

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

In the Case of Coca Cola Versus Champagne, The Ban on a Beverage Can Work Both Ways

By BILLY ROSE

No French champagne is being sold at my night club in New York and patrons who request same will have to settle for domestic fizzy water—which is a lot easier on the pocketbook.

What gives? The French Communists and Coca-Cola—that's what gives. As you probably know, the French national assembly recently passed a bill which, without naming the product, would prohibit the bottling and sale of Coca-Cola in France and its colonies.

Two pressure groups, were responsible for this measure—the wine interests which feared that the soft drink might cut into their profits, and the Communists, who, though they have no love for the vintners, saw an opportunity to take a rabbit punch at the United States.



Billy Rose

Suiting investigative to word, the Commie paper, L'Humanite, unleashed a campaign against the "coca-colonization" of the country, loud-mouthed that the basic syrup is highly toxic and would turn La Belle France into a nation of "coca-holics." At the same time, the right-wing press, fronting for the fizz merchants, began to blab along the same lines, and even the usually sensible Le Monde warned that "the moral landscape of France is at stake."

Before I go any further, let me get it into the record that I'm not a big Coke drinker and never owned a share of stock in the company. As far as I'm concerned, the beverage is just another American product like Orange Crush, 7-Up or Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic.

By initiating an anti-coke campaign, they have given Stalin's stooges a made-to-order excuse for yelling, "Down with American imperialism" — the same sleazy slogan used by Commies everywhere to divert attention from the accomplishments of the Marshall plan.

As for the argument that the distribution of Coca-Cola would create unemployment and cut into profits—that, too, is a lot of bottle-tops. The set-up of the Coca-Cola Export corporation is such that the entire manufacture and sale would be carried out by French personnel, on French territory, and under French supervision and ownership.

Or to put it another way, it would be the beginning of a new French industry, and potentially a pretty big one, judging from the fact that more than 100,000 Americans derive part or all of their incomes from the parent company and its subsidiaries.

From where I cogitate, it boils down to this: John Q. Frenchman is being denied a choice between Leftists, aided and abetted by the bird-brain Righties, don't like the Coke and vino only because the country Coca-Cola comes from.

Well, Messieurs et Mesdames, two can play at boycott as well as one, and so, no French champagne will be sold in my night club until the idiotic ban against our home product is lifted.

Moreover, I'm hereby appealing to hotels, restaurants and night club proprietors all over the country to follow suit—and to wire or write me when they do. And if they'd like to explain the boycott to their customers, they're at liberty to run off reprints of this column—of course crediting this paper.

And remember, Messieurs et Mesdames, if that doesn't work we can get really tough and stop buying your French postcards.



BENCHED . . . It's back to work for supreme court Justice William O. Douglas who has had a hectic time of it this past year. He was seriously injured last fall when a horse fell on him.

This is Your Paper Its People Are Human

By William R. Nelson

MEMBERS of this and all other newspaper staffs are victims of that quirk of human nature so well expressed by the axiom which asserts that: "An expert is a man away from home." Newspaper people are very much at home here, so they are seldom looked upon as experts. But they are experts, and specialists, in a wide variety of occupations and professions, all of them vitally important to this community.

A home town newspaper, such as this one, is published only through the teamwork of people of many skills. It is doubtful if any other business or institution in the community surpasses the newspaper in its complexity, in the varied nature of the expert know-how its operation requires.

Teamwork of Skills

Modern drug stores, which require a combination of merchandising and professional aptitudes, come closest to the newspaper in the variety of demands made upon staffs. But in addition to merchandising and professional abilities comparable to those of the drug store, the newspaper's people must also have mechanical understanding and skill of a high order.

Newspaper mechanical staff people must know both how to operate a variety of machines, and how to maintain and repair them.

Editorial staff members are specialists who perform their daily duties within the restricting confines of a code of ethics fully as binding as are those of other professions. They must have ability, a liking for people, knowledge of words, a feeling for art, insatiable curiosity, willingness to work all hours under pressure, and be familiar with mechanical practices and limitations of the printing plant.

Always on Duty

While sharing with their neighbors the enjoyment of a community event, the editorial worker must also cover it, taking notes, names, dates and data, so that while others relax afterward, the story of the event can be written. The editor and reporter, like doctors, are "on duty" every hour of every day.

