

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

This Guy Khrustalev Must Have a Lot of Crust, Making Fun of Poor Old Joe Stalin That Way

By BILLY ROSE

Generalissimo Joseph V. Stalin Chairman, Council of Ministers Kremlin, Moscow, U. S. S. R. Dear Joe:

If I may be so bold, I'd like to call your attention to a matter which is no laughing matter, even though it's been getting a lot of laughs lately. Namely, the recent efforts of your propaganda boys to win friends and influence people in this part of the world.

Take, for instance, last winter's lollapalooza about how your engineers were nudging mountains with uranium. We degenerate democrats, whether you know it or not, are a fact-minded people who thrive on details. When a fellow says he's Napoleon we want to see his birth certificate, and when he's atomized an Alp we want to see the hole in the ground.

Then there were the recent hum-dingers which claimed that every doodad from the wheel to the flying saucer had been invented by a Russian. Now, I can't doubt that many an important idea has been hatched between the Carpathians and the Urals, but when your propaganda machine gives the rest of the world credit for nothing but the Lindy hop and the bubonic plague, a lot of folks who might otherwise be friendly begin to titter—and even your legitimate claims get lost in the chuckle.

OUR MASS REACTIONS were neatly summed up a few months ago when The New Yorker cartooned a group of your agents in China discussing policy. "The main thing is to handle them with tact,"

said one of them. "Let them think they invented gunpowder." Some issues later, the same periodical ran another captious cartoon in which several Politburocrats were debating the question, "Shall we invent television now or wait until they perfect color?"

As another, and admittedly picaresque, example of what I'm getting at, let me tell you about my own experiences with your editors and copywriters.

Every now and occasionally, as some idle-eye in your press division has apparently noticed, I take a playful poke at your regime in my column—an event which certainly doesn't figure to precipitate a crisis of state. But instead of filing it in the wastebasket and going about their business, your name-callers have twice made the mistake of answering back—and both times with the finesse of a lumberjack trying to lat.

The first time, a year ago, both Pravda and Ivestia reported I was a "white slaver" and that my "humpty-dumpty little cabaret was the biggest bordello in the world."

And as if that weren't enough, they went on to say that my partners in this enterprise were John Edgar Hoover and Bernard M. Baruch. Well, as might have been expected, this bombastic bombshell

exploded nothing but giggles. Time magazine reprinted the item as a gag, my chorus girls threatened to picket the Russian consulate, and the syndicate which handles my stuff picked up a few more papers.

ALL OF WHICH should have taught your word-wasters a lesson, but it didn't. A few days ago, someone mailed me the February issue of your magazine, Navy Mir (New World), and—lo and surprise!—in it was an article by one P. Khrustalev which, by way of documenting the degeneracy of American culture, described me as "a gangster with three chins" who "murdered a man and grabbed his capital."

I took this, I assure you, as a plaudit rather than a potshot. On your way up, as I get it, you knocked off a couple of banks yourself, and since have undoubtedly knocked off an opponent or three. Khrustalev, it was evident, meant to be complimentary when he word-painted me in the image of Soviet Citizen No. 1.

All kidding aside, though, don't you think it's about time you sent for your typewriter assassins and pointed out that their releases are getting more howls than hosannas? And while you're at it, you might point out that Joe Goebbels' theory—the bigger the lie the more apt it is to be believed—only works with people who desperately want to believe the lie.

One thing more: I fraternally suggest you keep an eye on this Khrustalev fellow who said I had three chins. Such a man, in a reckless moment, might describe his premier as having two heads.

Sincerely, Billy Rose



WHAT SAY? . . . Sporting his first new hat in 50 years, Frank E. Gimlett, famous hermit of Arbor Villa, Colo., and advocate of a return to the gold standard, shows how he regained control of his speech after suffering a stroke last February.

This Is Your Paper 'A Little Late' Means Trouble

By William R. Nelson

A PUBLICITY chairman of a prominent civic group rushes breathlessly into the newspaper office, her face a picture of worry. "I hope you will forgive my being late with our news, but I simply forgot what day this is," she bawls. "I just have to get this announcement into the paper."

In a metropolitan newspaper office nothing could be done to help her. Deadline is deadline there. But, in the home town paper office it is sometimes difficult to be so rigid about deadlines. In the hypothetical instance cited, let us assume an exception is made. Here is what would probably happen.

