

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.

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Censorship

Perhaps the Office of Censorship looked a little silly, tearing pages out of a national picture magazine after the article in question had been examined and approved in advance of publication.

Probably there was a bit of misunderstanding involved. But actually the censors were following a consistent course which had been thoroughly considered and which is not illogical.

That course depends upon the theory that censorship in wartime divides into two dissimilar functions, one is defensive designed to prevent the domestic dissemination of war secrets which might be smuggled out to axis capitals. The other is offensive—designed to beat Germany in the contest for Latin American co-operation.

Apparently there was some mixup as to whether Canada is domestic or foreign. Perhaps the nature of the censored article placed in on the borderline in determining whether Canada should see it.

The article in question painted a gloomy picture of Detroit's war production and discussed such causes for the trouble as the bitter hatred between employers and unions; the Coughlin-Smith-Ku Klux Klan influence; the serious housing shortage; and the inadequacy of raw materials supplies.

Mr. Price has not told us, but we have reason to believe that for domestic use he would welcome the telling of such unpleasant truths to keep us on our toes, to prick our complacency, to needle us into correcting the maladjustments and doing a better job.

In any event, it is his expressed belief that unless such materials betrays to the axis war secrets that otherwise might be kept, it is no business of censorship to interfere with its publications.

For export purposes, however, news is conceived of as a valuable weapon in total warfare.

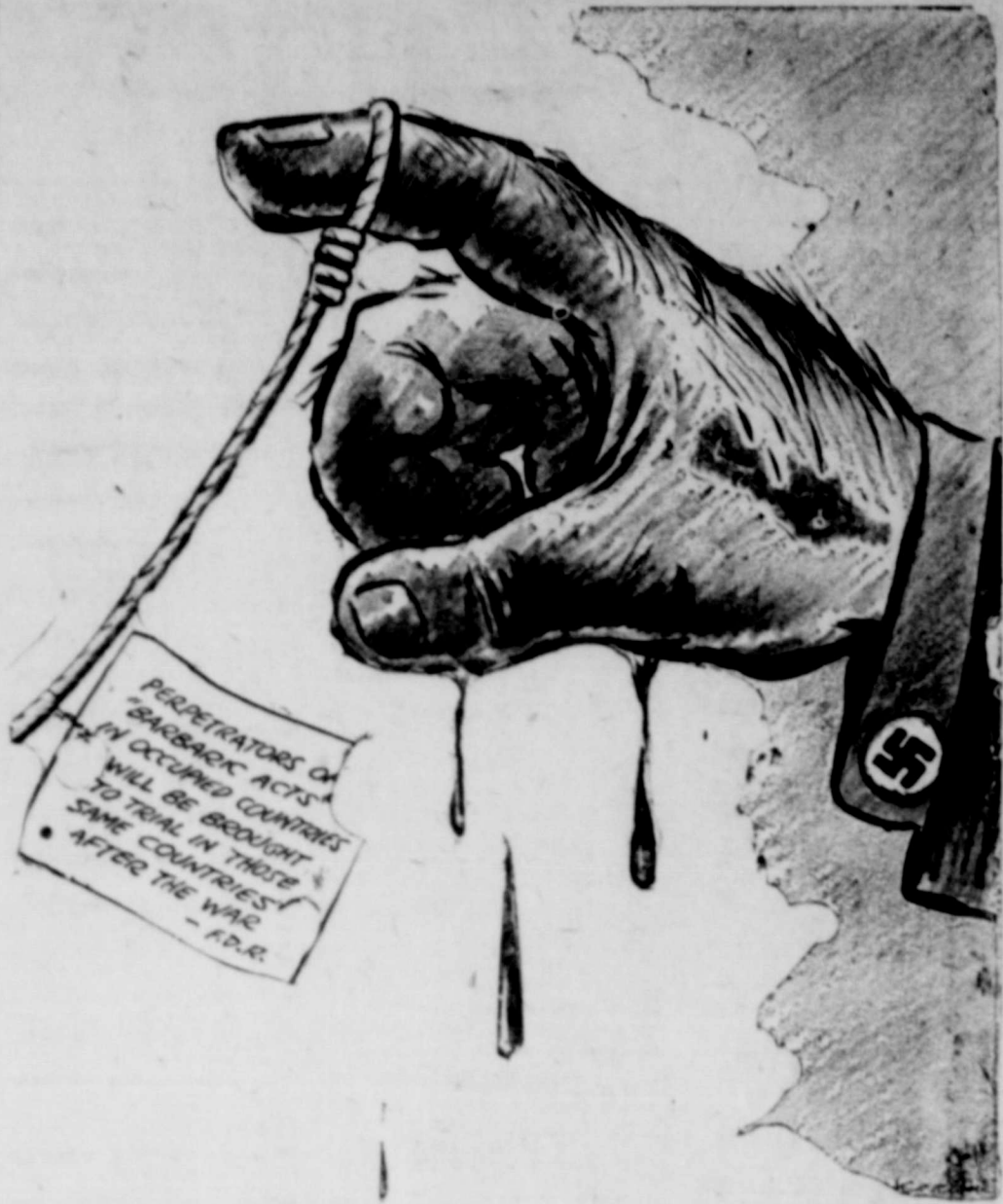
There is a keen contest between Germany and the United States to determine just how wholeheartedly Latin America shall co-operate with the United Nations. One immediate prize, of course, is Chile's decision whether to declare war on the axis.

