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No. 52

CITIZENS URGED MEET \$68,000 BOND QUOTA BOYS MEET FRIDAY NIGHT TO ORGANIZE SCOUT TROOP

PILOTING

Fort Worth, Texas' cow-town and allegedly located "where the west begins," is a bustling place these days with thousands of soldiers and sailors tramping its streets, along with hordes of war workers and employees of important government offices located there. But, in all the hustle and bustle of these war times, the people of Fort Worth are still typically western in dishing out ranch style hospitality to visitors there.

Take Jack Farrell, manager of the Worth Hotel, for instance. Even in these times when there is a long waiting list for every room in his finely appointed hotel, Jack will sit down with you and help you solve the problem of getting a place to sleep while in Fort Worth. In our instance, after considerable head scratching and maneuvering he managed a very nice room for us. (Thanks a lot, and we'd also like to recommend that when in Fort Worth that you stay at the Worth and while there don't miss the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Jack Farrell.) P. S. We also thank you for the "Bouquet."

After arriving in Fort Worth last week we became desperate in our futile attempts to find a hotel room. We turned to Flem Hall general sports editor of the Star Telegram for advice. "I'll see," Flem said as he dialed his telephone. Flem, it turned out, is a fishing comrade of Jack Farrell and we were soon in Jack's office talking the situation over. It also turned out that Jack is a Rockport fan, having been here on several fishing excursions—and is coming again soon, along with Flem. Farrell backs up his convictions that the best fishing is at Rockport and the best fish come from Rockport by keeping a standing order here for fish and his hotel menus feature "Rockport Trout."

Ken McClure, whose heart we believe is still in South Texas, is now doing a good job for West Texas as news manager for radio station WBAP, the Star Telegram Station. It was a pleasure to spend a few hours reminiscing with Ken—and also to go on the air with him on his Suburban Editor program last Sunday morning. He probably gets more kick out of the Editor program than any other of the many programs he handles each week for WBAP, because at heart he is still a newspaperman. He can enthuse about radio, but you ought to see the way his face lights up when you start talking "Newspaper" with him. It is also easy to see that he still loves his old love—South Texas—and we'd like to see him on the firing line again back down here in real God's country, as would all the rest of his many friends.

To C. L. Willis Jr., CAA airport engineer, we are indebted for the privilege of a behind the scenes inspection tour of the Fort Worth Airport—one of the busiest airfields in the country today. C. L. took us up in the control room and into the control tower of the airport. If you think you have a nerve-racking job, you ought to see the guy in the tower handling a dozen or so planes, telling them when they can land and take off and what runways to use. Willis is no stranger in Rockport, since he was sent here to pick the location for the new airfield now under construction.

While on the subject of aviation, and admitting that it was our first flight on a passenger plane, we would like to point out that you receive more courteous treatment traveling by air than any other way we know of. At least that is true of the Braniff Airways. From the time you call for reservations before you leave until you are at your destination and in a taxi on your way up town everything is done for your convenience. The attitude of all the Braniff employees would lead you to believe that they were there to especially serve only you.

Boys to Meet In School House For Registration

All Rockport boys twelve years of age and upward are invited to a meeting arranged especially for them Friday night at the school auditorium. At this meeting they will hear the scouting program explained and be given opportunity to enroll.

For three weeks now scout executives and members of the Rockport sponsoring group have been working to complete arrangements that will give boys here an active and interesting scout program. All organization necessary to sponsoring a troop here has been completed and all will be in readiness Friday night to enroll the boys.

A crowd of enthusiastic boys are expected at the meeting, which will be in charge of Area Scout Executive Coke Williamson of Corpus Christi. Williamson will probably bring other district and area representatives of Scouting with him to aid Scoutmaster Evans Corbin and Assistant Scoutmasters Francis Smith and Fred Buchanan in organizing the local troop.

They report a keen interest in the new troop among the boys and expect the new Scouting program to get off to a flying start with a full troop.

Members of the sponsoring group and the troop committee are also urged to be present at the meeting.

Ciborium Given To Naval Base Chapel By Rev. J. H. Kelly

Father Bordenet, navy chaplain at Ward Island and Father McKean chaplain at the Central Naval Air Base in Corpus Christi, were guests of Father J. H. Kelly last Tuesday and made a brief survey of the fishing situation in Rockport in order they might report on such conditions when they returned to their stations.

While in this city Father McKean expressed the appreciation of all Catholic chaplains at the Naval Air Base for the Ciborium which was recently donated to the chapel there by Father Kelly. He also called attention to the fact that a Tabernacle, a gift of Arch Bishop Stritch of Chicago, had recently been received by the chapel.

Father Bordenet, prior to becoming attached to the Ward Island base, served as a missionary in Korea for a period of nearly two years and encountered many interesting experiences during that period.

Completion of Sewer Project Is Sought

Mayor Travis Johnson and Jack Blackwell, alderman, returned Tuesday night from Fort Worth after a conference with Federal Works Agency officials and Gerald Mora, who has the contract to build the city sewer system. Purpose of the conference was to secure action toward the immediate completion of the sewer project.

It is believed that the contractor will move in again soon to complete the work, which includes building a disposal plant and installing pumps.

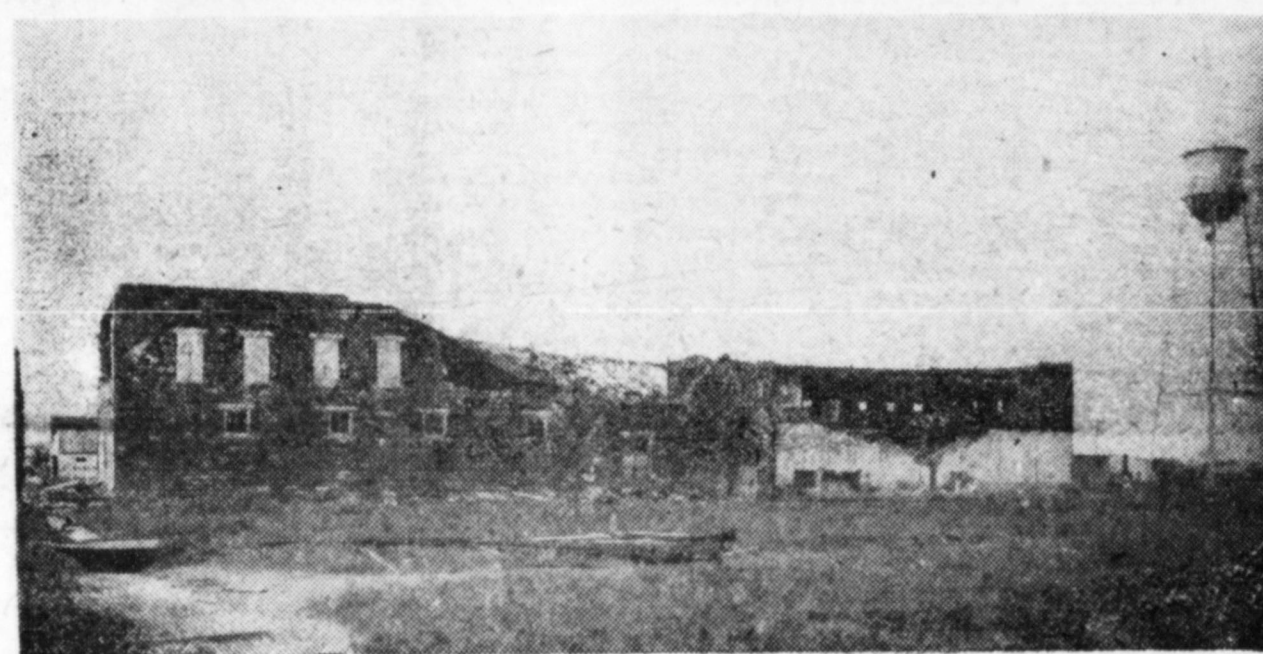
Everett Brundrett, Rockport Boy Reported Missing In Sea Action

Word was received in Rockport Monday that Everett Brundrett, Jr., son of Mrs. Everett Brundrett, Sr., a signalman in the United States Navy, was missing in action in the line of duty.

This communication, which was from the War Department, was received by Mrs. Seburn Crawford who immediately forwarded it to Mrs. Brundrett, Sr., in Broad Channel, New York. No details of the action in which young Brundrett was lost were given in the telegram.

A graduate of the Rockport high

Storm Brings Transition In March of Progress



Seven months after a hurricane wrecked an old landmark in the business section of Rockport, one of the most modernly appointed stores in this section opened its doors on the same site. The top picture shows the new Model Grocery that opened last week. The new building replaces the old building that was wrecked during the Aug. 29 blow last year, then known as the Rockport Mercantile Co., owned and operated by Fred A. Bracht, also owner of the new building. The middle picture shows the building as it appeared right after the storm and the bottom picture shows the old building as it appeared before the storm. A. O. Freeman was the contractor and builder of the new store.

Victory Concert To Be Held Here Thursday Night

Mindful of the second War Loan Drive which started this week and through which the United States treasury seeks to raise a total of \$13,000,000,000 from the American people, students of the Rockport public schools will hold the fourth of a series of Victory Concerts at the high school auditorium Thursday night.

A. C. Glass, chairman of the War Finance Committee of Aransas county, will make a brief talk at the opening of the Victory Concert and will tell the audience ex-

Everybody Caught Fish Past Week-End

Big trout are striking! Redfish are feeding on the reefs! Those magic words sent scores of fishermen scurrying to their favorite locations during the past week and resulted in some of the largest catches of fish during the spring season.

From all sections in the vicinity of Rockport anglers brought in heavy strings of reds, trout and large drum as well as a sprinkling of sheephead.

Redfish Point on Copano Bay was one of the hot spots during the past week-end and sportsmen who elected to fish there reported catches of reds ranging up to eight and nine pounds. One party from west Texas who spent the night on

actly why this county must raise its quota of \$68,000 as speedily as possible.

Members of both the grammar school and the high school will take an active part in this Thursday night concert and the program will be one of the most complete presented up to this time.

Soloist scheduled to appear on the program are James Bracht, who will sing "Ciribiribin" by Pestalozza and Shirley Johnson who will sing Friml's "Indian Love Call."

The first three Victory Concerts held here netted a total sale of \$7,289.55 school authorities pointed out

Rice Bros. and Co. Launch Subchaser Others to Follow

Continuing its record of all out production in an effort to help rid the seven seas of the Axis submarine menace, Rice Bros. and Co. launched their nineteenth sub-chaser last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Walter Powell sponsored this new vessel.

Rev. A. D. Jameson, pastor of the First Methodist Church, delivered the invocation.

Manager of the shipyards, Roy Rice acted as master of ceremonies at the launching.

Rice reported that keels for two more boats had been laid and said that contracts for constructing still more vessels were expected in the near future.

A number of the boats built here are reported to have seen active service in all parts of the world including some real action in the south Pacific.

City Council Pass Dog Tax Ordinance; Name Poundmaster

Members of the local city council in a meeting this week passed an ordinance levying a dog tax and appointed G. C. Mullinax as pound-master with authority to enforce the ordinance.

It was ordained that a tax of one dollar would be levied on all dogs running at large in the city. On payment of such tax the owner of a dog will receive a metal tag numbered to correspond with the tax receipt.

With regard to female dogs the ordinance reads, "any and all female dogs found running at large shall be impounded or otherwise disposed of at the discretion of the poundmaster, but in no wise allowed to roam the streets of the city of Rockport."

Descriptions of all dogs impounded shall be placed on the door of the local fire station. Their owners may redeem them on payment of the one dollar license fee plus a penalty of twenty five cents per day for feeding the dog while impounded. If not redeemed within a period of three days the may be disposed of.

Glass Predicts War Loan Drive Will Be Success

Every man, woman and child in Aransas County will be an active partner with the soldiers and sailors from this section before the Second War Loan drive ends.

That was the statement of A. C. Glass chairman of the campaign in this county, as the drive got under way this week.

With a goal of \$68,000 in a national drive to raise \$13 billion to finance the American offensive, chairman Glass said.

"That's big money for us. But the biggest thing in the world is at stake—our freedom, and the right to live as we like in free America."

"As one man said to me the other day, 'I'm going to need a new auto when they start making them again. And the wife has her heart set on a refrigerator. I figure that the bonds we salt down in the war loan drive will pay for them—or help pay, anyhow. And right now Uncle Sam needs it for those boys of ours Over There.'"

"He's right," the chairman went on. "Besides, don't you think the boys from this county would rather see a little peeled paint when they come home—and know we spent money giving him and his buddies the ammunition they needed?"

"But every child," he said, "Do you know that it takes 44 pennies to put a clip of eight bullets in a soldier's hand? That every bullet fired from a Garand costs a nickel and a half? But a ten-cent War Savings Stamp a child buys pay for two of those bullets—and one of them might save the soldier's life."

"This county," the campaign leader said, "will set a new record of patriotism when the totals are rolled up on May 1. We will not be more tender with our dimes and dollars than we are the lives of our boys. Remember . . . 'THEY GIVE their lives—we only LEND our money.'"

Marshall Hunt Begins Mechanic's Course

Amarillo Army Air Field, April 14.—Marshall M. Hunt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Hunt, Rockport, Texas has begun an intensive course of study in aviation mechanics at this Army Air Field, one of the newest schools in the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command.

They Caught 'Em Like This!



Pictured above is a string of trout typical of the many long strings of beautiful specks taken during the past week-end. In the above picture Mrs. Neil Greiglow of Cuero is measuring the string held up by her husband.

Who's News This Week

By Delos Wheeler Lovelace

Consolidated Features.—WNU Release.

NEW YORK.—A couple of years ago Chester C. Davis would have switched 5,000,000 low-income farmers into defense industry. He'll be glad now they stuck to their plows. As food administrator he ought to like whatever the 5,000,000 farmers can grow, even if it is spinach.

Fifty-six years old now, Davis used to be footloose. He was born in Iowa and got his AB at Little Grinnell, but later he picked up a law degree at Clemson in South Carolina, and his first job was in South Dakota. He was editor of a pint-sized paper there and then he rolled mosslessly on to Montana. Montana always has a fine crop of girls, and he married one in 1913 and finally became state agricultural commissioner. Marriage nails most men down, especially when it produces two sons, but Davis rolled on to Illinois to run first a grain marketing association and then a corn-stalks processing company.

All this seems skitter-skatter, but it turned out to be just right for a job with the Agricultural Adjustment administration, first as director, then as administrator. And that led, by a neatly selective process, into the Federal Reserve system.

