

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

Published every afternoon (except Thursday, Saturday and Sunday) and every Sunday morning.

Member of United Press Association Member Advertising Bureau—Texas Daily Press League NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

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Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Eastland, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES ONE YEAR BY MAIL (In Texas) \$3.00

Gentleman's Estate for Sale

Two things happened to appear in the same newspaper a few days ago. One was an account of a speech made by former President Hoover in New York. The other was an inconspicuous classified ad.

Mr. Hoover spoke of the American dream, the dream of a great country and a great civilization utterly free from the class distinctions which mar Old World civilizations.

Mr. Hoover was right, and he might have gone on to say that the degree to which we achieve this dream and make it real, is the degree of our success.

Then the little advertisement caught the eye. It read: "Gentleman's estate for sale . . ." So many acres of land. Such and such barns and buildings.

It is not an uncommon expression, and yet it is one that jangles fiercely on the ear against such words as those of Mr. Hoover.

The term "gentleman" is not, and must not become a class term in America. It is far too precious for that. Our American hope is to produce gentlemen in all classes.

As Mr. Hoover made clear, America alone sets up the ideal of a truly classless society. The Marxists imply dictatorship of a single class, the proletariat.

America still strives for a society where there shall be no verbal connection between "gentleman" and "estate," as indeed there is none in fact.

On the market comes the new necktie, made of glass fiber. Just the thing for the efficient slayer, who can now strangle and slit the throat with one movement.

Only the keenest observers are able to perceive, at this early date, the mistakes being made in this war that directly contribute to the waging of the next.

The British camouflage a retreat in the high-sounding phrase, "readjustment of position." This is also known as having enough sense to come in out of the rain.

FEMININE DIPLOMAT

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a small illustration of a woman's face.

Steady Advance



GOVERNMENT WARNS THERE IS FIFTH COLUMN IN U. S., LAUNCHES DRIVE TO UPROOT IT

WASHINGTON, June 3.—Is there a fifth column in America? To that question government intelligence agencies answer 'yes.'

They know the undiluted poison of disension, against which the President warned, is being injected into the nation's veins right now by thousands of foreign agents and propagandists.

These fifth columnists are filling our free air with every sort of discordant cry—anti-British, anti-Jewish, anti-democratic, anti-defense. It all meshes in with the official totalitarian propaganda that comes in increasingly volume from Germany and Russia.

The poison threatens the health of our body politic not only by causing disension, but by arousing hysterical reactions.

No one wants a nationwide witch hunt. J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI has warned against this, but he seriously acknowledges that "Recently there have been many examples of growing disrespect for the American flag and cynicism toward the freedom for which it stands."

There is good authority for saying that the President, before his recent speech, had been warned several times that the totalitarians have worked out a program of propaganda and sabotage in the United States.

Under various guises they get money from various sources, including all too many plain Americans, to work for totalitarian ends. One such organization has agents in several large cities picking fights with Jewish storekeepers, dragging them onto the sidewalk and delivering orations to curious crowds about how the Jews want to get us into war.



made through a German organization in New York City. Various organizations frankly anti-democratic get their propaganda introduced by several congressmen into the Congressional Record. They are trying to increase their representation there and in the army, especially the national guard and the reserves.

These organizations have varied names, patriotic or religious, like the Christian Mobilizers. Under various guises they get money from various sources, including all too many plain Americans, to work for totalitarian ends.

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Protects Pilot



So many racing pilots lost teeth, square inches of facial skin and glasses that Mike Rogowski, secretary-treasurer of the Detroit Outboard Association, invented a net made of heavy cord that fits over the face and under the chin.

"War Pilot" Might Mean Much More After Present War

FORT WORTH, Tex.—Maj. B. S. Graham, air corps reserve, predicts that the suffix "war pilot" will mean more after a flier's name in the future if the United States ever sends its airmen to battle an enemy.

"If the United States enters the present war," said Major Graham, "The expression 'he's a good aviator,' he was a war pilot" will mean much more than it did after the first World War.

"I went into action in the last war with the 12th Aero Squadron with just 65 hours' training. Today, a student is just ready to learn what flying is about when he has 65 hours."

Major Graham estimated that current American aircraft production is about 7,000 planes a year. He is associated here with the Bennett Aircraft Corporation, which will begin this summer building a medium-sized monoplane by a plastic plywood process adaptable to "assembly line" production methods.

