



EASTLAND TELEGRAM

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The Voice of the People

Hitler and his aging, bald partner south of Brenner Pass once kept their vocal cords in condition by telling their subjects what a great thing it was to live like lions and strong Nordic gods. The "soft, decadent, plutocratic democracies" drew only scorn. Democracies would fall apart in time of war, they trumpeted.

Well, we were soft, but we haven't fallen apart. In fact, it appears we are doing a right fair job of pulling ourselves together. There's a fellow named MacArthur putting up one of the greatest scraps of all time. The assembly lines in Detroit and other cities spill out more fighting tools each day. Mr. and Mrs. John Citizen and children buy more and more bonds and stamps. And, Adolf and Benito, ask our senators and representatives if democracy clicks in a crisis.

Some time ago in the dark of the moon, an amendment was attached to an important bill, and the folks back at the corner drug store and out where the creek forks for the last time, had not heard of this amendment. Naturally, they missed it because members of Congress, usually happy to orate on any occasion, did not debate this amendment. It provided pensions for life for lawmakers who retired voluntarily or who were retired by the voters.

One of the greatest uproars since Mickey Owen dropped that third strike in the world series swept the land as soon as the people (cannon-fodder to you, Adolf) got wind of this. They blew such a storm over Washington that Congress quicker than you could say "Seventy-dollars-every-Saturday" undid what they had done.

That was only the beginning. The people (suckers to you, Benito) rared up and demanded an end to all that foolishness in civilian defense. They demanded a one-man war production boss, more centralized Army and Navy control, fewer fol-de-rols in government. At the same time they were marching up (not being driven, Adolf) and cheerfully paying the biggest income tax in history.

Congressmen say the torrent of mail continues. Some of the solons admit they are a trifle timid when they consider the coming elections. They have never seen the people so noncompliant, so alert and so hot and bothered to get this war job done. And when this storm becomes a violent tornado of demand for the absolute crushing of the axis, well, then you boys who thought we were expiring of country-clubitis better seek the deepest storm cellar your old pal Satan can spare.

The voice of the people is the voice of the government in the United States.

Sometimes that voice croaks, sometimes it whispers. It has been completely silent, but it never whines. And when it sounds clear and strong across the prairies, swamps, hills, mountains, and river valleys, things start happening the American way—a way, Benito, Adolf, and you, Honorable Son of Heaven, don't understand, but one that you will.

Some people keep their spirits up only to save them a trip to the cellar.

The Japs always are happy to die for their country. Let's keep 'em happy.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

