

Washington Digest

Now He Loafs in Florida, Catching Fish, Mermaids

By BAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator.

FORT PIERCE, FLA.—As you read these lines I expect to be back where the quiet along the Potomac will be disturbed by the plans for an old-time inauguration party and the beginning of a new legislative year. But as I write I can see the blue of the Indian river whose eastern shore line is a slim silhouette of palm trees screening the Atlantic beyond.

When I stand up I can look over the seawall and watch mullet jumping higher than I ever saw a fish leap except when the Washington state salmon were hurdling the falls on their way to spawn.

A little way north of here a wide

inlet breaches the natural strip of beach and dune, scrub pine and cabbage palm which forms a part of the barrier between the ocean and the great inland waterway stretching from New York harbor to Miami.

These occasional intrusions of the ocean don't disturb the Indian river in the slightest for through the dredged channels come the fish and the deep-sea fishing boats, the shrimpers and the freighters that mingle with the trim pleasure craft in the yacht basin.

Approaching this spot on land you are welcomed by the brilliant red of the Turk's Caps, the flower that never opens—never has to. Perhaps it is too lazy. It loafs along the ditches, growing wild in fields or tamed in gardens, showing no envy for its more aristocratic sister, the hibiscus which throws its flames out in wide tongues, the dainty bouganvillea blossoms, or the languorous poinsettia.

When a crane flutters up from the river edge, a polished silver streak in the sun, you know you have left the northern city canyons far behind. Now the groves. Ripening oranges among the leaves shine like little golden beads against rich, green velvet tapestry. Quite a different green from the delicate tint of the little lizard sunning himself on the window screen beside me. He would match the tender tint of the clusters of new pine needles undulating in a breeze that keeps the palms fanning themselves with their rippling fronds.

I am met in new, blue truck which also transports fish, groceries and whatnot—even a marauding wildcat which has suffered his just deserts among the palmettos at dawn.

Over the cottage great bulbous blossoms of the yellow trumpet vine are waiting until the sun sets to send out their intoxicating perfume.

The next day starts, as it should, on the river. Overhead are the soaring fishhawks, the nervous kingfishers, the greedy, speedy and graceful black cormorants and high above all the tireless man-of-war birds with their wide sweeping wings, like an upper-case M, which never seem to change their shape.

Little snappers are so thick that we couldn't bait fast enough, but we are fishing for our supper! And so days pass with no sense of time passing with them—trout and a few fighting jacks that flop and grunt but which is of little interest to the commercial fisherman. Not a "honey-money" fish like a trout or pompano, as my wife would say, making a little more euphemistic the terminology of the commercial fisherman.

Bill Turner smiles. He knows the personal histories and habits of the furred, feathered or finny folk that inhabit these parts and gets as much pleasure out of seeing somebody else land a catch as he does doing it himself. And he has an uncanny sixth sense that takes him straight to the spot close to the bank in the green shadow of the mangroves, outside on reef, deep in the cuts wherever fish will be if fish there are.

I watch my wife pull in four speckled beauties. I get none. That's not what the male animal ordinarily calls good fishing. But I don't resent the fact that she is the fisherman in this family. In



Baukhage and Friends

fact as far as I am concerned, she, not Hernando de Soto, discovered the place. . . I land a snook, enough! Fried, with cornedogs, crisp and golden brown, a salad of grapefruit, oranges, pineapple and fresh coconut from the backyard, that snook is delicious. And so to bed.

Next day I go after a different species of marine fauna. (See accompanying photograph.) Mermaids aren't as hard to find as they used to be before that ingenious creature, homo-pess-agenticus, was discovered and carefully cultivated by the chambers of commerce of all energetic resorts.

Although I didn't intend to make a busman's holiday out of my vacation I couldn't help getting one or two interviews.

I called on Douglas Silver, president of the local chamber of commerce. I had known him when his beat was Broadway and the New York advertising district. His office was as busy as one in the Merchandise Mart or Radio City. "Do you like it any better here?" I asked him. "In some ways it's worse," he said.

I nearly fell off my chair. Such a statement from a Floridian! He saw my consternation, immediately realized my misunderstanding, and hastily proceeded to put me right.