The government is training new pilots at the rate of 2,300 a year, he said, and under the new Civil Aeronautics Authority program he predicted that pilots can be turned out within three years as fast as planes can be manufactured for them.

The speed of two huge bombers that the army now is building has not been disclosed, the aviator said, but they have a cruising range of 9,000 miles, a wingspread of 212 feet, rudders as tall as a three story building, and could carry 350 persons although the normal crew will be 25 men and a load of bombs.

"These planes surely can shrink the oceans," he said. The present European war and U. S. Army maneuvers are "teaching us many things," he added. One lesson learned is that the large bombers present a serious problem in landing, because of their size and speed.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

Comic strip panels featuring a character and text about lobsters and a curious cutie. Includes a small illustration of a person playing pool.

THE PAY OFF

NEW YORK—Al Weill will tell you of the vagaries of boxing. Two weeks ago Weill had Arturo Godoy, challenger of Joe Louis and so nothing of a hero for having stuck around with the Negro for 15 rounds; Lou Ambers, the lightweight leader; and Joey Archibald, whom he could bill as world feather champion.

BRUCE CATTON IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON—One of the most significant struggles of the entire rearmament drive is now beginning to take shape over this question: What part, if any, should the anti-trust laws play in the government's huge war-emergency spending program?

Caution Getting A Summer Tan Urged By Doctor

AUSTIN, Tex.—"Use caution in getting your suntan this season" is the advice of Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer.

Oldest Text Book In U. Of T. Library

AUSTIN, Tex.—Oldest text book in a 17,000 volume collection at the University of Texas is a Greek and Latin parody on the book of Job, used in 1637.

Consumer Protection Now Being Planned

THE division, furthermore, is anxious to swing into action on a broad program of consumer-protection. During the last war food prices shot skyward, and an acute housing shortage developed.

Suspension of Laws Held Unnecessary

ARNOLD'S main point is that no suspension of the anti-trust laws can be necessary, for this reason: The anti-trust laws bar unreasonable restraints of trade. Whenever the army and navy can show that a certain industrial combination is necessary to the national defense, the reasonableness of that combination is automatically proven and the anti-trust laws do not apply to it.

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

CHAPTER I

ROSSY McAfee laid his bag of baseball bats and ancient telescope grip on the ground and gaped at the wrought-iron arch which ran between the stone gate posts. The iron letters, "Lincoln College," were two feet high.

Rossy stared hungrily at the bronze figure of the Rail Splitter in the drive oval. He had had two ambitions in his gaunt soul—one, to make the big time as a ball pitcher; the other, to find the man who had killed his father and exact an eye for an eye.

Now he was overwhelmed with third, to become an educated man. Standing there, a Lincolnian figure himself, he seemed to be stepping across the threshold of a new life.

The campus seemed deserted. He had expected to see hundreds, maybe thousands, of gay students chattering and laughing. Instead all the life he found was a professor's cow chewing some dead grass.

"Well, I do declare!" Rossy muttered. "Ain't it at the right place?"

He heard a chattering, clattering roar behind him, faintly at first, then increasingly louder. Before he could collect his wits, it was upon him. He whirled around, saw a girl speeding along the sidewalk toward him. The noise came from wheels on her feet. She must have been going 100 miles an hour.

The girl yelled, tried to turn. Steel grated on concrete. Rossy jumped this way and that trying to decide which way she was going. She plunged on toward him, shouting for him to get out of the

way. She turned again, grasping the air, and Rossy jumped the way. Another instant they were all up—legs, wheels, arms and legs. The girl was yelling and screaming. Rossy heard himself shouting too.

Hey, what the—? He seemed to have helped knock the girl's fall. They untangled themselves and he helped her rise. She rubbed her bruised feet. She looked at Rossy and she laughed.

"I'm all right. I'm Judy Tolliver. That's what I get for trying to be a kind again. Roller skates. Haven't been on skates years, but it seemed like a piece. . . . But who are you? I've never here, aren't you?"

"I'm Rossy McAfee. I'm a ball pitcher. Pitcher." Well to make it at once.

"Ah, I see. You're wanting Coach Hurd. You'll find him at the gym. It's the brick building yonder through the trees."

Rossy gathered up his luggage and walked slowly toward the building, now and then turning to see the girl in sight. She wasn't coming to the front door of the building. No answer. He checked again, and then tried the side door.

"Huh!" he snorted. Removing one of his polished bats, of his own size, he beat on the door, listened, and then began muttering angrily. "This is the dumbest place for nobody to stay."

