



A BUZZARD'S KISS of appreciation is bestowed upon 15 year old Russell R. Rippell of Baltimore. Young Rippell found his unlikely pet two months ago on the family car. He had no trouble in persuading the bird to accept a lifetime meal ticket in the Rippell home. (International Soundphoto)

American Millionaire Does Business With Congo Natives

Leopoldville — (U.P.) — If the natives of the Congo ever evolve their own original art forms, which seems likely, part of the credit will go to an American millionaire whose business schedule must certainly be one of the strangest in the industrial world.

On a dusty side-street of this Belgian Congo metropolis I found Maurice Alhadeff conducting the many enterprises that have made him one of the richest men in West Africa, with investment interests extending all the way to department stores in San Francisco.

I've seen a lot of business offices, but never one like this. For one thing the rickety front door was locked. I went around to the back yard and found a small army of natives squatting in a long line, each with a piece of sculpture or a painting or a baked clay pot before him.

The line forms in the morning and lasts most of the day. Inside a small office, made even smaller by stacks of paintings which spilled into an adjoining room, and innumerable sculptures, good Alhadeff—he works standing up— a stack of banknotes on his desk.

He had been on the phone conducting a business deal in French. Now he replaced the receiver, motioned me to a chair and summoned the first native from outside the door. He was a grapple with shriveled legs who dragged himself in on hand blocks.

Pupil Meets Patron
"This is Manolo, a Bantu," said Alhadeff. "He is the finest sculptor in the Congo."

Manolo had brought along one of his pupils, a 14-year-old native boy, Marcelle, to introduce him to "the patron." The boy had a striking wooden mask in his hands.

"You do good work," said Alhadeff handing Manolo some banknotes from the pile on the desk. He dug into a bookcase and pulled out a volume on the Greek sculptor Praxiteles.

"This was the greatest sculptor who ever lived," he told the boy, "study his work, but do not try to copy it."

Manolo and the boy left, and Alhadeff summoned a couple of aides to discuss a phase of his soft-drink operation here (he also pioneered air-conditioning for the tropics and has so many other American agencies he says he has trouble remembering them all). The business settled he called in a native painter.

"Not very good," he told the artist, "you imitate too much."

Alhadeff is 59, grey, shrewd, of medium-height and stocky. An immigrant from the island of Rhodes, as a boy of 16, he worked in the mines of Katanga in 1912. He next became a trader and had one overwhelming ambition to obtain American citizenship. As soon as he was able, he established residence in New York City and was naturalized.

Not for Sale
The Congo was booming and Alhadeff went up with it. He got into building materials, plastics, drugs, automobile tires, textiles. His interests spread to Britain and the United States, and friends reckon his fortune in eight figures.

But he found out that the process of making money, once you have a reasonable amount, has to be spiced with some outside hobby. So he found his release in art.

Now he sends paints and materials and instructions into the bush to native artists and is always ready to praise or criticize their work. He recently built a ceramics kiln for two natives whose latest vases and figures are considered brilliant. His nephew, Dr. Maurice Galante, a California surgeon, took some examples back to the states recently.

"People used to say nice things about native art," said Alhadeff, "but the praise was simply surprise that a native had managed to make anything at all. I want the Congo artists to

develop their own styles out of their ancient ways of expression. My early trouble was that they were carvers not painters. But I got them American paints and brushes, and I have found at least one exceptional artist, Koyongonda."

The paintings and sculptures are not for sale; he will keep some and give away the rest.

Around Hollywood

By ALINE MOSBY
United Press Correspondent

Hollywood — (U.P.) — For 10 years Jimmy Durante has signed off his radio and television programs with the mysterious phrase, "Good Night, Mrs. Calabash," and its meaning has been a perennial puzzle to show business.

Today the lovable Durante admitted that on a recent TV show he slipped and gave away his secret.

"Maybe nobody got it, I dunno," rasped Jimmy with a twinkle in his eye.

Mrs. Calabash, from the clue he gave millions of viewers on his Oct. 22 program, is his late wife.

Wife Died in 1943
Jeanne Durante died in 1943 after 22 years of marriage. In 1946 Jimmy suddenly announced, "Good Night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are," after his stint on the Gary Moore radio show.

