



Fast of Death Ends—Lloyd Bitters, 82, is fed soup by a nurse after he was moved to a hospital from his Los Angeles home where he was starving himself to death. The aged man told neighbors he was starving himself to death because he was too old to be of any use to anyone. Hospital officials say he is recovering and "is quiet and cooperative; probably because he is no longer alone." (Acme Telephoto)

ORDINARY EVERYDAY INTERESTS

Tough Guys of Screen Quiet-Mannered in Real Life

By PATRICIA CLARY

Hollywood — The tough guys of the screen are mostly quiet-mannered human beings with ordinary everyday interests who never punch their wives or neighbors in the nose.

With a few exceptions, they don't confuse a night club with a boxing ring. They are seldom approached by blondes in distress, and consequently don't uncover vast underworld rings.

They don't even utter monosyllabic underworld slang.

He-man Clark Gable almost retires between his pictures. He buries himself at his Encino ranch and hammers away in his self-made carpenter shop. Sometimes he goes off by himself or with old pals to hunt or fish.

Another he-man, John Carroll, also lives on a San Fernando valley ranch, where he raises horses as a hobby.

When he isn't bruising his fists against a movie heroine's face, he's gently brushing one of his horses. Or maybe repairing the corral fence, painting the stable or fixing a broken plow.

Carroll, incidentally, is known for his neighborliness. His pool and tennis court are always open for friends.

Humphrey Bogart spends his time away from the studio sailing on his small boat or home with a good book. Alan Ladd,

NOT A MAN TO ARGUE WITH
The Colonel's Honest About His Fishing Exploits

By HARMAN W. NICHOLS

Washington, Sept. 29 (AP)—The colonel is one of the few honest fishermen in the world.

He just got back from a rod and reel deal at Nags Head, N. C., and claims he caught:

Two croakers—about this long. And two small-mouth black bass.

But, knowing the colonel well, I knew he couldn't come back from any adventure without somewhat of a whopper to tell. He didn't disappoint me. More of the whopper business later.

First, we'll better tell you a little about the colonel.

He's Col. Warren Hardenbergh, who was in three armies (none of them American) and draws his pension from the American navy. The "Colonel" is 87 years old and has been a fixture around Washington for many years. He is a little stooped now but he still has fire in his eye and will fight at the drop of somebody else's cane.

He served in the Brazilian army, where he got his rank. Then he was in the Colombian army and the Chilean army.

He was bearing arms for the Brazilians when the Spanish-American war broke out. He hurried home, volunteered in the U. S. navy and became a chief gunner's mate.

"I should have had a commission," the old man always snorts. "But I took my lumps."

The old boy still takes his lumps.

Not long ago a man much younger than he made the mistake of taking a side-swipe at the colonel and found himself picking up a couple of teeth off the sidewalk. Actually—you can look it up on the police blotter.

Another time, within the last year, a porter talked a little sassy to the colonel's dog and lived to wish he hadn't.

The old soldier's three prize possessions (besides his wife, Frances) are his dog, his lighter and his watch. His dog is chipper except when somebody slips her a chicken bone. His lighter works every time (he'll bet you a nickel on it) and the watch is never a second off. He says.

But to get back to the whopper.

The colonel and his Missus went off to Nags Head for a little vacation. The fishing, both concluded, was lousy, so they were sitting beside a stream one day when Frances saw something bobbing a head above the water.

"That looks like a snake," she said.

"Who's afraid of snakes," asked the old man.

He watched the "something"

Nationwide Strike For Extra Fireman

Washington, Sept. 29 (AP)—A nationwide strike of railway firemen and engineers is planned for next month to protest the rejection of a union demand for an extra fireman on diesel engines.

David B. Robertson, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, disclosed the plans last night.

"We will do it," he said, "to assure a proper measure of safety for our members and the public."

The union request was turned down by a presidential emergency board September 19. Rail workers are barred by law from walking off their jobs until 30 days after an emergency board makes its report.

Civet, used as a fixer and blender in perfume originally was employed to scent glove leather.

SMELLS ALL DAY LONG

Johnny's Nose Needs to Work So He Can Work

San Pedro, Cal. (AP)—Johnny Bumanglag isn't worried about his job as long as he can keep his nose in tip-top shape.

It doesn't take an expert to tell when the canneries are working in this harbor town. But persons with sensitive noses are needed to pick bad from good fish and prevent canning of spoiled fish.

That's Johnny's job. He's a fish sniffer, one of a handful employed here. Although science has developed mechanical processes to detect fish spoilage, there's nothing as quick and sure as a sensitive nose.

The fish pass by Bumanglag on a conveyor belt. He pulls a small section from the stomach of each fish, whiffs it and passes judgment. If it's okay, he lets the fish continue to the cooking room. But if he detects anything amiss, the fish is yanked from the conveyor and tossed into a pile to be converted into meal.

can sniff 23,400 fish in a 16-hour period.

The job has two severe occupational hazards.

First, sniffers are plagued by neck muscles which ache from the constant intake of air, averaging one smell every 2 1/2 seconds.

More dreaded is the common cold. "Sniffles," explains Bumanglag, "are only a minor hazard to men in other fields of endeavor. But think what they do to us."

Johnny figures he smells 35 to 50 tons of fish a day, working from 14 to 16 hours at a stretch. Averaging 24 fish a minute, he

coming down the bankside. It kept bobbing and weaving.

The soldier-sailor, who in war and peace had done the same thing many a time whipped out his weapon. This time it was his cane.

As the snake—it WAS a snake—came along, he cocked his right arm and let fly with the business end.

Pretty soon a poisonous water moccasin, dirty brown in color, came to the surface dead. The old man still had his aim.

That night at the dance in the little ballroom in the hotel at Nags Head, Col. Hardenbergh was the toast of the evening.

"The snake killer," they called him.

Later the same evening, the whip-end of the big hurricane hit Nags Head. Who was in charge to keep the women and children quiet, with the voice of authority?

"Shut up," commanded the colonel.

Everybody did. Nobody got hurt.

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