FREAK SQUEAKS

Driving Dog Tops 1951's List Of Unusual, Wacky Accidents

Do you ever have the feeling that things in this good old U.S.A. may just possibly be a little wacky?

Well, take it from the National Safety Council—you're right!

The Council has just completed its annual roundup of odd accidents, and dazedly reports some mighty queer goings-on in the field of freak squeaks.

A dog who's a hot rod driver . . . a fish that caught a fisherman . . . an airplane that crashed a red traffic light . . . a horse and wagon that collided with a sailboat . . . a garden rake that shot the raker—these and many other dizzy doings indicate that things have been slightly screwy in 1951.

The pooch who pined to drive a hot rod was riding in a truck with

his master, William C. Hollis of Denver. As Mr. Hollis drove through Topeka, Kan., at a prudent pace the dog stirred impatiently, reached over and planted a heavy paw on the accelerator. The truck leaped forward, went out of control, collided with a passenger car. Four persons were injured. The dog hasn't driven since.

Police in Miami, Fla., are used to seeing all kinds of traffic on busy U. S. Highway 1 during the tourist season. But even they were startled when Robert Simmons, of Dayton, Ohio, landed his airplane on the highway one August afternoon, rolled through a red traffic light and nudged a truck before he stopped. Simmons had been forced down by carburetor trouble. Nobody was hurt. No traffic ticket.

In Chicago a sailboat got on the wrong tack and collided with a horse and wagon driven by Randolph Johnson, a non-nautical pilot who found himself a little at sea when confronted by a boat traveling along a busy street on a trailer. Damage to the boat was $500. The land forces suffered no casualties.

Many a tired and perspiring gardener has moaned "I'm shot!" as he finished his raking. But Lincoln Stewart, of Columbus, Ohio, really meant it. He was raking trash in a dump when the rake struck and discharged a bullet in the trash. Stewart was shot in the ankle.

And all of us who have greeted a new day by groaning, "I feel like I've been run over by a steam roller," can get a first-hand report on the feeling from eight-year-old Stanley Willoughby, of Portland, Ore., who actually underwent the experience. Fascinated by a three-ton roller, Stanley grabbed on to a pipe at its back and walked along as it rolled. Suddenly the roller backed up. It knocked Stanley down, passed over his legs and hip, and imbedded him neatly into the hot, soft asphalt. He was injured only slightly.

TO SKEPTICS who believe chivalry is dead, here is a note of comfort: Cab Driver James Deeds, of Des Moines, Ia., gave up his seat for a lady—and did it the hard way. Helping a fair passenger unload a big sack of groceries from his cab, Deeds backed into a passing car, felt a draft, looked up in time to see the seat of his pants disappearing down the street on the door handle of the offending auto.

And in Boston, Mrs. Catherine Meenan was injured in an automobile accident as she sat in her second floor apartment. In the street below, a car had struck a pedestrian, knocked off his shoe, hurled it 25 feet through the open window of Mrs. Meenan's living room. It hit her on the head, inflicting scalp wounds.

Yes, it looks like good old 1951 was a little goofy in spots. But, as the saying goes, aren't we all!

Star Dust
STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

TONY MARTIN'S ringing career really began when, at the age of 18, he was caught by a faculty member at Saint Mary's College, Moraga, Calif., playing jazz on the chapel organ. The teacher suggested that he concentrate on music. He did, and met with nothing but disappointment until 1936 changed his luck. That year he made several musicals for 20th Century-Fox and landed the singing spot on CBS Radio's "Burns and Allen Show." He is currently

TONY MARTIN

starred with Jo Stafford on CBS's "Carnation Contented Hour"; his latest picture is RKO's "Two Tickets to Broadway." And he's had two terrific engagements at London's famous Palladium.

Denise Darcel will find herself in lively company in her new assignment; Universal-International has signed her for the feminine lead opposite Abbott and Costello, as an Alaskan dance hall entertainer in "The Sourdoughs."

People die in unusual and amazing ways in "Across the Wide Missouri"; trappers, hunters and Indians crowd the screen, there's never a dull moment. Clark Gable heads a fine cast; Adolphe Menjou gives a superb performance — but then, so does everyone else, from John Hodiak to Frankie Darro. This is a fine Western, with no cute blondes to clutter up the story.

Dinah Shore is plugging a new song, "You Gotta Show Me," which has been recorded by Bing Crosby.

