

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 publishers.

Politics Not as Usual

At a gathering of leaders of a major political party, the cry went up, "Win the war, yes, but politics as usual." You could see them trampling each other in a scramble for the pie counter, and running like mad to catch the gravy train.

Politics, yes, but not politics as usual. This country and all her citizens must have shirt sleeves rolled up now for only one job—winning the war.

Some people evidently would rather see us lose the war, or at least fight to a stalemate, than see the New Deal in office.

There will be primaries this spring and summer and elections this fall as usual. No one has argued seriously otherwise.

Elections and bitter political wrangling, however are two different things. France played politics as usual right up until Nazi boots goosestepped under the Arc de Triomphe.

Unfortunately, evidence exists that some of our tub-thumping statesmen would follow the same disastrous route as did the French.

The people will elect those they believe will do the most to finish the job so well started by MacArthur and others.

Just as there are those trying to promote Hitler's smart maxim "Divide and Conquer" by creating racial and religious troubles, so some may help him by shouting that only one party can win the war.

CANADIAN PROVINCE

Word puzzle section with a grid and clues for Canadian provinces and other terms. Includes a small map of Canada.

"Hello—Sweden? How's Things With You?"



Magnolia Officer Tells How to Get Most Out of Cars

"Conservation of cars and tires," said George Miller, Vice President in charge of marketing for the Magnolia Petroleum Company, "should be accepted as a self-imposed duty by all patriotic motorists."

"The matter of careful driving," continued Mr. Miller, "has been stressed before, but it can't be stressed too much. The old saying that 'Haste makes waste' should be in every driver's mind each time he gets behind the wheel of his car.

"One of the largest tire manufacturing concerns state that normal tread rubber wear occurs at an average driving speed of 30 miles per hour. Higher speed capacity:

To Help You Make Your Car Last

As one of America's important oil companies, our big job is to supply great quantities of high-grade gasoline and lubricants to our fighting forces.

dealers now serving in the armed forces, are using their knowledge to splendid advantage in helping to maintain our new mechanized Army, the Navy and the Air Forces.

Our second important job is to see that the great army of commercial and civilian automobiles stay fit and continue to run so long as it is humanly possible to keep them operating.

Magnolia Dealers Know How To Keep Cars Fit For years the Magnolia Petroleum Company conducted Service Schools where Magnolia Dealers learned the most efficient methods of lubricating and servicing an automobile.

Service Meetings To meet the present emergency, Service Meetings are now being conducted at key centers throughout Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana and New Mexico to school Magnolia Dealers in new methods and new services to make your car last longer.

It is your patriotic duty to take care of your car. As long as it continues to run, it is a national asset that cannot be replaced until this war is over.

MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM CO.

Magnolia Petroleum Co. logo and slogan: "Care for Your Car for Your Country". Includes a small illustration of a soldier.

burn up the rubber faster and reduce tire mileage. At 40 miles per hour, wasted rubber amounts to 50 per cent of normal tire mileage.

"Equally important to make cars last as long as possible is proper servicing at the right time. The right time, or in league, is just as important as the right kind of lubricant.

"Car manufacturers, without exception, recommend a complete check-up and servicing at this time of the year to prolong car life. Magnolia Dealers call this work Summerize Service.

PRISONERS ADVERTISE FOR JOBS

by United Press FOLSOM PRISON, Cal.—The Folsom Observer has opened its

"Want Ad" columns to inmates of Folsom Prison who are about to be released and are looking for work. The Parole Officer edits the "Want Ads" to see that the prisoner does not exaggerate his qualifications.

Prince Albert cigarette advertisement featuring a man's portrait and text: "DESIGNED FOR PERFECT ROLLED SMOKES! SAYS CABINET-MAKER W. W. Woodhead & Co. PRINCE ALBERT'S BEEN MY TONGUE'S FRIEND 18 YEARS—WHAT COOL MILDNESS, RICH YET MELLOW TASTE! EASY, FAST ON THE ROLL, TOO—NO BULGES, THINNING OUT, OR WASTE."



To You...

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM THE FOUNDER OF THE J. C. PENNEY COMPANY

A TREMENDOUS TASK LIES AHEAD OF US!

Today America is at war. Now, in wartime, because of the tremendous job ahead of us, we must learn again to work hard and to live simply—to put into the preserving of America what we once put into the building of it—to return to the old ways of Thrift and Savings that were the general rule at the beginning of this century.

