

Hugh Bradley Says:

War Admiral, Jock Worked Out Perfect Getaway at Barrier

JUST a note to one of the old folks at home:

Dear Red—Pop Kurtzinger's wildy thumping heart burst six buttons off his vest when his boy Charley came galloping down to the wire atop the winner. The beauty and chivalry of Kaintucky were so elated that they only jacked up prices 500 per cent for the firemen who missed the first train out, but—

Well, Red, that's why an admiring friend who hasn't seen you for a long while is writing this letter. It was a swell Derby, that one so easily won by War Admiral, but there was something missing. That was you, Pop. All the while that little brown coat—really he's little only as compared to such big red giants as yourself—was shaking those four feet to make every post a winning one I kept whispering to myself. What I was saying was, "Gee, but I wish his old man could see him now."

Lots of other folks were saying the same thing, too, Red. You needn't think because you're stuck off in a green pasture a couple of counties away that honest-to-goodness people have forgotten you. Ever since the race was run I've heard hundreds of them saying, "My, my," they've been saying, "he looked just like Man o' War."



Man o' War

War, didn't he?" Actually they're a little wrong on that, though, Red, if they're speaking of mere outward appearances while the kid's standing in his stall. Maybe—because of what I hear about the way you've been spending your last fifteen years you're sort of like the old woman in the shoe and get mixed up about the younger ones now and then—I'd better set you right about him.

War Admiral, this kid of yours, has a nice easy stride, pretty close knit conformation and may be a trifle light in back. Carries his head like you but otherwise he takes after his mammy's family in looks. His mammy, you may have to be reminded, was a little mare named Brushup and her daddy was Sweep. Once out on the track, though, you can't miss him as a Man o' War. Walks up to the barrier just like you did, kind of proud and disdainful and wondering at the nerve of those other gee gees even thinking they could run along with him for money, marbles or the next peck of oats.

Just like you he's full of pep and vinegar at the barrier, too, but I wouldn't take too seriously those stories you may read about him being a bad actor there. Actually what happened there was that your kid and Pop Kurtzinger's boy, Charley, were giving the first evidence of that perfect teamwork which won them the race in the second best time in Derby history.

What Charley and your kid really were doing at the post when everybody thought they were cutting up was thinking and acting. They were wheeling in and out of their stall because they wanted to be on their toes when the break came. If they'd stood there nice and flatfooted maybe it would have looked nice in a book of manners but where would they have been when the wire went up? Probably still standing there, eh Red? Or maybe piled up over the fence in the infield.

So Charley and your kid were putting on the act. They figured that if they were a little tough lining up the starter'd make his move as soon as he got them in line for once. That's what happened and from then on it was just like as if you were doing it yourself, Red. Hee-ffly, who's always a mite impatient at the start, maybe had a head lead for the first hundred yards. After that your kid was never in trouble.

Maybe Kurtzinger did go to bat on him once, turning into the straightaway, but it wasn't even necessary. Pompon, who looked like a much better horse than he did in the Wood Memorial, was challenging then, but even if this son of Pompey hadn't been carried wide it wouldn't have made much difference. Your kid only won by two lengths but he won well in hand and he could have made it six.

Won at a good price, too, Red even considering the field of twenty was one of the best ever to start in Kentucky. Maybe \$5.40 winners seem like long shots to you with your record, but 8 to 5's not peanuts.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

STEVE CULLINAN, possibly Princeton's best center in the past decade, has turned down a pretty offer to take Art Lane's place as coach of the Harvard Scrubs. No more aid for the Crimson on how to stop the Tiger attack—as last fall—for Lane graduates from Harvard Law and will take a job with a New York firm. Val Pinclich, Clide Dudley, Walter Shaner and Frank DeHoney, all of whom performed in baseball's big-time short seasons ago, are members of the Elizabeth branch of the Motion Picture Operators' union.

The Giants were not interested when Boston's Bees tried to peddle them First Baseman Buck Jordan, recently traded to the Reds. . . . Manager Jimmy Wilson had a swell article called "Fixing the Phillies" in a recent issue of a sports magazine. . . . Coach Fritz Crisler is reported as feeling the 1937 Princeton football team will be fuller of fight than any Tiger team since 1932. . . . Leon Cadore, the Brooklyn pitcher who hurled 28 innings one day, now is associated with a Jamaica track bookie.

Names alike in sports: Jim Crowley, fight referee—Jim Crowley, Fordham football coach. Jack Doyle, Irish heavyweight—Jack Doyle, Broadway billiard and betting magnate.

Lew Raymond, Washington welterweight—Lew Raymond, fight matchmaker.

Ben Johnson, prelim featherweight—Ben Johnson, Columbia sprinter.

Sandy MacDonald, Texas heavyweight—Sandy MacDonald, Duluth Herald sports.

Moon Mullins, Indiana featherweight—Moon Mullins, former Notre Dame football star now coach at Loyola university.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, high commissioner of baseball, once was a champion bicycle rider. When he was seventeen years old he had won so many cash prizes in races at Indiana county fairs that he decided to become a business man. Opened a skating rink and went broke.

Class in Kentucky Derby history—The smallest purse ever offered in this stake was in 1875. The value to the winner then, the first year the race ever was run, was \$2,850. In 1928 Mrs. John D. Hertz received \$55,375 when her Reign Count came home in front. From 1875 to 1895 the race was at a mile and a half. In 1896 it was changed to the present mile and a quarter. Falsetto, defeated in the 1879 renewal by Lord Murphy, sired three winners of the Derby. They were Chant, in 1894; His Eminence, in 1901, and Sir Huon, in 1906.

Grimm Is Happy Over Frey's Fine Showing

Charley Grimm gives Cubs dug-out visitors rave notices about Lonny Frey, the young shortstop obtained last fall when a new era dawned in the Brooklyn front office. The Chicago manager particularly likes Lonny's competitive spirit—



Charley Grimm

which, no doubt, is news to the Dodgers' directors. Max Ulmer, who plays so well at left fullback for the Purriers Union Soccer club, is the brother of Ernest Ulmer, the famous film director—The poster advertising the International Amateur Boxing tournament at Milan, Italy, features the picture of a fighter whose tights are decorated with the flags of all the competing nations. The big blot on the poster at Stillman's gym is where the Nazi swastika used to be before Eric Seelig, barred from his native land, got through operating on it.

One of Casey Stengel's most prized possessions is a gold-headed cane. Got it from the University of Mississippi students as a reward for coaching their baseball teams for several weeks 20 springs or so ago—Chick Wergeles, the celebrated fight press agent, has numerous other claims to fame but likes best to relate that he has bought 23 automobiles in 23 years—Stu Saks, who operates a driving range near New York, has a new waistline cure. Waits until his customers have driven 1,000 balls. Then goes out and picks up all the balls.

P. Jay Donohue usually is given credit for nicknaming the Giants. The name came into being in the summer of 1885, when Chicago and New York were fighting for the championship, and was meant as a tribute to sterling playing deeds rather than to the size of the players. The Pirates were so named in 1888 when—in an attempt to beat the inter-league rules of that day—the Athletics failed to protect properly their rights to Louis Bierbauer, star second baseman. This made Bierbauer a free agent, and he was quickly persuaded to sign with Pittsburgh. It was a perfectly regular procedure under the existing rules and served the Philadelphia club right. But at the time there was high excitement and such widespread acrimony that one Philadelphia writer referred to Pittsburgh's part in the transaction as "an act of piracy on the baseball seas."

The Pirates are such nice, quiet fellows that nobody wants to beat them—and nobody will unless National league managers stop this spell of sweetness and light and beat down on the Pittsburghers.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

The Gabble of Tourists. GRAND CANYON, ARIZ.—It gets on your nerves to stand on the rim of this scenic wonder and hear each successive tourist say, "Well, if any artist painted it just as it is nobody would believe it!"

After I heard 174 separate and distinct tourists repeat the above it got on my nerves and I sought surcease far from the maddening round-tripper, hoping to escape the commonplace babbling of eastern sight-seers and revel in the salty humor of the unspoiled West. And I ran into a native who said, with the cute air of having just thought it up, "Yes, sir, I never felt better or had less."



