

# GRASSROOTS

by  
WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)  
**YOU ARE MORTGAGED FOR \$538!**

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE Jesse Jones reports the income of the American people for 1940 was \$74,000,000,000, including what was paid by the government for relief and farm subsidies.

That is just about what it would take to pay what the federal government, which is us, owes. We are in the red, including appropriations that have been made but not yet spent and including the obligations of the several government corporations for which the government is responsible, something over \$70,000,000,000. To pay what we owe would take all the income of all the American people for the entire year of 1940, the highest income year since 1929.

Former President Herbert Hoover told me some three years ago that he believed the nation could carry an indebtedness of close to 70 billions before going broke and becoming the victim of extreme inflation. If that is correct—and I believe Herbert Hoover comes nearer knowing than most men—we are on the verge of bankruptcy and inflation.

Who is responsible?

The congress of the United States, the men we elected as senators and representatives.

No dollar can be taken out of the national treasury until congress has approved the expenditure. The President cannot spend our money unless congress has authorized the expenditure. The billions that have been spent on foolish boondoggling projects and for other things had to have the consent of the men we sent to Washington to represent us in the senate and house of representatives.

That mortgage of more than \$70,000,000,000 means some \$538.00 for each one of us to pay, or about \$2,690 for each family of five.

When the time comes for us again to select senators and representatives, it behooves each of us to examine the records of those asking for our votes, and to turn thumbs down on those who have put us in the red to the extent of our entire income for one year.

## FORTY-NINTH STATE

SEN. WILLIAM H. SMATHERS of New Jersey proposes that we make Cuba the forty-ninth state, but Cuba very definitely does not want to be either the forty-ninth or any other state in the Union.

Out in the Pacific ocean, standing as the outer guardian of our western coast, is Hawaii, an American territory that does want, and has repeatedly asked, to be made the forty-ninth state. In the last World war, Hawaii produced a larger percentage of volunteers for military service than any one of the present 48 states. The islands were offered to, and accepted by, the United States under a promise of statehood. If we are to have a forty-ninth star in the flag, why should it not represent Hawaii? Vernon Yap, a Chinese I know in the Islands, does not feel that he will be an American until he can vote for a President.

## 'QUEEN BESS'

MRS. BESS CROSS of Deering, Alaska, has been paying her every-fifth-year visit to the States. Sounds prosaic, but to her sourdough friends in and out of Alaska, and to the fashionable/feminine apparel dealers in New York, it is an event eagerly awaited.

To every sourdough—miner, trapper and those in other lines, to every Eskimo, in fact, to all Alaska, Bess Cross is known as "Queen of the Arctic." She went to Alaska as a bride of 16. Her first husband operated a trading post and she assisted him. When he died, Bess carried on, and expanded. Today she has a large string of such posts all over the Alaskan wilds, and especially along the shores of the Arctic ocean.

In Alaska, Bess wears a fur parka, waturu-hide boots, sealskin trousers as a matter of necessity, not from choice. She is definitely feminine, and about once every five years she comes to the States, always traveling by plane. She goes to New York and indulges in a regular orgy of clothes buying. She selects the daintiest, most luxurious of feminine apparel; lives in a fine suite at the Waldorf; entertains lavishly for a period of from two to three weeks, and then flies back to her string of Alaskan trading posts, to the white men and Eskimos who love and respect her, and to whom she is always "Queen Bess of the Arctic."

## A GREAT WINDOW DISPLAY

THERE IS A window display in Wilmington, Del., which I look at every time I visit that city. In it there are always a considerable number of things, each one of which represents an addition to the comfort and standard of living and an increase in employment in America. All of these things are the products of an industrial laboratory operated by private capital. The maintenance of such laboratories means continued prosperity in America. And it's no government job.



## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON  
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—As Japan stakes out Oceania for her own, Gen. George Grunert, commanding the Philippine department of the American army, is following his usual procedure of sitting on the lid. He tells the American community there, organizing for defense, not to get steamed up and warns against "spreading excitement or stirring up alarm."

The general knows island soldiering, from whacking his way through the jungle with a machete, which he did as a private, to running the army there, which he does as a general. He is known as a soldier's soldier, never involved in politics or army controversy, a skilled specialist in military techniques, of which he has been both a diligent student and teacher in the army schools.

