

STIFF COLLARS, CUFFS TAKE ALL . . . Yours Truly, for More Flexible Shirt Tails . . . THE 'STARCH' OUT OF PHILLIPS

By H. I. PHILLIPS

'NO STARCH'

"THEY STARCHED my shirts again," we said to the wife. "Well, don't say it so accusingly," she replied. "I didn't do it. It's the laundry."

"But the laundry has been told again and again not to put any starch in 'em," we said.

"I'm all in from repeating the word 'No starch' to it," said the

wife.

"What does the laundry say?" "It says 'O. K. No starch.'"

"And back it comes starched in technicolor, with the collars on summer shirts as hard as lawn-mower blades, and the cuffs so hard you have to button them with a chisel and hammer. Why don't we change laundries?" we moaned.

"Hah!" snorted the missus.

"Change 'em and what do you get?"

"More starch," we suggested.

"Exactly! The laundries or the laundry workers are in a great national conspiracy in restraint of soft collars and cuffs. They are in a secret society dedicated to the use of starch. Their motto is 'You'll take starch and like it!'"

carefree as we opened it. Then we leaped through the second story window.

"I know," called the wife, looking out. "Starch!"

"Starch," we admitted, crawling from the shrubbery, cut and bleeding.

VIDEO AND EDUCATION

College courses by television are now being announced. We suppose the grads will win iceboxes instead of diplomas.

And get minkskins instead of sheepskins.

We can see it all now . . . the baccalaureate by Howdy Doody.

But a lot of people have felt that our educational system flickered too much as it is.

Personally we feel that education hasn't been dramatic enough. A jackpot could have helped us through ancient history. And we are positive that we would have done better under our professors if they had introduced puppets in the Latin, French and mathematics courses.

We just had to get an education, such as it was, by study. We had no outside aerial.

But now we are entering an era when ignorance may be easily attributable to the fact that the set was connected up poorly and lacked a "booster."

Your education may become a little dependent on fuses and you may find that your low scholarship resulted from a small screen.

Ira Hirschbaum, former education and now a video official, makes the announcement that Hunter college will make the first tests in video education, with history the first televised subject. Lectures on historic events will be synchronized with the picture, the cash prize on the commercial.

We resolved to investigate. We spread our shirts among different laundries. Our routine was the same at each laundry.

"Does this laundry do shirts without starching them?" we asked.

"Certainly. All you gotta do is specify you don't want no starch, mister."

"I so specify. Do you want it in writing?"

"Naw. I'll put a note on it 'no starch.' Then it goes through and comes out with no starch."

"I've been putting notes 'no starch' on my shirts for years," we said.

The laundryman looked surprised. "I can't remember that," he said. "Are you sure they came back starched?"

"Look at my neck. You think those red circles are from rope?" we demanded.

"Some laundries are careless, you know how it is. With us when a customer says no starch he gets no starch. We got a system."

"What is it?"

"We have a starch department and a no-starch department. All the stuff that don't want starch goes to the starch department. Also we got a starch superintendent and a no-starch superintendent. And on top of that we got starch and no-starch classification clerks and inspectors. Here's something else, we don't use much starch anyhow, even if you ask for starch."

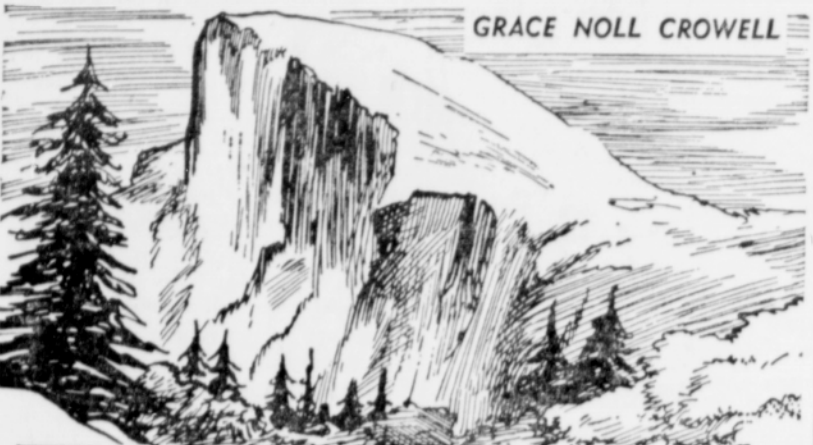
"So these shirts will come back with no starch then?"

