

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Tragedy of the Couple Watching the Carousel Began When the Nazis Caught Them in Vienna

By BILLY ROSE

Some of the sprightliest talk to be heard in Manhattan these nights is in the coffeehouses frequented by the talented and threadbare refugees of Mittel-Europa. Night after loquacious night, you'll find them huddled over red- and white-checked tablecloths, and though many a cultural door has been slammed in their faces, they remain a spirited and sociable lot, short on money, perhaps, but long on banter and bravado.

Most of the stories spun by these continental katzenjammers are on the comic side; yet, once in a while they come up with a yarn which leaves a ping-pong ball in your throat.

For instance, there's the tale about the old gentleman and his greying wife who, during the summer months, can be seen almost every day on the carousel near the Central park zoo, holding hands as their adjoining ponies pump up and down.

Who are they? Well, to tell you, I'll have to go back several years and several thousand miles.

Shortly after the Nazis goose-stepped into Vienna and decency went underground, a well-known surgeon and his wife, both of whom were of Jewish ancestry, were urged by friends to take their six-year-old son and leave the country.

The surgeon refused. "I'm needed at the hospital," he said, "and I intend to stay as long as I can be of use."

His usefulness, however, came to an end a few afternoons later



Billy Rose

when a detachment of SS men rang his doorbell. The doctor, who had been warned to expect them, led his wife and son out the rear door, but as they hurried up the street a neighbor spotted them and gave the alarm.

As the hunted trio turned a corner, they came upon a small carousel which had been set up in a public square to celebrate the arrival of the German "liberators," and thinking fast, the surgeon bought three tickets and climbed aboard with his family as the battered runabout started up. The child was placed astride a gaudy zebra while the parents sank way back in one of those chairs whose outlines made a swan.

The SS men searched the square and were about to move on when the boy, to whom it was all a game, reached out, and grabbed a brass ring and, turning to his parents, shouted, "Look, look! Now I get a free ride!"

Attracted by the boy's cries, the storm troopers dragged the doctor

and his wife from the carousel and were about to take the child when their leader, a youth with a hangman's sense of humor, stopped them. "The kid got the brass ring," he said. "He's entitled to a free ride."

As the carousel started up again, the tinny strains of "Chiribiri-bim" drowned out the mother's screams, and the last the couple saw of their son he was riding on the merry-go-round.

The surgeon was too valuable a commodity to kill right off, and so was his wife, a skilled nurse. They were sent to a slave labor camp to tend those prisoners considered too healthy for the ovens, and when the Allies marched into the camp in 1945, the couple were still alive. By this time, however, the surgeon's brain was a bit misty, but friends in New York paid his passage, and he and his wife were among the lucky ones who got by the immigration quota.

Ever since, the pair has been spending most of their summer days in the vicinity of the Central park carousel. The old boy is pretty much off his trolley, but his wife continues to humor him, and whenever he gets agitated and mutters, "Where's Otto? I saw him on the zebra a minute ago," she patiently takes him by the hand and says, "Come along, dear, maybe he got tired and went home."



SAFE . . . Leo Battershell has set what probably is a world's record by driving 1,098,375 miles during the past nine years without a single accident—not so much as a scratched fender. He is a member of the protection department of the western Cartridge company at East Alton, Ill.

This Is Your Paper Printing News Is a Duty

By William R. Nelson

MANY readers of newspapers are mistakenly reluctant to report newsworthy events about which only they know the facts. To some it apparently is embarrassing to tell the paper about social affairs in their homes, visitors, information received in letters, or other equally newsworthy items.

Telling the paper about news, whatever its nature, whether large or small in importance, should not cause embarrassment, and will not if rightly regarded. In fact, giving news to the home town newspaper might better be looked upon as a social and civic duty one owes to the community. Certainly the newspaper will receive it in that way.

Newspapers cannot afford to maintain staffs large enough to actually hunt out every news item they publish. All must and do rely upon voluntarily supplied news tips and items for a large part of the news they publish.

