



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.

Let's Not Be Naive

THE conclusion of a New York legislative committee, that Communism may menace the United States even more in the future than it has in the past, should not be brushed aside casually just because Russia happens to be our military ally for the moment.

Neither should the danger be minimized on any theory that radicalism is a problem peculiar to New York, or to the larger cities generally. There is ample evidence of its nation-wide activity.

The committee's statement is partially limited by the fact that the legislators were restricted to the relatively narrow field of Stalinist activity centering in the public school system of a single city.

Handicapped thus, after 16 months of intelligently arduous digging the New York committee warns Communism and Communists are not working for the benefit of the United States, or for the cause of democracy. They are working for Communism, and for Russia, and for Josef Stalin.

So long as Russia's interests continue to parallel those of this country and of democracy, we shall have the benefit of the Communists' best co-operation. But the moment the national interests of the U. S. and of the U. S. S. R. again part company, the Reds in our midst once more will stick long knives in our backs and seek to cut the heart out of democracy.

NOTING that there is no substantial evidence that Communism's 20-year designs to instigate a proletarian revolution in the United States have been abandoned, or will be, the legislators note the assumption that "the subversive tactics which have been temporarily disguised will emerge again.

"If, in the meantime, the Communists succeed in extending their influence under cover of their present pseudo-patriotic barb, while we naively take them at face value and permit ourselves to be hoodwinked into a false sense of security, we will find to our sorrow that the problem will be more acute in days to come than it has in the past."

This is not to suggest that we relax in the slightest our those trades unions serving key industries, upon which Stalinist organizers have concentrated.

About the only excuse a drunken driver can offer is that he don't know he was loaded.

Not so many people are driving to work, but just as many have to be driven.

When buying chicken always remember that the good die young.

The difference between a bow tie and a four-in-hand is about fifteen minutes.

"Well, Mr. Bones - What's The Answer?"



CHEANEY NEWS

By Mrs. Bill Tucker

Hi, Folks: We just shut our eyes and said "sonic meenie, etc," and this was the first item.

Miss Clara Mae Miller, who received word that her mother was ill hurried to Cisco Friday afternoon, therefore was unable to attend the Junior-Senior Banquet and theatre party Friday night.

Mr. Johnnie Walton suffered a heart attack this past week, but is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Underwood who have been living in Dennison the past two years, have moved into the Alameda community, which makes us all neighbors.

Gloria Sullivan visited Ouida Dale Brown Friday night and attended Alameda Cemetery working Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Uesury of Carbon, were visiting their daughter, La Rue, Sunday, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Love.

Goldie Butler spent the weekend with her parents, and attended church services Sunday.

We wish we were a little girl, because they always get to go home with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Sullivan—Witness this group Sunday: Billie Palline, Frances and Barbara Nell Brock, Beryl June Blackwell and Evelyn Cooksey.

Clayton and Johnnie Mack Strickler visited their uncle 'Bud' Blackwell, Sunday.

Billie Alvin Tucker went home with Harlie Logan Sunday and they fished all afternoon—caught nine, too.

Charles Sullivan and Morene Blackwell were dinner guests of the Brocks Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tucker and daughter Salata, and Mrs. Bill Tucker were Sunday visitors at Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Strickler.

Aubrey Love, Camp Barkley, visited home folks, the Jim Leves over the weekend.

The John Tucker family and Dorinda Logan look dinner with the Dan Walton family, Sunday.

Mrs. Sophia Freeman of Coffeeville, Kan., and Mrs. Etta Britton of Bryson, Texas were visiting their father, Cicero Weekes and other relatives this week. They also attended Alameda Cemetery working Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Case and grandmother Maddox visited the Bill Tuckers, Thursday of last week.

Arlon Pilgrim who has been in Breckenridge the past 2 weeks, returned home Saturday. If Pat Brown hasn't told us her own self, we never would have believed she attended the Dublin Radio—She and Mrs. Elie Parker—and on Sunday, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Melton and Wilena of Gatesville, Texas and Mrs. Modena Rodgers and children, Barbara Helen and Ronald Clyde of Anding, Miss, were here visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William McRon and other relatives the past week.

Word has been received from J. Claud Tucker, who is stationed in Fort Lewis, State of Washington.