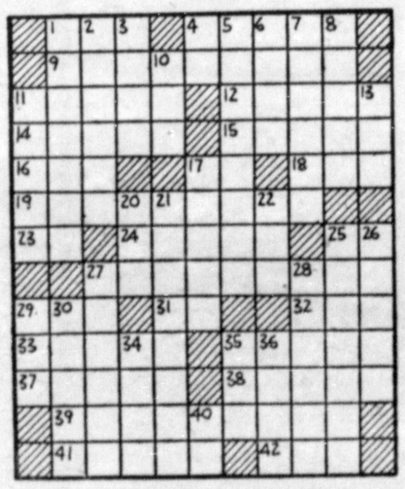
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

N-53

ACROSS
1. Wild sheep (India)
4. Steers
9. Festive
11. British Is. (Mediterr.)
12. Peruvian Indians
14. Ancient
15. Make a search for knowledge
16. Open (poet.)
17. Plural pronoun
18. Ever (poet.)
19. Noncommissioned officers (Mil.)
23. Elevated train (abbr.)
24. Ecclesiastical vestment
25. Road (abbr.)
27. Device to keep one afloat
29. Fetish (W. Afr.)
31. Right (abbr.)
32. Hail!
33. Surplice (Eccl.)
35. Confronts
37. Per. to the ear
38. Persia's
39. Offering for acceptance
41. Cut
42. Devoured

DOWN
1. A surgeon's knife
2. A handle
3. Poker stake
4. Hawaiian Islands (abbr.)
5. Proof
6. Cover the inside of
7. Twin crystals
8. Bondsman
10. Carting vehicle
11. Antlered animal
13. Varying weight (India)
17. Narrow part of body below ribs
20. Long, slender fish
21. Precious stones
22. Thrice (mus.)
25. Retaliate
26. Garment
27. Strong-winged sea bird
28. Empty
29. Tuber (So. Am.)
30. Contests
34. River (Afr.)
35. Pinaceous tree
36. Melody
40. Exclamation



THE FICTION CORNER

AVALANCHE

By Richard Hill Wilkinson

3-Minute Fiction

THE landslide occurred on March 8. It was the evening before that Lorelei and Stan quarreled. The real cause of the quarrel was Inez Thayer, Deke Whitman's stepdaughter. Deke was the mine superintendent, and Inez had come to spend a couple of weeks with him.

Inez was disappointed in the place. She had always thought of Arizona as a land of desert. Warm. Romantic. Nobody had told her that there were mountains in Arizona and that up in those mountains the temperature in March got well down below the freezing point.

She probably wouldn't have remained a week if it hadn't been for Stan Seymour. Stan was a young engineer. Inez took one look at him and decided to stay.

A woman in love sees many things that others let pass by unnoticed. Lorelei, who was the daughter of Jim Tristram, the mine foreman, had been in love with Stan since the day he arrived six months before, and he with her. Their love was unspoken, but it lay between them like a tangible thing.

Lorelei was glad now that neither had put into words the thing that both had felt, for now there need be no explaining or embarrassments. Some day, she knew, the hurt that grew inside of her as she watched Stan yield to the polished charm of Inez Thayer would fade and vanish.

So on the evening of March 7 Lorelei and Stan quarreled. And each knew that Inez was the cause of the quarrel, though both pretended it was over the matter of holding the annual spring dance in Redstone this year instead of at the mine.

"Help me!" she cried. And turned desperate eyes toward Inez.

IT was warm that night of March 7. Unnaturally warm. The heavy snows atop the mountain range against the base of which the mine buildings nestled began to melt, and on the morning of March 8 they began to move, slipping down the mountain, loosening tons of earth and ice and rock.

Lorelei was coming up from the rural delivery postoffice box with the mail. She heard the ominous roar and stopped. A moment before she had seen Stan and Inez enter the tiny engineer's field office, and without thinking she started running toward it, shouting at the top of her lungs.

Men appeared from other buildings and took up the cry, and before long a great crowd was racing down the valley road out of the path of the onrushing avalanche.

But Stan and Inez didn't appear in the doorway of the engineer's office and Lorelei kept on running, screaming. Above the office was a sharp outcropping of rock. When the avalanche hit this it divided, and stones and earth were catapulted into space over the building.

Lorelei had pushed open the door when this happened. She glimpsed Inez in Stan's arms. Then a falling timber crashed toward them and she screamed. Stan pushed Inez away from him, and almost got clear himself, but it grazed his shoulder and knocked him flat.

For a moment Lorelei stood transfixed. Then she leaped forward and began prying at the timber. "Help me!" she cried. And she turned desperate eyes toward Inez.

At the door, Inez turned. Her face was white. "Don't be a fool!" she shrieked. "Save yourself!" Then the roar and crash became louder, drowning out her words. The first avalanche had started a second.

