

DON'T SHOOT FIRST BASEMAN UNLESS . . .

# Childhood Memories Drive Batter Berserk

. . . YOU WISH TO BE SWITCHED TO THE MINORS

By H. I. PHILLIPS

## A PSYCHIATRIC EXAM

(Wherein Elmer Twitchell, having shot a first baseman, is questioned for reasons.)  
 Doctor.—Now, then, I want you to relax and let your thoughts run freely.  
 Elmer.—Are you a good psychiatrist?  
 Doctor.—Yes, I never played first base in my life.

Elmer.—What position did you play?  
 Doctor.—I was a southpaw pitcher in my college days.  
 Elmer.—That does it! I must have my gun back . . . Please, my gun! . . . It rests my nerves!  
 Doctor.—Quiet! I'm trying to help you out of a very serious jam.

You shot a ballplayer and can go to prison.

Elmer.—Do they put people in prison for shooting ballplayers?  
 Doctor.—If they didn't some clubs would be bumped off in a single afternoon. Now, listen, there must be a psychopathic reason for what you did. As a child how was your home life, and you'd better make it bad. Was there, for instance ever a Christmas when your folks spent \$5 on your brother for a first baseman's mitt and only \$2 on you for a book?  
 Elmer.—That could have done it.

Doctor.—Did your father ever read the baseball summaries aloud? Did you ever live in Brooklyn back in the days of those eccentric infielders? Was anybody in your family a baseball fanatic?  
 Elmer.—I had an uncle who used to recite that Costello thing entitled "Who's on First?"  
 Doctor.—Good. I'll make a note of that. In your infancy were you ever chased with a ball bat for not doing your homework?  
 Elmer.—I seem to remember something like that. And I recall that as a little child I was taught to walk too early. I developed an aversion to walks.

Doctor.—That would explain it if you shot a pitcher. In school did you ever have a teacher who wore a mask and chest protector?  
 Elmer.—No, but I had a kindergarten principal who carried a sawed-off bat and insisted he had been ordered to bunt.  
 Doctor.—In your immature years did you ever play softball?  
 Elmer.—Yes. I was such a poor hitter I never got to first except when hit by the pitcher. And I never got to second because there wasn't a .300 hitter on the team.

Doctor.—Now it's all clear. If you ever were to get to second base you knew you would have to shoot the first baseman . . . The idea took possession of you! . . . It became an urge! . . . You couldn't resist it! . . . We can explain everything to the court. You are as good as free.

Elmer.—Goody! Goody! Can I have my gun back?  
 Doctor.—Probably, but we may have to switch you to some other league!

President Truman says there is no depression. If you are out of work it is all a red herring.

Milton Berle and his former wife, Joyce Matthews, separated in 1947, were remarried the other day . . . The ceremony was disappointing to us as no Texaco quartette showed up to sing the wedding march . . . It was one time on a Berle program where the other performer got equal billing . . . Everything went off smoothly, Surrogate Bill Collins, who presided, refraining from opening the ritual with "Tell ya what I'm gonna do."

## VANISHING AMERICANISMS:

"All I need is steady work to have a good bank account."

"We'll give you one month free rent during alterations."

"Boys' Suits! Nothing over \$12."

"Let's live within our income."

"I've got 50 dollars; let's go to a nightclub."

When that new Sherwood-Berlin musical opens in New York the cry of the seat seekers may be "Give me Liberty or give me Kiss Me Kate!"

## Baccalaureate

Gentlemen of the classes of 1949: I am going to scrap the platitudes, ignore the old rhetorical patterns and skip anything resembling baloney balpus.

It will be a novelty, I am sure, to hear a baccalaureate a little different from the one delivered last year. I give you these three all-important words of three and four letters which rate paramount importance in the struggle ahead: "Use your head!"

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# MIRACLES

Grace Noll Crowell

THEY sought the Master's healing touch,  
 They followed Him down lane and field,  
 And every ailing, seeking one  
 Who came to Him was healed.

O Master, still today we come,  
 The great throngs down the earthly roads,  
 We bear our sorrow and our pain,  
 We stoop beneath our heavy loads.

