



Notes of an Innocent Bystander:

The Magic Lanterns: 'Meet Me in St. Louis' bulges with enough pleasant amusement to provide a month of daydreams. Set in the 23-skiddoo era, the warm humor and infectious ditties inspire the spirit to show its dimples. Delightful Margaret O'Brien steals the picture and your heart.

The Paragraph of the Week: L. H. R.'s column in the N. Y. Times previewed history with this dialogue: 'One more question, Daddy. What finally became of this terrible Hitler?'

The book stores will shortly receive an extraordinary book called 'Axis Rule in Occupied Europe.' It is by Raphael Lemkin. It is published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

The Private Papers Of a Cub Reporter:

Sufferers from the cigarette shortage would like to know just why it is that night clubs are enjoying nearly all the 'ciggie biz. This is how come.

Our Macao editor relays this letter from Dr. W. B. Burke. His son James is with our State Dept. Jim auth'd 'My Father in China.'

The Wireless: A radiator offered this bit of irony: The British removed handcuffs from Fascist Mosley, but jailed Gandhi who only desires freedom for India.

Home Front Isn't So Safe Either: Here Are Oddest Of 1944's Freak Accidents and Narrow Escapes

Caprices of Fate Injure Some, Leave Others Unscathed

By PAUL JONES

As you may have begun to suspect, wartime days are wacky days.

People stand patiently in line for two hours to get a pack of cigarettes, and then blow their tops if they miss one section of a revolving door on the way back to work.

You would think, then, that the annual crop of wacky accidents would have been even wackier in the wartime year of 1944.

As two-year-old Margaret Morton of Groton, Conn., lay sleeping in her home one October night, a navy plane plowed through her bedroom and whisked the blanket off her bed without touching her.

zoomed through the other wall of the house and eventually crashed into a schoolhouse. Lieut. W. J. McCarthy of Toledo, Ohio, pilot of the fighter plane, was injured only slightly.

As an enthusiastic jitterbugger, Pfc. Ernest Olivier of McCook, Neb., often had been 'sent' by a lot lute. But never as literally as the evening he spun in a super maneuver, grabbed for his pretty jiving partner's hand, missed—and plunged through the second-story window of the dance hall.

Nine persons riding cozily in an automobile driven by Mrs. Adaline Clasy of Winslow, Ariz., were injured slightly when the car crashed into the rear of a bus that had stopped to discharge a passenger.

When Pfc. Charles Smith came home to Claudell, Kan., to recuperate from wounds received in three south Pacific invasions, he figured he would get some rest from dodging shrapnel.

Pvt. Harley Paul Collins of Kansas City, Kan., knows exactly how Private Smith felt. For Private Collins, home on furlough, was showing his wife how the boys make booty traps over there.

Paul Lewchick of Coaldale, Pa., knows that prudent people lay in a supply of coal every year. But he believes few of them do it as literally as he did.

Childish Pranks Bring Tragedy to Thousands of Homes Annually

Thousands of children are killed or injured every year while playing. Ignorance of dangerous things and places, heedlessness and foolhardiness bring tragic consequences.

At least three persons in the United States now take seriously the expression, 'I'd break my neck to do that.' One is Gregory Stingel, 13, of Chicago, who put his football jersey on backwards in his haste to dress for a game, tugged fiercely to get it off—and broke his neck.



Closeby akin to the neck-breakers was Mrs. James Gallagher of West Hazelton, Pa., who arose so hurriedly to shut off an insistent alarm clock that she dislocated her spine.

By Remote Control. The Woodrow Andersons of the St. Louis Andersons are careful folk.

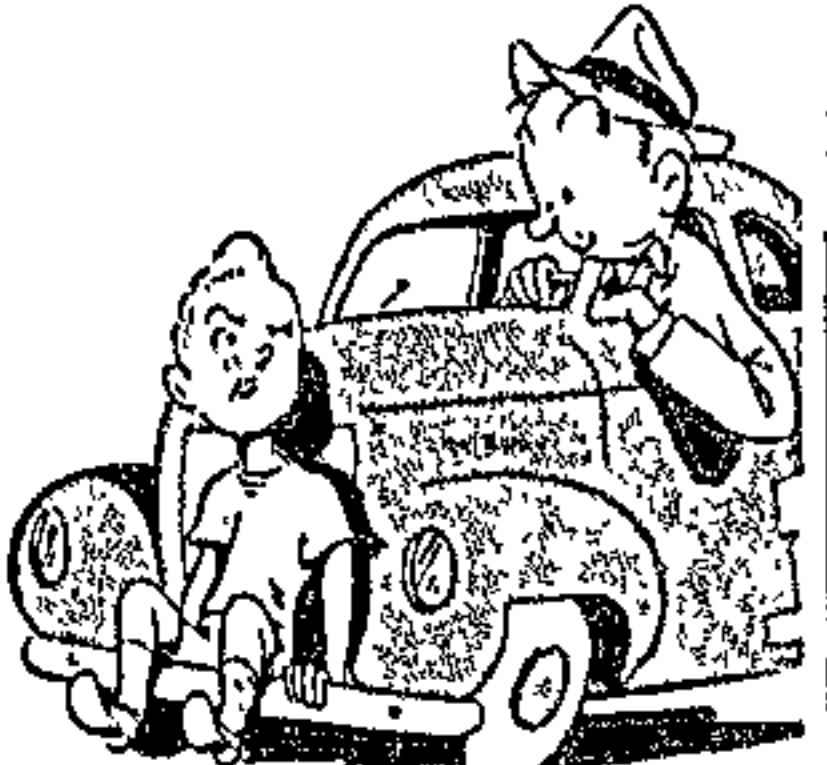
So when Mr. Anderson got back from a hunting trip, he placed his rifle on a kitchen shelf, out of reach of the Anderson children. Equally cautious, Mrs. Anderson took all the arrows away from eight-year-old Donald before leaving the house to visit a neighbor.