"What is it?" People just appeared from nowhere, it seemed. It was a man, in easy old gray; he was thick, kindly, and distinguished. His age was perhaps 40.

"I wore boots—evidently an indoor man. "Is there something you do for you?"

"I'm Rossy McAfee and I come school and I want to play ball. Where's Coach Hurd at—you know him?"

"Rossy McAfee!" the man repeated, and just stood there with fixed look. He had the same look as the girl, only it was a



Illustrated by Carol Johnson.

Rossy jumped this way and that, trying to decide where she was going to hit. . . . In another instant they were all piled up—legs, skates, arms, and grip. Rossy was yelling,

man's look. He moved a slow hand across his eyes and stared again, remembered himself, and smiled. "I see. You're the ball pitcher from Hell'n-Damnation Holler. Coach Hurd told me about you. Come this way, here—let

me help you with your grips." He took the bag of bats and led the way to the rear of the gym. "The athletes were not expected for registration until Monday, but Coach will take care of you all right." They entered by a back door and went through a labyrinth of showers and lockers.

At a door the man knocked. "This is Rossy McAfee, Coach," he said when a sleepy head appeared in the door.

"Well, doggone my tintype, so it is!" the coach grinned, shaking Rossy's hand. "Come right in. Don't rush, Prexy. The middle-aged man said he'd be seeing him; and when he was gone, Coach Hurd pulled Rossy in and shut the door. "Well, well! How are you?"

"Who was him?" Rossy asked, jerking his thumb back.

"Doc Tollivar, president of Lincoln College."

"Did you say Tolliver?"

"It's Tollivar, not Tolliver, as you folks spell it in the hills. Different breed of dogs."

ROSSY'S eyes began to gleam. "A or e, a Tollivar's a Tolliver and they air all thieves and rascals. I know 'em. One of 'em killed my pappy long time ago in a ball game with a bean ball, and—why, lands, I bet a cow he was the feller!"

It ran all over Rossy, like a stroke of paralysis from clairvoyance. That man would be about the age of this thick man, too. He stared at the coach.

Then all at once Rossy realized he may have talked too fast and too much. An unwise word might destroy all his chances of a lifetime for revenge, to which he had dedicated his energy and integrity.

He talked fast. "Aw I never meant none of that, Coach. I just drooled at the mouth sometimes. My pappy died from a fractured skull."

In his confusion he had picked up his grip, but he dropped it as suddenly, and the cotton cord holding the top broke, spilling red flannel underwear and shirts

and socks and a photograph on the floor. Rossy began frantically to gather the stuff up, and Coach Hurd, seeing his embarrassment, helped by picking up the picture, which was a honey blond of perhaps 18 or 19.

"Ah-hah!" he teased. "Our little sweetheart back in he hills, eh?"

"Huh?" Then Rossy grinned embarrassedly. "W-wall, yah—that's Hannah. Hannah Shriver. Boy, does she know her baseball!"

"So it's all arranged, eh? You're going to get book-learning and make the big leagues and then the wedding bells will ring, eh?"

"Well, if Hannah has her say-so, it'll come to that. Er, Coach, who was that there gal that almost run over me with her foot wagons out at the gate just now?"

"Foot wagons! Ah!" Then he understood and laughed. "Those are skates. Why, that's Dr. Tollivar's daughter, Judy."

"Doctor—what kind of doctor air he—hoss, tooth-dentist, man doctor, or what?"

"Doc Tollivar is a doctor of philosophy."

"Never heard of that ailment. It ain't ketching, air it?"

HURD roared with laughter, and in Rossy's face, he hastily corrected himself. He knew how sensitive and ill-tempered hill folks were. To cover his confusion he began talking fast and at random.

"It's a mind doctor, and don't you worry any about that. He won't have to work on your mind, and I'll take care of that left arm of yours, for we have you all docketed for big things here, bub. Now we've got to fix you up. You're a few days ahead of schedule but that's okay—we've got everything ready for you—room, job, place to eat, and everything. Best there is too. You rate pretty high in these parts. You'll live off the fat of the land, you bet. Know where you're going to live?"

Pleased at all this sudden evidence of hospitality, Rossy shook his head. "Where?"

"Why, son, at Dr. Tollivar's! Yes, sir, right with Doc and his daughter; and boy is Judy Tollivar some girl! A or e, she's still a girl after anybody's heart, you just wait and see!"