Irvin S. Cobb

And I encountered a gentleman who in parting called out, "Say, kid, don't take in any wooden nickels." And then, speaking of someone else, remarked, "If I never see that guy again it'll be too soon."

Renaming Hors d'Oeuvres.

THE controversy over giving a more American name to hors d'oeuvres—which some cannot pronounce and none can digest—rages up and down the land. What Sam Blythe, that sterling eater, calls these alleged appetizers you couldn't print in a family newspaper, Sam's idea of a before-dinner nickerack being a baked ham. A sturdy Texas congressman calls them doo-dabs.

But if I were living abroad again, I know what I'd call them. When you behold the array of this and that, as served at the beginning of luncheon in the average table d'hote restaurant over there, and especially in France, you are gazing upon what discriminating customers left on their plates at supper the night before.

Scrambled Cooking.

DOWN below Flagstaff, Ariz., but somewhat to the eastward, in a picturesque city which saddles the international boundary, I found a unique condition.

The best American food available is across the Mexican line at a restaurant owned by a Greek gentleman with a Chinese cook in the kitchen. But the best Mexican cookery is done well over on the American side by a German woman whose husband is an Italian.

So our own native-born citizens, when hungry for the typical dishes of New England or Dixie, journey beyond the border patrols, passing on their way many of their Spanish-speaking neighbors bound four miles northward for a bit of superior tamales and the more inflammatory brands of chili.

Dueling a la Europe

UNTIL Dr. Franz Sarga, the dueling husband of Budapest, really serves one of his enemies in brochette, as it were, instead of just trimming off hangnails and side whiskers, I decline to get worked up. You remember the Doc? He set out to carve everybody in Hungary who'd snooted his lady wife and found himself booked to take on quite a large club membership. But so far he hasn't done much more damage than a careless chiroprapist could.

Once, in Paris, I was invited to a duel. I couldn't go, having a prior engagement to attend the World war, which was going on at that time, so I sent a substitute.

He reported that after the principals exchanged shots without peril, except to some sparrows passing overhead, all hands rushed together, entwining in a sort of true-love knot.

The Forgotten Man.

THOSE whose memories stretch that far back into political antiquity may recall the ancient days that seem so whimsically old-fashioned now, when our present President was running the first time on a platform which, by general consent, was laughed off immediately following election. He promised them to do something for the forgotten man. Remarks were also passed about balancing the budget right away. We needn't go into that.

But the forgotten man figured extensively in the campaign. Then, for awhile, popular interest in him seemed to languish. So many new issues came up suddenly, some, like dyspepsia symptoms, being but temporary annoyances, and some which lingered on and abide with us yet, including Mr. John L. Lewis, the well-known settler.

And now, after these five changeable, crowded years, we have solved the mystery—we know who the forgotten man is. The name is Tugwell, spelled as spoken, but you can pronounce it "Landon" and get practically the same general results.

IRVIN S. COBB. ©-WNU Service.

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

WHENEVER a crowd of actors, producers, directors, and writers get together in Hollywood, the most exciting arguments take place over questions that can never really be settled. Just the other night in the Brown Derby restaurant a group got to discussing who is the most talked-of man in pictures just now and the arguments grew so vehement, an innocent bystander might suspect that a riot was being planned. Instead, it was just a general tossing of verbal bouquets.

Several people think Robert Montgomery is the man of the hour. He recently pepped up his somewhat-wilting career by jumping from roles of society playboys to that of the maniac killer in "Night Must Fall." Other nominations for the man of the hour were David Selznick, because he produced "A Star Is Born," and Darryl Zanuck because he has made his pictures stand for a guarantee of hilarious entertainment.

Not since the days of the Talmadge sisters long ago, have film fans had the fun of watching sisters climb to fame as screen rivals. Now everyone is arguing about the respective talents of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine. They are sisters, you know. And although Olivia had a big start, appearing in four Warner Brothers pictures before Joan went to work at RKO, there are many who think that by this time next year, Joan will be well in the lead.



Olivia de Havilland

Mary Livingstone, who has played such a big part in the success of the Jack Benny radio programs, is thinking very seriously of taking part in a Paramount picture starring Buddy Rogers and Shirley Ross. It is a serious decision, because it entails having an operation on her nose and Mary does not like hospitals or other or knives or inactivity or even breathing through her mouth.

