

Spotlight

by GRANTLAND RICE

CRAIG WOOD, not only one of the greatest of all our National Open champions, but also one of the most colorful and one of the smartest, has a cheerful message for the marching army of golfers whose scores range from 75 to 120, or up.

"Outside of trying to win the Open championship, the Masters' and a few tournaments once more, my main idea from now on along the line of instruction is to bring a simpler game or a simpler style to the player," the Winged Foot blond said.

Wood headquarters at the excellent Normandy Isle course at Miami Beach where he operates a golf clinic for the benefit of all sufferers who would esteem it much bliss to find the road from the rough and



CRAIG WOOD

the sand back to the fairways, where the carpet is green and smooth.

The National Open champion, although always a fine golfer, has reached the top spot over the harder way. He has had to fight off the bitterest type of luck, and found his path forward and upward largely through intelligent study in the matter of improvement, and this has helped to outfit him for helping others and giving sound advice.

A Few Methods

Just what does Champion Wood mean by simpler or more direct methods?

"In the first place," Craig said, "I can give you only a brief outline here. I expect to take the matter up in much greater detail later on."

"One main point is the matter of how the club's face comes through the ball. There was a day in golf when everything was pronation and the so-called open face. I am now a firm believer in swinging through the ball with a squared or closed face—which simply means keeping the club face square to the line of flight.

"I am also a firm believer now in putting the main burden on the hands, wrists and arms—not the hips or the body. The less work the latter do, the better off you are.

"Just watch Byron Nelson, in my opinion the finest player we have from tee to green. See how simple his swing looks. It seems to be all hands and arms controlling the face of the club.

Forced to Improve

"Necessity," Craig continued, "is the mother of many things. In golf it has become the mother or father of improvement. I'll tell you about this part of it. Anywhere from fifty to a hundred of the world's finest playing pros move from Florida to California, then back across Arizona, Texas and Louisiana to Florida again. It is a desperate struggle to break even, even if you win a few. I've made as much as \$2,500 on one of these winter tours, which left me a profit of maybe \$200.

"Then we began to find that par wasn't nearly good enough. You'd average par for four rounds and finish tenth or twelfth. We began to discover that you had to beat par by six or maybe eight strokes to win. Naturally, everyone began to try out certain experiments. None of us could afford to stand pat on what we had. We just had to get better or finish one of these tours anywhere from \$1,500 to \$2,000 out of our pocket.

"One of the first things I had to do was improve my putting. There never was a golfer great enough to win while putting poorly. I did this by finding a more comfortable balance and by going more into the pendulum idea. My approach puts frequently keep running three and four feet by the cup, but I'll take a chance on holding the next one coming back.

"Trying for a shorter cut to lower scoring," Wood said, "we began to find that one answer was the squared or shut face. One exception to this is Ben Hogan, who takes a much deeper or fuller swing than anyone else. Ben weighs only 135 pounds, so he has to use a much longer arc to get those big drives. And distance off the tee means a lot in golf today. You can't keep using number two irons and number four woods trying to hit a green against an opponent using number five and four irons.

My Week

by Eleanor Roosevelt

NORTH CAROLINA

We arrived in Wilson, N. C., en route to a lecture at Greenville, N. C., and were met by Dr. Leon R. Meadows, president of East Carolina Teachers college. The state highway patrol preceded us on the 30-odd mile drive to Greenville. They had evidently decided that I was an old lady with nerves and did not like to be driven at more than 30 miles an hour, so we drove at a snail's pace. I was about to ask what was the matter, and then decided that it was not up to me to ask questions and I had better take advantage of the opportunity to look at the countryside.

I remembered well that this is the part of the country which had been hardest hit when the war closed its tobacco markets, because of the sudden decision by Great Britain that it could not buy tobacco over here. Almost 50 per cent of the tobacco raised here, used for cigarettes, had been sold in England. Before the Japanese-Chinese war, much of it was sold to China. The government helped the planters over this period. In one way it has had a beneficial effect, for through their state agricultural college, they have received assistance in establishing a more varied agriculture. You now see fields of corn, a little cotton and gardens. Mayor Sugg of Greenville, who drove over with us, told me he had attended a meeting recently on home canning, which had really been inspiring.

I was glad to hear of this, for it seems that the nutrition program is working. I feel that if we can establish community planning for specific purposes during this period, we shall have a stronger instrument with which to meet any problems which face our communities in the future.