"You can take my starch—beg pardon—my word for it."

"Positively no starch!"

"The laundry came back in a few days. We felt confident and

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



The Everlasting Arms

AROUND me and about me and beneath me,
Closer than breathing, closer than any friend,

The everlasting arms draw near to shield me,
To comfort and to keep me to the end.

Earthly arms grow weary in their holding,
Earthly arms may fail the weight they bear,
But oh, these everlasting arms, enfolding,
Have never one brief moment failed me there.

I wake each morning in their blessed keeping,
I rise to serve, or wait his blessed will.
Life passes—whether waking, whether sleeping,
God's everlasting arms will hold me still.

Star Dust STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

PRETTY ROSEMARY PETTIT thinks she's just like any American girl; had no exotic birthplace for Hollywood to make a fuss about—she was born in Tulsa, Okla. She went to high school and college, one year, in California, where she lives. She had to go to New York for Hollywood to discover her and take her back for bits in Michael Curtiz productions.



ROSEMARY PETTIT

She returned to New York to study, went back again, really ready for films this time. You will see her in Warners' "The Lady Takes a Sailor," and later in Curtiz' "Young Man with a Horn," for which she's just gone west, after a season in summer stock at Princeton, N. J.

Paul Henreid, seen currently in Paramount's "Rope of Sand," will be long remembered for his appearance as the family counselor on "The Second Mrs. Burton" August 31. Vivially interested in doing what he can to further the conquering of polio, Henreid's own experiences when a member of his family was struck by the disease gave him touching material for his talk.

Joan Crawford's six-year-old son, Christopher, believes that his mother is the bravest woman in the world. So does Joan. During her vacation in the wilds she caught six lizards for him, put them in a box and brought them home.

Helen Hayes returns to radio's "Electric Theatre" Oct. 9 in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"; meanwhile she and her daughter Mary are doing a new play for six weeks in summer stock; if good enough they will do it on Broadway. 12-year-old Jamie, last member of the family to become an actor, has appeared in "The Corn Is Green"—once in a part all written in Welsh!

The Fiction ON BUSINESS

By

Richard H. Wilkinson

WHEN DOUG PRINGLE signed a contract to illustrate stories for Midweek Fiction magazine at a figure that surpassed any amount he had earned in the rather uncertain past, he felt that he had reached a milestone in his career.

"Now," he declared to his wife, Aggie, "we can begin to have a few of the things we've been doing without for the past seven years."

"And the first thing we'll have," Aggie told him, "will be a nice little camp on Spur Lake where you can work amid surroundings that you love and where, accordingly, things will be easier for both of us."

"The camp," he told her gravely, "will come immediately after Mrs. Pringle has replenished her wardrobe."

It turned out that Aggie could have her new clothes and they could purchase the camp and not feel too extravagant. They went up to Spur Lake the following week and talked to a real estate agent. They had been there many times before. They knew just what they wanted for a camp site and where they wanted it. That afternoon the real estate agent made the easiest sale he'd transacted in years.

The Pringles sat down and made up a schedule of guests for weekends. They wanted to have company. This was the first time they had lived in a place big enough to hold guests conveniently. They were eager to share their possession.

And so two weeks later the first guests arrived. Doug and Aggie slept in the work room and everything was fine. All hands had a swell time. The guests departed in high enthusiasm. In fact, their enthusiasm apparently bubbled over, for in the middle of the following week some friends dropped in who had "heard so much about the cute little camp the Pringles had bought." Aggie and Doug asked them to stay over night and they did.

The summer hadn't progressed very far when Doug decided they ought to turn the present workshop into another bedroom.

"I'll build a studio for myself down by the lake. It seems there are a lot of people who are just dying to see our cute little camp. Gosh! After all, I'm a working man."

