



RANGER TIMES

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Ranger Times One Year by Mail in Texas \$3.00
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC
Any erroneous reflection 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.

SCREEN STAR

Answer to Previous Puzzle
HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured actress.
13 Railroad (abbr.)
14 Horse's pace
15 Mental image
16 Measure
17 Lubricate
18 East (Fr.)
20 Uncooked
21 Babylonian deity
22 At sea
24 Impetuous
26 Weight allowance
27 Turn aside
29 Legal point
30 Square's face
31 She enacts the role of a queen in one of her pictures
32 Green vegetables
34 To the inside
35 Wander
VERTICAL
11 Crawls
12 Scottish garments
18 Native of Latvia
21 British god of the underworld
23 Antennae
25 Symbol for germanium
26 Tread down
28 Circles
30 Afternoon parties
32 Pints (abbr.)
33 Feathered scarf
36 Established
37 Back of the neck
38 Ages
40 She is a of Brooklyn
41 Trap
42 Blackbirds
44 Allots
46 Native of Morocco
49 Blood money
52 Near
53 Paid notice

Crossword puzzle grid with a small portrait of a woman in the bottom right corner.

WANTED TO BUY
LATE MODEL
USED CARS
WILL PAY
TOP PRICES

USE OUR EASY BUDGET PLAN
LEVEILLE MOTOR CO.

Morris Leveille, — Artie Campbell — Phone 217

Buy DEFENSE BONDS And STAMPS

RATION REMINDER

SUGAR—Stamp No. 13 good for 5 lbs. through August 15. Stamp No. 14, good for 5 lbs., becomes valid August 16 and remains good through October. Stamps Nos. 15 and 16 are good through October 31 for 5 lbs., each for home canning purposes. Housewives may apply to their local ration boards for more if necessary.

COFFEE—Ration stamps no longer required. MEAT, etc.—Red Stamps T and U, now valid, expire August 31; V is valid August 8, expires August 31; W is valid August 15, expires August 31.

PROCESSED FOODS—Blue stamps N, P, Q, remain valid through August 7. Blue stamps R, S, T, became valid August 1 and will be good through September 20.

A. H. POWELL GROCERY MARKET
Phone '03



Advertisement for SULFANILAMIDE, THE SAVER OF COUNTLESS LIVES IN THIS WAR, WAS THROWN AWAY FOR YEARS AS USELESS WASTE. Includes a cartoon character and the text 'WHERE'S ELMER?'.

OUR MEN IN SERVICE

SPECIAL EDITION
TO BE PUBLISHED SOON IN THE
RANGER DAILY TIMES

Send us the photograph of your Man or Woman in Service immediately so that we may have a newspaper cut made. A charge of \$1.25 will be made for the engraving.

FILL IN COUPON BELOW

And send it along with your check for \$1.25 for the engraving.

Name (Rating or Rank):

- Branch of Service (Check One):
( ) U. S. Army ( ) WAC
( ) U. S. Air Corps ( ) WAVES
( ) U. S. Navy ( ) SPARS
( ) U. S. Marines ( ) ARMY NURSE
( ) Merchant Marine ( ) NAVY NURSE
( ) Coast Guard ( ) MARINES

Present Camp or, If Overseas, Which Battle Front:

Home Address:
Name of Parents:
Address of Parents:
Name and Address of Wife If Married:

School Attended:
Where Employed Before Enlistment:

Date of Enlistment:
Camps and Bases Where Training Was Received:

Awards, Citations, Medals:

Reasons:

Other Information of Interest: (Use additional paper if sufficient space isn't provided.)

Would You Be Ready --

... If a buyer should come along today and offer you what you are asking for the place? First thing, he would want a good title, and it takes time to prepare an abstract. Many land transactions fail because of faulty titles and hurriedly prepared abstracts. If you do not have an abstract down to date send in your order now and request us to take plenty of time on the job. Be ready!

Earl Bender & Company, Inc.
ABSTRACTERS
EASTLAND 1923-1943 TEXAS

Home Run



Gunder Hagg, holder of phenomenal records for distance, takes cut at softball in final American workout in New York prior to returning to Sweden.

Out Our Way ... By Williams

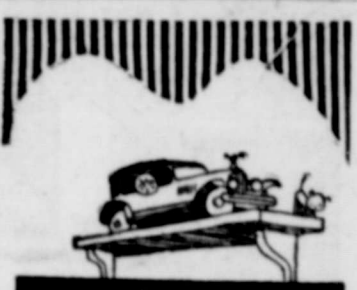


Africa Waits



Illustrated by E. H. Gunder
Lincoln had served in the French Foreign Legion here and there all over Africa and had learned to love the land with a love surpassing that of woman. Now he was back after 11 years, entrusted with a great mission: the mightiest where once he had been the least.

CHAPTER I
TWO hours earlier, with due pomp and circumstance that had blended chilly, buckram-stiff European politeness, colorful Moslem splendor and motley African savagery, they had done him great honor.
Ivory horns had brayed. Reed pipes had shrilled. Drums had thumped and thundered. Inconspicuously, almost sardonically, and composed of recently recruited cannibals had blared out the Marseillaise.
Flags—the flags of the United Nations, Free France, America, Great Britain, Norway, Holland, Brazil and all the decent rest—had fluttered everywhere, defiantly and hopefully. People of many races had lined the dusty streets, cheering themselves hoarse.
From a dozen ceremonial fires, scented smoke had mounted to the tight, lapis-blue sky in feathery streamers and hung there in a blood-red cloud, lighting up this little town of Mounetville—a neat French bourgeois name that, having supplanted the former Arabic appellation of Suq el-Maraghin, sat illy upon its steaming, exotic miasma—and telling all Central Africa that a new lord had come to rule.
For today, by appointment of General de Gaulle, Lincoln C. Elliot, American, was military governor of this last and loneliest French equatorial colony which sweltered and sweated and stewed at the back of the beyond.
LINCOLN ELLIOT sat alone that night on the veranda of his squat little wattle-and-daub house which was so pompously called the "Governor's Palace."
He listened to the far, faint pulse-beat of the Arab tom-toms and the hollow, nasal, sardonic thud of the tall, wooden Negro drums.
He thought of his meeting, a few weeks earlier in London, with General de Gaulle and Winston Churchill. Thought of the confidential communication locked in his desk: a flattering message from Washington telling him that while, doubtless, given his varied military experiences, the war office would be glad to give him a commission, the United States government considered him irreplaceable in his present position. He smiled as he recalled how, only a little over a decade earlier, he had come to this same colony as a raw recruit in the French army, after a memorable row with his father.
Amos W. Lincoln, manager of an American express company in Paris, had been a stern New Englander—the sort who had dieted his smoldering, natural passions into a bleak, thin-blooded, artificial Puritanism. He had married a Frenchwoman, a widow with a son, who died in giving birth to Lincoln.
Amos had adopted Raoul, who was six years older; had brought up his stepson as well as his son with an iron hand. He had thought himself a good Christian, yet had never learned the sweet virtue of forgiveness. So when Raoul, a rather wild, extravagant youngster who had chosen the army as a career, had gone heavily into debt, he had refused to assist him; had even refused to come to the rescue when the other, driven to despair by hounding creditors, had helped himself to regimental funds.
Raoul had been drummed out of the army with disgrace; and Lincoln—for he had loved his half-brother dearly—had had a terrible scene with his father. Accusations and counter-accusations. Words that should not have been spoken.
There had been, as a logical aftermath to the row, too much champagne mixed with too much brandy, and a persuasive recruiting sergeant, gorged in his well-fitting, blue uniform and medals clinking on his broad chest.
Since then Lincoln had served in the French Foreign Legion here and there all over Africa, from Algiers to the Tripolitanian border, from Dakar to the Cameroons. He learned to love the land with a love surpassing that of woman.
His steel-blue eyes had become puckered and weary; his curly, brown hair had grown thin in spots; his lips did not smile as readily as formerly; and he had lost flesh until, today, he was as lean as a whiplash. But his love for this land had persisted.
And now, the colony having declared for Free France and the Cross of Lorraine, here he was back after 11 years, entrusted with a great mission: the mightiest where once he had been the least.
HE sat there, listening to the far, faint throbbing of the drums. Rub-rub-rub-rubbeddy-rub—the Morse code of all Africa, the evening chant of all Africa, fraught with the news, the rumors and gossip and lies of all Africa.
Rub-rubbeddy-rubbeddy-rub—the sound waves traveling north with words of tribal feud, and west with words of rinderpest striking the long-horned cattle of the Massais, and south with words of a M'pongwe medicine-man brewing dread mysteries, and east with words of a plump bespectacled little German found with a forged Swiss passport in his pocket and two tons of dynamite in the packs of his safari.
Lincoln knew the drums of old. For so long, day and night, he had listened to their chatter. And he sighed as he thought of the dead years; as the dead years came back to him with the droning of the drums; came back to him with the scent, sweet and acrid, strong as the best of a temple gong, that drifted in from the native quarter.
Ah—the sounds, the scents! The melancholy realization that—
—Dear Lord God—once he had not been a great sif, a high-and-mighty governor to be saluted; not; but had known the soul of these drums, the soul of Africa... had felt this soul as part and parcel of his own soul.
Rub-rub-rub-rubbeddy-rub—swelling, dwindling, swelling, breaking off unexpectedly, on a high note, like a dirge skirled on the bagpipes; awakening old memories, old follies old desires, with a terrible vividness.
(TO BE CONTINUED)