We pray, and often grief is stilled,  
 And pain becomes a strange, past thing;  
 Our loads are lifted, many times  
 Even from our remembering.

And these are miracles as great  
 As those far ones on sea and land,  
 All healing, all release, dear Lord,  
 Comes from Thy hand, Thy unseen hand.

# Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO  
 BY INEZ GERHARD

IT'S NO WONDER that Ben Grauer is regarded as the outstanding special events reporter in radio and television. Starting as an announcer, he was switched by NBC to special events reporting and climbed to the top of the heap. He has covered everything from presidential inaugurations to golf matches, UN sessions to eelrises in Brazil, is much sought after as



BEN GRAUER

emcee for radio and television shows. Pleasing microphone personality and "the gift of gab" have helped make him a success, but the most important factor is his profound knowledge of politics, sports, psychology, science, literature—practically everything he needs to know.

Paulette Goddard says that curves are coming back into fashion, so far as the girls of the country are concerned, because men like womanly women. Paulette has practiced what she preaches; she put on 10 pounds for her role as the wayward heroine of Columbia's "Anna Lucasta" to make the lady alluring, says she looks and feels so well she's going to keep them.

When a drama in CBS' "Green Lama" series included two feminine suspects named Susan and Leslie only a few of the intimate friends of writer William Froug knew that he was announcing the birth of his daughter, Susan Leslie.

100,000 gallons of water and nine days' work by more than 100 technicians produced the cloudburst which menaces Marguerite Chapman and little Natalie Wood in "The Green Promise"—all done on a huge stage, indoors, at RKO.

# The Fiction ★ ★ BEST ALIBI ★ ★

By Richard H. Wilkinson

MAX SANDERS' home had been robbed of jewels valued at \$50,000. The jewels were kept in a wall safe behind a picture in Max's study, which was located on the second floor of his Beverly Hills home.

Inspector Ray Beatty was assigned to the case. Leo MacDougal, a police officer, who had been summoned from his beat, showed Inspector Beatty the evidence that had thus far been discovered. First there was a ladder placed against a window that opened into a second floor hall. This window had been discovered open.

Inspector Beatty told MacDougal to summon all the servants. Then he questioned them. They all had good excuses. Sid Furbush, a secretary, had spent the night at the movies with a friend. Edwards, the butler, had read in his room until Mr. and Mrs. Sanders returned from a party, when he admitted them.

It was right after that, that Mrs. Sanders went to the safe to replace the jewels she had worn, and found the others gone. Martha Greene, the housekeeper, had been in her room all evening. Her room was located on the second floor. She had gone down to the kitchen about 10 o'clock for a bite to eat and found Viola Matson, the maid, there with her boy friend. Returning, Martha had passed Edwards' room and seen Edwards sitting by his table, reading.

INSPECTOR BEATTY dismissed the servants and went back to the study. He examined every inch of it. Then he went into the hall and examined that. He also examined the window and the ladder and the ground below the window. It had rained a little the night before and he found some footprints beside the ladder. They looked like men's footprints.

Inspector Beatty sought out Sid Furbush. He asked the secretary if Max Sanders held business conferences in his study. Furbush said that he did.

"The chances are, then, that he's had occasion to open the safe when others were present?"

"It's quite likely."  
 "I want as complete a list as you can make me of all the people you've known to be in the study during the past month."

Inspector Beatty left Sid Furbush making out the list, summoned MacDougal and went down the hall. He entered one door after the next, first knocking to make sure the room was empty. Presently he returned to the hall, bearing a pair of

shoes. Carrying the shoes he returned to the study and asked Furbush if they were his shoes.

"Why, yes," said Furbush. "Why? Where did you get them?"

"Out of your closet. I searched the closets of all the servants till I found a pair of shoes with some mud on the soles. It was you who committed the robbery."

"You're crazy. That's a cock-eyed theory. The robber came up the ladder."

"No," said Inspector Beatty, "that's only what you expected us to believe. That's why you put the ladder there and left the window open. The robbery was committed before you placed the ladder there."