He has been president of the reserve bank in St. Louis for several years and maybe in defense against people wanting money he has formed the habit of dropping his fleshy face and looking somberly from under heavy eyebrows.

NOW then the production of this column is interrupted by a young buck from next door who speaks the irreverent jargon of the hot spots. When, for example, a grave elder speaks somberly of Japan's dangerous Premier Hideki Tojo he swings in with a carefree "Hi-de-ho."

His is a too flippant reaction. The yellow, or tea-colored peril of Tokyo is bad medicine for people in these parts, even though he has softened his earlier promise to route conquering legions through our states. Now he will only crush our power in the Pacific. He seems to figure this won't be so difficult with those 26 new dictatorial laws, and with a new economic council to cut red tape.

Tojo, according to men lately back from the Far East, heads up a band of military gangsters. He took over the government of Japan, they say, by methods such as Dutch Schultz used to take over the liquor racket in the bad old days here. The same methods will keep him in power until his gang meets a tougher gang or he is, himself, rubbed out.

He is big for a Japanese, with an untrimmed mustache and a mere spatter of hair fringing the skin stretched tightly over his hard skull. He lives in the Samurai tradition, eats lightly, rises early, and pampers himself only in the number of cigars he puffs to ashes in a day. He graduated from Japan's Military academy and has been in the army all his life. His followers call him Razor Brains, a nickname Dutch would have envied. But as for his wife! She says that no gentleman husband ever lived. She has never once heard him scold a servant.

MUSSOLINI seems nearer his long-predicted final fall as the rumor hangs on that Crown Prince Humbert may be made commander-in-chief of Italy's slap-happy remnants of Italy's army.

Humbert has always given the Fascist salute with crossed fingers. His dissent, necessarily, has been guarded save perhaps when he balked at the Ethiopian razzia. But at 38 he could easily feel ready to come out in the open and tip over a tottering dictator.

He should know, too, how to run an army. He was a general on active duty two years ago. And this spring he led the Italians in Russia. Backward, mainly, but still it was experience. Once Humbert wrote a friend that he doubted he ever would be king. His prospects are brighter now, but even if he still feels the same way, he has a son.

As head of the army he might clinch the throne for the nipper. He has a daughter, too. His wife was Princess Marie Jose of Belgium. They live more happily than most pairs who make marriages of state.

Tall, bookish, and a five-way linguist, Humbert is still good-looking although a face romantically slender in youth has grown somewhat heavier with the approach of the fat forties.

An American girl competing in the Olympic games of '36 gave the crown prince a quick eye and cried, "Gosh! He's handsome."

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

U-Boat Warfare Takes Turn for Worse; New Wedge Driven Into Rommel Lines As Allies Continue Furious Air Attack; Outline International Currency Plan

(EDITOR'S NOTE: When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of Western Newspaper Union's news analysis and not necessarily of this newspaper.) Released by Western Newspaper Union.



Map shows Allied progress in the campaign to oust Axis forces from North Africa. Hard on the heels of Marshal Rommel, "The Fox," was the British Eighth army, under Gen. Bernard L. Montgomery. After a week's pause, during which Montgomery brought up troops and supplies, the Eighth army stormed Rommel's improvised defenses at the Wadi el Akarit. The chief passes to the coast, where the Americans fought hot engagements, are in the areas of El Guettar, Maknassy and Fondouk.

TUNISIA: Fight to Meet

Action in Tunisia continued with Lieut. Gen. George Patton's Second American Army corps fighting for a junction with British forces at Gabes.

Thousands of mines blocked the American advance. Sappers kept busy clearing the fields and later American tanks rumbled into action.

In their bid to prevent an American and British junction, the Axis tanks thrust at the American armored columns. Americans brought up artillery to heavily shell Axis troop and motor concentrations.

Slowly but surely Patton's men advanced along the Gafsa road. Awaiting them at Gabes were the British, who brought up their heavy guns to shell Marshal Rommel's entrenched Afrika Korps along a narrow line in the El Akarit gulch, 15 miles north of Gabes.

At Akarit, "The Fox" was expected to put up another short, stiff fight before falling back toward Sfax. His strategy calls for a series of delaying actions while the Axis completes coastal defenses in Italy.

In northern Tunisia, Nazi troops fell back toward the coastal bastion of Bizerte under the pressure of British troops. Native Arabian Ghouls, armed with knives, have been helping the British with guerrilla activity.

Fighting Before Talk

Gen. Charles DeGaulle's scheduled meeting with Gen. Henri Giraud in North Africa for the purpose of consolidating all anti-Axis French in the war has been postponed by request of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower.

General Eisenhower felt that political discussion in the midst of critical fighting in Tunisia could only have a disturbing effect. Prime Minister Churchill is supposed to have persuaded DeGaulle to await Anthony Eden's report of American reaction to the complicated North African problem.

U-BOAT WARFARE: Turn for the Worse

Indications that the battle for the Atlantic has taken a turn for the worse were made evident when Secretary of the Navy Knox announced that Allied ship losses were considerably worse during the past month.

Although the secretary gave no estimate of the total number of U-boats the Nazis have used in their spring offensive, he said that "just as we expected and as I said it would be, there are more German subs out there."

The subs are concentrating in the middle Atlantic, along the shipping routes from the United States to England and the Mediterranean. It is predicted that the submarine campaign will become worse before it gets better. Naval experts estimate the Axis will have 700 submarines operating in packs along supply routes this spring.

To counter the U-boat offensive the United States is rushing construction of a fleet of destroyer-escort vessels, smaller than destroyers.

PROMISE: More Farm Tools

Following a review of the legislative situation with Democratic congressional leaders, President Roosevelt has indicated that, in view of the improved war outlook, he will give more attention to domestic problems. Speaker Rayburn, following the conference, said the "President is going to give his personal attention to the question of having more iron and steel allotted to the manufacture of farm machinery."

RUSSIA: Sparring for Knockout

In Russia, the two giants continue to spar for positions.

Sloughing through marshy swampland, hardy Russ engaged German infantry in hand to hand grappling near Novorossisk, gaining ground. Here the Nazis are backed against the Black sea coast.

In the Smolensk region, Russian troops consolidated positions encircling this vital Nazi supply base. The Germans remain active in the Kharkov district. Two hundred miles to the north, Nazis claimed advances at Orel. Seventy miles to the southeast, German attacks against Red lines on the western bank of the Donets river met stiff resistance, the Russ said.

BOLIVIA: 'Essential Move'

Even before the Bolivian congress had a chance to formally declare war on the Axis, the nation was told that such a move was essential to American solidarity and that the country's productive facilities must be immediately expanded.

When President Enrique Penaranda and his cabinet held a conference with United States Vice President Wallace to discuss a war decree, Brazil was the only South American country at war with Germany and Italy. Bolivia had broken off diplomatic relations with the Axis a year ago.

MONEY: Stabilized Currency?

Secretary Morgenthau called it "tentative" and John Q. Public thought it looked complicated but everybody realized that it was mighty important — "it" being a comprehensive plan to stabilize postwar world currencies and fix their values in terms of gold.

Actually involved in the program were these major points for working out a system to maintain the monetary solidarity of all the nations of the world at the end of the war:

1. Creation of an international stabilization fund (five billion dollars). This would be set up by the United Nations and associates.
2. Value of currency in each country would be "fixed" in terms of gold.
3. An agreement between all nations to the effect that none would devalue their currencies without consulting the others.

BURMA: New Air Blows

Strengthened British and American air forces continued to demonstrate their superiority in Burma, raining bombs on Japanese supply lines with emphasis on the important railway from Rangoon to Mandalay.

The RAF dropped 1,000-pound bombs on the Rangoon railway station. Photographs showed destruction of an oil refinery, fires from which were visible for 60 miles. A power house, oil tanks and a distillation building were hit. American fliers scored hits at Mandalay.

NETHERLANDS: Invasion Spadework?

Reports that "scores of British agents" have been landed on the Netherlands coast and are preparing the way for an Allied invasion have made their way to Dutch circles in London. The reports added that a wave of optimism, accompanied by new outbreaks of sabotage and anti-Nazi attacks was sweeping Holland. The British were said to have been landing parties of two and three bound for the interior.

BANKHEAD BILL: And Parity

After President Roosevelt had vetoed the Bankhead farm bill (because he believed it "inflationary") supporters of the measure attempted to override this action by a two-thirds vote in congress. First scene of action in this connection was the senate floor where a day-long lively debate resulted in farm bloc members realizing that they could not muster sufficient support to bring this to pass.

These senators then became content to force the bill back to the agricultural committee from whence it could be resurrected whenever the farm bloc felt it had enough votes handy to defeat the President's action.

White House opposition to the measure on the grounds of inflation presented itself because it would prohibit deductions of benefit payments from parity in setting farm price ceilings.

FLYING FORTRESSES: New Offensive

The American air offensive in Europe has gotten under way.

Fleets of powerful Flying Fortresses have pounded the Renault motor works near Paris, with heavy hits causing great damage among the main buildings and auxiliary plants.

Coming right back, Flying Fortresses flew over Antwerp, bombing the Erla airplane works. These works have been repairing engines for the Nazi luftwaffe. Buildings were shattered and large fires started.

Swinging at Europe's underbelly, 100 Flying Fortresses dumped their bombs on Naples, splattering 24 ships in the harbor. RAF bombers followed up the attack with another heavy raid. Wharves and the industrial area were left flaming.

Eight bombers and eight fighter planes were lost in the operations.

RUBBER: Self Sufficiency

Self sufficiency in rubber production for the United States was predicted by William M. Jeffers, rubber director, who expressed belief that the nation will develop a synthetic rubber industry that will free the country from dependency on outside sources in the future.

"There is one very definite forecast I want to make—we'll never again be caught the way we were at the outbreak of war," Jeffers said.

He added that he envisioned a postwar rubber economy independent of any sources outside the United States. He said he viewed the huge natural rubber development in South America as "insurance" against possible shortcomings of synthetic rubber plants in this country.

LOADED DICE: In Axis' Favor?

In the opinion of Adm. William James, British chief of naval information, the "dice are loaded heavily" in favor of the Axis in any Allied attempt to land on the continent of Europe. But, said Admiral James, ways and means could be found "when the time comes."

"We saw at Dieppe, which was a most carefully planned enterprise, how a few well-situated guns on shore can wreck an amphibious operation."

Predicting that there will be no new startling invention to deal with the U-boat problem, he said the submarine menace eventually would be beaten "by the hard unremitting work of all those engaged in protecting our trade."

NATIONAL APATHY: General Speaks

Army day this year was passed over with little official celebration for the nation's fighting men were too hard at work to stop for festivities. However, one commanding general—Ben Lear of the Second army—took the occasion to score national apathy and lack of aggressiveness in many phases of American life.

He called for the end of internal bickering and urged that Americans apply themselves to crushing the enemy. Speaking of the popular dislike of "absenteeism" General Lear declared that this situation is not confined to industry. By this he meant that unless every citizen did his or her part, whatever the job, they were defeating the war effort and were therefore—absentees.

When I taxed Ed with this he laughed and said that she was just romancing, but later he talked to me of her as if he was glad to dwell on the subject. I could see that she fascinated him and I immediately suspected why he was so often obliged to stay late at the office.

Mother Busy at Home.

"That truly didn't annoy me. I had a beautiful baby to play with, three splendid little boys to train and love, and my time was more than full. From David's six o'clock wail to seven-o'clock goodnight kisses and prayers 13 hours later I never have one moment's peace, and I love it. My housework never gets monotonous because I am continually trying new systems and making small changes, perhaps putting the boys' supper table in another corner, or trying out on them clothes that don't show dirt and don't have to be ironed. I am a good cook, and Ed's main complaint is that he is putting on weight."

"But nothing pleases him any more. He won't have even breakfast in the kitchen. He's 'sick of babbles about kids.' He wonders why I don't do my hair differently. I think he often stops afternoons at her house—the stenographer's house—for sandwiches and a drink, for I smell the liquor on his breath, for I and his appetite for dinner is not what it was. He wants nothing but steaks and chops, and calls noodles or macaroni 'wop food,' and won't eat them. I give him one mammoth cup of coffee every morning, as I have never wanted more than half a cup; he frets over limitation."

"What I'm writing about however is this: There is to be a company dinner and dance in about three

AIR LINER: Henry J. Kaiser, the shipbuilding wizard, proposes to build a metal plane that will fly 17,000 miles without stopping.

DAD'S DRAFT: Drafting of dads might be delayed if public opinion forces unmarried youths between 18 and 25 years out of deferred war jobs. Selective Service Director Hershey says.

FIRE OIL: Allied bombers hit the Japanese oil refinery below Rangoon in continuing attacks upon enemy installations in Burma. The Myingye bridge area of the Burma Road also was raided.

Kathleen Norris Says:

The Woman in His Office

Bel Syndicate—WNU Features.



"The cottage we have been renting is in a nice quiet part of town, with a vegetable garden, a few fruit trees and an old mill that is our children's playground."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

FROM Flint, Michigan, comes the following letter. It typifies a situation that isn't entirely unusual, and outlines a problem that is so important, that I give it in full.

"My husband and I have been married nine years; we are both 33," writes Edna Lee. "We had an income of \$1,100 a year when our oldest son was born, in the following five years three other boys followed, my husband's pay rising slowly in that time to about \$2,600, on which I managed to keep a comfortable home, feed my man and my boys, and keep well out of debt. My babies were born in semi-private rooms at the local hospital; I have never had regular household help, but Ed's mother lived with us until her second marriage, four years ago."

"Two years ago Ed got a better job; he has risen steadily in these busy times and now is getting a little more than five thousand a year. The cottage we had been renting is in a nice quiet part of town, with a vegetable garden, a few fruit trees and sheds and an old windmill that are the children's playground. I began to make payments on it more than a year ago, and within a few months we will own it outright."

"My problem is this: All these years Ed has been a quiet, devoted husband. He said from the beginning that he wanted only sons, and I felt I was fortunate that our children were boys, but when David was born two years ago Ed expressed great disappointment and has never been as fond of the child as he is of the others. About a year ago a very attractive girl, now 21, became his stenographer, and took it upon herself to call upon me and tell me that she and Ed were devoted to each other, but that I might put my mind at rest as there was 'nothing wrong' going on."

"When I taxed Ed with this he laughed and said that she was just romancing, but later he talked to me of her as if he was glad to dwell on the subject. I could see that she fascinated him and I immediately suspected why he was so often obliged to stay late at the office."

