

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Another Kind of Courage Has It All Over Standard Heroics

By BILLY ROSE

Recently, a doctor in Maine sent me a story about a courageous kid and, unless I'm getting soft in the heart, it's the most touching tale of heroism I've come across in a long time

Some time ago, the medico got a hurry-up telephone call to come out to a small summer camp 20 miles west of Bangor. There, half an hour later, he examined a six-year-old girl and found that one of her legs was broken and that she had lost a lot of blood from a gash in her thigh.

The story, as he got it from the mother, was that the girl and her brother, aged 7, had gotten into the loft of an abandoned barn and, when a rotten plank gave way, she had fallen, broken her leg and ripped her thigh on a piece of rusty farm machinery.

As the doctor was cauterizing the cut and setting the leg, the boy—his name was Pete—kept watching from the doorway with worried interest.

"Is Molly going to be all right?" he asked when the splints were in place.

"She's lost a lot of blood," said the doctor, "but if she gets past the crisis tonight, everything will be okay."

"What's a crisis?"

"It's—well, I guess it's the time when a person is sickest."

"When people lose a lot of blood, do they die?"

"Sometimes. You see, the heart needs a certain amount to keep going. In a way, it's like the motor of a car—it stops running if it doesn't get gasoline."

"I see," said Pete.

LATER THAT NIGHT, the little girl's pulse began to slow up.

"I'm afraid your daughter needs an immediate transfusion," the doctor told the father, "but there's a

complication. She has an unusual type of blood, and I doubt whether the blood bank in Bangor has it in stock."

"Her brother has the same type," said the father. "I know, because the pediatrician who examined the kids last year told me so"

Pete looked startled a minute later when his dad asked him if he would give up a cup of blood to help his sister get well.

"How can I?" the boy asked.

"The doctor does it with a little rubber tube."

"Can I think about it?"

"Sure," said the father, "but don't take too long."

Pete went to his room, and his parents heard him close the door. Five minutes later, he was back, looking very earnest. "All right," he said.

WHEN IT WAS over, the doctor bandaged the boy's arm and told him to lie down and take it easy. But instead, the kid went out on the porch and, when his father found him there at midnight, his face was white and his fingers were clenched.

"What's the matter, Pete?"

"Oh, nothing," said the boy.

"Look here," said his father. "There's something going on in that head of yours. What is it?"

"I was wondering how long it will take."

"How long will what take?"

"How long it will take me to die."



Billy Rose

QUIET THINGS

THESE I have loved with passion, loved them long.

The house that stands when the building hammers cease,

After wild syncopation, a sane song,
A tree that straightens after the wind's release,
The cool green stillness of an April wood,
A silver pool unruffled by the breeze,
The clean expanse of a prairie's solitude,
And calm, unhurried hours—I love these.

I have been tangled in the nets too long,
I shall escape and find my way again
Back to the quiet place where I belong,
Far from the tinsel provinces of men.
These will be waiting after my release:
The sheltered ways, the quiet paths of peace.



GRACE NOLL CROWELL

"To do what?"

"To die," repeated the boy. "It's like the doctor said—when there isn't enough blood, the motor stops running."

"I see," said the father. "When you gave your sister a cup of blood, you figured you were going to die yourself."

"Sure," said Pete. "That's why I wanted to think it over."

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

WITH the "Stop the Music" show growing and growing and growing, Bert Parks has become one of the most sought-after men in the country. Everybody, Bert says, wants to know the name of the Mystery Melody. People stop him in the street to ask what it is; neighbors call him at home. Old



BERT PARKS

friends beg for "just a little hint." Between shows he tries to forget there is such a tune; he never talks about it at home, never mentions it to his wife. Since the program was launched he has passed along hundreds of thousands worth of prizes—and then gone happily home to his wife, his twin sons, aged three, and his unlisted telephone.

"Riders in the Sky" filled the air waves and Gene Autrey turned it into a Columbia picture, so nobody was surprised when the same thing happened to the ever-present "Mule Train." Sheila Livingston, who recently completed work in "The Cowboy and the Indians," with Autrey, plays the feminine lead; John Miljan and Robert Livingston have leading roles.

A rumor has been going around that the sponsor of "Curt Massey Time" was auditioning a show to replace it. Whereas their survey ratings top anything else the sponsor has ever had on the air in that daytime spot, and Curt and Martha Tilton are set through April. And Curt is getting chuckles out of a fan letter saying "You sing like I think I sing in the bathtub!"