But there is another way to look at it that is equally important. Whenever you invite guests into your home you are honoring them. When they accept they are honoring you. To acquaint the community with such incidents is a gracious action which your guests and the community will fully approve.

Even information received in letters, excepting of course the confidential and purely personal, is news if the writer is known by others.

On those occasions when sickness, accidents, or other personal troubles occur, the community will want to know about them so it can respond accordingly. To neglect or refuse to give such information deprives your neighbors and other friends of opportunity to show their interest and friendship.

One of the main reasons why people like to live in smaller communities is the greater number of friends they make. One of the surest ways to make friends is by giving news to the home town newspaper.

Next time you entertain, have guests, receive news in a letter, there is illness, or some member of your family experiences disappointment or success, tell the paper about it. If you have never done so before you will be surprised and pleased by the glow of satisfaction its publication will generate.



Fishing Safety

Fishing is America's Number 1 sport—but far too few anglers take the necessary precautions and safety measures while they are participating in the sport.

Time after time safety measures are stressed in an effort to make fishermen conscious of the perils they risk. Tragedies of the sort that befall fishermen can be prevented if certain fundamental rules will be observed while the angler is in or near the water. Here are some of those rules:

As with many other things, liquor and fishing don't mix.

Make sure your boat is safe and, if it is, make sure you don't overload it. In most cases, four persons to a boat can be managed, but three is more desirable and two is always best.

Use caution when taking children on a fishing trip and remember that if you can't swim, you'd have no chance to save them from drowning. Knowing how to swim is, of course, the best policy. Therefore, never pass up any opportunity to take a course in water safety.

Even if you can swim, remember that many good swimmers have drowned. So, don't take unnecessary chances. Some boats are made so they won't overturn easily—others are not.

If you aren't a good caster, get yourself plenty of room and be careful. And a boat decidedly is no place in which to practice. Hooks can put an eye out, or snag an ear, and your antics may upset the boat.

Last, but not least: If your boat has upset and thrown you in the water, keep your wits. This is nine-tenths of saving yourself. Even the inexperienced can keep themselves afloat by dog-paddling, or turning on their back and floating. You'll get water in your eyes, nose and mouth—but that's a lot better than getting your lungs full. Take it easy. Threshing about won't help.

High "Sea"



Lauritz Melchior, Weagrian opera star, warbles an aria as he holds aloft a couple of sea-run fish which should have known better than to tangle with such a warrior. He entered the catch in the Miami metropolitan fishing tourney.

Worms for Profit

Add business statistics: twice as many fishworms were packed in tin cans in 1949 as in 1948.

And, from all indications, this is only the beginning.

At least that's the feeling of officials at the Bios earthworm hatchery in Boulder, Colo., where Professor R. Forrest Davis and the American Can company have collaborated to produce canned live worms for anglers.

The worms are packed in cans about the size of large-size household spice cans. A mixture of peat moss and earth makes them feel at home, and small perforations in one end of the container enable the worms to breathe.

In perfecting his product for the market, Professor Davis, who operates his business as a sideline to teaching biology at Boulder high school, deftly overcomes one marketing problem. The worms persisted in working their way to the bottom of the can, but the professor outsmarted them by having the can labels put on upside down! So when the fisherman opens the container the worms are right there, ready for the hook.

Thus may pass soon another practice of the good old days, that of waiting for the full of the moon and the right amount of moisture before venturing out to the garden, armed with a spade, to dig for night crawlers.

Angle Worm Care

If you use angle worms for bait, they will need careful attention on your fishing trip—a fact not generally recognized by fishermen. Take a box without any cracks and cover the inside bottom with sod taken from black soil, soil side up, grass side down.

Put in a little dirt, sprinkle on some worms, cover with black soil, mix in some pieces of sod and so on until the worms are in the box without touching each other.



