

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

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Remember, Comrade Benito?

Whether it be true, or not, that serious rioting has taken place in Northern Italian industrial cities, we do not know. It is more than likely that indirect reports are exaggerated or even untrue.

And yet—it is not illogical that there should be such disorders, now or later. Seeds of socialism, and of anti-imperialism, were sown there many years ago. After efforts have been made to root them out, but deep beneath the soil of the Romagna they may remain today.

Who sowed those seeds? Thirty years ago a young socialist was agitating in Forli, Milan, and other cities, demanding violent sabotage against Italian imperialist military ventures into Tripoli. Outstanding in his advocacy of violence, he urged that women lie down on the railroad tracks to bar trains from carrying Italian boys to Africa to fight for the realization of imperial ambitions. He even served five months in jail after an affair at Forli in which railroad tracks were torn up to prevent the passage of troop trains.

The name of this agitator? Benito Mussolini, a ragged, sick, unstable workman who had spent hours agitating for every moment of honest work he had ever done.

Thirty years have passed, and now, so wonderful is human life and the strange things that happen to men, it is this same man who is sending fresh transports full of young Italians to die in the same Tripoli for another Imperial Dream. It is this same man who dreams of resurrecting the ghost of the old Roman Empire, and who flings legions against Greece, and Albania, and Ethiopia.

Truly, in all history there are few parallels to this socialist turned fascist, this worker turned ruler, this anti-imperialist turned imperialist, this poor, ragged agitator turned to a rich, broad-uniformed imperator, this man who tried to stop the troop trains issuing orders that the trains shall move again.

Should it happen, as it may have happened, or as it may yet happen, that discontented workmen of Milan or Turin, wicking the casualty lists that have cost 20,000 dead and wounded and 100,000 prisoners, watching the infiltration of the alien German, should riot against Authority, one man, at least, will understand.

Benito Mussolini once stood where they will stand.

Sickness, says a doctor, costs \$1,500,000,000 yearly in the United States. It isn't worth it!

It is hard to laugh at your own expense when you are broke.

New Jersey man struck a match to see if he had any gas. Now he hasn't any car.

If you keep looking up you'll find out that the sky's the limit.

MAN OF THE THEATER

HORIZONTAL

1, 7 Versatile man of the theater.

11 To hum.

12 Spoken.

13 Plot of ground.

14 Wild beast.

16 Dormant.

18 To coat with tin.

19 Gnawed.

20 Etch (abbr.).

21 Still.

22 He is a writer of songs.

26 Spore clusters.

27 Horned part of horse's foot.

29 Long grass.

31 Intent.

34 Neatly.

36 God of war.

37 To take dimensions.

39 Tooth tissue.

40 Grain (abbr.).

41 Manager.

42 Hair.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

RAILS IN THE WALLS
EAST SIDE LINES
WAS BUT DODGED
PARURE FRIATED
RELATE ROD GLAIR
REPEAL EDI PDIT
A OAL KITT
TRAD TERNE
EELY EATER
DURESS ECU
DOME TENSES

28 Field filled.

29 Lique.

30 Solitary.

31 He is also a dramatist or

32 Lowest.

33 Close.

34 Set of three.

35 Legume.

36 Small hotels.

37 Thither.

38 Policeman.

39 Ocean.

40 Haze.

41 To do wrong.

42 Loom bars.

43 Totaled.

44 Opposed to it.

45 Maxim.

46 Renown.

47 To make a speech.

48 Fixed course of study.

49 To leave.

50 Minerals.

51 Sun god.

52 Credit (abbr.).

53 a singer and

VERTICAL

2 Renown.

3 To make a speech.

4 Fixed course of study.

5 To leave.

6 Minerals.

7 Company (abbr.).

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



Stuttering Students Speak In Public

AUSTIN, Texas—That most difficult of all speaking places, the public forum platform, is the proving ground for six University of Texas students who are trying to quit stuttering.

The six were chosen by Jesse Villareal, head of the university speech correction clinic, for the demonstration. Persons interested in voice training attended the forum and questioned the stutters during the unheated program.

The once-impaired students came through splendidly, and Villareal said it would add greatly to their poise in private as well as public conversations.

May Be Named Envoy to London



Because of the extraordinary heavy duties war imposes on the U. S. ambassador in London, President Roosevelt is expected to name a U. S. minister to Great Britain to help carry some of the load. Prominently mentioned for the post is S. Clay Williams, above, chairman of the board of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

Trusty's Arrest In Surprise For Prison

RALEIGH, N. C.—Gurney B. Duncan, serving a nine-year sentence for housebreaking, escaped from his trusty's cell at Central Prison here, but was nabbed by police at his old "profession" before his getaway had been discovered.

When Night Patrolmen G. R. Glover and R. E. Goodwin answered a robbery call, they caught Duncan in a grocery, arrested him and notified prison authorities, who were unaware of the escape. Duncan was charged again with breaking and entering, after five previous convictions for the same offense.