We feel that the Penney Company is peculiarly well equipped to make a substantial contribution toward the Thrift and Savings of the nation—because the Penney Co. knows from long experience what thrift is all about.

Thrift is nothing new to the Penney Company—it is our stock in trade. When the Penney business was founded, in 1902, hard work, and spartan living were the general rule.

THRIFT AND SAVINGS ARE A BIG PART OF THE JOB

The Penney Co.'s practice of Thrift and Savings is evidenced in everything we do: We buy for cash and sell for cash; we make no deliveries; we eliminate all costly frills and extravagances; we operate on an extremely small margin of profit per transaction; we buy at the source in the most economical quantities; we save at every turn!

WE REDEDICATE OURSELVES, TODAY, ON OUR 40th ANNIVERSARY, TO THE SERVICE OF AMERICA

We rededicate ourselves to Thrift and Savings. We rededicate our 1600 stores, which now stretch from coast to coast, to the great job of helping American families to continue to live well for less.

THE PENNEY WAY IS THE THRIFTY WAY—THRIFTY WAY IS THE AMERICAN WAY!



SERIAL STORY

MEXICAN MASQUERADE

BY CECIL CARNES

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THE STORY: Now it can be told—strange tale of Allan Steele's... in Mexico's Lower California...

CONFUCIUS

CHAPTER III

ALLAN had noticed the tiny trickle of blood from a fresh bruise on the beggar's right temple; now he began to observe certain other details which gave him a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Ah—you mean those old scars? That happened before your time, or mine. Pepe was once a storekeeper in San Saba. He did well, and it was rumored he had a hidden hoard of gold somewhere.

"I believe you," said the American, and cleared his throat. "I didn't give up his secret!" "He couldn't. There was no hidden hoard. When they were convinced of that, the bandits turned him loose. But his mind was affected, and he took to wandering about the countryside making money on the charity of Indians and fishermen. He is quite harmless, though he has one queer habit."

"Wouldn't blame him if he had a dozen. What is it?" "Whenever a stranger appears hereabouts, Pepe will go up to him and stare at him hard. Some people think he is trying to find the leader of the bandits who crippled him; if he ever does, they say he will kill the man."

"I wish him luck!" said Allan fervently. "Are there many bandits like that around here now?" "Oh, dear me, no! Occasionally some silly fellows try to revive those old customs, but we soon bring them to book. Often they try to escape and are shot. The black eyes twinkled."

"I was on my way to the Inn of One Thousand Delights, but my car appears to have reversed the idea. Can't I put this poor chap 'Pepe—in back and drive him to doctor?" "Indeed, you are the Good Samaritan of the day! If you will do that, I will be happy to accompany you and take charge of the affair when we reach the village. I have already missed my appointment there, but—there is always tomorrow." He snatched his fingers lightly. "Hola, Chiquita! Venga!"

It is true, which had wandered off in a futile quest for forage, came trailing up obediently. When he had helped Allan put the unconscious Pepe in the rear seat of the sedan, the Mexican swung himself into the saddle and led the way at a canter.

Half an hour later, when they had abandoned their charge to the tender mercies of the local doctor, the two men stood a moment beside the car for a farewell word.

"We are going to stop a while at the hotel, senor. In that case, I shall surely meet again. But may I ask your name, and the nature of the business that brought you to this little out-of-the-way community?"

Allan hesitated, then was moved to answer him mildly. After all, he had been invited himself to ask questions!

"Certainly. But may I ask who you are, senor, a thousand pardons? He seemed genuinely contented. I should have introduced myself at once. I am Col. Alfredo Carvajal, of the Rural Guard. I am over here on leave from my regiment, which is stationed across the Peninsula at the border. He added with a flourish which gave emphasis to his words: "Moreover, I have the honor to be responsible for the maintenance of law and order in this district."

It was it. Allan had come to face with officialdom for the first time since leaving the border. Automatically, he straightened and started to raise stiff fingers to the brim of his panama; he caught back the gesture and lifted his hat instead.

"Delighted to meet you, Senor Comandante," he responded. "My name is Allan Steele. United States citizen, native of Los Angeles. I am a photographer by profession, attached to the staff of the Golden Horn Review, a magazine published in San Francisco. My editor thought a series of photographs showing typical scenes of Lower California might be interesting, so—here I am."

