

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ONE YEAR BY MAIL (In Texas) \$3.00

It's the War

WE can't buy new automobiles. We shall have to use the old jalopies year after year, instead of turning them in every spring for new models.

We can't buy tires. We shall have to walk to stores and bridge parties or use buses and trollies.

Gasoline is rationed—or will be—to dealers. We must either spread our share through the month or lay up the car the latter part of each month.

Stores and laundries and various service agencies are saving tires and gasoline. Our demands for instantaneous service are coldly rejected. We have to plan now and take advantage of regular pick-ups and deliveries.

Refrigerators and stoves and radios and washing machines are not being manufactured any longer. Dealers are running out of patterns in lineoleum. We can't get aluminum percolators or other cooking dishes. Sugar is short. Typewriters aren't on sale. We can't have cuffs on our trousers.

CERTAINLY it's inconvenient. Our civilian life isn't quite normal. But suppose the next time somebody—you perhaps?—begins lamenting our hardships in this war you pin hem—yourself?—down to specifications. Exactly how much have we been hit by the scarcities, the rationing, the deprivation thus far?

We are escaping very lightly thus far.

Suppose we were Britain. We wouldn't have been rationed on tires—because for two years and a half there wouldn't have been any new cars and petrol rationing would have permitted us to drive no more than 200 miles a month. We should be accustomed long since to scarcity of most types of food—not merely a few. We should be limited to one suit, one coat and a few haberdashery items a year, and should long fervently for the good old days when only trouser cuffs and extra pants were banded.

Spring makes everybody want to be somewhere else even after they get there.

Getting your picture on \$10,000 bills is one way to attain obscurity.

Too many candidates stand for more than the people will fall for.

If you think women can't take a joke, you should see some of their husbands.

The biggest mistake in life is to fear constantly you'll make one.

The reason so many marriages are failures is because so many failures are married.

POPULAR SINGE.

HORIZONTAL

15 Pictured singing star
9 Person distinguished for valor.
10 Dine.
12 Fish traps.
14 Protuberance.
15 Flower part.
17 Spots.
19 Not in.
20 Pertaining to central government.
22 Short sleep.
23 Bone.
24 Parent.
25 Fish eggs.
27 Tantalum (symbol).
28 Turns over.
30 Order.
32 Rodent.
33 Move.
34 Lifting device.
36 Small.
39 Music note.
40 Half an em.
41 Clay (Scot.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

WARREN HARDING
ZEALOT STARTS
FOUR STARRED TIES
EIO ENTRAP LA PA
ECU DH U DOLL
TAPEL L U JAYE
PROA G RAT
THE ISN G SEED
AIRS D C NEE
MELAP MARION RE
ERABLE HOTTER R
ERRAND MEETER
INTENDS ASSENT

11 Dined.
13 Condition.
14 See.
15 Measure.
16 Blue flowers
18 Mast.
20 Ties.
21 Lingers.
24 Airship.
26 Upper class.
29 Age.
31 Three (prefix)
34 Crustacean.
35 Have reference to
37 Teach.
38 Titled
personage
44 Group of players
46 Within.
47 Never (poet.)
48 Obtain.
49 Type of chess
50 Comet's train
52 Glide over snow.
54 Vegetable.
56 A-3 (Latin).
58 Railroad (abbr.).


42 Egyptian sun god.
43 Atern.
45 She is a of popular songs (pl).
50 Sailor.
51 Honey gatherer.
53 Requires.
54 Buckst.
55 Garden implement.
57 Greek letter.

59 Part of harness
59 Headband.
60 Maxim.

VERTICAL

1 Obligation.
2 Anger.
3 Negative.
4 Pay attention.
5 She is a radio
6 Upon.
7 Bright color.
8 English school
9 Dwelling.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12 13
14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22
23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30 31
32 33 34 35 36 37 38
39 40 41 42
43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50
51 52 53 54
55 56 57 58
59 60



Time to Take the Bull by the Horns



Former Eastland Man Celebrates 85th Birthday

J. H. Davis of San Benito, Texas, who lived for many years in Eastland county, celebrated his 85th birthday on April 22. He was born on April 22, 1857, at Blue Ridge, Fannin County, Georgia, the son of William H. Davis and Katie Higdon Davis, and

came to Texas with his parents in 1884, settling in Eastland County. Despite his advanced age Mr. Davis gets around very well with the use of crutches which he has used for the past several years. On Dec. 14, 1902 Davis was married to Ella Work at Eastland to which union three children, all of whom survive, were born. These are Howard and Maurice Davis and Mrs. Loretta Longmire. Mr. Davis was made a Master