Thrillers Read By Book Collectors

NEW YORK.—Dr. A. S. Rosenbach, whose 18,000 volume of rare and priceless books manuscripts are valued at \$1,000,000, turns to thrillers for relaxation.

One of the world's foremost book collectors and connoisseurs reads pulp and detective books at the end of a hard working over the world's greatest literature.

He does his reading in a library which houses the original of William Shakespeare's plays and several copies of the Gutenberg Bible.

"I've been reading pulp detective fiction for years," confessed, "I enjoy them. I find them relaxing."

His priceless books are stored in special vaults which are kept constantly at 70 degrees.

The value of his 18,000 volume collection is difficult to judge, as many of the only one of a kind, but the \$10,000,000 figure is said to be conservative. One volume, the 15th century "Book of the Chase," is valued at \$250,000.

BABY'S COLD Easy to relieve misery directly without dosing Rub throat, chest and back with VICKS VAPORUB USED BY 3 OUT OF 5 MOTHERS

Mrs. FDR, Jr. --- '41 Gibson Girl



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., the former Ethel DuPont, turns Gibson Girl for a night. She is pictured in the costume of 1901 she wore in a pageant at New York's Birthday Ball benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

TELEGRAM PHOTO-FLASHES



NEW PORTABLE DIVING APPARATUS—Philadelphia.—The invention of Christian J. Lambertsen, 23-year-old sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, is examined by three of his fellow students who visited the exhibits in connection with the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This device makes it possible for a person to stay under water for as much as 30 minutes at a time and does not use cables or tubes leading to the surface.



YUM-YUM!—What could possibly make a movie star look as soulful as little Carolyn Lee, precocious 5-year-old, looks in this informal shot snapped on the set of "Virginia," in which she has an important role. Why, licorice sticks, of course! Remember what they did for you when you were five. Make-up repairs come later.



HEARTS AND FLOWERS CO-STAR AS VALENTINES—Harris and flowers take the spotlight on Cupid's romantic festival day. The showcase of fragrant roses and a matching arrangement of roses in a flower. Valentines which are some of the beautiful fresh flowers in the world through the beautiful fresh Telegram Delivery Association. Orchids, of course, in romantic Valentine corsages. Baskets of spring gifts and potted plants are also popular Valentine.



EPINARD FOUND PULLING CARRIAGE—Chartres, France.—The famous 21-year-old race horse was reported stolen in the confusion attending the German advance. The horse is shown with his trainer Leigh and Jockey Haynes before the war. Epinard invaded the United States for a series of races in 1924.



AT FORT McCLELLAN, ALA.—The first recreation center opened for soldiers in the nearby town of Aniston, Ala., was that of the Jewish Welfare Board. Photo shows group from the 27th Division of New York pounding out a tune on the night of the formal opening. The recreation center is open to soldiers of all faiths.



When you are planning meals for convalescents, be sure to provide plenty of decaffeinated coffee so they can enjoy extra cups without losing precious sleep. Tropicana is a delicious sleep-quick-frozen strawberries have all the fresh flavor and vitamins of garden picked berries sealed in by Arctic cold and are a really thrifty treat. Mix the juice drained from 1 box quick-frozen strawberries (thawed), with enough water to make a cup, 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca, 2 tablespoons sugar and a dash of salt in a saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. Add the strawberries. Cool, stirring occasionally. Mixture thickens as it cools. Chill. Serves 4.

Blitz Victim Uses Old Collen As Bed

LONDON—A 400-year-old stone coffin is the latest thing in air raid shelters.

It rests in the crypt of Christ Church, Spitalfields, and is the home of Michael O'Connor, a London East End laborer.

Blasted from his home by a bomb three months ago, he has passed every night since, reading, eating and sleeping in the coffin.

"And very comfortable it is, too," he says.

Every morning, except Sunday, when he has a "lie-in," Michael is awakened by his wife with a cup of tea. Then he goes to work to face cracks from his mates, such as "Hullo, Mike, back from the dead."

The O'Connors, with their 15-year-old son, have made their corner of the crypt as comfortable as possible.

Mrs. O'Connor doesn't "fancy the coffin much," so she sleeps on the floor with her son, while Michael sleeps "like the dead" in his strange bed.

"I've slept in worse places," he says; "it's a bit drafty, but otherwise it's quite comfortable. There's plenty of room to move around."

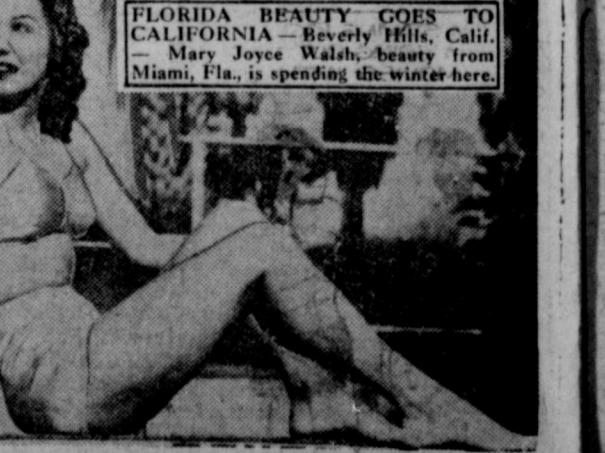
"The first couple of nights I felt a bit strange and kept waking up, but I've got used to it now, and I sleep like a top."



