



RATED AMONG TOP LOVELIES in California, here are 11 finalists from 41 counties competing for title "Maid of California" at State Fair Sept. 1 through 11. From left: Marcia Malatesta, Amador; Marilyn Van Deusen, San Bernardino; Joan Beckett, Sacramento; Joye Monroe, Fresno; Nancy Smith, Alameda; Elaine Herrmann, Monterey; Patricia Hutchens, Trinity; Gay Cowie, San Diego; Judy Kileen, Kern; Margie Morec, San Mateo; and Arlyta Grove, Contra Costa County. Winner will preside over major Fair activities. (International)

A Nichol's Worth of ... Comment On This and That

By **HARMAN W. NICHOLS**
United Press Feature Writer

Washington—(U.P.)—I'm a little perturbed about a letter I got from Miss Gertrude Whittum of Springfield, Mass.



Harman Nichols drop-down or "barn-door" rear, and high collars.

The lady got all worked up about a piece I wrote saying that some manufacturers still are turning out such articles as button shoes, long underwear with the "barn-door" rear, and high collars.

Miss Whittum mentioned in a nice letter to me that she had no interest in antiques like the high-button shoes, or night caps with tails on. All she was concerned about, she said, was the high collars for men. She was interested, she said, because she had a young friend who "isn't comfortable unless he is uncomfortable." She explained that her friend just doesn't feel right unless he is running around in a high collar.

I had a mind to sick Miss Whittum 'onto former President Herbert Hoover, who brought the high collar back in the B.R. (before Roosevelt) days or to some of the bartenders I know who put more collar in a glass of beer than they do beer.

But I didn't.

"I'm taking a trip," she said, "and what my young friend wants more than a new Cadillac is a bunch of stand-up col-

lars. He has been making them himself out of cardboard, but what with the hurricanes, wet weather and all, they won't stand the strain of buttons. Either the fore one, or the one aft."

In desperation, Miss Whittum confessed that her young friend has managed, at no little expense, to get himself a few old celluloid collars. But these have a distressing habit of catching fire when a pipe is lighted if a man gets reckless.

Also he has some of the starched kind, but she says these cannot be scrubbed and starched properly where he lives, wherever that is.

The lady says that her friend had been mailing what collars he has to her to send to a Chinese laundry.

"Time was," the lady said, "when we had 26 Chinese laundries here in Springfield. Today we have only five and they are far apart, and not only that, they are pretty slow on doing up high collars."

A deplorable situation, indeed. Miss Whittum said she finally wrote to England and somebody sent her back a collar four inches high.

"They got the wrong measurements," she added. "Not only is it a choker around the neck. It is so high that it makes him hiccup and gurgle. He has to take it off when he eats, because he can't swallow. Not only that, it's the wrong color. Who wants to wear a green collar with a blue suit?"

Hospital for Horses Is Builder's Project

Chicago — (U.P.)—Joe Prince makes a living building homes, but he spends much of his time on another project, a hospital for horses.

Prince and his late partner, Stanley Bardecki, who owned and raced horses, had planned the horse hospital together. After Bardecki died, Prince went ahead alone.

First, he purchased a run-down 60-acre cattle farm on the southwest side of Chicago. Then he began refurbishing, painting, rebuilding. Now he has facilities for 100 horses of all types.

These facilities include a \$25,000 hydraulic operating table, an X-ray machine for therapy, padded recovery stalls for injured horses and numerous other aids.

"We have a veterinarian here all the time," he said, "but any vet can come in and work. We make all facilities available to him."

Since Miss Whittum read the first story I wrote, she knows by now that she doesn't have to go clear to Britain to get high collars.

She can prow around most any country store and find a few. Or if she has a bundle of long green, she can go to a maker of custom shirts and collars in a big city. These outfits will sell her all the collars she can afford, and tailor them clean up to the jowls.

And if Miss Whittum buys a couple of dozen or so at a time, the man might pitch in a couple of polished collar buttons.

Military Reservation Sees Area As NY Port

Camp Drum, N. Y. — (U.P.)—This northern New York military reservation is being envisioned as a staging area and the nearby Black River as a port of embarkation by the Watertown Chamber of Commerce.

The group proposes that Black River Bay, an arm of Lake Ontario, be utilized to take deep-draft ships and be named the "Port of Northern New York." It was pointed out that such a port would be about 225 miles closer to Europe than is New York City.

