

FEMALE PEACE ORGANIZATION WOULD . . .

Why Not Let the Ladies Take Over UN's Job?

. . . SOLVE THE GROMYKO PROBLEM PRONTO

LET THE GALS TAKE OVER!

Sen. Margaret Chase of Maine proposes that the women of the world form their own United Nations or other peace organization. Why not? Even if they didn't get peace the fighting would be easier on the eye. An international debate

never loses anything through being photogenic.

The men have had their chance at bringing world peace and have sliced every shot, Senator Chase declares. We agree. This harassed world would feel better if it knew that its future was in the hands of

By H. I. PHILLIPS

somebody who could at least bake a cake.

No matter how deep the planet's faith in those men delegates ever got there was always the realization that they really didn't know how to replace a lost shirt button.

It seems to us that the men might well be called off the peace job and the women sent in. In four years the men haven't even made anybody turn around and look at them. Not a delegate has had a song written to him. There hasn't been a heartthrob in a carload.

U. N. has no glamour. For one person who can name the head of the organization 1,000 can name the young woman who was Miss Somebody's Beer for 1948.

If the women formed a peace organization, took over U.N. and sent the men home to look after the kids, put out the cat and do other things not subject to the veto, the peace movement would immediately acquire immense affection and devotion. Maybe what the world needs is a League that can be whistled at!

We can see swift results. A female U.N. would get a bigger play in all the newspapers and magazines. It would probably make the cover of Life. It would even make television, which is the ultimate goal these days. Whenever interest in the organization tailed off the delegates could be photographed in beach attire or endorsing a girdle.

A woman's United Nations would solve the Gromyko problem pronto. There has never been a time when one woman could veto 1,000 other women and live.

What can men do when the world is ornery? Nothing. But in a showdown the women could

get what they want merely by flashing a two-word message to all women everywhere: "Stop cooking!" And they could follow that up with an order to the girls to refuse to answer the universal question, "Where did you put the aspirin, Nellie?"

To cap it all they could say, "Not a bed will be made or a sock washed until the armies of the earth disband."

Gangway for the ladies! They will know the right perfume. And if, by any chance, they muddled things up even more, the muddle would at least have that certain something.

CUFF STUFF

President Truman threw out the first ball at the opening of the baseball season in Washington. It was a Blair House twister with alternating altitude and depth, and everybody can now understand why he feels control is so mandatory to the American system.

Can you remember away back when the flags in a college student's room did not include picket banners?

The Blair House, now occupied by the president as a temporary White House, has been piped for music from a corporation rendering this service to hotels and restaurants. Does this mean Mrs. Truman and Margaret are in an all-out move to discourage Harry at the piano?

Elm trees a half century old have been carted in from the country and planted along Fifth ave. We feel sorry for them. It's a little late in life to start afresh in New York. We saw one of the trees on a truck preparatory to planting and distinctly heard it moan, "New York is all right for a visit, but I'd hate to live there."

NIGHT

THANK God for night, with its great gift of sleep,
More wonderful than all His gifts to men!
For stars that walk the dreamways, and that keep
Their wide-eyed watch until dawn breaks again.
Thank God for blessed silence down the land,
More soothing than the drip of summer rain;
For darkness, soft and cool as some dear hand
Laid on a forehead feverish with pain.

Oh, only those who carry sleepless scars
Can know how sweet sleep is that comes at last;
And only the eyes that have looked long at stars
Have learned night's secret as it marches past,
Have learned to know how quiet God must keep
To guide an earth through stars that men may sleep.

— Grace Noll Crowell

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

JIM AND MARIAN Jordan had been in and out of small-time show business for several years when a \$10 bet landed them on the radio. They were visiting Jim's brother in Chicago when Jim remarked that he and Marian could do a better job of singing than anyone on the radio program they were listening to; Jim's brother bet him \$10 they couldn't. That was a lot of



Fibber and Molly

money to the Jordans then; they showed up at Station WIBO, and landed on the air. Five months later the radio job ended, and they went back to vaudeville. It was not until later that they became "Fibber McGee and Molly" in one of radio's top ranking radio series.