Last July the censors in the Union of South Africa banned the magnificent "Home of the Brave" on the ground that "it might disturb the peace." For the first time the censorship board of Southern Rhodesia has reversed the censors' decision, but natives and children will be excluded from showings of the picture. United Artists engaged counsel to appeal the South African ban.

The second annual "Toys for Tots" campaign, to provide Christmas toys for underprivileged children, sponsored jointly by Warner Bros. and the United States Marine Corps reserve, was officially launched by Virginia Mayo and Col. J. O. Brauer.

Joan Crawford has four leading men in "The Victim." For some reason or other her kissing scenes with each one were filmed between Monday morning and Friday afternoon, on location at Palm Springs. And they do say that it was so hot at the famous resort that cold air blowers had to be turned on every take to lower the temperature enough to make it bearable.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

DREW PEARSON

A-Bomb Progress

NOW that loquacious Sen. Ed Johnson of Colorado has discussed various atomic matters on television, it is possible to speak frankly about the awesome race to develop death by the atom.

1. Although the United States now has an A-bomb many times more powerful than that dropped on Hiroshima, nevertheless it is true, as Senator Johnson says, that scientists are working on a bomb more devastating than anything so far conceived by the mind of man.

This is a hydrogen bomb. The present A-bombs are made of plutonium. But hydrogen is what makes the sun burn, and a hydrogen bomb would literally burn up large portions of the earth's surface.

One difficulty in making a hydrogen bomb is producing the detonation instrument to make it explode. This will require unheard of heat, and it looks as if about the only thing that could make a hydrogen A-bomb explode is the present plutonium A-bomb we have today.

Another important chapter in death-dealing which scientists are working on feverishly is the nature of the nucleus of the atom. Today, only a small portion of the potential energy in the atom is used in the current atomic bomb.

However, scientists now expect to achieve sufficient understanding of the nature of the atom to enable them to double and triple the explosive power of the bomb without increasing the amount of plutonium required.

Finally, American scientists have developed instruments to detect radiation which are so sensitive they can pick up traces of an atomic explosion at a distance up to 10,000 miles. In fact, following the test explosions at Bikini, physicists at Cornell university, Ithaca, N. Y., were able to detect radiation from the explosion in the clouds above Ithaca.

Truman's Cat-Naps

Insiders say that the secret of Truman's good health and amazing vitality for a man of his age is not only the prescribed diet of White House physician Brig. Gen. "Wally" Graham, but Truman's cat-naps. In the middle of the afternoon, the President invariably breaks his official duties with a 20-minute cat-nap. White House attendants say that Truman goes to sleep almost as soon as his head hits the pillow. Everyone around the White House marvels at his ability to do this, but say that it's because Truman follows his own advice about "not taking your troubles to bed."

Russia's Inventions

It is no secret that the Kremlin has been engaged in a mad scramble to claim all the noteworthy inventions of the past 200 years.

But it is not generally known that Communist leaders consider this phase of their internal propaganda so important they have made it compulsory for college students to memorize the ever-growing list of "Great contributions" made by Russian and Soviet scientists.

All these inventions, Moscow points out, were the products of the great "ideological struggle" which is being waged by Soviet scientists.

The inventions, largely produced in the propaganda offices, not scientific laboratories, now number in the thousands. But here is a summary of some "Russian inventions" recently claimed by Moscow:

Mechanical Weaving—Developed not by Arkwright of Great Britain but by Glinkov of Moscow.

Jet Propulsion—The Russians "invented" this in 1680;

Theory of Relativity—Discovered not by Einstein but Lobachevsky; Steel Girders—An unknown Russian in the Ural mountains invented them in 1725;

Diesel Engines—Invented not by the German engineer Rudolf Diesel but by Comrade Grinefetsky in 1889;

Vitamins—In 1880; Sulphuric Acid—"Years earlier" than in Germany;

Television—An inventor from Kiev named Stoletoev.

The above list is in addition to the Reds' earlier claims for the invention of radar, the telephone, AC and DC electricity, the parachute, and the propeller.

Italian-Americans will be fascinated by Russia's latest "discovery." Not content with having "invented" all the above, the Russians now claim that they discovered America. But—they say they accomplished this amazing feat in 1684, exactly 150 years after a chap named Columbus had completed his hazardous journey.

Everything bears witness to the fact that one of Dezhnev's (Russian explorer) groups was driven by a storm to the coast of America, where the group settled, established Russian claims.

