

[illegible]

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

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

Member Advertising Bureau — Texas Daily Press League
Member of United Press Association

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Any erroneous reflections upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of this paper will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

Obituaries, cards of thanks, notices of lodge meetings, etc., are charged for at regular advertising rates which will be furnished upon application.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ONE YEAR BY MAIL (In Texas) \$3.00

Cripps Comes Back

He looks like an assistant cashier who has given up all hope of becoming cashier, or perhaps an undistinguished associate professor in an undistinguished midwestern college. He is partly bald. His teeth are partly bad. At his best, he might remind you of Woodrow Wilson.

He is no Churchill as an orator. His manner of speaking is anstere and he does not bother to leaven the bad news with good glib generalities.

Yet Sir Stafford Cripps today has totally captured the imagination of the English masses. In his opening speech as war cabinet member and new leader of the House of Commons he told the English that all extravagances—including popular amusements—would have to go, naming specifically such people's favorites as racing and boxing. They loved it.

He is a political misfit. His father, the first Baron Parmoor, was a prominent lawyer. Sir Stafford is a lawyer and a good one, good enough that he has earned \$100,000 a year. In 1927 he was appointed king's counselor, in 1930 solicitor general.

But he is a "radical" too. Four years ago the British Socialists expelled him. He was consorting with left wingers, said they, and pushing too strongly for a popular front with Russia. He insisted then that a combination between democratic England and communistic Russia was a natural alliance to stop the dynamic political aggressions of Hitler and his threatened military conquests.

He is still a misfit politically. But he is fitting neatly into the fighting mad Britain of today. The Britain that is demanding an end to the long series of Dunkirks, the Britain that is demanding positive offensive action to help the Russia that Cripps has been so right about.

Sir Stafford's one-time detractors are jumping in bed with him. Many Britons—high and low—believe he may replace the colorful Churchill.

The Colonel Blimps who called Singapore impregnable said Russia would fold up under the Nazi army's first pressure. Sir Stafford didn't think so. He was in Russia as ambassador to the Kremlin when Hitler invaded. He stayed in Moscow when the Germans were almost within artillery range. He returned to England after the Red Army had hurled back the invader. He came back as a prophet with honor.

He is the man of today in England. And somehow to the British people—and to other peoples—his homely face is shining symbol of better days to come.

While it takes all kinds of people to make a world, some kinds seem to be entirely too many right now.

Farmers are going to do their part by raising a big wheat crop. Say it with flour.

Uncle Sam promises plenty of rubber rings for canning season—thereby keeping out of a jam.

LARGE FLOWER

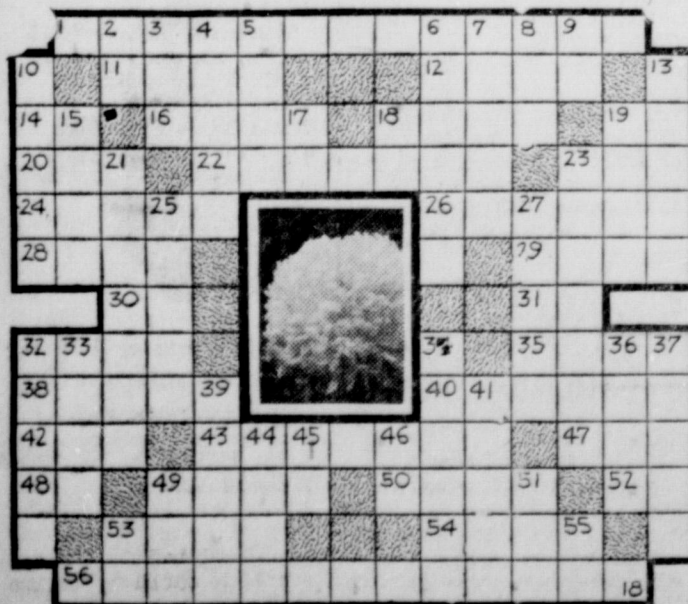
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured flower.
- 11 Aquatic mammal.
- 12 Greek god of war.
- 14 Music note.
- 16 Fired upon.
- 18 Dilseed.
- 19 Street (abbr.).
- 20 Away.
- 22 Social theory of Robert Owen.
- 23 Sound made by sheep.
- 24 Numbness (comb. form).
- 26 Study of birds' eggs.
- 28 Great Lake.
- 29 Lyric poems.
- 30 North Dakota (abbr.).
- 31 Pronoun.
- 32 Cutting side of blade.
- 35 Sea eagle.
- 38 Search.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

CAROLE LOMBARD
CAROM REARS
RO TAGS TIE MR
INC LIBERAL BOA
PEAS CANAL CLAN
ERRED NUN CRUST
BRIAN M BEAR
ERIA GABLE STOA
TUNIC SAHES
NNE O TRI DOP
AT CO RESES
NOR GABLE
FORT WAYNE

- 13 Remains.
- 15 Distant.
- 17 Tellurium (symbol).
- 18 Three-toed sloth.
- 19 Wise.
- 21 Edges.
- 23 Up-to-date persons.
- 25 Gives up.
- 27 Not as high.
- 32 Even.
- 33 Small particles of dirt.
- 34 Stationary.
- 36 Require.
- 37 Build.
- 39 Pairs of horses.
- 41 Extreme.
- 44 Woody plant.
- 45 Pronoun.
- 46 Cobalt (symbol).
- 49 2000 pounds.
- 51 Lubricant.
- 53 Negative (abbr.).
- 54 Solitary.



Pour It On!



