

"Mankind!" Bugaboo shouted. "Dis pe-rade is a dog! Me an' Iron Man must be de Royal Inner Gyard, or somethin'!"

### Sin-Splitting Samuel does the preaching, and Bugaboo Jones and Iron Man take care of the fighting

THE whistle of the John D. Grace gave two throaty blasts, the pilot spun the big wheel and the boat turned her nose from midchannel of the Mississippi River toward the bank. Half a mile away, a man astride a mule was waving his hat frantically.

Iron Man, lying flat on his back on the forward main deck, tapped his harmonica and sighed. "Town name of Bayou Sara used to be along 'bout hyar, befo' she drapped in de river."

Bugaboo Jones raised on his elbow, looked, shook his head and looked again. He frowned and turned to his friend. "You look, Iron Man," he begged, "and den tell me I don't see what I sees."

Iron Man looked. "You's right, Bugaboo," he said sadly.

The steamboat touched shore and was held nose-on by the stern wheel's slow churning. The plank was lowered quickly and the man rode down. As

the mule's foot touched the deck, the gangplank was hoisted, the wheel reversed and the boat backed toward the channel.

Captain Cooley walked to the rail of the hurricane deck above.

"Howdy, Splitter," he greeted. "Which-away?"

The Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, still astride old Balaam, his bony sorrel mule, pushed the flopping brim of his black hat from his eyes and looked upward. "Howdy, Cap'm Cooley," he returned. "Dis time, suh, I'm bound for N'Awlins."

"That far? I thought you never went south of Baton Rouge."

"I ain't never been dar yit," the preacher said, "but now I'm got de call dat de guv'mer done tore down de ole Basin District in N'Awlins and done built some bran'-new slumses."

"I have heard of some such activity," the captain said.

"So I and ole Balaam hyar got de call to revive de sin outn dat place."

The steamboat captain chuckled. He had been familiar with the evangelistic career of Sin-Splitting Samuel for nearly half a century.

"North Louisiana made a short cotton crop, this fall," Captain Cooley pointed out, "but I didn't figure times

were hard enough to run you clear to New Orleans."

The Sin Splitter grinned. "Whar hit ain't no money, hit ain't no sin," he said.

"And speaking of that," the captain told him, "fare for you and your mule will be five dollars."

"Yassuh," the preacher said without hesitation. "I'll send hit right up by one er de boys."

THE captain returned to his rocking chair and the Sin Splitter dismounted. He passed the cotton rope rein to a young roustabout named Sylvester. "Take Balaam back er de b'iler and bus' open a bale er dat hay," the preacher ordered.

Sylvester was new on the river and the Sin Splitter was new to Sylvester. "You makes kind er free wid yuther people's time," Sylvester protested. "Who feed yo' mule when you ain't on de boat?"

The Splitter glared and walked away, leaving Sylvester acutely unhappy.

"I don't like dat kind er man," Sylvester complained.

"Sho you don't," Iron Man told him. "Don't nobody like him. But you gonter feed his mule and de mate gonter ketch you bus'in' open a bale er dat cargo hay

and he gonter take a dollar outn yo' pay. You ain't fixin' to like dat, neither, but dat's de way hit's gonter be."

"Not me," Sylvester said firmly.

"You and yo' brother bofe, efn you got a brother," Iron Man assured him. "Cause you's ridin' wid Sin-Splittin' Samuel."

"Few white folks and no nigger a-tall kin do me like dat," Sylvester argued. "Ain't no man kin—"

"You's right," Iron Man interrupted. "He ain't no man. He might be a angel wid hawns or he might be a devil wid wings. But he gits what he wants."

"And de mule, too," Bugaboo put in. "Efn you don't give dat ole jackass de best hay on de boat, he'll kick you plum 'cross de river."

Sylvester, grumbling, led Balaam aft. Iron Man and Bugaboo lay down again.

Iron Man's harmonica had barely touched his lips and Bugaboo's eyes had scarcely closed, when the Sin Splitter poked his hat toward them. "Y'all boys hyared de cap'm," he reminded them. "Five dollars for me and Balaam's fare to N'Awlins. Gimme some loose change to start de collection."

Groaning, Iron Man emptied his pockets. Bugaboo, following the lead, started to do the same when he recalled that he would need a dime for tobacco

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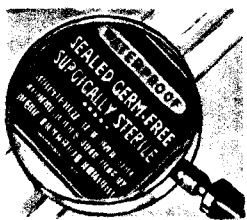