"How do you know that? You can't prove it."

"I won't have to. What I can prove is that no one came up the ladder. It rained last night. There was mud. There's mud on your shoes. The shoes fit the footprints at the foot of the ladder. Yet there is no mud at all on the rungs of the ladder. If there had been I would have probably been fooled and not been sure that some one inside committed the theft. Besides you had the best alibi. I checked with the man with whom you said you attended the movie. He broke down and confessed everything."

MacDougal was amazed. Afterwards he said to Beatty: "I didn't know you checked with Furbush's friend. When did that happen?"

"It didn't," said Beatty.

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- LAST WEEK'S ANSWER
- |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | H | A | N | S | L | A | N |
| H | A | L | E | C | A | P | T |
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| G | O | D | E | S | E | R | E |
| C | O | M | P | A | R | E |   |
| O | N | O | R | E | D | I | E |
| B | E | T | T | E | R | S |   |
| F | O | O | T | E | M | A | S |
| E | K | S | N | O | G | L | E |
| L | I | N | E | D | I | N | P |
| T | H | E | E | E | D | I | V |
| N | O | E | L | E | D | E | N |
| T | E | D | S | W | E | N | D |
- Answer to Puzzle No. 1:
- |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 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 |

- ACROSS
- Praise amount
  - Entire amount
  - Cushion unit
  - Decimal unit
  - Antelopes (Tibet)
  - Employs
  - Dishearten
  - Chinese silk
  - Otherwise
  - Sailor
  - Puneral pile
  - Wide-mouthed jug
  - Indehiscent fruit
  - Music note
  - Armadillo
  - At a distance
  - Estimates the worth of
  - East Asian herb
  - Melody
  - Doctrines
  - Trampled
  - Perceive by the ear
  - Utters sharp barks
  - River (Afr.)
- DOWN
- A story from the past
  - Expressions of sorrow
  - An evergreen tree
  - Water god (Babyl.)
  - Marked with lines
  - Weaken
  - Ostrich-like bird
  - Poke
  - Fermented liquor from rice (Jap.)
  - Observes

PUZZLE NO. 8

# Smile Awhile

"Why, when I was your age," Uncle Pete sounded off, "I got me a job in a grocery store, worked at four dollars a week for six years until I had enough money to buy the store. That goes to show you what hard work and ambition will do for a man. Why can't you go out and duplicate that?"

"Well," said Julius, shaking his head as if frustrated, "these modern cash registers are pretty hard to beat."

When he was informed of the untimely death of one of the boys he had baptized the aged minister shook his head sadly.

"Yes, how well I remember him," he said, "and I always connect his ambition with his pal's shiftlessness. He died young but I imagine he made quite a bit of money."

"Yes, he did," agreed his informant, "and he left a very beautiful widow."

"Well, that just goes to show the moral in hard work. The other fellow probably hasn't even got a wife."

"Oh, yes he has," the other corrected him, "he married the hard worker's widow."

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Fish today, but not tomorrow. To remove the odor of fish from a dish cloth, boil the cloth for five minutes in a solution of one tablespoon of baking soda to one quart of water. Rinse in warm water, then cold.

Dentist no boogie man. If mother will take the young child with her to the dentist long before he needs to have anything done to his teeth and just let the dentist look at the youngster's teeth each time, there will be no fear of the dentist when work must really be done.

Bound to be right. To adjust tie-back curtains so they are pinned back at the same distance from the sill on each side, pull down the window shade to the desired position and use that as a marker.

Somebody spilled the bean! When food boils over in the oven, sprinkle salt over the spilled food. This will put an end to unpleasant odor and smoke. Then clean the oven when baking is over.

The tray's the thing. If there's an invalid in the house, remember that the hours of the day mean little except when the next tray is brought in.

Glory to Betsy! Have you looked at the market basket lately? Better treat it to a good scrubbing with hot soap suds.

## Speaker to President

James K. Polk of Tennessee was the only speaker of the house of representatives to become President of the United States. Two speakers later became vice-president, however, Schuyler Colfax and John N. Garner.

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