The breathless chairman would go her way much relieved. Although received after deadline time, her organization's news will be in the paper, as usual. At the newspaper, however, the chairman's tardiness has precipitated a chain reaction of upset schedules that will affect virtually every member of the staff.

An editor will have to handle another news story. One or more items already in type will have to be shortened to make room for the late story. Type already set will have to be discarded and more set. Page dummies will have to be altered. Lockup of page forms will be delayed. Printing and distribution will be off schedule.

This probably exaggerated example of what happens when someone imposes late news upon the paper, is duplicated, even more disruptingly, whenever an advertiser fails to get copy to the paper on time.

As long as humans are prone to forget, have accidents, or otherwise be delayed in performing duties, it will probably be necessary for stores and newspapers to occasionally accept such impositions. But these disruptions of necessary schedules will be materially reduced, no doubt, when people fully realize what inconvenience their tardiness causes.

Whenever you have news or advertising for the paper, get it in well ahead of the deadline. You will get better service, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you did not impose upon the newspaper's people.

SPORTSMAN'S HORIZON

By JIM RHODY

Farm Fish Ponds

Farm fish ponds are gaining widespread popularity, and many thousands of these impoundments of all sizes have been built during the past few years. Methods were developed in Alabama for increasing fish production in ponds by the use of commercial fertilizer. It now is possible for a southern farmer to raise 250 pounds of fish per acre of water in a year. This is comparable to the production of livestock on an acre of good upland.

Although yields may be somewhat lower in the North, owing to the shorter growing season, the pond movement is gaining rapidly in that region. Ponds are useful not only for fish production but for stock water and domestic ducks and geese. Some farmers have made their ponds small waterfowl sanctuaries where wild birds are decoyed by tame ducks and fed during the fall migration.

Fish ponds are kept free of leafy vegetation by deepening the marginal areas. Food for young fish is furnished by the minute free-living plants and animals that multiply abundantly in fertilized water.



These pond areas usually are fenced against grazing to prevent silting. The immediate margin of the water customarily is kept clear to make fishing easier and to keep the impoundment from collecting leaves and brush. However, plantings of conifers and shrubs may be used on the watershed or inside the fence of the pond area itself. Musk-rats must be excluded from fish ponds as there is no food for them and they would be a threat to dikes and dams.

Fish ponds should not be stocked indiscriminately with many kinds of fish. Some of the highest yields have been obtained by stocking new ponds with 100 largemouth black bass and 1,000 to 1,500 bluegill fingerlings per surface acre. The proper building and operating of a pond requires professional guidance. In most areas this can be furnished by the soil conservation service. In some states the state conservation department also provides assistance. Bulletins on the subject can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, all of Washington, D.C.

Teach Them Young Kelly DeBusk, Oklahoma state game and fish director, has some thoughtful and inspiring advice for sportsmen in last month's issue of the Oklahoma Game and Fish News.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker says, "Sportsmen should teach beginners their obligations as well as the pleasures afield." What are you teaching your boy? Your neighbor's boy? Or your friend's boy? Have you told him of the many times you recognized limits of creel and bag? Have you explained to him the importance of habitat? Have you taught him to see beauty in the dogwood, redbud and sage brush? Is he attracted to the ripple of water, the song of the brook or the chirping of the birds? Is he acquainted with the woods and wildlife?

Have you passed over quietly or ever omitted references to your own unguarded mistakes? Does the boy know what sportsmen think of "potshooters"? Have you told him of the crime of deer hunting at night? Or dynamiting streams? Of baiting duck ponds?

Does he understand that a game ranger, a servant of the people, would welcome his sincere cooperation? Have you emphasized to this boy that a game law violator is a thief.

Does he know that game is costly and valuable? That fish are a luxury? What are you yourself doing for game and fish besides harvesting some of it?

The Bass Bass can be truly called America's game fish, for more than any other major fresh water roamer they offer unexcelled sport to a great number of men, women, boys and girls in the most widespread territory.

Bass live in a good many places where the spotted trout cannot survive because of the high temperature of the water. Several million anglers yearly visit our lakes and streams.

Thrifty to Make



Alice Brooks FOR HER best dress! It's a simple pattern and easy to memorize—skirt is straight tubular piece; top, easy crochet too!

She'll be so proud of her new crocheted frock! Pattern 7238 has directions for sizes 2, 4, 6. Send 20 cents in coin, your name, address and pattern number to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. P. O. Box 5740, Chicago 90, Ill. or P. O. Box 165, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Enclose 20 cents for pattern.