Folk Lore Expert Is a Dub At Math

AUSTIN, Tex. — J. Frank Dobie may be a whiz at Texas folk lore but he's just another dub at math, even though his heart's in the right place.

Speaking at a Defense Day rally to sell defense bonds and stamps Dobie pointed out to students that

Government Expense Checked

PHOENIX (UP) — The upward trend in Arizona state governmental expenses was checked for the first time in six years and costs were \$21,478 less in the 1940-41 fiscal year than the previous period, or \$20,103,815, the state auditor's office announced.

Money spent for soft drinks gives three or four minutes of pleasure, but money spent for defense stamps gives you a "25 per cent profit" after 10 years.

University Comptroller C. D. Simmons Corrected Dobie's Math.

"You get 33-1-3 per cent of what you put in, instead of 25," he said.

Dobie agreed after being shown that a \$1,000 return on a \$750 bond is not 25 per cent. Anyway, \$794 in defense stamps were sold, and that's what the rally was for.

Life is what you make it—not just what you make!

OUT OUR WAY



By HARMANRED RYDER



SERIAL STORY

KINGS ROW

COPYRIGHT 1940
BY HENRY BELLAMANN

DRAKE—AT WORK

CHAPTER XXIII

"LOOK at me, Mr. Monaghan, I look like a tramp. I'll be a bum if somebody doesn't give me a job."

"Turner'll give you a job, if you'll take it."

"I'll take it."

"I'll get you a job, Drake. You can depend on me."

"Thank you—sir."

"Drake arose. 'I'm going home.' He turned at the door. 'If I get a job down here, I'm going to sell the place uptown. It's already mortgaged. Then I'll have a little bit of money anyhow. I'm going to come down here somewhere to live.'"

"And say—"

"Yes, sir?"

"You'll have to cut out likker."

"Why, Drake! What are you doing here?" Randy came cheerfully into the room.

Drake flushed darkly. "Yes, I know how I look, Randy. I was in the calaboose last night."

"Drake! What did you do?"

"Drunk. I wasn't arrested. Sam Winters just—just locked me up so I wouldn't freeze."

"Oh, Drake!"

"It won't happen again, Randy. Our pa's going to get me a job of some kind."

Randy's glance veiled a little. It was a strange look—Drake didn't understand it. It was a far-away look, almost impersonal, but steady as a lamp set on stone.

"Go up stairs. I'll bring you some hot water. You wash and shave, and I'll fix you something to eat. Then you're going to bed and get some sleep."

Drake went heavily up the stairs. Mr. Monaghan knocked the ashes from his pipe. He had never quite known what to make of his tomboy daughter, but at this moment he felt that he understood her better. She looked exactly like her mother as she stood watching Drake.

room at Mrs. Blake's railroad boardinghouse, and spent as much time with Randy as possible.

Drake lost his casual, laughing manner, and a part of his good looks was lost with it. He wasn't happy, and showed it. But he was healthier-looking.

He had never seen Louise Gordon again. The thought of her crossed his mind once in a while—a tingling anger mixed with a faint desire.

"THE twentieth century" was beginning to be a familiar phrase. At first it had a fabulous sound, like a connotation of some fantastic future. But one became a little accustomed to it as one learned to write 1900 and 1901 without too much hesitation.

The outward changes in Kings Row, taking place gradually as they did, were not too violent to disturb even conservative people much. Of course, if one stopped to think about it, a lot of things had happened. Trees gone from the courthouse square, and from Union street as far as the Methodist church. Lots of bright new paint and plate-glass store windows.

"A smart little city," Hart Sansome said. "As neat and bright as a pin."

"Looks like every town its size from Ohio to Kansas," Miles Jackson said. "You can't tell by looking around if you're in Indiana or Iowa. Looks like any town—and just as ugly."

But everyone noticed that since the death of his old crony, Colonel Skeffington, Miles Jackson was less acid.

DRAKE McHUGH developed a had cold and laid off from work for nearly a week. He spent most of the time with Randy.

One evening after supper he was on his way back to his boardinghouse. He took the short cut through the freight yards as usual. Bill Hockinson was running the switch engine, shifting boxcars for the early freight train the next day. Drake stepped off the track as Bill passed with a dozen empty flats. He waved and Bill shouted something that could not be heard above the rattle and clash of wheels rolling over the switches. He saw Bill waving frantically, and grinned. Some rowdy joke that wouldn't wait. . . .

Harley Davis, brakeman on the regular freight run to Camperville, slammed the door of the freight office open. Arnold Schultz, the freight agent, grabbed his blowing papers. "Say! What in the hell—"

"Quick, Schultz, get a doctor

DR. GORDON looked up from the table where Drake lay in the freight office.

"I'll have to have some help."

"What you going to do, Doc?"

Dr. Gordon didn't answer.

"Someone—you, Davis, get me some blankets and a half-dozen sheets—anywhere here in the neighborhood, and be quick."

"I'll help, Doc. Tell me what you want," Sam Winters stepped into the cone of light that fell from the tin-shaded lamp hanging over the table.

"All right, Sam. I'll need somebody steady. Everybody else get out now. Quick."

DR. GORDON turned toward the door. "Will somebody stand at this door and keep everybody out?"

"I'll do that, sir," Monaghan moved toward the door. "I'll keep 'em out, and when you've finished we'll take him over to my house. Just a few steps."

"Good. Now, Sam, let me see."

Dr. Gordon proceeded with his examination.

"What'll I have to be done, Doc?"

"Amputation."

"His leg? Which one?"

"Both. Close to the hips. There's a chance."

For nearly three hours both men worked under the crude light of the oil lamps. Then Dr. Gordon folded the blankets about Drake and stepped to the door.

(To Be Continued)

SERIAL STORY

KINGS ROW

COPYRIGHT 1940
BY HENRY BELLAMANN

PARRIS OUGHT TO KNOW

CHAPTER XXIV

DR. GORDON sat in his living room with a tray before him. He ate slowly, almost absently. The door opened so slowly and so silently that he did not notice Louise's entrance.

"Father!" Louise spoke in a curious flat, colorless voice.

"What's the matter?"

"I—I heard about Drake McHugh."

"Um." The doctor turned his attention to his food.

"I stood it as long as I could, then I went down to the—railroad."

"That will do, Louise. It was most unbecoming of you to go about parading your feelings—whatever they happen to be."

"Father!" Louise stared stony-faced at Dr. Gordon.

The girl shook now so violently she could scarcely stand.

"You monster!"

"Louise!"

"You fiend!"

Dr. Gordon arose, laid his napkin on the table, and with the utmost deliberation struck her.

"I'll let the world know what you are, if it's the only thing I ever do in this world. Tomorrow—tomorrow—I'll tell everyone. I know what you are. I know all about you—and your operations."

Dr. Gordon took her by both arms. "You are going to bed—at once."

"I will tell. I will tell. I will tell—"

Louise began a sort of singsong chant that rose suddenly to a shriek.

Dr. Gordon struck her again, a sharp, stinging slap that cut her screams short.

"Louise—this is enough of your willful tantrum now. If you persist, there is one thing I shall have to do—"

He waited. She stared at him, half listening, then suddenly alert.

"What?" she whispered.

"If you utter one more word of the kind of nonsense I've heard from you I shall—commit you to the insane asylum."

Louise backed away. "You wouldn't dare!"

"I have only to call Dr. Nolan on that telephone there in the hall, and have you in a cell—behind bars—in one hour. Now, can you get that through your head?"

Louise swallowed hard.

"I—I'll go," she said.

"That's better. And stay in your room until I say you can come out."

Louise nodded her head like a small child who only half understands what is being said. She backed toward the door.

FOR three days Randy scarcely slept. She felt that she dared not leave Drake. She knew that she had to be with him when he found out what had happened.

Randy set her foot on the first step, and paused. She stood for several minutes leaning her head against the door frame. It was then that the dreadful sound came from that upper room.

She tore up the narrow staircase and flung the door open.

"Drake!"

Drake's eyes were rolling and his face worked violently as if the very bone structure had been shattered. Randy saw with a sick horror that his hands were groping frantically under the blankets.

She almost leapt across the room and seized his hands. "Drake! Drake!"

"Randy—where—where's the rest of me?" His voice rose to a sharp wail.

"Hush, Drake. I'm here with you. You'll get well, now."

He held her to her shoulders. Little by little he quieted.

"It was that accident?"

"Yes, Drake. But don't try to talk about it yet. You'll get well now."

His grasp loosened. She looked fearfully at him. He was quieter now. Very slowly he turned his face to the wall.

RANDY turned away from the window where she had been standing. The frost-rimmed squares of glass gave a distorted vision of the still cold day. She felt that her mind was like that wavy glass. She had no true pictures of anything.

She went into the kitchen. Her father had come in and had taken off his shoes to warm his feet at the oven door.

"Going somewhere, Randy?"

"Yes, I've got to get out for a while."

"Is Drake asleep?"

"I don't know. The nurse is up there."

"How long is she going to stay?"

"Dr. Gordon said Drake wouldn't have to have her after next Monday."

"How's he going to make out then?"

The sound of her father's words cleared something in Randy's brain. Her face cleared, too. The quivering uncertainty disappeared. A simple resolution replaced it.

"What's the matter, Randy? Change your mind?"

"Yes. I don't need to go out now."

"What's that?"

"I said I don't need to go now."

I know now." She spoke the last phrase half to herself.

"What is it, daughter? What's on your mind?"

"I didn't know what to do. I know now what I'm going to do."

Mr. Monaghan kept his eyes down. He didn't want to see how much he pitted her.

Mr. Monaghan stood up. His gaunt, bony figure towered above her. His shaggy white hair almost touched the low kitchen ceiling.

"Randy, you want to keep Drake here, don't you?"

Very slowly her eyes filled with tears. Very slowly her hand relaxed. She did not make a sound but let herself sway and lean against her father's breast as he reached out and put his arms around her.

"Come on, now, and set down. How we going to fix it up, you reckon?"

She shook her head. She was not able to speak.

They sat in silence for a time. Then Mr. Monaghan spoke.

"Now you listen to me, daughter."

"All right."

"I never said anything to you about Drake when he began coming around here. I—I just didn't know what to think. I feel awful bad that everything's turned out this way, but we got to take everything as it comes. Now, like I asked you a while ago, how we going to fix this up?"

"I guess I know what you mean. I'm going to marry Drake."

"Is that the way you want to do it?"

"I've got to convince him, some way. I'll think it out."

"Now look here. There's one thing. There's just me. So this house is yours, anyhow. I saved a little money. Ain't any of us going to starve."

"I'll think of something. For all, I'm going to send a cab to Parris Mitchell. There's been enough of this foolishness."

"You ought to let Mitchell know, I think."

"I've got to convince him, some way. I'll think it out."

"Now look here. There's one thing. There's just me. So this house is yours, anyhow. I saved a little money. Ain't any of us going to starve."