His home town is White Haven, Pa., and he works hard to make Manila seem like home, in spite of threats, challenge and tension in the Far East. He was one of those small-town boys who fell in step with the village band music in 1898 and marched off to the Spanish-American war to the tune of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and kept right on marching, in the Philippine campaign and every other major and minor excitement in which we were involved. He was on the Mexican border in 1914, with the A.E.F. in France and with the army of occupation in Germany, gathering chevrons and medals on the way up.

In between these exercises, he was teaching military science at the Shattuck school in Fairbanks, Minn., serving as instructor and later commander of the Army War college and commanding the general staff school at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Whatever we may think of our historic little crow-hops in the direction of manifest destiny, they have trained some good men if we ever have manifest destiny thrust upon us.

## REPORTS about many of the Nazi leaders, including Herr Hitler, consulting seers and astrologers, carrying talismans and reading dream books came over here back in the days when many of our citizens thought they were nice people, and were amused by their little human failings. Hence the dossier on Gen. Friedrich Christiansen, when he flew the Do-X to this country nearly a decade ago, was not inspired by ill-will or propaganda when it recorded his various devices to exorcise the demons of ill-luck. After the blitzkrieg, the general became runner-up for Dr. Seys-Inquart, in the ball-and-chain department in Holland, and just now, as military commander for that area, is dealing plenty of bad luck to the natives." That meant executions a few days ago.

When the Do-X landed here in 1931, one young woman reporter was quite lyrical about the "handsome and gallant commander, with his mischievous blue eyes, bushy brows, and warm, ingratiating smile." He told about his good-luck horseshoe, nailed in the cabin of the huge flying boat, and as necessary to its operation as a compass. It was an English horseshoe which he had picked up on the battlefield of Mons, in the World war. Many times, it had saved him from disaster, he said, and he could expect trouble if he ever let it lose its shine, and it doesn't work well unless he does the polishing.

His adventures with the horseshoe led him to a great discovery. When he was the squadron leader at Zebrugge, Germany's first naval act, he was shot down by an English plane. That day, he had received a four-leaf clover, in a letter from a friend. When he was downed, he knew what had happened. The possession of more than one talisman by the same person spells trouble. He put the four-leaf clover in a cigar box weighted with iron and sank it.

There's no copyright on the idea if the Hollanders want to slip a rabbit's foot or a four-leaf clover in his pocket when he isn't looking. Ernst Udet, famous World war ace and contriver of their parachute attack, is as full of superstitions as Frazer's golden bough. Flying a plane for the first time, he carves the initials of his best girl on the back seat. He, and many other German fliers will not wear a pair of gloves on a flight unless they have been flown in another plane. It all sounds a bit jittery for super-men.

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# Sportlight

by GRANTLAND RICE

IT TAKES no subtle expert to understand that in the majority of cases that condition is one of the essential requirements in the making of a champion. But there are many arguments as to how one reaches condition along the surest road.

"No, I haven't any very revolutionary ideas about the training of young athletes. I ask them to be sensible and temperate in their eating and adopt regular habits for sleep and exercise. If the average youngster will live a normal life, eat wholesome foods and be regular in his every day habits, it's not going to be very much wrong with him."

The speaker was Dean B. Cromwell, famous track and field coach at the University of Southern California. Cromwell's teams have won so many track championships that the experts have almost quit trying to keep track of them.

I found Dean Cromwell at historic Bovard field on the Trojan campus, the field which has sent six football teams to the Rose Bowl without defeat, the field which has been the proving ground for countless national and Olympic champions of the cinderpath, the field which has turned out several prominent baseballers now performing in the major and minor leagues. Mr. Cromwell is always there, no matter what the season. Of course, Howard Jones attends to the football and Sam Barry bosses the baseballers but the venerable Dean, now in his thirty-second year at Troy, keeps a weather eye on all the athletes.

## A Few Angles

"We're very fortunate here in Southern California," continued Coach Cromwell, "in that the foods grown so close at hand, plus the fine sunshine, provide most of the vitamins so necessary to good health for growing youngsters. The boys come from average homes where for years they have been eating the right kind of food.

"If a boy has been drinking tea or coffee and he comes to me a healthy youngster I'm not going to tell him to quit. If a boy has been a big milk drinker and he's sound physically I don't change his diet even if some coaches do claim that drinking milk is bad for the wind."