Mother Busy at Home. "That truly didn't annoy me. I had a beautiful baby to play with, three splendid little boys to train and love, and my time was more than full. From David's six o'clock wail to seven-o'clock goodnight kisses and prayers 13 hours later I never have one moment's peace, and I love it. My housework never gets monotonous because I am continually trying new systems and making small changes, perhaps putting the boys' supper table in another corner, or trying out on them clothes that don't show dirt and don't have to be ironed. I am a good cook, and Ed's main complaint is that he is putting on weight."

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"What I'm writing about however is this: There is to be a company dinner and dance in about three

AN OLD STORY

It's an old, old story, this one about the girl in the office to whom your husband turns for the companionship you can't give him because you're too busy being a good wife and mother. And the answer is still the same. It's always the "other woman" who loses, if you remember that everyone else is on your side. Kathleen Norris has told other wives to be sweet, dignified and cheerful, and she offers that advice this week to "Edna Lee," whose husband has forgotten for the moment that home is where he belongs.

weeks, and Ed has to be there. I did not want to go; I haven't the dress; I'm out of that mood. When he told me of it he said: 'I know you hate those long talks, dinners, so I told them to count you out.' Now I learn that he is taking Dorothy. Something simply seethes within me when I think of it. I stay at home cooking, washing, caring for small children all day long, and Dorothy, sweet and fresh, goes out with my husband at night.

"Ed cuts me to the heart by indicating that our days of dancing, companionship, sharing of pleasures, are over. But doesn't a department boss hurt himself, too, when his friends learn that it is his stenographer who is with him? What is the wise thing to do for us all? If I'm wrong tell me so."

Husband Needs Prodding.

That is the letter. The answer ought, of course, to be sent to Ed. It's about time that some of the Eds of this world found out that the raising of a family is, first, the most important job in the world, for man or woman, and second, that it is one of the hardest. Any man whose wife has given him four children, and whose means are not sufficient to give her adequate help with all that she has to do, should be in a continual attitude of sympathetic helpfulness and tacit apology. Edna, who wrote that eloquent letter, is too fine a woman to rail at him, to remind him that other women have leisure and cars and servants and dignity in their lives. She loves her slavery to the nursery; she brightens the drudgery of her days with innovations, experiments, fun. But it is slavery and drudgery just the same.

Some day her sons will repay her. Some day four splendid, vital Boy Scouts will be pointed out, in her town, "those are the Lee boys all together there." Some day, when they are all in school, just blissful rest—just freedom to walk uptown or lie down with a book for an hour, will be so sweet to her that she won't regret these years that taught her the miracle of freedom.

Meanwhile, since Ed is bent upon destroying the devotion between them, and throwing away his paternal influence in these baby years when it must be established if it is to be established at all, my advice to Edna is just to ignore him for awhile. Let him go his way. If Dorothy can't do better than to pick a married man, father of four small boys, as a beau, she can't be much of a siren. Sometimes the healthiest attitude a wife can take is to burst out laughing at these affairs, and instead of whimpering "What do you see in her?" ask "What on earth does she see in YOU?"

Worrying will accomplish nothing and will only anger Ed, whose conscience is probably troubled anyway. Don't beg for what you want, but make him see that you can give him what he really wants.



Concerto for Two-Finger Typewriter:

The most eagerly awaited mail in more than 200 Army and Navy bases from Australia to North Africa is the semi-monthly copy of The Grimy Gazette . . . the editor is a Chicago girl named Maggie O'Flaherty . . . Her brother, in the army, sometime ago sent her this plea: "What we need here more than anything are new jokes. We're telling the same ones to each other 20 times! Fergoodnessakes, sis, dig up some for us!"

So Maggie started collecting them—slightly risqué or pure puns. When they were too naughty she laundered them as best she could and left it to the boys to decode them into unexpurgated literature.

Her gag-scouts are friends who travel in parlor cars, and her girl friends bring those they hear in beauty parlors and cafes . . . Twice a month Maggie puts them in the mails for all over the fighting fronts . . . One compliment came from Capt. Tom Griffin in N. Africa. He said: "Thanks for the Gazettes. Laughs are few and far between out here" . . . A Camp Polk, La., Sgt. wrote that her Gazettes solved the problem of getting the men to read the bulletin boards.

Oh, yes, Maggie O'Flaherty has a regular occupation. She writes radio shows for kiddies.

She is one of the loveliest actresses . . . Her young actor-groom enlisted on that December 7th and he's been on active duty abroad for over a year . . . Last night she was at a girl friend's apartment playing gin-rummy with a foursome of gals . . . When she left the room to answer the phone, one of the girls observed: "Hasn't she the loveliest figure? Amazing how she's kept it so trim since he left."

"And why not?" said Tallulah. "Nobody's been able to make an appointment with her for over a year—except Elizabeth Arden!"

Billy Bryant, the famed Showboat man, was in a Broadway producer's office where a group were panning a dramatic critic, whose review that morning lambasted their new play . . . The producer sent the critic a telegram which said: "You are selling your comedy at 2c per copy!" . . . To which the reviewer replied: "And you are selling your 2c production at \$4.40!!!"

That recalls the time George Bernard Shaw tried to sell a dated manuscript to a weekly magazine, which rejected it with this note: "Our editors see no reason why it should be published by us." Shaw answered: "Am forwarding a copy in Braille."

Earle Stanley Gardner, the mystery master, was discussing the cooking in New Orleans. He bemoaned the fact that the cuisine there was so good and the variety of rich dishes so tempting, that on his last visit he nearly ate himself to death . . . "Then you don't like New Orleans?" asked his listener . . . "Like it!" he ejaculated. "I love it. It's Gout's own country!"

The editors of the Mirror consider this one of their favorite war gags: A Berlin worker asked a bank clerk how to invest his life savings of 1,000 marks . . . "Buy State bonds," he was advised . . . "But," he butted, "supposing the State goes broke?" . . . "You forget the Nazi Party? Will see that it doesn't!" . . . "But," persisted the man, "supposing the Nazi Party collapses?" . . . "Well," was the answer, "isn't that worth 1,000 marks?"

Notes of an Innocent Bystander:

The Intelligentsia: The March of Time editors edited out the last two stanzas of the ditty, "Stalin Wasn't Stalin" (rendered by the Golden Gate Quartet), which have to do with the American Eagle and British Bulldog helping the Russian Bear . . . Tom O'Connor's deft piece in PM, which castigated E. James Smythe, the Bund and Klan supporter, was the week's tops in lowdown reporting . . . Roger Butterfield of Life says the piece on Al Schmid, the marine hero, couldn't have been done sans the help of the Philadelphia reporters who dug it up originally . . . Time has its own intelligence bureau—off-the-record statements and background on stories and people, which are distributed for the personal observation of Time editors only . . . Quentin Reynolds probably is in Russia, having down there longer than a fortnight ago . . . 93 newspapers suspended publication in 1942.

Those who plan giving parties in their homes for servicemen might follow the policy of the Stage Door Canteen in New York.

The Canteen workers have learned the songs the servicemen do not want to hear. They include: "Miss You," "Dear Mom," "We Did It Before," "Remember Pearl Harbor," "White Cliffs of Dover," "Letter From Home," "God Bless America," "This Is Worth Fighting For" and "My Buddy."

All of them, it is explained, "are depressive."



THE SECRET OF THE MARSHBANKS

• BY KATHLEEN NORRIS •

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W.N.U. RELEASE

THE STORY SO FAR: An orphan, Charlotte (Cherry) Rawlings knows almost nothing of her early history when, according to the wishes of her guardians, Judge Judson Marshbanks and Emma Haskell, she becomes the secretary of Mrs. Porteous Porter, wealthy San Franciscan. Busy as she is, Cherry sees the Judge from time to time and meets the members of his household; his dictatorial old mother; Amy Marshbanks, debutante daughter of his dead brother Fred; and Fran, his gay young second wife. Shortly afterward Cherry learns (Emma tells her) that her mother (never married) had been Emma's sister, Charlotte; that her father had been the Judge's brother Fred—Amy's father; and that shortly after Cherry and Amy were born Cherry's mother had switched the two babies. Cherry is really Amy Marshbanks. The Judge confirms the story but to protect Amy his mother burns certain papers that would have proved it true. Meanwhile Cherry has become engaged to Kelly Costes, a young artist (who for a time had been infatuated with Fran Marshbanks); and Amy is determined to marry Count Mario (Gogo) Constantino when she is twenty-one in a few days. When Kelly calls to see Cherry after returning from Honolulu where he had painted a portrait, Cherry is jealous and hurt because she had inferred from a telephone conversation of Fran's she overheard that Fran had been to lunch at his Sausalito studio. Cherry is happy when he says he hasn't seen Fran in weeks. Old Mrs. Marshbanks tells Cherry she resents her presence in the house and tells Amy that Cherry is a false friend. Amy pretends to think her grandmother is in her dotage, but talks privately to the Judge in his library. After she leaves the Judge is killed with a bullet through his heart, and everybody in the house is under suspicion.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XV

They had decided not to tell anyone the news immediately. Amy and her Gogo had flown to Reno that morning, had been married in the afternoon, and it was the Countess Georgio Francisco Marion Alexandro Stanislaus Constantino who seated herself upon Cherry's bed and poured forth the thrilling tale of her day's adventures.

"There was a balance at the bank, you know," Amy confided, "and—it was so cute!—when we went there yesterday I said, 'Of course half of that's yours.' 'How do you mean, you crazy, generous boy?' he said. 'I mean that half of everything I have is yours, Gogo,'—I told him. It was money that had been piling up since my grandfather died, and some of the Porter money. Most of it, of course, they invested as it came in, and half of that'll be his, too. But this was just a few thousands," Amy went on carelessly; "eleven thousand and some hundreds, and so he got his half and really I think he was touched, I mean, he didn't say much, but when we were back in the car he told me it was because he couldn't say much."

"Oh, Amy, I hope it all goes right! When—when are you going to tell people?" Cherry asked.

"I'm going to tell my grandmother tonight."

"She'll have ten thousand fits."

"It will only be one more thing to fuss about," Amy said indifferently.

"I am going off with Gogo tonight. I am not sure where. But anyway, he's calling for me at half past seven, and I have to see Fran and have a scene before that."

So confident, so pretty, so insolent! Amy had a four day's senility over Cherry, but Cherry felt the older by that many years.

"Did they find any will of your father's?" she asked almost involuntarily, out of thought. For Amy had recently had long sessions with lawyers.

Amy shrugged indifferently. "No. No will."

"But, of course, there was my grandfather's will," she said. "What my father left wasn't so much, it'll only bring me in—oh, maybe three or four thousand a year. So that his having left a will or not didn't count."

A few moments later Amy went to her grandmother's room, and when she emerged Cherry saw that her face was flushed and her eyes wet.

"I hate her!" she whispered, concluding with angry jerks the packing that she had commenced earlier in the evening. "She and her theatricals! She thinks 'there's a curse on this wretched family!' If there is, she's it. Gloves and my coat, and Martin will come up for the bag—" Amy murmured in rapid review. And then, with a sudden kiss and hug: "Good-by, Cherry darling, take care of yourself and graduate at the top of the class! Write me all the news. But I'll see you before we go, anyway; this rotten investigation may continue on for weeks! Oh, and Cherry, you tell Fran. She's out."

"She's back," said Cherry. "I just saw her come in."

"Well, you tell her anyway! Good-by!" Amy was gone in a trail of excited laughter. Cherry heard Gogo's rich, low voice in the lower hall; then the front door closed, and Martin walked back alone.

"What's the excitement?" Fran called through her half-opened door. Cherry went slowly in.

"Amy was married today in Reno."

"She wasn't!" Fran exclaimed. "Yes, she was. The morning papers will have it, if the evening ones don't. There's no hiding a title like that."



"Well, so we have a countess in the family," Mrs. Marshbanks said grimly.

"Pitiful little fool!" Fran said in a whisper. "Of course he's a complete rotter. Jud would have killed him. Old lady know?" she asked, with a jerk of her head in the direction of Mrs. Marshbanks' room. "Amy just told her."

"Wild!"

"I imagine so. I believe she said that there was a curse on the family."

"I believe there is!" Fran said gloomily, staring into space. "They'll never find out who murdered Jud. But," she added, "you can be pretty sure that the police are keeping an eye on that precious Gogo."

"Gogo had a motive," Cherry said. "Not only was the judge violently opposed to Amy's marrying him, but what he was discussing that very night with her and with his mother and with me was—you knew something about that, Fran?"

"I couldn't be in this house without knowing something about it. It was some claim that your aunt made—something she said about Fred Marshbanks' will? Of course, that was all long before I came into the family, but Jud did tell me—did tell me about his brother Fred, and that—you don't mind my mentioning it?"

"That Fred Marshbanks was my father? Oh, no. I seem to have known that for a long, long time. But there was more to it than that. There was a will, drawn up by Judge Thomas Comstock. Nobody knew what was in that. But Mrs. Marshbanks burned it. She wouldn't risk Amy's being hurt or any of her money taken away."

"So," Fran said musingly, "Amy and Gogo had their motives for getting rid of Jud, and certainly old Mrs. Marshbanks had. If you believe what some old dodo of an English judge once said, I had. He said that between married couples there might always be motive. I don't see that you had."

There was a pause, then Fran said suddenly, "Kelly might, have had a motive."

"Kelly!" Cherry echoed, her voice suddenly failing.

"Well, if you're searching for motives. And that wasn't quite what I meant anyway," Fran said. "What I meant was that Kelly didn't have an alibi."

"But, Fran—you certainly can't think that Kelly . . ."

"No, I don't," Fran interrupted promptly. "The police didn't hold him; just took his statement and let it go at that. You can tell by the way he acts that Kelly doesn't know anything about it. And at the same time—that's what's bothering me," she added.

"What's bothering you?" Cherry asked apprehensively.

"Oh, it's making me sick! I don't know whether to tell you or not."

"Tell me what?" Cherry managed to ask, with a sinking heart.

"You might as well know. After you went out this morning the man named Mullins asked me to step into the library. He had a flat little packet of letters in his hand; he asked me if I recognized them. I said yes, certainly. They were the letters Kelly Coates wrote me last year. About a dozen of them. Love letters."

Cherry felt faint.

"How'd they get them?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," Fran said. "I hid them two weeks ago, the day after Jud was killed. I slipped them into the lining of my dressing case. It had come loose, and that morning I complained to Molly about it, and while she was right here in the room I pasted it with glue."

"What sort of letters are they?"

Cherry asked, with the world gone suddenly black.