It's fun having guests, though," Aggie said.

"Sure," Doug agreed.

So the Pringles built a studio for Doug, a rather attractive building that added to the general outlay. He moved into it with all his equipment—and the next week-end Aggie moved in with him.

In August the Hollands arrived. The Hollands were bores. Steve Holland belonged to Doug's golf club. They were friends of some of the Pringles' friends.

HOWEVER, they arrived and Mrs. Holland spied the studio and wanted to look at it. Aggie smiled wearily. She was getting used to this sort of thing. She led them down to Doug's workshop and Mrs. Holland peeked inside.

"Why, there's no one there!" she exclaimed.

Aggie nodded. "Doug's away. On

business."

The Hollands were disappointed at not being able to see the artist at work, but there was nothing they could do about it. They departed shortly after.

At dinner time Doug came home. He was in high spirits.

"I've found just the place I wanted. A room right in the heart of Goodwin's business district. Plenty of noise and dust—a place where a man can do a real day's work without being bothered."

Aggie smiled fondly.

"The Brants are arriving tomorrow."

"Swell!" said Doug. "Show them the works and tell them I'm away—on business."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

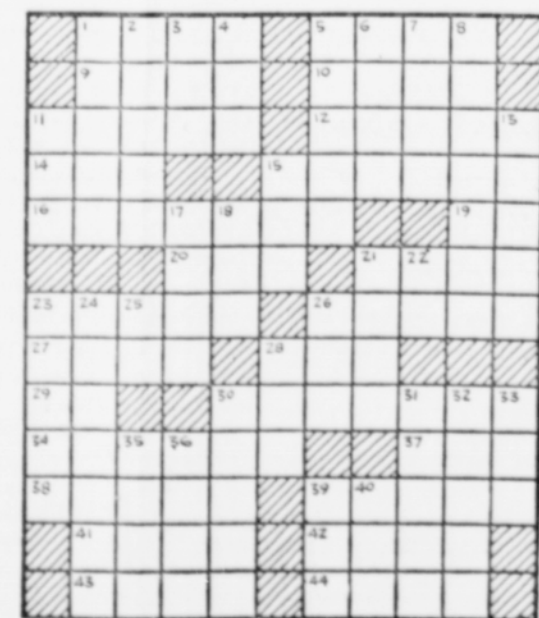
LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

ACROSS

1. Fuel
5. Strike
9. Wavy (Her.)
10. A weed
11. Award
12. Forebodings
14. City (Brazil)
15. River (W. Ohio)
16. City (N. Y.)
19. Biblical character
20. Some
21. Bestow
23. Rail
26. Removed, as bones
27. Employ
28. Talk
29. Ahead
30. Free from uncertainty
34. Very beautiful young man
37. Constellation
38. Lukewarm
39. City (Mass.)
41. A contest of speed
42. A home of bees
43. Vehicle with runners
44. Book of Old Testament

DOWN

1. An article of virtue
2. Fungus vegetable
3. Cutting tool
4. Confederate general
5. Porticos
6. Young sheep
7. Region
8. Dreamily thoughtful
11. Lever
13. A fragment
15. Crooked
17. Variety of cabbage
18. Conclude
21. Desert (Asia)
22. At home
23. Young hog
24. Ashes
25. Gold (Her.)
26. Club
28. Fuel
30. Agreed with another
31. A burst of shouts from the crowd
32. Liberates
33. Sweet potato



PUZZLE NO. 14

SPORTSCOPE By JOE MAHONEY

Rogers HORNSBY

WAS BATTING CHAMPION OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR SIX YEARS IN A ROW—1920 THRU 1925—AND WAS CHAMP AGAIN IN 1928. HE HIT OVER 400 THREE TIMES AND IN 1924 SNAPPED OUT THE TREMENDOUS AVERAGE OF .424!



ONE AFTERNOON, WHILE PLAYING RIGHT FIELD FOR DETROIT, TY COBB THREW OUT THREE MEN AT FIRST BASE!

