

RANGER TIMES

TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY, Publishers

112-214 Elm Street, Ranger, Texas Telephone 224

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

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Ranger, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1919.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Ranger Times (One Year by Mail in Texas) \$3.00

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.

What Kind of a World Do We Want?

Neither Germany nor Britain has stated with any directness, its war aims—the kind of Europe and the kind of world they would like to see emerge from the war.

As long as both are locked in death grips, it isn't likely that either will. Once at war, the only object is to win. Remodeling the world comes afterward.

There can be no harm, therefore, and perhaps some good, in speculation about these things in the United States.

We had a hand once in rearranging Europe. It was a reluctant hand, as shown by the fact that the United States fought only as an "associated," never an "allied" power, and that it never did sign the Versailles Treaty, but made a separate peace with Germany later (Treaty of Berlin, 1921). Most of the suggestions we made in 1919 were rejected, and even those which were adopted did not work very well.

Yet when Senator Wheeler issued his recent prescription for Europe, his 1941 version of a Wilsonian Fourteen Points, what did he propose? Nothing better than another of those interminable reshufflings, re-carvings, of the European map.

It seems doubtful if anything like that will do this time. No matter who wins, the defeated people will remain a fact, and a stubborn fact. Germany was beaten, and thoroughly beaten, in 1918, but the German people remained a fact. The French people were beaten this time, and terribly beaten, but they remain a fact, as Herr Hitler is already beginning to discover.

No possible rearrangement of Europe into another set of nationalistic blocs, walled off from the rest by tariff barriers and artificial restrictions, can be much better than the one devised in 1919—a rearrangement, by the way, that embodied a considerable amount of scientific study, and was by no means entirely a victor's caprices.

Europe must federate or die. Not as the Caesars federated it, or as Napoleon tried to federate it, under a single master working the other peoples as slaves—such a federation leaves safe no country in the world.

Europe requires a continental economy, allowing national political and cultural institutions, yet allowing continental freedom of shipping and intercourse and trade in such a way that all can live.

The United States can certainly impose no such order in Europe, nor would it be so foolish as to try. Yet Europe itself has produced almost no leadership with such a vision.

We can only hope that somewhere, in the trenches or bombshelters, it is being born.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIST

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for both horizontal and vertical words. Clues include '6 Man who propounded the law of gravitation', '10 Opera air', '11 Old measure', '12 Trudges', '13 Soul', '16 Slog', '17 To make lace', '18 Northeast (abbr.)', '19 Structural unit', '20 Morindin dye', '21 Half an em.', '22 Sun', '23 Having a reflecting surface', '24 Sky color', '25 Death notice', '31 Verbal', '32 Tumbler', '33 Tree fluid', '34 Shrewd', '35 Ducklike bird', '36 Upon', '14 Cooking vessel', '15 He invented s or sky instrument (pl.)', '20 Ready', '21 Red lath', '22 To drink slowly', '24 Cloaks', '25 To impel', '26 To deposit', '27 Dye', '28 Ink stain', '29 Curse', '30 Departed', '31 Braided', '32 A solid', '33 Worth', '34 Aviator', '35 Females', '40 Ancient tale', '41 Festival', '42 Ana.', '43 Uncle', '44 Not bright', '45 Monkey', '46 Compass point (abbr.)', '49 Before Christ (abbr.)', '37 Not speaking', '38 Flat-bottomed boat', '39 Grief', '40 Observes', '41 Sneer', '42 Diamond cutter's cup', '43 Hidden supply', '45 Valley', '46 Corresponding', '47 Ascetic', '48 Fodder vat', '49 Moderates', '50 He was a famous English', 'VERTICAL', '3 Prepared lettuce', '3 In a row', '4 To assist', '5 Fortress palace', '6 Animal that nests', '7 To attend', '8 Paving substance', '9 Sinister', '12 His or theories are found in his book', 'Principia', '28 Ink stain', '29 Curse', '30 Departed', '31 Braided', '32 A solid', '33 Worth', '34 Aviator', '35 Females', '40 Ancient tale', '41 Festival', '42 Ana.', '43 Uncle', '44 Not bright', '45 Monkey', '46 Compass point (abbr.)', '49 Before Christ (abbr.)'.

They Run Democracy's Arsenal

Defense Production Chiefs' American Paths Veered, Now Head Toward a Common Goal

BY TOM WOLF

NEA Service Staff Correspondent

The two gentlemen who are ordering your fighting planes, building your new warships, procuring your new guns and outfitting your boy at camp—the large, woolly, gruff-mannered gentleman and the slight, darkish, curly-haired gentleman—are on their jobs promptly at 9 o'clock every morning.