"Love letters. Letters that will look bad if they're given to the newspapers, I can tell you that. What he and I could do if we were free, frantic sort of letters. He said—Mullins said—that they were very incriminating."

"But they couldn't suspect Kelly!"

"These letters won't help Kelly," Fran said dryly. She had finished the slow business of oils, pastes, powders, rouge for her face, eyelashes, brows.

The ballooning of a negligee distracted her. The door of Fran's

tract her. The door of Fran's big closet was open, and within the closet the window must be open, too, for the row of garments neatly aligned upon hangers was in great agitation.

Cherry went in and shut the window, and coming back, picked up the negligee that had fallen and restored it to its hanger. She hated the sight of it; that was what Fran had worn on the night of the tragedy; she had had on this negligee as she ran downstairs ahead of them all.

Cherry stopped short, stood with a suddenly arrested breath, with icy fear touching her spine. The negligee was slightly rumpled in one of its folds. It had been squeezed together, loosened again. It had wiped something oily and dark, something metallic, something thick and liquid that was stained with black.

A trifling discoloration, the size of a woman's finger possibly. Not noticeable at all, unless one happened to look straight at it as Cherry was looking now. A crumpled tiny circle, as if the cloth had been forced into a small tube, a tube as small as a pistol barrel, a finger-sized smudge that might have been made by the oil from that barrel, by the blackness of gunpowder.

When Cherry went downstairs old Mrs. Marshbanks had had breakfast and was sitting by the fire reading the papers that announced the marriage of Amy Marshbanks to Count Constantino the day before. Greg was reading the sports news.

"Well, so we have a countess in the family," Mrs. Marshbanks said grimly.

"She had said she would," Cherry said. "And I suppose that under the circumstances she wouldn't have wanted a big wedding."

"He wouldn't have wanted a big wedding," the old woman said darkly; "the less publicity the better for him!"

"He may really be in love with Amy," Cherry offered, feeling that now the mischief was done there was no particular object in maligning him.

"It'll cost Amy just about a hundred grand," said Greg, from behind the paper. "Fran says he's asked her for money already."

"No, he didn't ask her, really; she made him take it. She told me so. She had a balance at the bank, and she split it with him."

"The most generous little heart in the world," mourned Amy's grandmother.

Unbelievable as it might appear, Cherry and old Mrs. Marshbanks were amicably conversing.

Only yesterday Cherry had learned of the existence of those love letters from Kelly to Fran. Cherry was heart sick. He had told her that he loved her, but only a few months ago he had loved Fran, too; how could matters ever be straightened out now, so that her trust in him could be restored?

Yesterday's second shock had been the discovery that the gown Fran had been wearing upon the fatal night of the murder had been stained with unmistakable marks of gunpowder and gun oil. Fran must have been living in terror of its discovery.

Lying awake in the night, Cherry had seen that fatal little stain in her mind's eyes, had remembered detail by detail the horrors of that dark night when the Judge's shout had rung through the house.

Had Fran had on that negligee then? Cherry asked herself. Yes, she thought she had. Certainly she had not had it on a short while afterward, when the police arrived.

This morning Fran came downstairs while Cherry was finishing her breakfast. Like the rest of the household Fran was showing the strain. She sat down and looked at her grapefruit, pushed it restfully away. "Those letters worry me," she said.

"What letters?" asked Mrs. Marshbanks, eyeing the younger woman over her glasses.

"Some letters Kelly Coates wrote me—silly, perfectly harmless letters, but wait until you see what the papers make of them!" Fran answered, impatiently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for April 18

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PETER AND JOHN IN GETHSEMANE

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 26:36-46; John 18:10-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Matthew 26:41.

The morning of that great day when atonement was made for the sins of all the world was nearly at hand. In the darkness of the night, following the institution of the Lord's Supper, and the words and prayer of our Lord (John 15-17), He and His disciples came to the Garden of Gethsemane. Taking three of His disciples He went deeper into the shadows to pour out before the Father His soul, "exceeding sorrowful even unto death."

It is a sacred scene, and we feel a sense of awe and reverence as we approach it, feeling that we too would prefer to tarry outside the garden, did we not feel that we should try to understand a little better what took place that night.

We are especially concerned with Peter and John, who with James shared our Lord's sorrow up to a point, and then so sadly failed Him.

We note that they had a **I. High Privilege** (Matt. 26:36-38).

To be asked by Christ to stand by in this crucial hour was to be entrusted with one of the greatest privileges a man could ever know. As there swept over His holy soul a great tidal wave of sorrow unto death, He wanted and needed their fellowship. As Dr. MacLaren puts it, He "grazed the very edge" of human endurance. "Out of the darkness He reaches a hand to feel the grasp of a friend, and piteously asks these humble lovers to stay beside Him; not that they could help Him bear the weight, but that their presence had some solace in it. His agony . . . they could not bear with Him, but they could watch with Him, and that poor comfort is all He asked."

Undoubtedly they intended to do it. Jesus bore witness that their spirit was willing (v. 41), but in spite of that, and all the boasting of Peter at the table that he would never desert Him, they failed Him in His hour of need. It was

II. Sad Weakness (vv. 39-46).

Our Lord's prayer showed great faith in God the Father, the terrific recoil of His soul against being blackened with the burden of sin, and a complete surrender to the Father's will. Here was true denial of self and submission to God, but it was nonetheless an appalling experience for our sinless Lord. So He went back for fellowship with His three trusted friends—and they were asleep.

Jesus recognized that the weakness of the flesh caused them to forget and slumber. We may profit by a little closer scrutiny of the scene. Was it just a physical tiredness? That doubtless entered in, but was not Jesus even more tired than they could possibly be? Was it not rather the weakness of indifference? They did not yet fully believe that their Lord was about to die. That was why they were quickly scattered in unbelief when He did die. This matter was not so serious in their sight, so it was not difficult to yield to the tired body and the deep, quiet darkness, and fall asleep.

We are in much the same position. Danger—grave, spiritual danger—threatens our souls, our families, our nation. We who call ourselves Christians have declared our readiness to stay awake and alert. But we have become at home in this world, the enemy soothes us with the assurance that all is well, time goes on and nothing too serious happens. So, we go to sleep right in the midst of danger, and sleep on even though the Master awakens us again and again.

But now the scene changes. The mob has come to take Christ, and then the sleepy Peter, now much awake, indulges in

III. Foolish Courage (John 18:10-12).

The act of Peter was courageous, even to the point of recklessness. What chance had he against a great armed multitude? It was the natural impulse of a loving heart, but it was misguided and foolish.

What did he think to accomplish—to deliver Jesus from those who would crucify Him? That would have meant no death on the cross and no redemption. The hour for the offering up of the Son of Man as Saviour had come. Peter might have learned that with our Lord in the garden, but then he was asleep. Christ who had hitherto walked right through the crowd of enemies (Luke 4:30), now—submitted. In the dark hours of the night He had been prepared to drink this bitter cup (v. 11).

We need to learn from this experience of Peter's lest we make the same mistake. There are all too many in the Church who are asleep as far as its spiritual struggles and opportunities are concerned, who are eager to yield a reckless sword in outward conflict. In their folly and ignorance they do more harm than good, and yet they think they are working for Christ.

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

Homemakers May Learn Ration Wisdom Through Study.



This easily prepared gelatin dessert uses all unrationed food. It's pretty but easy to make, and will hold off either a light or heavy meal.

These are times when changes are the fashion—and that particularly applies to changes in foods and cooking methods. Mrs. America can no longer dash to the grocery's and get enough canned or processed foods to put together a quick meal. Nor can she get together a meal, even one that would take time, with those rationed foods.

Points must be budgeted far more carefully than dollars and cents in the past! That is the realization every homemaker has been feeling since Ration Book II went into effect. Out of that has arisen one maxim: never to buy a canned or processed food if a fresh one is available.

Confusion, indecision, and slowness in buying were the adjectives grocers used when buying with War Ration Book II began. But this is gradually wearing away as Mrs. America learns new shopping methods.

Since point values change monthly, it's a good idea to keep a list of point values on hand when making the menu. Plan menus for a week at a time—marketing lists and budget lists all on hand when you're doing this important bit of work. Don't go to the store and wander aimlessly, selecting whatever appeals to the eye. Even if you have four or five ration books from which to spend, it's certain you won't get enough out of them by the hit or miss method.

Keep on the lookout for point values which may change—they vary from month to month and sometimes change during the month as the public's buying habits are watched.

Haphazard shopping, meal-planning, and carelessness about the health of the family are out of date. The homemaker must be alert and vigilant now as never before to make of her family the strongest and healthiest possible unit—for a healthy America is a strong America.

Lamb is fairly easily obtainable meat and second to pork, richest source of thiamin—our morale vitamin. Very little, if any, lamb is being sent to the armed forces and Allies, and that means it is for civilian use.

Baked Lamb Loaf.
(Serves 8 to 10)
1½ pounds ground lamb
1½ cups bread crumbs
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
3 tablespoons grated onion

Lynn Says:

Fresh Vegetables: To those of you accustomed to using canned vegetables and learning how many they serve, these hints are given on how many fresh vegetables will serve:

Asparagus: One pound yields two cups, cut, serve three to four.
Beans, green or yellow: yields three to three and one-half cups, serves four or five.
Beets: One pound yields three to four servings. Use young beet greens as vegetable, too!
Broccoli: One pound serves four to five.
Cabbage: One pound, shredded, yields three and one-half cups. One pound cooked serves three.
Parsnips: Four medium sized roots make a pound, serves four to five.
Peas: One pound gives two servings.
Spinach: One pound serves three to four.
Turnips: One pound yields three to four servings.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

*Deviled Egg, Macaroni and Pea Salad
Hot Biscuits with Jam
*Marmalade Bavarian Milk
*Recipe Given

1 cup cooked peas
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Soak crumbs and mix well with meat and other ingredients. Pack into a loaf pan. Bake in a 300 degree oven for 1½ hours. This may also be baked in a ring mold and served with parsleyed potatoes.

Fish will come into more popularity to help extend our main dishes when ration points will not cover that major item:

Fish Loaf.
(Serves 6)
2 cups cooked, flaked fish (leftover may be used)
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup fine, soft bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs, separated
½ cup milk
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Shred the fish. Sauté green pepper and onion in butter, add to fish with bread crumbs and seasonings. Beat egg yolks, add milk and then add to fish mixture. Stir in lemon juice. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Poured into a greased loaf pan, set in a pan of hot water. Bake for 1 hour in a 350-degree oven. Serve with white sauce to which hard-cooked eggs have been added.

As the days become warmer we will gradually begin adding salads for our main dishes, to help save on pointage. Here is a splendid suggestion, using all unrationed foods:

*Deviled Egg, Macaroni and Pea Salad.
(Serves 8)
10 to 12 deviled eggs
1 package (12 to 16-ounce) macaroni
2½ cups cooked, fresh peas
French dressing
Radish roses
Salad greens—optional
Deviled eggs
10 to 12 hard-cooked eggs
2 tablespoons salad dressing
2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
1½ teaspoons mustard
1½ teaspoons worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon celery salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

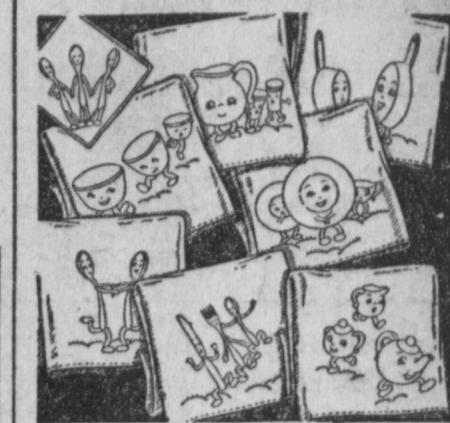
Cut a half-inch slice from round end of egg. Cut a saw tooth edge around white, if desired. Remove yolk carefully. Press yolks and bits of leftover whites through sieve, add remaining ingredients and beat until light and fluffy. Refill shells, using pastry tube for decorating top, if desired.

Boil macaroni in salted water according to directions on package. Drain, rinse, then drain thoroughly. Marinate with a little french dressing, then chill.

Cook peas, drain, and save stock for soup. Marinate peas in french dressing.

To make salad, heap macaroni in center of dish. Alternate deviled eggs and radish roses around edge, pressing them into macaroni. Fill with a border of peas between eggs and macaroni.

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ANIMATED cutlery, dishes, glassware, pots and pans bring their infectious gaiety to a new set of tea towels. They offer a mixing bowl parade, a knife, fork and spoon dash, the soup spoon dance, and four more equally interesting tea towel designs, with a trio of teaspoons as motif for a matching panholder. Outline embroidery does the set in a jiffy—it could even be done in running stitch.

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WHICH MAKES YOU CRANKY, NERVOUS! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped thousands to relieve periodic pain, backache, headache with weak, nervous, cranky, blue feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. This is due to its soothing effect on one of WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow labeled directions. Worth trying!



Preserve Our Liberty Buy U. S. War Bonds

The Rockport Pilot

Published Every Thursday
MRS. J. O. BLACKWELL, Owner
JACK BLACKWELL
Editor and Publisher

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R. R. Roberts Joins Local Perch Club

Latest addition to the rapidly swelling ranks of the "Perch Club" is R. R. Roberts, veteran boatman, who was dunked in the local yacht basin Sunday.

According to reports, Roberts was scuttling along the deck of his boat when his foot slipped and he took a header into the briny.

With the exception of a slightly sprained ankle the new "Perch Club" members suffered no ill effects from his dunking.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bennack of Houston spent the week-end in Rockport.

Mrs. Walter Bean left Wednesday for Decatur, Illinois to visit relatives.

Band Practice to Continue During Vacation Period

The schedule of summer band practice for Rockport school students will be highly flexible and may be modified to fit almost any situation, according to an announcement made this week by H. B. Butler, Director of Music.

Butler has submitted a questionnaire to students and their parents relative to the best times for band practice during the vacation period and has urged parents to submit any request or desire which would permit as many members as possible to continue their work.

"Advantages of summer band practice are many," Butler pointed out. "The more relaxed and leisurely type of work permits greater development of individual skill. Students are relieved of the necessity of intensive practice during the school term because of careful training in the development of habits and the mastery of techniques."

In conclusion Butler urged all students desiring to begin on a band instrument to register at their earliest opportunity for summer practice.

Mrs. J. C. Green of Atlanta, Georgia and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cecil Green of Laurel, Mississippi, are visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Anderson.