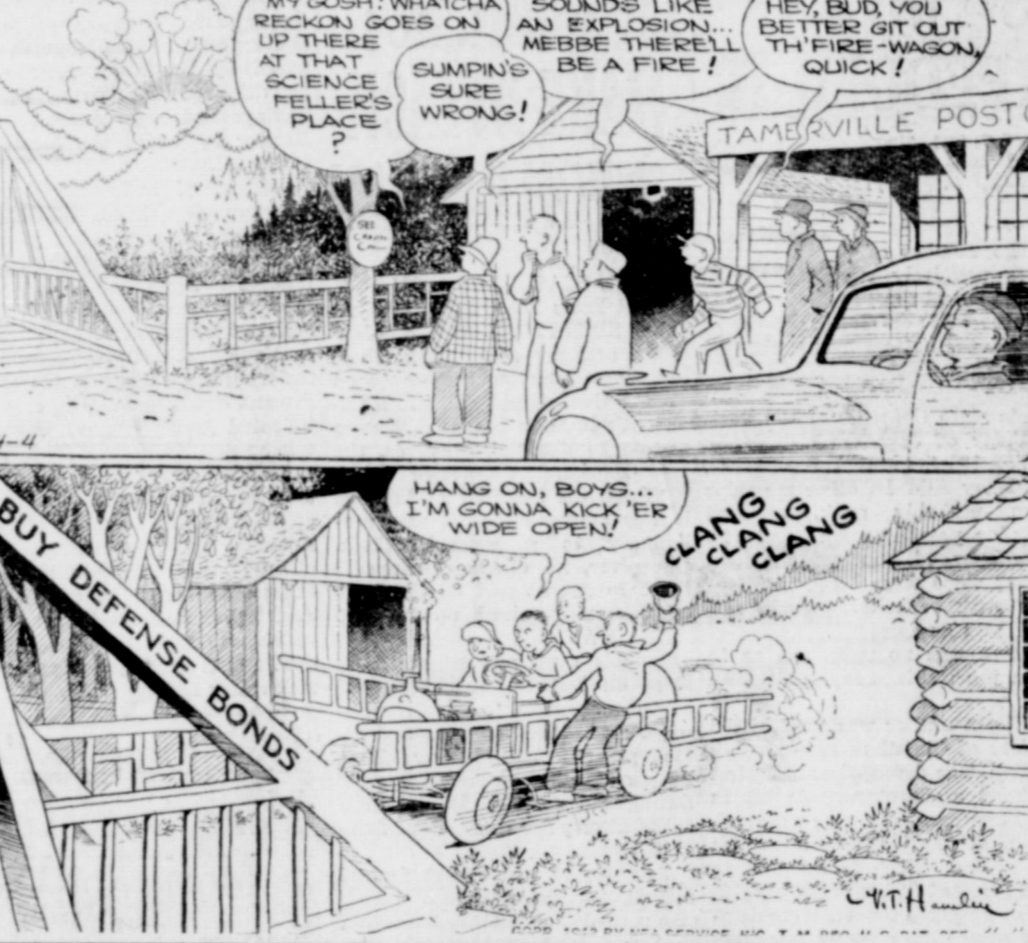


ANSWERS: In spite of the mulberry bush song, they grow on trees.

They Wish They Had Your Chance to Fight the Axis



ALLEY OOP



Flying-Commander-

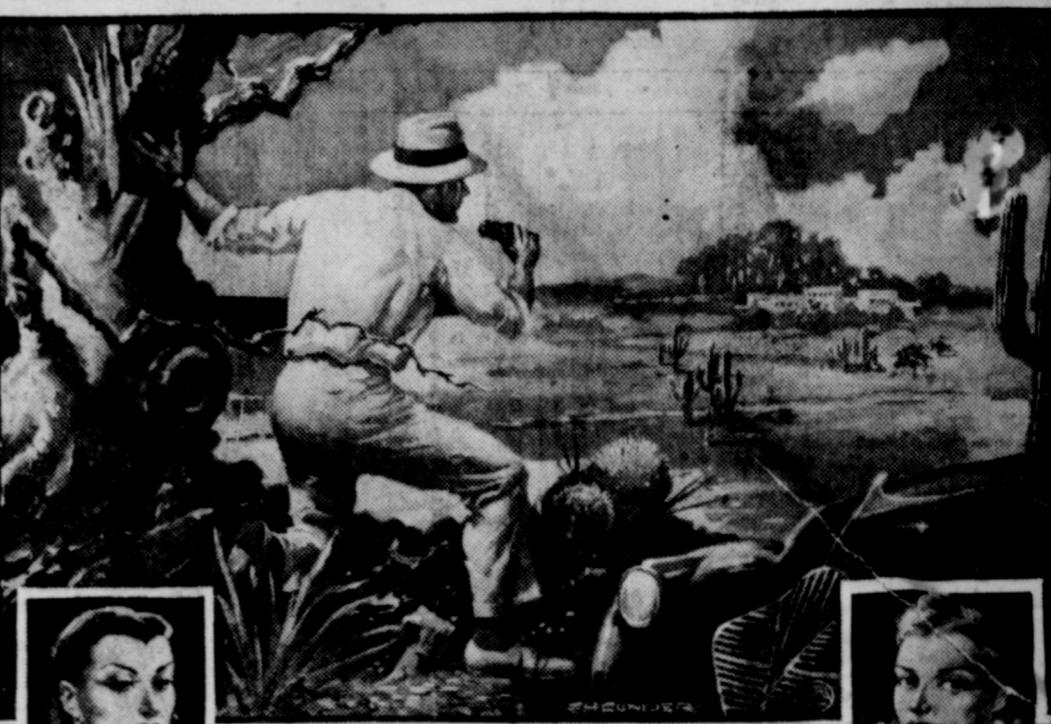
(Continued from page 1) Louis A. Johnson, personal representative of President Roosevelt in India, but there was no definite word as to whether Mr. Roosevelt was exerting influence toward a settlement as reported previously. The Australian Front was comparatively quiet today and in the Philippines the American defenders of Bataan Province had smashed back the latest enemy offensive so vigorously that operations were limited at last reports to patrol fighting. In Russia, the official news agency reported that a great new Red Army had completed its winter training and successfully passed its first tests, suggesting that it now had gone into action against the Axis. The millions of reserve troops, drawn from every part of the Soviet Union, were counted on to play an important role in current drives to break up Axis plans for a summer offensive, but they need war supplies from Britain and America. These supplies are moving through Arctic waters but the Germans are redoubling their efforts to break the northern line and Berlin radio reported new dive bombing attacks on ships in Kola Bay, off Murmansk. On the Central Front, the Russians reported slow, steady gains in continued attacks on the Kalinin and Smolensk sectors but said the Germans were attempting to counter-attack in the Bryansk area. Operations apparently were not on a big scale. The Royal Air Force was handicapped by unfavorable weather but renewed attacks on German railroad and airdromes in occupied France last night and during daylight hours today, keeping up the pressure on a second front in order to weaken the Axis effort in Russia.