They pass each other, as like as not, in a hall of the great white building that houses the National Defense Advisory Commission in Washington, and they bow to each other and smile and say, "Good morning, Bill" and "Good morning, Sidney."

Then they proceed to their offices, which are as neat and prim as your maiden aunt's boudoir, sit down to desks as clean and clear of left-overs as a Newfoundland dog's platter, and start their day's work—which is probably the most important work being done in America today.

They give orders with somewhat the same positiveness and simplicity. They dispose of the mail before them with the magic given only to big-time executives. They hold face-to-face meetings with their co-workers in preference to phone conversations. They talk directly and briefly.

There end the similarities—temporal, physical and philosophical—between these two important gentlemen.

For William S. Knudsen, Director General of the Office of Production Management, and his Associate Director General, Sidney Hillman, have traveled life roads so far apart that they weren't even within hailing distance until President Roosevelt summoned them to Washington, and —

But let Knudsen tell it: "My job is to equip twelve hundred thousand men with what they need to wear, carry, sleep in, eat and ride in, and I have to get heavy equipment of all kinds for eight hundred thousand more. THAT'S all my job is!"

And let Hillman tell it: "I have been asked by the President of the United States to serve as a defense commissioner. I shall con-



WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN... sometimes called "General Production."



SIDNEY HILLMAN... sometimes called "General Cooperation."

sider it my first responsibility that the country is prepared to defend itself." PATHS VEERED— THEN MET AGAIN It's remarkable—if you'll look back to the arrival at Ellis Island early in the century of a frankly ambitious Danish bicycle mechanic and a czar-hating Lithuanian pants cutter—that these two men who direct our national defense program ever met at all. For, once they had trudged through the portals of America, they set out upon extremely divergent paths.

The one path veered sharply to the left, and that was the path the socially conscious young Sidney Hillman took. This path led through an unhappy labyrinth of steam-filled cutting rooms, of dingy, overcrowded loft buildings, of hectic garment workers' strike meetings, of feverish demonstrations in Union Square, and finally to the creation of the populous and potent Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union.

The other path veered just as sharply to the right, and that was the path young Signus Wilhelm Knudsen of Copenhagen chose. This path led to hard work to the mastery of a trade through personal initiative, and to the consequent rewards: wealth and power in the best tradition of American success stories.

PULL TOGETHER LIKE DRAFT HORSES Yet there these characteristically opposed men sit in Washington today—co-holders of the biggest, toughest, most complex, most urgent and most heart-rending job in the country—pulling together ("like a team of well-trained draft horses," says a colleague) to make impregnable this America which can be so many things to so many men.

some future day. Both also believe in the responsibility of labor. Either might have said: "With union membership constantly increasing through the mandate granted by law, a force as large as that has got to be either on the constructive side or the destructive side. It has got to understand the employer's position." Knudsen said this, but it is a fair description of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' dealings with business.

AMERICA BY CHOICE How does it happen that America has not hesitated to entrust her defense program into the hands of two immigrants? Sidney Hillman put his finger on the answer at a recent congressional hearing. A congressman was baiting him for his Russian birth.

Vocabulary Use By Shakespeare Found Limited

By United Press EVANSTON, Ill.—The vocabulary used by Shakespeare in his writings was only 25 per cent of that of an educated present-day adult, according to Dr. Robert H. Seashore, associate professor of psychology at Northwestern University.

Dr. Seashore and his collaborator, Miss Lois D. Eckerson, have completed seven years' work on a vocabulary test. Persons taking the test had an average vocabulary of about 60,000 words, exclu-

sive of derivatives, while Shakespeare used only about 15,000 such words in his plays, the found.

"It should be remembered," Dr. Seashore said, "that older writers had a much smaller English language to draw from, and that we know nothing about the number of additional words which they could have used if necessary or at least understood."

The third word on each page of the 1,378 pages of Funk and Wagnall's unabridged dictionary was selected for the test, which was given to more than 500 college students.

Just because you get it tomorrow is no reason regarding this one.

Captured Italian officers regard the Greek campaign as a blunder—making it unanimous.

Calling All Defense Workers

Poster titled 'Calling All Defense Workers' with a central illustration of a factory and a worker. Text includes: 'TO ALL DEFENSE WORKERS... The President of the United States said: "I APPEAL..."', 'Let's get squarely behind our President's appeal.', 'Let's work together building that "GREAT ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY" in record time.', 'Increase PRODUCTION! - That's our No. 1 job!', 'Let's go!'.

Addressed "To All Defense Workers," this poster calling for "all-out" effort in munition production was issued by William S. Knudsen, production chief, for display in all plants with defense contracts. It quotes from President Roosevelt's Dec. 29th speech, in which he urged the U. S. be made a "great arsenal for democracy."

