

DRIVER CAN TRANSFORM HIS FLIVVER . . . Newest Models Have Built-in Parking Space . . . INTO AN APARTMENT AUTOMATICALLY

By H. I. PHILLIPS

USEFUL AUTOS

THE latest trend in auto design is toward a pleasure car that can be transformed, presto, into something else. By little more than button pressing one model is converted into a truck or station wagon. Similarly, another model has a trunk compartment that can be made into something of a bou-

doir. We look for extensions of the trend, bringing perhaps, the combination sedan, deep-freeze unit and rumpus room.

Elmer Twitchell, the eminent engineer, is at work on a design for flivving that will give the summer auto tourist a car to be known as the cabana special. You can drive it

onto the beach anywhere, throw a switch and change it into a beach cabana with cocktail bar.

Mr. Twitchell has other utilitarian models in mind for Detroit including the following:

1. Fisherman's special. Here the back-seat area can be converted into a huge aquarium for live bait, with a fish well for the day's catch. The car itself is aquatic and by a few wrist motions can be converted into a motor or sailboat. As an extra there is a sun lamp under which the fisherman can loll and lie to one another in comfort.

2. The Loaf-a-Mobile. Here, by a remarkable use of engineering skills, an extension can be whisked from the back end of the car which becomes, as if by sheer magic, a patio with flowered walls and bird-bath. A palm tree can be had in the deluxe model. Through this model the problem of having an auto, a beach home and a small yard is solved.

3. The Kitchen-Eight. Lives there an autoist who has never longed to whip up a meal en route? In this model Mr. Twitchell gives the world a roomy limousine in which the touch of a button transforms the rear of the car into a complete kitchenette with icebox, stove, pantry shelves, cabinets, etc. A compartment for live birds is included in case the owner wants a fresh chicken dinner.

4. The 12-cylinder What-Fun. By a few manipulations, taking less than 10 seconds, this model, seemingly an ordinary touring car, is converted into a police car with all the traditional symbols and sirens. The mechanical devices which accomplish this change also slap a police hat onto the driver. There is no model as satisfactory as this to operators in a hurry.

The Accordion-Kar. Here Mr. Twitchell has something which

will be the answer to every autoist's prayer. It is a model which folds up when the driver wishes to park it. All hands alight, a button is touched and the car contracts in the manner of an accordion until it takes up little more room than an umbrella. The car can then be left in hotel lobbies, home hallways, or even phone booths.

(Note—Order this last one early. It is going to be hard to get.)

Race-Chart Stuff: Right Jab . . . Often gets left. Trifle . . . Not much. Swords Point . . . Sharp. Shopper . . . Apt to stop. Laurel Road . . . Plenty green.

"Have nice, black, lady's suit worn three times, size 32; will swap for maple sirup or maple things. JY 314 Mass."—Yankee Magazine.

What would you say to taking some flapjacks used only twice?

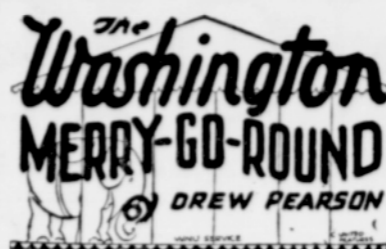
"For Sale — Thoroughbred English Bulldog Pup. Price \$75. Must make room for wife, three children, cat, rabbit and horse. 459 J." Clinton, N. Y. Courier.

And you know how cramped these modern bungalows are.

"140 Base Piano Accordion, Chimes watch, 38-caliber Colt automatic, 20-gauge shotgun, hockey skates, diamond-studded Elks' button to swap for outboard motor. JY 315 Ill."—Yankee Magazine.

Try cranking the Elks' button again; it may start.

Ye ed hears that Olsen & Johnson have received offers to quit Buick for Hercules Powder and the du Pont Corporation . . . What do Olsen & Johnson do when they encounter a quiet zone? . . . Maybe Mike Quill's excuse for those fast strikes is that his brakes don't work. . . . A cutie from Carolina Beach won the Lion's beauty contest and is Miss Lion of 1949.



Tribute to Soldier

NEWSPAPERS carried a little note about President Truman driving his own car to Leesburg, Va., recently, but there was no other explanation of why he went there. Here is the reason why:

Some weeks ago, Sen. Cabot Lodge, Massachusetts Republican, was visiting Gen. George Marshall at Leesburg, when the ex-secretary of state showed him the grave of Col. Edward D. Baker, former U.S. senator from Oregon, killed in action during the Civil War.