SERIAL STORY

MEXICAN MASQUERADE

BY CECIL CARNES

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Illustrated by E. H. Gunder

From where Allan was watching he saw the peaceful scene explode into the wildest melodrama. Three men on horseback charged down upon the officer.

All characters and situations in "Mexican Masquerade" are fictitious. Any resemblance between them and living persons or actual situations is purely coincidental.

CHAPTER I

FRANKLY, I don't feel quite right about this, even yet. Even after Kay wired me to go ahead.

It's Allan's story, I keep telling myself. Allan's—and the state departments—although no longer the secret he made me swear to last September.

And there are all the loose ends I've no way of tying together. I don't even know where Allan himself is, now.

What happened to Asia, and was she as beautiful as he said? Did they find Baron Sagoya? I thought of him when I saw those news pictures of Kurusu, smiling so warmly and innocently, clutching that modest black brief case so mockingly symbolical of good will, as he arrived in Washington to "discuss" our difficulties with Japan.

And Escobar! His an even more enigmatic smile, brighter in his handsome face. I wonder about Escobar, sometimes—wonder about clearly it all came back to him the day Pearl Harbor was struck and a continent awakened to war. Finally, I'm ashamed of myself. How stupid I must have sounded! "Those Japs down there—probably operating on their own," I had said to Allan. "They're specialists in two-bit intrigue, sure. But no major threat. I'd sooner see fear rats in cages than your 'yellow devils'."

Allan's story or not, there are those who think it should be told—Kay not the least among them. It was just last summer . . .

SHIMMERING heat waves almost hid the sandy road as Allan Steele, in his travel-stained sedan, crested a hill and came thankfully in sight of his journey's end. At the foot of the slope, hardly a mile ahead, nestled the small fishing village of San Saba, slumbering peacefully in the torrid blaze of a July sun.

Both hands gripped on the steering wheel, tooling the sedan more like a man riding a bucking bronco than driving a car, he worked his way onward until what

he believed the worst road in Lower California, if not in all Mexico, blended imperceptibly with the main street of the town. The buildings on each side of him were shuttered and no visible sign of life met his roving gaze. "Siesta," he murmured aloud. "Everybody's asleep."