Members of the advertising and business office staffs, too, are specialists, each in his or her own way. And they, too, are important to the community.



Bluegill Battlers

Ever bait up a number six or eight hook, adjust the bobber, flip in your line and have the hog-wild bluegill tear the cane pole right out of your hands?

No, you probably haven't. But, if this little panfish could compare in size with some of its larger brothers, much of your fishing would be a degenerate sport by comparison. Few other fish can make a line zing like a freshly-deceived bluegill. Like grandfather's clock, this little fellow is almost always ready to strike! Let's look at a few of the things that regulate his ticking, says Gilbert Weiss, of the Missouri conservation department.

Probably the best known member of the sunfish family, the bluegill enjoys a wide range of latitude and longitude. Originally a native of the Mississippi, Great Lakes, and eastern seaboard drainage basin, the bluegill may now be



caught from New York to California and from mid-Canada to Mexico. Although the ideal pond fish is yet to be found, fish culturists would probably agree that the bluegill is our most adaptable, most successful pond-fish. Hence, the introduction of this species over most of the United States and much of Canada.

Doubtless more people are familiar with the bluegill than any other one species; however, there remains, and probably always will, some confusion with other cousins of the sunfish clan. Common names are themselves confusing, for by locality the bluegill becomes pond-perch, punkinseed, bream, brim and a host of other misnomers.

Like most other sunfish, the bluegill is much flattened vertically. He is considerably rounded on his topside, whereas the belly follows somewhat straighter contour. Coloration, like most other fish, depends a great deal on the water it inhabits. The back is almost always a dark olive-green. Most of the upper two-thirds of the body and the head, excepting the lower gill covers and ear flaps, shares shades of olive-green, with a sprinkling of violet, purple, and lavender thrown in. The underparts are usually painted a rich yellow or yellowish-brown. The throat area is often a strikingly deep orange, bordered above by pale blue gill covers. As might be expected, the ear, or gill flap, is a deep blue-black.

In many states, bluegills spawn from May to September. They are colonial spawners, and numbers of males may be seen guarding their respective nests in a spawning area.

The nest, a small circular depression on a gravel bottom or a clean-swept area on clay or muck, is constructed by the male some time previous to spawning time. To the male also falls the chore of fanning the eggs to keep them aerated, free from silt, and to prevent an ever-hungry horde of scavengers from partaking of a free lunch.

Actual counts of the eggs taken from female bluegills range from 3,000 to as many as 50,000, depending on the age, size, and physical condition of the fish. Counts of fry taken from nests range upward to 60,000.

Since the young ordinarily become spawners themselves during their first year of life, the potential number of offspring from a few fish becomes enormous over the span of a few years. Therein lies the reasoning behind the present bass-bluegill pond stocking recommendations. Bluegills are primarily insect feeders; whereas, bass are predators, feeding largely upon young and immature bluegills. Nonetheless, there is danger in such large-scale reproduction. If balanced predator-prey relationships are disturbed by mismanagement, overpopulation may readily occur in small bodies of water.

As previously mentioned, the bluegill feeds largely on insects and their larva but an occasional minnow or small fish may be taken.

Don't "Horse" 'Em

The practice of "horsing" in a fish — understandable under the stress and excitement of landing a big one—is probably the cause of more lost fish than any other one thing. The angler can avoid it by keeping a fairly tight line, but easing up a bit when it appears the fish wants to fight hard. Play the fish until it is through fighting and can be brought up close without dashing around in fright when it sees you.



STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

STANLEY KRAMER made "The Champion" for less than \$600,000; it will gross more than two and one-half million. Then he made "The Home of the Brave" for the same amount; it had already grossed even more, though highly controversial. Hollywood respects these figures but doesn't see how this young producer does it. His new picture, "The Men", will make them wonder still more. He does it by buying a really good story, holding a two-week rehearsal before shooting starts, casting the right actors rather than stars, picking his director for ability, not his name—and then throwing in just a touch of genius that is purely Stanley Kramer.

Frank Lovejoy, who stood out as "Sergeant Mingo" in "Home of the Brave", will co-star with Kathleen Ryan in her American film debut in "The Sound of Fury", for United Artists release. And Warners have signed him to a long-term contract and are announcing that he is one of the brightest of the new crop of screen stars. His work in their "Rock Bottom" convinced them.