A good time was had by all but the driver when a grocery truck upset in Bloomington, Calif., setting up an informal but popular self-service grocery in the middle of the street.

Then there was the strange case of the disappearing woman. It happened in Los Angeles as Mrs. Janice Reesie gossiped of this and of that with three neighbors.

If men bite dogs to make news, why shouldn't a horse smack an auto? That's what two Norwich, Kan., horses figured one afternoon when they were scared silly by a girl on roller skates.

The driver of an auto in Chicago wondered why people were pointing and yelling at him one day last August. He stopped the car and



found, of all things, a bewildered four-year-old boy—Timothy Ochal by name—on the front bumper. The car had struck Timothy and carried him two full blocks.

Ed Cloud and Earl Thomas of Knoxville, Tenn., didn't know for a minute whether they were coming or going the day that a train hit their truck. The engine tossed the truck onto the pilot of another locomotive going the other way.

In Chicago, Mrs. Rita Hatfield ran to answer the phone, stumbled over

the dog, fell through a glass-topped coffee table, suffered bad cuts on her arms and legs. Doggedly answering the phone, Mrs. Hatfield found the call was from an accident insurance company making a survey.

C. C. Hardy stepped out of his truck in Sidney, Texas, was struck by a passing car and tossed high into the air. Just before his head struck the concrete pavement, his pocket caught on the high truck door handle and held him suspended in the air.

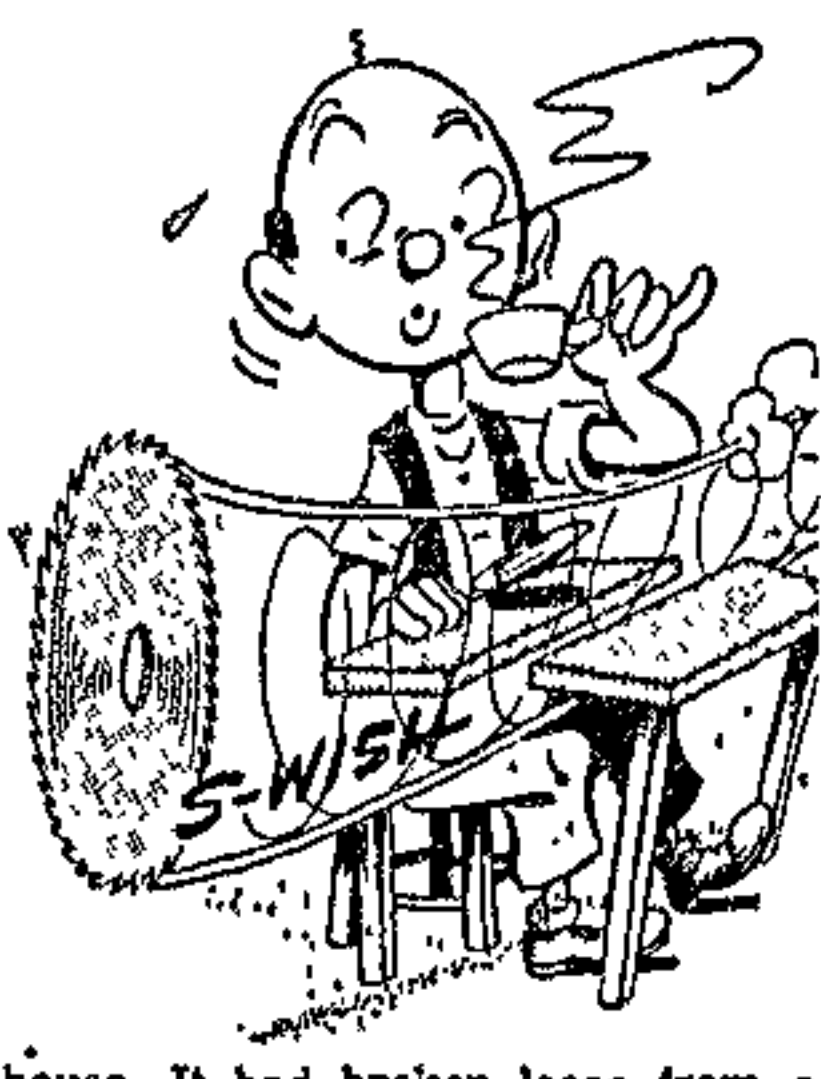
On the way home from the Bronx zoo in New York, Henry Cartmilt, 13, sought to imitate the monkeys he had seen. He leaped up and down on the subway seat, scratching and grimacing.