Correction: L. C. Love, who is taking radio technical training is stationed at Chicago, Ill. instead of San Francisco, as reported last week.

Buster Blackwell, who was transferred to San Antonio from Camp Barkley underwent an appendectomy several days ago, and it is expected that he will visit his wife and parents, Polly and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Blackwell this week.

Dorothy Faye Melton has returned from a ten-day visit with her sister at Kermit, Texas, Mrs. Velma Carr and family.

Persons who knew him, were saddened by the death of Herman Wood, of Gorman, Friday

night. He will be long remembered as a rural carrier in this and the Gorman vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Brown of Baird, Texas visited homefolks and attended the Alameda cemetery working Saturday.

Joe Tucker and family, together with the O. L. Box family of Olden, went up on Clearfork of the Brazos fishing Sunday. We know its that time of year, but we didn't see the 6-pound cat they caught. We betcha he caught it with a silver hook!

Miss Marjorie Calvert and Marjorie Harper of Eastland, Fred Lamb and Bobby Franklin of Breckenridge, made a county-wide tour Sunday. In fact we think they did everything except go fishing.

Mrs. Dow Wilson, ate dinner with the Elmer Blackwell family Sunday.

Neharzo Griffith spent Friday and Saturday night with Marjorie you know?

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Cooksey attended a program of music, Sunday afternoon, one of the features of music week, at the Methodist Church, Eastland.

Our Own Hi-Four quartet, gave a full 2-hour program of songs, featuring the new Stamps book, "Lasting Peace," Sunday afternoon, directed by their sponsor, J. W. Turner and pianist, Dorothy Jo Melton.

The quartet is to sing at Santo the fourth Sunday, May 24th.

The Senior Class outing and picnic lunch was held Sunday at Lake Cisco. Teachers, Turner Weaver, Austin and Burns were chaperones, if the need arose, and kokading was the principal sport, in fact one's snap is promised to be a scream of the 'principal' J. W. Turner.

The bacaluerate sermon will be held at the Hi-Auditorium next Sunday night, May 10. Therefore no Bible study.

Ronnie Neal, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Love visited his great auntie and cousin, Ellen and Betty Tucker, one evening last week.

The Richard Myricks and Jim Harts visited their daughters,

Jean and Foy Sunday at Stephenville, on parents day.

Mrs. Griffith's son, W. J. and daughter Hannah Mae, were week-end visitors here.

Miss Mozelle Hale is now employed in the Dental office at Gorman.

Mrs. Kelly was carried to the Ranger Hospital Friday afternoon, details later.

How do you like the jingles? Or do you?

A freeman from the Amazon, Put a 'nightie' of his granazon, The reason? why he was too fat, To get his own pajamazon!

Did you ever hear of a "Poor Married Man"? Then you should have seen the senior play presented at the Hi-Auditorium, Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Pilgrim and children and Ester Pilgrim and family, went fishing Sunday afternoon—with the usual fisher man's luck.

The morning and evening church services were well attended and two very instructive lessons were given: "Ye Are the Light of the World," and "The Purpose of the Church", come and be with us each first and third Sundays.

An estimate of six or seven hundred persons will be issued war ration books, from Alameda and surrounding communities.

Rat poison was very much in evidence Monday at Alameda, with Mrs. John Love in charge, but we were not informed as to the why or wherefores in this particular event.

A very interesting Mother's Day program is being planned

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for Chapel exercises, Friday. Have you written your mother this week? Then lets don't fail to send her a message by Sunday. Thats all this time.

Naturalist Estimates. Snake Value High

By United Press ASHLAND, Wis. — Snakes, if protected, will be worth approximately \$3,600,000 toward national defense during the coming year, according to Lew and Elmer Johnson, Ashland naturalists on a speaking tour for the University of Wisconsin extension division. Snakes, feeding on mice, rats and other pests, will save that much in grain and property, the Johnsons contend.

TO CHECK MALARIA IN 7 DAYS take 666

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 Criminal District Attorney EARL CONNER, JR. ALLEN D. DABNEY, JR. For County Treasurer: MRS. RUTH (GARLAND) BRANTON.

- For Sheriff: LOSS WOODS JOHN HART JOHN C. BARBER.