Yet he questioned the notion even while voicing it. He had an uneasy feeling as he drove slowly through the village that eyes were peering at him from behind the bolted doors and shielded windows. Hostile eyes, sinister, calculating. . . .

He grinned half mockingly at the thought as it crossed his mind. He analyzed it and traced it accurately to its source. It obviously derived from the nature of the errand which had brought him to this off-track corner of the world.

THE heat was something you had to feel to believe. He drove doggedly for half a mile, climbing another low rise of land. At its top he halted the car in the welcome shade of an old gnarled pine.

Meanwhile, he took advantage of his present elevation to study the lay of the land spread out before him. He followed the winding road with observant gaze to the point where it dove into a thicket of eucalyptus trees and vanished.

Set far back in the grove was a rambling structure of stone which he assumed was the hotel he was seeking. The Inn of One Thousand Delights was the modest name bestowed on it by its Chinese proprietor, Sun Su. Allan grinned morosely. Right now he'd settle for just two delights if they'd take the shape of a long cold drink and a long cold bath.

He fished in a pocket of the car, pulled out a pair of field glasses and trained them on the building.

A movement caught his eye. A man had come out of the front entrance. The glasses revealed him as tall, slender, and fairly young—about 32 or 33, Allan's own age. He was wearing a uniform which the American recognized as that of the Rural, the famous Mexican mounted police, and the glint of metal on his tunic marked him as an officer.

Mildly surprised by the spectacle of another lunatic abroad at

such an hour on such a day, Allan watched him swing lightly into the saddle of a horse that had been tethered near the door. He put his steed in motion and came up the road in the direction of San Saba, riding with the easy grace which Allan had long since concluded was every Mexican's birthright.

ALLAN was about to set the car rolling down the gentle slope ahead when he paused to watch the Mexican again.

The officer had reined in abruptly. He was abreast of a clump of tall cactus that edged the road, and evidently his attention had been attracted by something that lay in the narrow strip of shade at the base of the thorny mass. From where Allan was watching, the object resembled a big bundle of rags. He saw the rider dismount and walk toward it, leading his horse; he saw him drop to his knees beside the bundle.

And then the peaceful scene exploded into the wildest melodrama. Three men on horseback came galloping from behind the cactus which had concealed them. They charged down upon the kneeling officer, shouting and waving naked machetes as they stood in their stirrups.

Either their shouts or the pounding of hoofs had given warning to their intended victim—warning and the fraction of time he needed to defend himself. Lithe as a panther, he sprang erect, turning in the air as he did so. When he caught his balance he was facing his attackers, his rear protected by the clump of cactus. In the same moment he whipped out his straight, military machete and got it up in time to turn aside a sweeping blow from the first horseman to reach him. Quick as a snake strikes, he followed the parry with a lightning lunge. The point of his blade drove into the flank of the man's horse; the animal screamed, reared and tried to bolt. The officer swung to meet the others as they arrived, his sword playing before him in a semi-circle of flame from the reflected rays of the sun.

"Hot tamales!" gasped Allan. "A holdup!"

(To Be Continued)

CONTRACTORS' NOTICE OF TEXAS HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION. Sealed proposals for constructing 19.711 miles of Double Asphalt Surface Treat (Type B) on W. city limits of Ranger, and from 14.1 mile E. of Breckenridge E. to the Palo Pinto County line on Highway No. U. S. 89 & U. S. 80-A, covered by Controls 7-1-29 & 11-9-31, in Eastland and Stephens Counties, will be received at the Highway Department, Austin, until 5:00 P. M., April 15, 1942, and then publicly opened and read. The wage rates generally prevailing in this locality, which are listed below, shall apply as minimum wage rates for those employees employed and paid by the Contractor on this project.

Table with 2 columns: Title of Work, Prevailing Minimum Per Diem Wage. Includes Laborer, Workman, Mechanic, etc.