Inez flung open the door and rushed outside. Stan pulled Lorelei down beside him and yelled into her ear; "Go on! You've still got a chance. You can't save me!" But she only stared at him in horror. Then she began picking up timbers and propping them in a sort of lean-to against the one undamaged wall, sheltering them.

Rescue crews came in and were amazed to find the two alive. They pried Stan loose and carried him away on a stretcher. One of his legs was broken.

When he came out of the ether, Lorelei was beside his bed. She smiled and said, "She's safe. She got clear and escaped without a bruise."

He looked at her and said nothing. Then he took her hand and drew her down close to him. "It's more important that you're safe—"

Travellers

Bobolinks migrate from Canada as far south as Paraguay.

CHRISTMAS IS EVERYWHERE

The fact that the many customs practiced at Christmastime stem from various peoples and nations is a sign of the universality of the great holiday.

The custom of the Christmas tree is believed to have originated with the Romans, although Martin Luther receives much credit for popularizing their use. From the tree-worshipping Druids came the using of mistletoe as a sign of good will and peace. Mistletoe boughs once were used for arrow parts, and thus signified evil. The Druids conceived the idea of raising them high and out of reach, thus converting them to a sign of kindness and peace.

The Yule log came from England, where it was tradition that a tenant could feast at his lord's expense as long as a round of wood would burn. England also added the Wassail bowl, filled with spice and ale. Americans substituted with the egg-nog bowl.

The traditional and beautiful concept of the Crib of the Nativity, featured yearly in churches, homes, and on countless thousands of Christmas cards, came originally from the brush of St. Francis of Assisi in 1223.

There are hundreds of other Christmas customs practiced in countries around the world, either stemming from these, or in some way related. Those mentioned here might have descended from the Yuletide customs of civilizations centuries before man began writing competent histories. For Christmas customs were originated the night the Magi followed the gleaming star in the sky to worship at the crib of the newborn Saviour, and have continued since.

'Los Pastores' Is Traditional Feature Of Mexican Yule

ONE OF THE traditional features of the long Mexican Christmas celebration is "Los Pastores."

Participating actors are trained weeks early for this pageant that portrays the story of the shepherds who followed the star to the stable at Bethlehem and found the Christ Child.

Christmas songs passed down from one generation to another are sung by the actors as they pass through the streets at midnight Christmas Eve. Each carries a long pole on which are fastened stars of transparent paper illuminated from within by candles, and beats time to the singing with shepherds' staves ornamented with jingling bells.

The procession ends at the church, with midnight mass, the singing continuing until dawn, while the devout kneel about in prayer.

On January 6, the day of the Three Kings, Los Pastores sing traditional songs before images of

the Kings. On that day it is the custom for children to stuff their shoes with hay and place them on balconies in anticipation of the coming of the three Kings.

The horses of the Kings are supposed to eat the hay, in return for which the grateful Kings place toys and sweets in the children's shoes.

St. Nicholas So Called By American Tots Only

American children are the only ones who call the patron saint of Christmas St. Nicholas.

St. Nicholas is, of course, a slurring of the Dutch word San Nicholass, but the name has different forms around the world. Father Christmas is indigenous to Britain; Santa Claus to Germany; Kris Kringle to Holland. All, however, are but varients of St. Nick, who was an actual person.

Nicholas was a bishop, one of the youngest in the history of the church, at Lycia, Asia Minor, and he was renowned for his piety and grace. But it was his generosity that really made him remembered. Born of wealthy parents, he was a dispenser of the good things of life and one of the greatest givers of gifts in the history of the world.

Too Much Roasting Can Ruin the Turkey

Many a turkey, perfectly dressed and beautifully stuffed, has been all but ruined in the actual roasting process.

The temperature used in roasting is the most important factor—it is perfectly possible to transform an excellent, tender, high quality bird into a stringy, tough, dry turkey by too high heat in roasting. Modern methods recommend 300 degrees and require no tedious basting.

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING!

Yes, the old boy's beginning to pack the sleigh and soon he'll be on his way. Ordinarily that's as happy a thought as you could have—But if you've got a long Christmas list and a short shopping time, well, old Santa's impending appearance can cause you much apprehension. However, it needn't do that. You see, the cigarette smokers on your list will be delighted to receive king-size Cavalier Cigarettes this year—and the pipe-smokers and "roll-your-owners" will be grateful that you remembered to give Prince Albert, America's most popular smoking tobacco! As for gift packaging, extremely mild Cavaliers come all Christmasy in their bright, gay carton . . . while Prince Albert, in the pound size tin, is boxed beautifully in full holiday colors with the card built in. So, let Santa Claus come. You're ready for him, with Cavaliers and Prince Albert, now available at your dealers! These are time-saving, money-saving gifts — the kind you'd enjoy receiving yourself. Extremely mild Cavalier Cigarettes, and Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke. "The bite's out and the pleasure's in!" —Adv.