Rabbits Nest Found 12 Feet Up A Tree

By United Press BUFFALO, N. Y.—Discovery of a nest of cotton tail rabbits 12 1/2 feet up an inclined tree on Grand Island is reported by Prof. Albert R. Shadle and two of his assistants in the University of Buffalo biology department.

In an article in an issue of the Journal of Mammalogy, Prof. Shadle and his assistants describe how they found the nest on the east side of the island, which lies in the Niagara river between the United States and Canada.

The biological group was climbing a willow to photograph the nest of a mourning dove when they came upon a nest of grass in a crotch containing five young

Large advertisement for 'THE NEWS Behind The News' with a decorative border. Text includes: 'THE NEWS Behind The News', 'What do you find in the newspaper you are holding in your hands?', 'On the front page, headlines; history bursting into shape before your eyes...', 'Then, on the inner pages, news you might not at first recognize as such... pages of advertising from your local stores. Pages of merchandise... an assortment of wares so varied and so complete it would take you weeks to inspect it in person!', 'News? Yes! Not to shake the world, perhaps, but important to matters you care about. The new dress Mary wants for the Prom (here is one illustrated — and you had no idea it would cost so little). Or Junior's new bicycle (you could not very well have guessed that the sporting-goods store was having a sale!)', 'Newspaper advertising saves you money — you can compare prices better than you could by store-to-store searching. It saves you time — you can decide just where to go before you start. And it saves you mistakes — these goods are sold exactly as advertised!', 'So read all the newspapers! Sometimes the advertisements can mean more to you than all the foreign dispatches on Page One!'.

Small advertisement for 'CAUGHT COLD? VICKS VAPORUB' with a small illustration of a person.

Oops!



ED RYDER

BY HARMAN



ALLEY OOP

By Hamlin



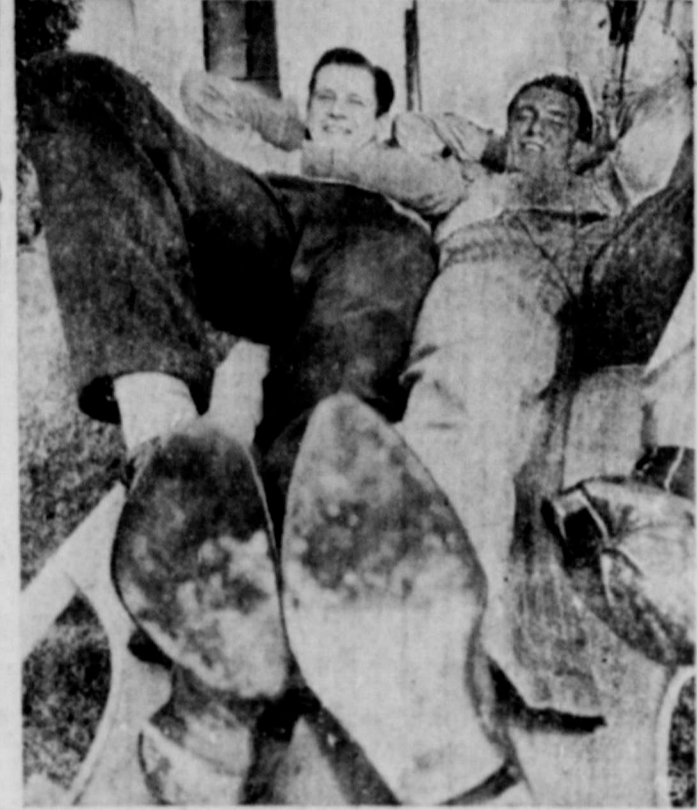
Defense Work—

(Continued from Page 1).

boundary lines which divided various forms of labor have been abandoned, as has the "40-year industrial deadline."

laxed and the man who couldn't get a job because of his age has found that industry welcomes his skill now. An 83-year-old shipfitter with 40 years' experience has been hired by a Staten Island shipyard and reportedly is "showing the younger men how to do the job."

Priddy Soft!



Gerald Priddy, left, the Yankees' second base prospect, and Lou Stringer, second base candidate with the Chicago Cubs, are pictured in a photograph taken at home of Stringer's mother in Los Angeles. They played together in high school. Priddy gained recognition with Kansas City; Stringer with Los Angeles Angels.

Freckles and His Friends—By Blosser



men and youth, are being absorbed by industry for training in metal trades. In one upstate city, no recent high school graduate with training in solid geometry or trigonometry is on the unemployed list. The serious question is not whether there is a shortage of labor but whether present plans will meet the demand, according to Miss Miller. "Can industry reorganize and simplify production techniques? Can we improve and expand our training programs? Can we integrate these two efforts so that the overall result will be swift production under techniques which conserve skilled labor and which require a smooth flow of trainees?"

