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Ranger Times

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RANGER, TEXAS, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 10, 1939

PRICE 3c DAILY (5c ON SUNDAY)

VOLUME XXI

REGION POST, SUB PROGRAM IS COMPLETED

Final arrangements were completed today for a joint Civic and Garden club and American Legion Armistice day program Saturday morning in Eastland.

Captain K. K. White will make a speech at a program to be held in the First Methodist church during the presentation of a wreath on the memorial fountain in the courthouse lawn.

A parade will be held at 10:30 a.m. by Legion members and the Eastland High school band marching from the city hall to the square. Samuel Butler, chairman of the fountain committee of the Civic League and Garden Club, will place the wreath on the fountain.

Taps will be played by Carl Johnson after which three volleys of shots will be fired by the legion post firing squad. The band will play the national anthem.

The program at the church will get underway at 11:10 a.m. Captain White's talk other features will include: Concertina number, Second Herring; voice solo, Mrs. Emily Ginn, accompanied by Mrs. Emily Kinnard; trombone solo, Mr. Gene Lister; presentation portraits of their sons to Mrs. Mrs. Dulin and Mrs. N. M. Daniel of Eastland for whom the legion post was named; singing of hymns by audience and benediction, Dr. J. H. Caton.

Henry Pullman will make introductory remarks at the church program and also will present the portraits.

Seats are being reserved for old Star mothers. The public is invited to attend, according to the Civic and Garden club officials.

Area Pythians To Meet Tuesday With Group at Eastland

Eastland Knights of Pythias will be hosts to members of the Round-Up Club, Area social Pythian organization, Tuesday night at 7:30 in Castle Hall at Eastland.

The club has meetings once a month. Members of the organization are Pythians at Eastland, Norman, Graham and Breckenridge.

Curtis Hancock of Breckenridge is president of the organization and Herbert Reed of Eastland vice president.

Expect Over 300 Members Next Year In 4-H Club Work

A. C. Pratt, assistant Eastland county agent, reported today that probably over 500 boys will be enroled in 4-H club work for the coming year.

He has contacted 16 groups recently and interviewed between 60 and 500 youths at 4-H orientation meetings. Also he is to speak at the Rising Star, Pioneer and Cooper school in the near future. Organization of clubs at various places has been requested.

Training school teach night, Rev. Chadwick will bring another message at 8:15 tonight.

Judge Russell May Oppose C. L. Garrett

SWEETWATER, Nov. 10.—Judge Sam M. Russell of Stephenville was in Sweetwater last weekend officially informing his friends and the voters in this part of the 17th congressional district that he will be a candidate for congress next year. The office is now filled by Congressman Clyde Garrett of Eastland.

Judge Russell is now serving his third term as district judge and also served Erath county as county and district attorney.

Slight Drop Shows In Oil Production

The American Petroleum Institute reported Saturday that daily average crude oil production for the week ended Nov. 4 in West Central Texas was 27,300 barrels, a decrease of 200 barrels from the average of the previous week.

Daily average in the area for the four weeks ended Nov. 4 was 29,800 barrels as compared to an average of 31,650 for the week ended Nov. 5 last year.

ATTEND MEET

Mr. R. Colley Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Colley Sr., Eastland was enlisted recently in the U. S. Navy at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Dallas and was transferred to the U. S. Naval Training Station, San Diego, California where he will receive three months training as an apprentice seaman before transfer to a ship of the fleet, or to one of the Navy's various trade schools.

Before enlistment at Dallas, he had made application and had preliminary examinations at the U. S. Navy Recruiting Station at Abilene.



German pocket battleship Deutschland, above, reported seen near the Azores Islands, is one of three German war vessels too powerfully armed for fast cruisers to tackle, too fleet for battleships to overtake. Only the British battle cruiser Hood, below, and her two sister ships Renown and Repulse, are fast and powerful enough to attack the Deutschland. Admiral Scheer or Admiral Graf Spee.

Eastland Youth To Preach In Ranger on Sunday Morning

Light Rains Fall In Part Of State To End A Draught

By United Press

LIGHT rains fell over most of Texas last night and today and weather observers predicted cold weather for most of the state to-night.