3-A and 3-B Men To Be Moved Into 1-A Immediately

Approximately 3,000,000 childless married men now in deferred draft classifications apparently related to be shifted to a 1-A status, making them subject to induction soon, under a draft reclassification shuffle expected tomorrow.

Part of these childless married men in the 18 to 38 age bracket are now in the 3-B class, which informed sources said would be wiped out, and the remainder are in the 3-A group, which it was reported would be reserved exclusively for fathers. The 3-B group, comprising about 2,000,000 men, now covers those in essential activity regardless of whether they are individually essential.

Under the changes selective service boards apparently will draw upon the 3,000,000 childless married men and 80,000 to 100,000 youths who become 18 monthly to meet immediate needs for inducting about 360,000 men monthly.

A new class, 3-D, will be established, it was understood, for single or childless married men whose induction will cause extreme hardship for dependents.

Fathers in the 3-B class will be shifted to 3-A, it was reported, while those in 3-A will be left unchanged. There are approximately 6,000 married men, including some without children, will be left in 3-C, a group covering men with dependents, who are engaged in farming.



Here On Furlough Here In Furlough Is Feted Saturday

Sergeant Jimmy W. DeForest of the U. S. Marine Corps was the guest of honor at a party given at the Zeph Rouquette home in Fulton last Saturday night which was attended by more than a hundred residents of the community.

Refreshments of iced tea and sandwiches were served, games were played and there was dancing.

DeForest, who is on furlough at present, has been stationed in the Solomon Islands and saw some of the thick fighting in the vicinity of Guadalcanal. He suffered an attack of malaria and spent more than two weeks in a hospital in New Zealand before being sent back to the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Beetley and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Pancoast of San Antonio spent the week end with Mr. Beetley's mother, Mrs. Stephen Beetley.

FBI Peace Office Meetings on Coast Are Well Attended

More than 3,000 persons attended the FBI peace officers' conference recently held in the Texas Gulf Coast area, R. J. Abbatichio, Jr., Special Agent in charge of the FBI Houston office, announced today.

"This is the largest attendance ever recorded in this district for these conferences," he said, "and indicates that Texas law enforcement agencies are fully aware of the importance of cooperation."

When President Roosevelt first entrusted the FBI with the responsibility of coordinating all internal security investigations, Mr. Abbatichio pointed out, he asked local law enforcement agencies to assist the FBI whenever they could. "In addition to the number of cases they have actually handled," he said, "their attendance at the FBI conferences shows how interested they are in helping protect the nation from enemy agents. The people of this area can be proud of the united front which their law enforcement agencies are presenting."

Officers attending the ten meetings which made up the series included sheriffs, policemen, constables, representatives of the Texas Department of Public Safety, as well as other local and state law enforcement officers. Numerous federal agencies were also represented.

The Houston meeting, according to Mr. Abbatichio, was the largest with approximately a thousand per-

Mullet May Soon Take a Place On Table of Nation

Long regarded as a desirable source of seafood by officials of the coast division of the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, the heretofore lowly Texas mullet may come into its own as the result of an extensive survey to be conducted on the Texas Gulf Coast by Cyrus H. Chilton, of the fishery department of the U. S. Department of Interior, New Orleans.

Chilton arrived here yesterday to confer with Coastal Director J. B. Arnold and to map plans for his survey and an educational campaign among commercial fishermen and Gulf Coast Packers.

Also here for an extensive survey is Jose Luis Cossio, Lima Peru, representative of the Peruvian Government. Cossio will study Texas fisheries under an arrangement effected through the Rockefeller Foundation. He will as director of Peru fisheries, apply the best fishery methods observed on the Gulf Coast to the Peruvian fishing industry.

Chilton and Cossio left last night with Arnold for Port Isabel, where they will observe fishing and packing methods for several days before returning here. Chilton will carry on much of his work in the vicinity of Port Lavaca and Palacios. Gordon Gunter, marine biologist for the coastal division, will co-operate with him in the survey.

Chilton will recommend proper fishing gear for the taking of mullet and will give instruction in handling them for the market. Development of mullet fishing as a major industry on the Texas Gulf Coast is regarded highly significant now in view of the heavy demand for seafoods, brought on by the shortage of meats.

W.M.U. Group Meet At Baptist Church

The W. M. U. met Monday afternoon at the First Baptist church, with Mrs. A. O. Freeman presiding.

Mrs. E. C. Morgan gave the Devotional. The Royal Service Lesson on "The Individual Witness" was led by Mrs. Roy Mullinax.

Those present were: Mrs. A. O. Freeman, Mrs. Kim Haynes, Mrs. Otto Key, Mrs. Reul Thompson, Mrs. Mary Moore, Mrs. John Keller, Mrs. E. C. Morgan, Mrs. W. H. Baldwin and Miss Ruth Lipscomb.

Rouquette Boys Get Promotion In Army

Those three Rouquette boys, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Zeph Rouquette of Fulton are now all non-commissioned officers in the armed forces of the United States and the days they served as privates are only memories.

Stationed in Venice, Florida, Otis according to word received this week by his parents, has been promoted to the rank of corporal. Floyd, on duty in the Panama Canal zone, has been made sergeant.

Francis Rouquette, on duty somewhere in England, has been a sergeant now for some time.

Sons attending: Galveston was second with 660, Beaumont, third, with 550, and Corpus Christi, fourth, with 350.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Reed of Corpus Christi and Mr. W. W. Clark of West Columbia were the week-end guests of their sister, Miss Katie Lee Clarke. Mr. Clarke is Commissioner of Precinct 2 in Brazoria County.

Miss Pansy Conlee of Kingsville spent the week-end in Rockport, guest of Mrs. Mattie Johnson.

Miss Helen Morgan, Miss Verna Marie Matthes, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clarke and Miss Katie Clarke spent Saturday in Corpus Christi.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Simpson, formerly of Clinton, Oklahoma, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bachman. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are moving to Donna, Tex.

Mrs. W. H. Schuster, Mrs. Monte Rouquette, and Mrs. Fred Buchanan spent Tuesday in Corpus.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dykes and daughter, Mrs. A. E. McGuffin spent the week-end in Corpus Christi visiting relatives. They were accompanied home by little Miss Lois Annette Piercy, granddaughter of Mrs. Dykes.

Mrs. A. E. McGuffin of Artesia, New Mexico is visiting her mother Mrs. J. M. Dykes. Mrs. McGuffin is the former Miss Myrtle Kensil of Rockport.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Williams went to Port Aransas Sunday to see their brother, Gene, who is home on leave from the United States Navy.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mundine and Lawrence McLester spent two days in Falfurrias last week to visit Ted McLester who has been very ill.

Mrs. DeWilton Jefferies, Miss Vivian McCon and Miss Mary Grace Barnard spent last week in Houston.

Marshall Anderson is a business visitor in Houston this week.

Miss Margaret Ingersoll of Lockhart spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ingersoll.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Driver and family of Corpus Christi spent the week-end at Forest Park Cottages.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Collins of San Antonio were week-end guests in Rockport.

Si Grett of Corpus Christi visited at Forest Park this week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Johnson visited in Sinton last week.

Mrs. Mildred Stewart left Monday for New Orleans where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mullinax.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Skoog, Misses Pauline Davis and Elizabeth Rouquette spent the week-end in Houston.

L. L. Carleton and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Carleton left Sunday for Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, after having spent the winter in Rockport.

Mrs. Marion McElveen and Miss Mary Ella McElveen spent Sunday in Corpus Christi.

C. F. Rozell of Victoria spent last week with A. R. Steirly at Palm Courts.

Guests at Palm Courts over the week-end were: From San Antonio, Mr. and Mrs. Cole Ivers, Mr. and Mrs. Russel Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baird, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bowman, and Mr. and Mrs. Pat Arver; from Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. O'Day, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wessell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Royland, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bassett and Mr. and Mrs. J. Hum.

Let's Eat Out

SEAFOOD CAFE

For finer food in most pleasant surroundings, the SEAFOOD CAFE answers every time!



REGULAR MEALS

Seafood Cafe



From where I sit

by Joe Marsh

John Trumbull, our postmaster, looks up from his newspaper yesterday and says: "I see they caught another one o' them so-called 'gang-lords' of the Prohibition era."

"Wonder how long it's going to take us to wipe out the evil Prohibition left behind... not to mention the billions of dollars it cost the people?"

Well, John's right o' course. Hard to believe America could ever pass a law like Prohibition.

But from where I sit it's a big consolation—now that Prohibition is over—to see how moderation and tolerance have grown up in its place.

Nowadays, if a man enjoys a friendly glass of beer or two after a day's work, he not only can do it in clean, respectable surroundings—but he knows that no bootlegger or gangster is making a red cent on it.

Joe Marsh

No. 57 of a Series

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ANNUAL REPORT TO TELEPHONE USERS

A Summary of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company's 1942 Annual Report, Recently Issued

"PEARL HARBOR" was only three weeks old as 1942 started, but already the telephone system had felt the first of war's pressing demands.

Most metals vital to war are also vital to telephone service. During the year we were able to get, for example, only a tenth of the copper normally needed.

Telephone people somehow had to make this bare trickle of materials meet demands for entire telephone systems at Army camps and Navy bases, for service to new war industries, for new telephones in thousands upon thousands of homes.

Service held up rather well

The skill and "know how" of these people were in most cases equal to the job. During the year the company gained 123,689 telephones. It ended the year with 1,867,751 telephones in service. But in many cities, lines and equipment simply could not serve all who wanted telephones.

The quality and speed of telephone service held up rather well during the year. There were exceptions, of course. On many crowded long distance lines delays were unavoidable.

It was inevitable, in such a year, that

SOUTHWESTERN BELL

Some new high marks as well as some low marks should be set.

For example, the money taken in by the company for its services was 120 million dollars—11 per cent above 1941. That seems a lot of money.

Expenses mount faster than revenue

But expenses climbed even faster. They jumped from a little over 88 million dollars in 1941 to more than 101 million dollars—an increase of 15 per cent. Most of this increase was a result of sharply higher payrolls and taxes. Taxes grew from slightly less than 20 million dollars in 1941 to more than 24 million dollars.

The result was that the company matched its high record with a low.

Earning rate lower than in depression

The company's earnings for the year were at the rate of 4.4 per cent on the money it has put into the buildings, wires, and equipment needed to furnish telephone service—a lower rate of return than was earned at the lowest point of the depression.

On the whole, telephone service was better in 1942 than telephone people had dared hope it would be. This was due in large part to the competence and fine spirit of service of the telephone men and women in the Southwest. It was due also to the understanding and sympathetic co-operation of the people who use the service.



TELEPHONE COMPANY

Fencing Materials Now Released from All Restrictions

All types of fencing materials have been removed from the farm machinery rationing program, according to Judge B. S. Fox, chairman of Aransas Co. War Board.

In making the announcement, Fox explained that fencing materials now could be sold without restrictions and that applications to secure delivery would no longer be required by purchasers.

The machinery rationing program, under which approximately 75 types of farm machinery are restricted to essential needs, was put into operation several months ago in all Texas counties. Purpose of the program is to route available supplies of essential types of machinery into channels where maximum contribution will be made to agriculture's war production program.

Although removed from rationing restrictions, supplies of fencing materials still are limited and dealers are being requested to restrict sales to producers' immediate needs in order that maximum use might be obtained from the supplies now on hand.

They also are asked to limit sales, insofar as possible, to farmers and ranchmen for increasing production of agricultural commodities this year.

Fox warned the farmers that the supply of fencing material is still limited, and asked them to refrain from buying any wire unless it is absolutely necessary, thereby assuring a sufficient supply to those persons who must have it to continue their operations. The dealers in the county have also been requested to determine that the materials they sell will be used mainly to increase or maintain the production of agricultural commodities on farms and ranches.

Program of Dental Health Believed a School Necessity

In checking the results achieved by school dental programs in Texas, Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer, announced today that such programs have proved to be highly effective in lessening the permanent teeth mortality rate, reducing it in some cases more than 75 per cent in a period of only five years.

In one city, the permanent teeth mortality rate was reduced from 24.37 per cent to 3.5 per cent in less than five years' time, with a full-time dental health program in effect.

"If the mortality rate of permanent teeth is a dependable unit of measurement in the evaluation of dental public health programs," Dr. Cox said, "it is obvious that there is unlimited value in the type of programme now carried on by the State Health Department."

Dr. Cox expressed the opinion that the increase in the volume of dentistry for children in local dentist offices was directly attributable to the influence of the school dental programs, and added that the improvement of children's attitudes as patients was very noticeable.

"I believe that as time goes on" Dr. Cox stated, "the results will be even more noticeable. As the public becomes aware of the possibilities in this field, there will be an ever-growing demand for at least some type of dental health program in every community."

P. T. A. Meeting

The regular meeting of the Rockport Parent-Teacher Association will be held April 21st, at 4 p. m. All members are requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kraus and L. M. Kelley of San Antonio are spending the week at Palm Courts.

Social Security Act Provides for Cooks and Maids

Corpus Christi.—Glenn T. Dunn, manager of the Corpus Christi office of the Social Security Board today called attention to the fact that cooks, maids, and other employees of boarding houses are covered by old-age and survivors insurance provisions of the Social Security Act. He said that since the war began, with its attendant increase in business, numerous boarding houses have come into existence, especially in industrial areas and in the vicinity of military camps; and although it is generally understood that employees of cafes, hotels, restaurants, etc., are subject to the law, very few owners of boarding houses realize that their employees too come under old-age and survivors insurance provisions. Even though a boarding house has only one employee, he said, that employee should have a social security account number and should show it to the owner of the boarding house so that he in turn, may include it in the quarterly wage tax report required by law.

The old-age and survivors insurance tax paid by the worker is one percent of his wages. The employer—who in this case is the proprietor of the boarding house—is required by law to deduct one percent from the worker's wages, add to this amount one percent, and send the total amount with his quarterly wage report to the Collector of Internal Revenue.

The quarterly wage reports covering the months of January, February, and March—due on or before midnight of April 30—will include the names and account numbers of many workers who, until recent months, were never employed in jobs that come under the Act.

Appointment of Mrs. Gregoreyk Is Recommended

Appointment of Mrs. Ollie V. Gregoreyk as postmaster of the Presidential post office at Woodboro, Texas, has been recommended by Congressman Richard M. Kleberg, according to announcement made here by Kleberg.

Mrs. Gregoreyk has served as the Acting Postmaster at Woodboro since October, 1942, when she was appointed to succeed Brett Hargrove who resigned from the office.