AMONG THE GREATS OF DOGDOM—St. Bernards always will be popular because their good temper is only second to their size. Photo shows two five months old St. Bernard pups and their companion: wonder what mischief they can get up to next.



SWEATERS GO TO ALL POINTS SMARTLY—(Left) A young, taut waistline... that's what the higher ribbing gives. Pretty-as-a-picture fagotting effect with soft fullness on the sleeves. (Right) It's new, it's young, it's versatile—it's easy to make. The slim cardigan knits up in a jiffy. Wear it as a blouse or wear it over dresses.



FLORIDA BEAUTY GOES TO CALIFORNIA—Beverly Hills, Calif. Mary Joyce Walsh, beauty from Miami, Fla., is spending the winter here.

THE ARMY TOASTS A PRETTY VISITOR—Army men, stationed at Fort Jay, Governor's Island, drink a toast to pretty Marianne Steene in appreciation of her visit.

By Lecto SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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YESTERDAY: Martha does not go into detail concerning her return to the office, spends most of the time taking notes of the conference. Paul wants her to return to New York to report the morning session, but she refuses. Knowing Bill would never accept her explanation, she takes the train home, never dreaming just how crazy Bill could be, nor how appalling a situation awaited her.

BILL GOES WILD

CHAPTER XVII

LIGHT burned in Mrs. Larkin's parlor. Martha, tired from the flight from New York, her head aching, gave it no thought as she started up the stairs to her room.

"Is that you, Mrs. Marshall?" a voice from the kitchen called. Martha opened the door and Mrs. Larkin, in a bathrobe, came into the hall. "I was just making some coffee. I'm waiting for you. That's why I got the parlor lamp on."

"Waiting for me?" Martha asked. "I'm waiting for you. That's why I got the parlor lamp on."

"My husband? Are you sure?" she asked. "The room seemed to be whirling dizzily. Martha put her hands up to her aching head, and sat down quickly on the sagging sofa. "What did he say? What was the matter? I don't understand."

Mrs. Larkin asked sharply, "Where were you, anyway?"

"In New York. I flew—the office."

"Aha!" cried the old woman. "That's what he said! I thought he was out of his head. He said you were in New York and he wanted to find out about your clothes!"

Martha sat bolt upright. "He knew I was in New York? Then he must have gone to the office!"

SWIFT understanding washed over her. Bill had received her. He knew she was in the office. And he'd come there. Someone there must have told him she'd trembled with rage at the agency of it—someone must have said, "Mrs. Marshall's in New York with Mr. Elliott."

Another thought nagged at the back of her mind. This was Tuesday. Never before had Bill secured a pass for overnight leave on a week day. "Maybe he came here to apologize, to beg me to go back. . . . Maybe he got a special pass. . . ."

The realization of Bill's regret at their quarrel—the knowledge that he'd come all the way from camp to see her at the office, perhaps to beg her forgiveness, to make it up—smote her like a blow. "And I wasn't there! That moron at the switchboard told him I was in New York with Paul!"

"Yes," she heard Mrs. Larkin's voice speculating. "Yes, he must have been at the office in the daytime. Where was he till he came here? Do you reckon he was out among your friends—finding out if you told anybody anything? Asking them what you knew?" The shrewd old eyes gleamed with sudden malice. "His getting so excited about your clothes looks to me like your husband must have thought maybe you were running away!"

FOR a moment, Martha huddled there on the sofa, misery shaking her. Then she caught at the old woman's words. "My friends. . . . asking them. . . . Suzanne! That's where Bill went! He must have gone to her house to find out if she knew whether Paul and I—Paul and I—" Her throat closed up, convulsively. Suddenly she was galvanized into action. She leaped to her feet, her body stiff with decision. "Excuse me, Mrs. Larkin. Thanks for—for telling me. I must go out now. I—goodnight, Mrs. Larkin!"

Her landlady stared at Martha as if she had suddenly taken leave of her senses. "It's 1 o'clock in the morning!"

But Martha was opening the front door. An instant later, the cold night wind stabbed her. She hurried down the street, oblivious. Two blocks away there was an all-night cab stand. She had to get to Suzanne's house on Sugar Hill. That's where Bill had gone, all right. It was there he had spent the hours between his discovery at the office and his appearance at Mrs. Larkin's.

A lone cab stood at the corner. She pulled open the door. "Sugar Hill." The name of Suzanne's street eluded her, for a dizzy moment. "Stafford—no Stafford Road. The big white house off by itself, in between Palmer and Britt. . . ."

