

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 23skidoo era, the warm humor and infectious ditties inspire the spirit to show its dimples. Delightful Margaret O'Brien steals the picture and your heart. . . . A song-and-dancinema, "Something for the Boys," comes in on a buck-and-wing and lands gently on the eyes and ears. As in all musicals, the plot plays second fiddle-sometimes it seems that it isn't even in the orchestra. . . . The March of Time's latest concerns China-a nation of great tragedies, great heroism, great hopes. . . . The script of "Blonde Fever" gets lost in a jungle of cliches—and no one misses it. . Those who dreamed up a dullo- used to have one night out now drams like "The Last Ride" should allow the lady of the house to

The Paragraph of the Weckt L. H. R.'s colyum in the N. Y. Times previewed history with this dialogue: "One more question, Daddy. What finally became of this terrible littler?" ... "For a long time, my child, nobody knew. There were stories. He was hiding in Spain, Japan, Argentina, Eire. You took your choice. Then, in 1960, a rug collector named Donnerblitz died of indigestion in Chicago, That was Hitler. He had been living there sixteen years." . . . "But didn't anyone guess, Daddy?" . . . "No, you see, except for changing his name and shaving off his mustache, he went right on being himself, damning Russia, England, demooracy, the Gov't at Washington, and the U.S.A. in general. So the neighbors took him for just, an ordinary crackpot and never gave him a second thought."

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. . . . Book cracles state it is really the the house and eventually crashed last word on what the Nazis have into a schoolhouse. Lieut. W. J. done to The Old Country. The Writ- McCarthy of Toledo, Ohio, pilot of ers' War Board (staffed with intel- the fighter plane, was injured only boon for budgets and ration books. lectuals, authors, editors, et al) is, slightly. The blanket, undamaged, unable to name a "more important was found in the wreckage of the volume in its field." . . . The au- plane. thor of the book has created a word -''genocide'' to define the calculated destruction by the Germans of Pic. Ernest Olivier of McCook, that with three neighbors. In the national and racial groups. . . , Buy Neb., often had been "sent" by a | middle of a sentence-whoosh! Mrs. two copies. One to read over and hot tune, But never as literally as | Reesse disappeared. Firemen came over again and the other to bang on the evening he spun in a super on the run, extricated her from a the head of any supporter of a Nazi maneuver, grabbed for his pretty | forgotten excavation 12 feet deep. soft-peace.

The Private Papers Of, a Cub Reporter:

Sufferers from the eigsrette shortage would like to know just why it is that night clubs are enjoying nearly all the elegie biz. This is how come. . . . The night clubs are in this enviable position because 15 cents over the retail shop prices, and, of course, they still are permitted (by the OPA) to charge the same tariff as before the "ceilings" went into effect. . . . Then, besides getting 10c and 15c more per pack, the cigarette, gals are invariably tipped an average of 25c for each pack, This, too, goes to the concessionaire, . . As a result, getting 50c per pack for eigarettes (for which retall stores charge 17c) the concessionaires are able to pay a good deal more for cigs than the retail. ers. That explains why all the night

spots are doing a terrific elggie biz.

Our Macon editor relays this letter from Dr. W. B. Burke. His son James is with our State Dep't. Jim auth'd "My Father in China." . . . Dr. Burke spent 60 years in China. . . . The letter in part: "The whispering campaign in China against the Generalissimo and his wife is largely the work of pro-Jap 5th columnists. Unfortunately some of our correspondents over there have gotten some of the reports in the papers over here. . . At first the Generalissimo thought he would ignore them. Then he realized the rumors were directed more against China than against himself. Therefore he felt that he had to bring these stories into the light. As to the report he had been unfaithful to his wife he declared his relations with his wife had been without stain, absolutely pure. I can understand the object of the Japanese, but it is hard to get the workings of our American correspondents' mind. This is for publication."

