

First Rubber Shipment Arrives



The nation's first shipment of rubber from the Pacific since Pearl Harbor, produced under the very noses of the Japanese in the Philippines, recently arrived at San Francisco. Forty-two tons of the precious crude stock was shipped from the Pathfinder plantation of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber company in Mindanao.

Labor Management Talks Industrial Peace



Shown around the table are, left to right: Sec. Henry A. Wallace, Sec. Lewis B. Schwellenbach, William Green of the AFL, Eric A. Johnston, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Charles Symington, J. Paul Douglas, Robert L. Watt, Joyce O'Hara, Ray Smithurst, Ted Silvey, Ira Mosher, and Philip Murray of the CIO, as they talk labor peace.

Here Come the Brides—555 of 'Em



When the former luxury liner Lurline docked at San Francisco recently, the cargo included 555 Australian war brides of American servicemen and some 200 of their children. Hundreds of other war brides are awaiting transportation from Australia as well as from England, France, and other European countries. They will all be brought here soon.

Airliner Soon to Circle Globe



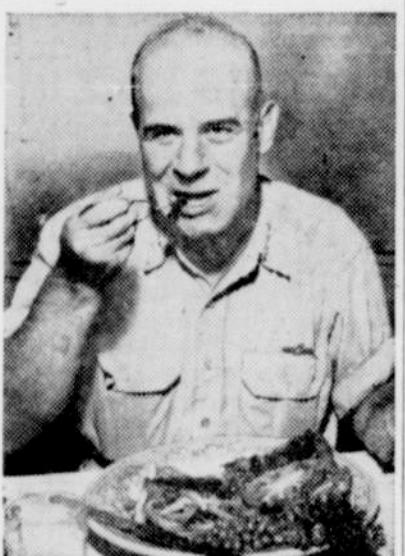
Above is an artist's drawing of the Constellation's interior, showing the seating accommodations for the passengers. This will be typical of the accommodations that will be found on most airliners in this country, as well as those covering around-the-world routes. They will also be provided with kitchens and service rooms for comfort of travelers.

Only Lady Exerciser



Marie Batzer, the only feminine exercise rider at Hollywood Park track, is shown with Wing and Wing before one of her regular morning workouts.

Doolittle Gets Steak



En route to Washington, General Doolittle arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu in a "war weary" B-29 and asked for a steak. Jimmy shows that he has not forgotten how to do away with this precious item of food. His future plans are uncertain.

'Gotta Sign Off Now'



"General Wainwright is a great guy. Gotta sign off now, the Japs are closing in. Notify my mother in Brooklyn. What wouldn't I give for an ice cream soda." This was the final message sent out of Corregidor by Sgt. Irving Strobbe before the Japs entered.

Ford II Advanced



Henry Ford II, who was recently named president of the Ford Motor company, is pictured talking to his grandfather, who resigned from the office.



On the New York Scenic Railway:

The long parade and the exciting band music in the fierce rains and winds north along Fifth Avenue — with hardly anyone among the pedestrians brave enough to pause and watch. (What dope insisted upon that parade, anyhow, in such pneumonia weather?) . . . The knots of nuts clattering up Columbus Circle — exercising their Constitutional rights with double talk about the next war. . . . The blinking electric lights on the Broadway signs embellished by the penmanship of the furiously falling rain. . . . The 59th Street management's reply to freezing tenants: "No heat until October 1st!" The Waldorf has it, however. . . . Miss Liberty, everyone's favorite pin-up gal, winking happy hellos to shiploads of returning veterans, who fought for her honor.

The cacophony of buses, taxis, trolleys, cars (and women) as they merge at 34th and Broadway in what seems like an inextricable tangle—then miraculously emerge again without a fender dented — a symphony of NYC clatter. . . . The aroma of oncoming autumn heralding the return of King Football and rah-rah-coon coats—the signal that Ma Nature's getting set to wield her brush with those magic browns, yellows and reds. . . . Staten Island's shore line still brimming with the implements of war. . . . Newly inducted soldiers, without war ribbons—looking like overgrown Boy Scouts.

Broadway, washing her face of war paint, trimming her wartime hustle and bustle and setting her coiffure with the brightest of lights for the postwar hoopla. . . . Faces and facades, absent for too long, reappearing with joyous smiles, like exiles who've been given a reprieve. . . . The red, white and blue service flags now flecked here and there with stars of gold—grim reminders of those who fought the good fight and won't come back. . . . The be-medaled private, came in hand, strutting down Vth, tilting his MacArthur cornucop pipe at a jauntily precarious angle.