Mason by Judge D. K. Scott, who now resides in Cisco, and Will Calhoun (deceased) and others in the old courthouse in Eastland in 1890 and moved his membership to San Benito in 1925 where he was given his fifty year service button two years ago. This button was pinned upon him by his son, J. Howard Davis, also a Mason. His wife and two daughters are members of the Eastern Star. He is also a long time member of the Baptist church.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

THE GYPSY MOTH
SPREAD OVER THE UNITED STATES BECAUSE A HOUSEKEEPER IN THE HOME OF M. TROUBELOT, MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, SWEPT INTO THE YARD A BATCH OF MOTH EGGS, WHICH THE SCIENTIST HAD BROUGHT FROM EUROPE FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES.

RUSSIA
CONTAINS EVERY PHASE OF CLIMATE EXCEPT TROPICAL!

QUOTING OPS
"THERE IS USUALLY MORE TEMPERATURE THAN MENTAL IN TEMPERAMENTAL!" Says MARY D. SWANSON, CULDESAC, IDAHO.

THE PAYOFF

NEW YORK.—Lt.-Comdr. Benny Boynton, remarkable Williams back of some years ago, thanking officers, midshipmen and members of other classes at the Naval Academy on behalf of graduates of V-5 physical fitness, closes with "in reference to the Japs and Jerries, 'Keep 'Em Dying.'"

With Patsy Clark, one-time Illinois back and professional coach, leading a platoon, Jim Crowley's company wins the drill competition on the final day from outfits commanded by Sam Barry, who was Southern California's head coach; Larry Snyder, the Ohio State track coach, and Johnny Sabo, who was an assistant at Yale.

Sleepy Jim Crowley left Fordham for Annapolis a little overweight. After 30 days in Crabtown, the Old Horseman looks like a bloke who has just escaped from a padlocked Turkish bath.

"Bill Brown's Health Farm is a breeze compared to that course," he beams.

A NAVAL air battle is likened to a football game by Ensign George McKinnon, captain and shortstop of Northwestern's 1941 baseball team, now serving aboard an airplane carrier in the south Pacific. McKinnon took a two-months' course in communications at Annapolis following his graduation from Northwestern's Naval R. O. T. C. unit last June.

"We were attacked by two waves of bombers, got 16 of 18, and it is doubtful if the other two got home," writes Ensign McKinnon, describing what is believed to be the battle in which Lieut. Eddie O'Hare shot down six enemy craft. "I saw the entire action and there was more cheering on our ship than at a Northwestern-Notre Dame football game. "It really was something to see—the real McCoy." "This is the kind of stuff that is going to see this country through."

Advice Offered Poultry Growers

Some economic practices that are being recommended to all poultry raisers by County Agent Floyd Lynch are:

1. Vaccinate all pullets and hens against Fowl Pox. This should be done when the cockerels are sold. Use the feather follicle method on the pullets and stick method on the hens.
2. Prevent Coccidiosis by feeding Dusting sulphur in the mash of chicks beginning when they are four weeks old and continue feeding until they are five or six months old. This can be mixed at the rate of 20 cans of mash and one can of sulphur or in other words feed 2 1-2 per cent of the mash sulphur.
3. Once ever two months the drinking water should have one tablespoonful of a solution of blue stone and vinegar to each gallon of drinking water. This should be continued for two days with no other water available (To make the Stock solution of blue stone and vinegar, take two ounces of blue stone and one pint of vinegar and mix together. Drinking fountains should be of crock when this solution is used.
4. Keep the flock free of external and internal parasites. The pullets and hens may be wormed at the same time that they are vaccinated for Pox by giving them a worm capsule, then give them another capsule just before the pullets begin laying. From then on the flock treatment is recommended. Use a commercial worm powder in the mash according to the directions on the can. This flock treatment should be done once a month. It does not interfere with the laying of the birds.

To control lice fix a dusting box. Fill the box half wood ashes and one half sand over this sprinkle

sodium fluoride.
5. Control blue bugs with Carbolonium aPint the roosts. If the blue bugs are in the cracks spray with carbolonium and kerosene 50-50.
6. Where grain is available on the farm prepare your own laying and growing mash by:
1. Buy 100 pounds of concentrates (protein supplement) which runs from 32 to 36 per cent. Add.
2. Grind 200 pounds of grain (a mixture of grains would be better) For further information, contact your county agent.