YOUR car may be shelved for a long time if you have an accident and no insurance.

AETNA-IZE

An Aetna Combination Automobile Policy issued by The Aetna Casualty and Surety Company of Hartford, Conn., provides the most complete protection obtainable.

C. E. MAY



If you haven't gotten around to buying a Second War Loan Bond, stop and think what it would mean to you if our soldiers hadn't gotten round to the fight.

DON'T SPREAD IDLE RUMORS!

Don't be a Nazi agent. At your barber shop, in your office, at home, DON'T repeat idle gossip! DO spread the TRUTH actively!



Gholson Barber Shop

WE ARE PREPARED TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR ELECTRICAL TROUBLES

- At Reasonable Prices
WE SPECIALIZE IN REPAIRING
REFRIGERATION—
ELECTRIC MOTORS—
RADIOS—
WASHING MACHINES—
AND IRONS—

PHONE 480-JI
Weem's Radio & Refrigerator Service
ON STRAWN HIGHWAY RANGER TEXAS

**CANNON FIRE AND BOMBINGS DO NOT CAUSE RAIN! SCIENTISTS SAY MAN CANNOT ALTER WEATHER UNTIL HE CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF 190 BILLION TONS OF AIR.**

**PUTTING ODDS**

WHEN A CHILD GETS FRESH, HE KNOWS HE IS SPOILED. SO MAMMA V. CRAWFORD, STEPHENS, ARIZONA.

NEAT: Radar after the war.

**DENVER, COLORADO, HAD TOO MANY SMOGHIERS; MONTROSE, COLORADO, WANTED MORE!... SO DENVER IS EXPORTING HER EXCESS.**

**Do you have your Household Furniture Insured? Let us tell you the cost**

**C. E. Maddocks and Company**

**AUTHORIZED TIRE Inspection STATION**

**H. H. VAUGHN**  
T P Gas & Oils  
Call 23 for Road Service  
Washing, Greasing

Investor Is Costly Fighting  
You Buy Gives 100 per cent  
How about your bond buying?

**Notice by Publication in Probate THE STATE OF TEXAS**

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Eastland County, Greeting:

You are HEREBY COMMANDED to cause to be published (in a newspaper of general circulation, which has been published continuously and regularly for a period of not less than one year in your County) one time, not less than ten days before the return day hereof a copy of the following notice:

**THE STATE OF TEXAS**

To All Persons Interested in the Estate of Anna Belle Hoffman, deceased, No. 4434.

Guardian Trust Company, of Houston, Texas, has filed in the County Court of Eastland County, Texas, an application for the probate of the Last Will and Testament of said Anna Belle Hoffman, deceased, filed with said application, and for letters testamentary, and said application will be acted upon by said Court, on Monday the 30th day of August, A. D., 1943, at the Court House of said County, in Eastland, at which time all persons interested in said Estate, are required to appear and contest said application, should they desire to do so.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have you before said Court at the time aforesaid, this Writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

WITNESS my hand and official seal, at Eastland, Texas, this 18th day of August, 1943.