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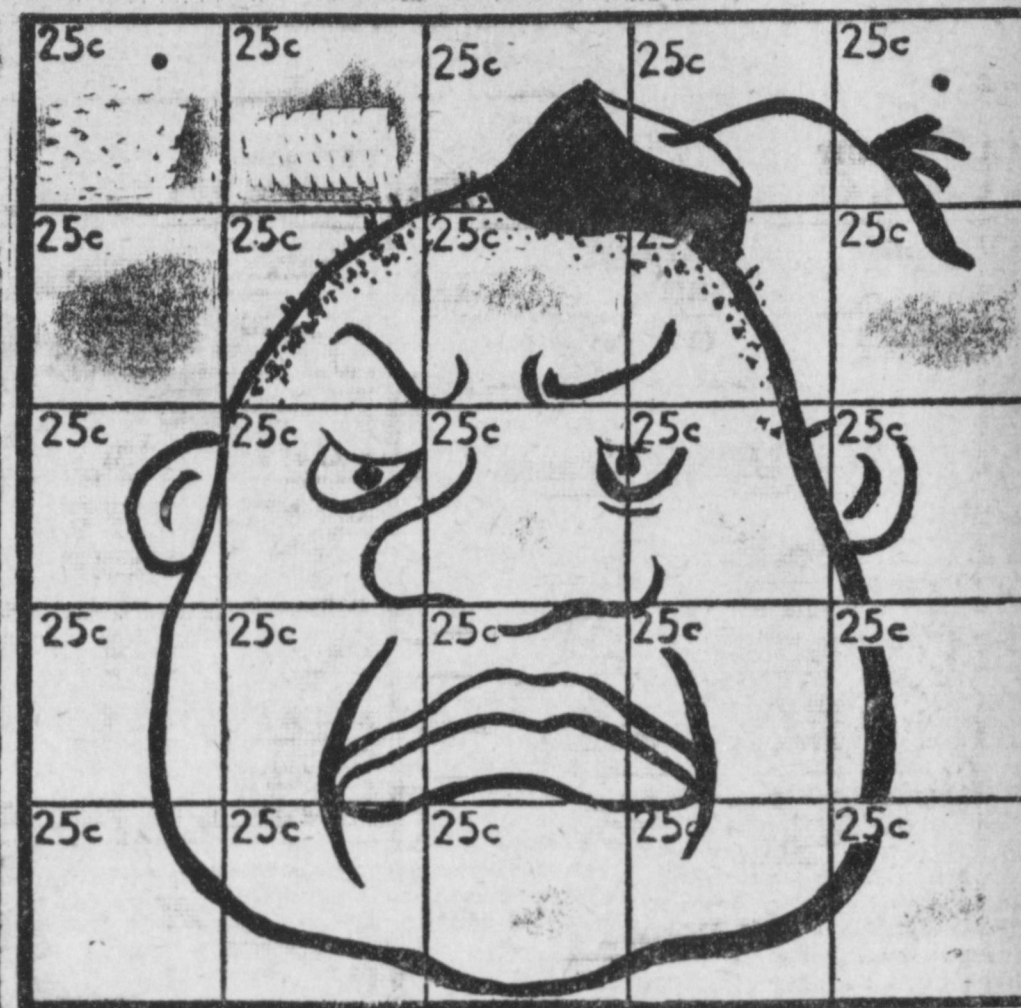
—SEE—

Mrs. R. H. Clark
(Next to Rio Theatre)

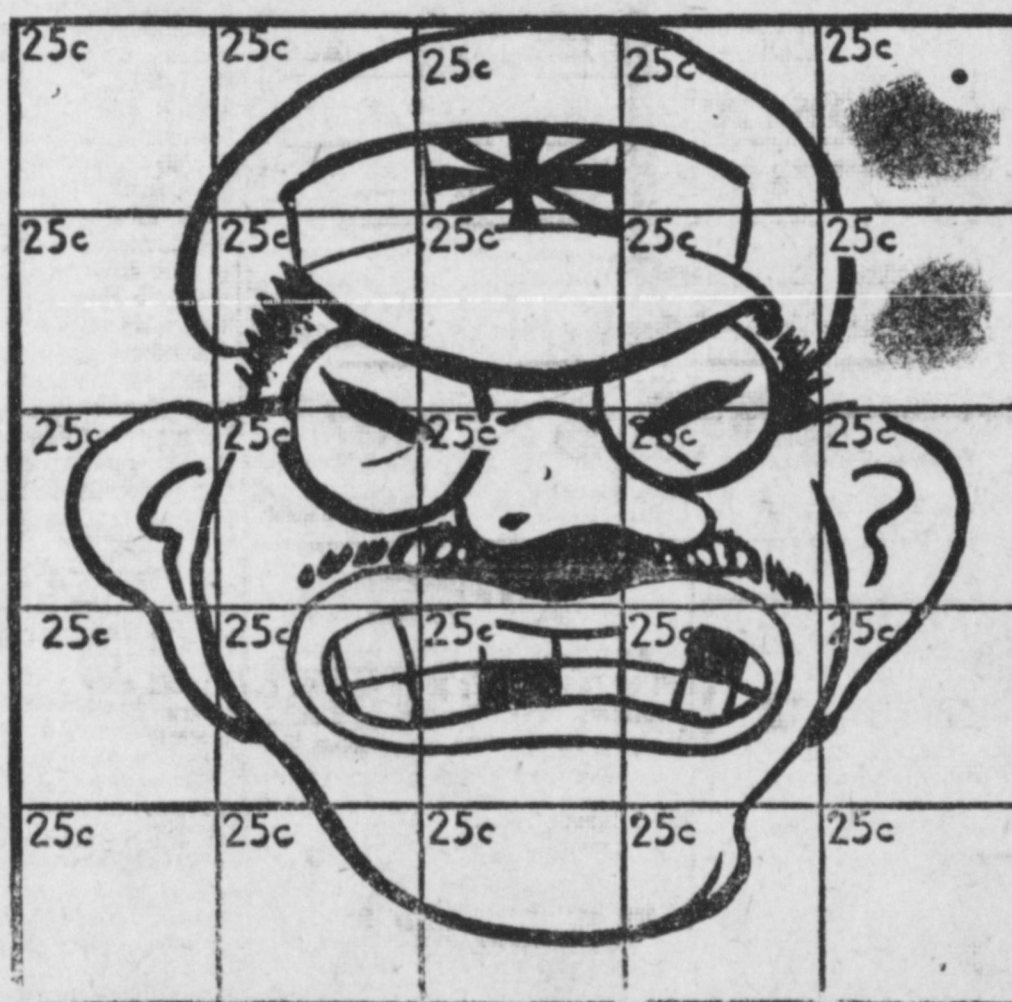
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THE AXIS WITH WAR
SAVINGS STAMPS!**



**TACK THIS PAGE ON
WALL of KITCHEN or
RECREATION ROOM.**

C'mon Folks!

— Step up! Paste these fellows right in the "pan" with War Savings Stamps Hang one on Hitler . . . hang another on Hirohito . . . muss up Mussolini.

When all squares are filled, your bank or post office will exchange a \$25.00 War Bond for this page.

Hundreds of men are paying the cost of victory with their lives. The least we stay-at-homers can do is pay with every cent we can scrape together.

Don't be too late with too little.

Stamp out the Axis with War Stamps!
Start NOW!

**You Bet
I Have a
CHECKING
ACCOUNT**



Now that I'm working longer hours, that time-saving checking account comes in mighty handy! Besides, it saves gas and tires to pay bills with a check!

The First National Bank

The Rockport Pilot

Next Decade to See Changes in Air Travel That Seem Fantastic to All but Aviators

But Most of Us Will Live To Learn Every Prophecy Has Come True!

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

CALIFORNIA high school youngsters will spend two weeks' study-vacations in a China reached after a fast hop in a plane or a huge dirigible.

The graduating classes of Hudson's Bay Eskimo elementary schools will fly to New York or Chicago for supervised study-visits.

Half-naked natives from the forests of Malay will fly to universities in California or Australia and fly back to the native villages as agronomists and physicists.

"Impossible!" you say—or perhaps only: "Not likely!"

As a matter of fact, it's not only possible but it's entirely probable. You can take the word of a man who knows!

He is Harry Bruno, who grew up with American aviation and with its early heroes. If any man is qualified to forecast what's ahead in an America that has always pioneered in flight and that will probably be even more dependent on air travel in the future than it has in the past, he is that man.

So when he makes such prophecies as those given at the beginning of this article, don't just laugh them off. Instead, read these words of his: "All this—and more—can be accomplished with the planes and airships that exist today. But the world of tomorrow will fly greater, faster, more economical flying machines and airships than now exist."

You'll find those words in a new book, "Wings Over America—The Inside Story of American Aviation," written by Harry Bruno and published by Robert M. McBride and Company of New York. It's not only an interesting book because it's the "inside story" told by a man who, as one of the six original "Quiet Birdmen" and as today's foremost aviation publicist, has first-hand knowledge of every memorable and spectacular event in the development of America's aerial power. It's also an important book—important right now when America is engaged in a life-and-death struggle. For, as Maj. Alexander P. de Seversky, who wrote the introduction to Mr. Bruno's book, says:

"The United Nations will win this war through superior science, or they will not win it at all. We must cut loose from the past and embark upon audacious new strategies, with air power as their core. We must utilize our superior technological set-up to spring intellectual surprises, in machines and strategic innovations, on the enemy. And thus it will be that the dreamers, the pioneers of yesterday's aviation will become the realists and leaders of today and tomorrow. The dynamics of air power are so intensive that we must plan for tomorrow if we want to be on time today. Fortunately America has the leadership to achieve this. Harry Bruno tells us where and why."

Such being the case, let's "cut loose from the past" (so far as our ideas of the limitations of air travel are concerned) and "embark upon audacious new" voyages into the future with Mr. Bruno. You can do that by reading the last chapter in his book—"The Next Ten Years."

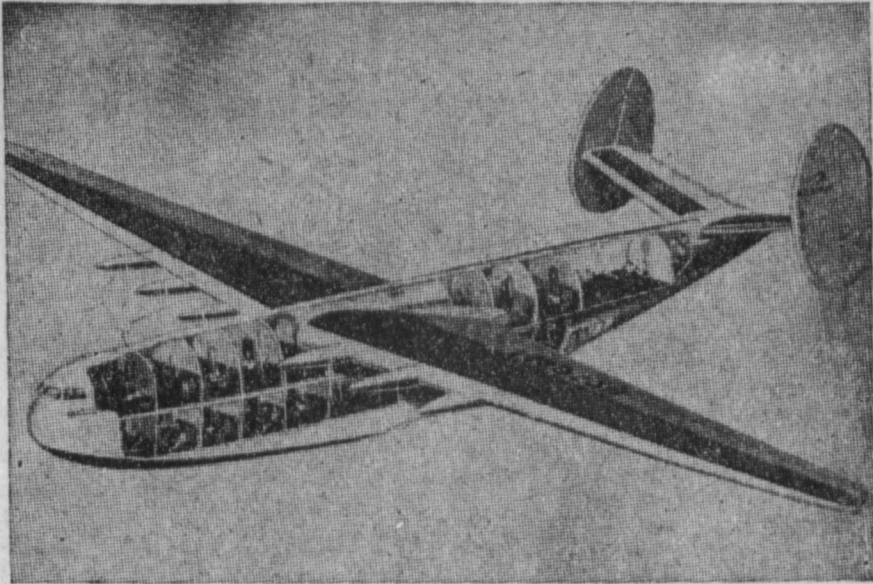
Always Look Forward.
At the outset of that chapter he says: "The gods of aviation have one rule which all must obey: always look forward." Then he admonishes us to "Look ten years ahead to a post-war world in which the defeated Axis gangs are a thing of the past, and you see one of the most powerful reasons for each and every one of us to buckle down and do our utmost to guarantee this victory. Thanks to aviation, this is one of the most glorious ages in world history."

Besides his predictions about the California high school youngsters, the Eskimo school children and the half-naked natives from the forests of Malay, Mr. Bruno foresees also the day when:

"Shepherds will fly from the crags of Tibet to universities in Vladivostok and fly back to their native villages as doctors.

"Plane loads of professors will take off from Madrid to train South American Indians in new universities established near new airfields in Colombia, in Venezuela, in Peru.

"The whole world will become the oyster of any American with a two



This Glenn Martin super-passenger liner is not a plane of the "far future"—rather it belongs in the "near future" for plans for its production already exist.

weeks' vacation—and the low cost of airplane and airship travel will make a most enlightening vacation in Norway or India a reality for the Detroit mechanic or the Boston librarian.

Planes of the Future.

How will they be able to do all this? Here is the answer in Mr. Bruno's words:

"The big planes of the next decade will glide through the stratosphere at speeds of 600 miles an hour and more. They will enable a man to breakfast in New York and have dinner in Paris on the same day. Citizens of Detroit and Denver will be able to do exactly the same, even though their planes will fly non-stop from their home towns to Europe and South America.

"Their planes will not be patterned after the huge flying boats that now cross the oceans. The new planes of 1952 will be huge stratosphere land planes, whose sealed, oxygen-equipped cabins will carry more than 200 passengers in all the luxury and comfort travelers enjoyed on luxury steamships like the Queen Mary and the Normandie. They will be powered by banks of gasoline-



PROPHET—Harry Bruno, who "grew up" with American aviation, makes some startling—but "too conservative," so say his friends—predictions about air travel during the next ten years.

burning engines of 5,000 horsepower each. But the use of gasoline, in aviation, will some day be as obsolete as the era of steam in automobiles. Electric engines of 10,000 horsepower, receiving their impulses through rays transmitted from ground stations will supplant gasoline engines within two decades of the end of the war.

"Passengers with more time, out for a more economical ocean crossing, will ride in the comfortable helium-filled dirigibles of the new world. These giant cargo and passenger airships will cross the Atlantic in about 36 hours, carrying fast freight and about twice as many passengers as the fast planes."

If you decided to sell your automobile because of the inconvenience of gas rationing and wait until after the war to get a new one, don't count too much on becoming a "motorist" again. For, according to Mr. Bruno, automobiles "will start to decline almost as soon as the last shot is fired in World War II. The name of Igor Sikorsky will be as well known as Henry Ford's, for his helicopter will all but replace the horseless carriage as the new means of transportation. Instead of a car in every garage, there will be a helicopter."