F. F. A. Meeting Is Held At Alameda School Wednesday

A very interesting PFF program was given at the high school auditorium, Wednesday night, April 22nd with about seventy persons attending. A discussion by Bobbie Miller, W.P.A. Employment Supervisor of Eastland, gave farmers some ways and means of avoiding labor shortage by keeping in contact with his agency, whose primary purpose is to aid the farmers in securing help at the needed time and to use facilities at hand if possible, so that migratory labor will not have to be called in.

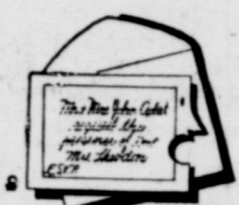
Then an unusual method of demonstrative 'tub gardens' and 'control of garden insects' was very humorously presented by Miss Wheatley, which went over in a big way. A poem titled, 'Cordin to Law'—one that very fittingly describes farm conditions, as they exist at the present time, was given by Mrs. Bill Tucker. Last, but not least, was the discussion by Chas. Bell, VOC. Ag. Teacher of Ranger who showed us, by some facts and figures, how that war measures, if such they are, will and do affect our agriculture.

County Wide Rat War Starts May 15

County Wide Rat War has been designated in Eastland County for the night of May 15. This campaign will be conducted by W. S. Heit, Senior District Field Assistant of the Fish and Wild Life Service cooperating with the county agent and home demonstration agent of Eastland County. This will be one method of achieving the goal of the Food For Victory program in the county. It is estimated that rats destroy \$350,000,000 worth of food each year in the United States.

GOOD PRINTING LENDS PRESTIGE

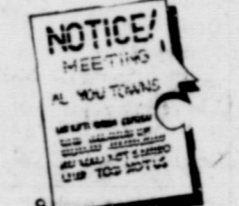
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... INVITATIONS



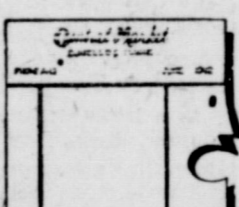
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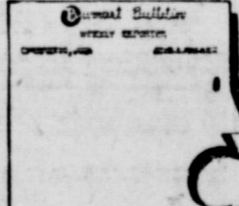
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EASTLAND TELEGRAM

Job Printing

ALLEY OOP



By Hamlin

RED RYDER



BY HARMAN

Freckles and His Friends



By Blosser

OUT OUR WAY



By Williams



Morton Valley P. T. A. Met Last Tuesday 3:45 p.m.

The Morton Valley Parent-Teacher Association met Tuesday, April 28, at 3:45 with the president presiding. The meeting opened with the song, "Old Black Joe," led by Mrs. Cecil Eubank accompanied by Mrs. John Jones. Prayer was led by Mrs. Jones. Marilyn Crouch gave a piano solo. The pupils of the primary grades gave the play, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

The monster, played by Lon Chaney, comes to life. One of the thrilling scenes in the film "The Ghost of Frangenstein," which will play on the Midnight show at the Connellee Saturday night and for regular run Sunday. The list of the lumberjack's offenses after splurging a season's pay in a few days, was long. "Drunk and disorderly, refusal to pay a taxi fare, assault and battery, profane and indecent language, illegal breaking and entry, resisting an officer." The court clerk intoned on and on.

Mrs. Johnnie Harrison was elected as delegate to the National Parent-Teacher Meeting to be held in San Antonio, May 3 to 7. Mrs. John was selected as alternate. Mrs. Nix gave a report on the conference meeting at Dublin in April.

Mrs. Pauline Hancock gave a talk on Mental Growth. The new officers were installed as Mrs. Josie K. Nix, president; Mrs. E. I. Campbell, C. H. West, H. Pounds, H. Tankersley, J. B. Harbin, Herman Foust, W. F. Crouch, Cecile Eubank, T. L. Wheat, C. D. Jones, R. W. McCauley, T. L. Henderson, John Jones, Jack Ter-

Don't Tell an Amphibious Leatherneck That U. S. Needs a Commando Corps

BY PETER EDSON NEA Service Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON.—You will hear more and more about amphibious warfare as this thing goes on, but in this connection the Marine Corps' official nose is a little bit harder than usual over all the publicity that the British Commandos have been receiving, and the suggestions that a Commando force be established in the United States. The way the Marines tell it, the Commandos are simply sea-soldiers trained in all the tricks of the British Royal Marines, the only difference being that these new sea-soldiers are cashing in on the tricky publicity of a new romantic name that has caught the public fancy.