AT last the cab stopped. Martha paid the man, trembling. She

stood on the porch, shivering, her fingers pressing the bell. Almost immediately, a light flashed on in the hall. Through the tiny glass panes of the upper door, Martha saw a pair of silver mules come down the stairs, and then a quilted satin bathrobe. Suzanne herself was answering the door.

Suzanne's eyes, through the glass, were not astonished at meeting Martha's worried brown ones. Then Bill had been here! Suzanne seemed to know all about it, for she flung the door open. "Thank God you're here! I told Bill you weren't in New York!"

"I was in New York. I flew back. Oh, Suzanne, he was here? What did he want? What was the matter?"

"I'm telling you! He thought Paul enticed you back—thought it was all arranged, that everybody at least I—knew you'd eloped to New York, or something. He raved and swore and asked me where you were, how long you were going to stay—things like that. I told him it was nonsense. I told him I didn't know where Paul was, but that I was certain you weren't in New York at all. I—Suzanne's creamy face flashed. "I honestly tried to repair whatever damage I'd done that time, Martha."

"Damage!" Martha's laugh was curiously mirthless. "He's thought of nothing else. It kept growing in his mind. He magnified it to even greater importance than you ever did—he got sullen, impossible—made trouble for himself at camp—quarrelled with me, kept asking me things about Paul—when I'd seen him, trying to trap me into admitting things—oh—"

"I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry I ever said a word!"

"That's a big help now!"

"Don't, Martha! I—I'll do anything. Look, let's get this straight. How did you know he'd been here? Where did he go after that?"

"He went to my boarding house. Rushed upstairs to see if I'd taken my clothes! I simply guessed that he'd been here. But where can he be now?"

"We must look for him," Suzanne said, rising. "I—I hate to say this, Martha, but I—I think he's been drinking. If he went to your boarding house—raising Cain, and then—then didn't know what to do next, it seems to me he—probably stopped for a drink somewhere."

"Or two or ten," Martha whispered. "Oh, Suzanne!"

"I'll get dressed at once. We'll get in my car. We'll scour the town for him."

(To Be Continued)



RED RYDER

By Harman



Freckles and His Friends—By Blosser



BRUCE CATTON IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON STILL DOESN'T KNOW WALLACE, BUT THIS CLOSEUP WILL HELP ACQUAINT YOU

BY BRUCE CATTON
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON. — Washington never saw a vice president like Henry A. Wallace before. The town has had eight years to get acquainted, but it isn't entirely onto him even yet.

Vice presidents who get interested in abstract ideas aren't new, but there never was one who would put his teeth into an idea and shake it to pieces the way Wallace does. A sample is his famous experience with the boomerangs.

When he was Secretary of Agriculture Wallace used to walk most of the way to work, leaving his suitcase in the Wardman Park hotel and swinging down through Rock Creek Park. Jim Le Cron, his assistant, used to walk with him. To get a little exercise as they walked, the two used to carry a bag of golf balls, throwing them ahead and picking them up as they reached them. One morning Le Cron showed up with a couple of boomerangs to vary the game.

Wallace not only took to throwing boomerangs; he got interested in the theory of boomerangs, studied them carefully, drew up air-foil sections and calculated just how a boomerang could be improved. Finally he had some made to his own design out of plastic—producing, probably, the most effective boomerang ever seen. Having done all of this, he lost all interest in boomerangs. He had milked the subject of its last drop of intellectual interest—and then he was through with it.

On top of this, Wallace has a way of concentrating sharply on whatever topic happens to strike his interest the most. It often happens that a caller will start him on one chain of thought and will switch to another without taking Wallace along with him—and will realize, several minutes later, that Wallace just hasn't been listening to him.

STILL NO GOOD AT SMALL TALK

SUCH traits will make it hard for him in his new job, in which intimate conversations with a great number of intensely practical politicians will play an important part. But Wallace is no political innocent—after all, he dealt with Congress pretty successfully during his eight years as Secretary of Agriculture—and he does like people. Incidentally, one of his best friends is Ed Flynn, chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

When he first came to Washington he disliked official functions. Then he discovered that the endless round of banquets, dinner parties and "at homes" are very important to a cabinet minister. Learning this, his intellectual curiosity made him want to find out the how and why of that importance. Since then he has been about as deep in the social round as any member of the cabinet.

This still hasn't developed his ability to make small talk. The tell of one dinner party at which his hostess saw him sitting in silence all through the evening, and despaired that anyone present could make him talk. Finally, though, she saw him in animated conversation with some young sprig. Eager to know what subject had at last stirred his interest, she sidled over—to find Wallace and the young sprig deep in a chat about Iowa hogs.

Wallace likes many games, but he likes to play them, not to watch them, and hasn't gone to a professional game as a spectator for years. He plays tennis and badminton, and enjoys long walks. He is fond of picking up new games, but he doesn't go for cards. He reads a great deal, but it's mostly pretty deep stuff—genetics, mathematics, economics, the history of civilizations, comparative religions, and so on.