Farm Topics

Uncle Sam Conducts Crop Report Service

Surrounds Compilation Of Data With Secrecy

A question which pops up almost every time anyone talks with a farmer is: "How's the crop coming along?"

Of course, the individual farmer can only reply concerning the condition of his own, or his neighbor's crops, and he is as interested in the question of how the nation's



The farmer is the actual reporter as crop census men take notes.

crops are coming along as is anyone else—in fact more vitally interested than anyone else except other farmers.

The only person who knows how the "crop is coming along"—that is, the nation's overall crops—is a mythical person, Uncle Sam; but he knows and he tells.

His information is gathered from 41 U.S. crop reporting offices, compiled in Washington, and released on or about the 10th of every month as a service of the agriculture department's bureau of agricultural economics. There are about 500 reports made each year, and the farmer who follows these reports knows what is happening in the field of agriculture and he regulates the operation of his own fields accordingly.

The farmers, themselves, are the reporters, having been sending information to the government ever since 1862 when crop reporting began during Lincoln's administration. No pay is received by the farmers for this work, yet some of them have faithfully kept up reports for 40 years.

Streamlined Baler



This new, streamlined baler is typical of the engineering advances featured on 1950 farm machinery. It is an automatic twine-tie pick-up baler marking the 10th anniversary of one-man baling on American farms.

More Trucking Comfort In Store for Farmers

According to tips from automotive engineers, little pigs that go to market in trucks, and the farmers who drive them there will soon be getting the most comfortable rides they've ever had in farm transports.

These engineers say the trend in most new models of trucks is toward more comfort for the driver, with the aim of making his life happier—and also eliminating basic causes of accidents and damage to cargoes.

"Virtually every phase of truck operation is now being studied by truck manufacturers in an all-out drive to eliminate many of the jerks and jolts and destructive vibrations that cause damage," says W. L. Aiken, automotive engineer of SKF industries, incorporated.

Innovations of many kinds, he says, are now being built into trucks, with special emphasis on ways to cushion both the driver and his load.

New Milk Nutrient Found Essential to Good Health

A previously-unidentified nutrient in milk has been labeled-B12—and found to be essential to normal human beings.

Commercial chemists recently isolated B12 in crystalline form from liver extracts and found that it is the material that makes this extract effective in treatment of deadly anemia. It was formerly labeled "Nutrient X." The form is still in an experimental stage.

The Fiction UPSTREAM NEMESIS

Corner

By Richard H. Wilkinson

JOHN WAS ONLY 29 and already life was bitter. Today, with the rain lashing in his face, wetting the newspapers before he could pass them to customers from beneath the oil skin covering, chilled to the bone, envying those who filed into the subway entrance with their sleek, contented, well fed

looks, he hated life. He hated people; hated the world.

"Paypare! Paypare! Wuxtra! Wealthy society woman slays husband and runs off with suitor! Wuxtra!"

Life had been unkind to him. Life hadn't given him the breaks. That's it. It was life's fault. Either you were born into the easy way, or you didn't have a chance. This stuff about fighting your way to the top, overcoming obstacles, being a whooping, self-made success—Nuts! You can't fight when life is against you, when the crowd is way out ahead and throwing dust into your face.

"Rich society woman knocks off her spouse! Buy a paypare, sir."

A thousand smackers! Ha! Fat chance! Not when the breaks were against you. A man was a fool to try and buck the crowds when they were against him. Like that guy in the green hat. Look at him, trying to fight his way up those stairs. Didn't the dumbhead know that it was just after 5 o'clock and hundreds of people would be coming down the stairs on their way home?

"Hey, gimme a News." There was a man at John's elbow, looking impatient and irritated. John jerked himself back to earth.

"Sure. Evening News. Here you are, mister. Thanks. Paypare! Wuxtra! Wux—"

John stopped abruptly. A shot had sounded above the pounding of rain and the rumble of traffic. It

rified, staring at something on the ground. John glimpsed the figure lying there, grotesquely sprawled across the steps. He heard the name of Silas Berry mentioned. Judge Silas Berry.

"Hey, Newsy, how about a paypare?"

John turned. It was the man in the green hat. John felt his heart pound, then stand still.

"Nice stand you got here, sonny. Must make a lot of dough. Must see a lot that happens, facing upstream like that. Didn't happen to see what occurred just now on the elevator steps did you?"

JOHN GULPED. "I heard a shot. What happened? Was somebody killed? I didn't see a thing. I was selling a paper. Who do yuh suppose done it?"