Furthermore, the Marines want the cockeyed world to appreciate that said Marines know all there is to know about this amphibious warfare, anyway. What it amounts to is the landing of expeditionary forces and the development and holding of beachheads to prepare the way for regular operations.

The Japs have shown they have mastered this art of amphibious warfare in their numerous landing operations on Pacific Islands, but the Marines say the Japs have no really new tricks. Some information on the training of the Marines for the new amphibious warfare has been given, but most of the details are still secret. Formerly, the Marine amphibians were known as the Fleet Mobile Force, or FMP. That name didn't stick, so now there are two units, Atlantic Amphibious Corps and Pacific Amphibious Corps.

But unless you want to start a fight, don't call one of these amphibious Leathernecks a "Commando."

SOLDIERS on Corregidor and workers in munitions plants will be glad to know that Washington society has unofficially decided that the lunch hour may properly end at 3:30 p. m. The fact was developed as follows: According to Washington etiquette, no guest should leave a luncheon before the guest of honor makes his or her departure. The Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, one of the parasites who hangs around Washington a good bit these days, was recently invited to a luncheon. Being the highest ranking guest, no one was supposed to leave before he did. But Otto had such a good time he stayed till 4:15, thereby keeping away from their jobs a lot of people. Whereupon one of Washington's social arbiters

opined there ought to be a law that after 3:30 p. m., anybody can leave any luncheon without apology and no matter how long the guest of honor stuck around. WASHINGTON Badinage: Senator Tom Connally of Marlin, Tex.—I resent these dollar-a-year men being overpaid. Senator Harry S. Truman of Independence, Mo.—They're not being overpaid by their companies, but they are overpaid by the government. FIRST it was called the Air Corps Ferrying Command. Then it was called the Air Corps Ferry Command. Now it is called the Air Corps Ferrying Command again. All of which may confuse the axis, but no more than it does Washington.

planted one gallon or more of the new Texas Hybrid seed corn released this year by the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station and being introduced by the Extension Service.

This corn which is adapted to Texas conditions has produced 20 per cent more corn on the average than other common varieties over a 5 year period is expected to do for Texas what a similar seed had done for Iowa.

In 1936 that state had five per cent of its acreage in hybrid varieties: Now it has 95 per cent of its acreage in such varieties. Their yields have been increased by about 20 per cent.

The Extension Service warns that it will be several years in Texas before enough seed is available for wide spread planting, and farmers learn how to handle the new variety. Corn produced from the hybrid seed, of course, can not be used for planting seed. This year around 8000 bushels of the carefully bred seed will be available—enough to plant about 64000 acres.

4-H Club boys planting the Texas hybrid corn in Eastland County are as follows: Jimmie Paul Bawcom, Ranger Young Club; Welton Adams, Bullock Club; Ben May, Carbon Club; Monte Ray Walker, Carbon Club; J. C. Donaldson, Kokomo Club; Marvin Dupuy, Desdemona Club; James Jobe and Bud Cornwell, Gorman High Club.

Your FEEDING ADVISOR by TRUETT GREGORY

— By Truett Gregory— You hear a lot of talk about the price of feed. Let the price be not as important as the cost. The price of a ton of feed is what you pay for it. The cost is what you have left "when the bag is empty"—in other words, the market value of the poultry or stock which that bag of feed produced.

With my correspondence course on Feeding, Advisor, the Purina Mills have taught me a lot about the price and cost of feed, feeding and sanitation of livestock. So if you will, come in to Killough's Feed Store and let me pass on to you some important things that might help to produce more food for Victory.

— So feed for food the Purina way, and keep our soldiers marching today.

Are You Still Waiting... Earl Bender & Company - Abstracts - Insurance - Real Estate - Rentals

SERIAL STORY

FRANTIC WEEKEND

BY EDMUND FANCOTT

THE STORY: Returning to Montreal from a summer resort, Myra Mack shares a train seat with Lieut. Nigel Monkhouse. They discover a mutual friend in Ferdy Lorton, artist, and a mutual acquaintance of a pretty girl aboard the train. Back at her stenographer's job Myra makes a business deal, sees the pretty girl behind a desk.

FERDY PLANS A PARTY

CHAPTER III

THAT evening Myra dropped in to see Ferdy Lorton on her way home. It was a peculiar friendship that drew the two together, a friendship that owed more to frankness than to good looks. Ferdy had an amused cynical outlook towards the world and knew everybody in town. Myra had an outspoken bluntness and was thoroughly capable at everything she undertook. Ferdy was a confirmed bachelor who seemed to be particularly attractive to attractive females, whereas Myra was more or less resigned to the fact that her face was not her fortune and that she was by necessity a career girl.

She found Ferdy alone buried in a book. "Hullo," he said, pleasure registering under his casual tone. "Have a cocktail. You've been neglecting me." Myra looked around the studio. "Not painting?" she asked. Ferdy rummaged in the cupboard for the makings of a cocktail. "No," he answered over his shoulder. "The weather is too good. I'm thinking of packing up and heading me to the hills."

"Some frivolous people get all the luck," sighed Myra, throwing a hat that she disliked onto the comfortable settee.

Ferdy grinned. "All work and no play?"

"Too much work. By the way, I had a weekend on the lake shore and met a friend of yours."

Ferdy shook up the cocktail with a professional vigor.

"Name?"

"Nigel Monkhouse."

"Thought he was up in Petawawa."

"So he was," said Myra. "But now he's on leave before going overseas."

"Nice chap," said Ferdy. "I must give him a call."

"Is he married?" asked Myra.

Ferdy poured out a cocktail and looked at her with a suspicious grin. "No. You haven't any designs?"

Myra grinned. "I'd have as much chance there as I would with a plaster statue. Besides, he was looking pretty hard at a peach and cream something on the train."

"Poor Nigel," said Ferdy. "Plenty of money. Charm. But he had a bad time with one of our Montreal debs a year or so ago."

"Then he's recovering nicely," said Myra.

"Not thinking of doing more matchmaking?" asked Ferdy. He sat down by her side on the settee and disposed himself in lazy comfort.

"Not me. I'm tired of fixing up other people's love affairs and leaving myself on the shelf. Every day I go down to the office these days I think what a blessing a nice comfortable husband would be. You know the kind—no flowers and chocolates, just good honest bread and butter. Then I could sit at home and read a book for a change."

Ferdy grinned. "You need a holiday. So do I. I'm going up to my place in the Laurentians this weekend. Why not come up? We'll make a small party of it. Let's see—what about your father?"

"Cut Danny out. I love him, I obey him when he isn't unreasonable, I respect him. But I see him every weekend in the year



Peggy Mack, 17, made the weekend frantic. It was her first house party, but she landed like the Marines and took over.

Ferdy Lorton, artist, issued the invitations, then went out to paint pictures and missed half the fun at his own weekend party.

Michael Mack, on leave from the Army, learned a little strategy from the kid sister and decided she wasn't so bad after all.

and I'd rather see a new face or two."

"Good," said Ferdy. "We'll ask Nigel Monkhouse. Haven't you got a few more sisters in the family?"

"There's Peggy, but she's dynamite."

"That's the young one I haven't met. What do you mean, dynamite?"

"Well she's only seventeen, the kind of poison that puts frogs in your bed and burrs in your pyjamas."

Ferdy nodded. "She'll do."

"No," said Myra. "My brother has just come home from overseas. We can't go."

"Ask him too. That's three men, two girls. I'll find another girl."

"No," said Myra firmly. "No more weekends for me at your place with any of your social friends. Remember the last time. Society and Myra Mack are like oil and water. They don't mix, even at high temperatures."

"All right," said Ferdy. "We'll take peaches and cream. Has she a face worth painting?"

Myra sat up. "If you think I am going to go and pick up a strange female to make a Lorton weekend, you're mistaken."

"But think of Nigel!"

"Sorry," said Myra firmly. "Peaches and cream is wrong. I should have said, mascara and lipstick."

"I like them both," said Ferdy.

"That is, at the proper place and time."

"Exactly," agreed Myra. "That's just what I meant."

THAT night at the Mack household in Notre Dame de Grace it was an evening of celebration. Michael Mack, the eldest son, had home and teen-aged friends. She had a healthy curiosity, an idle young lady's penchant for intrigue, irrepressible energy, and a gay beauty that was just the percussion cap these spirited traits needed to set them off.

"Fun!" Peggy exclaimed to Myra. "And I'll see that it's exciting, too, she added to herself.

(To Be Continued)

