



the red cross news

March 1, 1944. Vol. 1, No. 7

Published by the American Red Cross. Printed in the U. S. A. and distributed to United States Prisoners of War by the International Committee of the Red Cross.

It is not possible to supply each Prisoner with a copy of The News. You are urged to handle your copy with particular care so that its value to the next man will not be impaired.

how many jobs will flying make?

BY WESLEY PRICE

A NEW frontier is opening in the air. The gold rush waits only for the day the war ends. It will rival all the scrambles for money and power in our history—the land run into Oklahoma, the gold rush of the '49ers, the struggles of the railroad barons. It will parallel oil wildcatting and the fiercely competitive growth of the automobile industry.

While nations and corporations collide in battle for commercial air power, millions of workers will be competing, less dramatically, for the jobs that air transportation will create.

The post-war air boom will employ more than pilots and stewardesses. It is going to give jobs to tire makers, engineers, riveters, meteorologists, instrument makers, and run-of-the-wrench mechanics. Whether it will employ enough men to take up the foreseen slack in airplane manufacturing is a question.

Private flying offers the same problems today that automobiling did 30 years ago. The problems must be solved if there is to be an aviation industry strong enough and big enough to absorb in light plane manufacture, sales and service an impressive percentage of the craftsmen released by makers of heavy airplanes.

As automobile mass production had to wait for hard roads, airplanes must wait for an adequate net of airports. Private planes will be useful for travel only when every city and village has at least a landing strip. That's Problem No. 1.

Problem No. 2 is up to the airplane designers. Present-day planes for private use are expensive—a good two-seater costs as much as a Cadillac. They are noisy and uncomfortable. They require constant maintenance. And they aren't as useful as an automobile, because bad weather halts or interrupts flying; you never know when you are going to get to your destination. An automobile can be driven to Miami from New York in two and half days without pressing. The average light plane needs three and a half days at best for the same trip. A touch of bad weather may easily add days to the elapsed time.

When some of these objections have been met by designers, jobs will sprout. But to go places in a big way, the private airplane needs to be safer, and easier to fly. We had half a million registered pleasure boats in this country before the war—uncomfortable, harder to maintain than an airplane, almost worthless for traveling. But they were safe to run, and easy. When small airplanes are made safe and easy—and comfortable—people will buy them; maybe even 400,000 of them.

The problem is already being attacked by the regular light-plane manufacturers. Makers of heavy commercial craft have plans for the private market too.

Allan Lockheed has on the drafting board a five-place twin-engine amphibian which he hopes to sell for as little as \$3000—if enough planes are ordered to permit economies in assembly. Other plane-makers talk of good ships between \$1000 and \$2000—planes with brakes, self-starters, landing lights, and built-in, two-way radio.

A lightweight automatic pilot probably will be available for \$75. Cheap and efficient radio homing devices will simplify navigation. Flaps, slots, spoilers and linked controls will make flying safer and easier. Roadable airplanes are in view—fold the wings back, and drive to the airport.

Men who now own airplanes, or hope to own them, have definite ideas about specifications. The average runs like this: Non-spinnable, easy to land, 120 mph cruising speed, four hours gas, room for four persons. Price, \$1600. Roadable if possible. Twin engine, if not too expensive.

How many jobs will good private airplanes and plenty of good airports make? Private airplanes, built at a rate to make CAA estimates come true, might gross \$300,000,000 annually, and employ 30 to 50 thousand people.

The number of jobs created for selling, instructing and servicing would be many times 30,000. One small airport in the metropolitan area used to have on its payroll three instructors, three mechanics one bookkeeper-stenographer, a gas boy, a night guard and a manager—10 persons. These 10 got permanent, full-time employment out of only eight planes used for instruction, and 10 private.

A high instruction rate accounted for some of that employment, so let's look at another small airport, with a business somewhat like that to be expected after the war. This field, in upstate New York, has only four planes devoted to rental and instruction, and nine owned privately. These 13 small airplanes give employment to an instructor, and instructor-manager, and a licensed mechanic. The mechanic is always overworked.

If these two airports are reliable indexes to job possibilities in post-war private flying, the sales-instruction-service end will call for at least 100,000 men, besides the 30,000 light-plane builders—if we get the predicted boom in private flying.

The possible job ratio of operations to manufacture may be 3-to-1, or even higher in a regularly scheduled transport. Airplanes, unlike automobiles, last indefinitely. The frame work is all but immortal, and the covering lasts for years (Even fabric is good for eight

years, with care). The tires, on light ships, are likely to rot of old age before wearing out. Engines are rebuilt. Propellers are refinished. Controls are re-rigged. The man who makes a good airplane and sells it has to hunt new customers; the old one won't be back for years.

Operations is another story. Like the safety razor owner who keeps buying blades, the airplane owner is constantly buying service, from Pan-American to the hopeful owner of a little Piper Cub. And that's where aviation jobs are going to be thickest—flying the airplanes, and keeping them flying.

THE enterprise of many operators, big and little, will create the jobs. Right now the Civil Aeronautics Board has more than 350 applications pending, for permission to establish scheduled air service.

In the domestic field some applications are from established companies that want to extend their service. Other applications for feeder air lines have come in from a half-dozen railroads, and big trucking companies. Keeshin, for example, a trucking firm, has asked for 60,000 miles of air freight rights. While the giants quarrel over the big claims, a lot of little fellows are trying to pan' stray nuggets. One outfit wants a franchise to run sight-seeing helicopters in the Grand Canyon. Another seeks permission to start a flying funeral service. Verging toward the practical, there is Filene's, Boston department store, hoping to deliver packages all over New England by helicopter.

A. N. Kemp, a director of American Airlines, says big, fast, economical planes can make possible these fares from La Guardia Field: To Chicago, \$25; to Los Angeles, \$75; to Europe, \$100; to Washington, \$7. In "the not distant future."

Twenty million passengers a year must be planned for on domestic airlines. That's the consensus of interested government agencies, and the time that rate will be reached seems nearby. NRPB says between 1950 and 1960. CAA says by 1950. Robert R. Hinckley, former assistant Secretary of Commerce for Air estimates "two years after the war."

Cargo carrying is another rich vein for expansionists. There's much more gravy in it than in carrying passengers. A package in an airplane doesn't need a steward to feed it, an expensively upholstered seat, nor a pressurized cabin to prevent its ears from popping. It's cheaper to carry, all around, and it pays better.



After the war you will be able to buy helicopters like this.

cold killer

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

THIS YEAR MAY BE a landmark in the fight against the disease which causes more droopy spirits, more widespread misery than all other sickness put together—the common cold. Research men have found an effective weapon against the disease.

Before we describe this broth which holds such promise for you and your family, let's see something of the disease it combats. Colds account for over half the absenteeism now in plants. They strike the average person two or three times a year and cost the nation over a billion dollars annually. Colds hit women more frequently than they hit men. The disease has three seasonal peaks which coincide with the opening of schools, early winter and early spring.

Colds are caused by a virus, a microbe so small that it slips through the porcelain filters which trip up bacteria. Researchers think—but are by no means sure—that colds are spread by droplet infection. When a person sneezes, he launches at least 20,000 virus-laden droplets which may float in a room for hours. Still, virus-bearing droplets aren't the whole problem. Medical men have put people highly susceptible to colds in warm, humid rooms along with people who had colds. And they haven't caught the sickness!

There is evidence that fatigue and chilling predispose people to colds, but there is evidence to refute this, too. Research men have draped subjects in wet blankets and kept them in icy blasts before open windows—and they did not contract colds. So the common cold is pretty confusing business, yet there is a certain amount of good solid fact.

By itself, a cold is a mild sickness; it never kills anyone, but it paves the way for all manner of complications. The virus causes membranes to swell and block the nose and throat channels. These blocked passages provide ideal conditions for microbe growth. Infection spreads to cause rhinitis, laryngitis, sinusitis. Seventy-five per cent of all pneumonia starts with a cold. The chief enemy is not so much the cold virus as the secondary invaders.

How to fight these secondary invaders? There are a thousand answers to this one—as you'll see by looking at any drugstore shelf. We buy \$75,000,000 worth of these "remedies" a year. Hot lemonade? It won't hurt. Whisky, hot baths, laxatives, soda? They only make you feel you're doing something. Cold vaccines have been tried and found wanting.

putting the killer to work

The sulfa drugs, though valueless against cold virus, killed nearly all the bacteria that infest nose and throat passages. But how could you put them to work? Several research men proposed adding them to chewing gum or hard candy, on the theory that they would bathe the throat and destroy the microbes. The danger here was that people would get too large doses of the dangerous sulfas.

science

Then Doctor Frederick Myles Turnbull, a Los Angeles physician, had another approach. Why not dissolve sulfa pills in water and spray this in nasal passages? The catch was that sulfa drugs are notoriously insoluble. So this idea came to nothing until sodium sulfathiazole came along. This drug is highly soluble. Turnbull made his solution and used it on several hundred sinus patients—most of whom got immediate relief, and many avoided surgery that would otherwise have been necessary.

Turnbull carried his idea a step further. Perhaps, during colds, nasal passages were so congested that the sulfa drug could never get to the bacteria. Why not shrink engorged nasal membranes with ephedrine, and open the passages so the sulfa drug could go to work?

He mixed the two drugs in solution but found that the solution was unstable. Then he turned to a chemist friend, working at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation—William F. Hamilton. Could Hamilton exercise some chemical magic and stabilize the solution, so it would stay potent in physician's bags and on bathroom shelves? Hamilton tinkered with the solution for weeks, searching for a chemical stabilizer. In the end, he succeeded. The new double-barreled weapon against colds was called vaso sulfa.

Turnbull tried the drug on his patients. Spraying it into their noses two to four times a day, patients got almost instant relief. Colds that might have lingered for weeks were gone in a day or so. Altogether, Turnbull collected case histories on 700 people.

Hamilton tried the new medicine over an eighteen-month period on the chemical research staff at Lockheed. In a normal 18 months, 126 man-days would have been lost due to colds. During the test period, there were only five! Hamilton prophesies that vaso sulfa can cut plant absenteeism at least in half!

Vaso sulfa had to undergo further and more rigid tests before being marketed. Pharmaceutical houses had to test it for toxicity. It passed with flying colors. Since only infinitesimal amounts of sulfa drug would be absorbed through nasal membranes, it could be used without fear—except in those rare cases where people were hypersensitive to sulfa drugs. The constrictor in the solution—desoxyephedrine hydrochloride—might cause restlessness or sleeplessness in some individuals, but this hardly compared with the general misery caused by the cold itself.

One drawback to many nasal sprays and drops is that they stop ciliary motion. The cilia are tiny fingerlike projections in nasal membranes. Their job is to push mucus back through nasal passages and into the throat, sweeping away infection. Any medicine that paralyzes their motion (and there are many on the market which do) is apt to do far more harm than good. Researchers dosed rabbits with the drug, snipped away bits of nasal membrane. Under the

microscope, the cilia continued to wave.

Once all tests were completed, four major drug houses started manufacturing vaso sulfa—each under its own trade name.

relief at small cost

Except in cases of hypersensitivity, vaso sulfa may be used two to four times a day. It is best to spray it into the nose. Due to the war, atomizers are scarce. If one isn't available, vaso sulfa may be dropped into the nose. A small bottle at 75 cents is enough to treat several colds.

The drug came on the market late last spring—too late for wide use by the general public—but scores of doctors tried it with uniformly good results. It gave almost immediate relief from cold symptoms; and cut the duration of the colds. Tests on a far greater scale are now under way.

Vaso sulfa is in no sense the final answer to the common-cold problem, but it appears to be the most promising medication yet found for the most prevalent of all human diseases.

your life tomorrow

BY DAVID O WOODBURY

THE small portable homes already mentioned in this column will not be alone in serving the foot-loose after the war. Ultra-modern, highly developed automobile trailers will give them lusty competition. Smart trailer makers, who have already sold the government nearly 40,000 rubber-tired homes, believe they can match the features of any portable house and show many advantages, too.

Houses on wheels accommodating four people will sell for as little as \$700, we are told. Compact oil heating and high-efficiency insulating materials will make them as snug as permanent homes in the coldest winter weather. Trailer floors especially will be made cold-proof to make up for the absence of cellars. Plywood and airplane metals will permit trailers to be roomier without adding weight.

Great attention will be paid to multiple-purpose furniture. Full sized beds will fold into the walls and become chairs, shelves, lockers and tables. Miniature but practical washing machines, vacuum cleaners, even sewing machines will be fitted into niches, to be released by pushing a button. Larger models will be air-conditioned.

"Glass!" will always be the ultimate cry of contempt for cheap costume jewelry, perhaps, but in the watch of the future glass "jewels" will be the hallmark of the best. The little sapphires which have made Swiss watches so famous—and so expensive—will be abandoned forever when a new glass substitute for them returns from the war.

This special glass, almost pure quartz, has recently been devel-

oped for hundreds of types of precision instruments and time-keepers. Your stake in this will be that you can own the finest watch for a fraction of the cost of today's finer timepieces.

Promised for tomorrow is the nonpuncturable auto tire, fitted with an inner tube that is self-sealing when a hole is punched

An innocent rope that looks like clothesline but that detonates with more force than dynamite, will figure importantly in postwar assaults upon the vast wildernesses that will be crossed in linking the nations together.

The rope is designed like standard fuse, but is filled with the very newest thing in high explosives. When it is ignited at one end, the explosion travels forward at more than three miles per second, so that a practically instantaneous blast can be produced along a strip several miles in extent. So violent is the explosive force all the way along that a path several feet wide can be cleared. Rocks and trees up to a foot in diameter can be blasted out of the way.

After the war this new kind of cross-country blasting will be used to clear paths through jungles and forests to open up right of way for pole lines and highways, and even to dig shallow trenches for cables and pipe lines. A single advance crew of two or three men will be able to lay many miles of explosive rope a day and, with a single electric contact, clear the path behind them at nightfall. It will work as well under water as on land.

An economical future is in store for home owners who buy themselves "glass houses," for the specially designed transparent walls will make the sun pay part of the heating bills. Radiant solar heat of short wave length will pass through the glass with no trouble at all, but the heat of longer wave length generated within cannot escape. The glass will act like a one-way valve for warmth.

Experimental homes outside Chicago have already proved the efficiency of the new insulating glass. On sunny midwinter days, even with the temperature diving to zero and staying there all day, the furnace may be turned off from nine in the morning till sundown.

Architects of the future will design these "solar" homes with large sheets of double or triple plate glass composing most of the south walls. Deeply overhanging eaves will shade the interior of the house from the high sun's rays in summer, but will not interfere with the more oblique rays of winter.

Rooms flooded with sunshine, or on stormy days with full sky light, will not only ease the burden on the furnace—they will give a powerful lift to sagging morale as the winter grows old.

If the science of electronics can solve one or two more problems of electrical control, you will do tomorrow's cooking by high-frequency cold heat instead of by gas or oil fire. Your stove will then have a number of compartments, each surrounded by a unit fed with energy from vacuum tubes. Cooking temperatures, under perfect control, will be generated inside the food only, producing no heat at all in the container or in the room.

hollywood rediscovers schnozzle

BY DAN PARKER

Jimmy Durante has a brand of unrestrained hilarious insanity all his own.

HOLLYWOOD, which is constantly discovering new stars, recently rediscovered an old one. How a luminary whose profile takes up as much space as Jimmy Durante's possibly could have been overlooked in the first place baffles only those who haven't heard the old adage about people being too close to the forest to see the trees.

Durante had to go back where he started from to make one of the most notable comebacks in show business, and the motivating force was a personal tragedy. Within a fortnight last winter, he lost his wife and his only sister. Grief-stricken, he had to keep his mind occupied. So he accepted his first night-club booking in a dozen years.

Thus it came about that this unique product of the sidewalks of New York returned to his old stamping grounds last February to play an engagement at the Copacabana, and this gave his faithful fans the chance to focus the attention of the amusement world on him by staging riots in his honor. To borrow one of Jimmy's favorite adjectives, his triumph was "colossal."

With the same stuff that panicked them in the thirsty '20s, when he was the most important third of the Clayton, Jackson and Durante trio, Jimmy again laid them ceiling-deep in the aisles, proving his comedy ageless and universal in its appeal.

There are a number of reasons why Jimmy Durante makes people laugh, most important of which is that he is so utterly himself. Most other comedians have a stage manner. Ed Wynn becomes the perfect fool when he goes to work. Bobby Clark's alter ego is a hobo who burlesques the mannerisms of a duke. But the Schnozzle King is unalterably Jimmy Durante, on or off the stage, hot or cold.

Some comedians make their audiences painfully conscious of a false ring in their dialectic discourses, but not Durante. When he plunges into a malaprop-garnished tirade against the latest blow fate has dealt him, it doesn't remind one of an actor reading a line. It sounds like an 18-karat mug pouring out his soul.

There's more to Durante's art than its rare quality of naturalness, however. To begin with, he has a priceless comic asset in his face. If there are homelier mugs than Jimmy's, they haven't found their way into public places yet. Durante has you laughing before he opens his mouth. His nose is so absurdly large for his face and makes his twinkling eyes look so small by comparison that he arouses your subconscious sympathy, along with your mirth. Jimmy's face gives the impression

that he's a good-hearted, "regular" guy.

Jimmy's voice is another important part of his stock in trade. As rough as a file, with adenoidal overtones and an unadulterated accent picked right off the sidewalks of New York, it is the perfect weapon from which to fire the utterly absurd gags with which he bombards his audience. There is no affectation about it. Jimmy still talks the way he did during his formative years on the lower East Side. An oyster to Jimmy not only is the world which belongs to him; it is also an erster. He goes into mi-lady's draw-ring room and he is annerred by the butler's supersillyass looks. The guy t'inks he's an impost-iator.

Durante doesn't provoke grudging smiles or snorts. What he engenders is the old-fashioned, unrestrained abdominal guffaw. Jimmy's comedy is no more subtle than a lemon meringue pie in the mush. But as a sure-fire tickler of the risibilities, it is as fundamentally sound as this early Keystone formula. In his hands, a purple gag becomes inoffensive even to puritans. Women like his robust comedy as much as men do.

It isn't claimed for Jimmy that every thing he says is funny. Some of the lines put into his mouth by script writers are no more comical than a funeral. But any quip that is born in Durante's own noggin is sure to be swell. Jimmy's slant is original. His lines don't always seem so funny if delivered by someone else. But if Durante sees a comic slant in something that seems dull to the layman, it doesn't follow that Durante is right. What happens to the dull line is that Jimmy flavors it with his own personality and gives it a comic twist it didn't have.

An instance of this is his classic number, Wood, at which hundreds of thousands of people have busted a gut laughing. Thumbing through a magazine one day, Jimmy saw an advertisement of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, announcing a \$5,000 cash prize contest for a slogan about wood.

"Wood is warm and alive to the touch," it read. "Wood is friendly. Wood is beautiful. Wood endures, etc., etc."

The average reader wouldn't see anything funny in these lines, but when Durante filtered them through his comedy-attuned mind, he visualized a great comic number. Before the mood left him, he sat down and wrote a melody to fit the lyrics, taken almost intact from the advertisement. That night he tried out the Wood number at his night club. As he sang the praises of wood, Jimmy stalked around the place, an insane gleam in his eyes, grabbing every wooden object in sight and smashing it on the floor. The number was a riot, and the night club was a wreck.

Wood is really the piece that got Jimmy to Hollywood the first time. M-G-M scouts saw it, howled like the common folk, and signed Schnozzle to a five-year contract.

Durante's delivery is rapid-fire, and his timing has split-second precision. Notoriously bad on memorizing, he nevertheless can get more out of a booted line than almost anyone else in the business because his hair-trigger mind

enables him to ad lib his way out of the difficulty.

As distinctively Durantean as his gags are his songs. Jimmy usually writes both words and music. The words seldom make sense but they always create howls. Jimmy's favorite technique is to start a song, break off in the middle and tell a gag, then go back to the song and break it up again for a gag, and so on, until exhaustion. When he was struggling for recognition, he tried in vain to have some of these same songs published. The very publishers who made him cool his heels in their anterooms for hours are now begging for a chance to serve him.

Schnozzle is as typically New York as Al Smith, in whose neighborhood he was brought up. A Catherine Street barber, his father wanted his precocious scion to be a whisker-snipper, too, but Jimmy got only as far as lathering up the customers, when his father changed the course of the lad's life by buying a piano.

Before Jimmy was out of Public School No. 1, where he learned to mispronounce the English language in a most original and profitable manner, he had his own orchestra and was known as Ragtime Jimmy. A hard apprenticeship in Bowery, Coney Island and Harlem cabarets



prepared him for his career as a comedian.

At the Alamo in Harlem, he hired a singer named Jeanne Olson who had been sent to another cabaret around the corner but came to his place by mistake. Jimmy married the girl, and the bond was broken only by her death last year. Just as her death sent Jimmy back into the nightclub business, it was their marriage that gave him the courage to quit a Harlem sinecure and tackle Broadway, thus enabling him to find his true métier as a comedian.

A shrewd Irish headwaiter named Frank Nolan, who worked with Jimmy in the Nightingale on Broadway and observed that the little piano player with the pelican's profile had a large personal following, induced Durante to join him and the song-and-dance team of

Harris & Jackson in the operation of a speak-easy in a gloomy, stuffy firetrap of a hall over a garage on West 58th Street. The job of getting the place ready for business was left to Jimmy. Personable Schnozzle had to pay the tradesmen off in laughs when they delivered the secondhand chairs and tables, since the firm was operating on a frayed shoestring.

By cajolery, Jimmy was able to induce an electrician to erect on credit a large electric sign reading "Club Durante" which, despite Nolan's protest, flashed the news to all who could read that a new speak-easy was about to open on 58th Street. Finally, the opening hour arrived—a cold October night in 1923. The weather had changed abruptly during the day, and so had the mind of the steamfitter who, unable to collect his money, took his radiators out of the place.

It was fortunate that the Club Durante played to a capacity house that night because the only way the packed-in customers could keep warm was by huddling together like sheep in a blizzard.

After the chilly opening, business fell off almost to nothing. One night, Lou Clayton, a vaudeville actor, dropped into the club. Called on for a song, he asked the long-nosed piano player if he knew Willie the Weeper. Durante didn't know the number but said he'd follow Clayton. They got through the song famously, working together as if they had rehearsed.

Durante was so pleased, he asked Clayton if he wanted to come in as a partner. Lou laughed off the invitation but the following night he changed his mind. Jackson, of the jernt's song-and-dance team, joined them, and thus was born the greatest night-club act of all time—Clayton, Jackson & Durante.

Meantime, business skyrocketed. The partners cut up \$890 apiece the week after the team of Clayton, Jackson & Durante was formed. It looked like the biggest gold strike since the Klondike until Jimmy's weakness for being everyone's pal put an end to the rush. One night the doorman wouldn't let in two chaps he didn't know, and they sent for Durante. Jimmy escorted his two buddies upstairs and had a waiter serve them drinks. Thereupon, the ingrates poured the bootleg whisky into a vial and departed, promising that Jimmy would hear from them later. He did, in the form of a padlock notice. It was mutiny!

After this same procedure took place in another night club they opened—and closed—the trio decided to stick to entertaining and let someone else suffer the headaches of operating a jernt. A \$3,000-per-week contract brought them to the Parody Club for a long run, and from there on it was velvet, with fat contracts for vaudeville, musical comedy and finally pictures.

Durante's first Hollywood picture, Get Rich Quick Wallingford, was his best because his part was written by Ben Hecht and Charley MacArthur, pioneer Durante fans, who knew all the nuances of his unique comedy style. How important it is for directors and authors to understand a comedian was proved subsequently. Directors wanted Jimmy to do things their way, which wasn't the Durante

way and therefore not always funny. Dialogue writers put lines in Jimmy's mouth that shouldn't issue from a dog. Between the director and the deep blue script writer, Schnozzle was a sad-hearted comedian indeed. Trimmed to fit Hollywood specifications, he wasn't the authentic Schnozzle. The public was aware of it, and the Nose knew. Jimmy was funny in some of his pictures but it was a case of his genius asserting itself in spite of the restrictions imposed by authors and directors, who may have known their stuff but certainly not their subject.

As a result of all this and his personal troubles, Jimmy was in the dumps when 1943 arrived. His dozen years in Hollywood seemed to have led him into a dead-end street. Then came the ill wind that whisked him clear across the continent and set him back where he started from, thus giving him the farsighted geni of Hollywood the opportunity to discover him all over again.

names in the news

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, internationally known editor of the Emporia (Kans.) Gazette and friend and counselor of presidents and governors, died in Emporia at the age of 75 after an illness of nearly a year.

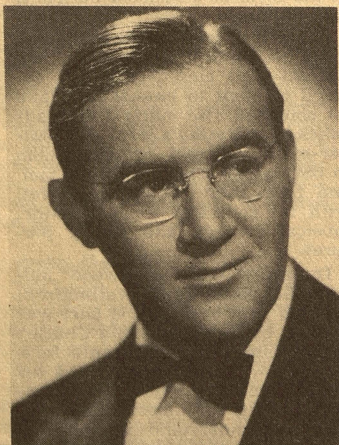
SEN. FREDERICK VAN NUYS [Dem., Ind.], chairman of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, died after a short illness in Vienna, Va., at the age of 69.

CASEY STENGL resigned as manager of the Boston Braves.

"No speak English," replied 48-year-old C. ARTHUR WATSON, brother of the Prohibition Party's presidential candidate Claude Watson, in response to a reporter's query as to whether he would vote for his brother after he himself pleaded guilty in Los Angeles to drunk-driving.

Gov. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL of Massachusetts received 12 pairs of garters by mail after complaining publicly that his synthetic ones were unreliable.

RAYMOND CLAPPER, 51, famous newspaper columnist and radio commentator, was killed in a plane collision.



Benny Goodman

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE JR. [Rep., Mass.], who has held the commission of major in the ORC, resigned his Senate seat to enter active service in the Army.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS, 74, American poet who wrote "Spoon River Anthology," was discovered poverty stricken in the charity ward of a New York City hospital suffering from pneumonia and malnutrition. The Authors League later arranged for his removal to a convalescent home.

Screen actress MARTHA RAYE announced she would marry NICK CONDOS, a dancer now with her personal-appearance troupe, as soon as a pending Mexican divorce from NEAL LANG, her third, becomes final.

SENATOR STYLES BRIDGES [Rep., N. H.], 45, was married to DOLORES THAUWALD, 26, administrative assistant in the U. S. State Department, at St. Paul, Minn.

The Boston Braves elevated BOB COLEMAN, former coach, to manager for the 1944 season to succeed CASEY STENGL.

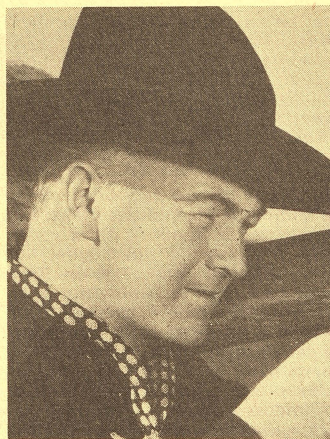
FRITZ KREISLER, famous violinist who has never been heard over the radio, announced that he would broadcast for the first time in a series of five programs over NBC entitled "Great Artists" and sponsored by the Bell Telephone Company.

JUDY GARLAND announced she would file divorce proceedings against Sgt. David Rose, former Hollywood composer, who was once the husband of Martha Raye.

JOAN BLONDELL, seriously ill from nervous exhaustion, announced she would file suit for divorce from Dick Powell, to whom she has been married eight years.

what goes on in the entertainment world back home

HOLLYWOOD. Dinah Shore has started work on "Belle of the Yukon." Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen are doing the songs. . . . At Marjorie Reynolds' urging, the girls in the cast of "Up in Mabel's Room" have selected Chief Gunner's Mate Jimmy Fitzimmons, Pacific veteran, as "the man they'd most want to find Up in Mabel's Room." . . . Elsa Lanchester, in "Passport to Adventure," plays the part of a London charwoman. . . . Vivien Leigh returns to the screen in a film version of George Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." . . . Barton MacLane has been signed for one of the principal roles in "Pilebuck," which stars Pat O'Brien. . . . Dorothy Lamour plays an Indian Princess in the new Technicolor musical, "Princess on the Warpath." . . . Benny Goodman checked into Hollywood recently to play himself in "Sweet and Lowdown," a semibiographical tale of his own musical career. . . . The first Hopalong Cassidy film without Bill Boyd went into production this month. . . . James Craig has the romantic lead opposite Lana Turner in "Marriage Is a Private Affair." . . . Lena Horne was selected by the magazine *Mademoiselle* to receive one of the 10



Bill Boyd

Merit Awards for high achievement among young women in 1943. . . . Joseph Cotten has the leading male role in "The House of Dr. Edwards," thriller which Alfred Hitchcock will direct. . . . Esther Williams, former Olympic swimming star, will play her first dramatic role in "Thrill of a Romance." . . . Chester Morris has the lead in "Sub-Busters," a Merchant Marine story. . . . The story of Gen. Billy Mitchell is to be filmed from the biography written by Isaac Don Levine.

BAND BEAT. Amy Arnell, former vocalist with Tommy Tucker, has left to go it alone. . . . The new thrush with Al Donahue's band is a New Orleans gal, Dana Phelps. Donahue found her singing at the Casino Royale. . . . Karl George, former trumpet player with Lionel Hampton, has joined the Stan Kenton band on the West Coast. . . . Freddie Slack in the Navy. . . . Count Basie's orchestra is due to return to the Lincoln Hotel in New York City next month. . . . Billy Bishop is the envy of most band leaders; he has an all-4-F crew. . . . Georgie Auld's orchestra followed Enric Madriguera into the Commodore Hotel in New York City. . . . Gracie Barrie, who took over the baton when her husband, Dick Stabile, went into the Coast Guard last year, disbanded her orchestra recently and went back into circulation as a soloist. . . . Teddy Powell, who goes into the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, later this month, has a 4-F rating. . . . Louis Prima won a fiddling contest in New Orleans at the age of 10 and organized a 12-piece band to cash in on his fame. . . . Hal McIntyre has written a book about the dance-band business titled "Chords and Discords." . . . Kitty Kallen, vocalist with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, left that outfit to join the Bing Crosby air show. . . . Roy Eldredge, who has been working nightclub dates with a six-piece band, has organized a 15-piece outfit. . . . Charlie Agnew and band are at El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas, Nev.

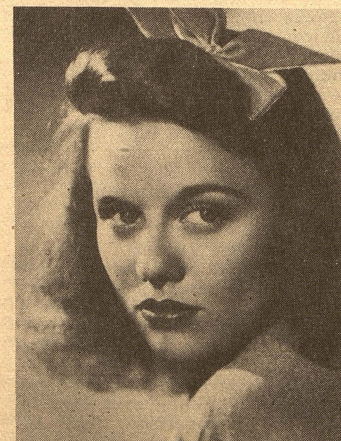
COAST TO COAST. Evelyn Knight, singing star of CBS, introduced a song, "Ship at Sea," written by Pvt. Sol Parker while aboard ship en route to North Africa. Parker, with Frank Sinatra, also wrote "This Love of Mine."

. . . After she closes at the Palmer House, Chicago, Hildegard is scheduled to star in a Broadway musical to be produced by Mike Todd. . . . A road company of "Arsenic and Old Lace" with Boris Karloff did capacity business at the Kansas City (Mo.) Music Hall, the Des Moines (Iowa) Shrine Auditorium and other spots in the Middle West. . . . Stage shows were dropped for a straight film policy by the Central Theater in Passaic, N. J. . . . Sophie Tucker will follow Jimmy Durante into the Copacabana in New York. . . . Bingo games, which have kept many theaters going, proved no boon to the Palace Theater in Mt. Jewett, Pa.; the house shuttered recently for "lack of cooperation." . . . Dramatization of Arthur Train's character, "Mr. Tutt," is in the offing, with Raymond Massey in the title role. . . . The Cafe Loyale, Fifth Ave. (N. Y.) restaurant for many years, has been turned into a night club. . . . Reviewers of George White's "Scandals of 1944" at the Orpheum in San Diego voted the production White's best in recent years. . . . The Houston (Tex.) Symphony Orchestra provided the background music for a wrestling show put on at the Houston Municipal Auditorium for the recent patriotic drive. . . . KSTP, Twin Cities NBC outlet, moves on Mar. 2 to a new location on the second floor of the former Minnesota Theater in Minneapolis, now named the Radio City Theater. . . . The American Music Theater's successful English rendition of "La Traviata" at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium will be followed by similar offerings of "The Marriage of Figaro" on Mar. 7 and "La Boheme" on May 9. . . . The public-relations committee of the Philadelphia Board of Education is issuing monthly bulletins to teachers and parent-teacher groups, recommending radio programs for in-school and out-of-school children.

BRYANT SINKS SHOWBOAT

Capt. Billy Bryant's Showboat, a tradition of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers for almost 50 years, has passed out of the picture for some years to come. It was sold recently and will serve as a wharfboat at Huntington, W. Va.

Bryant, reports have it, will take his show under canvas in the Spring, covering the same Ohio Valley towns he once did by water.



Amy Arnell

service pay and credits for prisoners of war

MANY QUESTIONS arise concerning the service status of prisoners of war which must necessarily be answered by the particular branch in which the prisoner was serving at the time of capture. However, some answers are dictated by an Act of Congress dated March 7, 1942, and its amendments approved December 24, 1942. This law states that:

Any person who is in active service and is officially reported as missing, missing in action, interned in a neutral country or captured by an enemy shall, while so absent, be entitled to receive or to have credited to his account the same pay and allowances to which such person was entitled at the time of the beginning of the absence or may become entitled to thereafter.

Thus, for example, if an officer of the Air Corps were in flying pay status at the time of capture, as he would be if taken in the course of a bombing mission, flying pay would continue to accrue to his credit as long as he remained a prisoner of war. Also, if an officer were properly receiving a rental allowance at the time of capture, that allowance would accrue to his credit during his internment. In addition, he would continue to receive the regular increase for foreign service; and, if he were away long enough, a five per cent increase for each three years of duty.

This means that men are still considered to be on active duty in the Army or Navy of the United States during the time they spend as prisoners of war. This time also applies on the earning of service stripes and retirement pay.

The only deductions made from the accruals of pay of officers are for allotments and allowances which they have arranged, and for sums given to them for pocket money by the holding Power. It is understood that the German authorities are applying Article 23 of the Geneva Prisoners of War Convention in paying American officer-prisoners. This Article provides that:

Officers and persons of equivalent status who are prisoners of war shall receive from the detaining Power the same pay as officers of corresponding rank in the armies of that Power, on the condition, however, that this pay does not exceed that to which they are entitled in the armies of the country which they have served. This pay shall be granted them in full, once a month if possible, and without being liable to any deduction for expenses incumbent on the detaining Power, even when they are in favor of the prisoners.

The Geneva Prisoners of War Convention does not provide for such payments by the holding Power to enlisted personnel who have been captured, unless they are employed by the enemy in labor detachments. Article 34 of the Convention provides that, in the absence of specific agreements between belligerents regarding

payments for labor performed by prisoners of war outside of the camps, the following rules shall apply:

(a) *Work done for the State shall be paid for in accordance with the rates in force for soldiers of the national army doing the same work, or, if none exists, according to a rate in harmony with the work performed.*

(b) *When the work is done for the account of other public administrations or for private persons, conditions shall be regulated by agreement with the military authority.*

The pay remaining to the credit of the prisoner shall be delivered to him at the end of his captivity. In case of death, it shall be forwarded through the diplomatic channel to the heirs of the deceased.

Allotments for the payment of insurance premiums, and allotments or allowances for dependents, are continued after a serviceman's status changes to that of prisoner of war. He may even make changes in his allowances or allotments by writing to the War Department. In the case of prisoners in the Far East who have written their families that they wished to increase their allotments, the families have been advised that such letters should be sent to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, New Jersey, so that the desired changes might be made.

—Reprinted from *Prisoners of War Bulletin* published by the American Red Cross for the relatives of American prisoners of war and civilian internees.

quiz

twenty twizzlers

BY JOHN HENRY CUTLER, PH.D.

1. What book, written in the past generation, used more different words than any other, including *Gone with the Wind*?
2. Among the most noted of American Negroes still living are Joe Baker and Joe Barrow. What names do you know them by?
3. My friend, Professor Chase-vowel, couldn't tell me the verb of which *fraught* was once the past participle. Can you?
4. You are definitely in a class by yourself if you can name 9 states of the Union beginning with the letter "M." Let's see how close you can come.
5. Roy, who had been hitched for 3 years, spent two fifths of his yearly income on his family, one fourth on drinks, and one tenth on poker. During that time he saved \$1,500. What was his annual income?
6. In which of the following couldn't you get a college degree, and why: (a) Slippery Rock Normal; (b) George Peppercine; (c) Heralds' College; (d) Emory and Henry.
7. In the first store I visited, the proprietor gave me as much money as I had, and I spent \$10. The proprietor of a second store gave me as much money as I had left, and I spent \$10 in his establishment. The proprietor of the last store I

visited gave me as much money as I then had, and I spent \$10, which left me broke. What was my original capital?

8. Mrs. Tweedell, who was always harping on her musical knowledge, was stymied when asked the only musical instrument represented on a national flag. What is the instrument, and what flag has it?

9. California State Teachers College is in what part of the State of California?

10. Assume the sun is cut in half. Now, cut it in half again, and continue this process until the sun is the size of an electron, which is 250,000 times smaller than a single atom. The following number of cuts would have to be made: (a) 23; (b) 218; (c) 500; (d) 1,850,222.

11. The entire world's population could stand inside one of the following states, and each person could have about 17 square feet of space: (a) Rhode Island; (b) New York; (c) California; (d) Texas.

12. You set your watch at exactly 12 o'clock. Tell, in 10 seconds, the time it would be when your watch next registered the correct time if the hour, minute, and second hand rotated in a counter-clockwise direction.

13. The Supply Officer ordered 1,000 tires, enough to furnish a spare tire for each wheel of each jeep and each wheel of each motorcycle in his outfit. There were 296 vehicles. How many jeeps and motorcycles were there?

14. Now, just *pour le sport*, write the digits 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in such order that the first three will be one third of the last three, and the middle three will be equal to the result obtained by subtracting the first three from the last three. Hostesses may use this one to lure tipplers from the punch bowl.

15. It won't be hard for the *Twizzler Kids* to tell how one could measure the thickness of a page, using an ordinary ruler. Answer in 15 seconds.

16. John and Harry carry 100 pounds slung on a pole between them. Assuming their hands are 10 feet apart, and the load is 5 feet from John, how much weight does each carry?

17. A very famous building, 188 feet high, should be easy for you to identify if given this single clue. If you dropped a stone from its top on one side it would strike the ground 15 feet from the building's base.

18. Tell, in 5 seconds, which rotates faster, the rear wheel of a bicycle or the sprocket wheel to which the pedals are attached.

19. A railroad track is so smooth there is no friction whatever. All other things being equal, will the train go faster or slower than ordinarily?

20. If Polk's campaign slogan, *Fifty-four Forty or Fight*, had been realized, what territory might today be part of the United States?

answers on page 8

puzzles • games

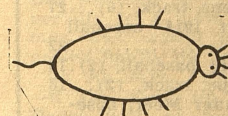
pay slip

Mr. Jones gave me a check in full payment for some work which I had done for him. The check was in three figures and

for much more than my bill, I was informed, so naturally I was very pleased. As a further gesture of his great generosity, Mr. Jones told me that if I promised not to cash the check (which I hadn't seen as yet) he would give me the difference between the product of the three digits and their sum—and he assured me that this difference would not be a small number. Of course I jumped at this but when I saw the check I realized what a fool I was. How much was the check?

cootie

Equipment—paper, pencil, dice. The game of "cootie" is one of the most hilarious ever invented. The game can be played by two or more, but more exciting if played progressively by 12 or 16, divided in fours. Can be played by partners. When the signal is given, the first player at each table throws the dice. He must throw a "one" before he can draw the body. His partner can keep his score while he throws the dice. If he throws something he cannot use, the one to his left takes his turn. The first one to complete the "cootie" calls out, and everyone adds up their score. The winners go to the next table.



1. Body
2. Head
3. Tail
4. Eye
5. Feelers
6. Leg

Player can use tail, head and legs after he has the body. The eyes and feelers after he has the head. Each part of "cootie" counts

SCORE CARD			
1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12

one point. A complete "cootie" is 17 points. At the conclusion of the 12th "cootie" total the final score.

answers on page 8

sports

Jones No. 1, Ruth No. 2, Owens No. 3 in achievements voting

BY CHIP ROYAL.

NEW YORK (AP)—The three greatest sports achievements of all-time are:

1. The grand slam of golf achieved by Bobby Jones in 1930.
2. The great pitching, the greater outfielding and the greatest home run hitting of Babe Ruth.
3. The record running, broad jumping and hurdling of Jesse Owens.

These were the results of a question put to the nation's sports editors by AP Features which said:

"What do you consider the three greatest all-time achievements in American sports?"

The editors responded with votes and columns on various feats and athletes.

There never was a doubt that Jones and Ruth would be among the top athletes of all-time—they were mentioned on the majority of ballots—but, George Stallings' Boston Braves of 1914 gave Jesse Owens quite a battle for third.

Probably the biggest surprise in the country-wide poll was the lack of votes for Joe Louis' string of boxing successes.

Francis Ouimet, who created a sensation in golf at 19 by defeating Ted Ray and Harry Vardon; and Helene Madison, who once held 16 world swimming records, were also ignored.

The more you look at Jones' golf record, the more you are impressed with it. He won the British amateur and open and the U. S. amateur and open.

In the nine years preceding his retirement in 1930, Bobby played in 12 open championships. He grabbed three in England, won four in the United States and fin-

On top of all that, the Bambino, holds a world series record of hurling 29 consecutive innings without allowing a run.

Add his \$80,000 salary for 1930 and '31, which has never been equalled, and you have achievements plus.

Jesse Owens, third choice of the athletic scribes, still holds six world records in the track book.

The crack Negro runner was a sensation as a schoolboy, then at Ohio State university and later as a member of the last United States Olympic team in 1936.

Owens' records include three he made on May 25, 1935, when as a Buckeye he outfooted all the other Big Tenners. The events and times were 200 yard dash, 20.3; 220-yard low hurdles, 22.6; broad jump, 26 feet, 8¼ inches. He also tied the 100-yard mark of 9.4 the same afternoon.

Then, there was that happy day in Berlin when as an American competitor, Owens won the 100 and 200 meters, the broad jump (all new Olympic records), and then turned around on the same day and sparked the U. S. relay team to a new record.

Fourth place in the poll went to the Boston Braves, and who among the old time baseball fans will ever forget that gallant rise from the cellar to first place in 1914?

greatest sports achievements

(Figures in parentheses are first place votes)

Bobby Jones, golf, (23)...	97
Babe Ruth, baseball, (7)...	39
Jesse Owens, track, (6)...	27
Braves of 1914, baseball (6).....	22
Lou Gehrig, baseball, (2)...	19
Jim Thorpe, track, (2)...	18
John Vander Meer, baseball, (3).....	17
Red Grange, football, (1)...	17
Ty Cobb, Baseball, (2)....	14
Cornelius Warmerdam, track.....	11
Jack Dempsey, boxing, (2).....	11

New York Yankees, baseball (2) 9; Notre Dame's win over Ohio State in 1935, football, (2) 7; Henry Armstrong, boxing, (1), 6; Joe Louis, boxing, 6; Knute Rockne, football, (1), 6; Alonzo Stagg, football, (1), 6; Clark Shaughnessy, football, (1), 5; Sullivan-Corbett fight, (1), 5; Glenn Cunningham, track, (1), 5; Francis Ouimet, golf, (1), 4; Carl Hubbell, baseball, (1), 4; Max Schmeling's kayo of Louis, 4; 1942 St. Louis Cardinals, (1), 3; Gene Tunney, boxing, 3; Christy Mathewson, baseball, 3; Joe DiMaggio, baseball, (1), 3; Tex Rickard, boxing, (1), 3; Babe Didrikson, track and golf, 2; Bill Tilden, tennis, 2; Judge Landis, baseball, 2; Connie Mack, baseball, 2; Seabiscuit, racing, 2.

Others who received one vote were Mel Hein, football; Nancy Merki, swimming; Tarzan Brown, cross country; Paavo Nurmi, track; Jim Corbett, boxing; Bill Smith, swimming; Jim Braddock, boxing; University of Southern California track team; Iowa University's comeback in football; 1943 Great Lakes football upset of Notre Dame; Man-O-War, racing; Exterminator, racing.

ished second four times here—in other words, he was in the money 11 out of 12 times.

Babe Ruth's record is so full of marks, color and versatility, it can never be told in a few words. But all anyone needs to do is to remember these things:

The big fellow hit 714 home runs (including 60 in one year and 113 in two years), batted in 2,209 runs, and held 76 major league all-time records during his 22 years with the Boston Red Sox, New York Yankees and Boston Braves.

brief rest saved Dempsey

If Firpo had been six inches farther away at that very fraction of a second, Dempsey probably would have crumpled into the resin dust, either to rise no more, or, in rising, to be met by a fusillade of blows which probably would have crushed the consciousness from him.

But as Dempsey pitched forward, Firpo was so close that the champion fell against the body of the giant. Instinct made him grab—and hold. Desperately, wildly, Firpo tried to shake off Dempsey. Before he could achieve his purpose, the brief rest saved Dempsey.

Strength and a little power came back to Dempsey's legs; the floodgates of reserve energy opened, revived him, refreshed him—refreshed and revived, however, only the body of him, because Dempsey afterward said he remembered nothing about that first round after he had been hit with that first pile-driver blow.

He had been hit and hurt by the rushing, tearing, lunging form before him. And that form must be destroyed. Such was the prompting of savage instinct. Everything that Dempsey had learned in years of boxing was forgotten; his clear, reasoning power, his coolness and calmness were gone. There was nothing left but the fighting fury which made him known as the Tiger Man of the prize ring.

Firpo down for nine count

Urged on only by a wild and blazing rage, the champion ripped and tore into the giant and, as he did so, he put into his blows every bit of killing power which he could summon. He was relentless, merciless, forgetful of the ethics of the fighting game; a cruel monster, determined that the man before him must be hammered and pounded into absolute helplessness.

Dempsey, loose from the first clinch, rushed at Firpo, both hands working with the power and the speed of a locomotive piston rod. A left hand landed with mighty force upon the chin of Firpo. The Argentinean went down in a heap—perhaps 30 seconds after the round had started.

great moments in sports

dynamited from ring, Dempsey blasted Firpo

BY FRANK G. MENKE

Never in the history of American pugilism was there staged a battle so sensational as the Jack Dempsey-Luis Firpo affair in New York on the night of September 14, 1923.

From the moment that the first gong banged until the Argentine warrior lay a crumpled heap upon the canvas—total time: 3 minutes, 57 seconds—there was action so rapid, so cyclonic that the eye could not follow, nor the brain record the exact details.

With the clang of the first gong, Dempsey fairly catapulted from his corner to meet a huge hairy-giant from the Pampas of South America; rushed, crouched, swirled upward and swung a terrific left-hand punch to his foeman's jaw.

It was short—by two inches. As Dempsey steadied, to try again, Firpo's powerful right hand whistled through the night and struck Dempsey full and solid upon the point of the chin. Every ounce of the South American's gigantic body was concentrated in that blow—one of the hardest ever landed in ring annals.

The knees of a world's champion buckled under him; a world's champion pitched forward. He was toppling, face forward, to de-thronement! One punch—the first of the fight—seemed to have sent him to his doom!

The official proceeded to drone the count. He had reached "nine" when Firpo started to rise. Then he stopped counting—when he should have gone on—for Firpo was not in a boxing position and should have been counted out then and there. It was at least 13 full seconds before Firpo was back in fighting pose.

Another flurry of blows met Firpo—and again he toppled. He arose, dealt a righthander to Dempsey's chin and was rewarded with a right to his own, which floored him again. Once more Firpo arose, but Dempsey hurled himself at the huge Argentinean. Even as Dempsey whirled through the air, Firpo steadied on wobbling legs, swung his world-famous right and again caught Dempsey on the rim of the jaw! Dempsey's body quivered, his legs buckled, he stumbled forward, his hands went to the floor.

As the referee raced over, expecting to begin the count, Dempsey pulled himself together, straightened up, lunged at Firpo and caught him on the jaw with a punch that didn't travel more than eight inches. Firpo dropped almost upon the spot where Dempsey, a few seconds before, had been sprawled.

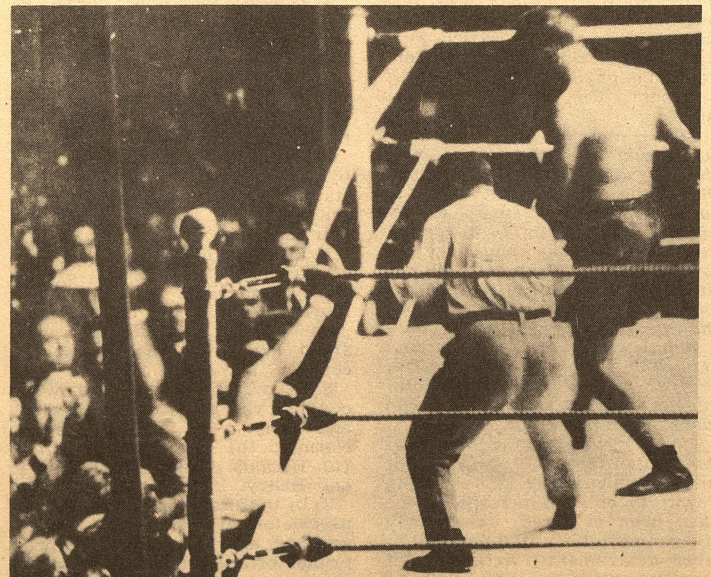
Again Firpo beat the count and rushed at Dempsey. The champion backed to the ropes, more because he was jockeying to get a newer shot at Firpo's jaw than because of fear of the South American's charge.

Then something happened which forms one of the most astonishing chapters in the entire annals of the prize ring.

Over 85,000 persons saw the fight—and perhaps 85,000 different accounts have been given. This is what I saw:

Dempsey was backed to the ropes with Firpo crowding with the left side of his body. Firpo's right arm was free. Six times in succession he hit Dempsey on the chin or head without a return, because Dempsey was in such a position that his arms were practically handcuffed.

Realizing his peril, Dempsey decided to slide out of the trap. Bending his head low toward his own



The gripping moment in the Dempsey-Firpo fight

Firpo picked up \$1,000,000 then retired to pampas

Luis Angel Firpo came to the United States from the Argentine, in early 1922, with \$10 and an extra celluloid collar. Eighteen months later, he nearly won the championship of the world. In two years of campaigning in this country, he picked up over \$1,000,000 in purse earnings and South American motion picture rights.

He fought three times in the United States in 1922, knocking out Sailor Mated, Joe McCann and Italian Jack Herman. He hired his own camera crew for the Herman fight, returned immediately to Argentina with his film, made a small fortune by exhibiting the picture and became something of a national hero.

Firpo came back to the States in 1923 and continued to flatten opponents, including Jess Willard. Promoter Tex Rickard matched the Wild Bull with Dempsey, guaranteeing the champion \$470,000 and Firpo \$100,000. The fight drew \$1,188,603.

After the Dempsey fight, Luis Angel returned to the Argentine, and early in 1924, he knocked out three opponents there. He came back to this country that summer and fought 12-round, no-decision matches with Harry Wills and Charlie Weinert.

The Wild Bull then put his boxing gloves in moth balls, sailed for home with well-filled money bags and called it a career. Since then, he has devoted himself to guardianship of his fortune.

right arm, he attempted to move along the ropes until he was clear of Firpo.

At the exact moment that Dempsey's head was below the upper strand, and at the exact fraction of a second that his right foot was off the floor, Firpo hit the champion on the chin with a right. The middle of Dempsey's body was up against the middle strand of the ropes at that very second.

how Dempsey left ring

Dempsey's legs shot off the ground, and his head shot backward. A world champion spun around much as does the piece of wood one uses in playing tiddledywinks. And in a head-first backward dive, Jack Dempsey, ruler of the fistie world, went into the press row—while 85,000 persons looked on in hushed amazement.

Much has been written about how reporters saved Dempsey in his fall—and how they helped him back into the ring. The real truth is that the reporters handicapped, more than helped, Dempsey in his ring re-entry.

When 194 pounds of humanity came hurtling through the air directly at their heads, those reporters did only the natural thing. They pushed up their hands to protect themselves; they summoned all the

power they could to keep Dempsey from falling upon them and breaking their necks. Their thought was to save themselves—not to aid Dempsey.

It is true that reportorial hands shoved Dempsey as he climbed back through the ropes. But they weren't hands of friendship. The men who pushed him did so because they wanted to be sure Dempsey didn't kick them in the face or body. They were passing Dempsey back and forth because they wanted none of him floundering on their heads and frail necks.

Never did a man look more bewildered, more "all gone," than Dempsey, back in the ring just as the referee counted "nine," flat-footed, legs spread wide for balance against the ropes. His hands were helpless at his sides. His eyes showed no brain-light. His whole body slumped.

This was Firpo's second golden opportunity for world-conquest—and for the second and final time it slipped from him.

Had Firpo closed in on Dempsey, and thrown every ounce of his titanic power into one punch, Dempsey would have gone down—and his reign would have ended. But Firpo, not sure whether Dempsey was faking, decided to take no chances. He went in cautiously. Precious seconds flew onward into Eternity. He finally decided to strike. He swung—and missed—because Dempsey instinctively ducked, as energy came back.

The action of Firpo galvanized Dempsey into a newer attack. He went forward—revived by some mysterious force. The arms that had been helpless suddenly began whirling through the air. He drove Firpo back—back—and back with his furious charge and, under the avalanche of leather, Firpo crumpled again to the floor. Firpo took the count, came up—fighting. As Dempsey tore at him, Firpo braced and fought back. Toe-to-toe the two men stood, no quarter asked—none given.

The bell banged—the round had passed into official history. But Dempsey never heard it. As Firpo turned to go to his corner the champion's groggy brain construed the act as a new retreat. He went racing after the Wild Bull of the Pampas, showering blows on head, neck and shoulders.

Firpo whirled, a look of surprise on his face—then one of insane rage. He closed in and began slugging viciously, until the referee was able, by locking their arms, to stop the sluggery and tell Dempsey the round was over.

It was a round without dramatic equal in the annals of boxing. Firpo had been down five times; Dempsey had staggered once; was down on his hands later, and out of the ring upon another occasion.

Perhaps 100 blows had been swung—and about 90 had landed, each with force and power enough to batter any other giant into an hour of unconsciousness. But these were supermen that night.

When the referee finally had stopped the after-bell battling, Dempsey stood in mid-ring. He didn't know the location of his own corner. Jack Kearns, his manager, leaped through the ropes, grabbed Dempsey by the arms, hauled him

to his chair, flopped him down, picked up a bucket of ice water and hit Dempsey with its contents. The shock revived Dempsey—brought him back to consciousness for the first time since he was hit with that pile-driver smash in the first round.

Dempsey didn't know the round

The buzzer announced ten seconds before the bell. Kearns leaned over, yelled at Dempsey:

"Quit taking chances—cover—cover! He's a murderer!"

"What round?" asked Dempsey. "Second," answered Kearns—and the bell rang.

Dempsey came out—cautiously. This time Firpo did the rushing. Dempsey, a keen fighter once again, now that his mental faculties were restored, crouched, weaved, feinted and Firpo lashed out with his right. Dempsey had miscalculated Firpo's nearness, and the blow, a murderous drive, crashed into Dempsey's body, under the heart.

Dempsey sagged back. Firpo "cocked" his right and started to

let it go, when, like the flight of a meteor, Dempsey's short left crashed against Firpo's jaw. The South American staggered and fell to the floor with a sickening crash. It seemed that this must be the end. But it wasn't. At "eight" Firpo was up—and Dempsey was upon him.

Scorning a defense, Dempsey pumped lefts into Firpo's face and body with the precision of drum beats. Firpo, in desperation, swung a right, missed, and the momentum carried him close to Dempsey. The champion's short left caught Firpo on the point of the jaw. As he started to fall, Dempsey put all he had into a lifting right hook—and Firpo, in falling, went down as if driven by some terrific explosive force.

For six seconds he lay there inert, seemingly lifeless. At "eight" he made a feeble attempt to rise, lifted himself a few inches—and then toppled back.

"Ten," droned the referee and Dempsey was still the world's champion.

the cowboy sang soprano

FICTION

the trail boss was never one to fool with a green ranch hand, but he knew a good voice would soothe those steers

BY GEORGE MILBURN

THIS KID come riding up to the chuck wagon while we was eating. He's a peaked-faced boy with dreamy eyes. He's got on orange colored chaps and a ten gallon hat and the varnish is still on his mail order boots. He climbs off his spavined pinto, comes over to Ab, the trail boss, and allows he's heard back at Fort Griffin we was needing a hand.

We was a month out of Bandera on the old Western Trail with two thousand head, and hadn't even crossed the Brazos, yet. Our herd never had got road-broke proper, and thunder storms had caused one stampede after another.

Ab was the meanest dispositioned trail boss any man ever rode with. If he'd ever had a heart in him the size of a pecan, it had petrified. He was quick on the draw. He could knock the pips out of the six of spades at twenty yards. His trail hands had a way of drifting off without even calling for their time.

Ab hands the Kid a lariat and tells him to go over to the remuda and rope him out a horse. The Kid makes a brave start, but he gets all tangled up. Ab calls the Kid back and asks if they was to be a night stampede, would he drift along in front, or circle them to a mill? The Kid says he would drift along in front, which of course was just one hundred per cent the wrong answer. Ab was purely disgusted. He says, "Tell me what you figger your qualifications as a trail hand are."

The Kid thinks a minute, and then he says, "Well, I've got a good singing voice."

A good singing voice does help to keep a herd quieted down. There wasn't 'ary one of us could carry a tune if we had it in a

poke. Even a greenhorn who could sing soothing on night guard, especially to a herd as restive as ours was, wasn't a hand to be passed lightly by.

So Ab says, "I tell you what—if you want to ride along to Dodge with us for your beans, okay."

The Kid was purely overjoyed. Ab put him on the drag with me, bringing up strays. He didn't know riding herd from sour apples, and I kept him so busy he didn't have a chance to sing.

We crossed the Brazos that day. It was in flood, and the Kid lost six steers. Ab cussed him out and the Kid just shivered.

That night Ab put me and the Kid on the second shift of night herd. We had been circling the bed grounds for about ten minutes when I says: "Come on, Kid. Now's your chance to sing." He let out the awfulest caterwauling that ever struck a man's ears. The steers all begin lowing and struggling to their feet. I knowed it wouldn't take much more to set them off across the prairie. But before I could stop the Kid, here come Ab Dunn, just a-faunching.

"You call that singing?" he says. "You've purt' near got the cattle scared into a stampede. We'd never get these steers to Dodge with you along."

The Kid whimpered. "Please, Mr. Dunn. I got my feet wet crossing the river today, and I must've lost my singing voice."

"You'll lose more'n your voice if you ain't away from this camp before morning. Vamoose!"

When the shift changed and me and Ab got back to the chuck wagon, the Kid was waiting. He pleaded for Ab to just let him get his throat cleared up and then he'd prove he could sing. Ab finally agreed to let him stay till we got to Doan's Crossing, which took a week. The Kid spent most of his time gargling salt water, but he still hadn't got his voice back when we reached Red River.

Red River was full from bank

to bank. Only a trail boss as mean as Ab would expect his men to put two thousand rambunctious steers across that flooded stream. There was no question of firing the Kid then, because we needed every hand. We swum thirty head across at a time, and made it with less trouble than I figured.

As I reached the north bank behind the last bunch I looked around in time to see the Kid's horse go under with him in the current. I jumped off my horse. Ab Dunn came up and grabbed me.

"Leave go me," I says. "I've got to save that kid."

"No, you ain't. That kid's of no account to us. You'll get pulled under. I can't afford to lose another trail hand if I'm ever going to get these steers to Dodge."

By this time the Kid, swept clear of his saddle and grabbing out blind, had caught hold of his horse's tail, and the horse was swimming for shore.

Well, we dreened might near a coffee pot full of water out of that kid before we brung him to. We put him in the chuck wagon, more dead than alive. Ab Dunn rared and faunched about it.

Laying up in the cook wagon, away from the dust of the herd and keeping his feet dry, it wasn't long till the Kid got his voice back.

That kid had the most wonderful singing voice I have ever heard on a human. He sang soprano. No, I don't mean tenor. Soprano. Yodeled some, too. He had learned all them songs like *Poor Lonesome Cowboy* and *Cielito Lindo* and *The Letter Edged in Black*. We used to lay awake listening while he was on night guard. The steers seemed to appreciate his singing voice as much as we did. They rested easy while he was out there singing.

The rest of us worried night guard, but Ab made the Kid stay out all night. The Kid was so anxious to be a cowboy he never beefed. Every night he would yodel to them steers in the starlight until it would might near break your heart.

We had fine weather all the way across the Territory, so we made good progress. But when we struck Dodge City, Ab learned that the K.C. market had dropped. In spite of it setting in to rain again, he concluded to drive on to Ogallala and ship over the U.P. to Chicago. Meanwhile, the boys had dispersed themselves around the various centers of entertainment in Dodge. Ab located me, and we set out to round them up so we could hit the trail next morning.

We was coming up Main Street when we heard pistol shots. We looked and over in front of the Lady Gay Dance Hall Bat Wilson was shooting at a tenderfoot's toes. It was the Kid, picking them up and putting them down in a puddle of rain water, with the bullets splashing around his feet. Ab Dunn's hand flicked to his hip and his .45 cracked twice. Across the way Bat's two guns clattered on the boardwalk.

"Ab," I says, "that's as fine a thing as ever I've seen a man do. You've got a good heart, after all."

"You didn't think I'd stand by and watch him shoot holes in the Kid's boots, did you?" Ab says.

"If I ever suspicioned that of

you, Ab," I says, fervent-like, "I apologize to you now. I'm proud to know a man that would come to a kid's rescue the way you done."

"Yeah," Ab says, blowing the smoke out of his gun. "I ain't taking no chances on the Kid getting holes in his boots. Why, if he was to get his feet wet and lose his singing voice just now, we never would get them steers to Ogallala."

answers to twizzlers on page 5

1. Webster's *New International Dictionary*.

2. Joe Baker is Father Divine; Joe Barrow is, of course, Joe Louis.

3. To freight.

4. Hoot mont! There are only 8: Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana.

5. \$6,000.

6. Herald's College, where armorial bearings, genealogies, etc., are kept in England.

7. I had \$8.75.

8. There is a harp on the Irish flag.

9. It's in California, Pennsylvania, where I didn't put it.

10. 218, which is hard to believe—what?

11. Rhode Island.

12. 6 o'clock.

13. 204 jeeps and 92 motorcycles.

14. 219—438—657.

15. You simply take 100 pages, measure their combined thickness, and divide the result by 50. Or, better still, measure 200 pages and divide by 100. Confess now, did you say to take 100 pages and divide by 100, etc.?

16. Did you forget to say 50 pounds plus half the weight of the pole?

17. The Leaning Tower of Pisa.

18. The rear wheel.

19. Aha! The train won't go at all if there is no friction. It's the friction, or traction, between the driving wheels and rails that thrusts the train forward.

20. British Columbia.

answer to pay slip puzzle on page 5

The answer is \$123, because 1 plus 2 plus 3 equal the multiple of 1 times 2 times 3, and their difference is zero, which is not a small number.

I've seen worse

The wind whistled around the corner, swirling bits of old newspaper in the air. The soldier leaned against a telephone pole and stared bleakly down the empty street. Every few seconds he would take a drag on a cigarette.

He was still leaning against the pole when another soldier came up to him. "Got a light, Mac?" asked the newcomer.

"Sure."

"Thanks."

"Ain't this a lousy town though?"

"Oh, it ain't so bad. I've seen worse?"

"Yeah? Where?"

"I was stuck at Dripping Willow for eight months. There's a hole for you!"

"You didn't eat a pound of dirt every time you opened your mouth, like you do here."

"The hell you didn't. Boy, they sure named it right. Dripping Willow."

The two soldiers glared at each other.

"Where you from, meatball?" asked the newcomer.

"Dripping Willow," spat the leaner. "Where you from, eight ball?"

"Here."

first hundred years of co-ops take them into the big money

success of consumer groups brings request for regulation from worried small business

The 16,000,000 members of America's 35,000 cooperative buying and selling organizations totted up their 1943 figures last week and estimated they were doing an annual business of more than \$3,500,000,000. To businessmen of the United States, this was an eye-opener. The pip-squeak movement which for years had rated hardly more than a second glance had grown into a distributive giant. It was true that the 35,000 membership figure did not allow for duplication (and many individuals are members of more than one cooperative). But that three and a half billion dollars could not be scoffed at. It is big business.

Furthermore, there is virtually no line of business that American co-ops have not entered. They own banks, oil wells, farm-machinery factories, sawmills, printing plants, canneries, flour mills, cosmetic factories, petroleum pipelines and refineries, coffee roasteries, grain elevators, stockyards, bakeries, dairies, and thousands of retail stores. Medical cooperatives take care of members from birth to death. Burial societies perform the funeral rites. Altogether there are some 62 commodities and services dealt in by co-op groups in this country.

origin—

This vast enterprise is 100 years removed from the night of Dec. 21, 1844. That was the night when Charles Howarth began selling candles, butter, flour, and oatmeal across a couple of planks laid on beer barrels in the cotton-textile town of Rochdale, England. Behind the venture was a total capital of £28 (about \$112 at present exchange rates) which for a year had been scraped up, a few pence at a time, by Howarth and 27 poverty-stricken associates. But in opening their tiny store for business in noisome Toad Lane, the "Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers" laid a pattern for a method of merchandising that since has gone around the world.

It is true that the cooperative idea of pooling resources and buy-

ing wholesale was not new in 1844. It has been preached and practiced for years. But most experiments had failed because of the practice of price cutting, giving members benefits before profits earned. The Rochdale venture used a different principle—that of charging prices approximating the market and rebating later when profits had been made and reserves set aside. Furthermore, each member of the society under the Rochdale system had only one vote, no matter how much capital he had put up. To those principles are credited the fact that today 100,000,000 families are members of the consumer, marketing, and credit co-ops that have been set up in 40 countries.

The movement in this country is comparatively young. It was not until 1919, under the whiplash of high commodity prices, that the co-ops really got a foothold. They were organized along two distinct lines: consumer co-ops and farmer co-ops. But the consumer groups began to fade out of the picture when prices went down with the 1921 depression; many of the rest vanished in the crash of 1929.

bill of rights—

Some of the farmers, however, plugged right along. Sometimes they formed special-purpose co-ops. For example, a group would organize to buy at wholesale a carload of fence wire or fertilizer. But they were hampered in setting up real cooperatives by the Sherman Antitrust Act and numerous state laws. Passage of the Clayton Act in 1914 hadn't helped much. Although it stipulated that labor and agricultural organizations could exist, it did not specify what they could do.

Then in 1922 (when "farm relief" really became a popular political catch-phrase) came the Capper-Volstead Act. Farmer co-op members call this their "Bill of Rights" because it empowered them to form co-ops and buy and sell farm goods without violating Federal laws. After passage of this law, the farm co-ops spread rapidly through the Middle West.

revival

And with the farm co-ops steadily gaining size and strength under favorable laws, the consumer co-op movement was revived and began going places, especially in the past five years. They have grown into what is generally regarded as the province of big business. Examples: already operating nine refineries, 25 oil wells, and 509 miles of pipeline, a cooperative has purchased for \$4,000,000 the Coffeyville, Kan., properties of the National Refining Co., which include 269 oil wells, a 13,500-barrel-a-day refinery, 768 miles of pipelines, and 104,408 acres of undeveloped oil leases. Another big cooperative refinery purchase took place last summer when the former Globe refinery at McPherson, Kan., was bought for nearly \$5,000,000. By going clear back to the well refinery level, consumer cooperatives selling gasoline say that they have raised their margin of net profit on gasoline from 1/4 cent a gallon to 2 3/4 cents. And the large oil companies, while not admitting out loud that they are concerned at these small inroads, nevertheless are watching such operations closely and wondering how much these moves will snowball.

Visits to home towns all over the U. S. to see how they have changed. Your town may appear here soon.

By BILL DAVIDSON

Beaver Dam, Wis.

This is a perfectly normal town with a main street, an Elks Club, taverns, a war plant and a cheese factory.

It differs from the average, however, in several minor respects, typical of which are the following: (a) At the age of 6, little boys have shotguns placed in their hands and are sent out to hunt ducks in the wild Horicon Marsh, (b) citizens of 70 take pleasure in ice skating and fishing on Beaver Dam Lake, and (c) the rabbits, possum and deer are so bold they come right up into the back yard.

In other words, Beaver Dam is a community made up principally of rugged German, Polish and Irish stock, schooled to absorb the hard blows of man and Nature. When a tribe of skunks invaded the cellar of St. Mark's Lutheran Church a few years ago, Bill Field, the conservation warden, calmly proceeded to trap them while his wife sang "Nearer My God to Thee" to the congregation upstairs.

So on the whole, the town has been able to take in stride the changes brought about by the war and the loss of most of its young men.

The Weyenberg Shoe Factories, the Kirsh Foundry and the Monarch Malleable Iron Range Company are going full blast. But, as Bert Schwake puts it, "You can roll a bowling ball down Front Street any night after 9 P.M. without hitting anyone." There's no place to spend money except at the local shops on Front Street, like Newton and Wenz's, Maier and Zahn's, and the Model Exclusive Apparel.

The women are getting bored with bridge, so they've taken to knitting face masks for Coast Guardsmen. The men are getting bored with scat, keeno and schafskopf, so they've taken to hanging around their lodges where they figure out ingenious new strategies.

The library and 82-year-old librarian, Miss Hattie Doolittle, still look down in Gothic majesty from their vantage point on the corner of Front and Spring Streets. Beaver Dam River rushes cool and green and wild through the center of the town. In Spring, kids sneak away from school and pull a mess of bullheads out of Beaver Dam Lake, which is practically in the town's back yard. And Griff Jones (who claims the title of the world's champion bullhead skinner and whose tavern is decorated with a plaque crediting him with the denuding of 2,150 pounds of live bullheads in a competition held at Browns Valley, Minn., on Oct. 16, 1915) still rents his summer cottages up the lake with a stipulation that no rent be paid on any cottage unless the tenant thereof pulls in a certain number of fish.

The Odeon Theater is still jammed for every change of feature. The town's 42 taverns are testimony of the beer-drinking capacity of the forebears of the

citizenry. The high-school kids still go to Schwake's drug store for cokes. The boys go into the armed forces as soon as they graduate from school. The girls go away to work.

The only way you can get to Madison and Milwaukee now is by bus, so nobody goes to the University of Wisconsin and Green Bay Packer games any more. Instead, the town jams the local high-school games. This unexpected attention completely rattled the Beaver football and basketball teams, both accustomed to performing in relative obscurity. It affected them, however, in different ways. The football team lost every game. The basketball team lost only to Horicon and ran away with the Little Ten Championship.

The American Legion waged a campaign against Clarence Keller in 1942, charging him with misuse of public funds. Notwithstanding, Keller was re-elected mayor. Emil Drews, the town constable and taxi driver, was elected dog catcher. This posed a serious problem for Emil, since the town had no dog pound. He has solved the problem, temporarily at least, by running the

captured mutts into his taxi stand. Sometimes when he has a particularly vicious prisoner, Emil is afraid to enter the taxi stand to answer calls, further complicating the transportation muddle.

Muskrat pelts are selling for \$2 apiece. The lakes are alive with perch and pike. Horicon Marsh is crowded with pheasant and duck and fox and mink and deer, none of which can quite comprehend what is going on.

There is hardly anyone to hunt them.

Shenandoah, Pa.

This is a town which someone once described as the only Wild West settlement east of the Mississippi River.

It is still more or less that way.

It sits on a hummock at the bottom of a stark valley in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. It is isolated and inaccessible. It is stained with the mingled coal dust and sweat of a century of back-breaking toil.

Shenandoah is tough and indestructible—like the tough, indestructible fibre of the stolid Slavs who make up most of its popula-

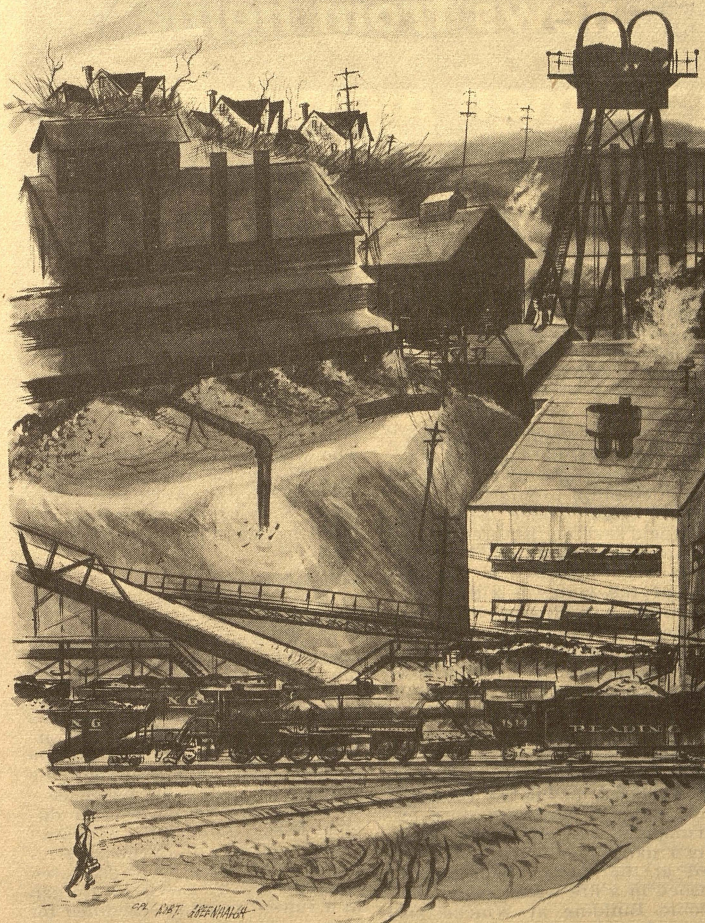
tion. Famous football names have come from here, like Al Babartski and Larry Sartori of Fordham, Stan Lewyck of Georgetown, and Kats Katalinas of the Chicago Bears. The town has withstood depression, suicide by dynamite and sudden death in its mine shafts. It withstood the serfdom imposed upon it by the early coal operators and the virtual civil war imposed upon it by the freedom-loving, misled vigilantes known as the Molly Maguires. Even Nature conspired against it in 1940 when the town settled into the coal mines amid a welter of cracked streets, split walls and broken buildings.

The dingy streets with their little houses are the same—in the Bloody First Ward, as well as on the more genteel Jordan and West Streets. Life still revolves about the principal intersection, Main and Centre Streets.

Maher's skating rink is more popular than ever with the kids. The American Legion pool (a colossal lottery within the pale of the law) is more popular than ever with the adults. The High School building, damaged in the great cave-in of 1940, is still closed. The Junior High School building has been condemned. Both are too dangerous even to enter, and high-school classes are being taught in the Roosevelt, Jefferson and Wilson grade schools instead. The high-school football team, notwithstanding, continues to be terrific. Last fall, the Blue Devils extended their undefeated record to 35 straight games over a three and a half year period. Nineteen-year-old, bone-crushing Matt Mikosz shattered all scholastic records by scoring 155 points last season, and averaging 60 yards on punts. He probably would have been the greatest back ever to come out of Shenandoah. He's in the Navy now.

The people of Shenandoah (or Shan-doh, as they call it) represent 20 different nationalities and religions. They still blandly cook *bleenies* (Greek fried grated potatoes), *kielbasi* (Lithuanian pork dumplings) and blind pigeons (Polish stuffed cabbage). The kids love to eat thick black bread spread with molasses and shoe-fly, a pastry. Mitchell Day is still a big holiday. This is the anniversary of the first big strike victory won for them by the almost-legendary John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, on Oct. 29, 1900. On Memorial Day, the old people still climb Locust Mountain and put flowers on the Peddler's Grave. The Peddler was an old wandering peddler, who was killed by a robber on Locust Mountain in 1789. The people of the town buried him up there, and ever since they have kept his grave and climbed the mountain to cover it with flowers. Now, 150 years later, they don't even question why. They shrug their shoulders and say, "Who else is going to take care of the poor old lonely soul?"

Everyone still works in the mines or operates a store or shop on Main or Centre Street. But the men still trudge down to the blackboard on Centre Street where daily announcements are posted as to whether the St. Nicholas Breaker, the William Penn Colliery, the Kohinoor, Hammond and other mines are working or idle.



Shenandoah, Pa.

ALABAMA

The Bessemer City Democratic Committee barred "Democratic" supporters of Wendell Willkie in 1940 from running for municipal offices. The Bowman Horse and Mule Auction Co. of Montgomery planned to sell 197 Coast Guard beach-patrol horses to the highest bidders. Montgomery had the warmest Jan. 27 on record—78 degrees.

ARIZONA

Army engineers investigated the possibility of piping water to Tucson from the proposed Charleston Dam lake. The Sulphur Springs Valley Electric Cooperative Inc. purchased the Southern Arizona Public Service Co., thereby extending its service to 1,300 customers in 14 central Arizona towns. Agricultural production last year was below that for 1942, although farmers harvested record crops of vegetables, American-Egyptian cotton and alfalfa hay. Kingman High defeated Las Vegas (Nev.) High, 26-24.

ARKANSAS

Isaac (Ike) Hill, who is serving a 99-year term in the Oklahoma Penitentiary, was said to have confessed taking part in three murders and a possible fourth near North Little Rock in 1942. Fire destroyed Laser's department store and David's grocery in Forrest City. With higher prices prevailing, the commercial fur catch in North Arkansas was expected to be double that of last year.

CALIFORNIA

In a special session, the Legislature amended the state ballot law setting May 16 as the date for both the Presidential and state primaries and establishing machinery for absentee-soldier voting. As a penalty for refusing to comply with OPA rationing regulations, the Mt. Davidson market in San Francisco was forbidden to deal in fresh meat for the duration.

COLORADO

A heavy snow, reaching 8 inches in Denver, brightened prospects for a good winter-wheat crop. Twelve of the 14 members of the La Plata County Rationing Board quit because they said policies were dictated by the state OPA office. A white European swan with a wingspread of 7 feet 9 inches, believed to have escaped from a zoo, hit a power line near Broomfield and was killed.

CONNECTICUT

Hartford's Police Commissioner Juliano was acquitted of charges of appropriating two desks, a chair and a steel locker from police headquarters for use in his florist shop. David Meyers, 15, Stratford High sophomore who had been missing for a week, telephoned home from New York City that he had married 19-year old Edna Taylor of Fairfield whom he met at a football game last fall.

DELAWARE

Rehoboth Beach residents saved ration points when a heavy tide washed ashore thousands of soft-shelled crabs. Two Laurel brothers, Melvin and Samuel Messick, were killed when the truck in which they were riding crashed into a wagon near Harrington. E. I. du Pont de Nemours Co. of Wilmington announced the development of a plastic toothpaste tube. Died at

Lewes: William Graves, 82, who prayed daily in the abandoned church he converted into a shirt factory 26 years ago.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The longest intoxication trial in the District's history—eight days—ended with Judge Clagett clearing Robert J. Maghan Jr., a suspended policeman, of charges of being drunk in his car on a parking lot at 34th and Bank Streets NW. The National Symphony Orchestra played a concert of selections chosen by Government workers.

FLORIDA

While motoring from Miami to Hialeah Park, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Keithly of Dallas, Tex., were held up by five masked gunmen and robbed of \$10,000 in cash and jewels. Five persons, including two servicemen, were killed when their car plunged through the Bayou Chico Bridge at Pensacola. The Civil Aeronautics Board approved an application by National Airlines for 50-minute flights from Miami to Key West at \$6.40 one way.

GEORGIA

The University of Georgia was fined \$500 by the Southeastern Conference for using five ineligible football players last season. Ex-Gov. Hardwick, 71, died at Sandersville.

news from home

IDAHO

Separate fires destroyed a garage owned by Andy Anderson, logging contractor, of Council and the J. C. Watson packing plant at Farma. Thomas Gooding of Gooding was elected president of the Idaho Wool Growers Association at its annual meeting at Boise. Duncan Johnston, former mayor of Twin Falls, was freed after serving 5½ years of a life sentence for the murder of George Olson, Salt Lake City (Utah) jewelry salesman.

ILLINOIS

Rock Island County ministers, having won their fight against slot-machine operators and bookies, were attempting to stop commercialized bingo. Judge Stone of Springfield severely lectured a tardy juror—his daughter. Hunting parties were organized in various parts of the state to kill foxes, wolves and weasels that were exterminating large numbers of small animals and poultry. The Presbyterian Churches of Champaign and Elizabeth observed their 75th and 100th anniversaries, respectively, by burning mortgages.

INDIANA

Tear-gas bombs, which should have exploded during the robbery of the Pearson hardware store in Indianapolis, went off in the faces of two patrolmen when they arrived at the scene. Elwin Bragg perished in a fire which swept the Masonic Building at Winchester. Arthur Laws and Frank Nixon struck natural gas at 910 feet after drilling a well on the Willard Stahl farm near Kokomo. Farmers in three counties adjoining Ferndi-

nand State Forest reported deer grazing with their livestock. Ex-Mayor Barrows of Kokomo died at 80.

IOWA

A shortage of pharmacists closed 56 Iowa drug stores in 1943. Roy Smith was commuting three times each week by private plane between his 2,000-acre ranch near Columbus Junction and his gas and oil business in Davenport. At Ralston, a new cooperative soybean-processing plant was being operated by 481 Carroll and Greene County farmers. The former Betty and Barbara Spurgin, 19-year-old identical twins of Cherokee, gave birth 37 minutes apart to a daughter and son, respectively. A car-trailer crash killed Mr. and Mrs. Luverne Carson and Gerald Sabotka, all of Oxford Junction.

KANSAS

At a State Chamber of Commerce conference at Topeka, representatives of 73 communities considered how to attract new industries and place discharged war veterans and war workers in peacetime jobs. The old Finney County Courthouse was put up at auction. Pete Summers received a broken jaw and painful bruises when he was buried under three tons of waste paper at the H. J. Mahew Salvage Co. storehouse at Horton. High-school bas-

ketball scores: Wichita North 35, Wichita Cathedral 24; Augusta 35, Eureka 24; Sabetha 33, Seneca 29.

KENTUCKY

Thousands of Louisville residents were without water for several hours after a break appeared in the main feeder line on St. Catherine Street between Logan and Shelby Streets and flooded basements and streets in the area. The Calhoun-Rumsey Bridge over the Green River was made toll free. Ex-Mayor White of Maysville received the \$16,000 estate of the late Mrs. Jennie Pritz, a dishwasher who was thought to be penniless. Two Beattyville sisters, Irene and Geneva Johnson, were accused by the U. S. of using the mails to defraud by operating a matrimonial agency.

LOUISIANA

State revenue officers seized 1,790 packages of cigarettes mailed to J. W. Wainwright in New Orleans, who was accused of receiving them from a St. Louis (Mo.) candy firm by mail in order to avoid the state tax of 5 cents a package. Two alligators—one found on the Dominican College grounds and another under the stairway of an uptown residence—were placed in New Orleans' Audubon Park. James H. (Jimmie) Davis, who won the primary election for governor by 35,752 votes, was opposed by Lewis L. Morgan in a run-off election scheduled for next month.

MAINE

The State Republican Convention will be held in Bangor, Apr. 13 and 14. After trying on several

suits in a Portland cleaning shop, a thief made off with a size 34. Separate fires destroyed the Gem Theater in Winthrop, and the Baitler fruit store, the Lincoln Harlow Jewelry Store and the Harry Glaser Clothing Store in Water Street, Gardiner. Wilbur Reynolds, Burnham tax collector, was fatally gored by a bull. Clarence Desjardins of Fort Kent caught a fox that had two six-inch tail tips that formed a perfect V.

MARYLAND

The No. 2 bridge over Loch Raven was closed for repairs because of a slight shifting of the left abutment. Donald Husey of Sauer's Beach and Roy Wood of White Hall got four years, and Richard Hunter of Baltimore a two-year Federal term for stealing typewriters from the OPA office at Bel Air.

MASSACHUSETTS

City Councilor Scannell of South Boston charged that professional boxing is "one of the biggest rackets this city has ever seen." A \$10,000 fire swept the Osgood Block at Brockton. Lloyd Viner of Rutland and Guy Cheever of Barre each shot a wildcat in the Peter-sham Woods. The Hotel Wendell of Pittsfield, Berkshire County's largest hotel, was sold for about \$550,000 by N. A. Campbell to the Sheraton Hotel Corporation of Boston. Dr. W. T. Moriarty was named police commissioner of Malden.

MICHIGAN

For the first time in 30 years, two of the State Senate's pages are girls. George (Shorty) Moran, 60, president of the Detroit Amateur Baseball Federation since 1920, and Anna Cass, 39, Wayne County employee, died after eating steak that had accidentally been dipped in roach powder instead of flour. More than 200 GOP leaders from 24 counties met at Lansing and unanimously demanded the resignation of national committeeman Frank McKay of Grand Rapids.

MINNESOTA

Stillwater's Board of Education upheld Principal Kuhlman, who stopped a high-school jive program and canceled student assembly programs indefinitely. The Government seized 29½ tons of scrap metal from Otto Nygren, Fergus Falls farmer who refused to contribute it to scrap drives. State Conservation Commissioner Wilson announced there would be no open season on beaver this year.

MISSISSIPPI

Twenty-year-old Vera Anderson, a welding instructor for the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp., remained the champion woman welder of the world by defeating Mrs. Edna Slocum of Oakland, Calif., at Pascagoula. The State Senate voted to reinstate football at Mississippi's colleges. John Heath of Fittler, who represented Issaquena County in the State House of Representatives, was killed in an auto accident at Jackson. State legislators were forced to smoke cigarettes as Jackson had been out of cigars more than a week.

MISSOURI

James Jensen, policeman and ex-mayor of Richmond Heights, admitted the theft of 282 articles from parked cars. George Wall, a St. Louisan who moved to Texas after being divorced in 1932 and

who had sent his former wife \$100 alimony a month ever since, recently learned that she married again in 1936 and was again divorced.

NEBRASKA

Omaha became the biggest hog market in the world; a line of trucks extending five miles unloaded 63,333 hogs. The Burlington railroad's branch from Beatrice and Tecumseh was abandoned, leaving Filley, Crab Orchard and Vesta without train service. A rain and snowstorm caused \$250,000 property damage a few weeks ago but broke a long drought. Carl Lange of Hartington, Nebraska's most decorated veteran in the first World War, was killed in an auto accident near Sioux City.

NEVADA

Nevada motorists were issued a single license plate for 1944. Dr. John Moseley, dean of students at the University of Tennessee, was appointed president of the University of Nevada. The Goldfield Liquor Board denied a saloon license to Jasper Craig, ruling that his building at Crook and Fifth Avenue is too close to the residential district. High-school basketball scores: Reno 45, Sparks 28; Fallon 46, Carson City 29.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Separate fires destroyed the Nugget, Hanover's only theater, and the 13,000-gallon water-storage tank in the north yard of the B & M railroad at Nashua. At Tilton, Cecil (Red) Dow, sled-dog musher who sold his team of Siberian huskies to the Army in 1941, enlisted in the Navy. High-school basketball scores: Manchester Central 31, Keene 26; Concord 48, Pembroke Academy 22; Somersworth 39, Sanford (Maine) 19.

NEW JERSEY

Under a new streamlined constitution presented to the State Legislature by Gov. Edge, nine types of courts would be abolished, 100 state agencies and bureaus consolidated into 20 and the governor's term increased from three to four years. Scott Farland, a sailor on furlough from Norfolk, Va., was charged at Plainfield with using a stiletto to stab to death James Mancheser, 61, who married his sweetheart while he was in North Africa. Several thousand barrels of oil were lost before a break in the Big Inch pipe line near Linden was repaired. Asbury Park's Mayor Mooney died at 57.

NEW MEXICO

The Gallup diocese pledged \$33,149 toward the post-war construction of a Catholic Cathedral as the see for the Bishop of Gallup. Cattle in northern New Mexico were reported on the verge of starvation as snow blanketed the ground. As a protection against a city water shortage, Silver City's Town Council authorized the drilling of a deep-water well.

NEW YORK

Representatives of 30 Buffalo organizations formed a central committee to help discharged war veterans regain their jobs. When City Judge Parker of North Tonawanda issued an order to evict Mayor Joyce from his home, the mayor suspended the judge, later reinstated him and appealed to a higher court. Mrs. Joan Muck of the Bronx, New York City, who

weighed 17½ pounds at birth, gave birth to a son who weighed 17½ pounds.

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte's School Board voted to reinstate Vince Bradford as head football coach at Central High after considering a petition signed by more than 1,000 students. A \$125,000 fire swept the Avdlett Building in Elizabeth City's business district.

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck was selected as the site of the State Republican Convention, which will open Mar. 17. William Sandberg, proprietor of the Jamestown Flying Service, and Charles McCoy, an instructor, were killed when their plane crashed near Ypsilanti while they were fox hunting from the air.

OHIO

Ohio's new auto-license tags with white numerals on a blue background went on sale this week; servicemen who would like their old license numbers reserved for them until after the war may do so by writing the Ohio Bureau of Motor Vehicles. Mayor Rhodes warned 500 operators of Columbus taverns and pool rooms that his administration would not tolerate dives or honky-tonks. Enon High in Clark County had won 13 straight basketball games.

OKLAHOMA

Wilbur Hightower, president of the Oklahoma City First National

Bank and Trust Co., his daughter and three companions were killed in a plane crash near Elkins, W. Va. Tulsa's daily bus travel had increased 3,194 fares in the past year but only 200 additional seats have been added. High-school basketball results: Miami 46, Commerce 33; Okmulgee 36, Sapulpa 29; Guthrie 27, Enid 25; Hominy 24, Dewey 22.

SOUTH CAROLINA

At Branchville, Police Chief Dukes, Deputy Sheriff Fairey and J. C. Street Sr. were killed in a gun battle when the two officers went to Street's home to serve a warrant. The Rev. C. R. Hahn, who received a CDD after being wounded while serving as an Army chaplain, resumed the pastorate of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church in Columbia. Fire destroyed Clinton College's newest building near Rock Hill. The state bought 3,362 acres in York County to enlarge the Catawba Indian Reservation.

SOUTH DAKOTA

The Lawler Hotel, an Alexandria landmark for more than 60 years, was razed for scrap lumber. Separate fires destroyed the North Star night club at Black Hawk, the Beavey elevator at Junius and the state highway warehouse at Mitchell. The Sioux Falls Junior Chamber of Commerce honored the late Frank Aikens with the posthumous award of its annual distinguished service award. Thirty men fought a prairie fire near Ray-

mond for two hours before extinguishing it.

VERMONT

The annual Searsburg town report showed that children were being paid to walk to school presumably to save gas. Frank Curran, manager of the Western Union office, was named Newport's acting postmaster. Proctor and West Rutland dedicated servicemen's honor rolls. The CIO lost its first election in the Burlington area when employees of the E. B. & A. C. Whiting Co. rejected the Textile Workers Union of America by a vote of 157 to 107. Died: Collins Stearns, Springfield town representative, at 73. High-school basketball scores: Burlington 26, Spaulding of Barre 21; Montpelier 42, Winooski 22; Hinesburg 30, Essex Center 26.

VIRGINIA

VMI at Lexington had the smallest graduating class in history—three students including one Chinese. Ted Dalton of Radford, a Republican, defeated four candidates to become state senator from the 21st District. A survey of 70 Richmond manufacturers indicated there would be plenty of post-war jobs for returning servicemen.

WASHINGTON

Toppenish students became used to substitute teachers as regulars frequently took time off when their servicemen husbands came home on furlough. At Seattle, Mrs. Edna Myer, 23, became the mother of twins for the second time in less than 11 months. A Roosevelt bus in Seattle crashed into Mrs. O. H. Snyder's home after coasting backward a block on Roosevelt Way near East 75th Street when its brakes burned out; no one was hurt, but the crash woke up Mrs. Snyder and set her house afire.

WEST VIRGINIA

Constables Bruce Chadwick of the Ceredo District and Garland Hayes of the Westmoreland District were charged by the state police at Wayne with stealing seven cases of whisky after they had turned in only one case as evidence against a Charleston man accused of possessing whisky on which no state tax had been paid. J. Blackburn Watts, Kanawha County prosecutor for 15 years announced he would not seek reelection.

WISCONSIN

The Civic Alliance, composed of representatives of all Milwaukee service clubs, voted to back plans for a war memorial. Madison's Mayor Kraege received the support of the Madison Federation of Labor in his bid for reelection on Apr. 4. St. Victor's Catholic Church of Monroe was rededicated after being redecoreated and improved.

WYOMING

Wyoming's parched plains received the heaviest snowfall of the winter. State and Federal authorities seized 479 cases of black-market liquor and arrested three men in a raid on a ranch at Jackson. Cheyenne had a balance of more than \$500,000 in city funds.

news from home

Dr. Louis Schulman, president of the Pittsburgh Medical Forum, was shot to death by a former woman patient as he left his office. The Fairmont Park Commission of Philadelphia voted to dredge the silt from along the banks of the Schuylkill River in front of Boat House Row. There were no candidates for 100 jobs in Philadelphia's police and fire departments.

OREGON

To collect facts for post-war planning 300 interviewers queried employees of the three Kaiser shipyards in the Portland area to determine whether they wanted to remain in the area after the war. Hood River voters rejected a proposed 175-million-dollar bond issue to acquire private electric-power facilities. The state high-school basketball tournament will be held at Willamette U. Mar. 16-18.

PENNSYLVANIA

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RHODE ISLAND

With guns blazing, three young bandits burst into the Watchemoket bar in East Providence, wounded one patron and escaped

TENNESSEE

During a three-hour test shopping tour, a reporter from the Memphis Commercial Appeal bought \$15.99 worth of food without surrendering one of the 165 ration points required. To relieve a recent coal shortage, Knoxville expected a shipment of 313 carloads from the Southern Appalachian, Harlan and Big Sandy fields. Berry Hill Gardens at Nashville, a 200-unit municipal housing project, was offered for sale by the Defense Homes Corporation.

TEXAS

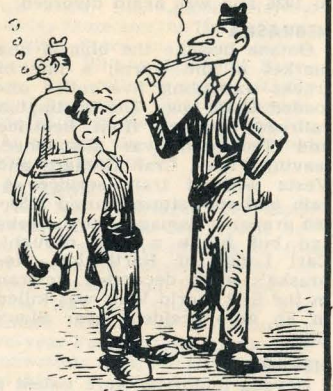
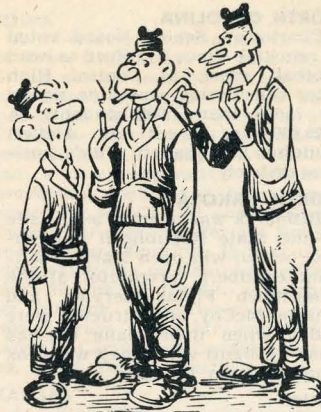
Houston will hold an election on July 22 to act on a proposal to annex 50 square miles of territory including a large Ship Channel industrial area. A paroled convict was being sought in connection with the hammer slayings of Mrs. Cora Smith and her daughter at Brownfield, 45 miles southwest of Lubbock. Two Nacogdoches daily papers, the Redland Herald and the Daily Sentinel, merged. The University of Texas Longhorn Band, an all-male organization for 44 years, decided to admit co-eds—for concerts only, not for marching.

UTAH

The Associated Civic Clubs of Southern Utah adopted a program to assure returning servicemen jobs in agriculture and small businesses. A fire that destroyed the general store in Emery left the

THE SAD SACK

"GOT A LIGHT, BUD?"

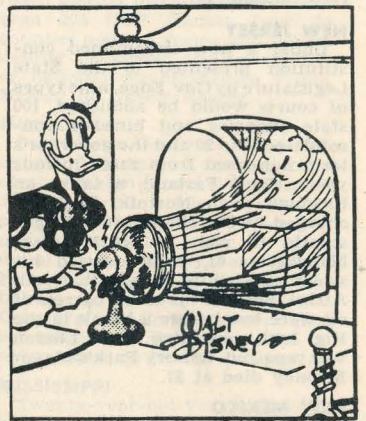
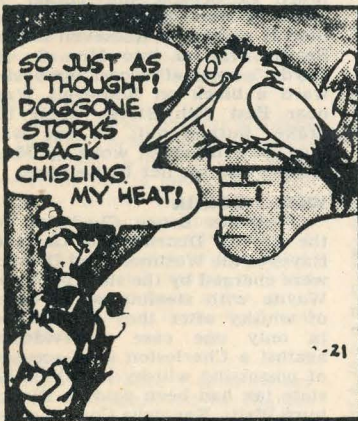


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SGT. GEORGE BAKER

DONALD DUCK

By Walt Disney



THIMBLE THEATRE—STARRING POPEYE—

Now Showing: "Shore 'Leaf'!"

