

SPRINGS UP ALMOST IN A DAY.

Cliff Patrick Writes of Wonderful Oil Town of Ranger, Texas.

Knowing that your readers have been keenly interested in the experiences of Bamberg boys who have been engaged in various phases of the work of the recent great war, it occurred to me that they might also find something of interest in the experience of one in pursuit of peaceful endeavors, which is, by the way, my excuse for this tale of impressions and observations gained in a really remarkable town in the admittedly great State of Texas.

In course of the past several months, while looking after the interests of my company, it has been my duty to visit many of the larger cities of the United States and my privilege to see many things which were to me intensely interesting and instructive, but it remained for the town of Ranger, the real oil well boom town of the Southwest, to sweep me completely off my feet and make me resolve to jot down for you the before-mentioned impressions and observations.

Being in Dallas, which, by the way, is one of the South's cleanest, most progressive, wealthiest, and generally remarkable cities, I was only about 126 miles from Ranger and received orders from my company to proceed there to investigate certain transportation problems, in which we were vitally interested, and report.

This wonder town of Ranger is, as you have noted from the distance mentioned, just a few hours ride west from Dallas, and is on the Texas and Pacific railroad, but owing to conditions, about which I will speak later, the T. and P. operates a sleeping car between Dallas and this point for the convenience of the traveling public, and if you rise early enough and hasten to the ticket office you may—please note that I say may—secure a berth for the trip, which brings you to Ranger, when the train is on time, about 2 o'clock in the morning. By a very thoughtful provision of the railroad company, however, the sleeping car is detached from the train and one can remain undisturbed until 7 o'clock in the morning.

This I did, leaving Dallas on a train which started more than three hours late, and arrived several hours before time to rise.

I've always found the smoking room in the average sleeping car about the best place yet to secure real information on almost any topic, place or thing in which one might be interested and some of the stories of Ranger and the entire oil producing district of Texas, which I heard on this trip, fully bore this out.

When I stepped from the sleeping car on the morning of my arrival, armed with a hand bag and the largest size kodak I could secure, I found the uncounted thousands of the city, which, a trifle more than a year ago when oil was first struck, was nothing better than a very, very small and unimportant farming community, or as the wife of a soda dispenser told me in answer to my query, "only a starvation town," already astir, each in his eager pursuit of the various tasks and schemes for securing a dollar and at the same time raising a cloud of dust which was stifling.

Thinking that I had but a few hours in which to accomplish the task I had come to do I set immediately about it, the first thing being to secure food which would sustain me through the task, and finally succeeded in squeezing my way into a rough and hastily constructed lunch counter where I enjoyed a very creditable breakfast of ham and real fresh eggs with a cup of good coffee between two dust-coated toilers of the oil field and nearly fell off my stool with surprise when my check was handed me and found the cost to be considerably less than this food could have been bought for in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Memphis, Shreveport, or even in Dallas or Fort Worth. This, as I soon learned, was the first of the numerous surprises which I had during the day.

Having fortified myself in this way I fared forth to secure the information for which I had come. My first thought was that by some strange twist of nature I had been set down in one of the California gold mining towns of the gold rush of '49, about which I had read in my boyhood and of which there still remains a picture in my memory. Remove the automobile and other modern machinery and there would be no essential difference.

Two days of warm sunshine had changed the mud produced by weeks of rain to hard pan, over which lay a coat of dust of some depth which would rise in great clouds as four and eight-horse wagon teams, automobile and motor trucks, with trailers attached, ground and creaked and crunched their ways over ground that must have been a torture even to the steel machinery as they carried

their burdens of lumber and other construction material, pipe for putting down new wells and for conducting the oil of old ones, or hurrying and scurrying from one job to another, inspecting this, directing that, until one could get a fair impression of what an army going into hasty action must be like.

Surrounded almost completely by a low range of hills, Ranger, with its cosmopolitan population, estimated last January to be in excess of 30,000 souls, occupies practically the entire saucer or basin thus formed. In any direction one may turn the eye is met with the sight of tall derricks, either singly or in groups of three to five, each of which marks the spot where some adventurous investor is either sinking into the bowels of the earth an immense shaft of black iron pipe in search of that dark, elusive liquid which is more to be desired than precious stones, or has sunk and found the fountain of wealth which pours a stream of dollars into his bank account, or even yet the investor whose ship has gone on the rocks in wreck and ruin when no oil is reached or at best he gets a flow of gas which is practically worthless because of his inability to market it or utilize it to advantage.

I recall the stories told me of how those investors from the outside who have guessed right have been made immensely wealthy in a period of only a few weeks. There was told me the story of a man from Nevada who telegraphed a request for \$5,000.00 worth of a certain company's stock long before they even had hopes of finding oil and immediately transferred the money by wire when told it could be secured. In less than three weeks he closed out his holdings at more than \$165,000 since the company's well which first started off as a "gasser" "came in," as they say, with a production of 1,500 barrels per day. Others tell of investors who have sold their holdings after their well begins to produce oil and each hundred dollars invested has brought back \$3,350. Naturally, there comes out of a place of this kind a great deal of fiction, but many of the stories heard are founded on fact and knowing of results such as were secured by those investops of whom I have just written it prepares one for what he might hear of the man who owned stock in a well that "came in" with a production of 4,800 barrels per day.

To the uninitiated there seems to be nothing but utter confusion everywhere one turns in Ranger and yet he is conscious of the fact that there is an absolute absence of intoxication and rowdiness which is very remarkable when one thinks that its population includes practically every nationality on earth. The negro is conspicuous by his absence, the only dusky brother with whom I came into contact was the porter of the sleeping car and he was merely a transient visitor. The consuming passion of each man, woman and child seems to be to get first to the fountain-head of wealth.

A greater variety of living conditions could hardly be found anywhere on earth. There are tents and shacks, converted railway cars, bunk houses, improvised hotels, fairly respectable lodging houses, and even some really modern homes, every one of which is filled to capacity and beyond and aside from the main street of the town there seems to be very little attempt to lay out in regular order either streets or building blocks. This, however, begins to take hold now and I saw a very efficient ditching machine, capable of digging several hundred feet of ditch, two feet wide and more than six feet deep, per day, in operation as it prepared for laying of sewer systems that will much improve insanitary conditions that now exist. The presence of flies makes one think of how well the commander of one of our army cantonments would fit into the scheme of things here.

Paving is also being started and it requires no great imaginative power to see in the future a modern city of great proportions rise from the present conglomerate mass which is Ranger.

It takes the imagination to conceive a town of probably nearly 40,000 people springing up in a year's time. I say nearly 40,000 as it is necessary to make allowances for the throngs which pour into Ranger on each of its five trains every day, a big percentage of which become permanent residents. And there seems to be no great jealousies existing as was evidenced by the fact that the town turned out at about 4 o'clock one morning recently to celebrate the "coming in" of a 1,500 barrel well that netted stockholders as much as \$15,000 for each \$100 invested. The celebration is said to have been equaled only by that held when the armistice was signed by Germany.

One meets no strangers in Ranger, or very probably it would be better stated that there being so many strangers in Ranger that restraint customary between men who are un-

OUTRAGES AT ODESSA.
British Chaplain Describes a Reign of Terror.

The Chronicle publishes an article by R. Courtier Foster, a British chaplain at Odessa and Russian ports of the Black sea, describing the religious persecution practiced by the Bolsheviki upon their former capture of Odessa. He says:

"Committees were held on board the ships of the Black sea fleet, among the dockers in the port, and in the towns and villages on every hand, which passed resolutions reading: 'We abolish Gow.' In Odessa cathedral, when the archbishop of Kherson was celebrating the Holy Mysteries an uproar occurred with cries of 'Down with the church.' At a fete in the town gardens one saw a soldier of the Red army, amid the guffaws of his fellows, spit on the Russian holy picture of the face of Christ, then tear it into fragments and stamp it into the dust.

"The Bolshevist conception of religious tolerance is considerably more elastic and far-reaching than the ideas of any medieval inquisition. In this matter the Bolsheviki pride themselves on being far in advance of our effete western thought. They have murdered Valodimir, the Metropolitan of Kiev, 20 bishops, and many hundreds of priests. Before killing them they cut off the limbs of their victims, some of whom they buried alive in the Kremlin. The cathedrals in Moscow and those in the towns of Yaroslav and Simferopol have been sacked. Many nuns were violated and the churches defiled.

The ancient and historical sacrifices and famous libraries of Moscow and Petrograd were pillaged and countless sanctuaries profaned. In Cronstadt cathedral the great figure of the Crucified Christ was torn down and removed, and a monstrous and appalling pagan form placed in its stead, symbolizing 'Freedom of Mind.'

"It is not against any one particular form of religion that the terrors of the New Freedom are hurled. Orthodox Roman Catholics and Lutherans alike have been tortured, mutilated, and done to death under the aegis of the Holy revolution, which appeals to the proletariat of the whole world to join its forces.

"The revolutionary government is subjecting the Christian religion to persecutions as great and brutal as anything the world ever saw during the first three centuries of the Christian era. Moral disintegration and ruin spread their tentacles on every side. Any restraint on sinful impulse or covetous desire is laughed to scorn. The Bolsheviki publicity encourage outrage and looting. The propaganda for freedom of the mind is essentially nihilistic. It is based on negation and denial of the existence of God, denial of the authority of any moral law, denial of all rights of conscience, denial of all religious liberty, denial of all freedom of speech.

"One officer remarked despairingly to me: 'In Russia now there is no God, no czar, no law, no property, no money, no food—only freedom.' And in that travesty of liberty which the whole civilized world may well shudder at, all mercy, pity, and toleration are alike scorned. And it is this new and wonderful equality of man which by means of torture, outrage, and assassinations proclaims the 'freedom of mind and body,' to the devastated Russian nation."

acquainted is thrown aside and a bond of fellowship is established without loss of time. No one asks who you are or what you are, neither do they care a rap about your illustrious, or otherwise, forbears, what they want to know is, "what can you do?"

America being a country of "crazes" the discovery of oil has naturally started an "oil craze" in Texas, and pipe and lumber manufacturers are reaping one grand harvest while it lasts.

Believe me, I would not voluntarily become a part of this crazy rush even for the golden reward which some receive but would prefer to be settled in some peaceful, fertile little valley that I know where the air is pure and the sun shines and the birds sing while I might watch growing the results of my work. W. C. P.

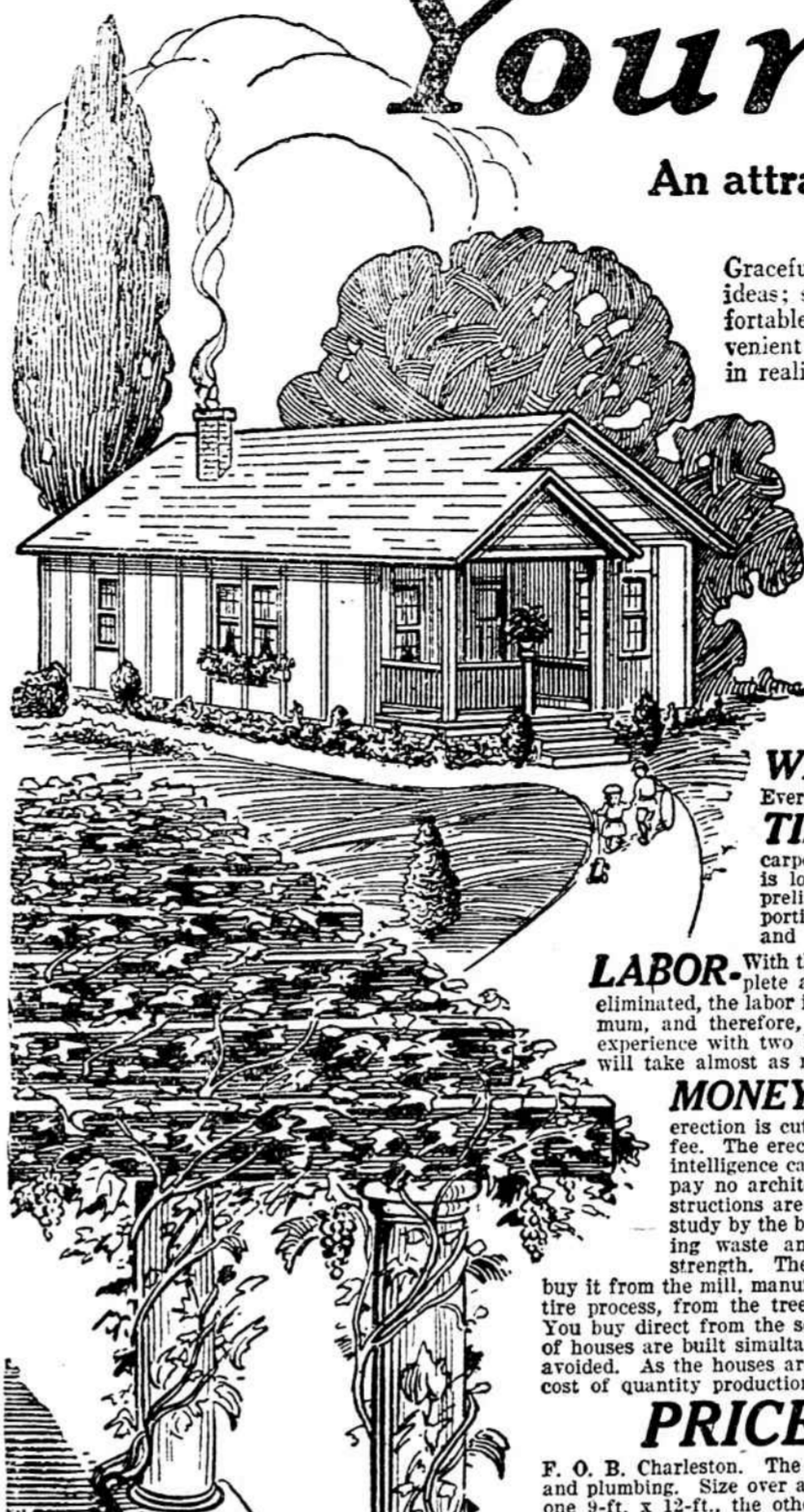
SHERIFF'S SALE.

In accordance with the executions to me directed by G. A. Jennings, treasurer of Bamberg county, I have levied upon and will sell for cash, on Monday, July 7, 1919, during the legal hours of sale the following described lots in the town of Denmark, County of Bamberg, and State of South Carolina, said lots to be sold for taxes due and owing the said county and State: Lots Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, in Block No. 49; also lots Nos. 17 and 18 in Block No. 53; said lots belonging to John H. Martin, trustee. Lot No. 9, in Block 23; said lot belonging to John Tyler. Lot No. 1 in Block 63 with a frontage of 50 feet facing Maple avenue, belonging to M. R. Smith. S. G. RAY, Sheriff Bamberg County. June 10, 1919.