The stone marker was covered with moss. Vines and vegetation had grown up over the spot, and General Marshall remarked to the senator from Massachusetts that it was a shame a senator from Oregon who had fought so gallantly should be so ungallantly remembered.

Later, General Marshall reported this to President Truman, and some days later, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon got a message from the President telling him that a former Oregon senator lay unremembered at Leesburg, and suggesting that they both visit the grave.

Morse accepted. But before leaving, he sent over to the library of congress to find out more about Colonel Baker. The library reported that he was killed at Ball's Bluff, Va., but buried at Lone Mountain cemetery, San Francisco. Furthermore, the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was wounded in the same battle, described in one of his books how Senator Baker's body was carried back to the west coast—at that time an unheard-of trip for a war casualty.

Truman as Chauffeur

Senator Morse, however, had no opportunity to break this news to President Truman until the two got in the White House car—a Lincoln—for their drive to Leesburg.

Their first conversation was about the fact that the President was driving himself, the senator discreetly inquiring when the President had last driven.

Mr. Truman admitted he hadn't driven for a couple of years, but said he still remembered how. As the trip continued, it was evident that whatever the President lacked in skill as a chauffeur, he made up in zestful driving. With the secret service men sitting nervously in the rear, the President enjoyed every minute of it.

Finally, Senator Morse broke the news.

"I looked up Senator Baker of Oregon," he said, "and the library of congress informs me that while he was shot at Ball's Bluff, he was buried at San Francisco."

The Presidential car nearly swerved off the road.

Recovering, Mr. Truman said that General Marshall would feel bad about bringing them all the way to Leesburg for nothing. We mustn't hurt his feelings," he added. "You leave this to me."

So, after lunch, as General Marshall escorted the party three miles away to the supposed grave of Senator Baker, Mr. Truman broke the news that he wasn't buried there after all. General Marshall wasn't entirely convinced, however, and led them to the grave.

There they found that the library of congress was right. The tombstone was merely a marker stating that "Col. Baker was killed here, Oct. 21, 1861." There was no indication that he was buried there. In fact, the bodies of 54 other federal soldiers had been removed to a near-by grave.

General Marshall felt bad about bringing the President and Senator Morse down to Leesburg on a wild-goose chase, but they didn't feel that way at all. They were delighted to have the excuse to get away from Washington, and they arranged to have a gardener tidy up the spot where Colonel Baker fell. No new monument, they agreed, was necessary.

Note—Senator Baker, born in England, served in the house of representatives from Illinois, then moved to Oregon about the time of the gold rush and was elected to the U.S. senate from Oregon in 1859. He enlisted in the 71st Pennsylvania volunteers, and was temporarily commissioned a major general.

Secret Lounge

The story has never been told how the Democrats discovered a secret cocktail lounge in the Capitol building after they took over from the Republicans.

The lounge was fixed up by ex-Sen. Curly Brooks of Illinois and his political protegee, ex-Sergeant-at-arms Edward McGinnis, in one of the historic rooms of the Capitol. When Brooks lost, Sen. Hayden (Ariz.) found the lounge.

Milk Products Add To Turkey Profits

More Eggs Result Of Judicious Use

Increased egg production of nearly 25 per cent and an increased profit of \$2.57 per hen, as a result of adding milk products to the rations of breeding turkeys, is indicated in results of a feeding demonstration reported by the Kraft foods company.

Two similar flocks of broad breasted bronze turkeys on the Lester Woodhams' ranch at Sonora, Calif., were placed on test at the beginning of the season. Both flocks were fed a ration consisting of commercial breeder mash in pellet form, some oats and a little corn. One flock had 130 hens and the other 204. Breeding and management of the two flocks was identical. A pelletized milk product was added to the ration of the smaller flock.



These turkeys show what excellent results can be obtained by turkey raisers with use of proper feed and control of flocks.

Careful records of egg production and feed consumption were maintained from the start of egg production, February 21, to May 26 when the birds were marketed because of the lateness of the hatching season. Both flocks were producing at better than 40 per cent when marketed.

During the 94-day laying period the 130 hens in the flock receiving the pelletized milk product laid a total of 6,257 eggs, an average of 48.1 eggs each. In the same period the 204 hens in the control flock laid 7,811 eggs, or an average of 38.3 each. This meant that the test flock produced better than 25 per cent more eggs. Rate of production was 51.2 per cent for the test flock compared to 40 per cent for the control flock.

