

RANGER TIMES

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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 publisher.

Did Someone Mention War Debts?

On Dec. 15, a quaint little ceremony will be re-enacted in Washington. The Finnish minister will drive to the State Department and tender the United States government a check for \$234,693. Hands will be shaken, speeches made; but this time the Finnish envoy may not smile.

Finland, as usual, is fully expected to remit her semi-annual interest payment on her World War debt. If present plans proceed, the money will be held in suspension by the Treasury Department, and Congress will be asked to return the money to Finland for use in the fight with Russia.

That would be America's way of expressing appreciation to a country that doesn't wretch on its obligations, and the United States would have the whole world know it. Cautious even in its generosity, Uncle Sam would make certain, first, however, that the payment is actually accepted and then turned back. Any other procedure might inspire crazy nations that the United States don't want debtor nations to settle up.

What may happen to war debts if present hostilities continue for long is something no one likes to think about just now. The expensive game of war isn't played with buttons; and, if debtor nations happen to find a few forgotten shillings in the pig bank, the money will go for machine guns and such—not to settle old accounts. Even during the peaceful years that lay between the two wars, debtors were not over-zealous about remitting.

Take a look at the record: Total debts incurred in the United States by the allies during and immediately after the war were \$10,350,000,000. The original interest was 5 per cent. It was later cut to 4 1-2 per cent, and finally the entire debt structure was rearranged to fix interest on the ability of each nation to pay. Thus Great Britain's interest today is set at 3.3 per cent while Italy's is only 4 per cent.

So far, all the nations have paid only \$2,500,000,000 most of which went for interest. Because of defaults and interest, the total debt has mounted to \$14,500,000,000. Had the debtor nations continued to make prompt semi-annual payments under the funding agreements, reached between 1923 and 1928, they would have paid the United States a total of \$22,259,000 by 1929, year in which all countries would have made their final payments.

The war debt problem has provided political ammunition for all sides since the ink was still moist on the Versailles Treaty. Attempting to get payments from Europe just now would be about as successful as stepping into a riot to ask one of the participants for the quarter he borrowed last week.

Europe is interested these days only in contracting new debts—not paying old ones. And about all the United States can do is to keep sending dunning notes to the defaulters as brusque reminders that you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

LEGENDARY MISER

Word puzzle section with horizontal and vertical lists and a crossword grid.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1 through 47.

SERIAL STORY

SANTA CLAUS BROWN

BY MILDRED GILMAN
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YESTERDAY, Alice Banks convinces Betty that there really is a Santa Claus. Just like Santa Claus Brown. Happily the child goes to her shabby home.



Jerry Donaldson

CHAPTER III

THE living room of the huge Donaldson home was a blaze of glory. It was Christmas Eve, and Jerry, the only son of Southbury's wealthy department store proprietor, was about to arrive home from college for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Donaldson, a sentimental, over-stuffed matron, hovered about the house, giving last minute orders to servants, scrutinizing every small detail; for Jerry, her little boy, was coming home. Then she heard footsteps on the walk, and hurried into the living room to compose herself for Jerry's long awaited arrival.

"Jerry, tall, handsome, and slightly intoxicated, appeared in the doorway followed by the butler.

"Is this all, Master Donaldson?" he asked the butler as he staggered with his load of luggage. The grips began to slip from his arms, and as he tried to balance them, several pieces crashed to the floor.

"Absolutely all," he answered. "Jerry, darling!" Mrs. Donaldson skirted the butler and baggage and fell on her son's unstable neck.

"Oh, mother is so glad to have you home—but why all the luggage—just for your two Christmas weeks?"

"Big surprise, mamma," announced Jerry. "Not going back to college—can you imagine that—your Jerry boy walked right out of nasty old college and told 'em he wasn't coming back."

"Don't wanna be a lawyer, mamma. Nobody wants me to be a lawyer, except you, mamma. We don't need all the social prestige, not these days."

"I've got her a loving tap. 'It's smart to be pro-te-far-i-yut, just plain people like you and Pops and me, without the trimmings."

"Mrs. Donaldson was on the verge of tears. "Oh, Jerry, this is going to be an awful shock to your father—"

"I don't want to run father's department store, either," Jerry interrupted. He became serious.

"Listen, mom, you get that straight with the old man. Just because I'm not cut out for a lawyer, doesn't mean I want to plant myself in this hick town for the rest of my life, turn into a glorified doorwalker for Pops. Please get that through his head, mother. You're the only one can do it!"

"I do, mother, for the first time in my life," insisted Jerry. "I know what I don't want to be in life. That's something. It's a start. Let me live for a while will you, without any apron strings?"