"I'll think of something. For all, I'm going to send a cab to Parris Mitchell. There's been enough of this foolishness."

"You ought to let Mitchell know, I think."

Randy dressed again and went out. It was horribly cold, but she scarcely noticed it. She was excited, and terrified, too. How Drake could be managed was the real question. He'd be mad, no doubt, about letting Parris know, but she was certain that she should.

She wrote carefully, crossing out words, and finally rewrote the whole message. It was a succinct but full account of the loss of Drake's money, and the accident. She bit the eraser in the pencil for a moment or two, and added: "I must keep him with me somehow."

(To Be Continued)

Native American Fascists Remain at Large While Foreign Born are Being Rounded Up

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON
NEA Service Military Writer

WASHINGTON.—While foreign Fifth Columnists are being rounded up, most of the leading native American Fascists remain at large.

They are either spreading virulent propaganda to poison our patriotism and weaken our war efforts, or working into some sort of defense activity.

Two of the most able, George Deatherage and Lawrence Dennis, were found, one heading a \$26,000,000 confidential Navy project, the other trying to become a captain in the Army's military police.

But that isn't half of it. It can now be revealed that Dennis, called "the brains of American Fascism," is a friend of Baron Ulrich von Gienanth, who was Second Secretary of the German Embassy in Washington, and the Nazis' local payoff man.

DENNIS SERVED WITH A. E. F. BUT

It was Von Gienanth who gave money to Laura Ingalls, the aviator, just convicted as an unregistered Nazi agent. Dennis also knew and worked with Frederick E. Aubagen, convicted German agent. Dennis was in touch with the German propaganda service

in Berlin and he and Deatherage were in touch with one another.

Although Dennis served in the A. E. F., he has been a totalitarian since Hitler's rise, and attended the Nazi party congress in Nuremberg in 1937. There he was photographed with Von Gienanth, who wore the Nazi party uniform.

Dennis is a Harvard graduate, former diplomat and Wall Street man, who writes and lectures cleverly, especially on the economic blessings of Fascism for America, but also on various aspects of Hitler's brand of politics. He is an idea man credited with helping or inspiring many Fascist speechmakers and writers. He has written two books, "The Coming American Fascism" and "Dynamics of War and Revolution."

He admits that in his two houses, one in West Englewood, N. J., and in the Berkshires, he has "pretty well stocked up" on tires for his two automobiles, on short-wave radios—he says he likes a radio in every room—and otherwise. He confesses to a tidy income from his "Weekly Foreign Letter" of confidential information with a Fascist slant which sells at \$24 a year.

Several others frequently criticized for alleged pro-Fascist ac-



Lawrence Dennis, right, above, has been called "the brains of American Fascism." In recently-discovered picture, above, he is shown with Baron Ulrich von Gienanth at the Nazi Party's 1937 conference in Nuremberg, Germany

tivity are forming new secret groups. The celebrated Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith calls his "The Inner Circle." Father Coughlin urges "Social Justice" devotees to "capture every office" in the O. C. D., if need be, to checkmate Communism, and anti-democratic propagandist John B. Snow is discovered doing just that in New York. A recent applicant for a job inspecting aircraft was an active Falangista. The FBI is investigating nearly 4,000 government employees accused of subversion.

Some 300 publications are publishing propaganda that is Fascist, anti-Semitic, anti-democratic and, above all, subtly tends to weaken the reader's desire for victory. Many at least verge on sedition.

Pearl Harbor not only did not stop them. It started new ones.

These include several elaborate, expensive looking ones, like the handsome "Galilean," published under the name of William Dudley Pelley, though that celebrated "Silver Shirt" leader now is in jail. Another is "Destiny," published by the Anglo-Saxon Federation in Haverhill, Mass.

Many contain virulent attacks on President Roosevelt. "Social Justice" headed news of American troops landing in Ulster: "United States Invades Ireland." Suspected subverts are often asked, "Do you read Social Justice," but there is no penalty for publishing it.

Deatherage, whom an excellent authority described to me as "one of the most dangerous of the lot" as a gas mask.

Clippings From the Censorship Situation Indicate Almost 100 Per Cent Co-Operation

By PETER EDSON
NEA Service Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON.—How's censorship doing? Press and radio censorship codes have operated about two months now, and with that much experience freed off, it's possible to make an appraisal.

When the President announced creation of the Office of Censorship, the first words of his statement were, "All Americans abhor censorship." Byron Price, named director of censorship, has gone on from there. He admits that censorship of any kind is all wrong in principle, that it is contrary to everything that the American people have been taught, that it is a nuisance. It is, however, a wartime necessity, so the job is to make the best of it.

The censorship established is called voluntary. The general principle is that information cannot be printed or broadcast which will give aid or comfort to the enemy. It is then up to the newspapers and the radio stations to observe that principle. When in doubt, ask the censor.

The experience thus far seems to be that 99.8 or 99.9 per cent of the press and the radio are not only willing but eager to abide by this voluntary rule. In fact, they lean over backward to observe it, often voluntarily suppressing information to which the censors, if asked, might give approval. That's all to the good, for it's better to be safe than sorry.

THERE have been mistakes. There will probably continue to be mistakes. Some information has slipped into general circulation which should have been censored. When these slips have been called to the attention of the editors and broadcasters, they have promised not to repeat. As one editor put it, he had installed an automatic throat-cutting machine in his office, for use if he was ever guilty of the offense again.