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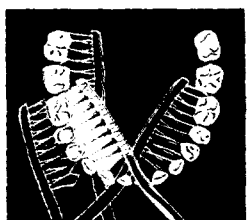
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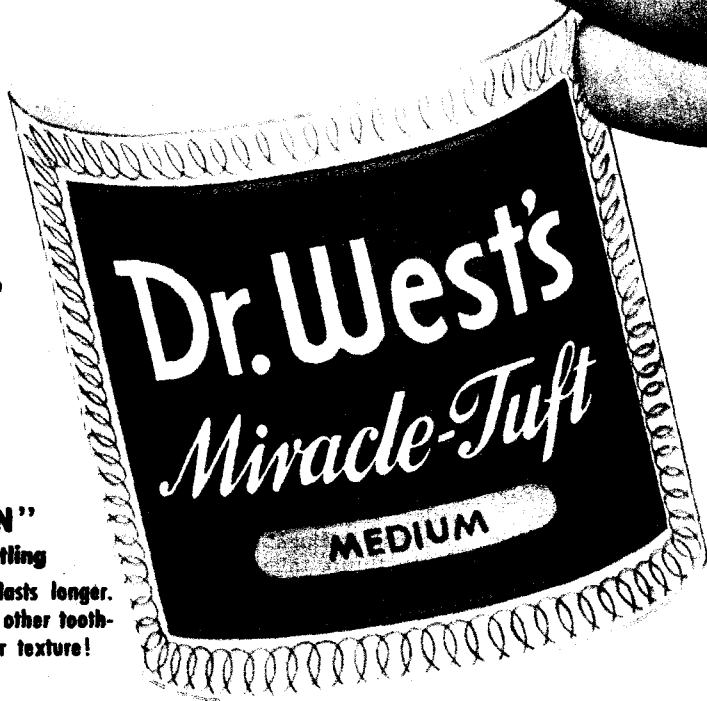
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before tomorrow's payday. Deftly, he flipped a dime into the bib of his overalls and then dumped the rest of his money into the hat.

The Sin Splitter never overlooked cash. "Rogue f'm yo' brother," he warned, "and you do's a sin. But rogue f'm de Lawd, and bad luck sho gonter overtake you."

Bugaboo bristled. He was familiar with all the talk and some of the doings of the notorious evangelist; and he had heard Iron Man speak of the preacher's extraordinary powers of persuasion. But to be called a thief for not giving away all of his own money, made Bugaboo angry.

"You ain't no brother er mine," he declared with some heat. "And I knows you ain't de Lawd. And even efn you was bofe, hit ain't roguin' for me to hold out a dime er my own money."

**T**HE preacher glared at him silently. Iron Man smiled sadly and began to breathe lonesome sounds through the reeds of his harmonica. Bugaboo glared back and began to sing:

*"I kin feel my hell a-risin'  
High as de sun kin shine.  
And I'd druther kill me a preacher  
Den give him a lousy dime."*

The Sin Splitter immediately changed his tactics. He smiled pleasantly. "You's jest de kinder man I needs," he declared warmly. "I'm got some powerful fightin' to do agin ole Satan down yonder in N'Awlins, and I'm gittin' 'long in de years. I kin handle de preachin' and de groanin', all right, but when hit come to de fightin'—"

Iron Man stopped the music. "Is hit fixin' to be a fight?"

"Sho," said the Splitter. "Ole Satan been a-sowin' sin for a solid hund'ed years whar dem new guv'mer slumses is. You don't reckon preachin' and singin' gonter undo hit all, does you?"

"Me, I don't keer much 'bout fightin'," Bugaboo said, "but Iron Man, he sorter like hit. And I and him always stays together when hit's a fight goin' on."

"Dat's on account I'm got to pull people out f'm under Bugaboo when he git mad," Iron Man explained, "or else us go to jail for killin' somebody. Bugaboo don't like to be in jail."

The Sin Splitter beamed. "Y'all boys jest natchally got to he'p me out. Now, come on, Bugaboo, and drap dat dime in my hat so's I won't have bad luck takin' up de rest er de collection."

Bugaboo parted with his last dime and enthusiastically slapped Iron Man on the shoulder. "Mankind!" he exclaimed. "I bet you's fixin' to have a heap er fun when us is in N'Awlins dis trip!"

Iron Man did not share his excitement. "I ain't never had me no fun around a preacher," he recalled gloomily. "And dat goes double for de Splitter."

The hat was passed among the other roustabouts, and with a frown or smile, the preacher succeeded in getting all the loose change on deck. As he completed the collection, Sylvester returned.

"De mate," he reported to Iron Man, "kotch'd me bus'in' dat bale er hay, jest like you said."

"And he writ down a dollar agin yo' payday?"

"Naw. Dat's alfalfa hay. He writ down a dollar-fo'-bits."

"De best ain't none too good for Ba-laam," the Sin Splitter remarked. "Now, gimme yo' loose change so's I kin git down and revive de sin outn de guv'mer slumses."

"Gi' you what so's you kin do which?" Sylvester demanded.

"Small change, son," the preacher said impatiently. "I ain't got time to argy wid you. Gimme."

Sylvester looked shocked. "Listen, man," he began, "what you tawkin' 'bout?"

The Sin Splitter shrugged. "You tell him. I can't waste time."

Iron Man explained: "Hit's fixin' to be a heap er fightin' and dat's for me and Bugaboo. De change is to pay de Splitter's fare to N'Awlins so's he kin revive de sin outn de guv'mer slumses down yonder. Splitter gonter preach and I and Bugaboo gonter fight."

"Which guv'mer slumses?" Sylvester inquired.

"Who keer which?" Bugaboo said. "Hit'll be preachin' and fightin' and goin'-on!"

"Efn y'all figgerin' on de Magnolia Street slumses," said Sylvester, "well, dat's whar my cousin, name er Kid Reuben Weeks, live at. He do *all* de fightin' 'round dat place, 'specially wid de midleweights."