Rightly or wrongly, the Office of Censorship is determined to see that no articles shall be sent to Latin America which by their pessimism, might help Germany to convince the Latinos that our cause is lost and that the sister republics should play ball with the winners.

That is why many news stories which are passed unhesitatingly for domestic use are clipped from publications mailed abroad.

Japs who take a look at their navy these days only see half of it.

Reminder



The annual Santa Fe Fiesta, The Ozarks are believed to be held over the Labor Day week—one of the oldest mountain ranges and, was established in 1712, in North America.

THE PAYOFF

BY HARVEY GRANNING NEA Service Sports Editor

NEW YORK—Things are so tough with the Philadelphia Nationals that Gerry Nugent can't even sell anybody.

Not that he hasn't anyone to peddle, for in the spring he could have collected plenty of cash for Pitchers Tommy Hughes, Rube Melton, Johnny Podgajny and Frank Hoerst and Outfielder Danny Litwiler.

Attendance and the future of professional baseball being what they are, Owner Nugent no doubt is sorry he didn't make a sale that would have bailed him out, especially in the case of Piyechaser Litwiler, whose batting average tumbled from the .305 of last year to .276.

But major league clubs are not paying luxury figures for athletes at the moment, although promising recruits are so scarce in the minors that President Nugent himself is participating in the search for someone capable of improving the Phillies' position, which happens to be .467 games of the game.

The situation is so bad that Honus Lobert will be satisfied if the Phils finish the season.

When Gee Walker knocked out

Edson waited for it because he expected a collision in Cincinnati, Hans Lobert saw himself without a catcher. Stony Livingston had been called to Newberry, S. C., by the illness of his wife.

So Manager Lobert called for volunteers. Danny Murtaugh and Merrill May, infielders, spoke up immediately. Then Shortstop Bobby Bragan remarked that he had caught for an American Legion team and in high school.

Being the only one who had had actual experience, Bragan got the job. In his first National League start behind the plate, Bragan caught Earl Naylor, an outfielder being converted into a pitcher, and they beat Bucky Walters and the Reds, 4-2.

Lonnise Frey attempted to steal in the first inning, and Bragan threw him out by 10 feet," explains Pilot Lobert. "The Reds took no more liberties with Bobby. Bragan's catching action is remarkable. He likes to catch, handles pitchers well, has the arm and judgment. He hustled Edson, but did not cover enough ground at shortstop.

"Perhaps we have something in Bragan, the catcher. "Anyway, we can't be any worse than we were."

BY PETER EDSON NEA Service Washington Correspondent

A FULL scale modern war—the Battle of Midway—has at last been filmed in Technicolor. It took a Hollywood ace to do it—John Ford, the man who directed "Grapes of Wrath," "The Informer" and other prize pictures. He is Lieut.-Com. John Ford now, having given up his several-thousand-dollar-a-week salary for the Navy pay of several thousand dollars a year and the right to wear a uniform with gold braids on it. But he has shown that actual battle can be recorded as a moving picture, and this Battle of Midway film will probably be rated as one of his greatest. Dive bombers race toward the earth and drop their loads or are hit by the anti-aircraft guns and crash in flames. Naval vessels get hit, shells explode, men are wounded, killed. It is real war, for civilian spectators.