One of the most amazing manifestations of this voluntary censorship has been the way the general public has checked up on its favorite newspapers and radio announcers. Let a little news get out which some keen reader or listener-in thinks an aid or comfort to the enemy and, wham!—in come letters of protest accusing this or that dirty dog of being a spy. Even the Office of Censorship gets scores of these letters from self-appointed, volunteer censors. Some are from cranks who think they find hidden messages in crossword puzzles and so on. Others are useful tips, for no office could be set up to read all the newspapers or listen to all the broadcasts. Checkups of this kind from sharp-eyed and -eared citizens are pointed to as perfect examples of democracy functioning at its best.

As for the 1 or the 2 per cent who won't play this war game according to these rules—"We will cross that bridge when we come to it," says Director of Censorship Byron Price. "—if we come to it." And he hopes and believes it won't be necessary to put on the screws.

As a matter of fact, anyone who wants to beat these voluntary censorship codes can probably do it. As far as publications are concerned, there is no law that can be applied save the espionage law, under which intent to give information to the enemy must be proved before conviction can be obtained. And newspapers can be kept within the U. S. borders. Radio is different, for radio automatically enters the field of international communications. Some 40 high-powered stations can be heard as far as the Andes, so closer check is put on radio than on printed matter.

BRAZIL CREDIT IS FIRST STEP IN U. S. PLANS

By LAWRENCE S. HAAS
United Press Latin American Editor

A blueprint of United States' plans for post-war aid — a long range development of vast Latin American resources—may be seen in the recent Washington agreements extending an estimated \$220,000,000 in credits to Brazil.

The agreements were negotiated by Brazilian Finance Minister Arthur de Souza Costa with Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles, Secretary of Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and high commerce department officials. The negotiations developed after preliminary talks during the conference of American foreign ministers at Rio de Janeiro in January, where the groundwork was laid for United States cooperation with the Latin American nations on a scale never previously imagined.

By virtue of the agreements with Brazil, United States financial aid will be one of the principal factors in bringing to reality one of the most ambitious plans of Brazil's President Getulio Vargas.

Rubber Restoration Probable

That plan envisages the opening of the great Amazon River basin, a source of untapped natural wealth, which has remained largely undeveloped for centuries because resources and initiative were lacking to bring modern productive methods to the territory.

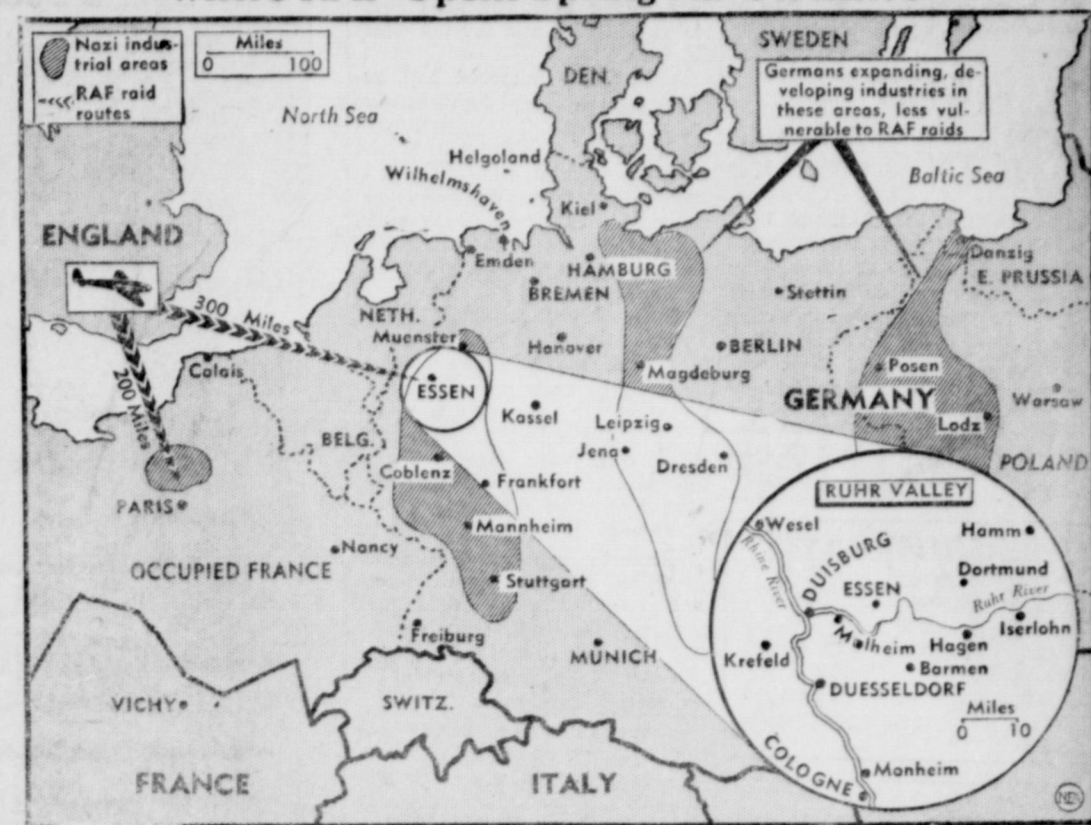
If the projects now in mind are carried out, the Brazilian Amazon area will some day be restored to its previous eminence as a rubber-producing zone. Countless other products of inestimable value to modern civilization will become available for world markets. They include plants which are used in medicines, drugs and other chemicals; plants which furnish valuable oils for many industrial uses; tropical woods, and minerals.

Sweden's King III



King Gustav V. Sweden's aged ing, is recovering from an operation.