Dr. Henry Darlington, Rector of New York's Church of the Heavenly Rest, recently appeared as family counselor on "The Second Mrs. Burton." Listening to the singing commercials, he remarked, "If churches used a device as catchy as this, I could guarantee standing room only." No doubt he went home and asked the cook to try those seven delicious flavors.

Burt Lancaster is back in the circus; he finished "Rope of Sand" and headed for Louisville, Ky., and the Cole Brothers' circus, to do an acrobatic act with his former partner, Nick Cravat; will appear with it in 26 cities.

Howard "Sam Spade" Duff relived a scary experience when he and other members of the "Partners in Crime" cast were flying to Universal-International's location in Tucson. The plane shook violently, and one engine went dead. Finally landed on the remaining three. When he was in the South Pacific during the war, Duff was in a plane that encountered severe headwinds, threatened to run out of gas. He admits that he was as scared as anybody else, but he took out some cards and started a poker game.

The Fiction POACHERS OUTWITTED

Corner

By

Richard H. Wilkinson

IT HAPPENED that young Glen Lloyd was the only warden on duty when Chief Fred Mather received word that poachers were doing a wholesale business in moose meat up in Birchill county. Glen was a rookie on the job. As yet he'd had no contact with either the hardships or the dangers of a north woods game warden. Chief Mather decided to use discretion. "You go up there and do some reconnoitering," he told the youth.

"You'll find a base camp under a cliff near the headwaters of the Beaver. Make this your headquarters until Warden Loomis arrives. He'll tell you how to proceed." Chief Mather drummed with his pencil. "Don't take any chances, son. I've an idea that Moe Stanford's behind this ring. He's a bad actor."

Glen reached the base cabin two days later. The ground was covered with a six-inch fall of snow. Glen waited two days more and then decided to take matters into his own hands. Armed with his service pistol and a flashlight he concealed himself near the tote road on top of a ridge where the progress of the truck would have to be slow. It was bitterly cold and a brisk wind was blowing. Also there was the promise of snow in the air. Midnight came and went and Glen's spirits ebbed low. Cursing himself for delaying action, Glen was about to quit his hiding place when he heard distantly the roar of an automobile motor.

He waited until the driver was shifting gears for the final pull, then stepped out into the glare of the lights. He held his gun in one hand. The badge on his sheepskin coat was plainly visible.

Instead of stopping, the driver bore down on the accelerator. The truck roared straight at the warden. Glen stepped to one side, barely avoiding being hit, and as the heavy machine lumbered by he swung himself onto the running board. He clung there perilously for a moment, then something hit him on the head, he heard an angry curse, and went spinning of into space.

Fifteen minutes later he emerged on to the same tote road where it doubled back on itself. The lights from the truck were already sweeping up the incline.

GLEN CROUCHED behind a boulder, glad that the darkness was so intense. He waited until the truck had crawled by, then ran after it. He caught the tailboard and hoisted himself up. Two men were standing up front, leaning

over the cab. The noise of the motor had drowned out sounds of his approach.

Reversing his service gun, Glen crept up behind the men, felled one of them and grappled with the other. The scuffle was short-lived. Taken completely by surprise the poacher was at a disadvantage. Stunned by the blow which he tried to dodge, he fell against the cab and slumped to his knees when Glen struck out a second time.

The warden handcuffed the two men to an upright in the truck, then approached the cab. There was a small window in its rear. Through this Glen thrust his gun, splintering the

glass. The two men inside turned to find themselves staring into the gun's muzzle.

Warden Loomis, trekking northward to join young Glen Lloyd, was astonished to find a truck on the old tote road. The truck stopped and a friendly, boyish voice greeted him.

"Hi, Joe," Glen yelled. "Put some bracelets on these birds in front, will you? My hand's so stiff from holding this gun I can't move it—let alone pull the trigger."

When Chief Mather heard the story he wrote a personal letter to Supervisor Herrick, complimenting the supervisor on his choice of men.