- For County Judge: W. S. ADAMSON

- For County School Superintendent T. C. WILLIAMS HOMER SMITH C. S. (CLABBE) ELDRIDGE For Constable: L. J. (LUKE) HARDIN Constable Precinct No. 2 RAY FAIRCLOTH

- For Collector-Assessor CLYDE KARHALITS

- For County Clerk R. V. (RIP) GALLOWAY Representative of 106 District: L. H. FLEWELLEN

- For Justice Peace MAJ. R. H. (Bob) HANSFORD

Listen, Mister! There is a difference in hair cuts A good one is a cut that suits the shape of your head and helps the hair lie neatly in place. Get your next one here and note the difference. GHOLSON BARBER SHOP

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Are You Still Waiting... for the times to get just right to buy a home? Like going to the dentist or mowing the grass, the sooner one starts and gets the job done, the better. See us today for the better way to buy and pay for your own home. - Earl Bender & Company - Abstracts - Insurance - Real Estate - Rentals

BICYCLES Two New 24-Inch Western Flyers Not FROZEN Fix up your Bike for Less! Don't be without the use of your bike when you can fit it up yourself at such low cost. We carry many high-quality repair parts we offer for all makes of bicycles and at a substantial saving! SAVE NOW— On Crossley and Truetone RADIOS Still America's Greater Value R-A-D-I-O-S Montgomery's WESTERN AUTO STORE Phone 300 — Ranger

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE! Got your safety sewed up tight? That means insurance! Call 141 today and find out about the many kinds you can have—annuity, life and others. Lloyd L. Bruce PHONE 141

NORTHWESTERN STATE

Answer to Previous Puzzle 15 Son of Seth (Bib.). 18 Fondles. 20 Dexterity. 21 — is one of its principal cities. 23 Boy. 24 State offspring. 25 Noah's boat. 30 Hope's kiln. 32 Poem. 33 Dutch city. 35 Cooking utensil. 39 Body of water. 40 Every. 41 This state was acquired from. 43 Its capital is. 45 Bamboo-like grasses. 47 Poker stake. 48 Large holes. 49 Broad-topped hill. 51 Exists. 52 Steamship (abbr.). 56 South Carolina (abbr.).

46 Parent. 47 Sovereign's official residence. 48 Cuckoo. 50 Fodder vat. 53 Pronoun. 54 It is (contr.). 55 Stalks. 57 Symbol for neut. 58 Slaps. VERTICAL 1 Hunter slain by Artemis (myth.). 12 Right side (abbr.). 13 Symbol for samarium.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58

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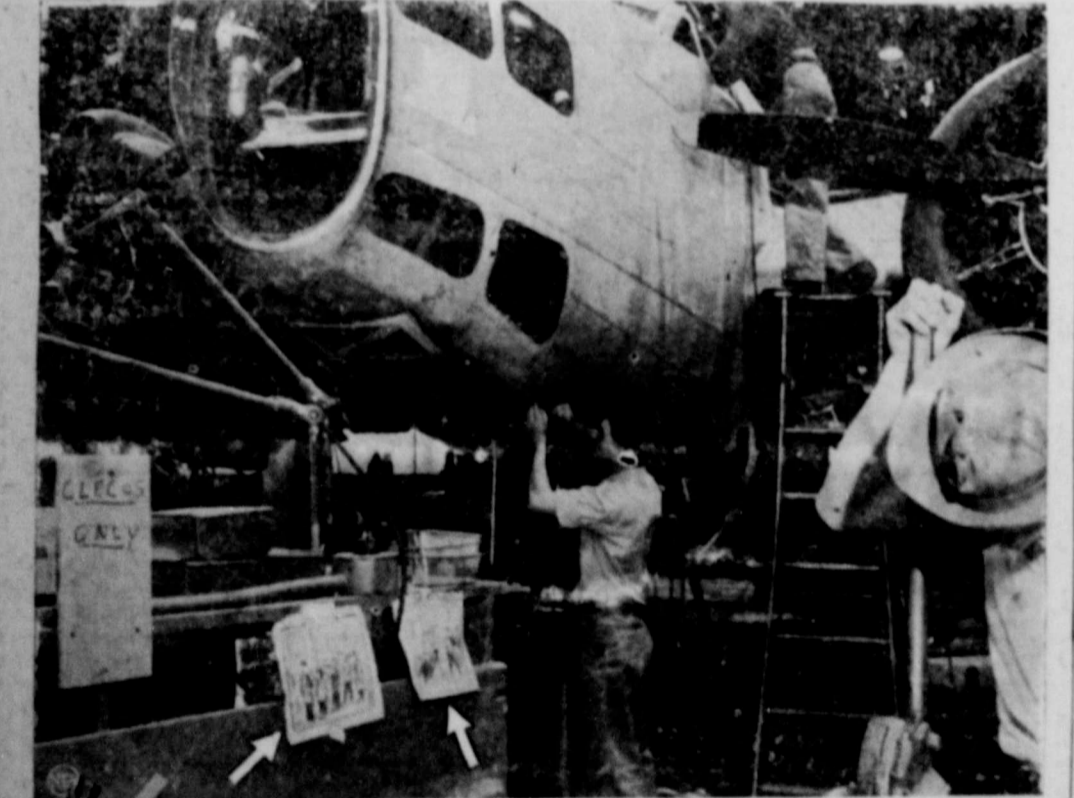
Sooners Cling To Famed Boola Song