BUENOS AIRES.—A device which reportedly effects a 20 per cent saving on gasoline consumed by motor cars and trucks has been invented here by a mechanic, Antonio Vannucci, who claims his device reduces fuel consumption by utilizing exhaust gases. He has named it "The Powermeter."

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. For Commissioner Precinct No. 1: HENRY V. DAVENPORT. For County Treasurer: MRS. RUTH (GARLAND) BRANTON. For County School Superintendent: T. C. WILLIAMS, HOMER SMITH. 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 108 District: L. H. FLEWELLEN.

Radio Service Pho. 38 Latham Radio Shop

STOPS GETTING UP AT NIGHT

Augusta lady gets fast relief from sluggish kidney pains. Bachaches gone... sleeping fine now. Mrs. Lenora Lybrand, 524 Crawford Ave., Augusta, Ga., is not bothered by pain due to sluggish kidneys any longer. "Swamp Root was a big help," says Mrs. Lybrand.



WE BUY—POULTRY and EGGS WE SELL—FEED and SEED. Baby Chicks Monday and Thursday. CASHWAY Feed & Seed Store 315 W. Main L. B. Porter, Owner

Roller, Skate On the finest floor in west Texas. Bass Lake Roller Rink Gorman, Texas Open Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons. 25c Each hour and a half Try Our Want Ads!



## Don't Lose Faith and Courage

They started building the Union Pacific Railroad back in '62 just so people could ride to California in five days — and folks thought they were crazy. President Lincoln was the biggest fool of all because he signed the charter. Was anything sillier when America was going to hell on a bicycle?

Last thing we heard, the U.P. was still hauling trains.

They founded Cornell University in '65 just so country boys could go to college — and this time people *knew* they'd lost their minds. The national debt was sky-high, the common people were flat broke and who under the sun was ever again going to have the cash or leisure to study Latin and Greek?

But we recall that a couple of thousand boys and girls got their diplomas at Cornell last June.

They did lots of things while panicky folks got the jitters. Invented dynamites, discovered antiseptics, built factories, established retail businesses, even raised children — children who grew up to be right famous.

They were just common, ordinary, everyday Americans with a little faith and courage.

The U.S.A. has had its share of floods, earthquakes, wars and depressions, and here is a ponderable fact. Comes a crisis, and every time you'll find excitable folks charging around in circles. Sometimes they bury their cash; sometimes they rush to turn it into goods; sometimes they give it all away and crowd up on a hilltop to wait for the Judgment. And just as surely you'll find other people with common sense saying "Uh-huh," and doing what has to be done without forgetting to plan for the new and better

America that always is yet to be. They shoulder the "emergency job" — but they go right on raising families, building churches, endowing colleges, doing scientific research, marketing new commodities — and, in the due course of things, founding new fortunes.

For these people never forget that, peculiarly, life must go right on. They never forget that, rain or shine, America is right there waiting for them — on a silver platter.

Just for fun some afternoon, walk around town and ask some of the businessmen you know, some of the doctors and lawyers, how in the dickens they ever managed to get started back in 1917 and '18, back in the Depression of 1907, back in the Panic of '93, back in the Hard Times of 1921. Ask some of the younger fellows how they ever managed to get a job back in 1931. Some of them didn't. And you don't hear about them any more. Because they lost sight of the eternal, rock-ribbed fact that America was still right there waiting for them — on a silver platter.

Do you doubt it? Then you must have forgotten that this country is more than railroads and farms and factory chimneys, more than mountains or the pound of surf on sand or elm trees on the front lawn or crickets chirping in the summer twilight. You must have forgotten the simple truth that America is really people, millions of people, with homes and children, hopes, ideals, faith, ambition, freedom to achieve what they want — and guts.

Don't Lose faith in those in authority. In the parlance of the stock exchange, "don't sell short" this country of yours: Don't lose faith in your community:—Don't lose faith in Eastland: Don't lose faith and courage.

# EASTLAND IRON & METAL CO.

Phone 270

Eastland, Texas

Henry Pullman, Owner