"We wa'n't speakin' 'bout dat one," put in the Splitter.

"Den you must be speakin' bout de one by de St. Louis cemetery, whar de old Basin used to be at."

"Dat's de one," the preacher said quickly.

"'Twon't do," said Sylvester. "Elder Johnson do all de preachin' down dar."

The Sin Splitter took this news in his stride. "Us fixin' to do de fightin' in de St. Louis cemetery slumses and de preachin' in de Magnolia Street slumses."

It sounded so reasonable that Sylvester poured all his loose change into the hat. The preacher counted out five dollars and handed it to Sylvester.

"I'm gonter let you hold dis," the Splitter generously offered. "Jest take hit to de harricane deck and gi' hit to de cap'm. F'm me. Onderstand?"

Sylvester did not understand but by the time he returned to the main deck he was beginning to. The preacher had found a comfortable berth on some cottonseed sacks and was now asleep. Iron Man was breathing a sad wail into his harmonica and Bugaboo was resting his eyes while his mind was trying to think up songs to sing to Iron Man's music, just in case he might wish to sing.

"Dat preacher," Sylvester said bitterly, drawing up to Bugaboo and Iron Man, "done cost me eighty cents in money. And dat ain't countin' what he cost my wages for dat bale er hay."

"He ain't wuth eighty cents in money," Iron Man admitted, "but hit's cheaper to pay him den not."

"Pay him for what?"

"Nothin'. Jest pay him. He'll git hit all, anyhow. And you might jest as well gi' hit to him like I and Bugaboo done, den to let him argy you outn hit, like you done."

**F**OR the rest of the trip down-river Sin-Splitting Samuel kept to himself while his mule munched hay back of the boiler. Iron Man grew increasingly apprehensive; Bugaboo, always willing to let the future take care of itself, rested his mind as well as his eyes; but Sylvester simmered with a not completely understood anger. And when, just before landing at New Orleans, the mud clerk actually held out a dollar and a half of his pay, Sylvester got no happier.

When the John D. Grace docked at the Esplanade Street wharf, the roustabouts were given their final "holdout" dollar and the mate announced the boat would leave the following afternoon.

For once in his life, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel was uncertain of himself. Here were a dozen roustabouts with real cash money fresh from payday. And cash money in other people's pockets ever was a challenge to battle for the old preacher. On the other hand, spread out back of the levee lay the sinful old city of New Orleans and that brand-new government housing settle-

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ment where, he had been informed, Satan and specie were rampant. Even in the remote reaches of northern Louisiana, tales of the sin and splendor of the city's old restricted district had percolated to the Sin Splitter's ears. Did not Buddy Bolden play on a piano with solid gold keys? Had not the word come that Mis' Lulu White bathed in perfume and drank nothing but champagne water? Gamblers shot craps with golden dice dotted with diamonds. It was, the Splitter concluded, too much sin.

"A dollar in de bush," he told Balaam, his mule, "ain't hardly chicken feed 'longside er dat gold-plated vineyard er Satan. I and you is fixin' to twile whar de devil makes a solid bale er sin to de cre. Us ain't got time to waste on roustabout wages."

"Come on, Splitter," Bugaboo yelled. "I and Iron Man can't wait hyar on de levee all day long. Le's go git de fightin' started."

"Hunh?" That talk of fighting had been merely to collect money for his fare. It had served its purpose and from the Splitter's viewpoint should be forgotten. The preacher replied cautiously. "Well, Bugaboo," he said, "I been prayin' about dat, and de Sperrit tell me dat hit's mo' better for I and Balaam to hit dis lick for de Lawd by we's lonesome. De Sperrit say hit ain't to be no fightin'. Jest preachin' and goin' on."

"No mind what de Sperrit say," Sylvester put in. "I done gi' you eighty centses and I got docked a dollar-fo'-bits for yo' mule. And I'm tellin' you hit's fixin' to be some fightin'."

Iron Man grinned for the first time since the preacher had come on the boat. "Say on, Sylvester," Iron Man encouraged. "You's speakin' wid de tongues er men."

"Now, boys," the Splitter said soothingly.

"Fightin'!" Bugaboo insisted. "I and Iron Man bought us a fight, and you better git out and stir us up one befo' my hell git to risin'!"

"I'll do de best I kin," the Splitter capitulated. "Lead on."

The little party set out for Satan's vineyard, the preacher on Balaam led by Iron Man and Bugaboo, with Sylvester bringing up the rear. They turned up

Rampart Street and lakeward along St. Louis. A man on a mule, even a scarecrow apparition like the Sin Splitter, is not a spectacle to attract attention in New Orleans; but when the party presented itself at the St. Louis Cemetery housing project, it was something else.

A uniformed watchman stopped them at the gate.

"Y'all can't bring dat jackass in hyar," he stated. "Dis is de guv'mer projeck, and de guv'mer lady say you can't avvertise nothin' in hyar." He looked at the preacher and the mule. "Is you avvertisin' moo'm pitchers or whisky?" he asked.

"Us lookin' for a fight," Bugaboo said.

"Can't avvertise no fight in hyar, neither. Nor nothin' else. Efn y'all got business to 'tend to, come in. But you got to leave de mule outside. You got business?"