Coach Cromwell's training orders sound simple, but there happens to be more than he reveals. He sets his foot down hard on overwork, particularly in early season.

"Many years ago we had our inter-fraternity meets early each season," said the Dean. "I found that the athletes who did exceptionally well in these December meets generally were beaten later in the year by those who had been taking it easy at the start. Right then I barred my best athletes from these inter-fraternity meets. And I've been doing it ever since. We just coast along for six or eight weeks, building up stamina and leading a normal life. When the big tests come in late spring and midsummer I generally find my boys in pretty good shape."

Cromwell's rivals in the coaching business will add a fervent "Amen" to this statement. His Trojans have won 9 of the 13 N. C. A. A. meets in which they have competed, including the last 6 straight; taken top honors in the I. C. 4-A. the last 7 times they entered; and whipped Stanford in 11 out of the last 12 dual meets, to say nothing of bagging several Pacific Coast conference crowns.

## Not for the Boys

Cromwell believes the recent emphasis on eastern indoor meets is bad on the college runners. Says it is all right for the A. A. U. and the promoters who cut up the mounting gate receipts, but states that the boys who are bearing down in January and February on the boards are put to too great a strain by having to be in shape clear through the summer for outdoor competition.

"You can bring your athletes to a peak only two or three times during a season," continued the Dean, "and these occasions must not be too far apart."

I asked Coach Cromwell what world record he thought would be broken next.

"The high jump," he returned. "And we may have just the boy to turn the trick. The record is now 6 feet 9 1/4 inches. Johnny Wilson, a senior here at Southern California, has done 6 feet 9 3/4 inches, and I firmly believe he will hit 6-10 before the 1941 season closes."

## His Greatest Athletes

The 60-year-old Trojan mentor, who looks and acts 20 years younger, has turned out a long string of champions, among them Charley Faddock, Morton Kaer, Bud Houser, Charley Borah, Lee Barnes, Earle Meadows and many more.

He says Bud Houser, former world's record holder in the discus and Olympic champion in both this event and the shot put, was the greatest competitor he ever coached.

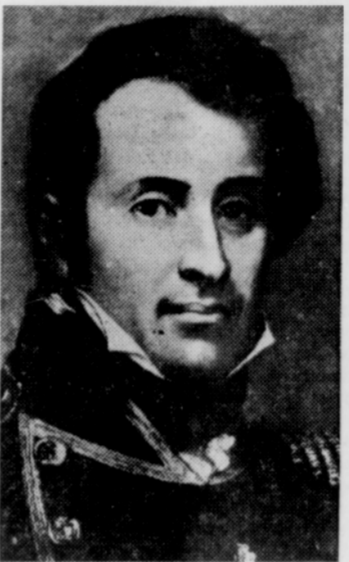
# Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson  
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Victims of the Code Duello

ON THE morning of March 20, 1820, two American naval officers stood facing each other in a grassy field near the town of Bladensburg, Md., not far from Washington, D. C. They had been shipmates and friends once but now there was something akin to hatred in their eyes as they looked at each other across the space of eight yards that separated them.

Both men were well above six feet in height. One was about 40 years old, slender and graceful. He was Commodore Stephen Decatur, one of the nation's greatest heroes because of his brilliant exploit in burning the captured frigate Philadelphia as she lay at anchor in the harbor of Tripoli during the war with the Barbary pirates. The other was about 50 years old, broad-shouldered, his hair a little gray at the temples. He was Commodore



STEPHEN DECATUR

James Barron, who had been court-martialed and suspended from the service for five years because he had surrendered the frigate Chesapeake to the British man-of-war Leopard just before the outbreak of the War of 1812.

A trifling incident had caused the first rift in their friendship. Later Decatur was caustic in his criticism of Barron's conduct in the Chesapeake-Leopard affair and in an exchange of letters which followed made so many insulting statements that Barron eventually challenged him to a duel.

So here they were on this March morning meeting "on the field of



JAMES BARRON

honor." Their friend, Commodore Richard Bainbridge, was to give the words of command—"Fire—one—two—three." Neither man was to fire before the word "one" or after "three."

"Gentlemen, to your places." "Take aim!" Decatur leveled his pistol at Barron's waistline and his adversary pointed his weapon at Decatur's hip.

"Fire—one . . ." The reports of the two pistols sounded as one and both men dropped to the ground.