SPORTLIGHT

Teams Fall for Michigan 'Pitch'

By GRANTLAND RICE

ISN'T THERE some way someone can spill him?
Isn't there some way one can stop him?
Isn't there some way one can drop him?
Isn't there some way one can show him
He should be placed in his last, final rest?
Isn't there someone—one who might know him
To prove without doubt he's the world's greatest pest?

Summer, Smoke and Football

Mr. Tennessee Williams, an eminent dramatist, some time ago delivered an epic known as "Summer and Smoke."

We'll make this epic "Summer, Smoke and Football."

For it suddenly occurred to us that football was just around the corner and before any could guess what had happened, Michigan would be throwing passes again and beating teams 20 to 0 that were just about as good as Michigan. Which proves that it still pays to be smart. Michigan is always smart. And as long as the forward pass is legal, Michigan will continue to throw forward passes, dating from Benny Friedman to Charley Ortman.

Why murder running backs along the ground when you can pick up 55 yards on one pitch? Which brings to mind the thought of what an amazing combination Michigan has in Fritz Crisler, graduate manager, and Bennie Oosterbaan, head football coach.

Crisler, a great coach on his own, adds 15,000 to Michigan's seating capacity—giving Wolverine followers space enough for 100,000. Also Crisler has already sold out his four big games—Army, Minnesota, etc. for a 400,000 four-game total. And in the same interim Benny Oosterbaan is starting with 22 lettermen this fall, plus a flock of promising sophomores, to keep the Maize and Blue where it has been for the last two years—at the top.

Red Blaik will have a fine Army team. It will be ably coached and directed. But it will have to be something extra to invade Ann Arbor and return with a Wolverine hide. Look at that Michigan backfield—Charley Ortman and Leo Kocinski—the brilliant 220 pound Dick Kempthorn—Teninga and Tom Peterson—these and many others. Will Minnesota with its powerful line finally return to the Big Ten's top? What about the reviving West Coast, determined to slip back into the big picture? California, U. S. C., Stanford, Washington, UCLA and Oregon—all stronger?

What about the revival of the Ivy League, headed by Cornell and Dartmouth? This 1949 season can be the all-time peak.

Great Pitching

In a season of rather shoddy pitching where the average pitcher has only a vague idea of where the plate is located, we took a brief journey through years long under dust to see what past performances had to offer.

In juggling around we ran across a compilation by Tex Oliver known as "Kings of the Mound." In this review from the present to the long ago, Oliver put together some of the most remarkable feats of the game.

For example, he gave highest rating for the year to Eddie Rommel, the umpire, back in 1922. That year Rommel won 27 games and lost 13 with the Athletics, who finished seventh with one of the worst ball clubs on record. Oliver figured that any pitcher who could win 27 games with the 1922 Athletics should wear an Oliver wreath studded with laurel blossoms.

He gives his next rating to Jack Chesbro in 1904, who won 41 games and lost 12. Walter Johnson runs third in 1913, when Old Barney won 36 and dropped only seven with Washington, as remarkable a record as one can recall.

The same is true of Ed Walsh in 1908 with the weak hitting White Sox. Walsh that year won 40, lost 15 and saved nine other games.

Walter Johnson won 23 games with the 7th place Senators in 1911 and Urban Faber won 25 with the 7th place White Sox in 1921.

HOW-TO-FIX-IT

By Harold Arnett

FOR MEN ONLY . . .

PLACING A BUTTON IN THE BOWL OF A PIPE WILL AID GREATLY IN YOUR SMOKING ENJOYMENT. THIS WILL PREVENT SMALL PARTICLES OF TOBACCO FROM ENTERING THE PIPE STEM, THUS KEEPING THE TOBACCO DRY AND MELLOW. THE BUTTON IS HELD ABOVE THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL, WHICH IS OFTEN DAMP WHEN THE PIPE IS IN USE.



KNIFE TRICK

WHEN USING A SAFETY RAZOR BLADE FOR STROPPING, OR FOR CUTTING PAPER, YOU CAN HOLD IT CONVENIENTLY BY OPENING ONE BLADE OF A POCKETKNIFE, PLACE THE RAZOR IN THE SLOT AND CLOSE THE BLADE.