(To Be Continued)

OUT OUR WAY BY WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

America's Flight Leader is Chesterfield

with its Milder, Cooler, Better Taste

THE FLAGSHIP CHESTERFIELD, named for the popular Chesterfield Cigarette, leads American Airlines' great fleet of planes across the U.S.A. . . . and right across the country, millions of smokers are getting more pleasure from Chesterfield's milder, better-tasting, cooler-smoking combination of the world's finest cigarette tobaccos.

The Chesterfield combination is the only combination of its kind. That's why Chesterfields really do SATISFY.

BETTER MADE FOR BETTER SMOKING
Every Chesterfield must conform to the one right standard of size and shape for a cooler, better-tasting, definitely milder smoke. Chesterfields are made right in every detail to give you the cigarette that really satisfies. (As seen in the new film "TOBACCO LAND, U.S.A.")

DO YOU SMOKE THE CIGARETTE THAT SATISFIES

ARMADILLO CALLED FRIEND OF FARMER

AUSTIN, Tex.—Should armadillos be destroyed?

The game warden for the Lamesa district reports that a farmer near Gail, in Borden County, is thoroughly opposed to harming a single one of the clumsy creatures.

In fact, the farmer imported over a dozen armadillos from East Texas and released them on his South Plains farm, hoping that they would thrive and multiply and assist him in controlling insects that damaged his crops.

It is a matter of record that the diet of an armadillo is made up of 94 per cent insects, such as cut worms, beetles and ants. Ants especially are heavily devoured. Since ants are one of the greatest enemies to quail and turkeys, because they destroy the young birds at pipping time, the armadillo, in addition to being the farmer's friend, is also the friend of the sportsman because of his service in destroying quail predators.

The armadillo is not native to the plains region of Texas. One of the armadillos the farmer imported to Borden County was killed by a sportsman near Gail and this gave rise to the erroneous impression that these animals belonged to the South Plains as well as to the more eastern portions of Texas.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

DON'T GO BLAMING ME! SHE GAVE ME THE TICKET TO SHOW HER APPRECIATION FOR ALL THE ECLAIRS I'VE GIVEN HER!

COME ON, LITTLE BEAVER! WE'LL ARREST THREEFINGER'S SISTER! SHE HAS A TEMPER THAT'LL HELP US!

GO CHASE YOUR OWN RED HEAD! I'LL NOT TELL ANYTHING ABOUT MY BROTHER!

I FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T YET! COME ALONG, MISS ROSE!

ALLEY OOP BY HAMLIN

WELL, AIN'T THAT JUST DANDY! IT SO HAPPENS THAT I PAID FOR ALL THOSE ECLAIRS!

CAN I HELP IT IF YOU WANTED HER TO THINK THEY CAME FROM ME?

TRYING TO TAKE MY GIRL AWAY FROM ME, ARE YOU? I OUGHTA SOCK YA!

I DONT WANT YOUR GIRL -- YOU CAN HAVE HER!

OH, SHE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, EH? IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU MY GOOD DISPOSITION IS BIGGER THAN MY FIST!

CALL ME UP AGAIN SOME TIME!

HOORAY! WE'VE GOT THE GATE CLOSED AT LAST!

WED NEVER HAVE DONE IT IF GENERAL OOP HADNT GOT HERE WHEN HE DID!

WHEW! BY GOLLY, THAT WAS A JOB!

LONG LIVE OUR GENERAL OOP!

HOORAY!

HO! SO YOU THINK YOUR OL' GENERAL IS HOT STUFF, EH?

YOU SAID IT! HOORAY FOR GENERAL OOP!

LONG LIVE OUR HERS!

WELL, WOULD YOU GALS LIKE THEAR WHAT YOUR GENERAL THINKS OF YOU?

AVE, BRAVE GENERAL! YOU BET WE WOULD!

WERE LISTENING! GIVE US THE WORKS!

I THINK YOU'RE A BUNCH OF DUMBS, RATTLE-BRAINED BOOBS!

WHAT'S TH' IDEA LEAVIN' THEM GATES UNGUARDED?

WOMEN-SKILLED DOPES IS MORE LIKE IT—NOW YOU DUMB DAMES GIT TO YOUR BATTLE STATIONS!

RED RYDER BY FRED HARMAN



A WANT AD IN THIS PAPER WILL BRING QUICK RESULTS

Society Notes

Alma Williamson Presented In Recital Tonight
 Wilda Drago will present Alma Williamson, violinist, in a recital tonight at the First Methodist church at 8:15.
 For her program, Miss Williamson has selected compositions from the works of Handel, Mendelssohn, Sarasate, Debussy, and Kreisler.

