FORWARDED FROM LONDON BY Wm. R. (Bill) Mitchell — Thought you might like to see it. — Harry Gateley, Jr.

Yes, Flying Is Just "A Bad Habit" With These Two

CAN'T STOP NOW THEY'RE HERE

"WHAT DO YOU SAY, BOY, ON TO PARIS?"

CLIPPER COLONEL

HIS FRIEND SAYS "BREAK IT UP, LET'S GET ON"

By a Special Correspondent

YOU might think, in your English innocence, that anyone who had just flown 3,500 miles across the Atlantic, and before that 1,400 miles from Texas to New York—and was due to repeat the performance in the opposite direction within a week—would want a rest from aeroplanes.

But then you don't know Colonel Amon Carter, and you don't know his friend, Mr. E. M. Swasey.

"Well, what do you say, boy?" asked the Colonel, as he adjusted his ten-gallon white stetson in his room at the Savoy to-day.

On First Clipper

"Guess we better go to Paris," said Mr. Swasey. "After all, we can fly back to-morrow in time to catch the Yankee Clipper back to New York on Wednesday."

"Sure," said the Colonel carelessly.

"We just fly everywhere," he added to me almost apologetically. "In 1934 we took the first Clipper to South America—Miami to Buenos Aires—and in 1936 we took the first Clipper across the Pacific 8,700 miles from California to China . . ."

". . . And Amon insisted in getting back in time to vote for Roosevelt," said Swasey. "I stayed in Honolulu; I don't give a hoot what party's in, anyway."

Once Texan Newsboy

"Yes, flying's just a bad habit with us. When I came up from Southampton last night it was the first time I'd been in a train in five years.

"Altogether I've been 300,000 miles by plane."

Colonel Carter, a middle-aged Texan with a drawling Western accent, comes from Fort Worth. He started there as a newsboy, and is now the publisher of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*.

Throughout his journey he's worn his enormous hat, and, as he told his son over the Transatlantic phone, he hasn't had his cowboy boots with high heels off since he left home.

His Title

"These airplanes just get bigger and bigger," he said to me. "When we went to South America our plane carried 16 passengers, the one to China 32, and now this one nearly twice as many as this."

Swasey chimed in: "It's just as if this hotel sprouted wings and started off some place."

Colonel Carter gives one big grin when you ask him how he got his title.

"The 'Colonel' stuff is crazy," he said. "Sure I'm Colonel of Texas and Kentucky—rank granted by the Governor. But also I'm a Brigadier-General of Louisiana!

"You boys want to watch us Southern Colonels. Remember the story of Carey Grayson, Taft and Teddy Roosevelt's doctor going to visit his friend Sims in Kentucky.

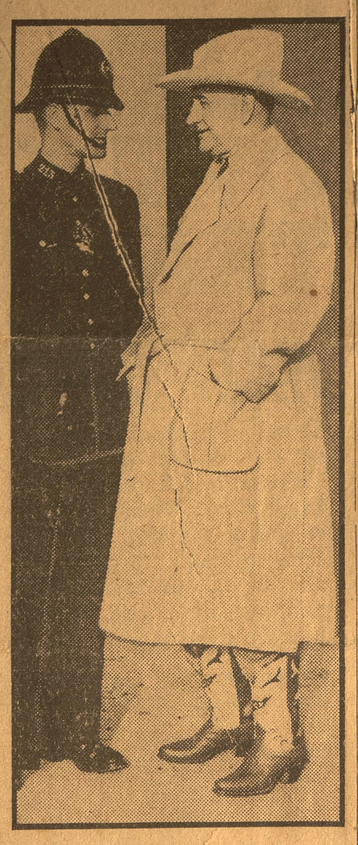
The Negro's Hint

"'Is that his house? he asks the negro who's driving him. 'Nosir, Colonel Sims, he lives there,' answers the boy.

"'I didn't know Sims was a Colonel,' says Grayson. 'How did he get the title?'

"'Well it's this way,' says the boy. 'In Kentucky some men's just born Colonels, some is made Colonels by the governor, and—well, Colonel, a heap get called Colonels by giving us poor niggers two dollars.'"

"Say, break it up, will you," interrupted Swasey. "If you sit there bulling all day we'll just never get to Paris."



Colonel Amon Carter chatting to an English policeman.

ROUND BRITAIN IN A TAXI

HE HAS HAD ENOUGH

WHEN Mr. George Owen, London taxi-driver, arrived at his home in Elmfield-road, Tornsey, late last night from a taxicab trip of nearly 3,000 miles round Britain, he found a letter waiting for him.