R. V. Galloway, Clerk  
County Court, Eastland County, Texas.

By W. V. Love, Deputy.

**Furnished and Unfurnished Apartments**

With Elevator and all other appointments and service at most reasonable rates.

**COME SEE WHAT WE OFFER UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT**

**Gholson Hotel**

**Dr. W D McGraw**  
Optometrist

211 WEST MAIN  
EASTLAND, TEXAS

RANGER OFFICE  
104 N. AUSTIN ST  
OPEN MONDAY ONLY  
Eyes Carefully Examined.  
Glasses Guaranteed to Fit  
ECONOMY PRICES

**Buy A Bond Now**



(U. S. Navy Photo From NEA)  
Somewhere in America a blood donor gave his pint to be turned into dried plasma at a Red Cross center. Somewhere on Rendova Island in the Solomons this same blood plasma cured the wound of an American Marine as he received emergency transfusion at dressing station near the front. Your blood can save a life, too. Let yours be one of the 350,000 pints the Red Cross must collect every month.

**Africa Waits**  
by Achmed Abdulla  
COPYRIGHT, 1943, NEA SERVICE, INC.

**THE STORY:** Lincoln Elliot, American, has just been made military governor of a French colony in Central Africa. Long ago he had enlisted in the Foreign Legion following a bitter quarrel with his father over a well-to-do half-brother, Basil. It is this in the climax of his career. But he sits alone that night, reflecting on the important role ahead of him, the chest of a man drums awakens his memories.

**III HASSANYEH**  
CHAPTER II

HE remembered how, years ago, in that same town of Mountville, he had been promoted to sergeant and had a little free time on his hands. He had on occasion deliberately forgotten that he was an American, a Christian. Remembered how he had mixed with the Moslem natives, often, when he was on furlough, for days at a time, wearing their clothes, eating their food, fearing their fears, hearing their hopes, dreaming their dreams and—oh, yes—sinning their sins.

Nobody, neither his comrades nor his Moslem friends, had ever known that Lincoln Elliot, sergeant in the Foreign Legion, and Terek el-Medjahiri, the young Arab from far-off Syria—"Allah! Allah! What a queer accent these Syrians have!"—who occasionally wandered into town, were one and the same.

Yes, he remembered. He remembered the color of it. Color of gold. Color of blood. Color of passion. He remembered the scent of it, a mixture of musk and sweat, rose-wood and sandalwood. He remembered the life of it.



Cautiously he left the room, the house, walked out into the street, lost himself in the dense, trooping shadows cast by the Mosque of Swords.

shameless, untrammelled, savagely, gloriously free.

And, as he remembered, he felt in his heart an unrest that set his nerves to tingling.

He had already peered a generous two fingers of whiskey, when, drowning the chant of the drums, there came from a near Arab house a confused symphony of voices, unrestrained Oriental laughter, high-pitched yells, the tink-tinkle-tinkle of a woman's glass bracelets, a Negro's clikety-clikety of a cane. It was up like fragments of some half-forgotten melody; they mocked him—and tempted him... and, suddenly, he laughed.

He laughed, perhaps, at Africa. Perhaps at his own self.

"Free!" he thought. "Free, once more, for the last time! To the devil with duties and responsibilities—free—for the space of one night!"

And he left the veranda and, walking on tiptoe, went to his bedroom.

HE listened.

The house was quiet. The servants were asleep. His second-in-command and good friend, Capt. Robert Pelletier, also of the Legion, who had the room next to his, was snoring heartily.

He locked the door, pulled down the window blinds, lit a lamp, unrolled his bed.

Feeling very much like a conspirator in some screen melodrama, he opened a trunk which had some of his more intimate belongings. He looked at the contents, smiled, went to work. Staring his face in the mirror, he found it burned a creak of agony by the tropical sun of many seasons. Given the right costume, he could pass anywhere for a desert Arab. Only his mustache was too military, too long. So, in the proper Moslem style, he clipped it away from the lips and shaved the corners.