The Wireless: A radiorator offered this bit of irony: The British removed handcuffs from Fascist Mosley, but jailed Gandhi who only desires freedom for India, . . . The March of Time again proves that the headlines are writing the most explosive dramatic scripts. The MOT makes dreamed-up ,mike-belleving seem more, irksome than static. Nothing more ludicrous than commershills nowadays urging, listeners to buy eiggies. You're told why you should buy a certain brand-instead

of where.

21010

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

Caprices of Fate 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. Guys who never could stand bananas now howl their heads off because they can't get them. The laundry eventually sends back the right buttons, but the shirts are missing. Maids who | get it off-and broke his neck. Anne be in the Hall of Fame—sweeping it. have one night in. A customer is publicly commended for slugging a waitress who said, "Doncha know there's a war

You would think, then, that the annual crop of wacky accidents would have been even wackier in the wartime year of 1944. And you would be right, They were. A roundup by the National Safety council proves that an amazing number of people still patronize the Whack market in accidents. To wit:

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. The plane



zoomed through the other wall of

jiving partner's hand, missed - and Mrs. Reesse's fence-side weight is plunged through the second-story 325 pounds. window of the dance half,

automobile driven by Mrs. Adaline Clasby of Winslow, Ariz., were injured slightly when the car crashed | when they were scared silly by a into the rear of a bus that had stopped to discharge a passenger. I ran until they encountered a parked, they've always charged a dime to Mrs. Clasby readily explained the accident, "I failed to see the bus, in time to stop," she said, "because I of the car, horse No. 2 on the other, was nursing my, baby."

> 'Shot' by Lawamower. When Pic. 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. But as he watched a power lawnmower at work in his front yard, the darn thing picked up an old spoon and hurled it with such power and accuracy that it penetrated the calf of Private Smith's leg and had to be removed by an operation, "It's the same wherever you go," Private Smith remarked glumly at the hos-

Pvt. Harley Paul Collins of Kansas Cliy, Kan., knows exactly how Private limith felt. For Private Collins, home on furlough, was showing his wife how the boys make booby traps over there. He booked up a shell, a board, a pall and a piece of wire.'Then he tripped, and the homemade contraption went off and shot him in the leg.

Paul Lewchick of Coaldale, Pa., knows that prudent people lay in a supply of coal every year. But he Knoxville, Tenn., didn't know for a believes few of them do it as liter--13 tons of it when he and his car were buried beneath the contents of a coal truck that upset in a near | motive going the other way, A collision with Lewchick's car, Dug | scratch on Cloud's head was the only | out after hard work, Lewchick casualty. nursed only minor cuts and bruises. and refrained manfully from explaining that it was soft coal.

llous stunts.

At least three persons in the the dog, fell through a glass-topped United States now take seriously the expression, "I'd break my neck to Injure Some, Leave do that." One is Gregory Stingel, 13, of Chicago, who put his foothall jer-



sey on backwards in his haste to dress for a game, tugged flercely to Haldeman, 10, of Doylestown, Pa., snapped a vertebra in her neck while skipping rope. And Mrs. Pauline Strother of Indianapolis, topped them both by dislocating a vertebra in her neck while vigorously britshing her teeth! All recovered.

Closely 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, But Don still had the bow. So he merely substituted a yardstick for an arrow and let it fly from the back porch toward the kitchen. The yardstick went through out. a hole in the screen door and struck the trigger of the rifle. The rifle went off, and the bullet struck Don's little sister, Darlene.

A good time was had by all but the driver when a grocery truck upset in Bloomington, Calif., setting up an informal but popular selfservice grocery in the middle of the street. Eager customers hurried from all sides to fill their needs, their pockets and, in some cases, the trunks of their cars. It was a

Then there was the strange case of the disappearing woman. It happened in Los Angeles as Mrs. Jan-As an enthusiastic fitterbugger, | iel Reesse gossiped of this and of

If men bite dogs to make news, 'Nine persons riding cozily in an why shouldn't a horse smack an auto? That's what two Norwich, Kan., horses agured one afternoon girl on roller skates. They ran and car. Then they got their signals mixed. Horse No. 1 went on one side: That left only one place for the wagon tongue to go-right through the car. Nobody was hurt.