By United Press NORMAN, Okla. — War has affected a lot of things on the campus, but the University of Oklahoma still clings to the Yale University school song "Boola Boola" which it has renamed "Boomer Sooner."

university last fall from Princeton Joseph A. Brandt first came to the where he directed the Princeton Press, he attempted to sound out opinion on changing from "Boomer Sooner" (or "Boola Boola") to a new, yet-unwritten tune.

column to defend "Boomer Sooner." "Okay, so Yale has a song, 'Boola Boola,' and the Sooners took the tune. Yes, and Harvard, which is the oldest American university, took its song from an old Irish tune, 'Believe Me, If All These Endearing Young Charms' ... Besides, the Sooner band puts a mid-western fervor into the piece that makes the way Yale men sing it sound more like Chopin's funeral march."

"Out Our Way" Keeps 'Em Laughing As Warplane Builders Keep 'Em Flying



Workers in a Lockheed plane factory in the California area like Jim Williams' "Out Our Way" cartoons as they take them to work with them.

By Hamlin



BY HARMAN



Siege Guns Upon Home Front Begin Against the HCOL

Siege guns of the Home Front were manned by all the folks at home this week as the battle against the High Cost of Living began in earnest. At every elementary school in the Southwest the folks at home "enlisted for the duration" by signing up for their War Ration Book No. 1.

chandisers in the three-week period starting last Monday. These meetings were arranged so they could be held in each trade area in Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Kansas and Missouri, so that every merchandiser could have the opportunity to hear the over-all ceiling explained and to answer questions on how it operates.

Oil Hearing Called For Monday, May 11

AUSTIN—The Texas Railroad Commission today continued for another five days the state's present oil production level, and called a state-wide oil hearing to be held in Austin on May 11.

"Distilled spirits," say Navy regulations, "are allowed aboard ship only for medical purposes."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: A person in the sixties.

SERIAL STORY

FRANTIC WEEKEND

BY EDMUND FANCOTT

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THE STORY: Two sons of week end guests are enroute to Ferdy's country place near Montreal in one of the three Marks; Myra, a stenographer, their 12-year-old sister, in the other are beautiful Fay Ransom and Lieut. Nigel Monkhouse, who has seen Fay once before and now is suffering from tongue-tied admiration.

THE GUESTS ARRIVE CHAPTER VI TO compensate for his awkwardness, Nigel drove as fast as his concern for his precious freight would allow, and that was faster than he realized.

After leaving Montreal the car sped through the farmlands and villages of the plain beyond the island. Beyond St. Jerome they turned from the main highway and soon were plunging along a little known road climbing up into the hills through cuttings and long lanes of trees.

Nigel became uncertain of their destination. He consulted a rough map drawn on paper with an air of doubt. "You are sure you know the way?" asked Fay with an amused smile.

"Well... er... I think we're all right. We'll ask if we pass anyone." The first people they saw were three, all grouped around a fairly ancient model. One girl leaned with detached patience against the door of the car, while another girl and a soldier struggled angrily with a flat tire.

Nigel pulled up. "Could you tell me if we're on the right road to...?" Then he stopped and his voice took on a note of relief. "Well if it isn't you!"

"To it!" Myra Mack smiled. Michael and his younger sister straightened and turned expectantly toward the other car. There was an awkward moment in which everyone looked at everyone else without quite knowing where introductions should begin.

"Well," said Myra. "To think of meeting you, Miss Ransom, my sister... She cleared the introductory hurdles as Peggy gave forth with a low whistle and an audible comment.

"My!" she murmured, gazing at the other car and the other girl. "What a swell outfit!" She included the convertible, Fay Ransom

and her escort in the expressive statement. Fay looked cool and demurely beautiful in blue linen, her hair gleaming copper gold in the sun and blowing free.

Peggy, on the other hand, looked decidedly hot. Her hands were grimed from helping her brother and she had forgotten that she had wiped the beads from her face with dirty fingers. I didn't seem to bother her. With engaging frankness she was staring at Nigel Monkhouse, obviously wondering how much he was involved with this beautiful piece of nature's handiwork and whether it would be fun or hard work to try and pry him loose.

"Want any help?" asked Nigel, jumping out. "We're almost through," said Michael Mack. "Practically set to go."

Peggy was already examining the other car. She flipped open the rumble and climbed in. "Come out of there," said Myra. "Nothing doing," said Peggy with a pleased grin. "If we are all going the same way, I'm going in style. O.K. folks, let's go."

The car drew away from Myra, whose lips were set in a stern, thin line. Nigel Monkhouse was even more uncomfortable, but Peggy was blissfully happy. This, she decided, was fun.

FERDY'S aunt was weeding a flower bed in front of the wide veranda when the sleek coupe drove up. Ferdy lifted himself from a lazy chair and joined her.

"Well!" exclaimed his aunt. "We do see some strange things."

Ferdy grinned with his usual calm. He guessed the streaked, gamine face in the rumble belonged to Myra's sister, and probably had a normal explanation.

The car drew to a stop. Impulsively, before the car door could open, Peggy Mack was down on the ground with a brilliantly white smile breaking across her smudged face. She had already seen it in a glass and had decided it was beyond repair sort of soap and hot water. So she had left it as it was.

"You're Peggy Mack," said Ferdy.

"Yes," smiled Peggy with a pleased air, holding out grimy fingers. She looked down at her hand and drew it back. "Dirty, isn't it? Pure white spirit beneath, though."

Everyone laughed. Introductions were completed but somehow Peggy's entrance had stolen the show. Nigel Monkhouse glanced several times at this odd child who had kept up a stream of chatter all the rest of the way up to Ferdy's place. Ferdy realized he had some queer people, but he had never heard of robbing the cradle.

Peggy had given two days of careful thought to this weekend. She had ransacked the wardrobe of her best friends to decide what she should borrow to wear, and then had concluded that her line would be gypsy informality. If there were cool pressed linens and expensive prints she could not hope to compete, but if she went to the other extreme and dressed with a carefree ease she would gain by contrast. After all, Ferdy was an artist, and she would dress the part to play up to him, except, of course, when it came to a swim suit. She drew the last dress from her savings account to buy something that would open their eyes, provided she could keep it from her father's eyes until they left.

ODDLY enough, as at all Ferdy's parties, the haphazard mixture of guests turned out well. There was just time for a swim before dinner and the whole party drifted down a pine-needled path through the cool woods to the lake below Ferdy's cottage. The path led to a small level grass clearing, a large boathouse and a wooden wharf.

The men stared with appreciative eyes as Peggy and Fay came out of the boathouse and out to the wharf.

Myra whispered to her sister in anxious tones. "Where in the name of decency did you get those two pieces of string you've wrapped around yourself?"

Peggy grinned like a pleased child. "Straight from Vogue," she replied.

"Wait until your father sees you!" "He won't," laughed Peggy. Then she walked onto the wharf, lithe and lovely as a native princess. Which was what she felt like. Fay, in contrast, was comparatively modest in white latex, but was quite pleased when the eyes of Nigel and Michael followed her as she walked slowly to the wharf.

(To Be Continued)



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