His interest in experiments has led him to try out various kinds of diets. When in college he lived for a time on soy beans, just to see what the result would be. For a number of years he was a vegetarian, although he has since given that up.



Catton

Science Holds a Desire for Candy Proves Its Needed

By United Press

STORRS, Conn.—Taking candy on a baby in most cases is the wrong thing to do, according to experiments of child-psychologist Weston A. Bousfield of University of Connecticut.

When children are upset emotionally and ask for candy or sweets they are simply following proper physiological yearning.

Dr. Bousfield conducted experiments for more than a year with little rats, based on the recently proved fact that young children and young animals are alike in saving the kind of foods they need most at the time.

He kept charts of dietary records of rats to emotional upsets. His purpose was to ascertain in this condition would these more sweets than usual kept them in solitary con-

Beach Combing Is Yielding a Profit

HERMOSA BEACH, Cal.—An Arabian Nights dream of picking up coins and jewels from the ground underfoot comes true every time there is a high tide along this stretch of Southern California coastline.

Winter and summer the clean white sloping beach is thronged with people. They sit down, sprawl in the sun—and their pockets fall open and their money falls out. Rings fall off fingers. Compacts drop out of purses. Watches break their chains.

Money, jewelry, valuables, all bury themselves in the fine soft beach sand and in a few minutes are churned deeper. By the time a beach visitor discovers his loss, he's forgotten where he was sitting.

Then the high tides, which sweep high up on the beach, wash away the top few feet of sand. The sand floats off, but the heavier valuables stay behind.

Young "beachcombers" rush out to the sands the day after the tide recedes. They run about picking up half dollars, quarters, dimes, pennies from the surface of the beach.

First pickings are the easiest, but the richest reward goes to the latecomers who bring along a big sieve and shovel. They dig down to the "treasure level." This is a crust of shells in the sand just above the water level. It usually means about four feet of digging, but the reward is worth it. The crust of shells acts as a screen and catches most of the valuables.

During the first few days after the high tides, a shovelful of sand from this "treasure level" may turn up 50 cents or more. David Perumean, one of the more systematic of these beach miners, has garnered \$50 in coins in five days, plus a collection of gold rings and jewelry.

The sands have yielded Perumean almost everything but a horse and buggy. He has found not only money and rings, but keys, a small box camera and 15 lead soldiers lost by some little boy playing on the beach.

ALLEY OOP

By Hamlin



Built For Only \$2; Shelter Saves Lives

By United Press

LONDON.—Seven lives were saved by a shelter that cost only 10 shillings to build when a high explosive bomb fell only three feet away.

The full blast of the bomb hit it, but it still stands on the edge of a huge crater.

The walls were pushed in, but the occupants were unhurt.

The shelter consisted of a hole in the ground roofed with corrugated iron and lined with planks.

Stifling Of Habits Is Cause Of Revolt

By United Press

PHILADELPHIA.—Herbert A. Miller, visiting professor of sociology at Temple University, predicts that the disruption of habits of conquered European people will lead to revolt.

Prof. Miller said the people would fight to regain their old ways of living and habits—such as drinking tea at a certain hour in the afternoon.

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Sioux Whose Fathers Fought Custer Now Are In U. S. Army

By United Press

FORT LEWIS, Wash.—Sioux braves whose fathers and grandfathers participated in the Custer massacre at the Little Big Horn in 1876 are in the army now. They are attached to Company B, 163rd National Guard Infantry

from Fort Peck, Mont.

All but about 10 of the company's 88 men are Sioux. Three of its four officers are Indians. Commander of the company is Capt. James Helmer, an Indian who rose from the ranks.

None of the braves has much to say about the Custer affair. One of two said the elders of the tribe never discussed the massacre.

Society Club and Church Notes

DRAGOO STUDIO RECITAL OPENS TONIGHT AT 7:30
Students of the Dragoo Studio

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FEB. 7 - 8

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of Music will be presented tonight and Wednesday night in recital at the First Methodist church. Each night the recitals will begin at 7:30 and the public is cordially invited to attend.
Opening the program Tuesday evening will be the well known Dragoo Violin Ensemble, and will be followed by the listed students: Helen Virginia Grissom, Scrippy Cluek, Jack Turner, Clifton Rieks, Anne Maddrey, Anne Matthews, Mary Catherine Hoffmann, Az-zatte Joseph, Betty Jean Smith, Sue Bender, Betty Cook, Marjory Pearsall, Kathleen Collie, Dorothy Lou Johnson, Emily Jean Grissom, Marjory Murphy, Dorothy Perkins, Ellen Mae Geue, Nancy Seabery, Marilyn Schertzer, Annelle Bender, Jack Pearsall, Rosemary Bruce, Homer Meek, Muriel Dean Murrell, Gloria Graham.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETS IN BEARD HOME MONDAY

The Woman's Missionary Society of the First Christian Church met in the home of Mrs. J. A. Beard Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The period opened with song service and the Lord's prayer.