Eggs from the test flock graded 91.6 per cent saleable for hatching against 89.3 per cent for the control flock. With hatching eggs at 32 cents each, this meant that each hen receiving the pelletized milk product produced an average of \$14.11 worth of hatching eggs, or \$3.17 more than the average for the control flock, which was \$10.94.

Ancient Beans



Indian beans from varieties reportedly many thousands of years old are being tested by Cornell plant growers for qualities that may help growers get better crops. The beans came from the Allegany reservation and the samples are shown here by T. L. York, assistant in plant breeding at Cornell.

Superphosphate Assists Effectiveness of Manure

One load of manure can be made to do the work of two in topdressing fields, if superphosphate is added before manure is spread, says Prof. C. J. Chapman, of the University of Wisconsin. He suggests putting 25 to 30 pounds of superphosphate in the spreader as the manure goes out onto the field, or scattering superphosphate in barn gutters at the rate of a pound per cow per day.

God Spoke to Me Today

GOD spoke to me today,
Through the gray mist above the hills
Before the day was quite awake;
Through the pink splendor of the east,
The lilac lights across the lake.
He spoke, a voice within the wind:
The little gentle winds that blow,
A bed of tulips in the sun,
Each deepest golden heart aglow,
Were God's own messengers to me—
I love him so! I love him so!

God spoke to me today —
His voice? Nay, I could not mistake.
I hear him speaking clear tonight
As the day dies and in the west
The crimson sun sinks from my sight.
Uncomraded awhile I mark
Now far, now near the darkness grow,
And lo, he speaketh, "Child of mine,
When days and nights all passing go,
Still will I hold thee, still will keep—
I love thee so, I love thee so!"

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

LARRY PARKS, who just finished "Jolson Sings Again" at Columbia, shares a fondness for old songs with his wife, Betty Garrett. They have one of the largest collections of player piano rolls in America, also a foot-operated piano. So a party at the Parks' means that everybody makes a beeline for the rumpus room; with



LARRY PARKS

cider and pretzels for refreshment, and Larry pumping the pedals, they lift their voices in old favorites like "Sheik of Araby," "Whispering" and "Moonlight Bay." Incidentally, "Jolson Sings Again" is reported to be even better than the film that made Parks famous.

Radio's Galen Drake has finally given in to the demands of his listening audience; for the first time in his career, he has given a magazine permission to use his picture, (full color, at that!) with an exclusive story. His multitude of fans will be happy to learn that "This Is Galen Drake" will appear in the September issue of Radio Mirror Magazine.

For the first time in his life Danny Kaye is thinking of taking a nice, long rest. In "The Inspector General," at Warners', he wrestled with professionals, had several sword fights and performed assorted acrobatics.

Columnists are always reporting that Howard ("Sam Spade") Duff is engaged to somebody. The weirdest "engagement" was to a stage actress, Eloise Jansen—Duff didn't know her, finally found the columnist had invented her.

Betty Hutton was just recovering from one injury — she broke a finger while rehearsing a dance routine with Fred Astaire for "Let's Dance" — when she broke a toe while playing on the beach at Malibu with her daughters.

The Fiction Corner

TRAPPER JOE

By Richard H. Wilkinson

THE BLIZZARD, first of the season, was roaring fitfully when Trapper Joe climbed over the river bank and approached his cabin. Midway across the intervening clearing he stumbled over something and almost fell. The something, he discovered, was a man,

3-Minute Fiction

almost buried by snow, unconscious. Trapper Joe rolled the stiff form over and

saw a huge pack strapped to the man's back. He grunted, picked up pack and man, and carried both into his cabin.

Trapper Joe examined the pack and found that it contained five pouches, each filled to capacity with gold dust. There must, he reflected, be thousands of dollars worth.

PRESENTLY the blanket-swathed figure stirred. Trapper Joe stared down at it solemnly. The unconscious man's eyelids fluttered, then opened.

"Take it easy, pardner," said Trapper Joe. "You're coming around."

The man stared at Trapper Joe, then sat bolt upright.

"Where am I?" he demanded. your cabin, but—"

"What happened? I remember setting out for the Post. It began to snow. I kept falling. Then I saw

"But you didn't have the strength to make it. I found you almost dead. I lugged you back here and nursed life back into your body. You're safe, and so's your gold."

"Sure. Some of it spilled out. You must have made a rich strike."