Traffic Loses Whistle And Man Loses Cows

Williston, Vt. — (U.P.)—Farmer Eugene Blair usually listens for the whistle of the train before he drives his cows across the Central Vermont Railroad tracks.

Recently he cocked an ear but all he could hear was the noise of cars on a nearby highway. He was halfway across the tracks when a train swept down and killed four of his cows. Complained Blair:

"The traffic these days is so noisy you can't even hear a train whistle no more."

Mystery of Missing Greenlease Ransom Money Continues To Baffle Police and FBI Agents

St. Louis, Mo. — (U.P.)—Roger Lind, an airport employee, walked into a Minot, N.D., bank some weeks ago to cash his paycheck. He left the bank with the first clue to a \$300,000 mystery that has baffled the shrewdest investigators in the United States for almost two years.

The clue Lind carried from the North Dakota bank was a \$20 bill, one of 17,000 bills paid to the kidnap-killers of six-year-old Bobby Greenlease.

In the days that followed three more of the ransom bills turned up. Then they stopped. It was the first time any of the ransom notes had been seen in circulation since two business associates of wealthy automobile dealer Robert C. Greenlease put \$600,000 into a duffel bag and tossed it from a speeding car near a culvert on a lonely road outside Kansas City.

Largest Ever Paid
The ransom, largest ever paid in a kidnap case, was delivered according to instructions of the kidnapers in early October. Within 48 hours the body of Bobby Greenlease was discovered in a

shallow grave in St. Joseph, Mo., and Carl Austin Hall and Mrs. Bonnie Heady were arrested in St. Louis for the crime.

When he was captured Hall had thousands of the ransom bills packed in his luggage. The luggage was opened at the Newstead District Police station. It

Air Force Nylon Cord To Defy Rope-Stealer

Washington — (U.P.)—Parade-watches in the nation's capital have been getting a little too much rope.

After each parade culprits pull out pocket knives, slash off some of the rope used to hold back crowds, and haul it away before workmen have time to get things cleaned up.

Police figure the rope thefts average upwards of 150 feet per parade, and Washington has lots of parades.

So the police have asked the General Services Administration for 167,000 feet of surplus nylon rope once used by the Air Force to tow aerial targets. Worked inside the nylon are four strands of knife-proof heavy wire.

held \$293,000 of the \$600,000 delivered by the Greenlease family.

Hall insisted he had most of the \$600,000 with him when he was arrested. The officers who took him into custody, Lt. Louis Shoulders and Patrolman Elmer Dolan, were equally insistent that all Hall's luggage was brought into the station.

Sentenced to Prison
The two officers were eventually dismissed from the police force, convicted of perjury and sentenced to prison terms.

They were convicted mostly on the testimony of witnesses who said they saw Hall brought into the police station and that the luggage was not brought in with him.

The mystery of the missing \$300,000 grew deeper with the execution of Hall and Mrs. Heady and the insistence of Shoulders and Dolan that they knew nothing of the missing money.

The FBI speculated unofficially that the ransom was paid in 13,401 \$20 bills and 3,570 \$10 bills. Serial numbers of the bills were made public.

For more than a year the mystery of the missing money remained one of the greatest in the history of crime. It was often compared with another famous crime money mystery: The \$1,000,000 cash holdup of a Brink's vault in Boston.

Then the mysterious ransom notes began seeping into circulation. After Lind discovered the first missing \$20 bill, three other \$20 bills were found at the federal reserve bank in St. Louis by FBI agents.

One of the bills was traced to the Union National Bank at Springfield, Mo. A second was traced to the Sedalia Bank and Trust Co., at Sedalia, Mo. There was no indication where the third bill came from.

The FBI still doesn't know who is putting the bills into circulation; whether the remainder of the ransom money is intact; or whether it will ever be found. But agents are sure that it still exists, that it hasn't been destroyed and that there is a chance of finding it.

Dead line for Sunday Classified is at noon Saturday.

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Pkg. 39¢

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46-oz. 4 cans \$1.00

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• Tidbits
• Crushed
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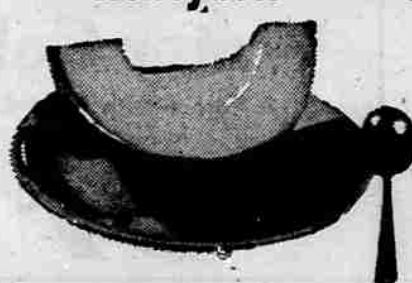
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