Following the short business meeting, Mrs. C. A. Peterson brought the devotional. Papers were brought by Mrs. W. F. Hoag on the subject, "Background of China." Mrs. Jerry McCullough brought a paper on "You Must Meet Li Hou Fu," followed by a discussion on "Disciples of Christ in China" brought by Mrs. J. B. Blunk.

After the meeting, a social hour was held with Mrs. Beard as hostess and assisted by Mrs. E. E. Wood.

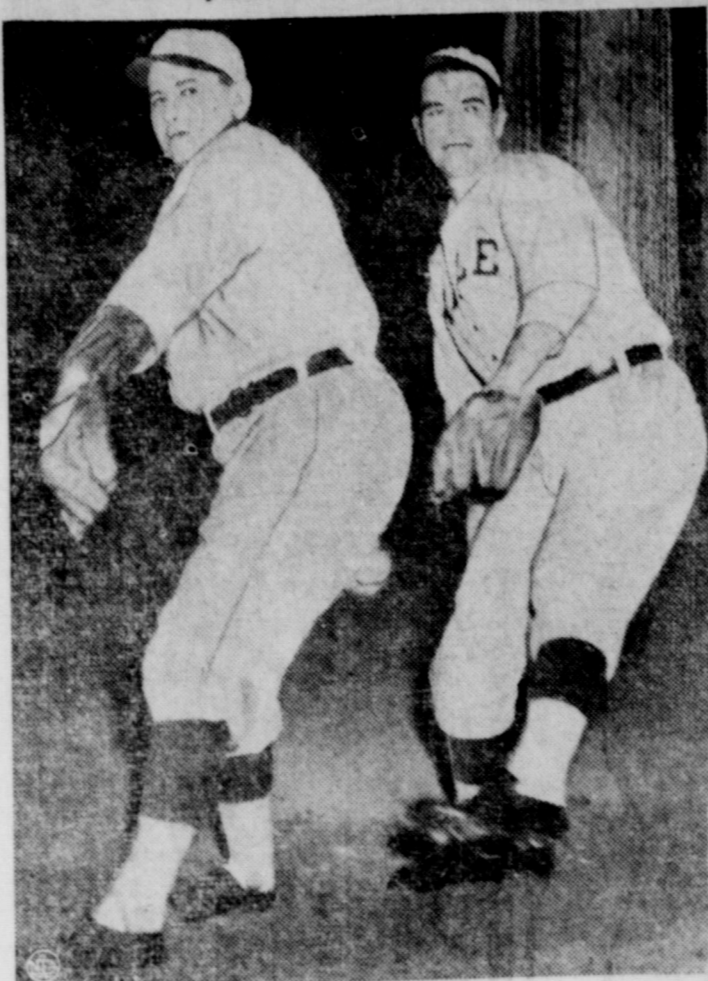
Present: Mmes. J. H. Caton, Eugene Day, D. J. Fiensy, J. R. Gillbreath, H. B. Meek, E. E. Wood, N. L. Smitham, C. A. Peterson, T. L. Cooper, Sallie Day, J. B. Blunk, Bobbie Miller, W. F. Hoag, Jerry McCullough, W. F. Graham, N. T. Johnson, W. L. Robins.

FAREWELL DINNER HELD IN HONOR OF CARL SPRINGER

A dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Carl Springer, who will make their home in Abilene, was given Saturday night by the Readers Luncheon Club with Mrs. Grady Pipkin as house hostess. Mrs. W. B. Pickens and Mrs. W. B. Collie were co-hostesses.

After the three course dinner was served, games of rummy were played with prize won by Mr. Leslie Grey.

A Chip Off the Old Wood



Smoky Joe Wood, Sr., old American League pitcher and outfielder, matches form with Joe, Jr., Yale's baseball captain, in New Haven cage. This is the elder Wood's 19th year as baseball coach of Elis.

Mr. and Mrs. Springer were presented with a monogrammed silver covered dish from the club.

Attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Springer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haley, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Grey, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Chaney, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Grissom, Mr. and Mrs. Art Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Kessler, Mr. and Mrs. James Horton, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Collie, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Pickens and Mr. and Mrs. Grady Pipkin.

THURSDAY CLUB TO HAVE GUEST SPEAKER ON "GOOD NEIGHBOR" PROGRAM

J. L. Cochran Jr., of Dallas, formerly of Akron, Ohio, will be guest speaker Thursday on the "Good Neighbor" program for Thursday Study Club. The meeting will open at 3 p. m. at Woman's Clubhouse with Mrs. Jack Frost as hostess.

Mr. Cochran has just returned from a two year stay in South America and will talk on the South American countries in connection with the program topic.

Thursday is Club official guest day, club authorities state, and member may bring a guest.

Just a Bit Personal . . .

Carroll Allison of Mont Ray, Calif., arrived in Eastland the past week-end for a several days' visit here. He and Mrs. Allison, who has been in Eastland for the past month, and their small daughter, Dana Kay, will return to their home in a week.