"I didn't say nuttin' to nobody, I just said it," remarked Durante today. "The producer says on the next program it should turn out Mrs. Calabash was about a horse or sumpin'." I told him, I'm gonna say it every night, and don't nevah ques-chum me any more."

The mystery of Mrs. Calabash brought Jimmy floods of letters through the years. Many viewers guessed it was the late Mrs. Durante. Pals say he is devoted to her memory. Though pretty Marjorie Little has been his companion in recent years, he has never remarried.

More fans figured Mrs. Calabash was his late partner, Lou Clayton. Others thought Durante made up the name as a gimmick.

No Hints Given
The Schnoz always refused to hint about Mrs. Calabash—until his recent program.

At the end of the show, he sang, "I'm making believe . . . that you're in my arms . . . although you're so far away . . . I kiss my pillow makin' believe it's you."

Jimmy confessed today, "I've waited to put that song in that spot for years. Ya notice I said 'Calabash' right after the song, to connect the two. Then I turned to go," he went on, and jumped up to demonstrate. "Then I came back and told about next week's show."

'CRUEL' PARENTS FREED
Detroit — (U.P.) — A jury freed Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Meskousis of cruelty charges for spanking their 10-year-old son with a switch, when the couple presented their evidence. Meskousis showed the jury handfuls of hair the boy had yanked from his mother's head.

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On The Side

By E. V. DURLING
(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Note a glamorous divorcee criticized for having an escort described as "young enough to be her son." Such a criticism is unfair to women. Consider the number of men who escort to theaters, night spots, etc., females young enough to be their daughters. So, if a woman is young in heart, why shouldn't she enjoy a bit of youthful male companionship?

October Best
"What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days," observed Lowell. What the eminent New England poet claimed depends upon where you are in June. In New York the nearly perfect days come in October. Such days make great ones for strolling. Part of a tour took me to one of my favorite thoroughfares, Nassau st. I first strolled there when an office boy. I noted that Andre's French Restaurant is still in business. So is Oliver Hitchcock's, the celebrated beef and bean eatery. Libby's sea food place is still active and continuing to feature Daniel Webster fish chowder. Dolan's on Park Row has gone out of business. So has Max's Busy Bee.

Briefly
Who started adults referring to a mistake as a "boo-boo"? It sounds like baby talk to me. . . . As for a man with the first name of Socrates Tsepelis of Bradford, Pa. How are you on name pronunciation. How would you pronounce Tsepelis?

Wouldn't Take No

"They Wouldn't Take 'No' For an Answer." That could be the title of a successful inspirational book. Would deal with people such as Carrie Jacobs Bond. Turned away by all song publishers, Mrs. Bond became a publisher herself and sold her own works. Liberace, the much discussed pianist, was turned down by all networks when he first applied. So he produced his program on films and sold it to separate stations by the syndicate method.

Twins

How identical are identical twins when they grow up? Recently a pair of identical twins were entered in a bathing beauty contest. They are of the same height and weight. One twin was the winner. The other finished third. Hardly anybody can tell these twins apart. However, the judge said one twin was the winner because her manner of carrying herself and her general conduct was superior to that of her sister who finished third.

Get It Right

"When Heavyweight Champion Joe Lewis took on all comers, he never sidestepped anybody no matter how formidable." So I note it said. That's wrong. Joe refused to take a chance on fighting Maxie Rosenbloom. You question the claim. All right, ask Joe about it. He's an honest fellow. He will tell you.

Prolific Papa

Joseph Codiroli Sr., the eminent chef de cuisine, remained a bachelor until he was 40. His late entry into the matrimonial field did not prevent his becoming the papa of a large family. He is the father of six children. He is now 77. His wife is 67. Mrs. Codiroli was 46 when she gave birth to her sixth child.

Those Hunches

At Belmont Park a New Yorker overheard a woman say: "I'm playing Easy Mae. My name is Mae and I am easy." Easy Mae won paying \$42 for \$2. My informant, strictly a form player, hadn't collected a ticket. Entered in the next race he noted a horse named Brush Fire. As a volunteer fireman he had fought a brush fire the day before. He decided to go for the hunch system. He played Brush Fire. That horse won. So don't ridicule your matrimonial mate when she plays a hunch. Remind me to tell you about the young woman who collected a handful of Santa Anita on a winning horse named First Baby. It seems she was expecting her first baby.