Edson

Commander Ford is working out at the Department of Agriculture film laboratory, editing his film, waiting for the Navy brass hats to make up their minds as to how it shall be released. The Navy both does and does not want to sponsor it. If the Navy doesn't sponsor it, maybe Office of War Information or somebody else will. While the bureaucrats wrangle, the public is being kept in the dark by propaganda medicine for domestic and foreign consumption.

THE way Ford got this picture makes an interesting story. The idea of putting Ford into the Navy with a Hollywood camera crew was Ford's, but when he couldn't sell it to the Navy, he sold it to Col. William J. Donovan's old outfit, the Office of the Coordinator of Information. With Donovan's backing, Ford was permitted to let his crew be enlisted in the Naval Reserve. That was supposed to be quite a concession, for many of the detail didn't know an anchor from a marlinpike, and to give such people the rating of a petty officer was against all the rules, and supposedly quite disrupting to Navy morale. Also, the Navy was against having people who were just supposed to take pictures and do nothing else. What the Navy wanted was people who could also stand watch or man a gun or maybe even swab a deck.

Finally all these objections were overcome and the Ford crew was mustered into service. Playing a pure hunch, Commander Ford and his men got permission to go to Midway. When the Japs came over in their big effort early in June, there were the cameramen on the job to grind away. In the three-day battle the fancy sailors from Hollywood stood around and look it. They were put on hand when the Jap bombers came over, they rode in American planes on bombing missions.

When a number of men are wounded aboard one of the ships, the announcer comes in with comment that the men will be rushed to the hospital bay. But there is no hospital bay! Follows a closeup, showing the roof shot off of the hospital bay, and the doctors and orderlies working away, practically unprotected. A closeup is shown of a young pilot, just back from a mission. The announcer dubs in comment to the effect that this looks like so and so's boy, back in Ohio. Sure. It is so and so's boy, and his daddy is a railroad engineer.

Health Checkup on School Children Is Being Urged

AUSTIN, Tex. —The State Health Department urges all parents to have their children undergo a thorough physical examination before entering school next month.

The importance of such examinations can not be over-emphasized according to Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer, who declares that the health of a child has a direct bearing on his progress in school.

"It is inadvisable to have school children examined several days, or even weeks before school begins," Dr. Cox asserted, "so that minor ailments can be corrected and any possible serious ones placed under treatment."

Dr. Cox also advised parents to take their children to a dentist for a thorough dental check-up and cautioned that an examination of the eyes be not neglected. "In the old days it was considered only necessary to have school children provided with necessary books and some new fall clothing," Dr. Cox said, "but today we recognize that it more important to be sure that his health has been properly safeguarded."

Immunization for protection against communicable disease should be effected before a child enters school, where he spends most of his time indoors with a large group of children, which facilitates the spread of infectious diseases. The student who has been immunized and whose health is under the observation of the family physician, whose eyes have been examined for corrective treatment, and whose teeth have been cared for by a competent dentist stands a much better chance of success in school than does the student who is handicapped by one or more physical defects.

Girl, 11, Gives Her Hair To War Effort

MILTON, Mass. (UP) — Little Judith Grosse gave the war effort a lift by having her hair cut. When the 11 year old heard that blond hair was used in the manufacture of vital precision instruments, such as hypographs, she had a barber clip her 12-inch tresses and turned them over to civilian defense officials.

New she holds a certificate testifying her contribution to the war.



CANADIAN PROVINCE

Crossword puzzle grid with horizontal and vertical clues. Horizontal clues include '1 Depicted Canadian province', '14 Surgical word', '15 Air raid precautions', etc. Vertical clues include '1 Bachelor of Science', '2 Music note', '3 Newspaper paragraph', etc.

Map of Canada with numbered locations for a word search puzzle. The map shows the outlines of the provinces and territories.

OUT OUR WAY



A Single Phone Call Organizes A Crash Alarm

MINTER FIELD, Cal. (UP)—A new crash alarm system whereby a single telephone call places every department into emergency action has been developed at the Air Force basic flying school here. Crash reports, received either by phone or radio from another plane, are relayed immediately to a dispatcher, who takes down all information and rings the post operator on special line.