Then, with agile fingers that had not forgotten the trick of it, he crowned his head with a white cotton skullcap and tied over it the keffiyeh, the large, square silk

kerchief of dull red with a bright orange border from which dropped colored tassels that reached his waist. He fitted the keffiyeh close to the back of his head with the help of the askal, or twisted hair rope, and pulled it out in a peak protruding over his forehead so that it shaded his eyes and gave to his countenance that truculent expression on which true warriors prize themselves.

He dressed his body in a simple white cotton shirt, tight-sleeved, open in front, which covered him from head to foot and was tucked a handsome shawl. He tucked a crooked, silver dagger into his folds. Over it all he threw a voluminous burmose of camel's hair—"good against cold, good against heat," say the Arabs—and inserted his bare feet into yellow leather slippers.

He was about to leave the room, stepped suddenly on the threshold.

Something—he thought—was missing from his costume. He frowned, wondered. Then he knew what it was.

IN former years, when, for the sake of the adventure, the thrill, he had mingled with the Moslem natives, there had been one thing which had acted as a talisman. It had been important, had opened certain doors. Today its value was merely sentimental. Still, just because it was sentimental, he wanted it.

So again he opened the trunk and found a broad bracelet of hammered iron, silver-inlaid with Kufic characters. He took it out, looked at it, a boyish, rather self-conscious smile curling his lips.

He remembered the first occasion on which he had worn it. Remembered how, as Terek el-Medjahiri, the Syrian Arab, he had joined the derwish Lodge of the Bi Hassanyeh, passing with aching limbs and fear-chilled

(To Be Continued)

**FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS**

LOOK! THERE'S QUITE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING TO GIVE US THE GLAD HAND!

DON'T EVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN, SON—I WAS WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU!

OH, FRECKLES...IT'S WONDERFUL! HAVING YOU BACK!

HEY, MISTER, WOULD YOU MIND ROWING ME OUT AND BRINGING ME BACK? I'D LIKE TO TRY THIS OVER AGAIN!

OKAY, MOM!

GO TO BED, SON—IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT! YOU CAN TELL ME THE REST OF YOUR EXPERIENCES TOMORROW!... I'LL SEE YOU AT BREAKFAST!

I HAVE A FEELING I'VE BEEN SELECTED TO DO SOMETHING! I WISH I COULD THINK WHAT IT WAS!

TWO HOURS LATER.

MOM! MOM! I JUST REMEMBERED WHAT I DIDN'T DO!

I FORGOT TO BRING THE ROWBOAT BACK FOR HILDA AND LARD!

**By MERRILL BLOSSER**

**ALLEY OOP**

YOU JUST CAN'T SEEM TO CONTACT THIS BOOM CHAD EH? ALL RIGHT THEN I'M GOING AFTER HIM! WHAT THE CHEF NEEDS ME TO GET I BRING BACK—GET YOUR GADGET WORKING!

WELL IT'S YOUR PARTY...OTHER MEN HAVE DONE IT SO I GUESS YOU CAN TOO

ROUGH GON! EH? OKAY, LET'S GO!

BROTHER YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY! GOOD LUCK!

MEANWHILE WE FIND OOP AND BROOM UP IN THE AIR SO TO SPEAK.

NEXT TIME YOU GET ME TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR GOLD-DANG ROCKET YOU DON'T!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE'LL BE A NEXT TIME?

**By V. T. HAMLIN**

**RED RYDER**

IT'S YOUR RANCH, DUCHESS. BUT YOU'VE GONE PLUMB LOGO TO WANT TO MORTGAGE THE OUTFIT TO INVEST IN A GOLD MINE!

WHILE THEY MAKE CHATTER-TALK, ME GET-UM KNIFE—EAT-UM PIE!

PIE NOT SPIRIT FOOD—WHY WOULD GHOST STEAL-UM?

FIND-UM TRACKS! GUM THIS WAY!

SO YOU STEAL-UM PIE?

CAREFUL O' THAT KNIFE, PAPOOSE!

THREATENIN' ME WITH A KNIFE, HUH? I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT YOUR ELDERS!

RED RYDER! HELP-UM!

**By FRED HARMON**

GONE! GHOST TAKE-UM PIE!

SO YOU STEAL-UM PIE?