They brought a carriage to bear Decatur back to Washington. There was no such vehicle ready for Barron and Decatur insisted that his opponent be taken with him. But there wasn't room for both. As they lifted the young officer into the carriage, Barron called to him, "God bless you, Decatur."

"Farewell, farewell, Barron!" he replied as the carriage rolled away. That was the last time he ever heard Decatur's voice for the gallant young officer, after suffering intense agony all day, died that night. Barron recovered from his wound and lived to be 83 years old, the last of his generation in the navy.

## A Cloud on His Name.

"James Barron, who had for years been 'Barron of the Chesapeake' now bore the odium of having killed the nation's most popular hero," writes William Oliver Stevens in the chapter, "The Two Commodores" in his book "Pistols at Ten Paces" (published recently by the Houghton Mifflin company) upon which this account of the famous duel is based. "To this day the cloud still hangs over his name. He is still 'The Man Who Killed Decatur.'"

# Walter Winchell

(WNU Service)

## Man About Town:

New York Novelette: Mr. Piroille ran a good restaurant on West 45th Street for a long time. One of his patrons a few years ago was a young writer, who'd hang up a tab for two or three months until he peddled a piece—then he'd pay up. "You won't regret this," he used to tell Mr. Piroille, "some day I'll make good and do you a good turn." The other day Piroille got a letter from the success. . . . It told of a restaurant in Hollywood that needed better management. The pay was big plus free rent in a nice huge house for Piroille and his wife. . . . Piroille sold his 45th Street restaurant and is now bound for Movietown, where most of his old customers are anyway. . . . Including one who didn't forget—Preston Sturges.

Manhattan Murals: The lights on the marquee of a newsreel theater: "Crime Doesn't Pay"—"Italians Retreat" . . . The Peke in a Madison Avenue restaurant who gets a daily saucer of orange juice for breakfast. The baseball arguments creeping into the Main Stem conversations—a whiff of Spring. The Sixth Avenue bookshops where you can get Shakespeare for a nickel. . . . The meticulous manner in which the pastries are arranged in Lindy's windows—like a Rockette precision parade. . . . Times Square on a Saturday eve—resembling an annex at Fort Dix.

## Portrait of a Man Playing the Typewriter:

No wonder Wayne King's dreamy music still is popular after all these years; no brass, no earachers, no blasts. Just music. . . . No quip has been credited to so many "originators" as the one about the husband's postcard to his wife saying: "Having Wonderful Time—Wish You Were HER!"

The March Reader's Digest reminds the appeasers, via a former attache in Berlin, that we couldn't do business with the Nazis, unless we became Nazified. . . . Quentin Reynolds' literary lace in Collier's: "Lisbon is a city under death, and her bright lights are really her funeral candles" . . . The Supreme Court ruled that it was illegal to imitate clothes styles. . . . Bet that decision scared the dickens out of a lotta columnists. . . . What the RAF is holding back was neatly recorded by Dorothy Thompson: "If Britain falls—the weight of the whole world will be on the side of the Fascist elements in the U. S.: Trade, weapons, propaganda, armies and fleets" . . . We hope that makes it clear.

One of the constructive things ASCAP should do is stop those orchestra leaders, such as the one who sticks his moniker on lovely Cuban melodies obscure composers create.

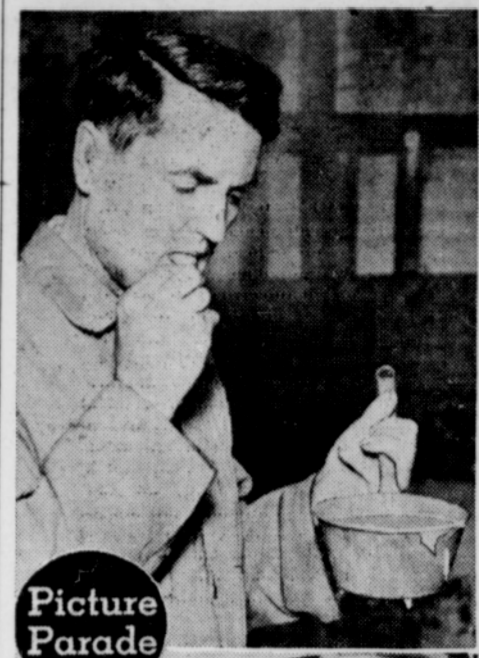
Wonder how much truth there is to that buzz about Hitler and Goering being miffed with each other? . . . Goering, the legend has it, is in the doghouse because of his failure in the skies over Britain. . . . And that it's no secret in Vienna that his frau entered a loge at a theater and was booted until she departed. . . . Supposed to be "inside stuff" swapped in State Dept's corridors.