Innumerable fans have asked me if the impressive mansion and estate which Fredric March presents to Janet Gaynor in the course of the plot of "A Star Is Born" was especially built for the picture. Others think they recognize it as the house once occupied by Barbara Stanwyck, when she was married to Frank Fay. Neither theory is correct. The house belongs to a Los Angeles real estate dealer and was merely rented by the Selznick-International company for two days.

The enterprising young Grand National company certainly stole a march on the rest of the studios when they signed Stu Erwin to a starring contract. Since that time "Dance, Charlie, Dance" which he made for Warner Brothers has been previewed and Stu has landed right up in the thin ranks of top-notch comedians. He has finished his first picture for Grand National. It is called "Small Town Boy" and everyone says it is a knockout.

Ever since Myrna Loy finished "Parnell," she has been enjoying a lazy vacation at Ensenada, Mexico, where a gleaming, luxurious hotel shares scenic honors with the harbor which is said to be the most beautiful in the world—even more beautiful than the far-famed Bay of Naples. Her husband, Arthur Hornblow, got away from his duties at Paramount long enough to spend a week with her and was seized with the inspiration to write a picture set in the locale of Ensenada. Myrna hopes that she can stay on there while it is filmed but M-G-M have a crowded program ahead for her.



Myrna Loy

ODDS AND ENDS—A little boy working on the set of "Varsity Show" at Warner Brothers came down with measles, and the whole troupe headed by Dick Powell had to knock off work and watch for symptoms for two or three days. . . . Errol Flynn brought two lion hounds back to Hollywood with him, the only ones of their breed in America, and now everyone is wondering what these sporting dogs will do for amusement, hunt at the Universal zoo? . . . Jean Arthur just cannot fix her own hair, so when the studio hairdressers went out on strike, her director, Mitchell Leisen, arranged her locks for her, and very well too. . . . Clark Gable and Carole Lombard went as cowboy and cowgirl to a recent masquerade birthday party and took the honored guest a Shetland pony as gift. © Western Newspaper Union.

Fashions to Pep You Up!



HERE'S spring tonic for you, Miss America, done up in fine formula by Sew-Your-Own! The ingredients are bracing and please the taste.

The model at the left is the type to take right away before spring advances further. It is especially beneficial to the willowy figure with its alluring swing and grace, its delicate waistline, becoming collar and stylishly cuffed sleeves. Any of the lovely sheers will do well here.

Miss Athletic Girl. The center package is labeled Miss Athletic Girl. She goes for it because without fuss and furbelows it still is feminine. And, too, she knows that the smart lines down the front and back are not gores but tucks which give the same stylish effect, and necessitate half the effort, thanks to the clever designing of Sew-Your-Own.

A Builder-Up. Upper right is the Builder-Up for the younger Lady of Fashion. Because of it and her other Sew-Your-Owns she will go down in the Year Book as the Best Dressed Girl in the class the first thing she knows. This two-piece has style unmistakable in its absolute simplicity of line, round collar so tiny as to be a mere suggestion, and in the perfect balance of its flared sleeves, peplum, and skirt.

The Patterns

Pattern 1257 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 11 yards of bias binding for trimming as pictured. Pattern 1288 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 3 1/4 yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured.

Pattern 1294 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Remember This When You Need a Laxative

It is better for you if your body keeps working as Nature Intended. Food wastes after digestion should be eliminated every day. When you get constipated, take a dose or two of purely vegetable Black-Draught for prompt, refreshing relief.

Thousands and thousands of men and women like Black-Draught and keep it always on hand, for use at the first sign of constipation. Have you tried it?

BLACK-DRAUGHT A GOOD LAXATIVE

The Victims The humble suffer when the powerful disagree.—Phaedrus.

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PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Strengthened Life Life is to be fortified by many friendships.—Smith.