CAREFUL O' THAT KNIFE, PAPOOSE!

THREATENIN' ME WITH A KNIFE, HUH? I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT YOUR ELDERS!

RED RYDER! HELP-UM!

**POULTRY REMEDIES**

We have a complete line of Poultry & Live-Stock Remedies—Dr. Salsbury's Dr. LeGears Lees C. J. Martin & Son

A visit to our store will convince you—

**A. J. Ratliff**  
FEED—SEED  
PHONE 109

**Society, Clubs**

**Doreas Class Will Meet On Thursday**

The Doreas Sunday School class of the First Baptist church will assemble at the church Thursday, August 26, at 8:30 p. m. for a business meeting.

Each member is requested to attend this meeting.

**Personals**

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Boon have as their guests, Mr. Boon's mother, Mrs. C. C. Boon, and his niece Nell Rose Boon, both of Elgin.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perryman have as their guest, Ivy Thompson of Munday.

Mrs. Olen Holloway has gone to Seymour, where she will visit her mother, Mrs. Leon Noel.

**Twins & Twins & Twins & Twins**



Eight photogenic babies face the flashbulbs to take your mind off the war. The two sets of twins at top are looking for new homes after being left at New York foundling hospital because their families could not give them proper care. The twins at bottom are all named Mikessell and are celebrating their first birthday together because of the coincidence of their birth in the same Washington, D. C., hospital although their respective parents had never met.

Mrs. James Hendrick left Wednesday to go to San Francisco, California, where she will join her husband, who is attending the Army Specialist Training School at the University of San Francisco.

Cpl. Cicero Harris left Wednesday to return to Tullahoma, Tennessee, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Harris.

Mrs. J. C. Moore and Mrs. J. W. Burch have had as their guest the past few days Mrs. Moore's sister-in-law, Miss Helen Moore of Mineral Wells.

after visiting her sister, Mrs. Lonnie Todd and family.

Mark Jackson, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Todd, has returned to his home in Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Jerald Ray Nabors of Fort Worth is the guest this week of Bobby and Jean Todd.

Mrs. Earl Jolly and son, Dickie, of Jackson, Mississippi, are the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Campbell.

Mrs. F. Bunch has gone to Pampa, where she will be the guest of her son, Paul E. Bunch.

Pete Martin, who underwent major surgery at the City-County Hospital Wednesday, is reported to be resting satisfactorily.

Mrs. E. H. Foster and daughter were removed from the City-County Hospital to their home Wednesday.

**County Agent Gives Recipe For Making Catsup**

If you like catsup, and want to save 40 to 80 points, make some catsup using the following recipe, says Gladys Martin, County Home Demonstration Agent.

10 pounds red ripe tomatoes.

**YOU ASK WHY**

Why have your hair cut here? Because, Sir, a GOOD haircut adds much to your appearance. It's done in such a way that it suits the shape of your head and makes the hair lie neatly in place. We cut hair that way.

**Walter Coffman**  
BARBER SHOP  
A FEW STEPS OFF MAIN ST. ON SOUTH RUSK



**Let Us Keep Your RADIO**

So You Can Receive the Latest War News

**JOHNSON RADIO SHOP**  
Located at My Residence  
318 EAST MAIN ST.  
2 Blocks East of Ratliff's Feed Store

**CLASSIFIED**

- FOR SALE—Ice box, dining room, bedroom furniture, cook stove, lawn mowers, hose, 1109 Desdemona.
- FOR SALE—Our home, 604 Young St., and some household articles.
- WANTED—Caretaker for Country Club. House, water, and bills furnished. Contact H. H. Vaughn or E. L. Norris.
- FOR SALE—Good bicycle with carrier and basket. Lee Roy Pierce at E. L. Martins.
- FOR SALE—Cocker Spaniel pups, 301 Strawn Rd.
- FOR RENT—2-3 and 4 room apartments. Furnished 16.50 up. Unfurnished 14.50 up. **JOSEPH'S FIREPROOF APARTMENTS**
- FOR SALE OR LEASE—Travelers Cafe.
- WANTED—Dish Washer at once Paramount Cafe.
- FOR SALE—17 months old Buff Orpington Hens, Lloyd L. Bruce, Caddo Road.
- FOR SALE—3-piece living room suite, half bed with springs & mattress, ice box, a few dishes 5 burner oil range, gas heater, table and 3 chairs, dresser 3 quilt tops and big bedstead. Come to Gulf Station on West Main Street.
- FOR SALE—'34 Chevrolet, A-1 condition. Mrs. J. E. James, Ranger, Rt. 3.
- FOR SALE—at a bargain, 1940 Ford Super Deluxe 2-door, Extra good tires, 1940-1939 and 1937 Plymouths. Good tires, and good mechanical condition. 2 bicycles. Crawley Motor Co.