Freezing temperatures were expected in the northern half of West Texas tonight. Locally heavy frosts were forecast for East Texas.

The rain brought relief from one of the worst fall droughts in Texas history. Weather forecaster H. L. Cline at Dallas doubted if the rain was heavy enough to be of lasting benefit. Reports indicated light rains covered most of the state, however.

The report included Dallas, 34, and raining; Big Spring, 97, Amarillo, 01, Tyler, raining, and Waco light showers.

Glass Speaker At Kokomo Parley

At the Training Union last night Rev. J. Carroll Chadwick, pastor of First Baptist church, Ogleby, Texas, brought a message using the subject, "The Blood Bought Church."

Quoting Rev. Chadwick: "It is going to cost you more than ever to be a Christian. Christ bought the church with His blood—a great price was paid and every blood bought church should have (1) an Evangelistic Program, (2) it should give a vision and (3) it should have the Mission to go."

Closing Rev. Chadwick quoted: "What kind of a church would we be, if every member were just like me?" Large crowds are attending the Training school teach night. Rev. Chadwick will bring another message at 8:15 tonight.

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Crash Of A British Vessel Is Missing

By United Press

LONDON, Nov. 10.—Four officers and 25 men are missing from the Northern Rover, 600-ton naval vessel, the admiralty announced today. The ship, long overdue at its base, was presumed to have been lost.

THE WEATHER

WEST TEAS: Fair and considerably colder. Temperatures below freezing in north. Frost in extreme west portion tonight. Saturday fair, colder in extreme southeast portion. Rising temperatures central portion.

ENBERG TELLS OF ACCIDENTS; THEIR CAUSES

By United Press

TURKEY PRICE FIXING BEING PROBED NOW

Reports Threats



Threats intended to intimidate her from testifying against Fritz Kuhn, German-American Bund leader, at grand jury investigation were reportedly received by Mrs. Virginia Cogswell, above, much-married "Georgia peach."

Ranger School Is Winner In Game At Eastland Thursday

In the second week of the Ranger-Eastland Touch Football Tournament Hodges Oak Park defeated Jr. High of Eastland by a score of 6-0, and Young tied West Ward 0-0.

In all these tournaments a merit system of scoring is used. Emphasis is placed on sportsmanship and reliability as well as on winning the game. Points are added or deducted according to the action of the players in the games. Out of 100 possible points are given—40 for sportsmanship, 40 for reliability (being on time, having eligible reports, etc.), and 20 cents for victory.

Planes flew over Belgium one was reported shot down.

If the attempted assassination of Adolf Hitler is the signal for wholesale attack on the Allies there was still no indication of

Eastland Plays Rising Star To A Scoreless Tie

The Eastland Mavericks Rising Star Wildcats played to a scoreless tie Thursday in a conference game at Rising Star.

The game was played mostly in the rain.

Constant showers in the first half resulted in numerous fumbles. The rain slackened in second half, enabling the offense to open up.

Rising Star drove inside Eastland 10-yard stripe once, in the fourth quarter, the Mavericks threatened twice from the 20.

150 Present At Church Banquet

One hundred and fifty persons were present at a banquet of First Christian Church Thursday night in Eastland.

The banquet marked the anniversary of completion of pairs to the church, Dr. F. Warren of Abilene, pastor of First Christian church, that was principal speaker, using as theme, "Faith in God."

Rev. J. B. Blunk, pastor of church, presided at the banquet.

Visitors included Rev. E. Johnson and Jack Carruthers Ranger and Dr. John Dresser Abilene.

Mildred Ferrell sang a solo, accompanied by Clara Ju Kimble. Benediction was given by Dr. J. H. Caton.

State Land To Be Offered For Sale

The meal featured turkey.

AUSTIN, Nov. 10.—Land Commissioner Bascom Giles today announced that 206,786 acres of state land will be placed on market Jan. 2, 1940.

It will be the first general offering of state land in 10 years.

The sale will be by sealed bid to be opened at the state land office. There are 128,688 acres land west of the Pecos river, which must be sold for at least \$1 acre and 77,097 acres east of the Pecos with a minimum price of \$1 acre.