HUSBAND HAPPY—HIS CONSTIPATION GONE

"My husband is a different man since he started to eat ALL-BRAN a year ago. For years he'd take a harsh laxative every morning and again at night. Now ALL-BRAN alone keeps him regular." Mrs. A. M. Earney, Cobb Island, Md. *One of many unsolicited letters from* ALL-BRAN *users.* This may be *your* answer to con[illegible] lack of dietary bu[illegible] (about ½ cu[illegible] ALL-BRAN [illegible] water. If [illegible] send em[illegible] Battle Cr[illegible] YOUR MO[illegible]

GOT A [illegible] TAKE 666 for fast symptomatic RELIEF

EAT ANYTHING WITH FALSE TEETH!

If you have trouble with plates that slip, rock, cause sore gums—try Brimms Plasti-Liner. One application makes plates fit *snugly without powder or paste,* because Brimms Plasti-Liner hardens permanently to your plate. Relines and refits loose plates in a way no powder or paste can do. Even on old rubber plates you get good results six months to a year or longer. YOU CAN EAT ANYTHING! Simply lay soft strip of Plasti-Liner on troublesome upper or lower. Bite and it molds perfectly. *Easy to use,* tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plates. Removable as directed. Money back if not completely satisfied. *Ask your druggist!*

BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS WASTE

When kidney function slows down, many folks complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Don't suffer longer with these discomforts if reduced kidney function is getting you down—due to such common causes as stress and strain, over-exertion or exposure to cold. Minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While often otherwise caused, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

GRASSROOTS

Is DuPont Really a Monopoly or Just Too Large?

By Wright A. Patterson

FOR SEVERAL YEARS an effort has been made to secure legislation that would provide for a national science foundation through which the top notch scientists could work at fundamental scientific discoveries. Last year the long desired legislation was passed.

As the bill was introduced, it provided an appropriation of 14 million dollars from which to provide compensation for the scientists, laboratories in which they could work, and materials with which to work. But in one of those rare economy spurts, the house appropriations committee, Clarence Cannon, Dem., Missouri, chairman, cut that 14 million down to $300,000, a sum entirely too meagre with which to start such a foundation, and nothing has happened because of that legislation.

In the DuPont hotel in Wilmington, Del. there is a display window in which are shown hundreds of those things which the scientific research of the DuPont laboratories, and the top notch scientists whose time and ability are at its disposal, have made possible. That company spends something like 20 million dollars a year on scientific research.

From their unhampered research, there has come the commodities that are shown in that display window in Wilmington, a window before which I have stood many times to wonder at the accomplishments of this one company in providing hundreds of different things for the convenience and pleasure of the people of the world.

They make use of wastes that have been deemed valueless; they provide new industries that give employment to millions of workers; they increase American sales to the extent of millions, even billions, of dollars each year. And because of that increased business, the government collects a considerable portion of the nations' taxes.

When the government wanted an A-bomb, it perfected its own organization, and spent billions of dollars on the project. Now the government wants an H-bomb, it turns to the DuPont company and its corps of scientists, working in DuPont laboratories with DuPont equipment and materials, to produce that more terrible, more destructive implement of warfare through which to insure our success against the Red hordes of communism. Whether or not those DuPont scientists will be able to construct such a bomb and the methods of exploding it, only time will tell, but if it can be done they will do it.

Now the attorney general says the DuPont Company is too big for the good of the nation, and has brought suit to break it up into small pieces so it would not be able to do for the government the things a congress refused to do for us. DuPont is a concern that has provided the munitions needed in practically every war in which we have engaged; a company that through its scientific research has provided millions of jobs for American workers; that has turned the wastes of mine, field and forests into commodities of value; a company that has added billions to America's sales, from which the government collects a large portion of the nation's taxes; a company that can do for the government, if it can be done, what the government is not prepared to do for itself.

It might be well for the attorney general to study, as I have, that display in the window of the DuPont hotel in Wilmington. From it he would probably get a new idea of the value of this too-big company, and what it, and others like it, mean to America.

DuPont is but one of a number of concerns that maintain extensive research departments into which they pour vast sums. From these laboratories come increased production, increased jobs, that 240-billion-dollars annual business from which the President insistently demands a federal government tax return of 70 billion dollars. It takes a too-big concern to stand the drain the government places upon business. Breaking them into small pieces would be but killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

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If Wheeler McMillen, editor of the Farm Journal and the Pathfinder, could be chairman of the agricultural committee of either the senate or the house, he would find a practical solution of the vexing farm problem.

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Creeping socialism in America has become running socialism.