"I see you don't mean what I mean," he said. "I thought you were asking me if I like work any better here. Frankly, I have the same allergy to useful effort that you have. But work for you up north is all you have to do. Now look out there." He pointed out the window to a gentleman in wrinkled slacks and a faded khaki shirt sitting in a boat out on the river.

Even from where we stood we could see the look of almost childish contentment on his tanned face. Just then he stood up and began reeling in his taut line. Silver gave one look and pushed back his chair. "Listen," he said, "I can finish up what I have to do in about 15 minutes and we'll get right out there. But to answer your question: work is no better here than any place but the difference here is that when you quit you don't have to take a train or a plane to get where you really want to be—you're there already."

Shrimp Also Abound There

The lizard has moved over to get into a patch of sunlight leaking through the leaves of the magnolia tree.

Some shrimp boats are coming in through the inlet. This is probably the biggest shrimping port south of Savannah. I think I will go over and see if I can't get some nice fat ones. Bill Turner will clean them until they are sweet and delicate as a newly opened gladiolus. They will be boiled with just the right amount of salt. They will be chilled (not drowned in ice water until they are mushy).

My wife will do something miraculous to the sauce. How I long for that dish. Why I haven't had a real shrimp for I don't know how long—it must have been as long ago as yesterday at lunch!

Fort Pierce Has History

Fort Pierce was a real fort once—built in 1838 as one of the chain of east coast defenses against the Indians. It was a strategic point on the Indian river because a natural opening to the sea permitted easy water communication with the north. Settlers came, fought off the Indians, planted their pine-apples, citrus groves, and vegetables for the winter markets. Later the artificial inlet was dredged so the big ships could dock.

Florida played more of a part in the Civil war than most textbooks record. It was the food basket of the Confederacy and also one of the great blockade running bases, and I have no doubt these cuts sheltered many a contraband cargo going to or from Cuba or the Bahamas as they did in the days of the rum runners.

The town felt the shock of World War II, literally felt it, for the submarines crept close to the coast and explosions rocked the houses far inland. Wounded survivors were brought in and cared for here as in other coast towns. Later, because land and water conditions could be simulated to resemble the terrain in the Pacific, it became the country's largest amphibious training base.

Welcome,
New Year

WELCOME to you, New Year, enter newborn king—
Can you tell us something of the tidings that you bring?
Do you carry happiness?
Enough to last the year?
Do you sing a song of joy?
To cast out doubt and fear?
Perhaps a balm for heartaches?
You bring along with you;
Perhaps a key to friendships?
To buoy us all year through.
We bid you welcome, New Year—our dreams we trust with you,
Forgetting ills of all the past, we start the book anew.

Strange New Year Beliefs Still Exist

Over England and Scotland, in the villages of the plains and highlands, ancient New Year superstitions still exist.

It is considered unlucky to wear old clothes on the New Year; bad luck falls on a house if anyone goes out before someone has entered. If the first comer—"first foot," the natives call it—be a man, good luck will bless the house; if a woman or a fair-haired man, the luck is evil. So widespread is this belief that in many villages the dark-haired men of the community make it a regular business to go from house to house to "take the New Year in."

In Herefordshire, at midnight, the girls rush to the spring. The one who gets the first drink, or the "cream of the well," is sure of a handsome husband.

Unlucky, too, is the good woman who gives away a light on New Year's day. Where a brand goes out, the evil fays come in. The most tender-hearted woman will see her neighbors shiver in a fireless house rather than give away a light on the New Year.



At midnight on New Year's Eve, custom demands that gentlemen kiss the nearest lady. Here's a fine example of army-navy cooperation.

Pins Once Prized As New Year Gift

Bishop Hall's "Satires," published in 1598, tell how every tenant at the dawn of the New Year presented his lord with a fat capon; and Ben Jonson, in his "Christmas Masque" introduces among his cast of characters "New Year's gift in a blue coat, serving man like, with an orange and a sprig of rosemary on his head."

Oranges and nutmeg, gilded and decorated apples, were frequent gifts exchanged among the poorer people. Ladies of fashion delighted in pins, invented during the Sixteenth century to take the place of clumsy wooden skewers. Here we have the origin of our own "pin money"—a gift of money given in place of pins.

Saint Sylvester's Feast Day Marks End of Year

The feast of St. Sylvester, who was Pope from 314 A. D. until his death in 335, is observed by the Roman and Anglican churches on December 31.

In Germany and Belgium the morning of St. Sylvester's Day is commemorated religiously, while the afternoon and evening are devoted to various kinds of horseplay in anticipation of the coming New Year.

Facts and Fancies Of New Year's Day

New Year's with its open houses, parties, exchanging of New Year's cards, horn tooting, Auld Lang Syne and New Year's resolutions, is one of the oldest celebrations. As a holiday it has been observed since ancient times, and has been marked throughout history by the giving of gifts and the exchange of greetings and good wishes.

Spotlight
by
GRANTLAND RICE

Old Game and the New

THE football that used to be—and the football that is today—are two entirely different games. If you don't mind, we'll take you back a bit—just a few years. I spent most of one recent week-end with my old friend Pudge Heffelfinger, who is still Mr. Football.

Pudge was a mighty football player at Yale from 1889 to 1891.

He was just as good around 1915 when he was in his 40s. He played for 54 minutes against a crack pro team when he was 53. He was still playing at 65 against another leading pro team in Minneapolis. Pudge suffered a bad knee at 65 and couldn't understand it.

Heffelfinger can't understand why a football player can't go 60 minutes at least twice a week. "What are these young fellows made of today?" Heffelfinger asks.

Pudge is now 81 years old. He only weighs 270 pounds, and he still moves around like a lightweight. He has hands like two sets of hams. Bud Kelland says Pudge is a throwback to the dinosaurs.

Now I'll take you to another case—to another friend of mine. His name is Shep Homans of Englewood, N. J. Shep Homans was Snake Ames' substitute at Princeton around 1889. "I never got in a game that year," Shep tells me.

Homans was Princeton's full-back in 1890 and 1891. Homans weighed 167 pounds. He played 70 minutes in 22 consecutive games. His substitute never got to play.

"Sure I was hurt," Shep told me long afterwards. "But you don't quit a game because you happen to get hurt."

"If you don't mind, you might also mention that Snake Ames was a greater all-around athlete than Glen Davis or any other college athlete. Snake was the greatest college player I ever saw. He was also the greatest college baseball player I ever saw. He held three big league teams to less than five hits and beat them all. He was also a great golfer. I've paid to find that out."

Either the football players of 40 and 50 years ago were much tougher and rougher and had more fiber than the present bunch—or the game today is far rougher than it used to be.

Walter Eckersall was a good friend of mine. Weighing 143 pounds, Eckie could travel 60 minutes without taking an extra breath. He carried the ball—he did all the kicking—he blocked and tackled and passed—and he finished fresh.

Maybe the game today is too rough. Either the football players are much too soft—or the game is much too rough.

At the finish of this season many of the best backs in the country including Doak Walker of SMU, Stuart and Stephenson of Army and many others were too badly hurt to be of any use.

Sitko and Brennan of Notre Dame were both out of action. So was Charley Justice with a bad shoulder, according to Carl Snavely, in the William and Mary game. Most of the good backs were hurt and out of action, or useless in action, a good part of the year.

The game today is far rougher than it used to be. The old game was mass pushing and shoving. The modern game is a matter of collision at top speed. The equipment is atrocious, something the coaches should have corrected years ago. They admit their fault now, a little late.

Stamina and Speed

When you measure the old against the new, you run into deep trouble.

In the matter of timing and inches, in the way of measurements, the years prove that the modern stars outclass most of those who belong to the past. They run faster—or at least just as fast. They jump higher or further. They keep breaking records.

Wherever you can use the stop watch or the measuring tape, the new years bring you new champions. But you can't measure baseball and football. You can't measure the days when Walsh and Johnson and Mathewson and Alexander pitched over 400 innings a season—against the stars of today who pitch from 280 to 290 innings.

As we check back we find the old-timers lead in stamina and fortitude—the new stars lead in speed and quick records.

It may be that since the invention of the automobile, no one ever walks anymore and leg power is a missing factor.

Something has happened to stamina. We have pretty fair runners from 100 to the 800 meters. Not much after that.

Farm Topics

Milk House Heaters Solve Farm Problem

Easily Attached to Walls in Winter Time

Nobody enjoys working in a cold milk house. But until very recently, farmers could do little about it—except, perhaps, add another layer to their already uncomfortably bulky clothing.

Experiments conducted in the last two or three years, however, have helped solve the milk house heating problem. One type of equipment, developed as a direct result of such agricultural engineering experiments, is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is a 3000 watt, 240 volt, thermostatically controlled electric space heater. Easily attached to the milk house wall, it is five feet high and produces a temperature range of between 40 and 80 degrees.

Other new developments along this line include the use of small hot water radiators which are connected to standard dairy water heaters, and



Arthur Miller of Union, Ill., admires the new heater recently installed in his milk house.

the conversion of electric milk cooler compressors into heat pumps.

Most farmers, however, are interested primarily in "spot heating"—that is, warming only the specific places in which they happen to be working at the moment. This is a relatively simple job and can be done by placing heat lamps directly above or adjacent to the space to be warmed.

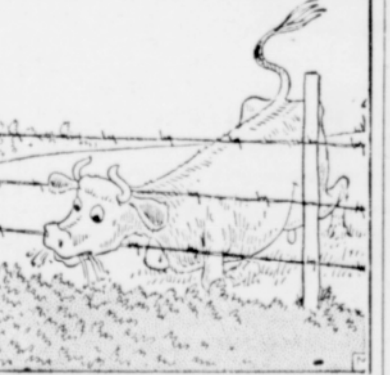
Those Greener Pastures

The old saying that "grass is greener on the other side of the fence" has a scientific basis in fact, according to Dr. William A. Albrecht, head of the soils department of the University of Missouri.

Cattle's grazing habits, he said, are based on a search for feed that will best nourish them.

"When a cow risks her neck to get grass on the other side of the fence," he declared, "she is showing good sense. She does this because the neighboring grass not only looks, but is greener. She is instinctively seeking grass from soil high in protein producing elements."

Feed that contains body-building bone-making values comes only from soil that is high in mineral



fertility, Dr. Albrecht said. Declining soil fertility means a decline in the health of our livestock, our crops and ourselves.

Dr. Albrecht warned that widespread loss of "life-giving elements" from the soil is becoming more serious.

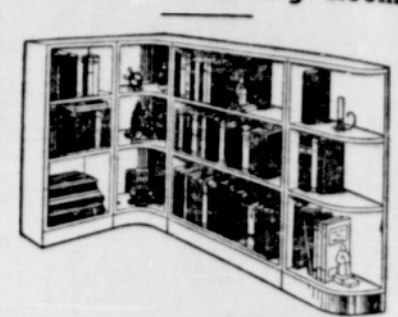
Rebuilding the soil's fertility strength so that it can produce crops with body building values, said Dr. Albrecht, depends on proper soil management. That includes liming, the growing of deep-rooted legumes regularly in the rotation, the use of phosphate and potash fertilizers and the return of barnyard manures and green manures to balance fertility losses through crop removals.

From Chick-Fed Mink To Chic Fur Coats

Poultry raising habits of wild mink have provided a tip for economy in the feeding of captive mink which for years have been fed on horse meat and fish.

But the fondness of mink for poultry suggested the feeding of the waste from poultry dressing plants—the heads, feet and entrails. Experiments proved that both adult mink and kits thrived on this cheaper diet.

Four-Piece Bookcase For Your Living Room



IF YOU want to add color and warmth to your living room, decorate with these modern sectional bookcases. You can build and install them yourself at small cost. As decorative as they are convenient, these cabinets can be placed along one wall, around a corner as illustrated, or the center sections can be placed along opposite walls.

The full size pattern offered below simplifies building these cabinets in a minimum of time. No special tools or skill are required. All materials pattern specifies can be purchased at lumber yards everywhere at small cost compared to the price one pays for ready made, unpainted sectional cabinets. Almost anyone can build these cabinets by following the simplified building procedure outlined on the pattern. It not only lists materials to buy but also specifies when and where each is used.

For an economical solution to your bookcase and record cabinet problem build one or more of these units. Send 50 cents for Bookcase Pattern No. 42 to East-Bld Pattern Company, Dept. W, Pleasantville, N. Y.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

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