

LAWN MOWER WITH SELF-EJECTING . . .

Minneapolis Lady Asks About Waltzing Mouse . . . BLADES PRESENTS NEW PROBLEMS

By H. I. PHILLIPS

'ANSWER MAN'

Q.—Miss Sapho Hosley, Cos Cob, Conn., writes in to find out if there is such a thing as a lawn mower with self-ejecting extra blades, and, if so, where she should throw the old ones.

A.—An engineer in Cleveland Ohio, is said to have invented a look-sharp-feel-sharp-be-sharp lawn

mower with a pack of 10 blades. We forget his last name, but his first name is Esau. Old lawn mower blades should be thrown off a bridge, never put in a medicine cabinet.

Q.—Edgar Woolbaum of Delaware Water Gap asks, "How many hairs are there on the back of a bee, and is it true a bee likes them parted in the middle?"

A.—There are said to be 234,582 hairs on the back of an adult bee, provided it has never had dandruff. Drones part their hair in the middle. Busy bees have no time to bother about such things.

Q.—A lady in Minneapolis asks: "How many turns does a waltzing mouse make per minute, and is food a factor?"

A.—According to the last quarterly report of the Waltzing Mice Research Bureau, these creatures average three turns per second. This is sometimes slowed down by mice cutting in during the waltz. A pastry diet is bad, too.

Q.—A mother in Hoboken, N.J., asks: "Is it true that tattooed women are barred from Miss America contests?"

A.—No, but there seems to be no demand for them. The rules are, however, very broad. A woman in Derby, Conn., dyed her skin red, white and blue, and only lost the victory in a Miss Barber Pole of 1948 contest by three lengths.

Q.—A seamstress from Tallahassee, Fla., writes to ask: "Can cornsilk be used to stuff a sofa?"

A.—Yes, cornsilk can be used, and it is good fun, too. Short lengths of cornsilk make it more exciting. Golden Bantam corn is best. Some people have done wonders stuffing sofas with lint collected from black pants.

Q.—A man in Baltimore, Md., asks: "Will a halibut live in captivity, and where can halibut bowls be bought?"

A.—A man named Krosshiev-movitzosky in Butte, Mont., once kept a male halibut in the bathtub of his home for seven months under the impression it was a salmon. The barrauda is preferred as a house pet if what you want is adventure.

Q.—A young woman in Houston, Tex., wants to know who invented the clamrake?

A.—I'm glad she asked that question. The curator of the International Clamrake Museum and Oyster Fork Institute says it was designed by an Englishman named Zilch, patented by two Frenchmen and built by a Canadian clam trapper. This makes it a Russian invention.

(Send in your question to our answer man and get the important facts of life cleared up so you can go on about your duties.)

UNREST ON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

(Unrest is reported sweeping Robinson Crusoe's island in the South Pacific.)—News item.)

Crusoe—Friday, you don't seem co-operative today. What's wrong?

Friday—I've been Friday long enough. I wanna be Thursday.

Crusoe—Why?

Friday—It shortens the week. Crusoe—Come, come, you must be joking.

Friday—Not at all. I may even want to make it seem shorter by having my name changed to Wednesday.

Crusoe—We're the only two men on this island. We've been getting along famously. You've been my right-hand man.

Friday—Yes, but I feel a pull to the left. Crusoe—Not here, surely. We've been very happy together, have we not?