JAIL PACE

Buenos Aires, Argentina — (U.P.) — Ismael Pace, whose promotions at Luna Park made him South America's most widely-known fight promoter, was reported in jail today after being questioned by the National Committee of Investigation. Government investigators yesterday searched Pace's offices in the big indoor stadium.

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

By HARMAN W. NICHOLS
United Press Feature Writer

Washington — (U.P.) — What's new in Washington:

Sen. Alexander Wiley, the Republican from Chippewa Falls, Wis., observes in his weekly newsletter in commenting on the foreign ministers conference at Geneva: "While we constantly look for a break in the cold war, we must remain ever mindful that 'a bear can kill with a hug' and continue to operate from a position of strength."

Another law-maker, Rep. Francis P. Bolton of Ohio, sent her newsletter in from French Equatorial Africa. Mrs. Bolton is the ranking Republican on the subcommittee on the Near East and Africa. She reported that hospital and health conditions in the part of Africa she has seen are pitifully inadequate. In the cities people who are sick line up all day long just to "get looked at." Two to a bed in hospitals, "with sometimes only a straw mat over the springs. Other patients are on mats on the floor between the beds."

The Federal Bureau of Investigation has been doing some long-range gum-shoeing. A couple of cases in point: Police in Mexico arrested two men on suspicion of nothing much. One of them had adopted a Spanish alias—William J. Seiz. His companion identified himself as Robert Sommers. Turned out to be brothers. "Seiz" had trouble spelling and pronouncing his phony name. Mexican cops called Washington. J. Edgar Hoover's boys got on the job and from wired descriptions of finger prints the pair was identified as a couple of guys wanted by the United States commissioner in Los Angeles on a serious charge.

During the same week, a New York bank reported that one of its employees didn't show up. Bank officials opened the man's

cash box and it was empty. The FBI started a check. The trail led to Chicago and thence to Honolulu, where the suspect finally was arrested. But according to the FBI, the fellow had a good time on the way. He had \$968 in his jeans when apprehended, plus \$18 in a brief case. Before he left, the man had bought a nice ruby ring for \$350 and a watch for \$400. In Las Vegas, Nev., he picked up a diamond ring and got to prowling around the gambling tables where he won \$2000, which didn't quite make up for the \$9000 he had lost at cards before he ever left New York. Once in Honolulu he cashed in \$8000 in travelers checks and was about to have himself a fine steak when picked up in a hotel.

The Civil war, of course, is over, but the North-South skirmish at nearby Fort Meade was held for the 12th time over the week-end with 200 skirmishes taking part. All of the weapons pre-date the close of the Civil war, in July of 1865. The Blue and the Gray met in proper uniforms. And they shot it out at targets. And who cares who won? The ancestors of enemies of a day gone by are friend now.

The boys in the press room at the new Department of State building are wondering what will happen the next time a hot story breaks. The department has set up tape recording machines all over the sanctum of the room shared by the press. There are mikes and machines and the like to make a record of important speeches. A lot of mikes could tumble and a lot of speeches could be garbled by dumped-over recording machines the next time something big comes up.

COLLECTS TWICE.

Portland, Me. — (U.P.) — Harry S. Modes lost a \$10 bet to Nathan Weinman 10 years ago and jokingly attached a note to the bill saying he would pay Weinman another \$10 if he held onto the first one for 10 years. Weinman showed Modes the original tender recently and collected another \$10.

Wednesday, November 2, 1955

MEDFORD (OREGON) MAIL TRIBUNE—THREE

BETTER THAN NOTHING
New Britain, Conn. — (U.P.) — The school board, which had a budget of \$3,233,916.18, wound up the fiscal year with a balance of four cents.

Minneapolis — (U.P.) — A report made here estimated that a jet engine with afterburners makes a noise equivalent to that of 1½ billion people all talking at once.

WILLAMETTE LOSES
Portland — (U.P.) — Lewis and Clark's junior varsity football team blanked Willamette's Bear-kittens 30-0 here yesterday.