Wonder what's become of Sam Goldwyn's threat of several months ago to wipe out double features? . . . And that promise to fire members of the "ism" groups off the relief payrolls? . . . Or the predictions of dramatic critics that plays without scenery "were here to stay"? . . . The height of something or other is that radio trio who flung a lawsuit against a movie firm for using "their" billing: "Tom, Dick and Harry." Hm!

Two magazines that attracted considerable attention before starting (only to flop) were Ken and Stage. . . . Verne Marshall was lambasted out of the public eye by a barrage of word-bullets. . . . Every knock is a boost, huh? . . . Notice how many of the opposition, to everything the Administration attempts to do, do so because they personally hate Roosevelt? . . . One day the history books will take care of them all—but they won't have the crimson faces. Their descendants will carry the burden of shame. . . . Bob Quillen's comforting thought: A success is a guy who accumulates enough to leave his widow rich when he works himself to death.

It cost one fellow a pretty penny to discover the origin of the phrase: "What's the point?" . . . Usually cracked when a bore tells a pointless quip. . . . It is dice-house lingo—when a gambler forgets the number the shooter is trying to make. . . . Jan Valtin's book, "Out of the Night," is so thrilling his detractors are trying to make you believe it isn't true. . . . Of all the so-wottery arguments! . . . I can't feel sorry for people who lose \$200,000 in jewels to robbers, as happened to that rich woman.

## Anyway, It's a Living!



It's true that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Yes, in this world there are some very strange professions, and this series of photographs shows you a few of them. The surprising thing is that the people engaged in these unusual professions fail to see anything at all unusual about them.

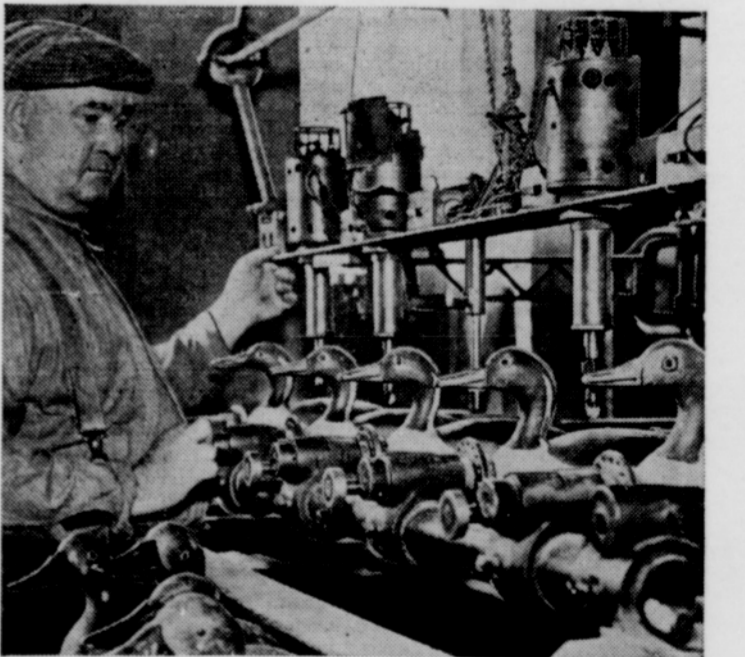
Left: Ugh! We should imagine that there are better and more pleasant ways of testing soap than tasting it. Yet Joseph Strobl of Los Angeles prefers this method. Again, ugh! But it's a living!



FISHERMIST . . . That's what Mrs. Charles Parker of Santa Catalina Island, Calif., calls herself. With hammer, nails, paint and stuffing, she mounts the big ones that didn't get away.



Samuel Wardlaw, special investigator for Los Angeles public library, keeps down book mutilation by observing main reading room with binoculars. Miss Billie Lampie of Los Angeles, only woman in America who makes a living as eye specialist for birds and animals. Here she is fitting eyes to a dove.



WOODEN POULTRY FARMER . . . San Francisco's Frank Mackay makes his living by raising wooden ducks for decoys.



She listens to records all day long, for a phonograph company.