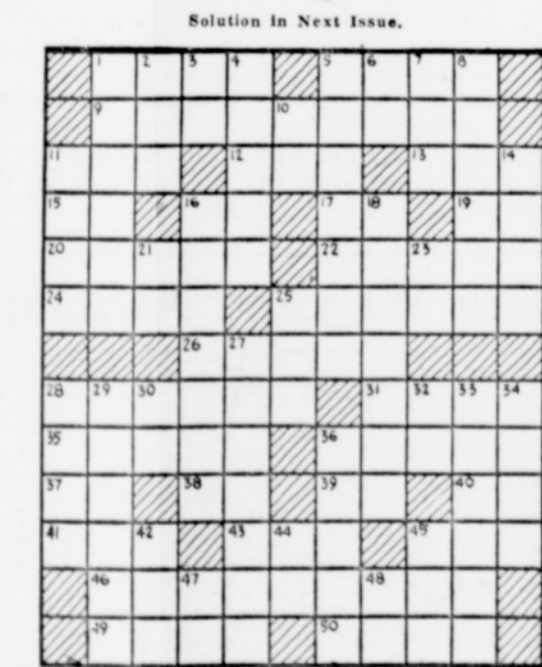
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- 1 Store
- 5 Wine
- 9 receptacles
- 11 Heedless
- 11 Forbid
- 12 Keel-bille1
- 13 cuckoo
- 13 Chest
- 15 Guido's
- 16 lowest note
- 16 Close to
- 17 Sign of the
- 18 infinitive
- 19 Rough lava
- 20 Job
- 22 Spring
- 23 month
- 24 A form of
- 25 lotto
- 25 British
- 26 author
- 26 A theater
- 27 attendant
- 28 Velvet-
- 31 Touch end
- 31 to end
- 35 More
- 36 infrequent
- 36 Piece of
- 37 rock
- 37 Conjunction
- 38 Therefore
- 39 Pronoun
- 40 Quaker state
- 41 (abbr.)
- 41 Covering
- 42 of brain
- 43 Eskimo tool
- 45 Distant
- 46 Clearly
- 46 demonstrable
- 49 (logic)
- 49 Girl's
- 50 nickname
- 50 Church
- 50 (Scott)

DOWN

- 1 Scythe
- 2 handle
- 2 (var.)
- 2 Female
- 2 fowl

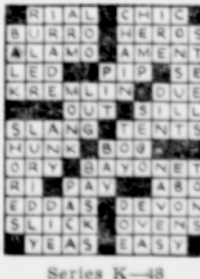


Solution in Next Issue.

No. 34

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 29 A lasso | 30 Biblical city | 36 Husk |
| 31 Board of | 32 Ordinance | 42 Mimic |
| 33 Remove | 34 (abbr.) | 44 Measure |
| 34 from suitcase | 35 Confineous | 45 (Chin.) |
| 34 Rip | 46 tree | 47 Bone (anat.) |
| | 48 Musical note | |

Answer to Puzzle Number 33



Series K-48

SPORTSCOPE

By JOE MAHONEY

LLOYD MANGRUM

ONE OF THE HOTTEST PLAYERS IN PROFESSIONAL GOLF, IN 56 ROUNDS DURING 1948, AVERAGED 69.8 STROKES PER ROUND, PICKED UP \$13,404.99 ...EARNED \$3.43 PER STROKE!!

GORGEOUS GEORGE

THE WRESTLER WITH THE CURLY "LANA TURNER BLOND" LOOKS, PAID \$750 FOR AN ERMINE TRIMMED ROBE HE WEARS FOR HIS MATCHES!

DeWitt Coulter

NEW YORK GIANTS TACKLE, STUDIES ART DURING THE OFF SEASON.

SPORTLIGHT

Where-o-where Are the Kid Stars?

By GRANTLAND RICE

THE NATIONAL PASTIME (slang for baseball) takes over until October 2 when football will be at high speed, outdriving baseball two to one at that frosty date. In the same way, enough sun has been drifting from blue skies to get a few million golfers out for another big campaign on some 5,000 courses.