> Auto 'Pleks Up' Boy. 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 days. four-year-old boy-Timothy Ochall by name-on the front bumper. The car had struck Timmy and carried him two full blocks. Tim got a bump on the head, a few bruises and a flattering amount of attention.

Ed Cloud and Earl Thomas of minute whether they were coming their truck. The engine tossed the truck onto the pilot of another loco-

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. Was she, they wanted to know, covered against accidents in her home? She wasn't.

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 Carrumit, 13, sought to imitate the monkeys he had seen. He leaped up and down on the subway seat, scratching and grimacing. On an especially bigh jump an electric fan nipped bis scalp. No more monkey business for

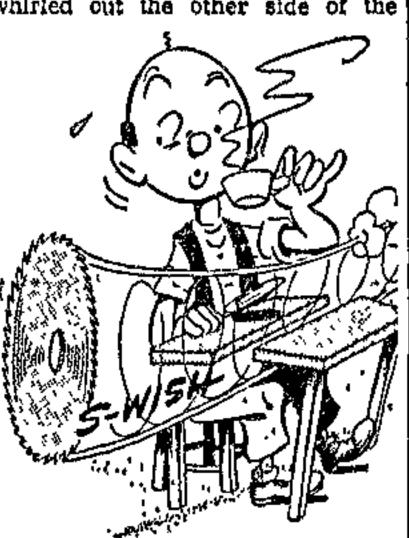
In Washington Court House, Ohio, hot words must have been exchanged over the phone one day. In any event, Superintendent Fred Rost of the phone company reported that too much talking had overloaded eight switches and set the phone exchange on fire.

Louis Boardman halted his automobile in Cleveland to watch the huge gas plant fire there last October. He stepped out for a better view -and fell through an open manhole, the cover of which had been blown off by the gas blast.

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. The batter had scored a bull's-eye on a pocketful of stick matches. Both the blaze and the batter were soon put

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 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.

cago was shooting a dart gun at a target on the wall. The dart had a climbed back into their plane and rubber suction cup on the end to hold when it struck a flat surface. Often it hit glancingly, and didn't | the leading tank and got out of the cling, so Robert fastened a needle plane again. in the suction cup so that the point would stick into the wall.

tered the room just as Robert shot. The dart struck Frank in the chest. He felt a slight pain but thought | plain how he happened to be there. nothing of it at the time. Later he collapsed, and was rushed to the hos-

Surgeons discovered, after considerable hunting around, that there | was in trouble and might be headwas a needle imbedded near Frank's | ing this way. We came out to see heart. Little Robert had forgotten if we could find you." about that sharp point on the end of his dart, but it was there all the same, and it came near killing his other column of tanks appeared from brother. As it was, a skillful opera- | the opposite direction. A Jap officer tion removed the needle, and Frank | came running toward the Russians. was as well as ever after a few shouting, "This is Japanese ter-

Top honors in the freak fall department for 1944 go, to four-yearold Raymond Davis Jr. of Chicago, who fell three stories from a back porch and suffered only a bruise on the head. A neighbor's clothes line caught him as he fell, bounced him gently a couple of times and then let ally as he did. He lay in-and under or going the day that a train hit him fall the few remaining feet to The Russian tanks then drove on, the ground.

> 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 In Chicago, Mrs. Rita Hatfield ran | and took off for the hospital, sufferto answer the phone, stumbled over ling from partial paralysis.