V.F.W. RADIO PROGRAM

On the eleventh day of each month, the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States have established a radio program to which more than 425 radio stations are contributing time. They call their program "Speak Up for Democracy." I have had the privilege of looking over some of their material, and I want to congratulate them on the service which they are rendering to the cause of liberty.

GERMAN FREEDOM

One night I attended a dinner in New York city for the American Friends of German Freedom. As usual, Dr. Frank Kingdon was a delightful chairman. It was encouraging to find that people, who had recent contacts with Germany, felt that there were many people there waiting, longing and working for freedom from Nazi rule.

Early the next morning, we motored up to Hyde Park and, in spite of the fact that the trees there are bare and the color was gone, it was a very lovely drive and the country was still beautiful.

After lunch, I went down to listen to some of the speeches and discussions at the conference at Vassar college on morale in the army camps and the colleges' responsibility. The conference was held under the auspices of the Vassar Political association and the International Student service.

RED CROSS

May I remind you that the American Red Cross is now having its annual roll call and that their objective is to double the membership. They are going to try "to see all the people," but if they don't happen "to see" you, be sure that you see them, for the work that they are doing is needed all over the world.

NEW YORK BY PLANE

I left Washington on the four o'clock plane one day, flew to New York city to attend a meeting in the evening, after which I spent some hours going over all the mail which I had not succeeded in doing earlier in the day.

The trip up on the plane was particularly pleasant because Mr. Edward J. Flynn, the chairman of the Democratic National committee, was with me and talked on many subjects of mutual interest. When I did take to reading my papers, which I had been carrying around with me all day, it was an added interest to be able to comment on various matters and to ask questions of my well-informed neighbor. At 9:30 next morning, a Boy Scout, rather breathless because he had been delayed in arriving, a Sea Scout and a Cub Scout were at my door. A truck half piled up with papers stood outside. I took out a stack of old newspapers and we all faced the camera men together.

I had to beg them to hurry because I found the papers heavy. When they were taken over by the Boy Scout, I realized that he must find them just as heavy. Finally, they were safely on the truck. After signing three autographs, everybody departed happily.

After that I did a variety of things, and since variety is the spice of life, it was a spicy day.

"Bundles for Britain" has a most enchanting "All America" shop, where I am sure many people will find unique Christmas gifts.

RED ROSES

By Perna Krick

BR—RR—ING!
Ann Carson climbed quickly down off the small stepladder she was using to hang the glittering angel on the topmost bough of the Christmas tree. The sharp clang of the doorbell was a welcome sound. Hastening joyously she flung the door wide open.

"For me? Come in, Timmy." She smiled down at the wizened old hunchback shivering on the doorstep. Ann took the package tendered almost ceremoniously, bearing conspicuously the label of his own small flower shop. And with the privilege of a lifelong friend Timmy followed her into the warm lamplit room.

Slowly and musingly Ann untied the bright tinsel bows. She knew without looking what the box contained and as her fingers broke the seals she seemed again to hear Jerry's voice, low, quivering and hurt.

They had gone to a dance that memorable Christmas eve and homeward through the whitening mist she had tried, bravely, to tell him she must marry another man.

A frantic Jerry pleading and a strange new ache at her heart, she had stood for a moment on the run-



White Roses!

ning board of his car and Jerry had whispered: "But, darling little Ann, I'll love you always—always!"

He had touched with reverent clumsy fingers the single crimson rose she was wearing on the soft black fur of her evening wrap. The touch seemed to give him an idea. Jerry was romantic and they were both so young. "No matter wherever I may be, little Ann," he said, "I'll send you red roses at Christmas time and you will know."

"If ever," he had added, crushing her close as he lifted her down, "if ever I feel I can live without you, when the scars of this night heal, I'll send white ones. Remember!" and with a quick stride he was gone.

But she had not married the other man. Somehow after that she couldn't. But impulsive hot-headed Jerry left that night, a stowaway on a tramp steamer bound for China, and now one, two, three, four long years unrolled before her.

Her letters, pleading and unashamed had followed him half way around the earth gathering curious postmarks, undecipherable, but eventually they had returned, tattered, torn—but unclaimed.

But they had come. From strange lands in far odd corners they had come, those orders to old Timmy the florist for the red, red roses as red as her own heart's blood that now beat so chokingly in her throat. And she would wait, wait forever if need be, for Jerry.