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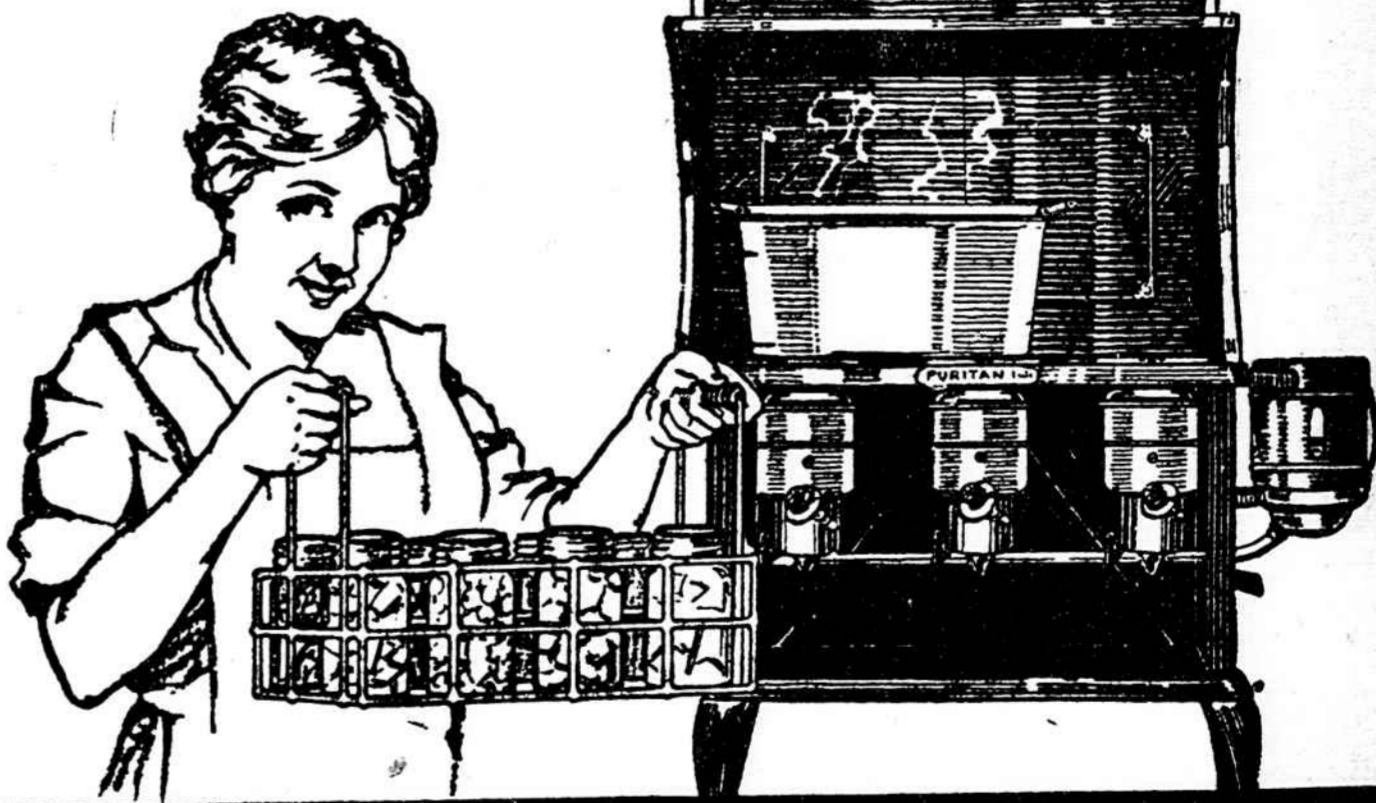
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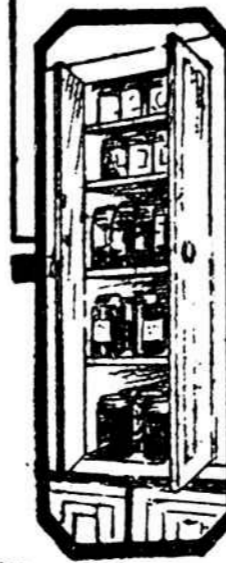
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