

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET
The Truth May Make You Free
But Watch Out How You Use It

By BILLY ROSE

One night when I dropped into Jerry's for a firkin of foam, Long George Smiley and Sid "The Inch" Perry were at the bar as usual.

"The truth never hurt anybody," said the bartender, "and the truth is I'm on the hook for 63 beers. And until you gentlemen settle up, there ain't gonna be no 64th."

"Look," said The Inch, "you're a downtrodden worker yourself, and when you turn down another worker's request for a bowl of suds, you're committing class suicide."

"For three weeks successive," said the bartender, "you gentlemen have been promising to pay up, and if it wasn't against the rules to insult a customer, I'd say you liars were making free with the truth."

"What's wrong with a lie now and then?" said Long George. "If it wasn't for a little banana oil, the wheels of our crummy civilization would come to a dead stop."

"You couldn't be more wrong," said the bartender. "A wise man tells the truth on any and all occasions."

"If you'll excuse my elegance," said The Inch, "that's a lot of pig shampoo."



Billy Rose

"I CONCUR with my friend," said Long George. "Look at what happened to Hogan, the trucker, when he got mixed up with the verities. A couple of months ago, a frined tipped him off that his wife was dating a kid who worked in the brewery, and instead of making like the three little monkeys, he hired a detective to follow her."

When he learned his missus had been sneaking off to a dance hall to jitterbug with the young

man, he confronted her with the fulsome facts, and a few scrappy minutes later his wife was packed and on her way back to her mother's house in Canarsie."

"Served her right," said the bartender. "Served Hogan right," said The Inch. "Before he found out, he was happy as a fly on a whiskey cork. Tonight, like every night, he's in his apartment alone, lapping up the Irish and playing 'Melancholy Baby' on the phonograph."

"Besides which," said George, "nobody has heard him say a word against his wife. But the finagling friend who tipped him off—well, he's got an eye you couldn't cover with an eight-dollar steak."

"You've got a point, maybe," said the bartender, "but I still insist there's nothing like the truth, and the truth is you gentlemen get no more beer."

"THE TRUTH, I'd like to point out," said Long George, "is probably the most incendiary thing man has discovered since he learned how to rub two little sticks together. And if the case of Hogan isn't enough, let me give you another for instance: The gent in congress who recently insisted on inspecting Fort Knox to make sure the 20 billion in bullion hadn't been hypothecated by the Fair Dealers."

"Why shouldn't he inspect?" said the bartender. "It's in the public interest."

"You amaze and sadden me," said Long George. "Suppose, due to a subterranean earthquake or some interplanetary shoplifting, the congressman had found nothing at Fort Knox but a big hole in the ground."

What could he have done? Blab to the press? Not on your bungstarter. Even a man with the mentality of a Congressman would know that an hour after the news bit page one the economy of the world would do a Bikini—and that a man couldn't buy a tangerine with a 20 dollar note."

"Which proves what?" said the bartender. "Which proves," said Long George, "that truth, like dynamite, shouldn't be tossed around carelessly. If my friend and I sometimes misrepresent about settling our tab, it is only to spare you pain."

The bartender took a couple of beer glasses, wiped them, and then put them away. "You know," he said, "I never thought about it that way before, and it almost makes me ashamed of myself to have to throw you gentlemen out."

A Prayer by GRACE NOLL CROWELL

MY Lord, I pray that through today I may walk patiently, Forgetting not that Thy dear hand is leading me.

I know not what Thy wisdom, Lord, May choose for me today; What the long hours may hold for me I cannot say.

I only know that I may go Unquestioningly with Thee, Remembering that what Thou wilt is best for me.

For Thou, O Lord, canst see the end, While I but see the way— Help me to walk it patiently Throughout today.



And Doris turned up her face to his, with the moon making shadows of her eyes, and said: "I love you, too, Bryant, and I'm glad you waited for me. I hardly know what I would have done had I discovered you belonged to some one else."

Bryant thought this over and decided that the dream had turned out just the way he would have ordered. He'd better wake himself up, he thought, before he did something to spoil it. But before he could pinch himself, which was the conventional way of waking oneself from a dream, Doris laid her head on his shoulder.

Bryant looked down at the golden head. "Doris," he said brokenly, "this is all a dream, and in a minute you'll be gone and I'll find myself alone. You're not real."

But Doris laughed softly, and snuggled closer. Bryant slowly put his arm about her slim shoulders. She was there, close against him. Her lips were upturned, and as Bryant bent to kiss them, he knew that when again he opened his eyes, she'd still be there—and would always be there.

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The continental population of these birds now stands at 36, including two captive birds at the Arkansas wildlife refuge on the east coast of Texas, and one in Louisiana.

In 1942, the whooping cranes were down to 22 birds. The slow rise in numbers is attributed by the National Audubon Society to increased protection on their wintering grounds and less shooting. This is believed to have resulted from the widespread publicity of the need for the birds' protection along their migration routes.

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He stated that "a flock of 100 five-pound hens requires about 125 pounds of well-balanced feed per week just to keep in good shape.

SPORTSMAN'S HORIZON By JIM RHODY

Fish Ponds

It is a cheering note to anglers that reports from most states of the nation indicate that farm fish ponds are growing rapidly in number. This is encouraging news because of the fast-dwindling areas of good fishing as heavily-fished waters become unable to replenish stocks rapidly enough to meet angler demands, and state conservation agencies also meet increasing difficulties in that respect.

Whether the farmer is a confirmed angler or not, a fish pond should have an important place in his farming plans. First, such ponds are oftentimes necessary for stock watering purposes, or to conserve water for other uses. Secondly, the farmer can make quite a little revenue for himself by intelligent handling of a farm fish pond program, as anglers are required to pay from 25 cents to \$1 a day for fishing privileges, depending on the degree of sport or pounds of creel the angler may expect for his money.

In some sections of the nation, commercial fish ponds, built either through commercial vision of their owners, or because of a personal love for the sport of angling, are yielding important financial returns on the investment ventured.

Getting back to an earlier point, in spite of the importance of hook and line fishing, the amount of waters suitable for fishing has decreased as the pressure of civilization constantly destroys fish habitat. With the gradual introduction of artificial impoundments to provide adequate water for cattle and other stock, new habitat was created for fish. Now farm fish ponds have become of great importance from the point of view of anglers.

Farm fish ponds can be of almost any size for stocking purposes. But the average will be found to be from one to five and one-half acres. Ponds as small as one-quarter acre can be made to produce fish in worthwhile quantities if properly managed and treated with commercial fertilizers to keep up the level of plant and small animal life that the fish must have for food.

Ponds should be stocked with species of fish that will maintain a natural balance between prey and predator species. Bluegills, which utilize the insect and small animal life of ponds, are the prey species, and largemouth bass are the predator species.

If the proper balance in weight and number of these two species can be maintained, maximum production of fish may be expected. In fact, this means that the ponds must be heavily fished by anglers to prevent overpopulation and stunted growth.

"Fish farmers" can expect returns of 50 to 100 pounds of fish per acre in a natural pond, and up to 300 pounds in a well-managed, fertilized pond. This is a greater production of food per acre than could be realized from beef on adjacent land, which would come to about 150 pounds per acre. The production of one pound of fish in a fertilized pond might cost six to eight cents, but in terms of food and recreation this is considered as an insignificantly small cost.

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Farm Topics

Farmers Ask Data On Crop Varieties

Farmers, with this year's harvest out of the way, are looking toward 1950 and seeding time, county extension agents report.

Many farmers are asking county extension agents about new varieties of crops.

As a rule, the county agent's answer to farmers is this: "Before buying seed of any new variety it is good business to be sure it is recommended and suited to the locality in which you live. The new variety should be at least as good, or better, than varieties you have been growing."