He was tensely earnest and sober for the moment. "Without a lot of parental advice and authority. Let me relax, by myself, so I can figure it all out."

HE looked at her pleadingly, hoping she would understand. But his mother looked blank and confused. She saw only that her cherished dreams were vanishing, that her son was being temperamental and disobedient.

"All that wonderful education—wasted!" Mrs. Donaldson wept. Jerry stared at her quietly for a moment, then walked over to the living room table and poured himself a drink from the decanter.

"Jerry, don't," Mrs. Donaldson begged. "You've had too much already. Oh, Jerry dear, sometimes I don't think you appreciate all mamma and papa have done for you—all the sacrifices—"

"Sacrifices?" Jerry looked quizzically at the sumptuous home. Mrs. Donaldson snuffed into her handkerchief. She took her son's arm and led him to a hidden recess where a splendid Christmas tree reached to the ceiling and hung heavy with decorations and toys.

"See what I spent all day doing just to surprise you?" she said sentimentally. Jerry stared, unimpressed, at the ornate tree.

"My lord," he cried with annoyance, "you'd think I was still 10."

"You are still 10—to your mother," answered Mrs. Donaldson poignantly. "You always will be, my darling boy."

She enveloped her son in a motherly hug. Jerry drew away from her almost in terror. He reeled a bit.

"Ever hear of that good old silver cord, mamma?" he drawled, and raised his glass. "Time one of us cut it."

He set his glass down suddenly. "Aw—nuts!" he said, and slamming the door behind him, went out into the night.

OUTSIDE, the wind whipped snow into Jerry's flushed face. He staggered toward his car, climbed in and started the motor. As he waited for the engine to warm up, Jerry contemplated the break he had just made.

"Been wanting to do it for a long time," he mumbled. "Gotta get away, start on my own. Never amount to anything in this town. Nothing for me here—except the old man's store. Don't want to work for the old man. Gotta get away."

Suddenly he reached down, cut off the motor. "He can have his car, too. Don't want anything. Want to be on my own. I'll make good. I'll show 'em—all of them. Mamma, the old man and—Alice."

The thought of the girl sobered him. She was swell. Working here in Southbury, teaching a flock of kids. Alice.

Jerry climbed out of the car, gazed up and down the street. Someone was walking toward him. A girl. He drank in the icy air, striving to clear his befuddled brain. He pulled a half-empty bottle from his coat pocket, tossed it into the car, and then walked into the darkness.

(To Be Continued)

ALAMEDA

Mrs. Harry Deal's mother, Mrs. T. W. Lockhart, has been seriously ill for some time. She has improved some. Her son, J. C. Lockhart and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Denmit from Sweetwater visited her Saturday and Sunday two weeks ago.

Mr. Watkins had a stroke at church the past Sunday and has been very ill. He is improving. J. L. Brown got two ribs broken when he was helping his son with a bunch of hogs and fell. He has improved some.

Mrs. Ewing is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Brown and family. Mr. and Mrs. Truitt Gricie and son visited his parents Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rpbert Wheat of Olden visited Mr. and Mrs. Bill Reid last week. Mr. and Mrs. Dale Brown and children of Baird visited with his parents Sunday.

This entire community was made sad over the death of Mr. Rodgers. He was well known all over the county. He lived in the Salem community. Mrs. Frank Walker and son and wife from West Texas have been visiting relatives. They have returned to their home.

Mrs. L. M. Stewart of Olden visited with her sister, Mrs. Harry Deal, Friday until Monday. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lockhart visited with home folks last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gricie and son were in Ranger Monday.

New Car Sales In Increase This Year

AUSTIN, Tex.—A third more Texas families were riding in new cars this year than last, as 1939 passenger car sales mounted to 58,548 by December 1, the University of Texas Bureau of Business Research has reported.

November registrations of new automobiles totaled 5,565, up several per cent over the preceding month but a shade under November, 1938, sales.

Low-priced cars, bracket 1, accounted for the entire gain, totaling 3,360, up 26.1 per cent above October, while price brackets 2, 3 and 4 dropped 16.5 per cent, 4.2 per cent and 14.6 per cent respectively.

Commercial car registrations, on the other hand, gained 8.3 per cent over October and 14.9 per cent over November a year ago, to total 997 for the month. Total sales for the first 11 months of the year were 10,905, a jump of 28.6 per cent over the like period last year.

Letters To SANTA

Dear Santa: I am a little Kokomo school girl, too. I am eight years old and in the second grade. I have been a good girl because I help my mother and daddy with the work on our farm. I want you to bring me a doll, tooth brush, tooth paste, Chinese checkers, bingo set, candy, and fruit. Don't forget my little sister. She wants a doll, too. Lots of love, Verla Faye Scitern, Gorman.