Exultantly she lifted the lid. Roses!

But slowly over her face froze a look of piteous unbelief. The mass of blossoms blurred before her eyes and Jerry's pain-torn words rang in her ears: "If ever I can live without you, I'll send white ones." And—these were white. As white as the drifting snow outside. White roses! Mute her lips formed the words. Oh, God, it couldn't be, after all these years! White roses.

"You don't like them? I very sorry," Crestfallen, apologetic, old Timmy was turning to go. "But the order came so late. No red ones left for you, only leetle wilty buds and so I peck the beeg, beeg white ones for you." His dim old eyes pleaded eloquently for her understanding.

Oh!—Oh!—breathlessly. The light that ne'er was on land or sea came flooding back into Ann's face and clear as a child's faith in Santa Claus the far-away chiming were pealing. Peace, good will to men! Jerry had meant red roses after all.

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Christmas Brought Jesters
Medieval kings used to have fools and jesters to amuse them. Later, however, the wearers of the cap and bells were not the exclusive possession of kings and queens, princes, counts, barons and bishops, for the fashion of keeping buffoons passed from sovereigns to corporations and private individuals. These jesters were then brought into requisition during the Christmas season, and retained to brighten up the hall and kitchen with their witty sayings and practical jokes.

PATTERNS

SEWING CIRCLE



8034

IF YOU have been admiring peasant frocks—here's one for fall which hits a new high in charm and smartness. The long bodice buttons up the front to a round, high neckline which is to be trimmed with bright colorful braid. Repeat the same on the three-quarter sleeves and around the top of the hem of the swirly

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What state's capital is the largest in the United States?
2. Approximately how long is the period of the moon's revolution about the earth?
3. What great actress had a leg amputated in 1915 but returned to the stage afterwards?
4. Can dolphins swim at birth?
5. Who made famous the adage: "Speak softly and carry a big stick"?

The Answers

1. Massachusetts (Boston).
2. Twenty-seven and one-half days.
3. Sarah Bernhardt.
4. Dolphins are expert swimmers from the time of birth.
5. Theodore Roosevelt.

Christmas givers who want to be sure their gift is well received have been turning more and more to cigarettes and smoking tobacco as gifts most appreciated by any smoker. Their welcome is always far greater than the modest cost involved. Naturally, Camels, as America's favorite cigarette, and Prince Albert, the world's largest-selling pipe tobacco, head the smoker's gift list. Camels have two gift packages—the carton of ten packages of "20's" specially wrapped, and a gay package containing four "flat fifties." Prince Albert is featured in the pound tin and the pound glass humidor, both handsomely Christmas packed.—Adv.

skirt. And if you dare to wear red—it's a perfect style for this brilliant shade—or a bright green. Then it will be one of the most cheering-up dresses you have in your new season's wardrobe!

Pattern No. 8034 is in uneven sizes 11 to 19. Size 13, three-quarter sleeves, takes 4 yards 35-inch material, 5 yards braid. For this attractive pattern send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
106 Seventh Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for
Pattern No. Size.....
Name