Reliable seed dealers and their agents can usually be depended upon to offer you only proved new varieties of grain, he says. But



Careful attention to the need for purchasing proved varieties of seed is one of the major factors in securing quality yields like the corn shown here.

each fall, reports are received of less responsible salesmen and mail order advertisements selling new varieties, often at high prices, that may not be as good as our common varieties.

Most experiment stations test in their plots most all the new grain varieties developed by plant breeders in the north central states and Canada that offer promise of being adapted. By consulting county extension agents about a new variety of seed, farmers can find out if it has been tested and is recommended for your area.

Blue Egg Shells May Be Answer for Egg Dealers Blue shell eggs may be the answer for some daring poultrymen who are tired of collecting the same old brown and white ones every day, and who would like to experiment with another color.

The trick is turned regularly by some chickens at Cornell university. Dr. J. H. Bruckner, head of the poultry husbandry department, says the color actually varies in light shades of both green and blue depending on how much brown pigment is present.

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child could mix. From any drug get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well-known for its soothing effect on throat and bronchial irritations.

Then make a syrup with two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water. No cooking needed. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.

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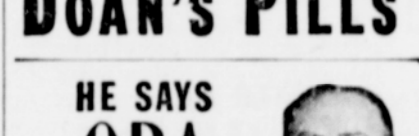
MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backaches, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result from minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

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The Fiction GARDEN SEQUENCE Corner

By Richard H. Wilkinson

BRYANT DREAMED a dream. He was in a garden. A beautiful girl sat on a white marble bench, and smiled at him across a pond filled with goldfish and pond lilies. Bright sunshine filtered down through shade trees and reflected the gold in the girl's hair.

Bryant knew that, according to all good dreams, he was supposed to do something—possibly to walk around the pool and bow gallantly before the girl.

He began to wonder if he didn't look somewhat like an idiot standing there.

It was then that he heard footsteps on the flagstone path that connected the garden with the wide, screened-in porch of the house. He looked up to find Laura, his sister, coming into the garden. He was glad that Laura had come. For Laura knew all about dreams and could tell him what to do.

"Bryant!" Laura exclaimed, stopping on the pool's edge, and looking from him to the girl, "whatever in the world are you standing here for? Why, you're positively rude. Doris must think my brother is stupid!"

Oh, yes, that was it. It was all working out fine now. Laura had asked her college roommate, Doris LaPlante, down for the week-end. Of course, that was she. How stupid of him.

So Bryant walked around the pool and was introduced. He looked deep into the twin black pools that were Doris' eyes, and apologized. His voice sounded odd, but that, of course, was because he was thinking that here was the girl he had been waiting for.

Then he almost groaned aloud. Doris had looked up and said it was quite all right and she really should have introduced herself, but he added so much to the scene,

they were once more in the garden. There was a full moon and a gentle breeze and music drifting down on the still air from somewhere back of the marble bench.

A week, two weeks, had gone by—Bryant wasn't sure which—since the first meeting in the garden. He had a dim recollection that they were glorious weeks of riding and golfing and swimming and dancing—all with Doris.

IT WAS ONLY OCCASIONALLY now that Bryant remembered it was all a dream. The dread of waking up didn't affect him quite so poignantly. That is to say, it didn't affect him until this night when they were alone in the garden. Then he was seized with a sudden panicky sensation.

And so quite abruptly Bryant turned and said without preliminaries: "Doris, darling, I love you. I know this is all a dream, therefore I'm telling you now before I wake up, I've waited all my life for such a girl as you. It seems cruel that you'd come to me only in a dream."

And Doris turned up her face to his, with the moon making shadows of her eyes, and said: "I love you, too, Bryant, and I'm glad you waited for me. I hardly know what I would have done had I discovered you belonged to some one else."

Bryant thought this over and decided that the dream had turned out just the way he would have ordered. He'd better wake himself up, he thought, before he did something to spoil it. But before he could pinch himself, which was the conventional way of waking oneself from a dream, Doris laid her head on his shoulder.