Dear Santa Claus: I'm a little girl six years old. I'm going to school at Kokomo. I am a good little girl. I help mother, Will you please bring me a dolly with a bottle, a wrist watch, some painting pencils, a little wagon and a telephone. From Joan Bryant, Gorman.

Dear Santa Claus: I am seven years old and in the first grade. For Christmas I want a doll and some clothes for her. I want some story books to read. I want some nuts, fruit and some candy. Your friend, Dixie Merl Shugart, Gorman.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little boy five years old. Please bring me a big tricycle, a fire truck, a cowboy suit, a ball and bat, a football, and candy and fruit. I have been a real good boy the past two weeks. Please don't forget the poor little boys and girls. Your friend, Billy Eugene Young, Ranger.

A London bookmaker is offering 10 to 1 odds that Britain will win the war in 18 months. If she doesn't, there may not be anyone around to collect anyway.

A truck dropped off a highway onto a front porch, thereby surprising the family who thought it was grandpa.

A waiter threw a \$500 bridal party for his daughter in the swank New York hotel where he is employed. Future diners may be started into kicking across with larger tips.

ALLEY OOP - By Hamlin



Large advertisement for 'THE GLOBE' department store featuring various clothing items like shirts, pajamas, belt sets, and jewelry, along with a roast advertisement at the bottom.

SERIAL STORY

SANTA CLAUS BROWN

BY MILDRED GILMAN
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YESTERDAY Jerry Donaldson, apologetic, pumpered son of the department store owner, arrives at home. His mother pleads with him, shows him the Christmas tree she has decorated, as if for a child. Jerry stams out of the house.

CHAPTER IV

ALICE BANKS trudged through the snow toward her home—the large boarding house next door to the Carters'. She was joined by Mrs. Brown, Santa Claus Brown's wife, a kindly middle-aged woman who also lived at the unpretentious boarding house. Mrs. Brown fell into step with her.



Alice Banks

"How are you, Mrs. Brown," Alice greeted her. "And how is Santa Claus Brown?" Then she added the inevitable, "Any word from your daughter?"

At the mention of her daughter, Mrs. Brown bristled with pride. "Frances? Why would I expect to hear from her, busy as she is? It's not that the girl is selfish so much—she's just so busy; that's why she doesn't have time for us. And children, once they get away from home—I'll bet you don't write to your mother as often as I would if I had a mother to write to," responded Alice.

"There it is," said Mrs. Brown hastily. "You'd write but you have no mother. My Frances has a mother and she doesn't write. That's the way life goes."

SHE changed the subject abruptly.

"I don't know what's keeping my husband!" Mrs. Brown added. "This is a busy time of year for Santa Claus Brown," Alice said.

"Bless his heart, he wouldn't stink the children for anything. Some of the little ones believe in him so. He's as close to being the real Santa as any human being could be. Remember the toys he mended for the little ones last year—while he was watching the factory nights?"

"Yes, he ruined his poor eyes doing it. Couldn't mend a single one this year. There was no stopping him when he got his heart set on making something for Frances, either. He shouldn't work so late then. It's awful hard for his rheumatism, coming home in all this snow."

"Why doesn't Mr. Donaldson bring him home in the car when he's so late? He lives so near."

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, "I guess he never thinks of it. Easy to remember dad when they want extra work done, when they want a Santa Claus for a party. He's been with Mr. Donaldson 20 years this Christmas, night watchman."

and Santa Claus during the season, ever since Frances was 2 years old."

"It's hard to think of him as old or young," remarked Alice. "He's just always—Santa Claus—to all of us."

Mrs. Brown nodded across the street. "There's Jim Carter, shoveling snow," she said. "Poor man, at this time of the evening—and on Christmas Eve."

THEY walked along in silence, each occupied with her own thoughts. As they approached Mrs. Deakin's grim boarding house, Mrs. Brown spoke:

"Well, I hoped we'd all have enough saved up to move out of here by this Christmas—maybe next year . . ."

"It's handy to the school," said Alice.

Mrs. Deakin was in the midst of an argument with her boarder of longest standing, Mr. Middleton, known to the other boarders as "Deadbeat" Middleton.

Middleton bowed impressively as Alice and Mrs. Brown came in. He was elegantly dressed in gay nineties style, his gray hair neatly combed, his mustache nicely pointed. "Deadbeat" Middleton was always the last word in dignity.

"Dear Mrs. Deakin is trying to

eject me," he smiled deprecatingly, "on Christmas Eve. I can't seem to make her understand that my monthly remittance—ah—check—is a bit late this month. Christmas rush in the mails, you know—accounts for many lost letters."