"I'm a preacher," the Sin Splitter said, "and I got business anywhar hit's sin goin' on."

The watchman laughed. "I reckon hit's plenty sin goin' on," he admitted. "But Elder Johnson keep busy fightin' hit. Maybe y'all want to visit wid him?"

"Maybe," the Splitter said cautiously.

"Den tie up yo' mule, and I'll show you," the watchman offered obligingly.

Sylvester hung back. "You ain't comin'?" Bugaboo asked.

"Naw," Sylvester said. "I'm got things to do."

THE watchman led the way along the paved avenues and courts that flanked the prim brick buildings. Here, where sin of international fame once flourished, lived simple working people, in economical apartment houses. The Sin Splitter saw nothing sinful. He decided hopefully that the whole project might be wicked splendor on a large scale.

Elder Johnson received the Sin Splitter and the two roustabouts cordially, and invited them into his shining unit. He had heard of the old evangelist and knew his reputation as an exhorter.

"Ah, Lawd," said Elder Johnson wistfully, "I wisht I c'd travel hyar and yonder on a mule, Free-Willin' amongst de sinners, beggin' my bread when I git hungry and my bed when I git sleepy

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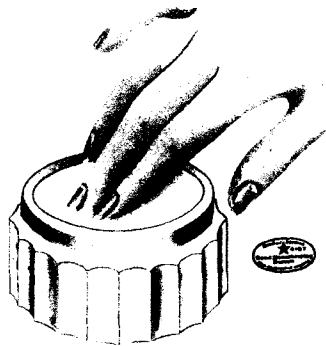
By Larry Reynolds



"I don't know why I bother. I never win anythin' anyway"



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and all de time twis'in' ole Satan's tail to de cows come home. But naw. I got money crazy—I ever c'd take up a dirby collection—and built my own church. Now I'm got to collect cash money to pay de bills and pay my rent hyar and buy a little somethin' for de widder-womens and de hongry and sick. But I'm still a Free-Willer."

"Me, too," the Splitter nodded enthusiastically. "And Runnin' Water."

"I'm a Foot-Washer on de Fifth Sunday," the Elder said.

"And a Close' Communion, me," added the Splitter.

"Hell Fire?" the elder wanted to know.

"Blazin' broomstone f'm de Burnin' Bush!" the Sin Splitter agreed.

"Rev'und," Elder Johnson said, "ev'y man and 'oman in my church might git up and wawk out, but I'm gonter ax you to give 'em a doste er dat ole-time religion. My people all de time want to hyar de good things. Dey claim dey git plenty bad news widout comin' to church."

"Sinners," the Splitter stated, "don't never like to hyar de bad news. And dat's de kind I and Balaam likes to hit hardest."

Elder Johnson's brow furrowed in deep thought. "You ain't got dat ole jackass down hyar wid you, too, is you?"

"He hitched at de big gate."

"Well, why'n't you say so? Rev'und, me and you's fixin' to th'ow de biggest one-night revival meetin' ever hit dis town!"

The Sin Splitter was interested. "How we split de collection?"

"Half and half."

"I do's all be preachin'," the Splitter reminded him. "And preachin' like I preaches is mighty hard work."

"I'll git de crowd gathered up," Elder Johnson pointed out, "and git a permit f'm de guv'mer lady for you to preach. I gits half or else dey won't be no meetin'."

THE Splitter gave in. "Money ain't no skin offn my back," he said. "But I'm got to git steamboat fare back up de river."

Elder Johnson reached for the telephone.

"I knows hit's agin de rule, Mis' Hazel," he said when he had the project supervisor on the phone. "But you knows I do a heap for you, keepin' things straight. I'd sho like to hold hit at de Sunshine Spiritual Christian Mission Af'ican Baptist Church, but I can't on account er my friend got to ride his mule and he can't do dat in my church. No'm, hit won't be no trouble and us'll git done by midnight. Thanky, ma'am."

He turned to the Splitter. "I got de permit," he said. "Now, le's I and you git out and circulate amongst de sisters and scare up a crowd."

"I mos' gen'ally," said the Splitter with cool dignity, "lets de home preacher ush up de meetin'. I likes to lay down and rest and pray befo' I preaches. What's a bed?"

Elder Johnson pulled a wall couch down from behind what appeared to be a door. "Take off yo' shoes," he invited, "and stretch out."

He turned to Iron Man and Bugaboo who had been sitting uncomfortably near by. "Y'all boys," he said, "kin drap over to de market and buy some chick-ens for supper." He took out his wallet and started to open it. The Splitter interrupted.

"Dey got money," the preacher suggested. "And," he added perversely, "I smelt me some fish whilst I was comin' up hyar. Efn you runs into a fish man, you kin buy me about a three-pound buffalo." He turned to Elder Johnson. "I preaches good on a bait er chicken," he explained, "but wid a belly full er buffalo, I can whup de years offn Satan."

The Splitter retired, Elder Johnson got busy at the telephone, and Iron Man and Bugaboo set off for the market.

"I swear," Bugaboo complained, "I don't b'lieve de Splitter gonter git no fight goin'."