Miss REE LEEF says:

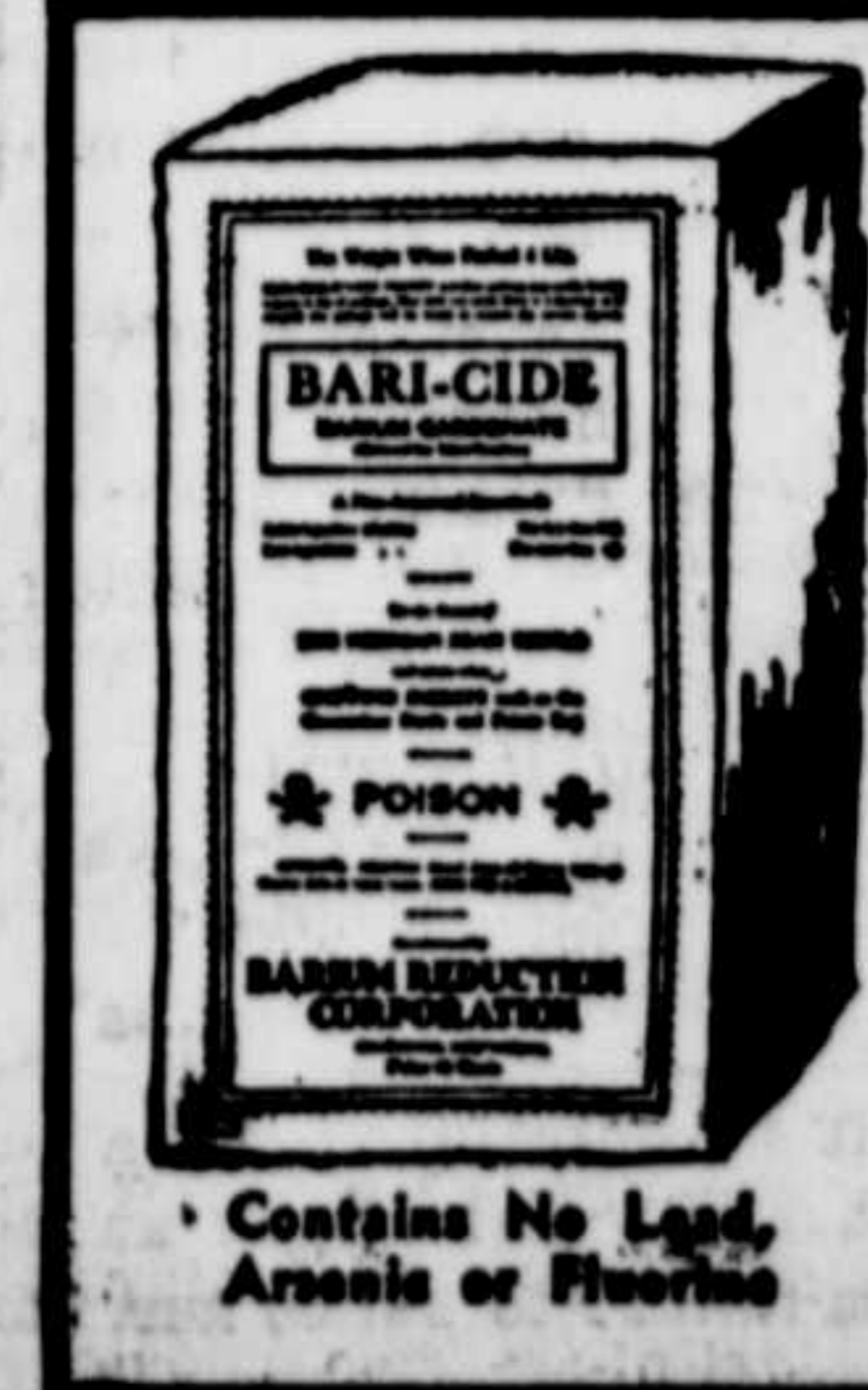
"Pretty place," approved Percy, after surveying his friend's estate with a patronizing air. "Bit bare, though. Trees are so small."

"Don't let that worry you," replied his host, genially. "Probably they'll be grown to a good size next time you're invited out."

It All Depends The lad carrying the bass horn knocked on the door of the rooming house. "How much are rooms?" he asked.

The landlady hesitated. "Let's hear you play that thing first," she said.

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