The book stores along the Gayer White Way advertising "Social Dancing" instead of "How to Prepare for Your Army I. Q. Test" . . . The 42nd St. Army & Navy stores offering "Tailor-Made Sailor Suits" at reduced prices. . . . Drug-stores with signs shouting, "Yes, We Have Bobby Pins." . . . The honey-sweet "Thank you" from the cutie behind the ciggie counter at the Waldorf. . . . The dance hall on 7th Ave. where the G.I.s go to cut a rug on Saturday nights. It is called "The Midtown Youthopia." . . . The subways, returning to their eerie dawn-patrolling — half empty, looking semi-nude without their early ayem sleepy war workers.

The chatters in Bryant Park trying to figure out what's worth arguing about. . . . The medieval architecture of St. Patrick's, getting its modern face-lifting — grudgingly yielding to the hordes of busy workers while kids feed the pigeons on the step. . . . The faded picture of FDR almost hidden in the side window of a downtown picture gallery. . . . The wisps who diller-dollared their war time moo on nonsense and frillies—eyeing the Wise Men who sunk theirs in bonds—and are holding on to them. . . . The big, new department store being dug at 53rd and Vth, with a knot hole fence knee high. . . . Sign in the window of a 72d Street eatery—"Waiter Wanted — Bring References."

The colorful ribbon of light whirling around the neck of the Times Bldg. waving all that good news to the Broadway gapers. . . . The Brooklyn Navy Yard and its half finished ships. . . . The one-armed window gazer on Madison and 43rd with battle ribbons on his gray flannel civvies. . . . The long line of want-addicts in front of the Madison Avenue U. S. Employment offices. . . . The Bowersky Joynt offering a "Victory Bath" and shower for a dime. . . . A returning air force captain being greeted with a sticky "heloooo, dahleeeennng" from a sub-deb in an East Fiftieth subcellar. . . . The Tower of Babel that congregates in the St. Moritz lobby and spills out on the sidewalk. . . . That "situations wanted" ad in the Times of a well known war analyst.

A ferry dawdling across the Hudson like a glacier of molasses. . . . The tattered shoes of shoeshine boys. . . . The Belasco Theatre's unique marquee with its hanging lanterns. . . . The Players Club where thespian Edwin Booth once lived. The furnishings in his room remain intact. . . . The Waldorf's opulent residential suites decorated with garden terraces. . . . The two-story frame structure wedged in among Convent Avenue's tenements—built by Alexander Hamilton as his country home.

50-Year Bike
GETTYSBURG, PA. — W. C. Hansawalt is satisfied with the service his bicycle has given. The bicycle was purchased 50 years ago and has needed only several new tires in that time.

Magnesium Is Smelted Direct Under New Method

WASHINGTON.—Magnesium, the light metal that has revolutionized airplane construction since the beginning of the war, can be smelted directly out of magnesium-silicate ores by a new process. U. S. Patent No. 2,379,576 has just been issued here to Dr. Fritz J. Hansgirt.

Dr. Hansgirt is at present carrying on his magnesium research at Black Mountain college, in North Carolina.

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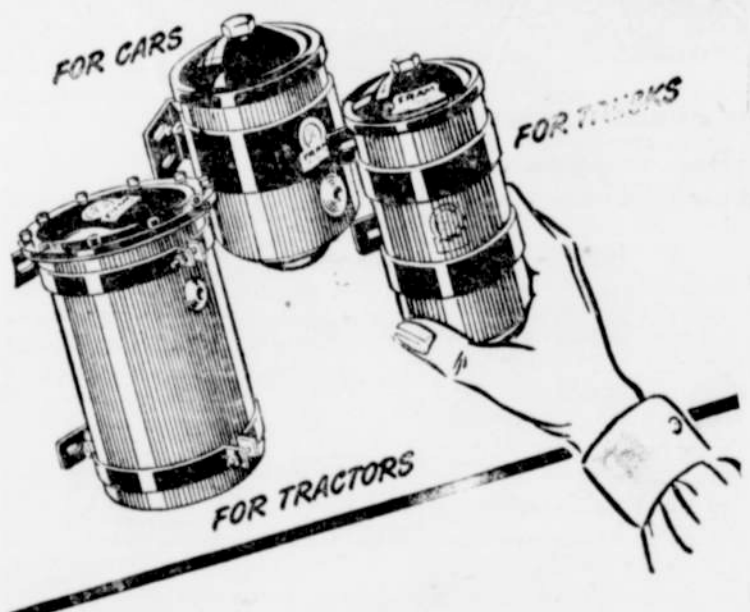
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