"Is you achin' for a fight?" Iron Man demanded.

"Who, me? Not me. I don't like fights. I figgered you was daid sot on one."

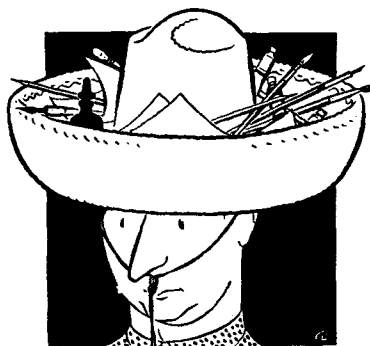
Iron Man shook his head. "I ain't wantin' me no fight. Efn a fight break out, I'll git in hit. But when no fight don't break out, I don't feel bad."

"Well, why'n't you say so? I gi'ed dat ole preachin' fool my last dime, and den went widout no chawin' tobacco for a whole day, jest cause you wanted a fight."

"Nawp," Iron Man denied. "You

**FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN**

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists  
No. 27



By virtue of his birth in disputed territory, Daniel Alain is legally German, French or Swiss—but American by choice. Five years of art school in Geneva taught him to be an interior decorator and printed-silk designer, after which he decided that there was nothing like bare walls and plain silk. For ten years in Manhattan's Greenwich Village he has been drawing cartoons, but because he suffers from hay fever and loves Latin Americans, he makes yearly sketching trips to Mexico during which times there is a dearth of drawings like the one shown on the opposite page.

gi'ed him yo' last dime cause he wanted yo' last dime and de Splitter always git what he want."

ELDER JOHNSON knew his people liked a show and he knew how to give them one. In the few hours that remained before nightfall, he managed to get his corps of ushers and coworkers busy spreading the news. He told them just enough about the Splitter to fire their imaginations and make them eager to attend the meeting.

Promptly at sundown, so the working people would be home and before they had time to get comfortably filled with supper, Elder Johnson started the festivities. His own choir, in mortar boards and black gowns, led a procession from the Sunshine Spiritual Christian Mission African Baptist Church, singing in lazy march time, When the Saints Go Marching In. The coworkers followed in white uniforms and caps and, bringing up the rear, the entire membership, each with a white brassard on his arm. Next, came Elder Johnson, flanked on each

side by three brown-skin girls in bathing suits draped with a wide white ribbon bearing the legend: MISS SUNSHINE SPIRITUAL.

And finally came the Sin Splitter himself. He was astride Balaam, led by Iron Man and Bugaboo. The preacher, the mule and the two roustabouts were handsomely enshrouded in white mosquito netting.

"Mankind!" Bugaboo shouted. "Dis pe-rade is a dog! I reckon me and Iron Man must be de Royal Inner Gyard or somethin'."

"You s'posed to be cherry-bim," corrected the Splitter.

"And Iron Man is a cherry-bam!" Bugaboo said.

"Hysh! Don't tawk in de pe-rade," the Splitter cautioned.

No more than a hundred men, women and children were in the procession when it left the elder's church on Prieur Street, but it picked up an average of a hundred in each block and it is eight blocks from Prieur Street to where the paraders turned into the government housing settlement.

At the gate, the watchman, previously coached by Elder Johnson, stepped before the choir and became drum major for the procession. By the time they had marched up and down every avenue and bypath of the settlement, each dweller in the neighborhood knew something was about to take place and most of them were curious enough to try to find out what.

AT LAST, in the big central court, Elder Johnson took charge. There was, he told them, the most amazing thing about to take place right before their own eyes.

"A prophet," he said, "gonter preach de ole-time religion at you, jest like in de Bible times. I ain't gonter tell you what prophet dis is cause most er y'all no-Bible-readin' mouf-Christians wouldn't know, anyhow. But I'm gonter tell you dis much. His mule is name Balaam and dat ought to be 'nough to hole you ontwell us sings a few songs."

There were hymns at first, but the singing was not general enough to suit the elder.

"Maybe," he suggested, "some er y'all sinners got in yo' mind about de ole Basin Districk used to be hyar whar all dese purty houses is? All right, I'm holy 'nough and de prophet is holy 'nough to let you sing about dat, too. So le's start out wid de ole Queenie Vindabel Whine. Some er y'all remembers Queenie's place, right yonder on Basin Street? Hit go like:

"Another nickel and I'll buy de wine!  
Another nickel and I'll buy de wine!  
Said I hopped all over ole Basin Street  
Tryin' to find me somethin' to eat.  
And den I hyared Queenie Vindabel whine:  
"Gimme 'nother nickel and I'll buy de wine.""

The crowd was now in a jovial mood and Elder Johnson started his coworkers to taking up the collection. Adroitly, he worked the crowd back to hymns, leading out with the fast tempo of Tell It Over Again, and gradually slowing the pace to more solemn songs.

When the coworkers had extracted the last penny they could, and Elder Johnson had more than a thousand people groaning in "long meter," he announced:

"Now, I'm raley fixin' to take up collection. Gimme yo' hat, Rev'und Samuel, and drap a dollar come-on in hit."

The Sin Splitter hesitated.

"I'm puttin' in a dollar, too," Elder Johnson explained. "And now, jest to make hit come out even—" He shoved

## From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative — been putting it off too long.



Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me — just like chocolate!



Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine — didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



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Tell the Boss to stay at the Hotel Lennox in Saint Louis. Perfect service—grand food—downtown—nearby parking—private bath—radio reception

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●Newly invented machine washes walls 6 times faster and better than by hand.

Charles Stille took in \$217 first ten days. We want more men to go into business for themselves. Customers everywhere—homes, schools, offices, stores, churches, lodge halls, hotels all have walls that need washing. You don't have to rent a store or office. You operate this business from your home. The expense for materials is small. What you take in is practically all profit. On a \$10 job cost for materials is about 20¢. Write now for complete facts on this Von Schrader Wall Deterger which washes paint beautifully and postpones repainting many years.

Harold Jones writes: "I landed a \$40 job the first day." J. Cranston says: "I have several jobs to start on Monday, thanks to your help."

Clyde Brandt writes: "I made a demonstration in a public school and got a contract which will more than pay for my machine in the next few days."



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the hat toward Bugaboo and Iron Man, taking a dollar from each of the bewildered roustabouts. When the elder had completed the second round, all of the money was placed in the Sin Splitter's hat, and the elder introduced the prophet.

"De Rev'und Sin-Splittin' Samuel!" Elder Johnson roared. "A genu-wine prophet f'm back in de hills! Le's give him a hand!"

The Sin Splitter had never before preached to so large a throng or under such auspices. From where he sat, he could see money heaped high in his old black hat. With such an incentive, he knew what to preach.

First he glared; then in hollow tones that reverberated throughout the settlement, he began on a conglomeration of his three most famous sermons:

"Paul say hit take grace, grit and greenbacks to spread de gospel. De Lawd gimme de grace, my mamma gimme de grit and I kin see de greenbacks piled high. So y'all Christians shout and y'all sinners tremble whilst I whup de devil around de stump and gi' him a lick at ev'y jump!"

**SIN-SPLITTING SAMUEL** threw salvation with such thunderous phrases and awesome figures, even the most hardened sinner was spellbound with fear and wonder. But he never finished the sermon.

For, just as Nebuchadnezzar was in the homestretch of a chariot race around the walls of Babylon, with eagles flying forth and carrying cans of coal oil on their tails, and the dry bones across the street in St. Louis Cemetery were about to rise and prophesy, Sylvester elbowed his way through the crowd.

With him was a short, stocky, very black man with an aggressive chin and a cauliflower ear.

"Dat's him, Kid!" Sylvester shouted, pointing to the Sin Splitter. "He de one do'ed me outn my money!"

Sylvester's stout cousin, known to prize-fight followers as Kid Reuben Weeks, started for the preacher. Bugaboo Jones was in his path but the Kid did not see him.

"Mind out who you pushin'!" Bugaboo growled.

The Kid wheeled and something hit Bugaboo on the chin harder than he had ever been hit before. Bugaboo struck back, swinging the Kid against Iron Man.

"Now!" Iron Man grinned happily, as

he hit the Kid three blows before the pugilist crumpled.

Meanwhile, the watchman, in a noble effort to preserve the peace, reached for Bugaboo. It was a mistake. Bugaboo swung and the watchman catapulted toward Iron Man, who was able to get in only one lick before the watchman dropped.

"Bugaboo!" Iron Man groaned. "Us done hit de guv'mer!"

"Hit him some mo'," Bugaboo urged, getting into the spirit of the fight.

"Le's git," Iron Man countered. "Hittin' him is mo' worse den hittin' de po-leece."

The fight had caused considerable stir in the crowd, forcing the Splitter to stop midway in his peroration. Someone shouted for the police. It looked bad for the two roustabouts, but, for no reason they could ever figure out, the Sin Splitter's old mule gave them their chance.

Balaam laid his ears back, brayed and charged toward the gate. Iron Man and Bugaboo followed without interference. Once free of the crowd, they deserted Balaam and by shadowy, circuitous detours, they reached the peace and quiet of the steamboat, hours later.

The mule was munching hay on the after main deck.

"Man, my chin hurt whar dat short black boy hit me," Bugaboo complained.

"And my fist hurt whar I hit him," Iron Man said. "But you hadn't ought to hit de yuther boy. Hittin' him was jail-house stuff. Efn hit hadn't been for dat ole jackass yonder, I and you would be wearin' de ball and chains, f'm now on."

Bugaboo laughed. "Wonder whar de Splitter at? I disremember seein' him on Balaam's back when us left outn dat place."

"Don't weary 'bout me," the Splitter called from the darkness of the boiler room. "I wa'n't fixin' to ride off and leave my hat full er money layin' on de ground. I reckon hit must be a solid hund'ed dollars in dat hat. Maybe mo'."

"You means," demanded Bugaboo, "you climbed offn dat mule wid all dem people yellin' and fightin' and goin' on, jest to pick up dat money? Man, you might er got kilt!"

"Money breed evil," the Sin Splitter stated piously. "And I was preachin' me too good a sermon to run off and leave a whole hat full er evil for ole Satan to start off wid, again."