Five Mine Cave-In Victims Are Found

By United Press

Dr. J. M. Smith Is Given Two Sentences

By United Press

Family Cow Gores Its Owner To Death

BEAUMONT, Nov. 10.—Gored in the abdomen by the family milk cow, W. A. Mack, 47, laundry salesman, died in a hospital today. The state laboratory in Austin, after examining the animal for rabies, returned a negative report.

Finish Winter Is Nobel Prize Winner

By United Press

More Production Allowed For War

AUSTIN, Nov. 10.—An order of the Texas Railroad Commission today allowed more oil production in Gulf Coast Fields for manufacture of aviation gasoline and diesel fuel for export to France and Great Britain.

By H.

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD
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YESTERDAY Dan and Sam were in the kitchen. There is little escape. When Dan sees Sam's wealth, she tries to make it look like she loves him.

CHAPTER XXVI

He whispered. "Dan, my father's money is a thing to me now. I touched his hand ever so often, but he refused to take it." She added softly, "I don't have a dime right now."

She looked down at her. "That makes you in pretty bad shape," he said, nodding toward her.

"I guess I have to go back to Big Ed, hunched over his desk. Of all times and places to discover she loves him. The irony of it made me faintly."

"So amusing?" Dan asked her head. "You might think."

I GUESS I HAVE TO GO back for a long time without a word. It must have been 10 minutes before Joan spoke again.

"What are you thinking of?"

"I want to lie about it, talking about the truth to tell the game to you."

Sam took a flip-flop. Perhaps it wasn't so hopeless after all.

He didn't volunteer anything. He picked up the gun and turned to the door.

"It's Mitchell's taking my place."

"He do?"

"I say offensively, but Sloane doesn't need offense for Pitts defense... gobs of it can be sucked in too on fake spinners... and send him dizzy."

Sam nodded vaguely as Rocco's eyes met hers. "Dime... where would he be without that guy Webber... the guy that makes 'em most valuable... Web-

ber. She closed her eyes as though to shut out the thought of him. But it wouldn't work.

She got up and went to her room.

"I'm going out in the barn now," said Sam.

"Okay," Ed replied, without looking up from his cards.

Big Ed turned his head slowly toward Dan, stretched full length on the sofa. "Maybe... maybe not."

"Sam can take me to the city limits tomorrow, can he?"

Ed put down his cards. "So you're bound to go to that football game, hey? Okay... crazy idiot!"

It was only a matter of hours before the game would start.

Sam looked at a magazine, but she couldn't read. Dan sat down on the sofa, got up almost immediately. He walked to the window and looked out. Big Ed watched him closely.

Big Ed hadn't noticed Sam's latest bit of carelessness. Even if he did see Sam's coat hanging on the hook now he wouldn't suspect anything. Naturally, Sam would remove his coat to tinker with the car. And he would have to remove his jacket first, before taking off his gun.

It was perfect. Big Ed never would figure there might be a gun under the coat.

Joan looked at her watch. It was noon. No telling how long Sam would be occupied.

She stood up. "I'm a little chilly," she said, rubbing her arms. "How about some coffee?"

Big Ed looked at her. "Sure... could use a little swig myself."

Sam didn't get it.

"Hey boss," Sam reminded him. "Something's wrong with the gun. It acted a little funny on the way back. Like maybe it wasn't feeding gas right. That ain't so good."

"That ain't no good at all," Big Ed flared. "I told you to keep that hook in shape. Get out there and check on it in a hurry, see?"

"Sure, Ed, sure," Sam said. "Just as soon I change my shoes. These are killing me."

"We'll be packing out here tonight, either way," Ed said meaningfully, nodding toward Joan.

"You," Ed called, jerking his head toward Dan. "Maybe you better get back up there."

"It's too stuffy," Dan replied sullenly. "I'm not going to make any trouble."

Ed looked at him long and hard. "Okay, kid... you can stay down here then. Sam, you better tie his hands, though."

(To Be Continued)

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD
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YESTERDAY: Rocco goes in to the football game. Sam, dressed in the car, carelessly drops the gun on the floor. It doesn't help him, but Joan has a plan.