Mrs. Deakin was unimpressed.

Alice took a roll of bills from her purse and handed them to Mrs. Deakin.

"Here, I can't have you throw anybody out on Christmas Eve," she said.

MIDDLETON once more bowed impressively from the waist.

"My dear Miss Alice, it will be only a matter of a few days. I shall reimburse you at the earliest opportunity."

"Heard anything from that daughter of yours yet?" Mrs. Deakin asked Mrs. Brown bluntly. "You'd think Christmas time she could spend a penny for a card for her ma, or a quarter for one of those number telegrams."

"You have no idea how busy Mrs. Brown is," answered Mrs. Brown humbly. "She's probably told one of her secretaries to send us something and the secretary didn't do it. You can't depend on secretaries nowadays. Have to do things yourself to get them done right."

"You're telling me you have to do things yourself?" exclaimed Mrs. Deakin. "Look at me, every week I have to fire what they send me from the agency for a cook!"

"Maybe if you gave 'em something to cook with instead of half spoiled leftovers—" muttered Mrs. Brown, speaking low so that Mrs. Deakin couldn't quite hear.

"What's that you said?" asked Mrs. Deakin. Then she turned to Alice. "Say, Alice, do me a favor. You still have your things on—I don't want to get wet. Go to the corner and buy me three lemons—don't pay over a dime for 'em either, make 'em give 'em to you for a dime. I think—I'll make a lemon pie."

"Using real lemons, Mrs. Deakin?" Alice asked with mock seriousness.

"Yes, it's Christmas. Besides, I'm out of lemon extract. Run along for me like a good girl. You have some money with you, haven't you?"

Alice went out, exasperated. This was an old story.

She pulled her coat collar up about her face and as she hurried down the street, ran head on into someone coming the other way. She looked up to apologize, and then exclaimed in surprise: "Jerry Donaldson! Where'd you drop from?"

(To Be Continued)

RED RYDER

By Fred Harman

KINDA SMART, AREN'T YOU, RYDER? MAYBE YOU LEARNED MORE THAN WAS GOOD FOR YOU—HOLD HIM, SHARK!



TH' MOON'S ABOUT DOWN, LUCKY! WHAT WILL WE DO WITH HIM?



EVEN IF WE ARE SEEN, NOBODY WILL KNOW RED RYDER'S BODY IS WRAPPED IN THOSE GUNNY SACKS!



THEN LET'S SHOVE ON TOWARD TH' RIVER RIGHT AWAY!



THIS IS RYDER'S LAST RIDE, LUCKY!



YEAH--AND ON HIS OWN HOSS!



ALL SET, SHARK?



YEP! I'LL COUNT THREE--THEN SWINGS HIM OUT INTO THE CURRENT!



those cases in hand, but it does not prevent the further spread of syphilis, for the disease has doubtless already been transmitted to others," Dr. Cox said.

In reality, we are dependent upon the full participation of the patient if our goal is to be realized. In general, the division of responsibility should be as follows: (1) The community provides treatment facilities; the patient presents himself for treatment and accepts it in spite of the obstacles.

(2) The community provides adequate instruction and assistance to the patient in adapting himself to a difficult situation; in response to this the patient observes precautions and protects others from infection. (3) The community pro-

vides the service to assist in arranging for examination of contacts; the patient's part is to divulge the identity of his contacts and sometimes to approach them regarding examination.

A positive blood test for syphilis is a guidepost to the physician but should be considered along with history and physical examination before a diagnosis of syphilis is made.

The Nobel peace prize award for 1939 will not be made this year, dispelling rumors that the award would be given to Joe Stalin for his heroic stand against Finland's threat to Russia.

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP

By Hamlin



Education Must Be Utilized to Rid State of Syphilis

AUSTIN, Tex.—Case finding,

case holding, and public education efforts must be more effectively utilized if a decrease in the incidence of syphilis is to be accomplished," declared Dr. Gen. W. Cox, State Health Officer.

"We must treat infections in their beginning stages, thereby shortening the period of hazard to public health. Patients must be taught to request examination of their physicians upon the appearance of symptoms. It is probable that a majority of infections are first detected by routine blood tests, yet 70 per cent of them are late cases. To begin treatment when the disease is late is to help

Advertisement for 'Electrify Your Friends ELECTRICAL GIFTS' featuring an electric refrigerator. The ad includes the text 'A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY—AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR' and 'ELECTRI REFRI CO'. At the bottom, it says 'Buy Electrical Gifts NOW They're Sold by Most Stores'.