"I did. A pocket. I stayed too late in order to get it all out. My name's Tim McLeary." He eyed Trapper Joe curiously. "Kinda queer having this happen; waking up and finding myself alive and—"

Trapper Joe nodded. "You're wondering why I didn't leave you there to die and appropriate the dust, eh? Well, I considered it. Then thought of what a chance I'd be taking. I thinks: When he wakes up he'll see I saved his life. wakes up he'll see I saved his life.

McLeary brushed a hand across his face. His lips tightened. "I get it. You were scared to snatch the stuff. You figured I'd give you half of it on account of you saved my life.

"You're a cool one all right."

McLeary twisted his thin lips into a grin. "Mebbe it was good figurin' at that. Mind if I take a sleep? I feel sorta weak."

"Drink some more soup first. Warm you up inside."

OUTSIDE the storm beat and tore at the tiny cabin. Pres-

ently Trapper Joe slept. Time passed. The storm diminished in volume, died. The figure near the fire stirred, sat up, listened to Trapper Joe's deep breathing and reached for a stick of firewood.

Trapper Joe returned to consciousness to find himself bound in his bunk. He struggled at his bonds.

After an intermittently long time he freed himself, chafed his wrists, flexed his muscles. Then he built up the fire. There was a note above the mantel. "Sorry, old timer, I've been dreaming of a strike like this for years. I'm young and can enjoy the money. There's not enough for two. I've tied you lightly and left enough supplies to see you through the winter. Thanks for the lift."

Trapper Joe folded the note and put it in his shirt pocket.

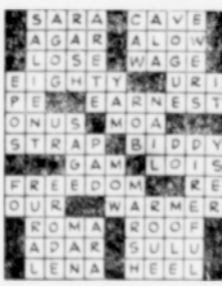
"Time to celebrate," he said aloud. "'Sides, I'll be wantin' to travel light so's I can reach the Indian village in three days' time."

Before sitting down to his feast he lifted a loose board behind the chimney and hoisted up a gallon can. He opened the can and his eyes lighted at sight of the yellow gleaming particles of dust there.

He chuckled and replaced the can. "Well," he soliloquized, "the kid had a chance to play fair, and didn't take it. If he'd been willin' to split I'd have come half way. I'll take him a week to reach the post. By that time I'll be safe and sound."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



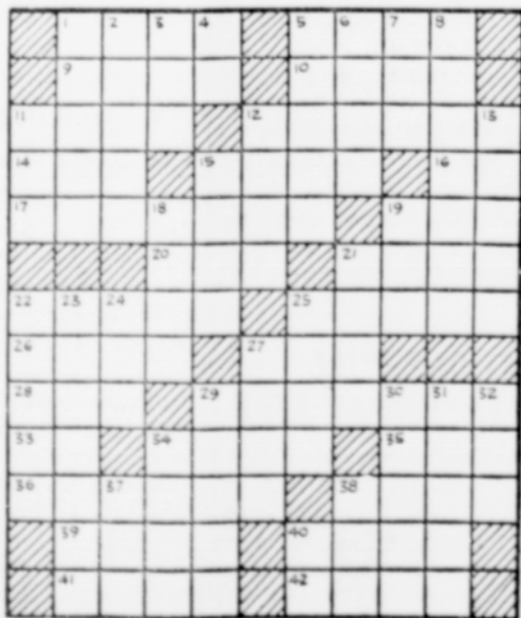
Answer to puzzle No. 12

ACROSS

- Dull
- Braid ornament on dress
- Precious stone
- River (Fr.)
- Young sheep
- Impede
- Hail!
- A fortified place
- Storm-god (Babyl.)
- Fireplace shelves
- Foot-like part
- Owined
- A cry used in golf
- Kind of evergreen
- Transparent material
- Below (naut.)
- River in Chile
- Soak flax
- Forest wardens
- King of Bashan (Bib.)
- Cover with cemer
- A wire measure
- Age
- Capably
- Town (Alaska)
- S-shape molding
- Rip
- Poet

DOWN

- River (Eur.)
- First stomach of ruminants
- Warp-yarn
- At hand
- Exhibitions
- A dwarf plant or person
- Strange
- Queer old fellows (slang)
- Escape (slang)
- Place where cargo is stored (naut.)
- Tricks
- Terror
- Melt
- Blue grass
- Ensign
- Billiard stroke
- Richly ornamental
- Speck
- Departed
- Wash
- More infrequent
- Live coal
- Vexed
- Cunning
- Cougar
- Digit
- Turkish title
- Gulf (Sib.)



PUZZLE NO. 11