





OLD AGE BAD HABIT—Bernarr McFadden, white helmet, has his parachute unstrapped as he relaxes in a motor boat after his parachute jump into the Hudson River near Alpine, N. J. The 83-year-old physical culturist, jumping from 2,000 feet landed safely in shallow water about 15 feet from shore. He made the jump to prove that "old age is just a bad habit." (NEA Telephoto).



CAUCASIANS REPORTED WITH KOREANS—Red forces (white arrows) made a stiff probing assault north of Yanggu (1), and eastward Allied field commanders reported that communist units had infiltrated UN lines in the Inje area (2). Heaviest patrol actions were southeast of Kumsong (3) where Reds put up heavy fight to keep UN troops away from a communist buildup area. UN Intelligence officers reported that the communists were bringing in "Caucasians" (either Russian or satellite) troops to help in the Korean war. (NEA Telephoto).



A HORSE ON CONGRESS—Samuel Rosenberg, Washington, D. C., restaurant owner, is angry because Congress failed to uphold price controls on cattle. He expressed his displeasure by offering horsemeat "filet mignons" to members of the "horsemeat Congress."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Radio Sleuth crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a small portrait of a man at the bottom.

"Look at Me - Both Hands!"



KILLER'S PACE

BY JULIUS LONG

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LARRY STONE dropped resignedly into a lounge chair. "Must we go through all this again, Marshall?" My eyes fell on the highball glass which had a lipstick mark I noticed the lipstick on a cigarette ends in the tray. "So you've got company, Stone?" His eyes darted for a tell-tale split-second to a door at his right. I grinned and crossed to the door and opened it. "Hello," said Sonya Sareeta. "You do get around, don't you?" She inhaled on a cigaret as she carried a highball glass into the room. She wore a show costume that made her deep-V special look like Elsie Dinmore's graduation dress. She smiled nonchalantly. "I picked up the wrong glass, didn't I? I didn't notice my mistake until it was too late." "The mistake was mine." I turned to Larry Stone. "I hate to interrupt but I came here for an answer." Stone glared. "You're a fool, Marshall. I don't know the answer you want." I took a step toward him, the pistol aimed at the second button of his smoking jacket. His eyes widened. "You—you wouldn't dare!" "Wouldn't I? I took an awful rap on the head this afternoon. Star could spring me in a breeze with an insanity plea." "Drop it, Jim." Sonya held the little .25 calibre automatic. I didn't get the switch, but I did get the business-like look in her eyes. I let my gun thud on the rug. I kicked it as Stone belatedly reached for it. Sonya picked it up with her left hand, still training the little gun on me. "What's your game, Sonya? Why don't you level just for once?"

Marshall told her. He says Rose told him—but I don't think a judge would let either of them tell a jury! "Maybe not, but I'm no jury. Sit down over there, Stone. You're on the witness stand. Sit down. I'm going to listen to you talk." Stone retreated to the lounge chair indicated. "You were with Rose that night," said Nanabarro, convinced that he had made his point. "You were the first out of the room. You're the guy that got the confession off Barney's body. I want it." "Listen!" screamed Stone, "you got to believe me! I don't know anything about a confession!" Nanabarro's answer was to take the gun barrel across Stone's face. Stone screamed so loud I was sure the neighbors would hear. "We've got all night," said Nanabarro, as Stone sat whimpering and trying to mop the blood from his nose. I figured the nose would be broken. "The building is sound-proof—they advertise that fact." STONE screamed in sheer desperation. He appealed to me. "Do something, Marshall!" I didn't feel that I owed Stone anything—except maybe a kick in the teeth. But I said: "Could be he's telling the truth, Nanabarro. No use grinding him to hamburger if he actually didn't get the confession." "You keep out of this!" snapped Nanabarro out of the corner of his mouth. "This is my party. One more chance, Stone! Are you going to turn it over?" "How can I turn it over when I haven't got it—when I don't even know what it is?" This time Nanabarro knocked him completely out. While they sprayed him with seltzer water, Sonya spoke speculatively to me: "Well?" "Well, yourself. Pulling a gun on me like that." "I knew Al and Lou were about due. It wasn't a case for joint control. I knew you'd be squeamish, and there's nothing squeamish about Al. He'll get the truth out of Larry." (To Be Continued)

Houston Schools Get First Ag. Classes in 1951

HOUSTON, Aug. 29 (UP)—Two senior high schools in the South's largest city are adding agriculture to their curriculum for the first time this year "by popular demand."

Glenn Fletcher, director of industrial arts and vocational education for the Houston Independent School District, said today Jefferson Davis and Milby Senior High Schools will be the first in the district's history to offer courses in vocational agriculture.



ARMY NURSE ON DUTY IN KOREA—In a hospital not far from the fighting front Capt. Watkins, Army Nurse Corps, reads a patient's temperature while others wait their turn. Cheerful and sympathetic attention is given the sick and wounded.

The More Women Have The More They Spend

LONDON, Aug. 29 (UP)—The more money women have, the more they spend to make themselves look pretty, a British survey reported today.

The central information office said Britons spent \$336,000,000 on barbers, hairdressers, cosmetics and toilet goods in 1949.

BARBS

BY HAL COCHRAN MOST little kids won't go to school come fall—they'll be sent!

A Missouri judge ruled it okay for a wife to go through her husband's pockets while he was asleep. In most cases, he should get up and help her hunt.

A Boston professor says that poetry is a spontaneous achievement. Many magazine editors wish it were capable of spontaneous combustion.



Some dumb waiters are pulled up by a rope. Others don't deserve a tip.

An Ohio man was robbed when he stopped his car for a traffic signal. Red always has been a danger sign!



BACK ON THE GROUND—Members of the 82nd Airborne Division staged a pre-manuever training jump recently, in preparation for Exercise SOUTHERN PINE. Private Murry Bronson, center, who jumped with the General Purpose Bag, left foreground, attached to his leg by a quick-release strap, gets a hand from Sergeant John Seitho, left. Both men assembled the equipment, then quickly moved on to an assembly point. The sergeant paratrooper on the extreme right is unidentified.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Merrill Blosser



VIC FLINT

By Michael O'Malley and Ralph Lane



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin





