

A GLANCE AT CIVILIZATION REVEALS...

Jackpot Question: What's the World Coming To?

... CONFUSION, FEAR, HYSTERIA, DESPAIR

By H. I. PHILLIPS

A GLANCE AT THE GLOBE

The world is in queer shape. Everywhere civilization is wishing it could find a cure for its savagery.

Confusion and fear are running neck and neck with hysteria and despair. Half the world is looking

for trouble and the other half acts as if afraid there won't be enough to go around.

People have always been called different from animals in that they were rational beings. But the animals appear to be outsmarting us. For centuries man seemed to be

getting more intelligent, but he never looked dumber than at the close of today's business.

We belittled the caveman, but he had his own cave and all he needed for attack and defense were rocks. He didn't require millions of dollars, thousands of scientists and countless bureaus to help him when the slugging began. From the rock, man went to the bow-and-arrow and on up through javelin, gun-powder and machine-gun to the jet plane and atom bomb. Mars can now get him all his miseries wholesale.

This planet has had two world wars in 30 years and it has not only lost the goal posts but isn't sure in which direction the field lines run.

Millions fought to end tyranny, but seem to have swapped two small tyrants for a big one. We have ended secret diplomacy and substituted open covenants openly arrived at. And broken by microphone!

We have the biggest peace organization in history, but it is too busy fighting to get anywhere with a peace effort. All the world wants peace, but it first insists on the necessary ambulances and identification disks.

Look at modern man! He is cockeyed, bow-legged, swivel-headed, punch-drunk, weak-minded, hysterical, confused, befuddled and on a treadmill carefully set between a buzzsaw and an abyss.

The United States looks closer to normal than most countries, but she still resembles a cross between a vaudeville show, a trip over Niagara Falls, an outing of drunken magicians and a clambake of

monkey-wrench tossers. Everybody is trying to save somebody from something if it kills the beneficiary.

In our yen for greater security we are winning ourselves a compulsory ride on a greased pole, and in our quest for the more abundant life we are winning unhappiness in carload lots.

With the atom bomb hanging over us, we are concentrating on better hair tonics, government distribution of baby-sitters and a turkey in every chicken pie.

This is the question of the hour: Can a nation exist half intelligent and half jackpot crazy? No coaching, please!

Cuff Stuff

A celebrated Hollywood star got into a nightclub row the other night because he refused to remove his hat when he sat down at a table. It is just possible he felt that his head-size was changing too rapidly to take any chance.

The mayor of New York's telephone lines have been tapped so much that his personal calls now have a Hooper rating and he may get a commercial sponsor for them.

England is supplying wigs to its people free in its nationalized health service. Instead of "Britannia rules the waves" and "The sun never sets on British soil," now it's, "How's your hair and can I be of any help?" What a come-down!

Gromyko is returning to the U. N. He did not go home, it appears, to have his No's lifted.

"Handkerchief Man Briefed On Code"—N. Y. Times headline. . . The usual spring code in the head, eh?

"Come See a Man"

"Come see a man," the Nazareth lads would say,
And peering through an old shop's open door,

Would watch One swing an adz, see muscles play
Like rippling steel, and mark along the floor
Huge timbers that a driven saw and plane
Had smoothed and polished to its bright clear grain.

"Come see a man," the word ran like a fire
Down every street and every crooked lane,
And throngs besought Him, wild with their desire
To rid themselves of agonizing pain.

"Come see a man whose power is strange, and such,
His hands alone can heal men with his touch."

Samana, and noon above the land—
A flushed-cheeked woman, hurrying to tell,
With strange excited voice and lifted hand,
Of One who waited by an ancient well.

"Come see a man who told me everything. . .
Surely this is our long awaited King!"

"Come see a man," the cry still rings today,
"Who knows no fear at all, so brave is He."
So strong and clean, He went His quiet way
To climb at last the hill called Calvary,
There to be lifted that a whole world might
Be drawn to Him—its Saviour and its Light.



Grace Noll Crowell



Star Dust

By INEZ GERHARD

RED BENSON (Of Mutual's "Red Benson's Movie Matinee" and "Take a Number") at 31 has been everything from a professional prizefighter to a canary salesman; had to make sure of eating while he pursued his real love, the entertainment business. He broke in at 15 on a children's hour, put himself through high school by working in a store as window trimmer,



RED BENSON

shipping clerk and elevator operator. Selling canaries was one way of financing three years of college. At the moment he's a bright prospect for the gigantic give-away show which NBC is planning for Sunday nights at seven, opposite Jack Benny.

Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Pops orchestra, heard on the RCA Victor show, starring Robert Merrill, as a siren and a police radio on his car now; the Boston police force made him an auxiliary voice-man!

It seems too bad that Jane Wyman's new picture, following her winning the Oscar for her magnificent performance in "Johnny Belinda", should be "A Kiss in the Dark". In this one she has no real opportunity to act; attention seems to be focused on her costumes instead of her talents. Brief playbits, a generous-sized bath towel—that's what you'll see her wearing.

Olga San Juan O'Brien was reading "What Shall We Name the Baby?" Edmund O'Brien was driving through heavy traffic. Finding a name she liked for their expected infant, she grabbed his arm—and he nearly wrecked the car.

Lisa Gelm is doing double duty. During the day she has been playing Paulette Goddard's Polish mother in Columbia's "Anna Lucasta"; evenings she coaches Janet Leigh in an Austrian accent for "Storm Over Vienna".

The Fiction Corner SOMETHING OF VALUE

By ANNA E. WILSON

THE PORCH was broad and sunny, and Elsie placed the big chair where Dad could see the people passing and look across into Barnes grocery store.

"You see, Dad," she said cheerfully, "you'll be happy here in the sunlight, and you can watch what goes on over there in the store—it'll be no time at all until you forget about the shop—Goodness knows, a man who's worked until he's sixty-five years old has earned a rest."

Dad sank back in the chair and sighed wistfully. "I know, Elsie, and the company was real nice. Mr. Twilinger presented me with a watch, and said they were real sorry about my eyes, and hated to let me go. Watch making is such fine work and," Dad finished carefully, "there was no other place open in the shop where they could work me in. Mr. Twilinger explained about it all before I came away."

"Yes," Dad tried to settle himself uneasily, "but sitting here isn't going to help pay for this house, and I did hope to see you settled in a home of your own before I died."

He was glad when Mrs. Frisby stopped to talk. She was gossipy and friendly and liked a chat. "Glad to see you taking a rest at last, Dad. Goodness knows, it was time. I see you've been looking at the sketch for the new Memorial. Isn't it wonderful that a great artist like Mr. Bonelli's been engaged for the job. They say he's been asking for medals to copy on the figures of the war veterans and I'm hurrying right down with this one of Willie's."

Dad stared at the sketch of the Memorial, thinking of what Mrs. Frisby had said. Something of value. Dad went over all his meager possessions and they weren't much. Just his clothes, neat and clean, and the watch Mr. Twilinger had given him and that old coin.

Dad was confused by the noise and bustle when he entered Mr. Bonelli's studio, but Mr. Bonelli smiled at Dad and took him into a little office in the rear.

"It's about a coin," said he humbly, and took out his lucky piece.

"Where did you get it, and why do you want to sell it, Dad?"

It was easy to talk to Mr. Bonelli, and Dad explained about his home and Elsie.

Dad thanked him, but as he got up to go, Mr. Bonelli spoke. "I have a friend coming tomorrow and if you drop in you can talk it over with him."

All afternoon Dad polished the coin and when he went down to the studio in the morning the metal in the coin shone.

Mr. Bonelli was talking to another man, when he saw Dad he beckoned him in. Dad took out the coin and the stranger glanced at it, but he was really looking at Dad.

Dad in his neat worn clothes, was worth looking at. He had lived a good life and all this good living showed in his wrinkled face and

clean blue eyes. Mr. Bonelli's own eyes twinkled.

"We find you have something of value, Dad, after all," he said softly.

"The coin was worthless," he continued. "We want to use you as a model for one of the figures on our Memorial. We want to employ you in the studio to keep track of valuables loaned to us. Mr. Twilinger says we couldn't get a better man. The pay is good, well over five hundred dollars for the year's work," he said gently. "You see, Dad, the thing you have of value is yourself. You've been a good citizen and it shines—right in your face."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Solution in Next Issue.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64

- ACROSS
- Pawn (slang)
 - Card, as wool
 - Rascal
 - Smells
 - French river
 - Danger
 - Sheltered side
 - An eastern state (abbr.)
 - Bristle-like organ
 - Music note
 - River (Belg.)
 - Indefinite article
 - Depart
 - Yield
 - Buffoon
 - Satellites
 - That which heals
 - Negative reply
 - Upon
 - Maestro's baton
 - Board of Ordnance (abbr.)
 - Particle
 - River (It.)
 - Youth
 - Floats
 - Speech
 - Kind of rock
 - Mistake
 - Merganser
 - Thin
- DOWN
- Book of the Old Testament
 - S-shaped molding
 - Mongrel
 - Saves
 - Tube on which silk is wound
 - Poems
 - Additional
 - Island off Europe: Great—
 - A valley of the moon
 - Slopes
 - Roman money
 - A long yell
 - Alcoholic beverage
 - Tibetan gazelle
 - A tie
 - Cry of a cow
 - Trained choral groups
 - Pea-like vegetable (pl.)
 - Fresh
 - Knock
 - New
 - Smoked sides of pig
 - River (Eur.)
 - Kind of cheese
 - Apportion
 - Coin (It.)
 - Sutch
 - Coin (Swed.)
- Answer to Puzzle Number 30
- | | | | | | |
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- Series K-48

Farm Topics

Wisconsin Grower Wins Barley Test Contest Conducted In Seven-State Area

Vernon H. Moore, of Rock county, Wisconsin, was named winner of the 1948 malting barley contest conducted in seven midwest states by the Midwest Barley Improvement Association.

As an award for his accomplishment, Moore received \$1,000 in cash, a handsome trophy, and a special ribbon of honor, as well as an all-expense trip to Minneapolis.



Vernon H. Moore (left) of Clinton, Wisconsin, winner of the 1948 malting barley contest conducted in seven midwest states by the Midwest Barley Improvement Association, receives his awards from Herbert H. Ladish, treasurer of the association, in ceremonies held in Minneapolis.

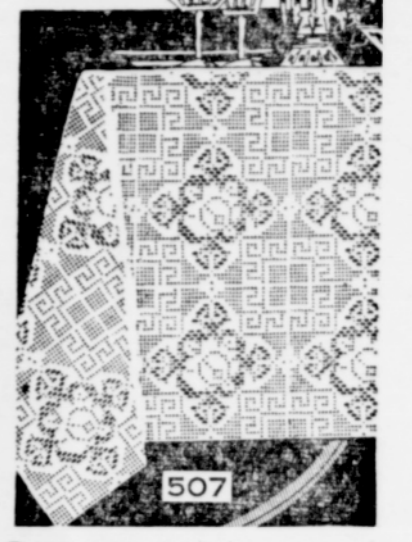
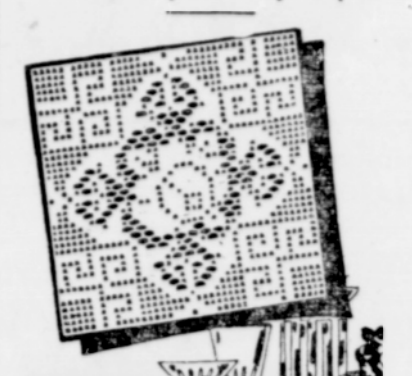
In addition to the regional award, Moore received the first Wisconsin state prize of \$500, a county prize of \$25, and state and county trophies. In the final judging, Moore's Barley competed with samples from more than 125 carloads of the grain grown by contestants in the seven-state area. The prize-winning barley was of the Kindred variety, and was grown on 50 acres of Moore's 186 acre farm.

The prize-winning barley was selected by a committee of judges which included representatives of the U. S. department of agriculture.

Each farmer taking part in the competition was required to enter a full carload of barley, or to join with not more than four other barley growers in making up a carload shipment. Only varieties of barley approved for malting purposes in each of the seven states was accepted in the competition. Samples from contest cars were used as the basis for judging the grain.

Sons or daughters of cash prize-winners who assisted in growing the crop and who were between the ages of 12 and 21, received special farm youth award prizes equal to 10 per cent of the cash prizes won by the parent.

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Kidneys Must Work Well. For You To Feel Well. 24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus plus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at night, swelling. Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulate the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores. DOAN'S PILLS

Fruit Jars Usable In Fumigant Spray

If the garden plot is small, J. C. Ford, Auburn Polytechnic Institute extension service garden specialist says, the correct amount of fumigant per row can best be applied by using a fruit jar. A 10-or-20-penny nail hole should be made near one margin of the jar lid through which to pour the liquid. A somewhat smaller air hole is necessary near the opposite side of the lid.