Why? Well, these marvelous machines can do everything an automobile can do, do it better and besides take you up in the air, far from the gasoline fumes of the crowded highways. Look at this picture of a Sunday afternoon pleasure "drive," as Mr. Bruno paints it:

"The family will take off in its helicopter from the backyard or the roof hangar, climb straight to the

level authorized by government regulation, fly on to their destination, and land on earth, on a roof top, or on water—as fancy dictates. Instead of wheels, the craft is mounted on rubber floats—inasmuch as it rises and descends like an elevator anywhere, wheels are not needed. These 'copters will be so safe and will cost so little to produce that small models will be made for 'teen-age youngsters. These tiny 'copters, when school lets out, will fill the skies as the bicycles of our youth filled the pre-war roads."

But 'copters aren't the only machines that your children and their children will be driving. For, says Mr. Bruno, "the great sport of our youth will be motorless flight. Glider meets will be held all over the country, much like the sailing meets of other years."

However, the glider won't be a machine for "pleasure driving" only. It will become an important economic factor in the transportation of the future. "Powerful cargo-carrying trucks will tow trains of cargo carrying gliders—since all but the bulkiest slow freight will be carried by airplane or glider-towing, cargo-carrying dirigibles. The glider will also become the great transportation medium of commuting."

Trains of Gliders.

Which means that when you decide to visit Aunt Emma back in Syracuse or Cousin Will out in Oregon, here's how you'll go:

"Glider trains, towed by a lead passenger-carrying plane that will fly hundreds of miles, will drop gliders carrying local passengers at airports all along the route. Thus, a trip from New York to Albany, for instance, would be made in a glider attached to the New York-Buffalo sky train. Passengers would board the train at the overhead station of Rockefeller Center. The sky-train, which started from LaGuardia Field, would pick up the Albany glider at Rockefeller Center (and pick it up in flight, too) and continue on toward Buffalo. Over Albany, the conductor-pilot of the Albany glider will cut his craft loose from the train and glide to earth. By the time the lead plane reaches Buffalo, he will have dropped all of his gliders along the route."

"But all of these machines can still fall down and kill people—no, sir, I'll stick to good old Mother Earth!" you say. The aviation of the future will become increasingly safer, Mr. Bruno believes. He writes: "All aircraft will have television weather survey sets, enabling them to see and hear weather conditions along the routes that lie ahead. In this manner, they will be able to fly above or around storm areas and add to the comfort of each flight."

"All airplane factories will be entirely underground, air-conditioned and deep enough so that no aerial bomb can ever hurt them. Airports will also go underground and what will appear to be an empty field will suddenly become active when a plane lands on it. A quick taxi to a designed spot, and down will go the underground hangar as the surface sinks under the operation of a large elevator. An international police force, armed with the newest type of air weapon, will have no trouble maintaining order and understanding."

"Such is Mr. Bruno's preview of 'things to come.' Do you find them hard to believe? Then reflect upon these final words: "These predictions are a lot more conservative than the flat prediction, in 1900, that before the century was over man would build a machine that would really fly. If anything, most of my friends—men like Igor Sikorsky and C. M. Keys, who read this chapter, for instance—mark the predictions down as being too earth-bound, too conservative. And this should tell you that most of you will live to see them all come true!"



JACK KEARNS, who drew in many millions in trade with Jack Dempsey, was explaining how tough it is to rate and rank fighters. Kearns and Dempsey made the greatest combination in ring history. It was a combination of a smart, shrewd manager, the major master of ballyhoo, and a slashing puncher with an iron chin.

"It all gets down to the matter of styles," Kearns said. "For example, A can lick B, B can trim C and C can murder A. I don't believe Dempsey could have beaten Harry Greb, when both were at their best, for Greb had too much speed and was even rougher than Dempsey was. Yet Greb had trouble with such smaller fellows as Tiger Flowers and several others, who also had speed.

"Against that, I'd say that Dempsey would have had an even chance with Joe Louis for this one reason—he could take a punch around the head better. I'm talking of the Dempsey of Toledo, 24 years old, 185 pounds of punching dynamite, who was also fast.

"There isn't any matter of game-ness or heart mixed up in this. When it comes to taking a hard punch you either can or you can't. Some of the gamest fighters I ever knew couldn't take a punch.

Tough Ranking

"I'll tell you how tough it is to rank fighters," the always genial Doc continued.

"I couldn't name you a greater fighter than Jack Johnson.

"But Johnson had trouble with Sam Langford, and after their first meeting let Langford alone. On the other hand, Langford, another great fighter, met 139-pound Jack Blackburn seven times without any great success. Sam will even show you some teeth Blackburn knocked out.

"You see where that leads us—from Johnson, weighing 210 pounds, to Blackburn, weighing 139 pounds, and who looked that weight when facing Langford at 170 pounds. Johnson, and I say again that he was one of the greatest I ever saw, outweighed Blackburn by some 80 pounds, and yet, was no better against Langford than the far lighter and smaller man."

Pound for Pound

"What about Harry Greb, at his best, and Stanley Ketchel?" I asked Kearns. "Pound for pound, were there any two greater?"

"Both were great," Kearns said. "But here again you have two different styles. The Greb that almost assassinated Gene Tunney and Tom Gibbons, before his eyes went bad, was a whirlwind. I'm not sure Ketchel, as good as he was, could have ever nailed him.

"But if you are talking about pound-for-pound stars, I'll slip you a pair—Bob Fitzsimmons and Mickey Walker. Don't forget that Fitz weighed in around 158 pounds for Corbett. And he was world's heavyweight champion after that scrap. Mickey Walker was not even a middleweight. But I know of more than one world's heavyweight champion he could have beaten.

"For another example, I don't believe Joe Louis would have given Dempsey any more trouble than Mickey Walker would have given Jack. Crazy? All right. But we come again to a matter of styles. Mickey Walker would have given Dempsey all the trouble in sight.

The Peacemaker

"Here's a funny story," Kearns said, "that few know. By getting me out of a fight for nothing, I got Dempsey into fights worth millions.

"I was having an argument in a San Francisco barroom with a big Swede named Hansen. An ex-hobo, who had lost most of his fights, was sitting in the corner, all alone. His name was Dempsey. I finally slugged the Swede, and the Swede slugged me back. About that time this kid Dempsey got up, took me by the arm and led me out. The Swede had 60 pounds on me, so I wasn't sore. It was that night we decided to work together, although my pals told me I was cuckoo. I think the first move I made took us both to the top. Dempsey had been right-hand crazy. I turned him into a left-hand hooker by tying his right hand to his side and using only his left. It was Dempsey's left that led on to some \$10,000,000 in gate receipts."

Great Lightweights
There has been a rather weird scramble lately involving mixed weights. By this we mean the top drawing cards of the day—Willie Pep, a featherweight, around 128 pounds—Johnny Greco, a lightweight, with a displacement of 131 pounds—Beau Jack, another lightweight who can make 135 pounds—Fritzie Zivie, a welterweight at 147 pounds.

"I don't care what they weigh, as long as the crowd wants to see 'em fight." That's Mike Jacobs' rebuttal. made tests that saved thousands of lives; Vernon Castle, a brilliant wartime aviator who is remembered (if at all) as a dancer; Roscoe Turner, a speed demon with a useful purpose; Clifford Henderson, the Barnum of aviation, who did more than any aviator except Lindbergh to attract American attention to flying. These Americans gambled their necks, their brains and their money that aviation might grow—"Wings Over America."

Washington Digest

Army Clarifies Policies Regarding Farm Labor

Military Units May Be Employed on Crops During 'Emergency Situations'; Individual Furloughs Not Contemplated.

By BAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator.

WNU Service, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

"Home on a furlough." I wonder how many of my readers remember that very popular print of two (or maybe more) generations ago. Well, never mind if you don't (though I would appreciate a letter from any who do); "home on a furlough" is going to mean something quite different now.

I remember the original picture only vaguely. I didn't know what the word "furlough" meant. But I know there was a tousle-headed blond boy in the middle of an admiring farm family, telling his adventures.

Today, the farm boy with a conscience, and the farm family with a "furlough" that will bring the boy home for work, not the telling of his tales of adventure.

It isn't going to be quite that way.

The President, when the farm bloc was riding the administration its hardest last month, went into considerable detail as to what was to be done to solve the farm labor question. Since then some concrete steps have been taken but not the ones the farmers, or some of them, would have liked. They would have liked their own sons, or their own hands, who enlisted because they simply couldn't stay "out of the show," back doing the old chores they used to do. But this is what the army said:

"The army does not contemplate furloughing individual soldiers to work on farms," the war department announced in a statement clarifying policies and procedures by which soldiers may be used to alleviate the farm labor shortage.

"World War I experience demonstrated that such temporary releases of individual soldiers were of little assistance to the agriculture industry and disrupted the organization and training of the army. If furloughs were granted for this purpose, neither agriculture nor the army could be assured that the soldiers thus furloughed actually would be engaged in agricultural activities.

"Certain emergency situations may develop in which vital crops may be endangered because of critical shortages in local agricultural labor. In such cases, military units may be employed under command of their own officers to supplement the local farm labor until the crisis is over.

"Troops so employed will be housed and fed by the army and will be subject to military control at all times.

"Requests for use of military units for emergency farm duty must be transmitted to the war department by the chairman of the War Manpower commission."

Another Loophole

However, there is another loophole which all of the farmers or the farm men in service may not know about. A soldier over 38 years of age who is on active duty in the continental United States can get his discharge right now if he can get a statement from his local farm agent to the effect that he is needed.

But the application has to get in by May 1. The same thing applies to men overseas and they have until June. (Better tell them by V-Mail.) The President explained to us twice, why a batch of young men couldn't be pulled out of a division and sent home.

You can take 10 or 20 soldiers out of an outfit that has just started training and it doesn't make much difference. But you can't take that many men out of an outfit already trained and booked for overseas. Not without crippling the outfit so badly that it really interferes with battle plans.

That's his explanation and he made it to us the other day, leaning back in his chair and obviously trying hard to get over an idea that he believes is right.

There is going to be a "land army." He said he didn't like the term because it made the farmers think they were going to have a lot of green city folks descend on them. He knows what the farmers think about folks who will scare the horses, sprain their ankles, try to milk a cow and when she doesn't give, say: "The valves are stuck."

One farmer wrote me he'd rather have grasshoppers than city folks on his place.

England's Method

The President said to us that in England they have increased food production 60 per cent. And they did it with the help of a land army, mostly women with no previous training. They got the training. A lot depends on the training.

I talked with a farmer near here who took on a city boy, green as grass. The boy probably thought shorts were something you wore and probably would have looked in the toolbox for a boar.

Maybe you heard him talk on the Farm and Home Hour. Well, I met him and the farmer, too. The kid is crazy to get back this summer and the farmer told me he was sick when he had to let him go back to school. City folks are dumb in a lot of ways. But so are farmers. It's true you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. Also, a lot of horses have got the sense to drink if you've got sense to lead them to the water.

In spite of dumb help or none at all, in spite of lack of machines and a lot of red tape, the farmers of the country have signed up to raise a bigger crop than they've ever raised. I believe with a little horse sense and patience, they are going to pull through.

No team pulled together until they were in harness. If they don't, God help us and the army at meal time.

The Weather—A Dead Topic

As you know, mention of the weather on the radio these days is forbidden. The newspapers can describe a snow storm or a hot spell but the radio commentators cannot. There is a good reason for this.

A lurking submarine could pick up a newscast, and if enough facts concerning the weather were revealed by stations in enough widely separated localities, even an amateur meteorologist—and the Germans are no amateurs—could make a pretty good weather forecast by putting two and two together.

But being unable to describe the manifestations of nature that I see on my way to work in the morning is a terrible handicap to me. Recently I've gotten around the difficulty by talking about last week's weather, and before going on the air, reading what I was going to say to the censorship officials and getting their O. K. In no case did they restrict me. The other day, however, I forgot to call up the Censorship office but the Blue Network didn't forget. I got this message:

"Censorship says you have to cut out all references to weather from now on. They say that there was nothing actually censorable in what you have said or what you have written today but so many complaints have come in from other stations that you were violating the regulations and so many other stations have been using your comments on the weather as an excuse for violating the rule, that we will have to ask you to stop discussing the subject entirely."

The following is what censorship didn't let me say but what it has no objection to my printing: "It was pretty hard the past week not to mention the swiftly changing scene which nature provided Washingtonians—one day, not so long ago a top coat was far too heavy for comfort and in the park, the dark patches were beginning to be studied with jeweled buds and the sunlight seemed to turn into solid gold on the burning forsythia. On that balmy day I remarked—'Well, we must be due for a blizzard.'"

"Twenty-four hours later the fine snow began to fall and late that afternoon and the following morning, the tree limbs and trunks were wrapped in great soft blankets of down—even the high branches were wide bands of white—but when we went home from work in the evening, the streets were dry and clean again and only here and there in the shadow of a hedge or in the sheltering cups of the brown ivy leaves was a dust of snow—like a meager sprinkling of precious sugar on the rim of a doughnut."

BRIEFS . . . by Baukhage

Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia has joined the ranks of Victory Gardeners, planning an extensive garden on the grounds of the executive mansion. An old barn, once used to house cows, will be razed to provide additional garden space. The governor indicated that his wife and son would be the "boss gardeners" and predicted a bumper crop of vegetables.

Cotton fabrics for women's work clothing have been cut from 14 types to five.

Government purchase orders, specifying that canners pack fruits, vegetables and juices in large No. 10 size cans, instead of smaller ones, may save as much as 57,000 tons of steel, 1,000 tons of tin, 43 tons of rubber and 5,500,000 man-hours of cannery labor in 1943.

Just a Natural Curiosity To Know One's Position

The manager of Super-Colossal Pictures entered the office.

"Get out!" he howled at a young man sitting there. "While I'm boss I'll not tolerate any loafing around here."

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, "but I don't work here. I just came in looking for a position."

"Then you're engaged," growled the manager, "and now you're fired! Get out!"

The young man, surprised, picked up his hat and turned to the manager. "Do you mind telling me," he asked, "just what sort of a job I had before you fired me?"

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GROVE'S Vitamins

The Vanquished The discouraged are already vanquished.—Bishop Spalding.

Pull the Trigger on Constipation, with Ease for Stomach, too

When constipation brings on discomfort after meals, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin for perfect ease to your stomach in taking. For years, many Doctors have given pepin preparations in their prescriptions to make medicine more agreeable to a touchy stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative-Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin, as directed on label or as your doctor advises, and feel world's better. Get genuine Dr. Caldwell's.

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666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS, COUGH DROPS. Try "Rub-My-Tism"—a Wonderful Liniment.