3 onions, 2 sweet red peppers, 1 cup vinegar, 3/4 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon ground mustard, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon whole allspice, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, 3 sticks cinnamon.

Wash vegetables, slice. Remove the seeds from the peppers. Cook vegetables about 30 minutes, or until somewhat thick. Add the vinegar, sugar, paprika, mustard, celery seed and salt and the other spices tied in a small piece of cheesecloth. Boil mixture until thick, stirring frequently. Fill hot, sterilized bottles with the catsup. Use new cork stoppers. Dip corked bottle tops into molten paraffin to make an airtight seal. Store in a dark, cool place.

**Processes Huge Tomato Crop For The Armed Forces**

MILTON, Pa. (UP)—Pennsylvania's first cannery, and the second in the nation to earn the Army-Navy "E" Award, will process 14,000 tons of tomatoes in August and September, most of them for the armed forces.

J. Ray Keiser, field supervisor of the Chef Boyar-dee plant here, said that 530 farmers have planted an all time record of 2,100 acres of the Rutgers variety and that 500 of the 2,100 pickers required have already been recruited through a local minister, Rev. Claire R. James.

In addition to packing millions

**Board Polls Moving By Draftee Families**

CHICAGO, (UP)—Investigative changes of residence brought about by the drafting of men for the armed forces, the National Association of Real Estate Boards estimated that a little less than half of the families involved are likely to change their quarters.

The association, polling its members to get the best estimate of what change may be anticipated, said that opinions were found to vary so widely that no clear-cut conclusions could be drawn from them.

One-fifth of the brokers questioned felt that no more than one tenth of the families would give up their present space. On the other hand, another fifth of the brokers believed that 70 per cent of drafted families' families will

of pounds of Type C Ration for the armed forces, the cannery is preparing cvinaya tushonka, to be shipped to the Russians.

Indicative of the canning industry's growth in Pennsylvania which boosted the state in 10 years from minor ranking to fourth place in the nation, the Chef Boyar-dee plant in 1943 is packing ten times the quantities put up in 1939.

Keiser said that this particular area is one of the most favorable in the United States for growing tomatoes because of the warm, rather dry growing season with occasional showers, and the absence of prolonged periods of high humidity.

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**ARCADIA**  
Wednesday Surprise Night  
**GORREGIDDY**  
KRUGER LANDI WOODS  
A Surprise Feature at 8:30 p. m. Wednesday Never Before Shown in Ranger

move.

A majority of the brokers thought that 70 per cent or more of the dwelling units released would rent for \$50 or less and that about half of the families who decided to move would take smaller quarters.

The members agreed, however, that relatively few families who give up their living quarters will not seek family units in the same neighborhood.

—Buy A Bond Now—

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SABLE BLENDED MUSKRAT \$285.00

Buy it now—prize it next winter and for winters to come! Luxurious, long wearing Sable blended Muskrat, beautifully handlined in a toast-warm tuxedo box coat with easy body lines, smart turn back cuffs. One of a big group of quality budget furs at savings now!

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**August FURNITURE VALUES**

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A real mattress value! Individual roll-like compartments, filled with fluffy oil-felted cotton. Prebuilt border keeps sidewalls trim and neat! Heavy, woven stripe ticking. 50-pound weight. 20% Down! Monthly Payment Plan. Felted Cotton Mattress, 55 pounds...19.95

**29<sup>95</sup>**

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Striking diamond-matched walnut veneer table! Radio table has two shelves. End table and square lamp table (not shown) each have single shelf. Glass-top Cocktail . . . 7.75

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