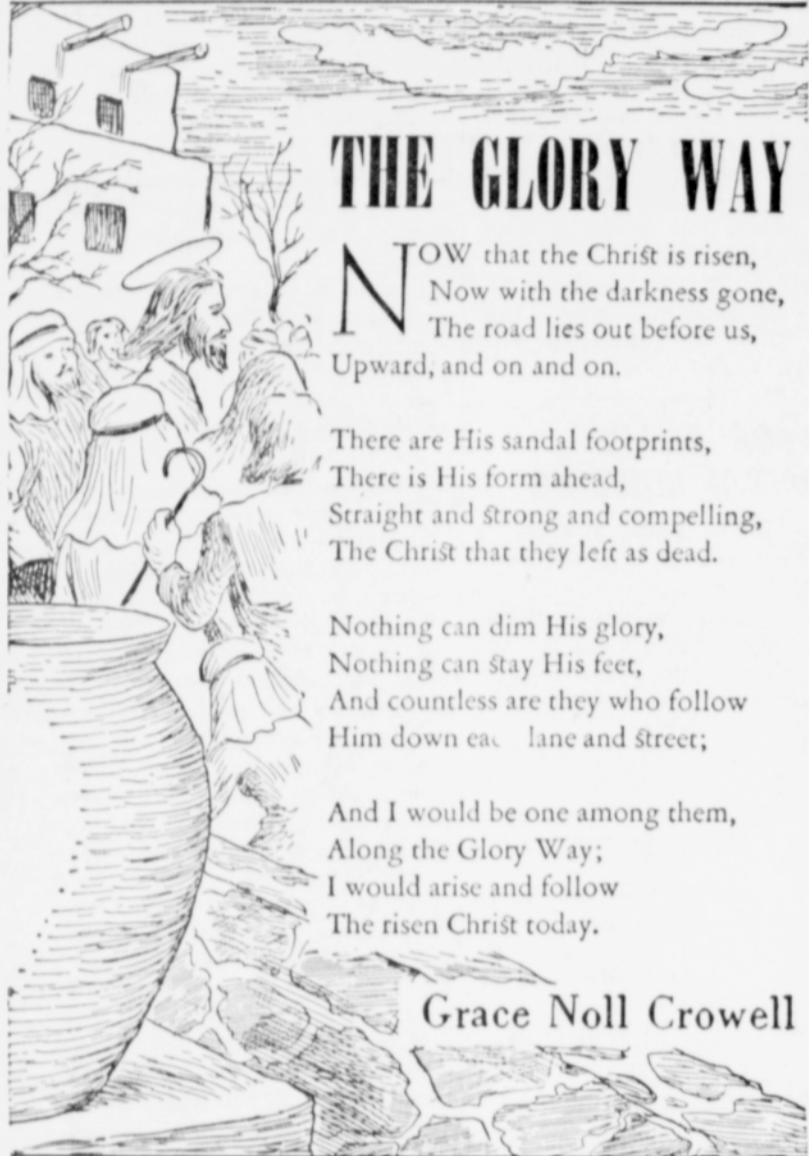
Friday—There must be a capitalistic plot behind it somehow. I'm so happy it must be wrong, one way or another.

Crusoe—Now run along and fetch me some coconuts.

Friday—There you go exploiting me!

Crusoe—Look, we are both in the same boat. How could one exploit the other?

Friday—If I had a copy of the Daily Worker I could tell you. This island is so remote I don't even get Pravda.



THE GLORY WAY

NOW that the Christ is risen, Now with the darkness gone, The road lies out before us, Upward, and on and on.

There are His sandal footprints, There is His form ahead, Straight and strong and compelling, The Christ that they left as dead.

Nothing can dim His glory, Nothing can stay His feet, And countless are they who follow Him down each lane and street;

And I would be one among them, Along the Glory Way; I would arise and follow The risen Christ today.

Grace Noll Crowell

Star Dust STAGE SCREEN RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

ALTHOUGH she now has three network programs on the air, ("Kate Smith Sings," "Kate Smith Speaks," both on Mutual, and her two-hour "Kate Smith's Music Room" on ABC.) Miss Smith can sit down and talk with you as if she were just a comfortable, homey woman who knew a lot about cooking and housekeeping.



KATE SMITH

Unlike many of radio's women stars, she is not so obsessed by her own career that an absent-minded look comes into her eyes whenever anything else is mentioned. Perhaps it is that warm, human quality that makes her the most listened-to woman on the air.

When selecting "The Ten Outstanding Voices in the World" the National Academy of Vocal Arts named Ben Grauer's as the "Most Authoritative" and Dan Seymour's as the "Friendliest," because of its warmth and complete naturalness.

Production halted momentarily when Jean Dean walked onto the "Angels in Disguise" set at Monogram for her featured role in this latest of the Bowery Boys series. Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall and the crew could hardly take their eyes off the gorgeous red-head, who was the original Varga girl model. Formerly under contract at MGM, she plays the feminine lead in "Angels."

Realizing during their travels that the traffic situation is becoming worse everywhere, the March of Time editors decided to do something about it. They consulted experts, got solutions and recommendations and "Stop—Heavy Traffic" is the result. It shows how bad traffic can be, and the methods used by some towns to work out the problem.

The Fiction CORNER ★ ★ GREAT MAN ★ ★

By Richard H. Wilkinson

IF PROFESSOR AARON Cheswick was famous he was not aware of this fact. He was too busy with his experiments in the field of chemistry, with teaching the undergraduates of Mapleridge College the rudiments of elementary science, with writing papers and books in which he set forth (in an almost apologetic style) the results of his experiments, and with reading avidly the works of such great scientists as Mons. Oliver Davillier and Senor Alfredo Valle Indan, both of whom had long ago won his respect and admiration.

He was an unpretentious looking little man, this Professor Cheswick, with pale blue eyes and horn-rimmed glasses and a pasty complexion. He wasn't one to attract attention or to assert himself. He went about with a perpetual far-away look in his eyes.

There came a time when a problem presented itself that challenged his skill and knowledge. He labored over it for days. The days became weeks and the weeks months. At last, worn and haggard, the little man was ready to admit defeat.

Time after time he returned to it, only to find himself defeated. He visited every library within miles, read every book by Davillier and Indan, as well as other great scientists that was available, but without finding the answer.

In the end Profesor Cheswick had an idea. It was summer. He needed a vacation. Why not take a month off, visit Europe and perhaps call on Davillier and Indan and ask them personally to clear up the matter that so burdened his mind?

A week later Professor Cheswick sailed for France. The little school teacher was a lonely figure. He struck up a few acquaintances. He wasn't the type to attract people. But he enjoyed the trip. This was something he had never done before.

He was glad when the boat docked. Eagerly he looked ahead to his meeting with Mons. Davillier. But alas! The next day Professor Cheswick learned that Mons. Davillier had gone to America for his summer holiday and was not expected to return for another month.

The little scientist was depressed and disappointed. His time was short. Madrid, where lived Senor Indan was a long way off. Yet it could be reached, he thought suddenly and excitedly, by plane in a very short while.

HE WAS DELIGHTED to learn that Senor Indan was in Madrid. Yes, it was difficult to obtain an

interview with the great man. He was constantly being pressed for interviews. What was it the American wanted to see him about? A problem? Ah, yes, Senor Indan was requested to solve so many problems. It was very, very doubtful if he would grant an interview for such a slight matter. However, if the American would care to take his chances, Senor Indan was to appear at a reception on Tuesday night. Possibly there would be an opportunity to ask his question . . .

Professor Cheswick attended the reception. He stood in line for hours, a quiet, unassuming, unimportant looking little man, waiting for his chance to speak to the great Senor Indan. It came at last. At last the Mapleridge school teacher and scientist stood before the man he respected more than anyone else in the world.

He was so overcome by awe that for a moment he just stared. Senor Indan frowned impatiently and Professor Cheswick found his voice. He stated his question. The Senor's brows arched in surprise.

"An unusual question, Senor," he said. "Frankly, I cannot answer it. There is only one man in the world with enough knowledge and learning to find the answer. He is one of your own countrymen. My good friend Mons. Davillier is at this moment in America seeking an interview with this wizard whom the whole scientific world respects and admires, yet who is so absorbed in his work that it is difficult to persuade him to appear in public. I refer to Professor Aaron Cheswick of Mapleridge college."

SPORTSCOPE By JOE MAHONEY

PETE REISER



HOLDS THE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD FOR STEALING HOME, HE SWIPED THE BASE SIX TIMES DURING 1941 WHILE WITH THE DODGERS.

SPORTLIGHT I Wonder in What Far-Off Rings?

By GRANTLAND RICE

I WONDER in what far off rings Jim Corbett's spectre waits on view? Where Jefferies books and old Fitz swings Or Louis spins his follow through Where is Jack Dempsey's crashing fist As Tunney holds the foe at bay? Sit looking through the logs and mists Where are ghosts of yesterday?

The Ezzard Charles Rating

Since the melancholy spectacle in Chicago known as the N.B.A. heavyweight championship, various experts and noncombatants have been busy attempting to rate Ezzard Charles, the winner. The best rating would seem to place Charles somewhere between the post-Tunney and the pre-Louis period.

It is difficult to make any clear cut estimate since he was facing an opponent who refused to fight, the same being Jersey Joe Walcott. Charles is a better boxer than Max Baer, Primo Carnera and Jim Braddock. He is no better a boxer than Jack Sharkey or Max Schmeling happened to be. He can't punch with Baer, Braddock or Schmeling. That post-Tunney, pre-Louis period was a Grantland Rice sad one for the fight game—especially the heavyweight game. This new era, now rolling in, will be just as sad or possibly even sadder.

There is no complaint about the N.B.A. calling the Charles-Walcott fiasco a championship fight. It was a terrible fight to watch from start to finish. Jersey Joe Walcott started at a rather brisk pace but, after the second round, suddenly decided that he was through for the evening.

He had collected three pretty fair purses in a row and he had been around 19 years. He had squeezed about all he could out of mediocrity.

You can't keep on making lemonades out of one lemon. Certainly the heavyweight situation doesn't want any more of Jersey Joe Walcott. This recent show was one place where the promoters had to work without any working material.