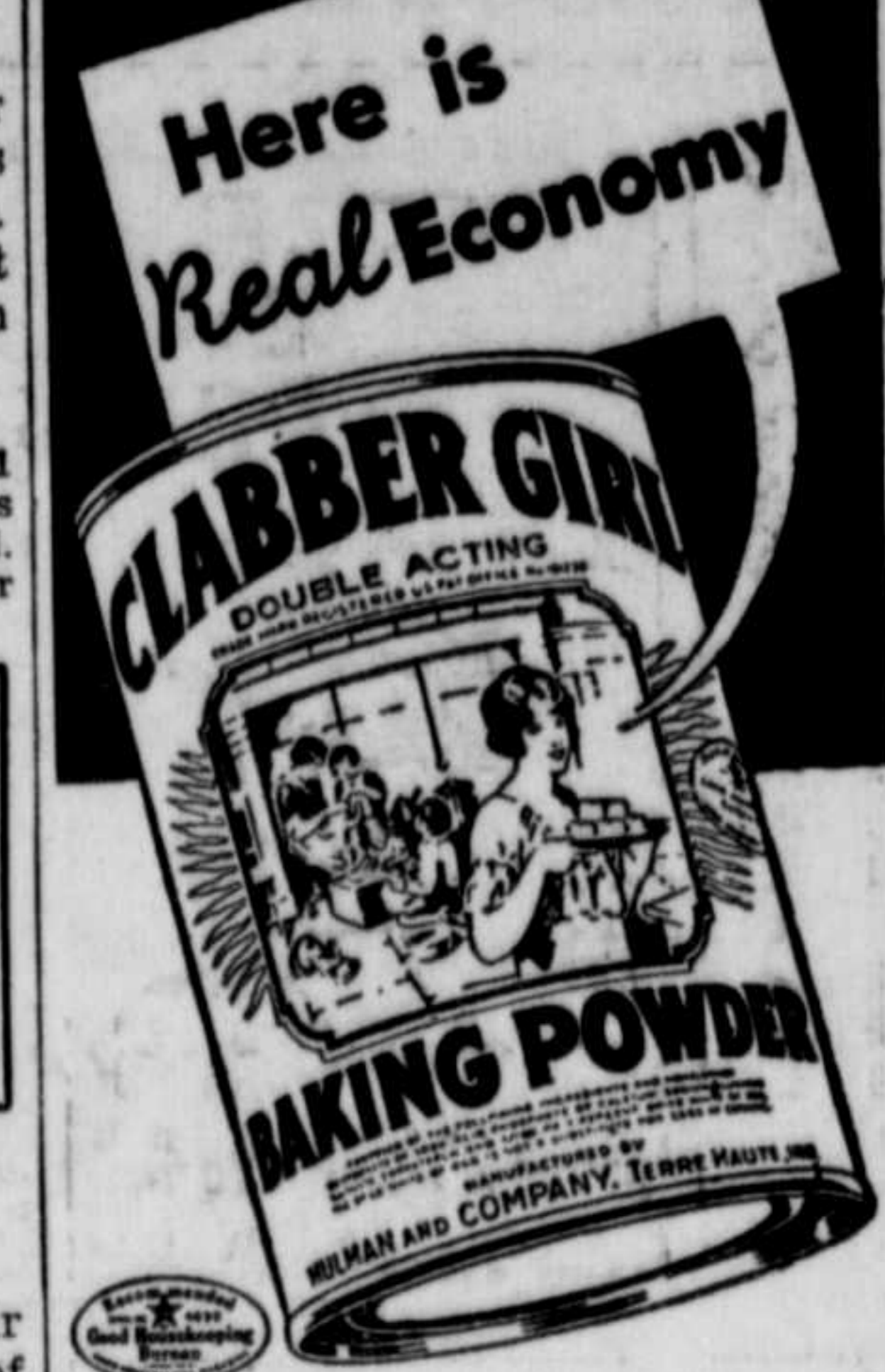
Address

Largest 'V'

A giant V-shaped forest of fir trees, which stands on a hillside of southern England and measures more than a half mile along each side, was planted in 1887 to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria, says Collier's. Today it is considered a "V for Victory" emblem and, as such, is the largest in the world.

Cigarettes and smoking tobacco have moved rapidly to the forefront as ideal Christmas gifts with Camels as America's favorite cigarette and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco, the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco, well to the fore. The beauty of these gifts for smokers lies in the fact that their cost is modest and their welcome always assured. Local dealers have been featuring Camels in the carton of ten packs of "20's" and a special gift of four "flat fifties." Prince Albert is available in the humidor specially wrapped for Christmas giving.—Adv.

CLABBER GIRL SAYS...