"Be with you in a moment, Dick. You know where the liquor is"

DANIEL ALAIN

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120th Century Fox Movie Star  
CHOOSES "Playboy"  
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Because of the size of the bowl, this rich-looking pipe can be cut only from large-size briar roots. A real he-man's pipe—rugged, hefty, yet the delicate carvings give it remarkable beauty and lightness. Easy to smoke because you get a grip on it, holds a generous filling of tobacco. Now you can own one of these luxury pipes at an amazingly low price.



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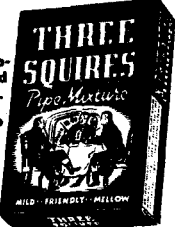
By arrangement with the Rum & Maple Tobacco Corp., we are able to give you full-size packages of these two famous tobaccos. This is an opportunity for you to smoke these tobaccos sold at stores everywhere from coast to coast.



America's No. 1 Fine Tobacco—this Foil Pack sold for 70c, now sells for 25c.

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## Everybody's Army

Continued from page 13

help. Boy Scouts trotted around delivering it. Roy Gill, school superintendent and chamber of commerce president, let school out for the day; Police Chief G. A. Clanton marshaled the kids on the main stem with flags as the convoy rolled in. Mayor A. L. Tidwell fixed up showers; somebody lent a campsite; somebody else put in floodlights and Mrs. J. M. Heath of the D. A. R. rounded up every flag in the place to make a showing.

"Not that Brooks County needs flags to show its patriotism," said Mrs. Daniel. "None of our boys has ever been drafted for any war; we run over our quotas with volunteers."

For the volunteers from "up No'th" Brooks County farmers had driven in enough hogs to make four hundred pounds of barbecued pork. In the War Between the States the county had been called the "Smokehouse of the Confederacy" and it still looks on beef, mutton or chicken as puny vittles. As one white-haired old veteran said: "Our pork and bacon was what helped us lick hell out of you Damyankees for fo' years, suh!"

He grinned as he said it—because the South today is trying to kill the Damyankees by kindness. Where a soldier hails from means nothing. . . .

At Waycross, in the turpentine country of Georgia, the railroad lent a campsite, the chamber of commerce gave Colonel Burns half an hour on the radio, the fire department put in water and junior chamber of commerce members, wearing badges, handed out greeting cards and showed the boys around. At other stops there were variations on the same theme.

### This Army is Different

The 260th, in turn, put on a show each night, like a circus. Men, women and kids roamed about the camp, watching the pyramidal tents going up, climbing over the guns, asking a million questions—and getting answers—as gun crews demonstrated "how it works." Capt. Charlie Buck, a veteran with more than a quarter of a century of service, lifted small boys up to peer down into the machinery of the searchlights.

You watched all this, as the searchlights shot blue cones through the haze and made light-circles high in the star-studded sky. You saw the colonel with a kid on one shoulder and leading another. You heard snatches of banter between guys with eagles and oak leaves and bars on their shoulders and boys with one or two stripes on their shirt sleeves. You noticed the easy efficiency and teamwork—and you thought how different it is in other armies: Of the rigid discipline, the barked orders, the snobbery and class distinction. You thought, too, how the citizenry are treated in other lands—ordered to do thus and so, prodded into line, commanded to billet so many soldiers, shoved and pushed around. This army was different—it wasn't made of professional soldiers officered by gaudily uniformed snobs. It was just people in uniform, doing a job. It was still part of the people and not a thing apart—or above.

It was different, too, from the old Army of '17 and '18. Some of the veterans with A.E.F. ribbons and four or five stars said it was sissy—which was what the veterans of northern China in Genghis Khan's hordes said of the new levies that joined the Scourge in Asia Minor. To the tough old-timers who had swapped bullets with the Moros in



There may be no gas stations handy in wartime, so the 260th has its own fuel supply and gasses up wherever necessary as the big prime-movers lug the guns south and westward toward Fort Bliss

Mindanao and dodged Boche whizbangs in the Argonne, it looked strange to see soldiers with a portable radio over one shoulder and a candid camera over the other.

"I guess in the next war," grinned Captain Buck, a top sergeant until a few weeks ago, "the boys will capture a position, take pictures of it and then tune in on a news broadcast to find out how the rest of the battle's going."

You remember how the A.E.F. lived on canned bacon and goldfish and a sort of pink marble called corned beef? Well, you ought to taste the new canned rations.

There's one can that contains whole-wheat biscuits, coffee and sugar, for a light lunch. There are others full of beef and beans, meat hash and vegetables. Vitamins and everything. Good, too! The new rolling kitchens can turn out a swell feed in jigtime. Last time, the war went to some people's heads; this time it's going to their stomachs.

And remember that chore of shaving with cold water before a tiny metal mirror? Lieut. Col. LeRoy S. Mann, who gave up a prosperous printing business in Washington to become executive officer of the 260th, licked that one. His pride and joy is a command reconnaissance car—a high-riding, four-wheel drive chariot affectionately known as The Jeep. With a converter, he plugs into the car's electrical system and, using the rear-view mirror to look in, shaves by electricity. So does everyone else who can get near the wagon.

Even bunk fatigue isn't bunk fatigue any more. You know what it is now? Systematized relaxation, that's what. We saw it in print in an Army newspaper.