Where RAF Opens Spring Air Offensive



Striking hard at the industries of Germany, the RAF has beat the Luftwaffe to the punch in the western air war. Raids on Essen and the Ruhr and Paris war factory areas presage a British spring air offensive against other industrial centers shown on map.

The development of this area does not merely mean employment of large forces of workers. It implies necessary preliminary surveys, comprehensive sanitation works, transportation of machinery and equipment construction of settlements so that those who will develop the field may live in a measure of modern comfort, and the organization of transportation systems to carry out the products.

Post-War Cushion

The first steps in the Amazon

Basin development plan comes at an auspicious time. Several South American countries this year are celebrating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the Amazon River by Francisco de Orellana, the Spanish conquistador, a lieutenant of Francisco Pizarro. Orellana discovered the great fluvial waterway in February, 1542. President Vargas and United States government officials are virtually rediscovering the Amazon in 1942.

It might be said that Brazil is

beginning to reap the fruits of close cooperation with the United States, based on an old and close friendship.

United States aid to Brazil may soon be followed by similar help for other countries, poor in industry and cash, but wealthy in undeveloped resources. Of the highest value today in prosecuting the United States, these resources loom as highly valuable cushioning agents in the coming days of post-war reconstruction.

THE PAY-OFF

By HARRY GRAYSON
NEA Service Sports Editor

YOU would think the draft status of Theodore Williams would have been a quite trivial matter.

Ted Williams is the first 400 hitter in the majors in more than a decade, but the crying need at the moment is for young 400 hitters on the battle fronts, not in baseball.

Yet the affair Williams was magnified and publicized until it became another unfortunate example of the unbelievable distortion of values that exist among an altogether too large a section of petty-minded Americans.

On the ground that he supported his mother, Williams was put in Class 3-A by his Minneapolis Draft Board.

But when some Meddlesome Manny mailed a copy of a San Diego interview with Williams' mother to the Draft Board, the Boston Red Sox slugger's status was changed to 1-A.

Like any other good American mother, Mrs. Williams said she'd be proud to have Ted go to war for his country. Williams later was put back in 3-A by the presidential appeal board.

A GREAT hue and cry were raised. Favoritism was charged. Col. J. E. Nelson, chief of the Minnesota draft setup, then took it upon himself to "just keep the records straight." He asserted that Williams' requested deferment for the benefit of his recently divorced mother.

Herbert W. Estrom, the government appeal agent for the particular Draft Board, had previously stated that Williams had not pressed the case and that he (Estrom) had taken the initiative in getting a deferment for a boy capable of batting 400 in the American League. Estrom explained that while Williams consented to the setting of the appeal machinery in motion he thought the word "request" was too strong, "although technically he did request it. That is the only way an appeal can be taken."

Newspapers became sharply critical. Boston fans sent telegrams and wrote letters of indignation.

I'm emphatically in favor of young men joining the armed forces, but the main point of the Williams case seems to be that matters of selective service should be left in the hands of the government.

Why it behooves every little or big person having a hand in the case of a celebrity "to set the records straight" is beyond me. Williams was either entitled to exemption or he was not. No explanation was necessary. There would have been no explanation had Williams been Joe Blow, the gas man.

Freckles and His Friends — By Blosser

OKAY NOW ---- HERE'S THE VERSE -- AND WE'LL SPLIT UP THE CHORUS BETWEEN US!



"OLD AND YOUNG, POOR AND RICH --- EVERYBODY GET IN AND PITCH --- BUY A BOND, SEW A STITCH, EVERYBODY GET IN AND PITCH!"



"SEND THE MESSAGE TO OUR BOYS ON THE FIRING LINE --- THAT ALL-OUT EFFORT BACK AT HOME IS AMERICA'S MODERN DESIGN ---"

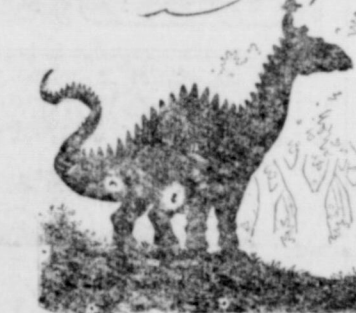


"SO BUILD THOSE PLANES --- BUY THOSE BONDS --- THERE'S NO MORE SLEEPING AT THE SWITCH --- WE'LL MAKE NEW MAPS WITHOUT ANY JAPS, IF EVERYBODY WILL ONLY PITCH!"



ALLEY OOP

OOCLA A PRISONER... AND COP OFF TO FIGHT... WELL, REGARDLESS OF ORDERS, I'LL NOT SIT TIGHT... NOT WHILE I'M ALLIED WITH ROBIN HOODS MIGHT!



THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR ENGLAND! DOWN WITH THE TYRANT! AND UP WITH HIS SHERIFFS BY THEIR NECKS!



By Hamlin

SO YOU'VE GOT WIND OF YOUR FRIENDS AT LAST, EH? YEZZIR, ROBIN, AN' THEY'RE UP TO THEIR EARS, AFOL! THIS KING GLY YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' FOR YEARS! THIS IS THE SET-UP WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR... CMON, GANG, LET'S GO!



THESE BOYS BEEN WAITIN' MANY A WEEK T'GET A CRACK AT OL' JOHN'S BEAK... SO WHETHER OR NOT MY PAL NEEDS AID, THERE'S NO HOLDIN' BACK! THIS FOR... EST BRIGADE!