WNU-P 15-43

Sentinel of Health

Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging headache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feeling tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages are sometimes further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

Aviation Pioneers Made Possible Heroic War Exploits of Today

America will never forget the courage and heroism of such World War II heroes as Capt. Colin Kelly Jr., Lieut. Edward H. O'Hare, Gen. Claire Chennault and Gen. James H. Doolittle, who wrote their epics in the air and signed them with their honor. Let us not forget, however, the names of the pioneers who made these war exploits possible—not only the Wright Brothers, Glenn Curtis, Billy Mitchell and Admiral Byrd,

with whose activities we are all familiar, but the many other audacious men whose reputations have been obscured. Here is a partial list of the roll of honor: Calbraith Perry Rodgers, the man who flew across the continent in 1911 and one of the outstanding aviators of pre-war America; Jimmy Taylor, the unassuming, little known flying genius who for 20 years was one of our ace test pilots; Lincoln Beachy, a great exhibition pilot who



THE MOVIES AND FOOD

Several picture companies announced they will ban or greatly tone down scenes of feasts, banquets or elaborate dinners for the duration. The idea is that they are resented by the public in times like these.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Elmer Twitchell today. "For the past year I have lived largely on cinema meals. Hungry and weak, I have gone to a movie and found my appetite appeased in no time."

"There was one spell when I had lost ten pounds. I went to a Cecilie DeMille picture and put on fifteen in the first reel!"

"With new ration rules coming every day and with the people having troubles galore getting food, the one source of relief has been those Hollywood feasts. Even a breakfast as shown by most directors was enough to make you unbutton your vest."

"Last week I went to my butcher to beg for a small chuck steak. I couldn't get it. Well, I went over to the nearest movie theater and ran right into 'Philadelphia Story'—a return engagement of course—and enjoyed two of the finest meals I ever had, one indoors and one outdoors, with whole sides of beef in them. They showed closeups of the gravies—yum, yum! And there were flashes of the thick soups from eleven angles!"

"The wife came home exhausted the other day from a losing fight for a few cans of food. She was terribly depressed. I took her to a picture palace and it had a breakfast that would have done anybody else for a six course dinner."

"Such grapefruit—big as watermelons! Such sausages! They showed them sizzling in the frying pan! Such wheat cakes! I think four authors, three directors, two producers, four composers and six artists got credit lines for 'em!"

"Then they served ham and eggs, too. They showed these eggs—sunny side up—photographed from above, below and from east and west."

"Mrs. Twitchell was a new woman at once. And I never saw her so happy as when they poured the coffee. The pot was as big as a stove and everybody had two or three cups."

"Then came the finest hot rolls the movie world has ever produced. I understand it took twenty-four weeks, 182 people and \$100,000,000 to get just the right touch to 'em. And that \$100,000,000 didn't include the butter!"

Elmer was licking his lips. "I can't believe Hollywood is serious about abolishing these things," he added. "Lower morale my eye! They raise morale. Picture fans of America arise! We must not stand meekly by and see the movies as short of food as our own homes are. On with the baronial manor feasts! We want more groaning boards! Where else will we get butter?"

VANISHING AMERICANISMS
Mommie sent me over to see if you could lend her some butter?

Bring me a sharper knife; this steak is quite thick.

Tickets to the annual beefsteak dinner will be \$1 each.

Send down about \$30 worth of supplies; we're going on a week-end cruise.

The food shortage in some restaurants has reached a point where some places are advertising for chefs who can bring their own cattle.

"Frankly," writes Merrill Chilcote, "I'm surprised at these food shortages. I'd formed an opinion that if we ever ran short of anything Henry Ford could make it from soybeans."

President Roosevelt is now drinking milk instead of coffee with his breakfast. The blame for this, it seems to us, must be shared about equally by Mrs. Roosevelt and Mayor LaGuardia.

WFB is allowing a resumption in the manufacture of electric iceboxes. The theory is that they will presently be ideal places in which to keep books or old clothing.

"Life is so funny. I had my summer all planned. I was going to be a serious farmer. Now here I am with a success on my hands. I really don't know what to do about it. It upsets me so."—Helen Hayes.

Just try to reconcile yourself to these tough breaks, Helen.

"With the ban on butter it was suggested that substitutes might be found in mayonnaise, peanut butter and apple butter."—News item.

Wanna bet?

FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

By ROGER B. WHITMAN

Roger B. Whitman—WNU Features.

You may not be able to replace worn or broken household equipment. This is war. Government priorities come first. So take care of what you have. . . as well as you possibly can. This column by the homeowner's friend tells you how.

PLACING A GUTTER

ASHEET-METAL gutter along the edge of a roof should be set far enough out from the edge to catch the water that runs down from the roof; if it is too close to the edge, water will run over it, and if it is not far enough out, the water may go between the edge of the roof and the gutter. At the same time, the outer edge of the gutter should not be higher than the slope of the roof. If it is higher, it will act as a dam to catch snow and ice. When correctly placed snow and ice will slide over it; when not correct, water will back against the dam and flood upward. The pool that then forms may work its way under the roofing and leak through to the inside. The sizes of the gutter and of the leader pipe, of course, should depend on the area of the roof that is to be drained.

Chimney Sweats

Question: The chimney in my old house sweats in the upstairs part of the hall, ruining the paper and making the wall unsightly. A contractor advised gypsum wallboard over furring strips, with an air space between. What do you suggest?

Answer: If beads of condensation appear on the surface of the wall, the chimney may be too large for the furnace you are using, causing a downdraft of cold air that chills the wall. Check the furnace manufacturer's recommendation for the size of the flue. If yours is too large, reduce the size of the opening on top of the chimney. If there is an accumulation of creosote that seeps through the brickwork, your only remedy is to build a new chimney. However, if the trouble is only with condensation, the contractor's idea may be satisfactory.

Covering a Steam Boiler

Question: Our steam boiler is bare to the iron, and we should like to cover it with asbestos. How should we go about it?

Answer: Mix asbestos cement thoroughly in a tub or similar container, using only enough water to make a workable mixture. At least two coats should be applied. Put on a one-inch first coat and a half-inch second coat. Apply the first coat with your hands or a plasterer's trowel, leaving a rough surface. A trowel would be handy for scratching the surface. When the first coat is fairly dry, stretch and fasten chicken wire netting over the surface to hold the first coat. The second coat should be troweled down hard and smoothed as it dries.

Spot Cleaning

Question: What is the best spot remover for men's garments? I often spot my suit and I don't always want to have the entire garment cleaned merely for a single bad spot.

Answer: The kind of remover would depend on the nature of the stain; egg, coffee or ink, for instance, would require different treatment than grease spots. You can get excellent preparations, even for taking out lipstick stains, at a good drugstore. Many tailors and dry cleaners can "spot" clean a suit; that is, take out a spot without cleaning the entire garment.

Poplar Roots

Question: I have three 12-year-old poplar trees in my yard. Their roots have grown about 30 feet toward the house, and I am afraid they soon will cause damage to the house. I plan to cut off these long roots close to the trunk of the tree without taking them out of the ground, then drive a copper nail into the root to kill it. Do you approve of this idea?

Answer: Cutting the large roots close to the trunk may damage the tree. To get first hand information on this question, I advise you to write to the Department of Forestry at your state capital.

Sticking Valve Stem

Question: The radiator valves in my hot water system stick and are hard to turn. In fact, I snapped the stem of one when turning it with a pipe wrench. Can you suggest anything?

Answer: A new packing, the kind that contains graphite, may ease the valve stems. Your local plumber should be able to supply you with it.

Sap Spots on Car

Question: My car had to stand outdoors for some time, and sap from trees dripped down on the roof, leaving spots. How can I take off these spots?

Answer: You may be able to get them off by light wiping with turpentine. If this does not work, use the well-known auto finish cleaner.

Oil on Garage Floor

Question: I have considerable oil drippings on the floor of my garage. How can I remove that oil?

Answer: Cover the oil stains with a thick layer of dry Portland cement or powdered whiting, allowing to remain for several days. After the powder has become saturated with the oil, scrape it off and repeat two or three times. Later, scrub the floor with a strong solution of trisodium phosphate or washing soda, about a handful to each pail of hot water. Rinse well afterward.

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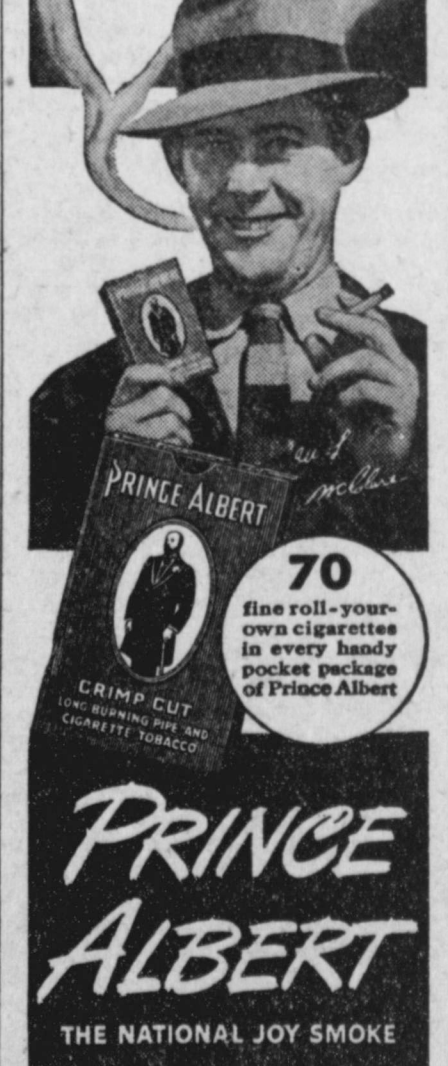
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—Advertisement—

In Riding a Bicycle, We Balance With Our Ears

The transportation restrictions have sent many thousands of people back to the bicycle. Some of us had not ridden a bicycle for years, but the art of balancing on two wheels came back to us easily enough.

Now, why don't we fall over? The tires on the bicycle are a semi-circular pattern, you will have noticed, and when you come to think about it they do look pretty precarious. In fact, it is obvious that you are going to hold them up, not they hold you.

The truth is that we balance our bicycles with our ears. It is all part of our normal make-up, this balancing act, and we commence putting it into operation as soon as we begin to walk.

The ear is divided into three parts: the outer ear, the middle ear, and the inner ear. Our balancing mechanism is contained in the inner ear. There we have two tiny canals filled with liquid. We might almost call them "fluid levels," for they function in much the same way. When the liquid is moved by the sway of the head it touches tiny hairs which convey to the brain the message that we are overbalancing.

Notice how a tight-rope walker keeps his head perfectly still. Although he may not know it, he is listening carefully to the message from the delicate mechanism of his inner ear.

AROUND THE HOUSE

When two glasses become wedged together, place cold water in the upper one and set lower one in warm water. They will then separate with little effort.

Wilted vegetables may be made crisp if covered with cold water and allowed to stand several hours in the refrigerator.

Do not fill a bird too full when stuffing a chicken or turkey. Filling about three-quarters full is better. The dressing in cooking, will have a chance to expand.

A night light can be made from a half-burned candle. Light it for a few minutes and then blow out and sprinkle fine salt over the surface and halfway up the wick. The flame will be much smaller and the candle will burn slowly.

When hanging pictures remember that the center of the picture should be on the level with eyes. If you are unusually tall, this rule does not hold good.

To restore jam or jelly after it has become hard and sugary, place in a warm oven and leave there until the sugar softens. This will make the jam or jelly as good as before.

ASK ME ? A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

The Questions

1. Exclusive of the armed forces, how many people are now on the federal payroll?
2. What was the real name of Billy the Kid?
3. What is the approximate area of Alaska?
4. What is the position of the Tropic of Cancer in relation to the equator?
5. An Andalusian is a native of what country?
6. Who is the patron saint of the huntsman?
7. Who introduced the resolutions on June 7, 1776, that the American colonies should be independent?
8. What is the "Big Inch"?
9. What was the hornbook?
10. How many Americans were in our armed forces at the end of 1942?

The Answers

1. Two million, five hundred thousand. The payroll totals \$400,000,000 a month, \$5,000,000,000 a year.
2. William H. Bonney.
3. About 586,000 square miles.
4. North of the equator.
5. Spain.
6. St. Hubert.
7. Richard Henry Lee.

Uncle Phil Says:

Have You Noticed It?

Journalism has made great advances since we were a boy. Now the number of casualties in a great disaster is approximately what the first reports say they are.

An auctioneer must be very wide awake, but that doesn't get him anywhere if the people don't nod.

No one writes the way he talks. If he did, there would be no literature.

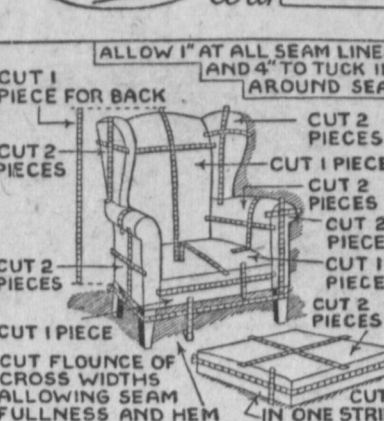
There's Hope for Us

Perhaps we are not as absent-minded as we are thought to be, or we could forget our troubles.

Arise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening.

Nature is a good mother, but she coddles no one.

ON THE HOME FRONT With RUTH WYETH SPEARS



tra yard will be needed for matching and centering the design. Decide in advance which seams are to be accented with welting or trimming and measure them to determine the amount needed.

NOTE—Do the springs in your chairs need fixing? Mrs. Spears' new BOOK #1 gives illustrated directions for doing this. This book also contains more than 30 other thrift ideas for keeping your home attractive in wartime. Copies of BOOK #1 are available at 15 cents each. Address:

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SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

War workers cars are being checked in company parking lots by at least one manufacturer to make certain that tires are kept in serviceable condition. If the worker fails to have his tires re-capped in time he is denied further application either for tires or repairs.

It takes three to eleven times normal distance to stop on snow or ice without tire chains, and you can't negotiate slippery hills with bare tires that spin on packed snow, waste gas and wear tires.

Each taper on a rubber plantation is responsible for about 300 trees, which in one day's tapping will net an average of 50 pounds of latex, equal to about 17 pounds of dry rubber.

Automotive conservation authorities in New Hampshire boast of the reduction of that state's tire needs by 57 per cent as an example of what can be done in saving rubber now on motor vehicles.

James Shaw

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

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