The fight mob for years had been accustomed to fellows like Dempsey, Tunney and Louis who could box and also punch. Tunney was no stick of dynamite but he could cut you up and hurt you. The fight mob had become too accustomed to Joe Louis to start cheering for an Ezzard Charles or a Joe Walcott, minus any part of personal appeal. Or even impersonal appeal.

Charles was at least willing to fight, while to Walcott the thought of hitting someone or being hit was decidedly abhorrent. Walcott would have been an ideal soldier in the War of the Roses.

More About Charles

Charles is a serious, earnest young fellow who is a good boxer and who is willing. But he is never overanxious. He is careful. He tried to make a fight of it but his punching was too feathery to make him dangerous.

Charles is not much of a puncher, even with a fair shot at some antagonist. Here was Walcott in front of him for 15 rounds and yet Walcott emerges without a knockdown or a scratch outside of a split upper lip.

This isn't the type of fighter who is going to revive the lagging fight game and start the multitude cheering loudly. For all of that Ezzard Charles is very likely the best heavyweight fighter left in the world today.

He should have no great trouble handling either Woodcock or Savold. Woodcock never was very much and Savold is well over the hill. Charles lacks any touch of fire or flame. He is merely a pretty good workman who is involved with inferior material.

Louis has been through for several years. His title was worth at least a million dollars to some ambitious fellow who could learn how to box and punch. The inducement has been the richest prize in sport.

The ring game has had at least six years in which to develop just one fighter, one good fighter. The net result has been Ezzard Charles, who, in baseball parlance, would be rated a .270 hitter.

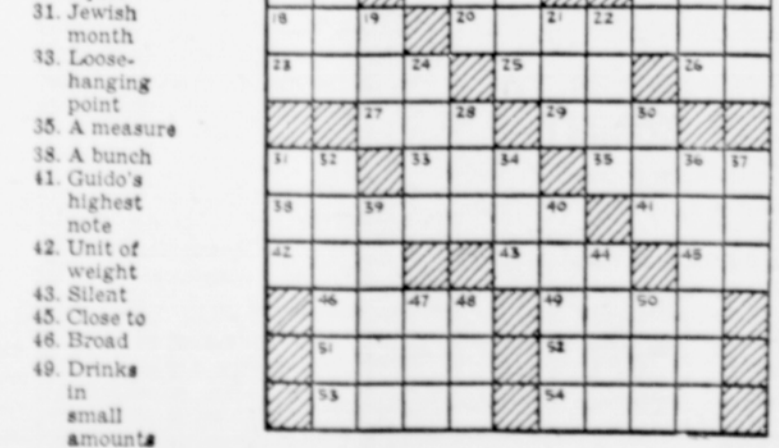
Gene Tunney stopped Tom Heeney and retired in July, 1928. Max Schmeling won from Jack Sharkey on a foul in July, 1930.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



- CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS: 1. Plausibly, 2. Oily, 3. Not strict, 4. Species of pepper plant, 5. Outer dress, 6. Loiter, 7. Sharp, 8. Scissors, 9. Craze, 10. Crown, 11. Greek letter, 12. Chills, 13. Music note, 14. Dry, said of wine, 15. Spigot, 16. Tree, 17. Light cavalry soldiers, 18. Coloring agents, 19. Chum, 20. River, 21. Drinking vessel, 22. Alcoholic liquor, 23. Jewish month, 24. Loose-hanging point, 25. A measure, 26. A bunch, 27. Guido's highest note, 28. Unit of weight, 29. Silent, 30. Close to, 31. Broad, 32. Drinks in small amounts, 33. Town (Eng.), 34. Journey, 35. Tear, 36. Affirmative votes, 37. DOWN, 38. Gun (slang), 39. Born, 40. Soapy water, 41. Division of a play causing air currents, 42. Precious stone, 43. Seizes, 44. Measure (Arab.), 45. Join, 46. Covered with rust, 47. Put on, as clothes, 48. Conclude, 49. Herb (Hawaiian)



PUZZLE NO. 9

HOW-TO-FIX-IT By Harold Arnett

PADDED THIMBLE

IN CASE YOUR FINGER GETS SORE FROM YOUR THIMBLE WHEN YOU SEW, TRY USING A MUCH LARGER THIMBLE AND PAD IT WITH THIN FELT. THE FELT CAN BE HELD IN PLACE BY MEANS OF RUBBER CEMENT OR ANY OTHER HOUSEHOLD CEMENT.



IF YOU HAVE CHICKENS AND FEED THEM BEETS, CARROTS, ETC., YOU CAN MAKE A DANDY HOLDER FOR THESE VEGETABLES BY FASTENING THE COILS OF AN OLD BEDSPRING TO A WALL OR POST. THIS HELPS TO PREVENT WASTE.