The taste that charms and never cloy



You trust its quality

You'll welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola just as often and as surely as thirst comes. You taste its quality,—the quality of genuine goodness. Ice-cold Coca-Cola gives you the taste that charms and never cloy. You get the feel of complete refreshment, buoyant refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY Texas Coca-Cola Bottling Company, Eastland, Texas

Society, Club and Church Notes

EASTLAND GIRL PLEDGES PRESENTED BY CLUB

Miss Elizabeth Ann Sikes, Miss Julia Parker and Miss Nannette Tanner were Eastland girls among the pledges of the Ko Sharis Club, a Texas Technological Club, who were presented Friday night at

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED RATES

1 time 2c word.
2 times 8c word.
3 times 4c word.
5 or more times 1c a word each insertion.
No ad accepted for less than 30c when inserted for 1 time only.

EXTRA INCOME!

Profitable sideline sells to every merchant. Proven quick sellers. Liberal commission paid weekly. No car necessary. Estab. Mfr. AAI Rating. Write Box 51, Norwood Branch, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOUSE FOR RENT, 1103 South Seaman. Call telephone 468-J.

WANTED — Operator for Phillips 66 Station in Eastland on highway. Good proposition for right party — See or write H. L. Ratcliff, Breckenridge.

LOST — One 920 Goodyear tire, wheel, between Ranger and Eastland. Notify Buell Lumber Company, Dallas.

LOST — Black sow pig, white tips, 75 pounds, right ear cropped under bit on left. Strayed from Frank Sparks place 4 weeks ago. Reward.

Borrow on your car or other chattel security. Existing loans refinanced. **FRANK LOVETT**
113 So. Mulberry — Phone 90

FOR RENT: 5-room furnished house, 508 S. Dixie. Call telephone 468-J.

LET US FIGURE with you on those engraved wedding invitations or announcements, also on graduation cards and announcements. Prompt deliveries, excellent handiwork, and prices in line. Phone 601, Eastland Daily Telegram.

DON'T SEND that Printing job to the big cities until you figure with us. Prompt deliveries, prices low, workmanship comparable to any. Phone 601, Eastland Daily Telegram.

FOR RENT: Furnished apartment completely refinished inside, floor, paper and woodwork. Electric refrigerator. 700 West Patterson or call 90.

ROOM AND BOARD — \$8.00 per week. Mrs. A. M. Stokes, Eastland Hotel.

FOR SALE Three large skylights formerly used on top of building. All in good condition made of heavy zinc complete with glass panes. Excellent for hothouse. Apply at Eastland Telegram where they can be seen.

HILLSIDE APARTMENTS — Newly Refinished Throughout. Reasonable Rates. 701 West Plummer. Telephone 9520.

WANTED — You to 'phone the Daily Telegram any news items you may know. It is important that you give your name when calling, not to be used, but we must know the source of the news items we publish. — Eastland Telegram. Phone 601.

the tenth annual presentation dance. Jack York and his orchestra furnished music for the dancing.

A revolving mirrored ball, reflecting vari-colored light, centered the ballroom. The presentation motif was a modification of the club pin carried out in the traditional colors of turquoise and silver. A giant silver thunderbird against a drapery of turquoise satin formed the background for presentation.

To the strains of the club song, "Indian Love Call," pledges were presented, and following her announcement each girl descended the steps of a silver "rain altar" where she was met by her escort. The letters "Ko Sharis" were spelled out in ruffled turquoise satin letters on each step of the rain altar.

Elizabeth Ann Sikes, escorted by O'Dell Hixon of Wink, Texas, was presented in a frock of pink net over blue net, made with a full skirt and torso length bodice. She carried pink rose-buds and her accessories were gold.

Nannette Tanner, escorted by Berl Springer of Memphis, Texas, was presented in a powder blue organza and lace. The dress featured a girdle at the waist of lace and lace insertions in the skirt and sleeves. She carried an arm bouquet of Talisman roses.

Julia Parker, escorted by Jack Mooney of Ranger, Texas, was presented in a dress featuring a draped pink and blue taffeta bodice and a full skirt of blue net over pink net. Her accessories were silver. She wore a pink and white carnation halo in her hair and a wrist corsage of the same flowers.

Bob Keasler presented Miss Harlen Cook of Amarillo, Texas. Other Eastland Students of Tech attending the dance but not in the presentation were Bob Searls, Dick Martin, Leon Hale, Bob Perkins, Jack Brown and Miss Helen Rosenquest.

CIRCLE MEETINGS ARE POSTPONED

Meetings of the Circles of the First Methodist Church, which

KEEP "EM" SMILING

SPARKLING SPRING STYLES

To lift your morale and that of those who see you. He's in uniform and you are in that army of morale lifters.

LOOK YOUR LOVIEST ALWAYS

MARY MUFFET CASUALS

\$12.95

Softly tailored casual, smartly fitted with

new deeper armholes, tops your suit "easily."

D. L. Houle Shop

Front Office Incentive



President Larry MacPhail paces Shortstop Pee Wee Reese in road work at Daytona Beach training camp of Brooklyn Dodgers.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER Blue gill, fish, blue gum, tree, blue jay, bird; blue law, a puritanical law.

were scheduled to meet Monday, March 16, were postponed until the following Monday, March 23, it was announced today.

Circle No. 1 will meet with Mrs. F. M. Kenny; Circle No. 2 with Mrs. C. W. Young, and Circle No. 3 with Mrs. Cyrus Frost.