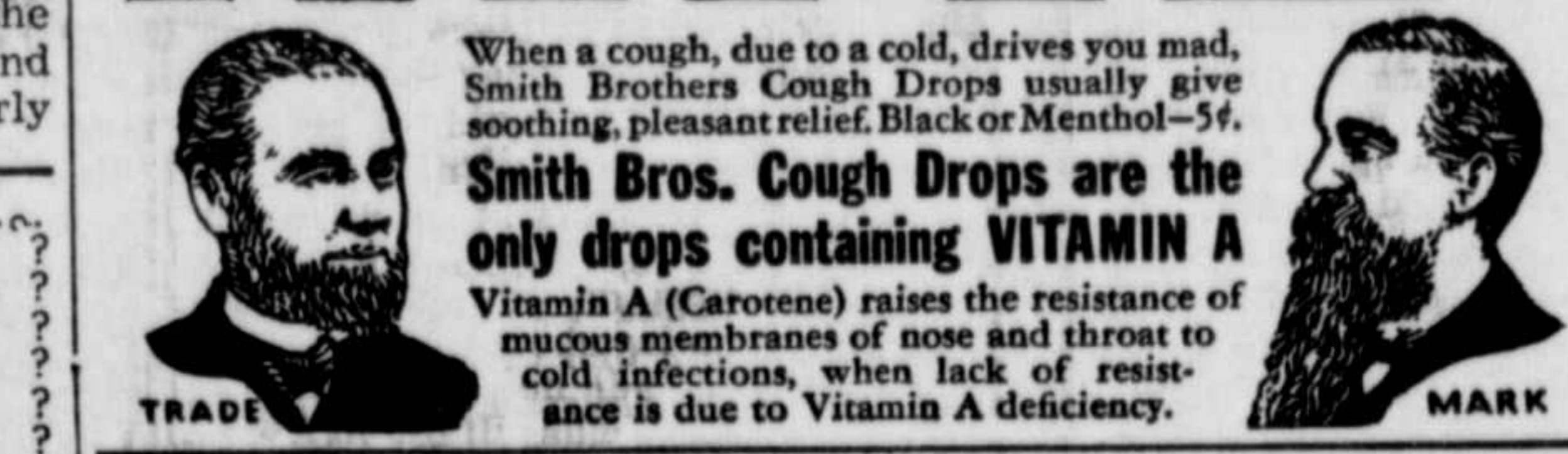
Here is Real Economy
Bigger value when you buy! Better results when you bake... No wonder Clabber Girl is the enthusiastic choice of millions of women. It belongs in every thrifty home. It belongs in the cupboard of every proud baker. For Clabber Girl's absolute dependability adds to the pleasure of home baking, and its remarkable economy stretches the food budget.

You Pay Less for Clabber Girl... but You Use No More...

CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER

Lacking Will
People do not lack strength; they lack will.—Victor Hugo.

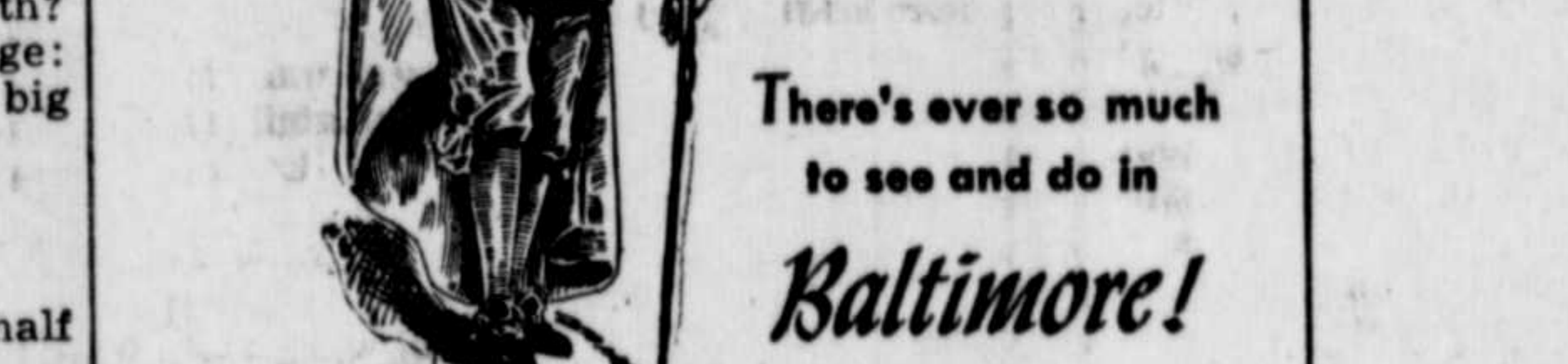
MAD



When a cough, due to a cold, drives you mad, Smith Brothers Cough Drops usually give soothing, pleasant relief. Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



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LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Liquid Sand
Silver sand is believed to be the only dry matter that behaves like a liquid. Any object that sinks in water, such as a bullet, will likewise sink in this peculiar sand.

"GIVE ME CAMELS"

EVERY TIME. THEY'RE EXTRA MILD AND THEY'VE GOT THE FLAVOR THAT ALWAYS HITS THE SPOT!

★

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28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

SAYS ARMY TANK TESTER,
Charles I. Suweg

CAMEL

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