Motor Makers—

(Continued from Page 1).

the start of the course with increases each month. Briggs has adopted a plan in cooperation with the national defense training commission, the WPA and the Michigan Employment Service. The plan utilizes public school facilities, and Briggs training for aircraft wing assem-

Toy Train Club Is Formed By Men

By United Press

LINCOLN, Neb. — Christman still is far away but about 30 Lincoln men have toy electric trains on their minds almost continuously. The men have organized a "Model Railroad Club," not because of their sons, but because they have failed to outgrow their love for model trains. Most of them build their own locomotives, boxcars, and coaches to the exact scale of real trains. Members who use "store equipment" are called "tin platers."

Mildler Better-Tasting MADE FOR SMOKERS LIKE YOURSELF You'll enjoy Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. They give you something no other cigarette can offer. Chesterfields are MILD... the way you want a cigarette... not flat... not strong. Chesterfields smoke COOLER, and every puff gives you that BETTER TASTE that Chesterfield is famous for. Ask for Chesterfields. Light up and listen with ANN SHERIDAN of WARNER BROS.' current hit HONEYMOON FOR THREE as she tunes in on her personal radio to FRED WARING and GLENN MILLER who each dedicate a number to her this week. DO YOU SMOKE THE CIGARETTE THAT Satisfies... IT'S THE SMOKER'S CIGARETTE

SERIAL STORY CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

YESTERDAY: Martha decides to spend week ends in camp, gives up the apartment to save money, the girl threatens to tell Bill of the Country Club dance. Martha realizes that Bill might believe even the most malicious gossip. She determines to tell Paul to stop Suzanne. A telegram summons her to her sister's. Helen is ill. Martha must come at once.

AUNT MARTHA TAKES OVER

CHAPTER XVI

THE hour and a half on the train, after hurried packing and a quick dash downtown to the cab, was like a nightmare to Martha Marshall. The rumbling wheels seemed to be saying, over and over, the words Eugene had used in his wire. "Helen critically ill. Helen critically ill. Helen critically ill."

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"What was it?" He couldn't look at her. He muttered, "Complicated. She didn't tell me right away—"

It was after visiting hours at the hospital, of course. The quiet lobby was dark, with a pool of light over the bay-windowed waiting room. She tried to pin a smile to her lips, in case Helen should be lying there, watching the doorway, waiting for them.

But Helen wasn't caring who came or went, she realized in the next shocked second. Helen lay white and bloodless on the bed, with parched lips, with tumbled hair to which the odor of ether still clung. Her fever-bright eyes were fixed on the ceiling.

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pital. She, by 6:30, when Suzanne came home, dinner would be fixed, the children rested. In the evening, Eugene could see Helen while Martha stayed with the children. It was a good plan. But it didn't work.

GENIE, who was 5, and Sister, who was 7, could dress themselves all right. But the effect was weird. And Martha had to be dressing the baby, getting breakfast, feeding the baby, and somehow straighten herself out before they could go. By then the baby had to be changed. Genie had gotten his blouse dirty, the baby was crying, and it was 10:30 and they were nowhere near the hospital. In despair, she commanded a taxi.

Genie and Sister had to be desisted, violently, from climbing up on Helen's bed. "Oh, darlings!" Helen whispered. "Sweeties..." Helen wanted the baby lifted so she could kiss him. There were tears of joy in her eyes as she thanked Martha. "It's so good of you, Martha!"

"Nonsense!" Martha cleared her throat. "How are you feeling this morning?" Chipper? The pinched white lines of pain around Helen's lips belied her brave "Fine."

BY Friday, with Helen definitely getting better, if slowly, Martha was almost in command of herself and the children. The baby had learned that "No" meant he mustn't pull the tabicloth, dragging all the dishes to destruction with it. Genie had learned that a big boy 5 years old could wash his own face and hang, must not jump on the sofa, must drink all his milk, and must never let the water run in the bathroom until it overflowed the bowl and made an ocean on the floor. And Sister had learned that a 7-year-old young lady took her own baths and wheeled her brother up and down the stairs—without a single spill—hour every afternoon. She dried dishes with hardly any accidents.

Martha was cutting up chicken, Friday afternoon, a hope fervently that the no-salt record for baby-rolling had not been broken, when the door rang. She raced to answer it, fearful of the baby's safety.

But when she flung the door open, it was Paul. Paul Elliott, his hat in his hand, his new car parked at the curb, and his eyes started. "My G! Martha!" he said. "What's happened to you? You look all right!"

(To Be Continued)