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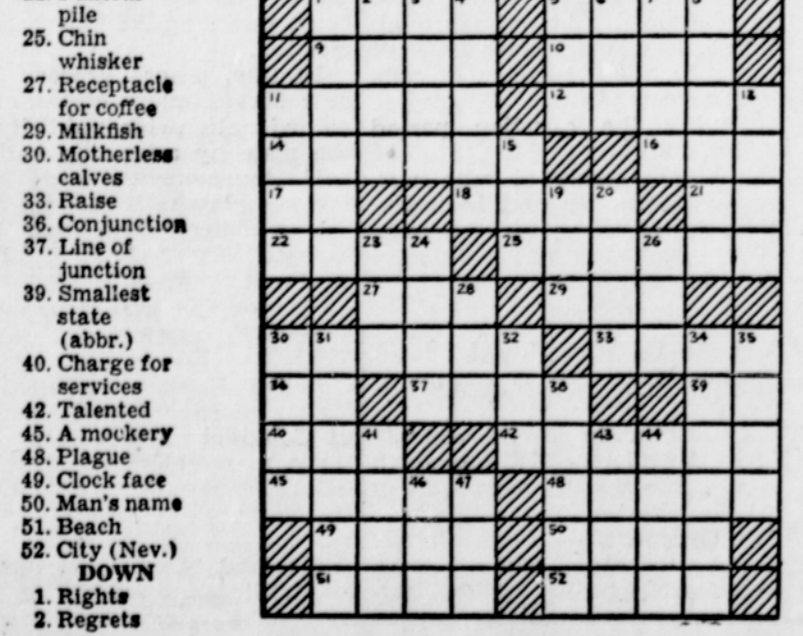
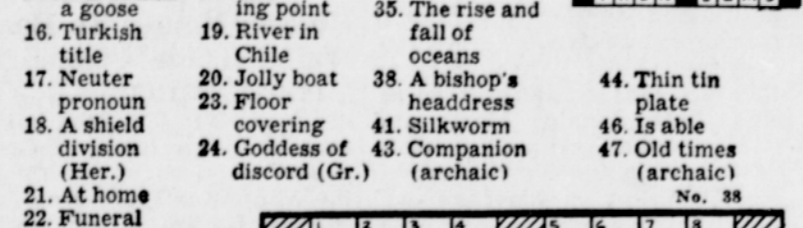
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standing over there so straight and silent. It was the sound of her voice that made Bryant groan; for he remembered that it was all a dream and that Doris would soon be gone. Then suddenly it was night, and

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

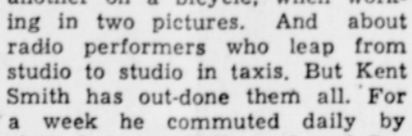
- ACROSS 1. Epochs 2. Tropical tree 3. Stop 4. Notion 5. A napped, tanned skin 6. Holding devices 7. Sounded, as a goose 8. Turkish title 9. Neuter pronoun 10. A shield division (Her.) 11. At home 12. Funeral pile 13. Chin whisker 14. Receptacle for coffee 15. Milkfish 16. Motherless calves 17. Raise 18. Conjunction 19. Line of junction 20. Smallest state (abbr.) 21. Charge for services 22. Talented 23. A mockery 24. Plague 25. Clock face 26. Man's name 27. Beach 28. City (Nev.) (Down) 1. Rights 2. Regrets



Star Dust STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By INEZ OERHARD

WHEN RONNIE ALCORN was 13 he was sent to reform school; he says it was the first time he slept in a clean bed or had enough to eat. That was in 1932. It was his ambition to produce motion pictures—"Johnny Holiday", made at that same reform school, is his first



RONNIE ALCORN

one, and he plans eight more, for United Artists release. His story is fantastic, that of an underprivileged boy born to be a success (he had made his first million by the time he was 30) who took plenty of hard knocks on the way to achieving it. He has a second ambition—to help as many underprivileged boys as possible; he has already done a terrific job at it.

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