EA1 EVERY DAY AT EASTLAND HOTEL
 Mrs. A. M. Stokes
 203 E. Main Street
 Weekly Meals 30c
 Sunday Meals 35c
 Special Rates to Regular Roomers and Boarders

Political Announcements

This newspaper is authorized to publish the following announcements of candidates for public offices, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries:

- For Congress, 17th District: OTIS (OAT) MILLER of Jones County
- THOS. L. BLANTON-SAM RUSSELL
- C. L. (CLYDE) GARRETT Re-election.
- For Representative 107th District: OMAR BURKETT
- For Representative 106th District: P. L. (LEWIS) CROSSLEY
- For District Clerk: JOHN WHITE
- For County Treasurer: GARLAND BRANTON
- For Assessor-Collector: CLYDE S. KARKALITS
- For County Clerk: R. V. (RIP) GALLOWAY WALTER GRAY
- For Sheriff: LOSS WOODS W. J. (PETE) PETERS WALTER EVANS
- For Criminal District Attorney: EARL CONNER, JR.
- For County Judge: W. S. ADAMSON R. I. RUST
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 1: HENRY V. DAVENPORT JOS TOW
- For Constable Precinct No. 1: HUGH CARLTON

S. M. U. TO OPEN WORLD'S ONLY AIR-CONDITIONED LIBRARY JUNE 4



Dedication ceremonies for Southern Methodist University's new, \$500,000 Fondren Library will be held June 4. The stately Georgian structure, which completes the campus quadrangle and is the world's only air-conditioned library, will be open for the first session of summer school June 6. Mrs. W. W. Fondren and her late husband provided funds for its construction. Having a total book capacity of 300,000 volumes, the building will contain large reading room with accommodations for 500 readers, a reserve room, an auditorium, faculty research rooms, seminars, individual studies, library staff offices, and eight levels of stacks. Elevators, book conveyors, and a pneumatic tube system will expedite service to readers. President Umphrey Lee, Bishop A. Frank Smith, chairman of the S. M. U. Board of Trustees; Bishop Charles G. Seelman, former president; Dr. J. N. R. Score, and Dr. J. W. Mills will participate in the dedication services.

She will be accompanied by Clara Kinble.
 The public is cordially invited to attend the recital at 8:15 at the Methodist church.

Eastland Personals

Miss Laboma Hatcock of the Eastland National Bank, left Sunday for Borger, Texas, to spend vacation period with her father, Mr. J. R. Hatcock.

Wheat Crop To Be Slight Without A Needed Rain

By United Press
 ENID, Okla. — Summer rains during the next three months will determine the difference between major failure and a fair to good crop in the great southwestern wheat belt.
 Drouth has produced a critical condition on the wheat-growing plains of western Oklahoma and Texas. Crop statisticians forecast one of the shortest crops in years for these two sections.
 A survey made over most of this

wheat-growing area by A. W. Erickson, Minneapolis, Minn., crop expert, reveals that conditions are "spotty," with some appearing favorable and others very poor.
 Beginning at Perryton, Texas, which is about midway on the Oklahoma panhandle line, Erickson drove eastward. For 125 miles east of Perryton, he saw fields which gave little promise of producing even enough wheat for seed purposes.

That description is general to within 10 miles of Alva, in the northwest part of Oklahoma, Erickson said. Here there is hope of a good wheat crop.
 Fair prospects were noted in the Okfuskee, Okla., area of northeastern Blaine county, which is the heart of the Oklahoma wheat country. But even here, Erickson said, farmers are planting wheat fields in other crops, especially oats. Thirteen of the 40 to 50 fields he noted in one section had been planted in oats.

In the big wheat district of Garfield county, of which Enid—one of the largest wheat terminal cities in the southwest—is the center, Erickson gathered samples of wheat sprouts which he described as the best he had seen.

To get his observations, Erickson traveled more than 1,500 miles in one week, mainly through western Texas and Oklahoma.
 In west Texas, he found the southern section of this area to have the poorest outlook for its 1940 crop. Others were described as "bright."

A short straw crop all over the Southwest this year was predicted by the wheat expert. Roots of wheat plants usually are twice as long as the straw. This year the roots appear to be shorter than usual, which probably will mean shorter straws.