Baseball is largely for the spectators. Golf is 90 per cent for the players. Golf still has the largest outdoor turnout for the players, barring fishing and hunting, which are strictly personal affairs.

Grantland Rice fairs in fishing and hunting the contest is between a human and a fish, fowl or animal. All of this is a slow preamble to the fact that both baseball and golf, two playing games, are running out of kids. Both sports are looking for more of the young stars of other years—kids like Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth and Grover Alexander—or such golf kids as Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Walter Hagen, Francis Ouimet and Chick Evans who were stars at 20 and 21.

The fact is that neither baseball nor golf has the brilliant kids of 20 years ago.

Who are baseball's 1949 stars? Stan Musial, 28. Ted Williams, 30. Joe DiMaggio, 34. Lou Boudreau, 32. No kids have reported. It is the same in golf. Most of the stars include players above 31 or 32.

Sammy Sneed, Lloyd Mangrum, Byron Nelson, Jimmy Demaret are no longer on the younger competitive side.

They are well over 30. Cary Middlecoff is close to 30.

But the point is there are no Ty Cobbs, Bobby Jones, Walter Hagens, Gene Sarazens, etc., marked against the skyline. The great kids of yesterday, for the time being, are gone.

In baseball they are paying bonuses from \$50,000 to \$75,000 for high-school kids who might finally be worth \$2,000. Or nothing at all. You can't blame the kids, or their parents, for grabbing this sucker cash, the greatest sucker cash in the history of sports.

The two big leagues have invested over \$500,000 in kid bonus players. They will be lucky to get \$50,000 back in the way of value.

The age problem is even worse in golf. Such great kids as Bobby

Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Chick Evans and Francis Ouimet are now ghosts from another generation. Frank Stranahan, at 27, is the best we have left.

In both baseball and golf, the kid stars of long ago and now almost-forgotten years have moved into middle age. At least this is now where most of the headlines are long.

Golf's Leading Marvel

It was a matter of just 27 years ago over the well-trapped terrain of Skokie, Chicago, that 20-year-old Gene Sarazen won the open golf championship of the United States. I followed that final round. In the same year, Sarazen won the P.G.A. title at Oakmont.

Twenty-seven years is a long span in competitive sport. Yet a few days ago, I followed Gene Sarazen at the Masters in Augusta. He was hitting the ball better in 1949 than he was in 1922. He was longer off the tee and he was straighter. I saw good young golfers of 27 or 30 finish well in back of stocky Gene's wallop.

I spoke to Gene about this later. "You must be 10 or 15 yards better than you were at Skokie and Oakmont, when you were only 20," I said.

"There isn't any question about that," Gene said, with a well-remembered half grin. "I'm hitting the ball much better than I did when I was winning championships. I am both longer and straighter. I have control over a greater number of shots."

"Yes," he continued, "and I know your next question. Why is it I'm not winning? That's simple. There are two or three answers. One is legs. Another is ambition. The third is concentration. There is a lot of difference between your legs at 20 and 47. And tired golfers don't do so well."

"The only urge to win left years ago. When you've won the U.S. Open, the British Open, the P.G.A. and other titles, the old ambition of youth begins to wither."

You are no longer willing to take the mental and nerve beating. Even Bobby Jones wasn't.

"I kept playing but, like Jones, Nelson and others who retired, I found it impossible to keep concentrating through 72 holes, 36 holes or 18 holes. I can concentrate for a while, but not for too long. I miss a shot or two now and say, 'aw, what the heck,' and concentrate on about every third shot."

HOW TO FIX IT

By TOM GREGORY

IF YOU WANT AN INEXPENSIVE WALL-PAPER FOR THE DEN OR ATTIC, GET A BUNCH OF ROAD MAPS, TRIM THE BORDERS, APPLY THE SHEETS WITH WALLPAPER PASTE, AND COAT THEM WITH CLEAR SHELLAC.

BY HOLDING A DUSTPAN OVER THE MOUTH OF A BUCKET OF WATER, YOU CAN CREATE A WIDER STREAM FOR FIGHTING SMALL GRASS FIRES.

— Thanks to J. C. B., Ashland, Ky.