The cold light dimmed in the eyes of the man with the green hat. He smiled. A siren sounded. The crowd scattered. John saw Officer Mike Clancey elbowing his way towards him.

"Hi, Johnny! Look, you must

have seen who did it, standing here like that. You had a view. You were the only one who did, facing upstream like that. See who done it, Johnny?"

Johnny glanced at the man in the green hat. The man's hand was inside his coat. "Sure," he said. "Sure, I saw it all. It was that guy there."

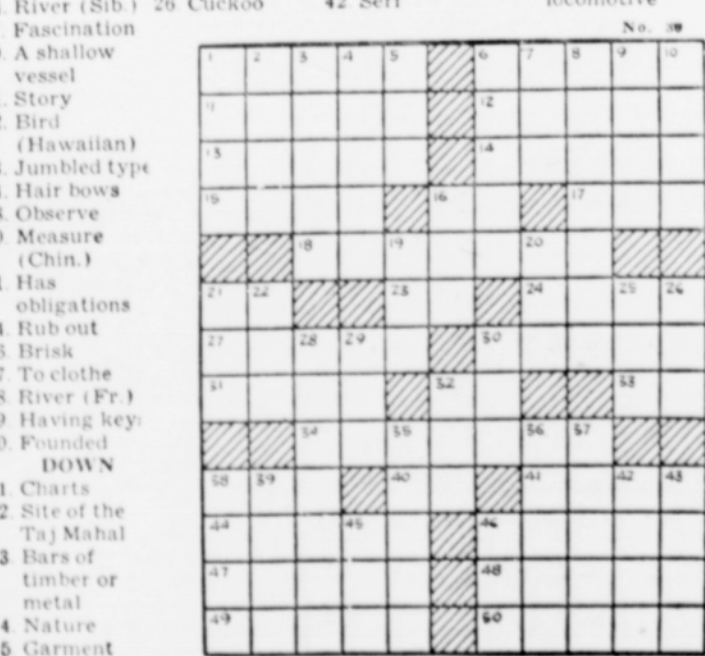
Then he jumped. He heard the muffled explosion of a revolver, saw Clancey leap, heard shouts and swearing and knew that other cops were coming. Then he heard more shots. He felt a stinging pain in his arm. He felt something hot running down inside his sleeve. Things began to reel. He knew he was fainting

Officer Clancey was bending over him when he came to. "You're all right, kid. Just a scratch. And what a break. That was Moe Consoletti. He had threatened to get Old Silas. They're both dead. And you get the reward, kid. One thousand smackers! Is that a break or is that a break?"

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| ACROSS | 6. A town | 28. Previously |
| 1. Bog | 7. Alcoholic | 29. Coin |
| 11. A size | 8. Beverage | (Port.) |
| 12. Per. to the | 9. Wise | 30. Exclamation |
| country | 10. answers | used to |
| 13. The last | 11. A starch | frighten |
| king of Troy | (Malay) | 32. Sash |
| 14. Semblance | 12. Vehicle with | (Jap.) |
| 15. Condiment | runners | 35. Shed blood |
| 16. Exist | 13. Wager | 36. Undershot |
| 17. Food fish | 14. Vigor | water wheel |
| 18. Diverse | 15. A wing | 37. People of |
| 21. Like | 21. Division | Switzerland |
| 23. Neuter | 22. Chinese silk | 38. Search for |
| pronoun | 23. Pinch | 39. Sea |
| 24. River (Sib.) | 26. Cuckoo | 42. Serf |
| 27. Fascination | | |
| 30. A shallow | | |
| vessel | | |
| 31. Story | | |
| 32. Bird | | |
| (Hawaiian) | | |
| 33. Jumbled type | | |
| 34. Hair bows | | |
| 38. Observe | | |
| 40. Measure | | |
| (Chin.) | | |
| 41. Has | | |
| obligations | | |
| 46. Rub out | | |
| 47. Brisk | | |
| 48. To clothe | | |
| 49. River (Fr.) | | |
| 49. Having key; | | |
| pronoun | | |
| 50. Founded | | |



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|------|-----------|----------------|
| DOWN | 1. Charts | 2. Site of the |
| | Taj Mahal | 3. Bars of |
| | timber or | metal |
| | 4. Nature | 5. Garment |
| | border | |



"Hi, Johnny! Look, you must have seen who did it, standing here like that. You had a view."

came from the direction of the stairs. There was a stir, a wild scrambling, shrieks, curses. The sea of humanity came tumbling down, pausing, shrinking away, hor-