Men may be smarter than women—but not in "book learnin'." University of Texas officials believe. A current registrar's report shows co-eds ranked well above men students among the school's 11,000 students. Girls made an average of 1.345 grade points to boys' 1.134 points.

JAYCEES PUSH MOVE TO HELP NEEDY WOMEN

The Junior Chamber of Commerce at its meeting held at the Tesco Club Monday night was presided over by the President, James Hardriker. Wade Thomas acted as secretary in the absence of the organization secretary who was unavoidably absent.

A number of visitors were present. Of these T. A. Jones enrolled as a member and others signified their intention of doing so in the immediate future.

Among the matters brought up for attention and upon which action was taken was that of the Handicap-Hanky, Inc., proposition for the support of the wheel-chair women unable to support themselves, which the Jaycees are sponsoring. The following officers were chosen for Handicap-Hanky, Inc.: W. Q. Vermer, president; Neal Day, first vice-president; Carl Johnson, 2nd vice-president; Montie Rowe, secretary, and Veon Howard, treasurer.

Another matter discussed at length at the meeting was that of the handling of gum dispensing machines being sponsored by the Jaycees. Twenty per cent of the proceeds from these machines go to the Jaycees and this will be turned over to Mrs. A. H. Johnson for Handicap-Hanky, Inc., for the support of wheel-chair women after the Jaycees are paid back the sum of money advanced to the

Numbers Game Is Exciting the South

By United Press
ATLANTA, Ga.—The "bug" still blankets Dixie almost as does "King Cotton."

Started in the South, as a small-time Negro pastime, the "bug" or "numbers game," as it is known in some parts of the country, has burrowed into almost every class of society.

Wealthy matrons from the fashionable Pace's Ferry Road Handicap-Hanky, Inc., in getting it going.

A committee composed of T. A. Jones, T. J. Cooper Jr., John D. Harvey and Cecil Barham was appointed to find locations in which the gum vending machines may be placed. It was pointed out that the Jaycees assumed no obligations on the machines and they were being given the rights for their use in the entire county. Business houses and other places consenting to the locating of the machines in or about their premises, assume no obligation for them, it was stated, but on the other hand, since the deal is for charitable purposes, twenty per cent of the amount of the sales at any location, may be claimed by the firm controlling the location, as a deduction from any federal income taxes they might be charged with.

The company furnishing the machines agrees to put them up, supply them with high grade gum and do their own checking. The Jaycees may have one or more representatives assist in checking the machines if they so desire, it was pointed out.

section of Atlanta to the dens in Phenix City, Ala., have their favorite numbers and make their bets daily.

The "bug number" is the middle, three-number serial. The player selects a number he thinks will win and plays it either "straight" or in a "box." By playing it "straight" the bettor has one chance in 1,000 to cash in, but by "boxing" his number he has a six-number combination although his best must be six times as great for the same odds. The bookies will accept anything from a penny up. The odds vary in cities, but usually range from 500 to 1 to 700 to 1. When the "heat is on" from the police, the odds drop and the play is lighter.

The superstitious South has gone for the game in a big way. Beauty parlor operators have been known to increase their trade by voicing their "dream numbers" to customers in confidence. Other "tipsters" have noticed the exact time listed by newspapers in which some momentous event has taken place.

For example, in an airplane crashed at 1:04 o'clock in the afternoon, play on the numbers 104 the following day would be unusually heavy in "bug" headquarters.

Periodic raids are staged by city police on these houses. Arrests are made but it isn't long before the operators, or new ones, are back in circulation with their "tickets" again.

No estimate has been made as to how much money daily passes over the counter in southern "bug houses."

TRY A WANT AD

WPA Recreation Program Tonight At Legion Hall

Tonight's recreation program sponsored by the Eastland WPA Recreation Project, will include two numbers: one, a dance, Louise Cannon and Billy Joe Bernard; the other, a musical interlude. There will be all forms of folk dances as well as ball room dancing.

Thursday night, February 6, there will be several numbers. Musicians. Special numbers will be announced at a later date. A special dance introduced will be the Oxford Minuet.