It asked him to take a woman passenger from Tunbridge Wells on a similar trip.

"I think I've had enough, for the time being at any rate," he said to-day.

Mr Owen left London three weeks ago with three passengers—Mrs. Phyllis Jolly, of Hamilton, New Zealand, and her two daughters Rose, aged 19 and Violet, aged 17.

His Second

The route included Land's End, Wales, Scotland and John O'Groats. It was the second time Mr Owen had taken fares round Britain.

The first was another New Zealander and his family, and it was because of the first trip that Mrs Jolly got in touch with Mr. Owen

"The worst part of the trip was the weather," he said "Fortunately it did not seem to affect the enjoyment of my passengers.

"The taxi behaved perfectly, and I had no trouble at all—not even a puncture."

Don Bradman is now the Father of a Son

ADELAIDE, Monday.

Don Bradman is to-day the happiest man in Australia A son was born to the wife of the famous cricketer just after mid-day. Both mother and child are reported to be doing splendidly.

Don says he is at present undecided as to his boy's names.

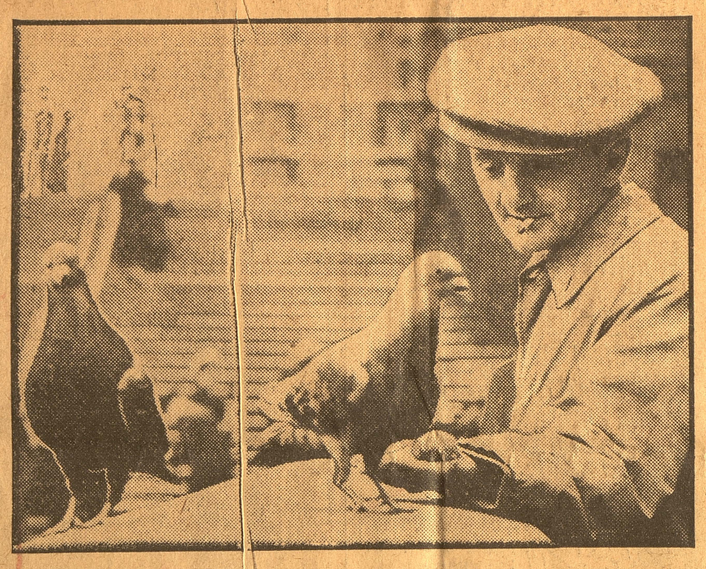
News that the 1938 Australian Test captain had become a father spread throughout the Commonwealth quicker than a bush fire. Don has been showered with congratulations from all parts of Australia.

World Record Score

Bradman, who is 31, married a childhood playmate, Miss Jessie Menzies, a bank clerk, on April 30, 1932. In 1936 a son was born but died the following day.

Besides holding the world's record individual score of 452 not out, the Australian Test captain is the holder of countless other first-class cricket records.—Reuter.

MRS. BRADMAN



Every Day In London: *As much of a town-dweller as the cockney, the London pigeon knows all the spots which suit him best. And most of these are the open spaces where he gets his meals, such as Trafalgar-square or (shown here) the Embankment.*

COURTS DAY BY DAY

At the Night Club

MORRIS stood in the witness-box like a man asking, blandly, for the protection of the law. A courteous smile was on his face, he wore his well-tailored clothes easily and with assurance, and his manner was urbane. He was the kind of man who was accustomed to getting what he wanted when he asked for it.

The clerk of the Bow-street court indicated the wiry and efficient leanness of Harold in the dock. "You say,' he inquired, "that this man assaulted you by striking you with his fists?"

"That is so," agreed Morris.

"Outside a night club?"

"At the club door."

"Who is he?"

"The doorman, I believe."

The clerk nodded. "Tell the learned magistrate," he said, lifting his eyebrows upwards towards the silvery figure of Mr. Boyd on the bench "exactly how it happened."

❖ ❖ ❖

HAVING spread his hands confidently on the ledge of the witness-box Morris addressed Mr. Boyd as one equal might address another. "Last night," he said in a well-bred accent, "I went to this night-club with my wife and two friends That man over there was at the door. As I attempted to enter he made several insulting remarks, refused to admit me, and then pushed me out again. On the pavement he knocked me down. I hit my head on the ground, and I do not remember what happened after that."

Mr. Boyd had listened with a cold interest? "Are you a member of the club?" he asked.

"I don't remember, I'm afraid."

"You don't remember?"

Morris shrugged easily. "I really couldn't say for certain," he answered. "I believe I was made a member the last time I went there, but I wouldn't be sure about it."

A frown began to grow on Mr. Boyd's face. "Had you had any drinks before you went to this night club?" he said remotely.

"Drinks? Yes, I had had one or two drinks, during the course of the evening. Four or five, to be precise."

Mr. Boyd's tone was cold. "Call your next witness,' he commanded.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE next witness was Morris's wife. She was coolly pretty and immaculately smart; and took the oath in a small, composed voice

"We all went together to this night club," she began, "and when we got there——"

But Mr. Boyd interposed. "How many drinks had your husband had before he went?" he asked.

"That's a rather difficult question."

"Do you know how many?"

"Not very many."

"Continue your evidence."

She took up, a little stiffly, the threads of her evidence. "I went to the door of the club while my husband was paying for the taxi," she said, "and the doorman asked me if I was a member. I told him that I wasn't, but that I believed my husband was. He said sarcastically that girls were in the habit of going into clubs with policemen. Then my husband arrived.

"The doorman asked him if he was a member. He said he supposed he was, because he'd been there before. The doorman began to argue, and I said to my husband that there were plenty of other places we could go to, and that seemed to annoy the doorman. He hustled my husband out and knocked him down on the pavement."

Mr. Boyd was nodding frigidly. "That is your evidence?" he inquired.

"That is what happened."

"Very well, you can stand down.'

She withdrew prettily from the witness-box, and Mr. Boyd, still nodding, invited Harold to give evidence in his own defence.

❖ ❖ ❖

HAROLD obeyed with that instant competence which is so necessary to the doormen of night clubs. He took the oath decisively, and he fixed Mr. Boyd with a searching gaze.

"I was on duty at the door of the club, sir," he said, "and I saw that the prosecutor was the worse for drink. I told him he could not come in. He began shouting, and I said to him, 'You will have to leave.' He struck out at me. I caught hold of his arms and pushed him outside and said to him, 'Go home, old chap, and sleep it off.' He then struck at me again. I pushed him away, and he tripped up and fell down on the pavement."

"That is your evidence?" remarked Mr. Boyd.

"That is my evidence, sir."

"You will be discharged."

Harold departed immediately from the court, and Morris, looking slightly disconcerted, escorted his wife to the door.

❖ ❖ ❖

DORIS was a neat and pleasant woman in the late thirties. She hung her head as she stood in the dock, and she admitted in a faltering voice that she had been drunk the night before.

Mr. Boyd looked down at her from the height of the bench. "Is there anything you wish to say about this?" he demanded.

She broke, suddenly, into helpless tears. "I—I've had a most terrible shock, sir," she sobbed. "My daughter of eighteen has been going round with a married man. I—I know he's no use to her, and never will be. It's—it's terribly tragic, sir."

Mr. Boyd turned to the gaoler. "Has she been convicted before," he asked.

"Once, sir."

"Twenty shillings," said Mr. Boyd, "or in default seven days."

Doris went to the office, paid her fine, and walked out into the street with a handkerchief pressed to her face.

❖ ❖ ❖

SIDNEY had the greying hair and the solid outline of a man who was something important in the City. He loomed imposingly on the dais of the dock, and he announced in a directorial voice that he had been drunk and disorderly in the street.

Mr. Boyd turned to the constable in the witness-box. "What was he doing?" he asked.

"He was standing in the middle of a crowd outside a restaurant, sir, and was saying, 'I'm not going to move from here. I know my rights. Here will I stay.'"

"You arrested him?"

"I did, sir."

"Did he say anything?"

"He said he had been dining with some friends who were with him in France during the war, sir."

Mr. Boyd bent with dignity over his register. "Pay five shillings," he said.

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

DON'T TAKE HALF-WAY MEASURES WITH A HEADACHE

If you want to get rid of a headache, get rid of it properly. Don't just ease the pain for half an hour and leave the cause alone. Practically every headache, whether it comes from too much work or worry, or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, is really caused by what doctors call an acid condition.

To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you've got to counteract that acidity, and 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the way to do it.

A sparkling refreshing glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' shifts the worst headache in a few seconds, and at the same time definitely counteracts excess acidity. Remember 'Bromo-Seltzer' contains no aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effect. It's a grand two-fold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppels, or any chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back

The Quickest and Best way to cure a headache—a sparkling glass of

BROMO-SELTZER

Contains NO Aspirin

ROBBED DURING HOLIDAY

Woman Returns Home to Find £100 Jewellery Gone

Returning to her home, Beggars' Roost, at Chandler's Ford, Hants, today, after a week's holiday in Bournemouth, Mrs. Moykopf found it had been ransacked.

The police are now trying to trace thieves who got away with jewellery valued at £100.

THREE SOLDIERS IN A CAR

Police Patrol Make Early Morning Arrest

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

COLCHESTER, Monday.

Attracted shortly after midnight in the Shrub End, Colchester, district by the switching on of the headlights of an approaching car, a Colchester police car patrol turned round and gave chase.

As a result three troopers of the Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards—Frederick Douglas Ball, Frank Caffin and Stephen Albert Horsman—were remanded at Colchester to-day charged with shopbreaking and theft and with the theft of a car belonging to Lieut. Blacker.

P.C. Balls said the car contained tobacco and chocolate. All three were suspected of breaking into the Plume-avenue Stores, Shrub End.

Chief-Inspector Clear said there were many other cases to be gone into.

MOTOR SHOW DATES

The 33rd International Motor Exhibition will be held this year at Earls Court from October 12 to October 21, and the 14th International Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition from November 2 to November 11.

DEATH FOR MONEY SMUGGLERS

IN ITALY

A Bill to impose the death penalty in grave cases of infringement of the currency laws has been tabled in the Italian legislature.—Reuter.

NAZIS FREE BRITON

He Was Accused of Smuggling Money Out of Germany

VIENNA, Monday.

Mr. Allan Dean, a British subject, who was arrested two weeks ago and charged with smuggling money out of Germany, has been released on payment of a fine.—Reuter.

FOUR DIE IN TRAIN CRASH

Many Injured

ROME, Monday.

Four people were killed and many were seriously injured in a collision between a motor-train and a goods train at Novate Massole, near Sondrio. —Reuter.

SIR JOSEPH CHITTY BEREAVED

Lady Chitty, wife of Sir Joseph Henry Pollock Chitty, has died at Torrie Lodge, Esher, Surrey, it is announced to-day.

When he retired in 1936, Sir Joseph, who is 78, was Chief Master in the Chancery Division of the High Court.

BARKER SALE

IN THE FAMOUS Downstairs IS SETTING LONDON A NEW STANDARD IN Bargains!

★ SALE SHOPPING HOURS: 9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Thursdays HALF PRICE DAYS 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

2/11 each

Marvellous Collection of HATS Large Straws . . . Felts . . . and Felt Caps. A good range of colours and sizes, and a superb variety of styles! Illustrated: Hat in Straw, in White only and trimmed with either Black, Navy or Chocolate ribbon. 6¾, 6⅞ ALL ONE PRICE TO CLEAR, each **2/11** *postage 9d.*

STYLISH COAT Copied from a new Autumn model and included as a very special concession in the Sale. Well cut from a good reliable wool velour. Styled with attractive swing back, stitched collar and revers and new pockets. Lined rayon to tone. In Off White, Camel, Navy, and Windsor Blue. Hips 37, 38, 40, 42, 44 ins. *Reduced from 30/-.* SALE PRICE **21/9**

REDUCED FROM 20/- to 12/11! A COAT in **ALL WOOL FLANNEL** Very new and smart with stripes in soft-toned contrast. Well cut and styled with smart pockets and revers showing quite a new note. Lined rayon. In Fawn, Air Force Blue, Grey or soft Green. Hips 37, 38, 40, 42, 44 ins. *Usually 20/-.* SALE PRICE **12/11** *Postage 6d.*

IN RAYON MATT CREPE! A FROCK you'll love wearing! A frock of real charm—for only 10/-. Well cut and smartly made in rayon matt crepe with a richly multi-coloured stripe. Notice the dirndl waist and sleeves—and the new stitched neckline. Hips 38, 40, 42 ins *Usually 12/11.* SALE PRICE **10/-** *Postage 6d.*

REDUCED TO 7/6! CHARMING DRESS in bordered rayon spun. Generously cut skirt has stitched pleats in front and one at back with patent leather belt as a neat finish to this trim little dress. Ground shades of Lido Blue, Navy, Black & Brown. Hips 38, 40, 42 ins. *Usually 10/11* SALE PRICE **7/6** *Postage 6d.*

For the fuller figure! 10/- to clear! **DRESS** in uncrushable rayon crepe, with floral design on striped ground. Gauged shoulders and neckline, smartly finished with loops. Skirt cut on straight lines with box pleat in front. Belt ties at back. Striped ground colouring. Brown/Natural, Navy/White, Black/White. Hips 44, 46, 48, 50 52, 54 ins. *Usly 15/-* SALE PRICE **10/-** *Postage 6d.*

SMART COAT for the larger woman. Sleekly designed in a good quality rayon satin back marocain, and styled with attractive revers trimmed embroidery and fine pleating. In Navy, Black and Nigger. Hips 46 to 54 ins. *Usually 20/-.* SALE PRICE **15/-** *Personal Shoppers Only.*

Pyjamas for 2/9 a pair! **CREAM INTERLOCK PYJAMAS** Good quality, non-irritant and well finished throughout. Most attractively trimmed and embroidered with contrast colourings. Women's size only. Shades Cream/Peach, Cream/Apple, Cream/Turquoise. SALE PRICE **2/9** *Personal Shoppers Only.* Also obtainable in similar design—long sleeve Nightdresses, girdle at waist. Same colourings. Women's size. SALE PRICE 2/9

And another Big Bargain! **PRINCESS SLIP AND KNICKERS TO MATCH.** In non-ladder Locknit. Slip either with built-up shoulders or opera top. Fully cut, well finished throughout and thoroughly reliable in every way. Definitely an opportunity offer! Shades include Navy, Lupine, Sky, Shagreen, Apple, Rose, Light and Dark Beige, Black. Women's size. SALE PRICE, Slip **2/11** KNICKERS 2/-. *Personal Shoppers Only.*

Sale Priced! The Marvellous "KENBAR" **ARCH SUPPORT SHOE** *Absolutely Exclusive to Barkers Downstairs!* ONLY as the result of months of effort can such value be offered! This is a shoe with uppers of soft, flexible glace kid, with steel shank to give firm support to the arch, and additional padding beneath the instep to give cushioned ease. Built up leather heels, snug heel fitting. *In 3 STYLES—as illustrated—each offered in 2 FITTINGS—medium and wide.* **STYLE 1.** An instep tie shoe in Black or Brown Glace. **STYLE 2.** A one-bar shoe in Black or Brown Glace. **STYLE 3.** A gusset tab court shoe in Black, Brown or Blue Glace. All in sizes and half sizes 3 to 8. **ALL STYLES—ONE PRICE 14/8 PAIR** Postage 6d.

Style 2 Style 1 Style 3

FABRIC BARGAINS!

5,000 Yards of **PRINTED UNCRUSHABLE CREPE!** *All To Be Cleared at 1/6 a yard!* The most popular rayon fabric for making clothes to travel in—because it definitely resists creasing . . . and brings it to the very minimum. Very softly draping, it wears and washes perfectly. In a host of designs and colourings . . . in neat geometrical patterns . . . beautiful florals . . . and Paisley designs! On light or dark backgrounds! 36 ins. wide. SPECIAL FOR THE SALE, a yard **1/6** *Please note that patterns of these can be sent on request!* *15,000 Yards*

WASHING RAYON LONGCLOTH! A wonderful super strong quality—yet dainty. This beautiful Lingerie fabric is made of a new and super strong rayon yarn—almost impossible to tear or break. Only a huge purchase from the manufacturers makes this wonderful offer possible—even in the sale. Although so hard-wearing, it handles as softly as real silk, is ideal for Nightgowns, Pyjamas, dainty underwear, Shirts, Kiddies' clothes, etc. In Ivory, Orchid, Salmon, Rose, Peach, Nil Apple, Parchment, Sky, Saxe, Turquoise or Duck Egg. 36 ins. wide. *Usually 3/11 a yard.* SALE PRICE, a yard **1/6½** *Patterns on request!*

DIVAN AND INTERIOR SPRING MATTRESS At the lowest price anywhere for such quality. Note these outstanding points! The base is well sprung and upholstered and supported by four ball feet. Spring interior mattress fitted with springs of great resiliency and finished with roll edge. The whole is covered in good quality furnishing brocade and well upholstered with pure filling. Size: 2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 2 in. Fitted with ventilators at either end. Choice of Blue, Green, Brown, Orange or Rose. Part carriage 2/- England & Wales. SALE PRICE ONLY **37/-** *Downstairs Furnishing Department.* NOW **37/-**

John Barker and Compy Ltd Kensington London W8 WEStern 5432