

Thrill-Seeking Bobby-Soxers Haunt Jail Corridors In Hunt For Romance

Atlanta, Feb. 3.—(U.P.)—The attractive teen-ager surveyed herself in a large mirror. She might have been making last minute preparations for a high school dance date with her best boy friend.

But that was not her destination.

The mirror hung in the chief jailer's office at grim, stone-faced Fulton County tower here. She had come to visit. Her family thought she was either at school or on the way home.

Thrill-Seeker

She was one of numerous thrill-seeking bobby soxers who haunt the jail corridors, strolling along banks of cells in search of men—and some form of romance.

"What will girls think of

next?" wondered huge Hugh Cromer, chief jailer.

He said they show up during visiting hours, often with school-books under their arms. Some are only 15 to 16.

They beg and plead for permission to visit some prisoner whose name they often snatch from newspapers so they'll have a bonafide excuse to get inside the jail.

Cromer said many of the feminine visitors are there to see actual loved ones. But most of the bobby sox brigade comes just for the thrill.

Man Picked Out

"I've seen them stand in front of this mirror for 20 minutes working on their hair and faces before they go visiting," Cromer said.

Once inside the cell area, the girls pick out their man by the simple process of looking them all over.

What happens then? At first, they just talk, giggling school-girlishly. But more often than not, Cromer said, the first visit and "introduction" results in a flow of letters pouring out undying love for the man behind bars.

They return when they can, bearing gifts of candy, food and cigarettes.

Cromer said an attractive office secretary recently offered Jail Chaplain Bill Allison "a nice sum of money" if he would fix it so she could see a convicted murderer.

"He's so romantic looking," she told him. "I just want to meet him."

Cromer said he tried to offer fatherly advice to the feminine visitors, particularly those of the obvious thrill set.

But they still come, and plead, and visit and find romance separated by prison bars.

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

These words are written just after having come over the Willamette pass. It was a breeze. The trip took about four and a half hours, longer than summer weather time. The snow is about 10 feet deep beside the road, considerably higher than a car, but on the roadway it is hard and packed—dry and crunchy with the zero cold, with plenty of friction. Not much danger of skidding, and if you did skid you'd merely go into a soft fluff of snow at the side.

STARTED late and spent the night at Eugene. About seven inches of snow here last night. The highway has been plowed, and the city streets have been plowed. It's a wintry-looking scene.

While shaving this morning, I listened to a news broadcast via a radio in the adjoining room. Two below, the announcer says—the lowest temperature since 1924, when it went to four below.

1924! How well I remember that date! I was running a newspaper in Eugene then—a morning newspaper. It happened in December. There had been two or three weeks of blue bird weather. Warm and sunny. The flowers blooming. Several people had mowed their lawns. One afternoon I went out the deep end of the pool. The water was warm. I wrote one of these lyrical editorials about the weather. I turned it in to the printer about 5 in the afternoon, dusted off my hands and went home.

Along about midnight a cold front struck down from the north and when we arose the next morning there was a snow blanket of some six inches and the mercury was plummeting toward zero.

It took me years to live down the kidding.

FROM Eugene north, the snow gets deeper. There isn't much traffic on the highway, but the going is still good, the snow dry and sandlike.

The trucks roll on. It takes more than weather to stop those boys. On the open highway the going is easy enough, but in the towns it's tough. The traffic lights are a pest. When you have a dead weight of ten tons or so behind you, you hate to come to a full stop. You have to when you hit a red light. Red lights are pesky that way. They hang on till the poor driver finally has to stop to keep from crashing into the cross traffic. Then he has to make a full start.

His wheels spin. If he isn't cursing it's because of the innate courtesy that is drilled into these pilots of the highway juggernauts. Eventually his tires, with tons of weight above them, cut down to the pavement and bite. Truck and trailer begin to move forward. At the next stop light it's all to be done over again. The driver tries desperately to keep rolling till the light turns green, but nine times out of ten fate is against him and it stays red till he comes to a full stop.

There are frustrating things in this life, and this must be one of them.

PORTLAND is a mess. The snow is inches deep on the streets in spite of plowing. Churned by thousands of wheels, it is about the consistency of damp sugar. But somehow your tires bite through and you keep rolling.

Thanks to a telephone reservation, accommodations are waiting at the hotel. Everything is lovely till you come down to take the car to the garage. You line up and wait until finally an attendant comes along and tells you: "Might as well go somewhere else. We're full up." You go somewhere else. He's full up too.

The garage people explain it this way: "Everybody living out in the suburbs got caught in the storm, started his car and put up at a hotel."

I PROWLED the streets for three-quarters of an hour, and finally came back to the big garage near the hotel where I'd tried first. "Look here," I said. "I'm from clear down in Southern Oregon and I've been storing my car here for years. I'm due at a meeting and I've simply

Man Arrested For Stealing Own Car

Columbus, O., Feb. 3.—(U.P.)—Police came up with a new twist in auto theft today after they arrested James M. Ritter, 35, of Westminster, Md., for stealing his own car.

The 1948 model car was listed as stolen from Ritter on December 7. A week later he told police he had found it himself in Baltimore.

But he confessed to police here, he didn't tell his insurance company. Instead, he collected an insurance check for \$1921.65, then came here to sell the car. When arrested, he had made arrangements to dispose of it for \$1050.

Police said he will be held on an open charge until a warrant arrives from Baltimore.

Mental Patient Admits Setting Hospital Afire

Davenport, Ia., Feb. 3.—(U.P.)—A mental ward patient readily admitted setting a fire which snuffed out the lives of 41 women, Mercy hospital employees testified at a coroner's inquest.

The employees told a coroner's jury yesterday that Mrs. Elvira Epperly, 22, of Rock Island, Ill., told them she set the fire in her room Jan. 7. An official board of inquiry said its findings substantiated her confession.

While 24 witnesses testified at the inquest yesterday, a sanity commission at Rock Island adjudged Mrs. Epperly insane and she was committed to an East Moline, Ill., state hospital.

got to have a place to leave it." He looked me over with a fishy eye. "I've been working here for six years," he said, "and I never saw you before."

But he took me in and gave me a claim check.

Such is life in Oregon in one of the biggest storms in years.

LATER, The top headline in tonight's Journal says: "More Snow Coming, Biting East Wind Due."

Br-r-r-r! What wouldn't I give for those old ear muffs I left back East years ago!

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KGW—9:15 - 9:30 a.m.

Subject, Feb. 5—"The Culture of Sweet Peas"

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