No. Name Address

Advertisement for 3-IN-ONE OIL featuring a cartoon character and product images.

King Tut's Sandals Still in a state of perfect preservation, a pair of leather-soled sandals, painted and embossed in gold, were found in the tomb of Tutankhamen in Egypt. Painted on the inner soles were figures of traditional enemies, Syrians and Libyans, "on whom the King trod."

Personal To Women With Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slow down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, 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.

If your discomforts are due to those causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 60 years. While these symptoms may often otherwise occur, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filter flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

DOAN'S PILLS

Each With Your Own Initial!

4'Signature' Silverware Teaspoons Only 75¢

with white star and from KELLOGG'S VARIETY PACKAGE

Lovely silverware with your own script initial. Old Company Plate made and guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn. With spoons, you get prices on complete service—offered by Kellogg's VARIETY of 7 cereal delights. . . 10 generous boxes. Delicious anytime!



SEND TODAY! Kellogg's, Dept. FF, Wallingford, Connecticut. Please send me . . . "Signature" teaspoons with following initials. . . For each unit set of 4 spoons, I enclose 1 white star and from Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE and 75¢ in coin.

Name Address City Zone State

Star Dust STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

RONALD COLMAN has emerged completely from professional retirement that nobody would be surprised if he returned to his first love, the stage, where Lillian Gish discovered him years ago and had him engaged as her leading man in "The White Sister." His radio show, "The Halls of Ivy," Wednesday



RONALD COLMAN

day nights on NBC, was the first step. Next came the hilarious United Artists picture, "Champagne for Caesar," his first film in three years. Colman is wonderful as a double-or-nothing quiz contestant who runs his take up to a \$40,000,000 jackpot. Even the talented parrot who plays "Caesar" can't steal scenes from him—quite a feat!

Lowell Thomas, CBS newscaster, had quite a week recently. The doctor let him discard the crutches he'd been using for seven months, ever since he was thrown from a horse while trekking through Tibet. And his son was married, with Thomas as the best man. The beautiful wedding took place in a charming church in Greenwich, Conn. James Melton sang.

Jan Sterling's standing at Paramount was boosted so high by audience reaction to her work in "United States Mail" and "Union Station," when they were shown at sneak previews, that she was given a top assignment in "Ace in the Hole."

Mona Freeman has been worried; she's so little and looks so young that she feared she'd never get roles where she could look her age—25. "I could just see my daughter growing up," said she. "And going to the movies with a boy friend, pointing to a bobby-soxer on the screen and saying 'That's my mother'." But now Mona's happy; she looks her age in "Branded."

Stewart Granger is going to be stuck in costume pictures for a long time to come. M-G-M was delighted with his performance in "King Solomon's Mines," and will now turn him into a swashbuckling hero. He will do "Robinson Crusoe," "Ivanhoe," in full-blown Technicolor, followed by that old favorite, "Scaramouche," and then will don uniform for Kipling's "Soldiers Three."

THE FICTION CORNER

EVERY MAN," said Inspector Joe Warren, frowning over the letter which he held in his hand, "has a weak point. In the case of 'The Flash,' most darling criminal of this city's criminal history, it appears to be vanity."

3-Minute Fiction

"He gestured toward the letter. "The fellow has become drunk with his success in accomplishing two outstanding robberies. And now he has taken to writing us letters, stating just where he's going to be at a certain time and what he plans to do."

Detective Fargo blew smoke rings at the ceiling and evaded his chief's eyes. "So far," he said, "he seems to have been pretty successful in carrying out his plans. This is the third letter we've received."

"Each time The Flash has appeared where he said he would at exactly the time denoted in his letters. And while we've stood idly by he's committed his crimes and escaped. What's he up to this time?"

"The Devonshire party," Warren growled. The truth of Fargo's statement scored him. "Mrs. Devonshire is planning to wear that valuable emerald her husband brought her from Europe a month ago. The Flash states in this letter that he intends to steal the emerald and defies us to stop him."

Fargo crushed out his cigaret. "Have you taken any steps to prevent the robbery?"

"Fargo, as you know, the Flash's disguise is perfect. He'll appear at that party as a guest, or servant or someone with whom the Devonshires are but slightly acquainted. I want you to go up there early.