In Washington Court House, Ohio, hot words must have been exchanged over the phone one day. In any event, Superintendent Fred Rost of the phone company reported that too much talking had overloaded eight switches and set the phone exchange on fire.

Louis Boardman halted his automobile in Cleveland to watch the huge gas plant fire there last October. He stopped out for a better view—and fell through an open manhole.

Clarence Brown Jr. of St. Louis knows just how a baseball fan feels when he is really burned up. Watching a sandlot game this summer, Clarence was struck by a line drive and promptly burst into flames.

Traveling Buzz Saws. As Henry Butler ate breakfast in Jacksonville, Fla., a buzz saw ripped through the kitchen wall, sliced the breakfast table neatly in two and whirled out the other side of the



house. It had broken loose from a saw mill nearby.

Not so spectacular but just as surprising was the feat of another buzz saw that went A. W. O. L. This one broke loose in Florence, S. C., sailed through the air for a mile and ripped through the roof of a parked car whose owner had just alighted.

Six-year-old Robert Julian of Chicago was shooting a dart gun at a target on the wall. The dart had a rubber suction cup on the end to hold when it struck a flat surface.

An elder brother, Frank, 19, entered the room just as Robert shot. The dart struck Frank in the chest. He felt a slight pain but thought nothing of it at the time.

Surgeons discovered, after considerable hunting around, that there was a needle imbedded near Frank's heart. Little Robert had forgotten about that sharp point on the end of his dart, but it was there all the same, and it came near killing his brother.

Top honors in the freak fall department for 1944 go to four-year-old Raymond Davis Jr. of Chicago, who fell three stories from a back porch and suffered only a bruise on the head.

And in Hollywood, Strip Teaser Betty Rowland put so much heart into her work that she bumped one of her swivel-hips against a wall and took off for the hospital, suffering from partial paralysis.



BOMBING NIPS WITH B-29s

The plan of continuously bombing Japan from Saipan promises to be one of the most important strategies of the war. But like all difficult innovations, it already has evolved some serious kinks which must be ironed out.

The bombing of Japan from Saipan represents a gruelling experience for the crews involved, and allowances must be made to provide necessary rest periods.

But reconnaissance photos taken after the first two raids did show severe damage to a major aircraft plant outside of Tokyo, also effective shattering of several water front areas which are jam-packed with Tokyo traffic.

Officials have also learned that the B-29 still has certain defects which may require modification in future production.

Air corps officials still reiterate that the air phase of the war against Japan is nearing its climax, but admit that several more months will pass before the air drive can be really stepped up to its peak.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN. Now that Stalin has put the Japanese on notice for war, calling them an aggressor nation, another chapter regarding Jimmy Doolittle's raid on Tokyo can be told.

After dropping its bomb load on Tokyo, one of the planes developed a leak in its gas line. Aware that he could not make friendly Chinese territory, the pilot set his course for Soviet Siberia, figuring he might barely be able to reach dry land.

The crew of the plane piled out a column of tanks appeared over a nearby hill. The airman climbed back into their plane and prepared to make a fight for it, but finally saw the Soviet red star on the leading tank and got out of the plane again.

The pilot walked forward to talk with the Soviet major who jumped out of the leading tank. Using English, gestures, and one or two words of Russian, the pilot tried to explain how he happened to be there.

Finally, the Russian officer stopped him. In fairly good English, he said: "Yes, we know all about the bombing of Tokyo. And we know one plane was in trouble and might be heading this way. We came out to see if we could find you."

The bomber crew started to climb into the tanks when suddenly another column of tanks appeared from the opposite direction. A Jap officer came running toward the Russians, shouting, "This is Japanese territory. We demand the surrender of the Americans."

The Russian major immediately dug out his maps, insisting he was on Soviet soil. The argument raged in German for several minutes, until finally the Jap angrily stalked off, ordering his tanks to fire. This was answered by a volley from the Russian tanks, both aiming at the sky.

They had been going at a fast clip for about half an hour, when the Russian major turned to the American pilot and said: "I now welcome you to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." The border had just been crossed.