RAF Officers Slogan Message To Mother

RIVERSIDE, Cal. (UP)—A simple cable received by Mrs. Caroline Yoch Barnett from her son might well become a World War II slogan. Pilot Officer Redmond Burnett of the RAF gave a nutshell description of his experiences and observations in his message, which read simply: "Gibraltar won't falter."



"GETTING UP AT NIGHT WAS GETTING ME DOWN"

Advertisement for Dr. Killore's Swamp Root. Text includes: 'Read how young Georgian escaped kidney misery. Quick relief thanks to famous Doctor's tonic. Sleeps like baby now.' A portrait of Dr. Killore is shown.

TRY A WANT AD - IT ALWAYS PAYS!

Large advertisement for 'SIMPLE ARITHMETIC' featuring 3D block letters spelling 'SIMPLE ARITHMETIC'. Text includes: 'THE MORE PEOPLE SEE YOUR AD THE MORE RESULTS YOU'LL GET'. It also features a testimonial from a girl who gave her hair to the war effort and the 'RANGER DAILY TIMES' logo.

CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

SEALS AND SEA LIONS
ARE DESCENDANTS OF
LAND ANIMALS
THAT RETURNED TO THE
SEA AND TURNED THEIR
PAWS INTO FLIPPERS.

DETROIT
HAS AN AIR RAID SHELTER
LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD
ITS ENTIRE POPULATION
AN OLD SALT MINE
BENEATH THE CITY HAS
25 MILES OF PASSAGES
AT A DEPTH OF 1,000 FEET.

WIZKORER
CLOTHING

A SUMMERBUND
IS A
SEMI-LIKE GARMENT
FOR A SOCIETY
ENJOYER OF NORTHERN LIGHTS

ANSWER: ...

Soldier Spends Time At Rug Weaving

CAMP CALLAN, Cal. (UP)—A past time guaranteed to "pass time" in quantity is that of Pvt. Haig M. Dinibarian, 25-year-old Portland, Ore., soldier who spends his evenings at rug-weaving on a small "bed size" frame he has constructed.

Dinibarian, who first learned the trade from his father at the age of six, fashions approximately 150 Seha knots per hour, that number roughly equalling one square inch of rug.

More lambs are fattened for the market in Colorado than in any other state. Approximately 3,000,000 sheep grazed in Colorado, about half of which are "boned" from other states.

Your way to VICTORY

Have you joined your company's Pay-Roll Savings Plan?

It's the easy way to put your dollars to work winning the war—and at the same time save them for a rainy day. Join now and invest in Defense Bonds or Stamps every pay day.

Pretty Foxy

Fashion experts predict lots of brown this fall and winter. Here it is flatteringly combined with lynx-dyed fox. The becoming front fullness is achieved by four pleats and a self-material belt with bright metallic trim. The fabric is designed by Curt Forstmann.

MOURNING DOVE AND WHITE-WINGED DOVE OPEN SEASONS FOR 1942
—As Provided By State Law and Federal Regulations—

MOURNING DOVES
OPEN SEASON—NORTH ZONE, SEPT. 1 TO OCT. 12, INCLUSIVE. SOUTH ZONE, SEPT. 16 TO OCTOBER 27, INCLUSIVE.
SHOOTING HOURS—7 A. M. TO SUNSET IN BOTH ZONES.
IN WEEB, ZAPATA, STARR, HILADGO, CAMERON AND WILLACY COUNTIES SEASON WILL BE OPEN ONLY ON EACH SUNDAY, TUESDAY AND THURSDAY FROM 12 NOON UNTIL SUNSET DURING PERIOD SEPT. 16 TO 25, INCLUSIVE.
BAG LIMIT—10 A DAY OF EITHER MOURNING OR WHITE-WINGED DOVES, OR OF BOTH SPECIES IN THE AGGREGATE. POSSESSION LIMIT—NOT MORE THAN ONE DAY'S KILL.

WHITE-WINGED DOVES
OPEN SEASON—SEPT. 16 TO 25, INCLUSIVE, EXCEPT IN WEEB, ZAPATA, STARR, HILADGO, CAMERON AND WILLACY COUNTIES THEY MAY BE SHOT FROM 12 NOON UNTIL SUNSET ON SEPTEMBER 17TH, 20TH, 23RD AND 24TH ONLY.
SHOOTING HOURS IN OTHER PORTIONS OF STATE, 7 A. M. UNTIL SUNSET.
BAG LIMIT—10 A DAY OF EITHER WHITE-WINGED OR MOURNING DOVES, OR OF BOTH SPECIES IN THE AGGREGATE. POSSESSION LIMIT—NOT MORE THAN ONE DAY'S KILL.

—From Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission

SHOTGUNS MAY NOT BE LARGER THAN 10 GAUGE. SHOTGUNS MUST BE PERMANENTLY PLUGGED TO THREE-SHELL CAPACITY. UNLAWFUL TO TAKE WHITE-WINGEDS OR CHACHALACAS SOUTH OF U. S. HIGHWAY 82 IN AREA MARKED ON MAP AS "GAME SANCTUARY".

SERIAL STORY SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR
BY BLANCHE ROBERTS

CHAPTER II

"COMFORTABLE?" inquired the air hostess, bending over Judith and smiling pleasantly.

"Oh, yes," she answered cheerfully, even though she felt depressed at the moment.

The pretty girl turned to the man across the aisle and repeated her questions. Judith started at the sound of his voice. He spoke with a heavy accent, gruffly, as if he resented being bothered. When the hostess passed on, he looked at Judith. She smiled, and for a moment it seemed he would not return her greeting. Then he grinned, breaking the stern expression of his face. But his eyes did not smile, only his mouth. Judith had heard of cold-blooded people and now, she was sure, she had met one.

"You like flying?" he asked, and his voice made her think of someone with a mouth full of mush.

"I think it is the only way to travel," she answered. She decided if the man thought she was easy to talk to, then she would not be taking too great a risk in speaking to Burke later and warning him to watch out for this fellow.

After a moment the man in the seat in front of her craned his neck to look at her. She tried the same winsome smile on him and it worked.

"Everybody on this plane will believe I am an easy pickup," she told herself. "But so much the better." She instantly averted her eyes and looked out the window.

As the miles flew swiftly by, Judith thought over the situation.

Those men watching Tom knew about the plans he is carrying. The blond one is a forger, and the one to fear. I don't know about the heavy man in front of me. He may be just a curious passenger.

The blond man's hand was in her pocket. She pulled it out to have a look and her eyes widened.

"Ye fishes!" she thought. "Here's sleeping medicine she had me buy for her this morning." She lifted her eyes and looked at the back of the man's head in front of her.

"If he should make trouble and I got the chance, I could put him to sleep with this." She smiled at her childish plan and dropped the package back in her purse. She was supposed to be an intelligent investigator, not a silly girl.

SHE turned again to stare at Tom's seat and as she did, he turned his head and glanced backward. His dark eyes met hers in astonishment. A bright gleam flickered in them and died as she chose to ignore him.

He faced the front abruptly and she smiled, satisfied with the turn of events. The man across the aisle grinned at her, thinking probably that she had tried to flirt with the young man and been snubbed.

"At least, Tom knows I am aboard the ship. That will give him something to think about," she decided.

At sundown the hostess informed each passenger the next stop would be half an hour and there was an airport cafe if anyone cared to have a bite. Shortly after that, a light in the front of the ship flashed "Please fasten safety belts."

The big ship came down on the



Judith was lighting a cigaret, when a hand was put to her elbow and she was pushed toward the plane.

runway without a bounce, taxied back to the buildings and rolled to a stop. Judith was the first passenger off. But she lingered nearby to give Tom Burke an opportunity to reach the cafe first.

She followed him in and sat down at the counter next to his stool.

"Please continue to be indifferent, but listen to me," she whispered as the other two men took places at the far end of the counter by the door.

Burke half turned his head and stared at her serious face. There was inquiry in the lift of his brows and disturbing sparks in his eyes that made her heart beat unevenly. He toyed with the glass of water before him, while he asked from the corner of his mouth:

"Why are you here, Judith?"

"On business—not following you," she said curtly.

"Oh!" The way he said the word was maddening.

"You're horrid, Tom," she said, her cheeks burning. Mr. Watson is sending me to the coast to check on the office force there. But that's beside the point. I'm sure one or both of those men at the end of the counter are interested in you or the plans of that bomber. I thought you might like to know."

But he did not bother to glance where she indicated.

"One sits behind you and the other across the aisle."

Between bites of food he said, "Thanks for the warning, darling. I more than appreciate your interest." There was a twinkle in his eyes that infuriated her. "I don't want anything to happen to the plans," she said sweetly.