He told this smoothly, serenely confident it was water-tight and fool-proof. The editor of the Golden Horn Review had been discreetly coached on how to reply to any inquiries; also, photography happened to be Allan's

one hobby, so he knew the patter of the trade and could carry off his part should he chance to meet some expert. He had even brought along two valuable cameras for corroborative background.

"You're a pleasant profession, senor, and I trust you will find subjects to your taste along the Gulf." A bit disconcertingly, he concluded: "Nevertheless, I think your editor must be rather a cold-blooded tyrant to send you on such an assignment—in July!"

ALLAN drove slowly to the Inn of One Thousand Delights, pondering the personality of the man he had just left. The officer responsible for the maintenance of law and order in this district, by godfrey! Decidedly a pleasant fellow, conceded Allan, but the ugly word "traitor" still rang in his ears. The bearded brigand who had shouted it had put a lot of conviction into the epithet.

The lobby of the inn was cool and almost dark after the heat and glare of the sun-baked road. Allan strode across the tiled floor to where he discerned an immensely fat Chinese who was seated behind an orthodox hotel desk and slowly fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan. Perched on a stool, apparently chatting in an undertone with the Chinese, was a short, stocky man of a brownish complexion that did not seem just the right shade for a Mexican. He slid from his seat as the newcomer approached and went off through a doorway leading to the patio. As the light from the courtyard revealed him more clearly, Allan thought he had rarely seen a face so lowering, brutal and villainous.

"Am I addressing Senor Sun Su?" he asked in Spanish. "Entirely at your service, senor. I am Sun Su."

Briefly, Allan studied the yellow, full-moon countenance of the one man in Lower California whom he had been advised he could trust. He glanced about him. There was nobody in sight but himself, the proprietor, and the squat, brownish fellow who was now halfway across the patio and safely beyond earshot. He leaned across the desk.

"The word," he said softly, "is Confucius."

No muscle moved in the impassive face of the Chinese, but a flicker of interest lighted his almond-shaped eyes. "So you are Number Two?" he murmured. "I've been half expecting you, senor, since the strange departure of Number One!"

(To Be Continued)

RED RYDER



ALLEY OOP



Freckles and His Friends



Near Two Billion Barrels of New Oil Found In '41

NEW YORK.—The petroleum industry found 1,968,963,000 barrels of new oil during 1941, or 564,781,000 barrels more than the 1,404,182,000 barrels of crude oil produced during the year, the American Petroleum Institute's Committee on Petroleum Reserves announced today.

makes this drilling program even more imperative now. The committee's estimate includes only reserves in known and proved fields, and recoverable by present production methods.

Oil Men To Meet On 17th Of April

By United Press SAN ANTONIO.—The Fifth Annual South Texas Oil Men's meeting will be held in San Antonio April 17.

and will include an oil men's golf tournament on the entertainment program, will honor Harry C. Wiess of Houston and W. M. Griffith of Sinton.



FIGHTERS will win this war with supplies produced by WORKERS

...and Electric Power is Speeding the Output of Workers!

Behind every American fighting man, behind every tank, airplane, ship, jeep and truck are hours of work by American factory workers whose output is multiplied and speeded by electric power.



TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

The Sun Sets on Part of the British Navy



Sitting sun provides radiant backdrop for British destroyers and corvettes safely anchored in a home port after escorting another convoy to its destination.

OUT OUR WAY BY WILLIAMS



WHAT A DAY TO INSPIRE POETRY! I LOVE THE CRANE THAT FLIES ON HIGH—THE ROBIN AND THE BUTTERFLY—I LOVE THE LARK THAT SOARS AND SINGS, I LOVE THEM ALL THAT FLOAT ON WINGS!

EXCEPT THE ONES THAT'S FILLED WITH JAPS WHO DROP BOMBS UPON OUR BACKS, TO GIVE US WINGS THAT MAKE US FLY AN' MINGLE WITH THE BIRDS ON HIGH—YOU TAKE IT FROM THERE!

YOU HAVE TO PROFANE BEAUTY, BUT I GUESS THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES --A ROWDY TO WAKE US DREAMERS UP!

Heck!



It seems girls who look like this are always getting married. Carole Landis of the movies has made Gene Markey the happiest man in the world for the third time. It's also Carole's third wedding.