SAVINGS BY THE BELL . . . Lois McCullough, daughter of the curator at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, unveils the first of 52 replicas of the Liberty Bell at a ceremony in Washington. Symbol of the U.S. savings bonds independence drive, May 15-July 4, the replicas will be displayed in every state during the drive.



OUT OF THE FIRE INTO THE FLOOD . . . An unidentified and struggling man braves a current of water on New York's Woolworth building 12th floor during a spectacular blaze in one of the city's tallest buildings. The blaze gained enough headway to sweep the entire 23rd floor with the result that water used to combat it inflicted heavy damage upon floors below the 23rd. New York firemen from several fire stations battled for more than an hour to bring the fire under control. No lives were lost and no one was reported seriously injured.



WHAT'S ON THE CALENDAR? . . . Dave Heckle, Litchfield, Ariz., in Phoenix for the annual reunion of the Arizona pioneer's association, gets a wee-bit excited about an up-to-date calendar girl. Heckle joined 1,200 other residents in a big two-day meeting that included a giant barbecue and dance. All members of the association arrived in Arizona as early as 1890, 22 years before Arizona was admitted to statehood.



A MILLION FOR EACH YEAR . . . Nine-year-old William Thornton White III, shown with sister Gay, 11, became sole heir to a nine-million-dollar estate when the will of his grandmother, Mrs. Katherine Brown Irvine, 64, was filed in Martinez, Calif. The lad's father, William Thornton White, Jr., was named executor of the estate which includes extensive holdings in California and Montana. A friend of the family describes the boy as brown-haired, blue-eyed, lively.

Star Dust

By INEZ GERHARD

TWO YEARS AGO Frances Gifford's movie career looked fine; she had been in about a dozen pictures, with increasingly important roles. Then, at the height of the New Year's festivities, she was in an automobile accident. She spent



FRANCES GIFFORD

agonizing months in bed, never sure whether she would ever face a camera again. Complete recovery finally came, plastic surgery restored her beauty, and she has returned to the screen in Paramount's "Riding High," opposite Bing Crosby. Ahead lies the success she deserves.

"Riding High," a Frank Capra production, is one of Crosby's best. It is a race track story, with Bing starred as a broken-down vagabond, owner of one horse and no money. There is a nice little love story, there are new songs and old ones, and a fine cast, which includes Coleen Gray, William Demarest, Jimmy Gleason, Gene Lockhart, Charles Bickford and Oliver Hardy.

Jean Simmons seems to be in need of good advice. She was to have had the lead in "Quo Vadis," but when she demanded a huge salary and Stewart Granger for her leading man, M-G-M decided that she wanted too much. With Robert Taylor slated for the male starring role, they had originally wanted Elizabeth Taylor to play opposite him, so once more they tried to persuade her.

Sammy Kaye is recording a series of 14 radio shows to step up the United States navy recruiting program. The series will be heard on 1,500 radio stations throughout the country, starting in July. George Hicks does the announcing.

Following the appearance of his article, "Be Kind to Bachelors," Ben Grauer reports the receipt of letters from all parts of the country applauding his stand on bachelorhood. More than 60 per cent are from women. Ben's a most eligible bachelor.

George Fisher has joined the ranks of radio commentators who have become movie actors. Fisher, whose "Hollywood Whispers" CBS show is one of the West coast's most popular daily programs, also conducts "Confidential Closeups" over NBC Saturdays. He will make his movie debut in E. A. Dupont's "The Dungeon," co-starring John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge and Emyln Williams.

THE FICTION CORNER

PERPLEXING RIDDLE

By Richard H. Wilkinson

Lt. JEFF BOYNTON of the Union Army's Company E, second regiment, Massachusetts volunteers, wore a look of utter dejection as he entered headquarters tent, nodded wearily to Capt. Finn Lacey and slumped onto a stool. The captain stopped writing, leaned back in his chair.

"She wouldn't talk, eh?"

"No, she wouldn't talk," Boynton answered. He stretched his long legs out in front of him and studied the worn toe of his boot.

