

205-Citation by Publication

THE STATE OF TEXAS To the Sheriff or any County land County—Greeting

You are hereby commanded S. Coy Thompson by making this Citation once in each consecutive weeks previous to day hereof, in some newspaper in your County, and to appear regular term of the County Court House thereof, in Eastland second Monday in January A. D. 1939, in a same being the 8th day of Jan. 1940, then and there to answer filed in said Court, on the 5th on the docket of said County wherein Eastland National Banking corporation is Plaintiff, Thompson is Defendant and action being alleged as follows:

That on the 25th day of August Plaintiff made, executed and filed in said Court, a promissory note of \$371.00, due and payable monthly installments and at of \$96.00; same bearing interest of ten per cent per annum; and also executed chattel mortgage note covering One 1937 Sedan Delivery; Motor No. 437 No. 59-919; same having been for record in the County Clerk Eastland, Texas; that there is balance of \$321.00 which defers to pay; that note has been the hands of an attorney for Plaintiff prays that defendant appear and answer herein and judgment for balance due of attorney's fees and costs of a foreclosure of its chattel mortgage.

That said chattel mortgage mortgagor should neglect, in said automobile mortgage promissory note, declare all of said note due and payable; that defendant, injured and abandoned automobile, wherefore plaintiff all of said note due and payable. Herein fail not, but have said Court, on said day of the thereof, this writ, with your own, showing how you have same.

Witness my hand and official office in Eastland, Texas, this November A. D. 1939.

R. V. GALLOWAY County Court, Eastland

By W. V. LOVE

Nov. 28, Dec. 5-12-19.

The only phase of the method that looks good can husbands is that the pairs of stockings per every woman.