ON HONOR ROLL

Honor Roll for the fall semester at Texas Technological College in Lubbock indicates that there is a decrease in the number of students who met the scholastic requirements to rank in the upper

five per cent of the student body. In order to be listed as an honor student a load of 12 or more semester hours must be carried and a grade point average above 2.53 must be maintained. Included in the list of Honor Students is Miss Julia Parker,

COLDS FIGHT MISERY where you feel it—rub throat, chest and back with time-tested **VICKS VAPORUB**

Many Attending Revival Meeting At Baptist Church

Interest and attendance continues to grow at the meeting being conducted at the First Baptist church by the pastor, Rev. Franklin E. Swanner.

Services are being conducted twice daily at 10:00 a. m. and at 8:00 p. m.

Good music, under the direction of Prof. W. G. Womack, features each service.

The general public is cordially invited to attend these services.

Norton Picks Steers To Win This Year

COLLEGE STATION, Tex. — Homer Norton, whose Texas A & M football teams have lost their only games in the last three years to the Texas Longhorns, picks the Steers for the Southwest Conference title again.

Norton said the Steers would win the championship last year, but his Aggies captured the title. The Aggies went undefeated un-

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Parker of Eastland.

Personals

Walter Hammerton, 909 West Main, is able to be at his post of duty again after two weeks or more of illness.

Frank Roberson, who has been engaged in the automobile, truck and tractor business in Eastland for a number of years, has received a civil service appointment as instructor in an auto mechanic school and will soon go to Austin and from there to a permanent location at San Antonio.

J. M. Parker, Gorman attorney, was a business visitor in Eastland Tuesday.

Mrs. Clara Townsend Cockrill, editor and publisher of the Gorman Progress, was an Eastland visitor Monday.

For Your Convenience

Open after usual hours during weekdays and on Sundays
7:30 a. m. to 1 p. m.
4 p. m. to 7 p. m.

Rees Grocery

701 West Main

CHICKS



We carry all kinds of chicks. Priced as low as

\$5 for 100 Chicks

CARAWAY'S

111 East Main Eastland

til their Texas University game last year when the Steers overwhelmed them 23-0.

"If Texas still has the team they have now when the season rolls around and the draft doesn't touch them, they'll walk off with the flag," Norton predicted.

A & M lost its final game to Texas in 1938, went unbeaten in 1939, was defeated only by Texas in 1940 and again in 1941.

Students Dance for Defense

EAST LANSING, Mich. (UP) — Students at Michigan State College are ready to "dance for defense." A recent proposal by the student councils provides that profits from winter formal parties be used to buy defense bonds.

TODAY AT THE

LYRIC

Andrews Sisters

In

'What's Cookin'

COTTON PRODUCTION HIGHER

BLUTHVILLE, Ark. (UP) — Mississippi county, which claims the distinction of being the largest cotton producing county in the world, ginned 225,252 bales from the 1941 crop, compared to 194,212 bales in 1940.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Radio Service
Pho. 38



Latham Radio Shop

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 District Clerk
JOHN WHITE
CLAUDE (Curley) MAYNARD

Criminal District Attorney
EARL CONNER, JR.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 1
HENRY V. DAVENPORT

For County Treasurer:
MRS. RUTH (GARLAND) BRANTON.

For County School Superintendent
T. C. WILLIAMS

For County Judge:
W. S. ADAMSON

For Sheriff:
LOSS WOODS

JOHN HART
JOHN C. BARBER.

For Collector-Assessor
CLYDE KARKALITS

For County Clerk
R. V. (RIP) GALLOWAY

Representative of 106 District:
L. H. FLEWELLEN

GOOD PRINTING LENDS PRESTIGE

To any Business!



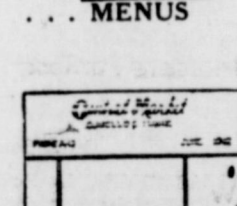
... INVITATIONS



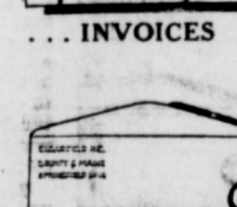
... HANDBILLS



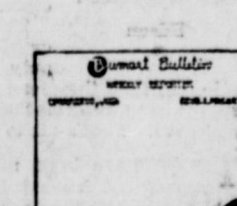
... MENUS



... INVOICES



... ENVELOPES



... LETTERHEADS

Your Letterheads

are silent messengers of your business. Let them speak well of you. They will if they are one of our neat jobs.

You Won't Pay a Lot for Telegram Job Printing Yet— You Get the BEST!

Buy NOW While Our Paper Stock Is Complete.

Look Over Your Stationery Needs

both personal and business and give us a ring. We will give you an estimate on high quality work — and then deliver the finished job.

See us for
INVITATIONS
RULED FORMS
AD FOLDERS
PRINTED REPORTS
BLOTTERS
BUSINESS CARDS
CANDIDATE CARDS

Phone 601

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

Job Printing

Hello



WANT-AD TAKER?

All sorts of trades made through the use of classified ads and at very moderate cost. Next time you want to buy, sell, trade, rent, try Telegram and Chronicle Want Columns.

Come Tonight

MORNING
AT 10 A. M.

And Each Evening
TO THE

EVENING
AT 8 P. M.

Revival Services

INSPIRING MESSAGES

By The Pastor

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING Of Songs You Love

EVERYBODY INVITED

To Come and Gain Spiritual Strength from these Meetings.

Two weeks of joyous helpful services. Week days at 10 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sundays 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Meetings last but an hour each.



Rev. Franklin E. Swanner
Pastor

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH