

Most
Selective
Circulation
in Texas

First Annual Baby Edition of
THE STAR-TELEGRAM JR.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR PUBLICATION

ALL-NIGHT
EDITION

Extra

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

April, 1943

"Stork" Strikes Out at Methodist

"B-24" Brings Bundle Friday

LATE I. P. FLASH

Fort Worth, April 23.—A baby girl, Jan, was born to Charlotte and Bush Jones at 8:17 a. m. today. She weighed 6 pounds 5½ ounces and was 19 inches long. After a fortnight visit at Methodist Hospital she will reside with her proud parents at 3324 Cockrell. Her maternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe C. Smith of Fort Worth; paternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Franklin G. Jones of Dallas.

Dr. Jarrell Bennett reported that Charlotte and Jan were just a-doin' fine—just a-doin' fine.

She is a Good Friday girl.

Special to the Infant Press.

Fort Worth, April 23 (I. P.)—A new demonstration of high-altitude precision work was seen here today when a Liberator bomber hit the maternity ward of the Methodist Hospital with a bundle of joy from 45,000 feet. Observers noted that the bomber carried its name, "The Stork," in gleaming white letters on its sides. It was pointed out that the event was in the nature of a birthday celebration as the Consolidated plant at Fort Worth went into

production almost exactly one year ago.

The recipients of the bundle, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Jones, were glad to see the newcomer and arranged a suitable welcome. Mrs. Jones said her theme song in recent months, "Don't Get Around Much Any More" is due to be changed soon. Reached for a statement at the hospital the F. F. (fond father) said (quote) That's not the only thing that will have to be changed and I'm not kidding (unquote).

EDITORIAL

Let's Legislate Against It!

Word has reached our editorial desks (we have two) of the arrival of a new Jones baby into the world. The Star-Telegram Jr. feels that it is high time for legislative action to stop the flagrant overproduction of Joneses, a situation almost comparable to the Smiths.

We believe the problem is not one strictly of too many Joneses but that of too many nonessential ones. If all of them were as effluent as Jesse, could play golf like Bobby, or, had the reputation of Davey, we'd have little complaint. But about 999 out of 1000 come into the world with a future no more prepossessing than being a better artificial flower maker, janitor, hermit or (which is worse) advertising peddler, than their fathers.

So write your congressman. He'll answer because 1944 is an election year. Tell him how you feel about this vital (statistics) problem. You might suggest that he write a bill similar to Senator Storke's "Skip-the-Joneses-this-year" Plan.

This lamentable situation requires positive action—now!

Letters From THE People

They're "Uncles" (Sam's Boys)



PVT. ERNEST JOINER from Camp Blanding, Fla., "Outside of it happening to me all over again, I can't think of anything which could make me happier than to know we are to share the blessings of parenthood even though it entails bringing another Jones into a world already overcrowded with them."

LT. CLAUDE MANNING from Kelly Field, Texas: "We're short on 'manpower' here and I'm glad to know that a new 'prospect' has arrived. We're not overlooking any bets."

Letter—Continued

CPL. DEE CARPENTER from North Island, San Diego, Cal.: "Hope the blue booties fit. I'm almost as anxious for the big event as you are—or am I?"

MAJ. JOHN W. GARNETT from Fort Jay, N. Y.: "Sincerely hope you'll have a boy, but girls are useful, too, they tell me."

O-C LEEMAN GAINES from Miami, Fla.: "Believe the new arrival is scheduled about the time I finish Officer Candidate School here. We'll both have something to remember April, 1943, by."

UNCLE ROSCOE D. SMITH, Seaman 1st Cl. U. S. C. G., from Martha's Vineyard Mass.: "This becoming an uncle warms me to the innermost, just what I needed to thaw me out after this Massachusetts Winter."

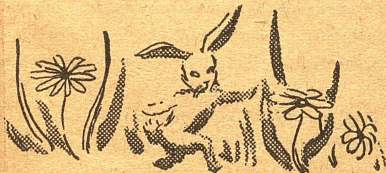
FEATURES

Jones Infant Not Caught

With Points Down

By Infant Press Correspondent.

The Joneses were thumbing a new ration book today and plans were being made to begin at once to educate the newest member of the household on the use of red, white and blue stamps as well as the equally important gasoline squares. It seemed likely that the child might skip the usual session with the ABC building blocks and graduate right into A, B and C books. Undoubtedly this early educational work should make it possible to use the books and keep away from the enforcement boys at OPA.



THE STAR-TELEGRAM JR.

Fourth Year

No. 4

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

April, 1943

News That Lt. Amon Carter Jr. Held Prisoner Eases Tension

Tim McCoy Is Uncle Sam's Problem Now

Word that Lt. Amon Carter Jr., is a prisoner of war in Germany eased the tension hereabouts last week. Not that this is such a happy condition, but it was the best that could have been hoped for under the circumstances.

The concern felt by everyone who knows Amon Jr., was a tribute to the young officer. Practically everyone from The Star-Telegram who now is in service wrote in to inquire if there was "any more news" about him.

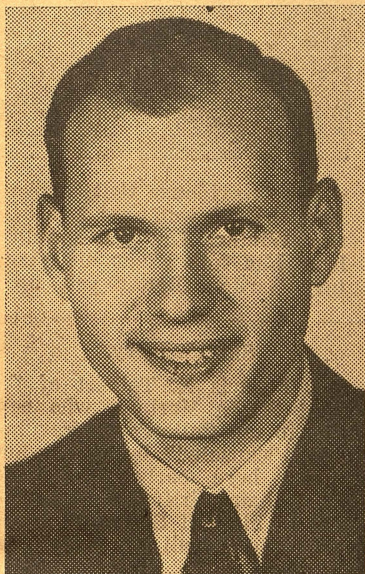
Strangely enough there was hardly a soul here who did not believe he was safe, even if a prisoner.

We all knew that "the boss" was worried greatly. You don't just drop in on the boss and tell him that you know everything is all right, because after all what does your opinion amount to. But we all wanted to because we all felt that way. Now the news from the War Department takes care of that.

And so we all feel better.

Both Amos Melton and Lorin McMullen, former sports writers, went off the gold standard this month and are flashing shiny silver bars for the edification of Orlando, Fla., and San Angelo, Texas, residents, respectively.

Amos writes that he is an instructor in intelligence, nominal-



TIM MCCOY.

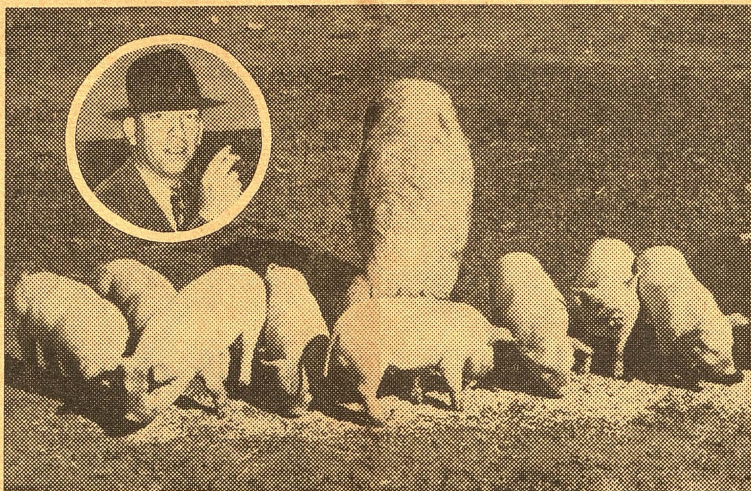
All's Quiet on Fourth Floor

Tim (Stormy) McCoy went to the Army last week. And there's a lot of strange quiet on the Fourth Floor.

Tim didn't always make his

(TURN TO PAGE 8).

(TURN TO PAGE 8).



Here's evidence that Squire Bert Griffith won't get hungry this Winter. And you should hear him talk about his Victory Garden. Better yet, try

to keep from hearing him talk. We're not going to identify Griff by saying that's he with the hat on because that's been worn out.

Skullduggery.

Sgt. Francis X. Tolbert of the United States Marines, who continues to tap Collier's till regularly, was "consoled" by Griff when he was here early this week. Frank's hair, Griff informed the world in his soft Southern drawl, is receding for all the world like that of a former S-T city editor Frank now would have to salute if he met him on the street.

Frank's plenty snappy looking when he has his hat on, though.

Clothes Mock the Man.

Griff—"Pat," you're sort of rushing the season showing up here in a new Spring suit before Easter, aren't you?"

John Patison—"Just wait 'til tomorrow. I'm going to show you an ensemble that's a sortorial block-buster."

Charles A. Burton, Old-Timer on Fourth Floor, Dies

A heart attack early last Wednesday morning was fatal to Charles A. Burton, who at 71 was one of the old-timers on the fourth floor.

Active in civic and labor circles, Charley was president of the Fort Worth Typographical Union 16 terms and spent nine years prior to 1938 as organizer for the ITU. He was a former State Legislator and a Fort Worth Park Board member.

Although he had been troubled with recurrent heart attacks for several years, he was on the job at The Star-Telegram the day before his death.

Bob Dupree Is "Overseas"

Robert P. Dupree, erstwhile Star-Telegram reporter, has arrived safely at an undisclosed overseas destination, the War Department has advised his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Dupree Sr., of Waco.

His Army serial number is 381-15-731. His mailing address is APO 4090, care of Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

Bob was at Camp Wolters for a long stretch before he received his present welcome assignment. But he did all right if this story he tells on himself be true.

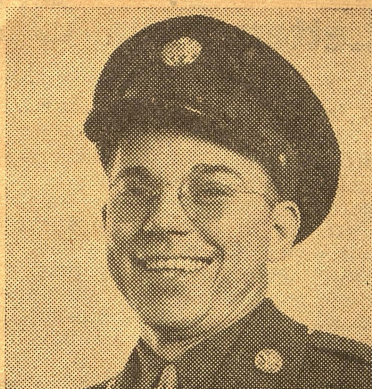
While awaiting orders, Bob says, he was assigned to this and that—just anything to keep him busy—until one day he was put in the post record room and assigned to the task of filing the camp personnel immunization papers.

One day shortly before dinner time Bob was sent on a camp mission that consumed more than an hour. When he finished his task he found he'd missed out on a meal. Sauntering around to the kitchen, Bob was peering into a huge refrigerator when the cook saw him and inquired "whatinell-you doing here?"

"That's a beautiful steak in there," Bob ventured.

"And it's for a beautiful colonel," replied Cookie, adding "and if'n he don't get around here for it I get it."

"I missed my dinner," Bob went on politely. "But there's something else missing, something much more important. Your immunization record papers. If I don't find them you'll have to take all your shots over again. I feel sure the papers are around somewhere, but



Elbert Haling couldn't be this happy about the Army but we're glad to see him happy about whatever he's happy about. He's assigned to the Army Air Forces at Tarrant Field.

Spring Bonus Is Welcomed—We All Say 'Thanks'

Entirely unexpected and therefore doubly welcomed was the Spring bonus the management handed Star-Telegram employees April 1.

If all the smiles it brought forth had been laid end to end they would have reached clear into 1950.

There's only one way to say THANKS, but we can put it in caps.

I'm just too weak to look for them. Now I'm positive I could find them if I could build up my strength with that steak. . . ."

You don't have to have a commission to get things done in the Army.

Sure he got the steak.

Letters From OUR People

Fort Des Moines,
April 12, 1943.

Here I am, at last, a potential officer in the WAAC. The orders came Monday after a week of suspense during which our number dwindled to three. We got out our pencil and paper and book of logarithms and figured that we three must have been in the upper 1-2-3 per cent of Company 13, since only three out of 180 girls made the grade.

Officer candidate school is approximately 190 per cent tougher than basic, so we won't brag any for five weeks yet. Only encouraging thing is I feel better at the end of the first week than I expected to. I had intended every week to write a letter about the WAAC, but it's such a busy life we lead there's little time for writing.

Basic takes all the strain off the mind and puts it on the feet. OC school, from what I've seen of it, puts the strain both places. The theory must be that you'll come out even. I don't know. I've been even busier than most gals, because I've had so many little extra things thrown at me—like current events lectures when I haven't read the newspapers for three weeks.

Our Pioneer Platoon was together all through basic in Company 13, at Drake University, but now it is scattered to the four corners.

If you want a good three-word description of WAAC life it's "school, scrub and scam." I'd spent a good, fairly clean 35 years without doing as much scrubbing as I've done here in six weeks and I've been fairly busy for those years without half the rush I've had.

Mrs. Hobby is coming in Thursday and we have to parade for her,

which means all our evenings will be taken up with practice next week. So don't expect to hear from me again for five weeks. If it's not one thing, it's another.

I'd give my WAAC salary, it being small anyhow, for the sight of all you sweet people for an hour. But I can't look for a holiday any time soon.

You'll be surprised to know I haven't yet been late for formation, though I've had some close calls. I hold the all-time record for getting dressed in the last 30 seconds before formal inspection. I finally had to give up and buy a ready-tied tie, though. They'd have to keep us in here for the duration and six days after before I'd learn to tie a neat tie. I have learned to iron a heat shirt, though, to polish a mean shoe and to scrub a 'spotless floor.

BESS STEPHENSON.

Alaska, March 14, 1943.

Hello, Gang:

I have just received my February Junior and enjoyed getting more news from the gang back home.

I know it's a little late, but thanks a million for the Christmas package. I enjoyed it a lot, as well as a dozen other fellows. Actually it built good will for The Star-Telegram from Maine to California.

I have been in Alaska only a short time, but like it fine. When fishing season opens, I think I will like it even better. I expect to have some fish stories that will make Mr. Grace want to come to Alaska.

Regards to all, especially to the Country Circulation Department.

—JESSE BURKETT.

Letters From OUR People

April 8, 1943.

I am just about through with my basic training here. I have taken a weather observation test, but don't know the outcome yet. It was a pretty rough test. They require two years of college with physics, but I sneaked by that, somehow.

I understand their schools are everywhere except Texas for this branch of service. The Northern boys say they don't need weather predictions in Texas anyway. . . . It's just hot and dusty. Can you imagine that?

I will be glad when I get shipped out of here so I can start working toward something. . . . We get up here at 4 a. m. Isn't that something.

I will try to get home once before I get shipping orders. When you get those you don't get around much anymore.

H. D. (DENNY) DUESER.

April 13, 193.

Hi Junior:

Well, John Lee Van Dyke Jr., made his appearance in Fort Worth April 9 and he weighs seven pounds, nine ounces. Father doing fine considering the circumstances.

Thanks for sending copies of Junior.

JOHNNY.

April 2, 1943.

I've been transferred to the 749th Squadron . . . am working in the Production Line Maintenance sub-depot as an inspector and like it fine. I think I soon may be shipped to an electrical specialist school, at least that's what they tell me at headquarters.

RAY JOHNSON.



Ida Carlton is making double contribution to the war effort. She's sent her husband off to the Marines and she's doing Nurses Aide work at Harris Memorial Methodist Hospital.

STAR Warriors: New Addresses

PVT. H. D. DUESER,
Liaison Detach.,
Waco Army Flying School,
Waco, Texas.

PVT. CHARLES W. CLARK,
Public Relations Office,
Stinson Field,
San Antonio, Texas.

Jack W. Campbell, Pha. M 1-C,
Fourth Construction Regiment,
Care Fleet Postmaster,
Seattle, Wash.

PVT. HOWARD E. CRANE,
Hdq. Co., APO 258,
8th Armored Div.,
N. Camp Polk, La.

PVT. RAY N. JOHNSON,
748th Basic Flying Trg. Sq.,
Pecos Army Air Field,
Pecos, Texas.

JAKE C. SMITH, Y 2-C,
Material and Supply Section,
U S. Naval Aircraft,
Southwest Pacific Force,
Care Fleet Postmaster,
San Francisco, Cal.

LT. A. W. MELTON,
Bombardment Dept.,
AAF-SAT,
Orlando, Fla.

LT. CHARLES WOLFE,
BOQ, Tarrant Field,
Fort Worth, Texas

PVT. JESSE D. BURKETT,
39th ADG Repair Sqdn.,
APO 942, Care Postmaster,
Seattle, Wash.

Pfc. Lee H. Thompson, 38098094,
Co. B, 27th Sig. Const. Bn.,
APO 3660, Care Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.

They'll Probably Get Raises for This—We Hope

The Star-Telegram carried a story the other day dealing with the possibility of WAVES, WAACs and SPARS going in for tattooing.

It was a pretty good feature and Artist Winston Croslin was asked to draw an illustration for it. His cartoon is on the opposite page.

Artist Croslin always comes through when called on, but Junior thinks this to be one of his better efforts.

In fact, we thought it worthy even of Junior.

While we're passing out the posies here's one for Charlie Boatner for his story about President Roosevelt's dog, Falla, in the morning edition of April 21.

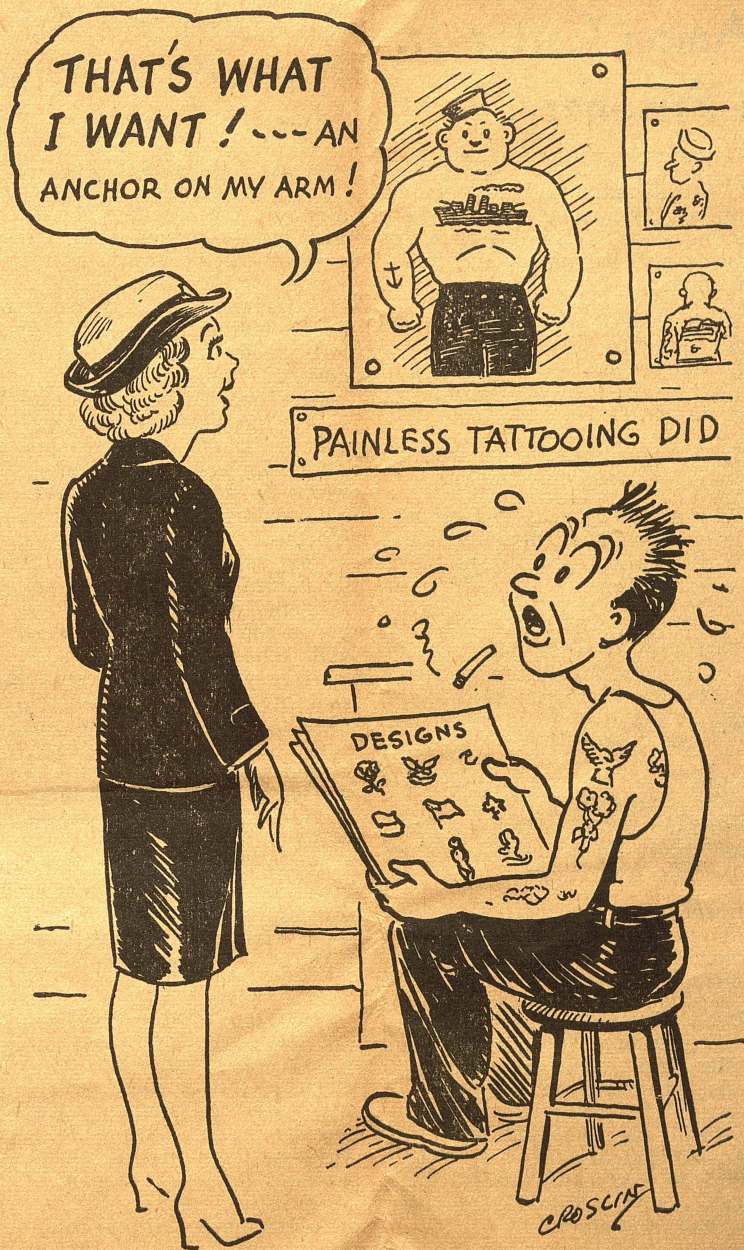
It, too, is worthy of Junior, but Junior has the same trouble which frequently besets Senior. There was no space left when Charlie wrote it—so we can't print it. As Mark Burrowes always says when he spikes a story, "it's the best we've seen in months."

OFFICER CANDIDATE
EDNA B. STEPHENSON
5th Company, 1st Regiment,
Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

PVT. RAY N. JOHNSON
749th Basic Flying Tng., Sq.,
Pecos Army Flying Field,
Pecos, Texas.

PVT. CHARLES W. M'COY
38435301, Bks 229,
22nd Sqdn., 306 Tng. Group.
AAF BTC No. 3
Sheppard Field, Texas.

ROBERT P. DUPREE, 38115731,
APO 4090, c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Cal.



Amon Carter Jr. a Prisoner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1).

ly, but actually on the personal staff of his colonel. He's busy writing manuals, training circulars, reports and pamphlets and happy on the job.

Ruth McMullen has decided she can't stand to be away from Mac any longer and is checking out about the first of the month for Angelo.

Bess Stephenson is in training as a WAAC officer candidate.

Lt. (jg) Roy Bacus visited here briefly en route to his assignment in communications at a South Pacific Naval base. He left his wife here.

Carl Lay received his commission and gold bars from the Army Air Forces and was assigned to the photographic section at Rosecrans Field, St. Joseph, Mo.

Another visitor was Lt. Col. John Naylor, who expects to get a new assignment soon. When he does, Pauline and the kiddies will come back here from Florida.

Harold Brown, whose daughter, Janet, recently received her WAAC commission, has had a long session at home with a foot infection.

Dean Blanton writes that he is to be sent to a specialists school in New York right away. He still carries his thumb in a sling.

Second Lt. Rob Roy McDaniel was married to a girl he'd met while he was stationed in West Texas. Sorta surprised the folks who had no warning.

Tim's in the Army Now and the Quiet Here's Terrific

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1).

presence felt, perhaps, but he always made it heard. He always had a word for everybody—a loud word.

But Tim, fortunately, could take it. He could come up grinning after he'd been handed a verbal hay-maker.

Now he's Uncle Sam's problem.

Two bus loads of selectees went over to Dallas the day Tim was called. He was handed some papers which he stuck in his pocket without reading as he climbed aboard the bus.

Ten yards out of Fort Worth he started in on his companions:

"Come on you guys. We're going to the Army. Let's raise some hell. Whoopee!"

After getting everybody into a shouting disturbing mood, Tim retired to a seat to read his papers.

He found that he had been placed in charge of the bunch on his bus, and one of his duties was to see that "nobody raised any hell."

They didn't keep him at Wolters long. We have no idea why. But if he's moved as quickly from Shepard Field, where he's now stationed we'll have a hint.

Mrs. Hal McClure dropped in to tell the gang she's going to be a mama come Fall. By that time Husband Hal, a Navy ensign, will have left the Pacific Coast and Pat—(she's the former Catherine Patterson) will be living with her mother near Los Angeles. She went to the West Coast to stay with Hal until he ships out.

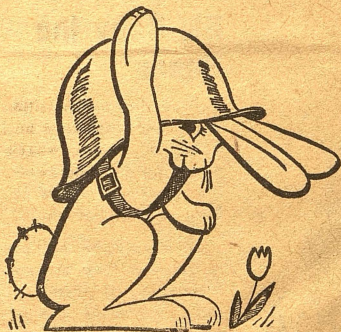
SOCIETY

Jan Jones Makes Debut

Miss Jan Jones made her bow into the world today and her first day was one continual whirl of activity. In fact, event followed event in such rapid succession that she had no opportunity to vary her costume. She began her day wearing a "shocking pink" suit which was very becoming. Soon she appeared in a white ensemble consisting of curity cloth pants and topped with a vanta cloth shirt noted for its absorbency and sheer qualities.