The butler's face was white and drawn.

meet Mrs. Devonshire when she comes down stairs and stick with her until the last guest has gone. Then see to it that the emerald is stored away in a safe before you leave. I'll have Johnson and a couple of other men mingling with the guests."

AT 11 O'CLOCK on the night of the Devonshire party Inspector Warren drew his roadster up before the palatial mansion and ascended the steps.

Warren stepped quickly inside. And at that moment Mrs. Devonshire, accompanied by her husband and Detective Fargo, came flying down the stairs.

VANITY ALL

By Richard H. Wilkinson

"What's happened?" Warren barked at Fargo, ignoring the incoherent babble of Mrs. Devonshire.

"It's gone," Fargo grated. "About an hour ago, I was standing behind Mrs. Devonshire in the reception line. Someone poked a gun in my back and told me to walk backwards. When I saw the fellow's face I knew it was The Flash, because he was a dead ringer for myself."

"A ringer for you!" Warren gasped. "What the devil do you mean?"

"I mean," said Fargo grimly, "that his disguise this time looked like me, generally speaking. He forced me into a closet and cracked me over the head. Naturally no one noticed that anything was happening, as Mrs. Devonshire was exhibiting her emerald at the time."

"Ten minutes ago I came to and began to kick on the door. Devonshire opened it. I rushed to Mrs. Devonshire and discovered that she had just missed her emerald.—The Flash has outsmarted us again!"

Warren slumped wearily into a chair. "Tomorrow," he groaned, "every newspaper in the city will have the story. It will be the most humiliating moment of my life."

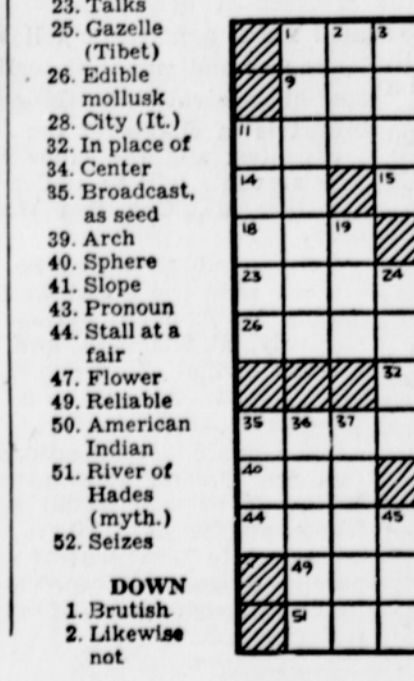
Fargo smiled bitterly. "Every man has his weak point," he said. "Yours seems to be vanity."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

- ACROSS 1. Indian (Peru) 5. Crowds 9. A rule or standard 10. Incite 11. Bush 12. Norse god 14. Tungsten (abbr.) 15. God of earth (Egypt.) 17. Anger 18. Old wine cup 20. City (Vt.) 23. Talks 25. Gazelle (Tibet) 26. Edible mollusk 28. City (It.) 32. In place of 34. Center 35. Broadcast, as seed 39. Arch 40. Sphere 41. Slope 43. Pronoun 44. Stall at a fair 47. Flower 49. Reliable 50. American Indian 51. River of Hades (myth.) 52. Seizes

- DOWN 1. Brutish 2. Likewise not 3. The shank (Anat.) 4. Fossil resin 5. Part of face 6. Finnish seaport 7. Vehicles (Paints) 8. Severe 11. Male deer (pl.) 13. Masculine nickname 16. Insect 19. Sleeveless garment (Arab.) 21. Male cat 22. Secular 24. Put through 27. Fate 29. Bowl 30. Underhand 31. Abounding in news 33. Primary color 35. Weep convulsively 36. Peevish 37. Around 38. Become mature 42. City (N. Brazil) 45. Attempt 46. Witch 48. Pen point No. 55



Both Ways— P.A.'s the National Joy Smoke!



WITH PRINCE ALBERT IN MY PIPE I'M SURE OF MILD, RICHER-TASTING SMOKING COMFORT. IT'S A JOY TO SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT!

I GO FOR P.A., TOO! CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT ROLLS UP FAST AND EASY INTO A FIRM CIGARETTE... AND GIVES ME A MIGHTY TASTY SMOKE.

Advertisement for Prince Albert tobacco featuring a pack of cigarettes and the text 'MORE MEN SMOKE Prince Albert THAN ANY OTHER TOBACCO'.