Jane Russell's first car, a Ford bought from the proceeds of her appearance as star of Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw", still stands in her garage. She says she'll always keep it as a memento of the picture that made her a sensation.

Two young men whose family names are known to moviegoers will make their screen debuts in "Tripoli", a Pine-Thomas production. One is 10-year-old Marshall Berle, nephew of Milton; the other is Pat Ford, son of John Ford, the well-known director. He has been working successfully as a screen writer for several years, but now wants to try his hand at acting.

Beverly Hills, home of so many movie stars, will receive a thorough coverage in "In a Lonely Place", Humphrey Bogart's new film for Columbia. Director Nicholas Ray chose representative spots all around town, which ought to give the public a pretty good idea of the city they have read so much about, but have seen on the screen only in isolated spots in the past.

Steve Cochran, star of "The Two Million Dollar Bank Robbery", will win \$50,000 if the ice on the Yukon river starts breaking up at 6:09 a. m. May 13. He entered the famous Alaskan "Ice Pool" through his mother, who lives in Juneau.

Columbia's search for a handsome young southpaw baseball pitcher who can act a romantic role, or a handsome young actor who can pitch left-handed, ended with the signing of Richard Taylor for the romantic lead in "Kill the Umpire", William Bendix starrer. Taylor, a husky six-footer, was formerly a professional ball player with Salem, Ore., in the Western International league.

John Garfield, director Michael Curtiz, and writer Ronald MacDougall holed up on a telephonic, mail-less ranch while finishing "The Breaking Point"—wanted to keep the plot a secret. Garfield had but one request. "All I want," said he, "is more guns than Humphrey Bogart had in 'Key Largo'. Which gives you some idea of what kind of picture it is.

THE FICTION CORNER FELIX RETIRES

By Richard H. Wilkinson

WHEN FELIX BRENDLINGER retired to private life he ceased to be a "figure" in Mayfield. If you took time to analyze the reason, the answer was simple. For 30 years Felix had left his home on Pleasant street at exactly 7:35 in the morning, walked a quarter mile to the railroad station, boarded the 7:48 train for Longview, and spent the day in that distant city at the desk in the insurance offices of Booth, Gill and Dyer. Every evening he disembarked from the 5:52 train and retraced the quarter-mile to his Pleasant street home.

3 Minute Fiction

Mayfield citizens were used to the sight of Felix walking briskly to and from the railroad station. Sometimes some one would ask him to do an errand in Longview, and he'd always oblige. Frequently he would deliver choice bits of news to friends and acquaintances. Booth, Gill and Dyer had for their clients two large steamship lines, and Felix could tell when the boats arrived in port, or when they were delayed by storms and when important personages were arriving from abroad.

There were a hundred and one things that Felix could and did do that achieved for him a certain recognition. After he retired, Felix ceased to be a figure. He wasn't an especially imaginative person, nor were his neighbors.

The neighbors knew unconsciously that Felix was no longer different from any of them. Felix knew it too. It troubled him. It hurt. It made him lonesome. It made him wonder. It threatened to develop in him an inferiority complex. Felix tried hard to find pleasure in his retirement. He planted a garden and bought some chickens

"The idea," Felix's wife exclaimed. "Don't they know—but of course they don't—I'll write immediately and tell them how poorly you are!"

"You'll do no such thing!" Felix exclaimed, eyes gleaming. "I'm catching the 7:48 in the morning!"

THE JOB lasted three weeks. During that time Felix became a figure once more. People became used to him going back and forth to the train. Unconsciously they fell into the old routine of asking him to do errands and demanding choice bits of news. Felix was happy again. He beamed. He put on weight. He felt important. He was important.

On the day that Felix finished up the special work, Mr. Gill approached him. "Felix, how about staying on with us awhile? You're not old enough to retire. We need you here."

"As long as you'll stay. Oh, I realize that sooner or later we'll have to get along without your help—but none of us realized how important you were."

Felix's face glowed. "Thanks, Mr. Gill. You couldn't have said anything that would make me happier. But as far as staying with you is concerned—I'm afraid I'll have to turn down the offer. You see, I've got some chickens and a garden out home that need my attention. And—well—now I'll be able to retire with a clear conscience."

Dry Cows Feeding the dry cow pays well off in more milk during her next lactation.