To Dan: "I'm going to make this place on fire!"

CHAPTER XXVII

Her eyes opened wide with amazement as Joan turned to the place on fire. "What did she mean?"

She could tell from her actions he intended to put some wild in operation, but this—

as though she were crack—getting desperate. It was disaster.

She looked at her watch. It was now 10:00 a.m. She was concerned now, with escaping, but in getting back in time for the kickoff, if possible.

She went to the sink and made of scrubbing the coffee cupping longer than usual. She charred her next move, sounded that her nerves were up so well.

Now . . . no slips. She quietly what she was going . . . no reason why it be a perfect job. Just following directions if she could.

She gambled one quick glance at Big Ed. Now . . .

Breathing a prayer, she swung the glass jar hard against the corner of the stove and sprang backward in the same movement.

There was a mighty "whoosh!" as the flood of coal-oil hit one of the burning matches. Joan barely got out of the way in time.

BIG ED leaped to his feet with an oath as a solid sheet of flame reared angrily in the air.

"You dumb dame, you . . . !"

He screamed. "You clumsy . . ."

He sprang toward the flames, looked for something to beat them out with and saw it was hopeless.

The floor, dry as tinder, was drenched with the fuel. The place would be roaring in five minutes.

Joan retreated against the wall, her hands shielding her face. She backed along the wall toward Sam's coat. Now she was right in front of it.

"We gotta get outta here!" Big Ed shouted. "This place ain't gonna last long!" Again he cursed his apparent stupidity.

Flustered, he ran to the window, pushed it up and shouted to Sam in the barn.

"Sam . . . hey Sam!" he cried.

He struck one . . . made a lightning a burner, but only allowed the match to

she struck another . . .

the wicks must be all dried

the announced out loud.

She aimed the gun directly at his stomach. "I mean it," she added, desperately.

Big Ed grunted something but didn't look up.

Joan reached for the glass gallon jar of fuel in the corner. Her heart pounded as though it might burst from her body. No faltering now . . . this was the last step.

Just once she thought she might not be able to go through with it. She looked at Dan and her courage was renewed.

Her fingers shook as she lit the floor and hoped it would keep burning. It did. Flickered brightly. As silently as possible she dropped another.

She gambled one quick glance at Big Ed. Now . . .

He saw the expression on her face and discretion overcame his temporary insanity.

"Turn around and face the wall," she snapped.

DAN was at her side now and she felt better. "You're a marvel," he whispered.

"Quick, hold the gun on him while I untie you," she replied. "Sam will be here any second."

They could hear the car starting in the barn. Joan dashed to the table, returned with a knife and slashed the ropes which held Dan's wrists.

"Now we can really work," he muttered.

The flames licking along the floor had engulfed one side of the house. The smoke was getting thicker.

"You," Dan said to Big Ed. "Move away from that door." Big Ed moved sullenly out of sight as Sam rushed up to the house.

"Hey . . . hey, what th' hell?" he shrieked, storming inside. His eyes popped as Dan stepped out and covered him with the gun.

"Okay," Dan grated. "Outside . . . both of you." He motioned with the gun. "Into the back of the car, there . . . quick!"

Big Ed snarled, looked as though he might balk.

"Get in there or I'll blow your brains out!" Dan said softly. "And keep your hands away from that pocket. In fact, you'd better take that coat off . . . easy now . . . so I can watch you."

Big Ed was desperate but helpless. He slid out of the coat and dropped it to the ground, the gun still in the pocket.

Dan relaxed. "Now get in there."

"You drive," Dan said to Joan.

"I'll keep an eye on our little playmates here."

Joan threw the car into gear and they swung down toward the road.

Dan grinded back at them.

"Hope you have this bus running soothly now, Sammy old boy."

When he turned around he found himself staring into the muzzle of a gun. That brief moment was all Joan had needed.

"Stand back against the wall or I'll shoot!" Joan cried.

(To Be Continued)

RANGER TIMES

"OUT OUR WAY"

By Hamlin



THE SEPARATORS

J. R. WILLIAMS

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