Although a severe fall and winter drouth is responsible for the condition of the crop, heavy rains have fallen within the past month, causing Federal government statisticians to boost their estimate of Oklahoma's wheat production by 6,000,000 bushels.
 Erickson believes that wheat which germinated last fall and began growing at that time will produce a "fair to good" crop under favorable condition. However, grain which did not germinate until this spring will have little chance of maturing, he said.

Fight for Light-Heavy Title



Billy Conn, left, defends the world light-heavyweight championship against Gus Lesnevich, right, in 15-round contest in Detroit, June 5.

CUTS ROLLING TIME—UPS "MAKIN'S" JOY!

WHY CAN'T I ROLL 'EM FAST AS YOU?
 YOU NEED THE QUICK-ROLLING TOBACCO—PRINCE ALBERT. NO SPILLING OR SIFTING.

CHECK ON P.A. THAT CRIMP CUT HUGS THE PAPER—ROLLS SO FAST, EASY, FIRM!

PRINCE ALBERT TASTES RICHER, TOO—SWELL BODY WITHOUT HARSHNESS.

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

Copyright 1940 B. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
 THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Guards Consumer in Defense Drive



To Miss Harriet Elliott, above, dean of women at the University of North Carolina, President Roosevelt assigned the task of consumer protection in the country's huge new defense program. She is the only woman member of the President's defense commission, is an authority on consumer problems.

Highway 80 Group To Seek Hearing

BIG SPRING, Tex.—Members of the Executive Committee of the U. S. 80 Highway Association of West Texas voted unanimously to sponsor a delegation composed of representatives from towns along Highway U. S. 80 from Fort Worth to El Paso to appear before the Texas Highway Commission late in June.

CLASSIFIED

- FOR SALE: New threshed oats, 20c bushel, at my place four miles from Cisco on the Cisco-Breckenridge highway.—NEW TART.
- RIVERSIDE TIRES for passenger cars and trucks, easy payment plan. Call 567-J, ask for Mr. Hipp.
- AUTO LOANS—New and Used Cars. Six per cent loans on 12 to 24-month new car loans. HOLC homes for sale. General insurance. Donald Kinnaird, 207 Exchange Building.
- FOR RENT: Furnished apartment, 310 E. Main St.
- One Clarinet for sale at reasonable price; in excellent condition.—Phone 714, Eastland.

Loans On Your Life Insurance AT NEW LOWER RATES

Are you paying 6% on your life insurance loan, or do you want a new loan REDUCED INTEREST 2% to 4 1/2% based on amount of loan.
NO HIDDEN CHARGES!
 Existing loans refinanced and new loans made against the loan value of life insurance policies. attend to all details privately.
 Consult us or write for full particulars.
Freyschlag
 INSURANCE AGENCY

CONNELLE WEDNESDAY One Day Only Shows at 2:15 - 8 p.m.

GONE WITH THE WIND

Matinee 15c
 Night 35c
 Reserved Seats On Sale At the Lyric

LYRIC TODAY ONLY

IT'S! IT'S! TORRIFIC!
 JAMES CAGNEY
 AND SHERIDAN PAT O'BRIEN
 ANDY DEVINE - HELEN VIN
 Latest War News

YES SIR!

THE BEST SALESMAN ON THE JOB EVERY DAY FOR THE BUSINESS INTERESTS OF

EASTLAND
 IS THE
EASTLAND TELEGRAM



By reading the advertising and keeping up with the weekly bargains, many dollars are SAVED by the consumers of this entire community!

THE EASTLAND TELEGRAM IS----

- First in International News
- First in National News
- First in Local News
- First in Popular Comics
- And Should be First in the Hearts of Our Home People . . . Because It's Your Own Home Paper.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE TELEGRAM--10c A WEEK

Calling All SUNDAY DRIVERS!

You won't ever see a roadside sign that says Holidays Ahead . . . But the fact remains that the great Outdoor Season is already under way and here for a long stay.

And that means new play clothes for all the family—new hats and handbags—new swim suits and tennis rackets and sun-tan oil—new gadgets for the car—new everything for a new life-under-the-sun.

"But what will we use for money?" . . . Well, here's a good tip on that point. Use the same old money—but S-T-R-E-T-C-H it! Watch the advertisements in this paper for chances to buy more for less! You'll find good values offered every time, things you especially want at prices that are reasonable and fair.

It's a good habit—shopping by newspaper before you shop at the store. Saves you real money! Brings you more things you need and want! Helps you live life a little more richly!