"Maybe she's not a spy after all," Lacey hazarded. Boynton's blue eyes flashed as he jerked up his head. "Yes, she is! I'm sure of it."

Lacey shrugged and gestured with his cigar. "If you're so sure, we'll hold a court-martial and—"

"No!" Boynton was on his feet. "Don't do that, sir. We haven't enough evidence to convict. It will mean she'll go free and we'll lose our one chance of stopping the leak. Information is getting through somehow. Alice Struthers is responsible. We must learn her methods."

"How?"

How? That was the question that had driven Lt. Boynton nearly to distraction, had caused him the loss of sleep and wearied his brain from thinking. A week ago, basing the act on the slimmest of reasons, he had had Alice Struthers arrested.



One day while going through the relics of long-ago battles, he came upon a letter.

rested, to be held for questioning regarding the leakage of information to Confederate Gen. Johnson. "You can't hold her forever without a trial, Boynton," the older man pointed out after another week had passed in which the lieutenant had failed completely in his efforts to unearth some grain of evidence. "Miss Struthers is popular among the officers. Some swear they have known her for years and will vouch for her loyalty to the Union."

"Which makes it all the more likely she would succeed as a spy. I happen to know that all of Miss Struthers' maternal ancestors came from Georgia. She herself spent a good part of her girlhood in Savannah."

Idly he fingered a package of letters that he brought in with him. "I'm convinced that in these letters the girl is sending out the information. How, I don't know. Certainly she is using no code. I have checked every letter a dozen times. Purposely I have permitted each to be mailed. Events immediately following convince me that some

how those letters are the means of conveying the information."

CAPT. LACEY picked up the letters and read them briefly. They contained nothing to excite suspicion—mere messages of love and devotion to friends in the South.

Lacey suddenly pounded the table. "By George, Boynton, I believe I have it! Obviously something has to be done, and I'm more than half convinced—though heaven knows why—that your suspicions are well founded."

"So?"

"So we'll deport her. Turn her over to the Confederate army. If that stops the leakage we'll know she was the guilty party, and there will no longer be danger of its continuance."

"And it will mean Alice Struthers' complete freedom."

Two days later prisoner Alice Struthers was turned over to Confederate Gen. Johnson under a flag of truce.

But it wasn't until after the war had ended that he found the answer to the riddle. One day while going through his relics of long ago battles he came upon a letter.

It was one that Alice Struthers had written to her friends in the South, and which he had kept for a souvenir.

The paper was yellow, the ink faded. The postage stamp had dried and was hanging by a mere thread. As he looked at it, Lt. Boynton's eyes grew wide. For beneath the stamp were some closely written, finely penned words, obviously the cipher employed by Alice Struthers which he had tried so hard to locate.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

ACROSS

1. Fragment

5. Scrutinize

9. Vestige

12. Daises

13. Black bird

14. Percolated

14. A head of

15. Leap

16. Lord

17. A short-

legged,

flightless

bird

20. A wing

21. Constella-

tion

22. Particle

23. Rude

26. Conjecture

27. Ireland

(poet.)

28. Merriment

29. Bend the

head

30. Kind of fish

34. Tungsten

(sym.)

35. Exclamation

36. Cuckoo

37. Glacial

ridge

39. An amah

41. More

infrequent

42. Fragrant

wood (E. I.)

43. Wife of a

baronet

44. Flat-

bottomed

boat

DOWN

1. Long for

2. Harbor

3. Congealed

water

4. Enclosure

5. Eating

utensil

6. Cage

7. Cutting tool

8. Alloys of

sulphur, with

silver, etc.

9. Snare

11. A famous

social

worker

15. Crested

hawk-

parrot

18. Win

19. Receptacle

for flowers

20. Devoured

22. One's

father's

sister

23. Middle

24. State of

being

aroused

25. Offer

26. Firearm

28. Girl's name

30. Transport

over a river

31. Man's name

32. Insert

33. Falsehoods

35. Notice

38. Isthmus,

SE Asia

39. Short sleep

40. Eskimo tool