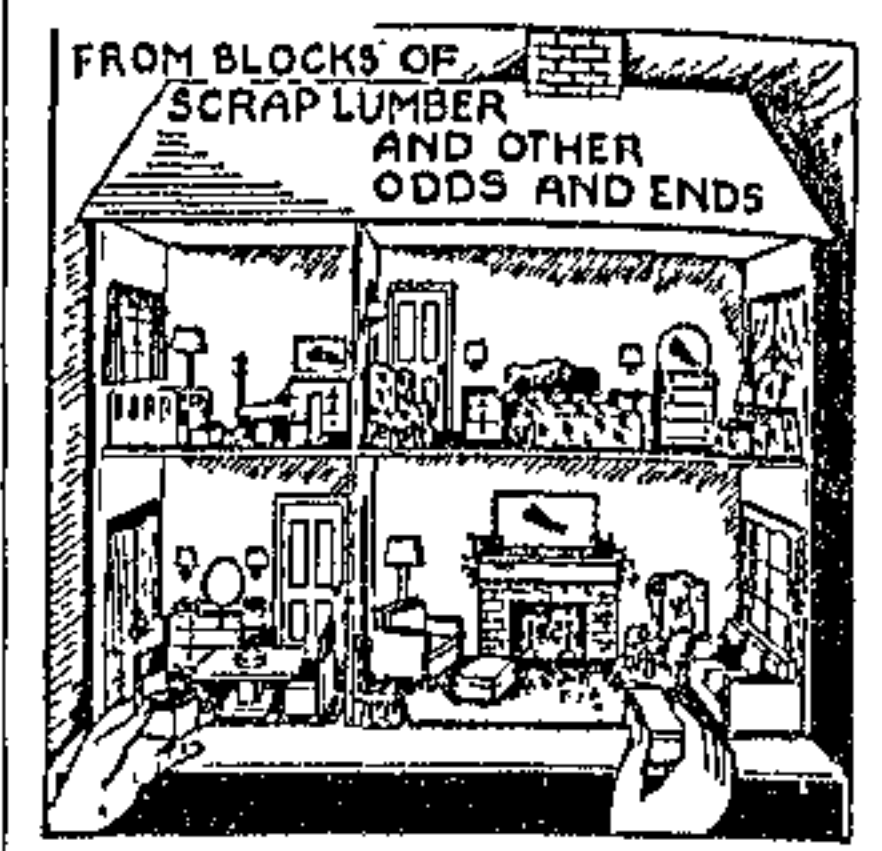
CAPITAL CHAFF

Mrs. Melvyn Douglas will soon be in congress, elected from California. The railway brotherhoods, whose 400,000 members are affiliated with neither the AFL nor the CIO, are burned up over the appointment of Thomas Cashen of the AFL switchmen's union to the War Mobilization and Reconversion board's labor panel.

Making Doll House Furniture Is Fun

HERE is miniature furniture all carefully scaled to reproduce actual size pieces. Any little girl will love the sturdy five-inch-long upholstered sofa and the lounge chair with matching ottoman.

The dining room furniture is all made of straight blocks but the



chairs are smartly upholstered in bright oilcloth to simulate leather. The bed with upholstered head piece is especially glamorous and the dainty dressing table has a matching stool made of half of a spool with padded top and full skirt.

NOTE—Pattern 274 gives actual-size patterns or dimensions for all the pieces of this furniture with illustrated directions for making. Patterns and directions are also given for the lamps and other accessories. Pattern 273 gives all directions for making the doll house. Patterns are 15 cents each. Send direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills New York Drawer 10 Enclose 15 cents for each pattern ordered. Name..... Address.....

JOLLY TIME POP CORN advertisement featuring a cartoon character and text: 'FOR CHRISTMAS GET THE BEST! WHITE OR YELLOW GUARANTEED TO POP'

MACA YEAST advertisement with text: 'Yes, ma'am! You too, can Bake with SUCCESS INSURANCE. ... says Mother Maca. With Amazing MACA YEAST. The Fast, Dry Yeast. USE JUST LIKE COMPRESSED YEAST!'

There's nothing new to learn when you use this wonderfully convenient yeast. Maca requires no special methods or recipes. It acts so fast, rises so quickly—your baking is all done in a few hours.

Stays Fresh for Weeks Without Refrigeration. Think how Maca saves you extra trips to the store on bake days! You can always keep a handy supply on your pantry shelf.

MACA YEAST product packaging illustration and text: 'By the way: Maca is serving the armed forces—so, sometimes, your grocer might be out of it. If he is, ask for Yeast Foam (Magic Yeast). It, too, gives bakings a grand old-fashioned flavor. NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY 1750 N. Ashland Ave. Chicago 22, Ill. ESTABLISHED 1924, NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.'