He deliberately turned and grinned at her. He was so much better looking when he smiled. She gave her stool a spin and slid to the floor. Without a backward glance she walked to the cashier, paid her check and left the cafe, red head in the air.

SHE paused outside the ship to have a smoke in the crisp evening air. She was just lighting it when a hand was put to her elbow and the cigaret taken from her mouth. Before she realized what was happening, she was pushed

Peanut Growers of Wilson County Get Problem Solved

FLORESVILLE. —The best way to get something done about the labor shortage is to do it yourself.

Evidently, that's the theory Wilson County peanut growers used when they set about solving the labor problem which threatened to impede the Food For Victory peanut production program.

Under the leadership of the County U. S. Department of Agriculture War Board and its chairman, A. D. Richardson, Wilson county farmers have organized a number of small informal cooperatives to thresh this year's record peanut crop of 45,000 acres, Richardson believes at least thirty such cooperatives, with from ten to fifteen members each, will be formed.

In return for a pledge by co-op members to conserve their tires to the utmost, L. F. Spruce, chairman of the Wilson County War Price and Ration Board, agreed that the public interest demanded that the board do its best to provide the necessary tires for the harvest.

The basic idea behind the co-ops is as old as farming—farmers banding themselves together to exchange their own labor and to harvest all their crops. Since it takes about fifteen men to make up a crew for a peanut thresher generally the co-ops have about that many members. In that way, the members can do the work without having to hire any outside labor.

The first peanut-threshing co-op was organized at a meeting of growers in the Sunnyside community. The growers elected a secretary who will keep a record of the time put in on each farm

and the amount and kind of work each grower does. Other agreements included provisions that the work of each member be done on an hourly basis, that time be stopped after a thirty-minute forenoon stop or break down of the thresher, and that each member bring his own dinner to the job.

Commenting on the co-op plan as operated in Wilson county, E. F. Vance, chairman of the Texas USDA War Board, declared, "cooperative steps, such as this action by Wilson county farmers, can go a long way towards solving the farm labor shortage which could do serious damage to the Food for Freedom program."

The growers of Wilson county, and especially Mr. Richardson, have shown their foresight and have exercised their initiative to solve a problem which threat-

Read the Classified Ads.

ON LAUGH — THIS IS SO GLIDDEN! — IS IT — IS IT A MARRIAGE LICENSE?

A MARRIAGE LICENSE? — HECK, NO! THIS IS A WAR SAVINGS BOND I BOUGHT WITH THE MONEY I SAVED THIS SUMMER!

KEEP PASTING EM!

WAR STAMPS

HARMAN

YEAH, BUT WHY? AND WHO'S THEY?

RED RYDER

BY GRAND RED! EVERY TIME I REACH FOR THAT LADDER IT KICKS OUT MY HAND!

SAME THING HAPPEN FOR ME DO YOU BETCHUM!

SOMEBODY ON TOP PULLS IT OUTA REACH, YOU MEAN? LET ME TRY IT!

BY TADERS! LOOKS LIKE THEY WANT YOU TO CLIMB UP, RED!

YEAH, BUT WHY? AND WHO'S THEY?

ALLEY OPP

TONICITY ZOO

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE, YOU'RE NOT COME IN'ND BOKRY IS—ALL HECK'S BUSTED LOOSE IN THERE! NOW GET ALONG WITH YOU!

BUT OFFICER, I...

WHAT ON EARTH...?

THERE, LADY!! NOW D'VA SEE WHAT I MEAN?

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

A LETTER FROM YOUR MOTHER?

YEAH... AND SHE WRITES — I COOKED A BIG LAMB ROAST TONIGHT, AND BROWNED TOO MANY POTATOES!

I KEEP THINKING YOU'RE HERE, AND I CAN'T GET USED TO COOKING FOR ONLY THREE OF US!

YOUR FATHER AND TAG HAD TO FINISH THE BLUE-BERRY PIES I BAKED TWO DAYS AGO. THEY WONT RAID THE ICE-BOX TONIGHT. I KNOW!

LARD — I'M HOMESICK!

ME TOO!

HAMLIN

YOUR FATHER AND TAG HAD TO FINISH THE BLUE-BERRY PIES I BAKED TWO DAYS AGO. THEY WONT RAID THE ICE-BOX TONIGHT. I KNOW!

LARD — I'M HOMESICK!

ME TOO!