Miss Jones was the honoree at an open house held in the maternity ward of Methodist Hospital and she received 30 callers. Many of them expected refreshments but they were disappointed and left in search of cokes, ice cream and meat sandwiches.

Some of the visitors expressed the fear that Miss Jones had been playing golf or tennis too long as she appeared sunburned and raw looking. This was soon remedied, however, as someone told her about a wonderful new lotion for soft, smooth, romantic skin.



The Easter Bunny Says:

*"Doggone am I in a fix;
If'n it had a handle
I'd know what it was."*

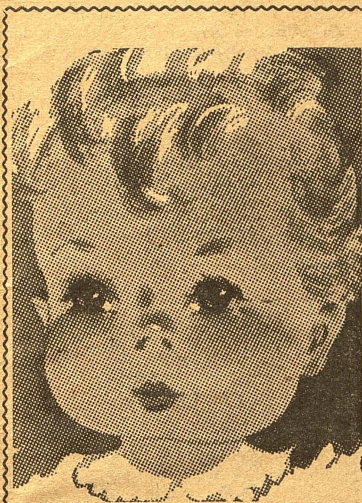
AMUSEMENTS

Show Row

One of the most interesting spots in town these days is the fourth floor of the Methodist Hospital where Fort Worth's newest citizens hold forth daily. They rule the roost with a mere wave of their arms or a well-placed vocal command. Everything is done for their comfort and convenience.

Showtime daily is 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m.; 3:30 p. m. to 4:30 p. m.; evenings 7:30 to 8:30.

Tip to visitors—"Someone New Has Been Added."



Mother, Mother, Mamma!

Is your child listless and sluggish—does he lack pep—does he enjoy taking medicine? Well, mother, Uncle John's Black Medicine will fix all that. Expect wonderful developments from this patented vegedible conglomeration. In fact, he'll probably develop a lifetime antipathy for all medicines and look at the money you'll save. Quart size—98c.

Copy writer—former circus speller.

OIL

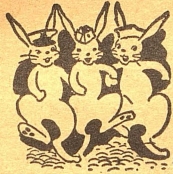
Castor Cut

Disturbing reports have reached the oil department of an impending shortage of castor oil due to the reduction of castor bean imports. This situation could become serious because of the many and varied uses to which castor oil is put. Lubricants, hair preparations, in addition to pure castor oil for medicinal purposes are due to suffer from the limitation of imports.

Reached for a statement at the Methodist Hospital the Jones baby expressed little concern over the shortage. "They can freeze the supply t.f. and see if I care," was the nonchalant remark.

Grandpappy Roscoe C. Smith was mumbling irrationally to himself when the Special Baby Edition of The Star-Telegram Jr. came announcing the arrival of his first grandchild. The best your newsgrabber could make of it was this:

*"Tain't fair, tain't right
My bet never wins,
Cause my red-headed daughter
Had promised me twins."*



We're Happy
About
SWAM SOAP
because it dissolves
skin instantly —
soaks fingernails
off cleanly.

Note—This copy writer had written too much radio doggerl.



**Uncle
Sam
Says—**
If the
Enemy
were 30 miles away
COULD YOU DO MORE?
BUY ALL THE BONDS
YOU CAN—NOW!

Note—This copy writer knows his stuff.

★H.R.H.—by Appointment to—



ABOVE SKETCHED—Just right for rowing—
Complete with crew-neck shirt (boat not
included), one-piece drop-seat.
2 for 97½c each.

**His Baby the
Honor**

Visit our Infant Exposition
and select from gobs and
gobs of fuzzy-wuzzie
things for the uncrowned
(he sometimes should be)
King of your household.

They may be hellions
to you but they are cus-
tomers to us — and all
right (we could cite ex-
ceptions).

Always Shop at the

**BEST
Company**

Note—This copy writer was frightened by Wrong-Way Corrigan.