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, Beach, Calif., crawled into the tool places, heedlessness and foothardiness bring tragic consequences. It seems unlikely that the time will ever come when little boys and girls have sense enough not to jump off | and the boy remained inside the box barns, or leap from one floating ice for 36 hours before being rescued cake to another, or, play in raticoad by a passerby, yards, or any of a hundred other per-

Here are a few of 1944's cases: A nine-year-old boy in Long

compartment of an abandoned trail. latch. The boy suffocated before er. A companion with a grudge thought it would be a neat trick to slam the door. The lock snapped

was not so fortunate. He hid in the he was choked to death,

icebox while playing with his dog, The little animal leaned against the door, shutting it and clicking the

his mother and sister feturned. William was trying to amuse himself on the back porch, because he could not play in the yard. H tossed a rope over the clothesline Somehow, he got tangled up. loop coiled about his neck. When Another boy who lived in Chicago he tripped, the loop tightened, and

A DREW REARSON

Washington, D. C. 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.

They include: crew fatigue, maintenance problems, weather conditions and home front production of planes to replace those lost in action. Upon these factors depend the frequency with which we can keep up the rain of bombs on Japan.

The bombing of Japan from Saipan represents a gruelling experience for the crews involved, and allowances must be made to provide necessary rest periods. If any of the crews participating in the Thanksgiving Day raid tried it again three days later, it would be only natural because of the wearing effect of the earlier 3,000-mile flight.

It has also been found that information on weather over Japan is still not entirely accurate.

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 jampacked with Tokyo traffic,

Other Obstacles to Raids. Officials have also learned that the B-29 still has certain defects which may require modification in future production. These primarily concern the safety of air crews and should be remedied before bombing of Japan can be carried out on a day-to-day basis.

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.

One major hope is that General MacArthur's forces will be able to secure several bases in the Philippines so that the B-29s can operate from there, thus smashing at the south of Japan almost at will. Because of the B-29s' vast size, it is almost impossible to conceal them under camouflage, with the result that Japanese planes still operating from scores of fields in the Philippines could bomb B-29s at will if they were based on Leyte now.

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 pllot set his course for Soviet Siberia, figuring he might barely be able to reach dry land. Internment, he figured, was better than execution. When the fuel gave 'out, he had no idea where he was, but landed on the best flat stretch he could find,

As the crew of the plane piled Six-year-old Robert Julian of Chi. out, a column of tanks appeared over a nearby hill. The airmen prepared to make a fight for it, but finally saw the Soviet red star on

The pilot walked forward to talk with the Soviet major who jumped An elder brother, Frank, 19, en. out of the leading tank. Using Eng. lish, gestures, and one or two words of Russian, the pilot tried to ex-

> Finally, the Russian officer stopped him. In fairly good English, he sald: "Yes, we know all about the bombing of Tokyo. And we knew one plane

The bomber erew started to climb into the tanks when suddenly anritory. 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. leaving the airplane behind.

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.

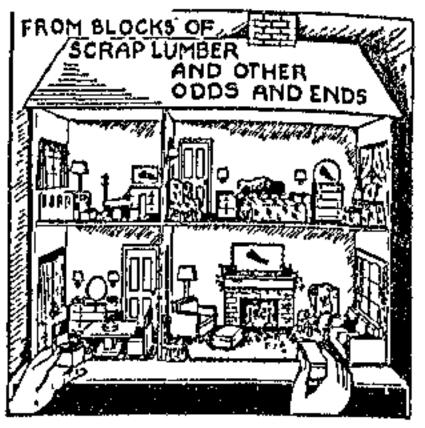
> . . . CAPITAL CHAFF

@ Mrs. Melvyn Douglas will soon be in congress, elected from California. @ The railway brotherhoods, whose 400,000 members are affillated 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 Mobiliza. tion and Reconversion board's labor panel. Although Cashen's AFL union is in the transportation field. the brotherhoods feel that one of their own members should have been appointed to the labor panel.

Making Doll House Furniture Is Fun

TIERE 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. They are easy to make, too, and so is the chair. It is covered with a flower print.

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 to expect that their operational piece is especially glamorous and ability would be proved reduced | the dainty dressing table has a matching stool made of half of a spool with padded top and full skirt. The nursery is also well furnished with attractive pieces.

> NOTE-Pattern 274 gives actual-size patterns or dimensions for all the pieces of this furniture with illustrated directions for making. Patierns 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:

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

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