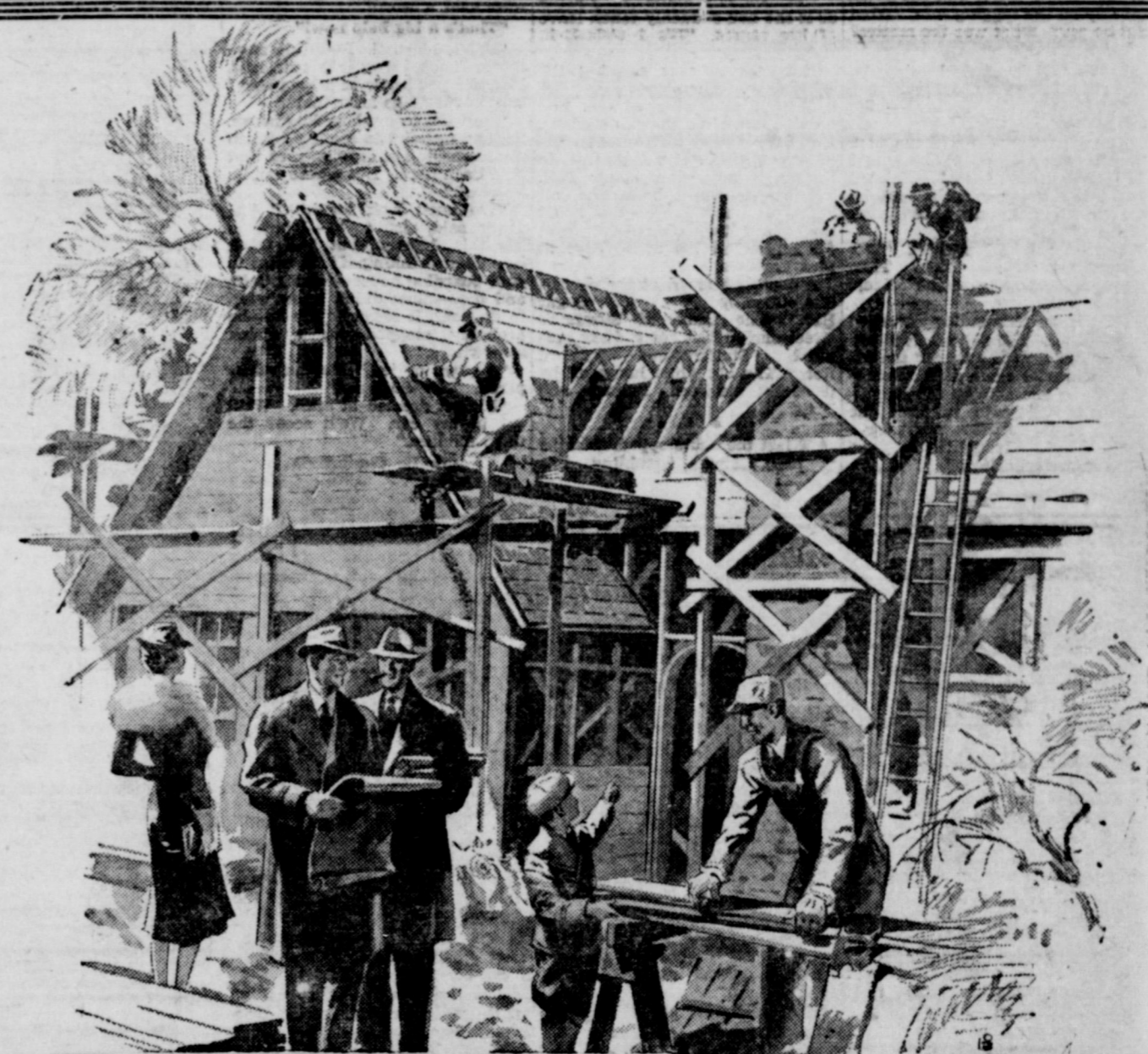
LYRIC
NOW PLAYING
LUM and ABNER
"DREAMING OUT LOUD"

"ENGLAND'S XMAS UNDER FIRE"

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE: One almost new cream separator, one set of leather harness and one set of leather harness.—L. H. Tallafiero, Ranger.

NEED MONEY? Are your payments too large? Do you need additional money on your car? We try to help you. Frank Lov 301 West Commerce. Telephone 29.



Building

bring sales volume to every line of business . . .

Did you think that the only ones who profit financially from building a new home were the builders? They do profit considerably, but so do the workmen, and the lumber supply companies and their employees—in fact, everyone, who has any direct contact with the building, profits. They all have more money to spend for their needs.

Of course, the home furnishers and landscape gardeners and decorators make direct sales to the family who owns the new home. But the businesses that profit the most are those who sell merchandise or services to the workmen, the architect, the furniture store delivery man, and all the others who take part in helping to build and furnish a new home. In turn the butcher, the baker, the grocer, and the laundryman are able to buy new clothes from the man who lives in the new home.

That is business. You can prepare to get your fair share of all this business by planning an intelligent and thorough advertising campaign. Advertise in the Eastland Telegram.

For help in planning a campaign that will bring you maximum results for minimum expenditure, consult the Advertising Department of

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Let's go to town -- at home

NO TELLING what tomorrow's weather may be. It fools the best forecasters. But we do want that chintz for the windows. We do need a carpet sweeper, a new percolator, and a new end-table in the living-room. And we don't want to slosh around rainy streets to hunt them.

Problem: How to thwart the weather man. Simple enough!

Let's sit down by the fireplace and read the advertisements. Here it's comfortable and snug. We'll take the newspaper page by page, compare prices, qualities, brand-names. Tomorrow, rain or shine, we'll head for the store that has what we want, and be home again in a jiffy.

"Buying at home" — through the advertising columns—gives you wide selection, more time to decide, and satisfaction when you decide. Make it one of your pleasant habits!