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and occupied his time as much as he could. But it was a physical occupation, and this gave him plenty of opportunity to think. Eventually his thinking changed to brooding, and the brooding nourished the growing inferiority complex.

Felix's wife noticed the change. She tried to talk to him, to learn the source of his moodiness. But Felix couldn't explain it. He felt a little ashamed, and didn't want to talk.

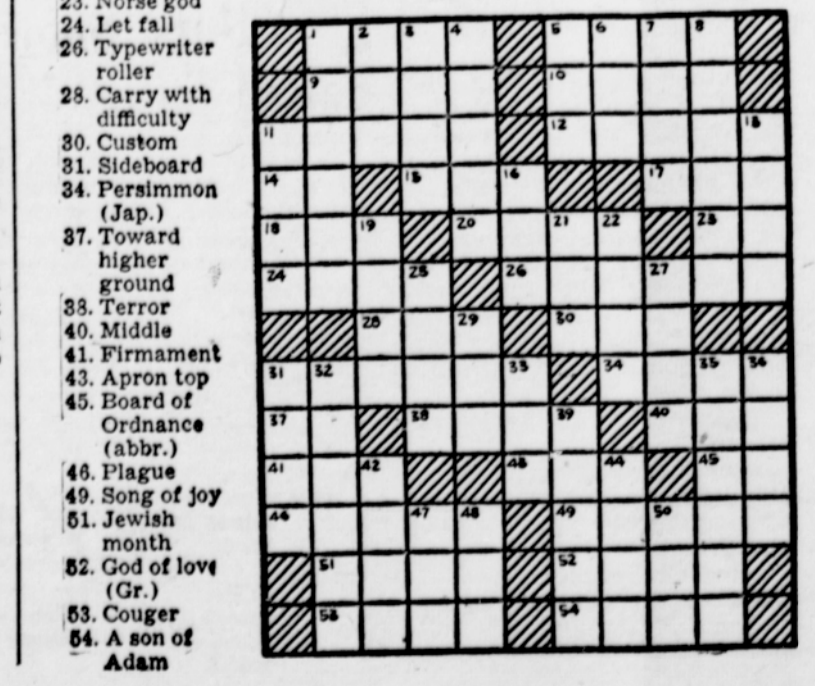
Another month passed and Felix's wife began to think he was a case for the family doctor. Then one day a letter arrived from Booth, Gill and Dyer. They wanted to know if Felix would consider coming in for a few days to assist in straightening out some matters about which they considered him an expert.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

- ACROSS 1. Corrosion on iron 5. Species of pier 9. Sandarach tree 10. Valuable fur animal 11. Steps over a fence 12. Modicum 14. Exclamation 15. Spigot 17. Bend the head 18. Support 20. To solicit (colloq.) 23. Norse god 24. Let fall 25. Typewriter roller 26. Carry with difficulty 30. Custom 31. Sideboard 34. Persimmon (Jap.) 37. Toward higher ground 38. Terror 40. Middle 41. Firmament 43. Apron top 45. Board of Ordnance (abbr.) 46. Plague 49. Song of joy 51. Jewish month 52. God of love (Gr.) 53. Cougar 54. A son of Adam

- DOWN 1. Somewhat (Switz.) 3. Preservative 4. Entertain 5. Donkey 6. Fiber knot 7. Thin tin 8. Room recess 11. Vended 13. Paradise 16. A soft drink 19. A game of skill (Scot.) 21. Eskimo tool 22. Job 25. A little gust of wind 27. A gang 29. Turn to the right 31. Spree (slang) 32. Maintenance 33. Flap 35. Nonsense (slang) 36. Sacred image 39. Puts through a river 42. River between Korea and Manchuria 44. Unadorned 47. Amount 48. Guido's highest note 50. Decay



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Small Population Portsmouth, on the Outer Banks of North Carolina, has more buildings than people. Once a thriving town of 1,000, and North Carolina's first port of entry, Portsmouth's population is now 18. Fishing and hunting are its industries.

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Farmers Given Warning Of Newcastle Disease

Bold Ellis, poultry specialist of the Wyoming agricultural extension service, discloses that many farmers may be acquiring a false sense of security over the threat of Newcastle disease to their poultry flocks. He pointed out that the disease has spread to every state in the union, and although there is less talk about it today than there was casualties are still very heavy.



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