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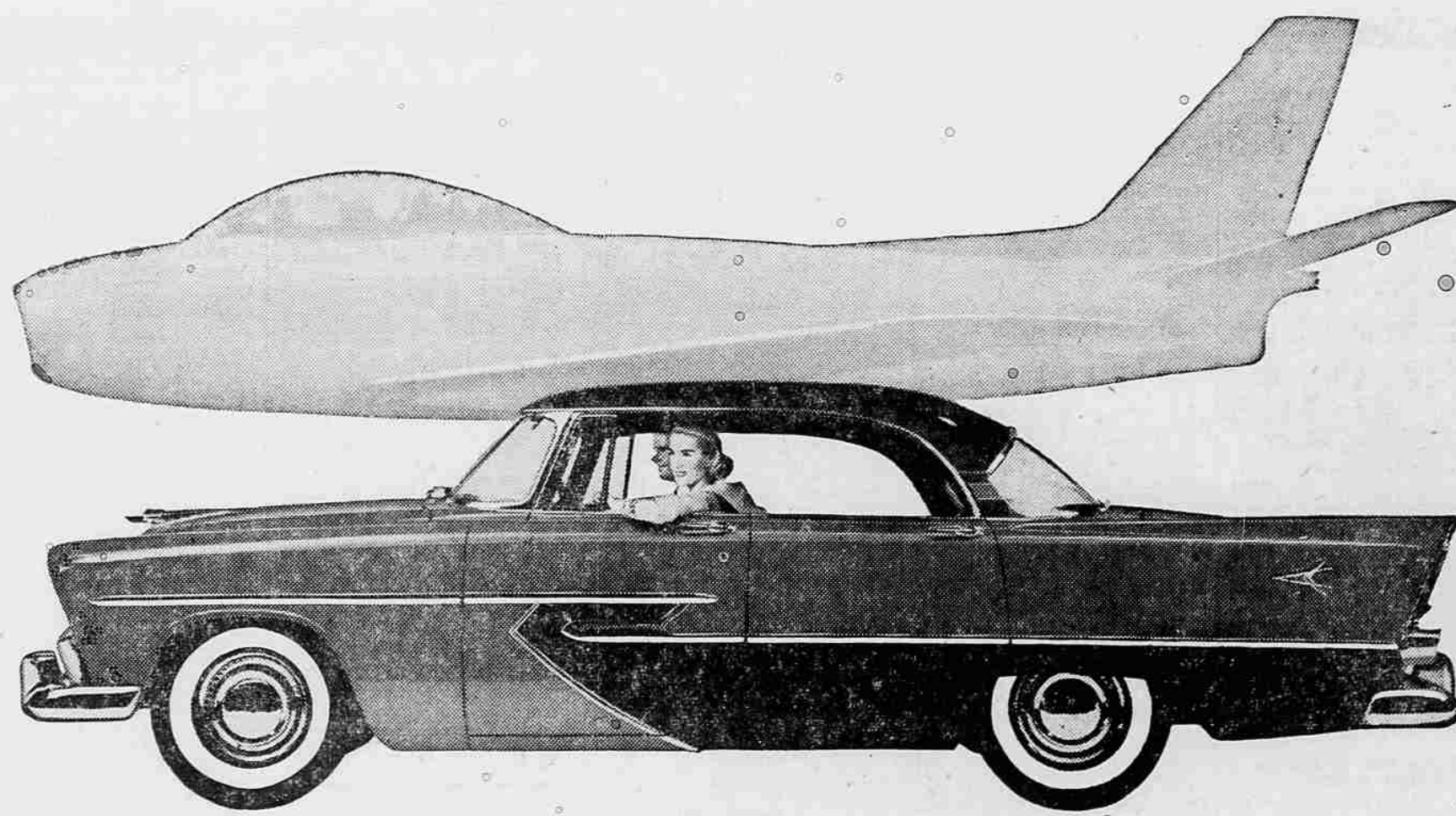
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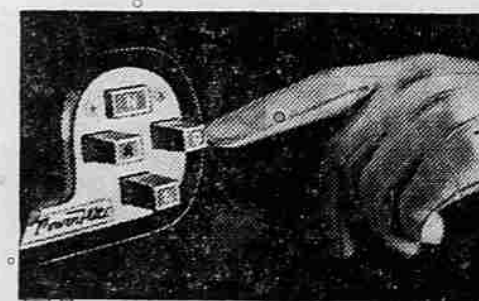
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