The Jeep, by the way, has to have its name changed, much to the chagrin of Privates Francis Petty and Joe Gallagher, who drive it, because a jeep is really a plane detector. Privates Petty

and Gallagher are undecided whether to call it a doodlebug or hellwagon.

A motorized outfit like the 260th is a complete unit, able to live, travel and fight for a considerable period without contact with a supply base. It hauls its own guns, power plants, ammunition, gas, oil, food, water and hospital equipment. It operates fifteen giant searchlights, nine anti-aircraft guns and machine guns and smaller stuff.

The big guns are hauled by what the Army calls "prime movers"—big ten-wheeled trucks driving on all wheels, with a 318-horsepower motor, twelve speeds forward and three aft. They are rated at seven and a half tons—and tested to carry thirty-eight tons. Loaded, and with its gun, a mover weighs about twenty-six tons and can roll guns at thirty-two miles an hour on a road—or snake them through hub-deep mud and across creek bottoms without blowing a gasket.

Boss of the movers and the other 107



The A.E.F. never had this sort of service. The reconnaissance car furnishes power for Lt. Barto's electric razor in the morning

# ALL CARS ALIKE ? NOT BY A JUGFULL!

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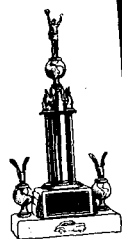
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If they are, how is it that Hudson received the only perfect score of all 1941 cars for safest body design in winning the annual Safety Engineering Magazine Award? Or take brakes. Only Hudson offers you finest hydraulics with a mechanical reserve system working automatically from the same foot pedal if ever needed. And Patented Auto-Poise Front Wheel Control—extra safety even if a tire blows. Ask about all the extra safety features you get in

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## 2 All Cars Alike In EASY DRIVING?

Forget the clutch pedal! Just try driving a Hudson with Vacuumotive Drive! Go, stop, back up—without ever touching the clutch pedal! Costs less than any other feature that completely eliminates clutch pedal pushing,\* and no other car priced so low as the new Hudson Six offers anything like it. While you're at it, try the difference with Hudson's true Center-Point Steering and the improved Synchronized Silent Mesh Transmission that's in every 1941 Hudson.

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## 3 All Cars Alike In BEAUTY?

Take a look at Hudson's *Symphonic Styling*—the big new style idea you can get only in a Hudson! A real eye-ful of beauty when you look at the outside—a complete symphony of harmonizing color when you look inside. Here's the first low priced car that ever offered you a choice of beautiful interior color combinations that harmonize with exterior colors (even down to such details as carpets and floor mats)—and at no extra cost. No wonder Hudson owners are a mighty proud bunch of people.

## 4 All Cars Alike In COMFORT?

One ride on Hudson's improved type of independent front wheel coil springing will show you the difference. No car within hundreds of dollars of Hudson prices ever had it before! Then there's the utter luxury of Airfoam Seat Cushions—available in all 1941 Hudsons, standard in many. And you can enjoy conditioned air the year round! Try it with Hudson's Weather-Master—warm in winter, cool in summer, no drafts, no drowsiness from stale air, no fogged windows even in rain with windows closed.

## 5 All Cars Alike In ECONOMY?

If they were, how could a big 92-horsepower Hudson Six win in its price class in the 1941 Gilmore-Grand Canyon Economy Run—with more miles per gallon than any other entry in the entire run except two short-wheelbase, low-powered cars in a different price class? In a Hudson, you get this economy along with performance that holds nearly 150 official performance and endurance records—more than any other car! For low cost all around, year-after-year, you can't beat a Hudson. Ask any owner!



*"... and here's another way you win!"*

**Best 1941 Buy in  
Every Popular Price Field  
STARTING WITH THE LOWEST**

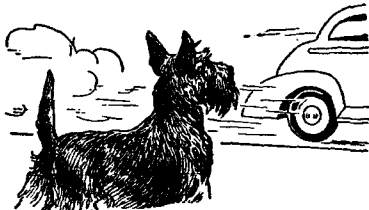
Hudson Sixes and Eights include the richly luxurious new Commodore models, finest cars ever to wear the Hudson nameplate . . . the brilliant new Super-Six . . . and the new Hudson Six in the lowest price field.

A car backed by 31 years of engineering leadership is bound to be different and better in many ways. Ask a Hudson salesman about it. Come for a look—go for a ride today!





**I TOOK THE CURE FOR CAR CHASING** — and I thank the Mistress that I'm alive today. She brought home a new Sergeant's DOG BOOK that tells why I chased cars and how to stop me.



**THE DOG BOOK'S SYSTEM WORKED!** And that's not all. It told the Mistress about Sergeant's VITAMIN CAPSULES, and what they'd do for me. I'm in top condition now, thanks to them!



**BETTER GET THE DOG BOOK** for your pup's sake. It tells all about worms, fleas and illnesses — and how to treat them. Good advice on training and feeding too. At any drug or pet store.



## Could Henry VIII Have Had Stomach Acid Pains?

History tells how Henry VIII would gorge himself with food and suffer afterwards. Don't ignore your sufferings. Try a 25c box of Udga for relief of stomach acid pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat and other conditions caused by excess acid. Udga Tablets must help you or your money will be promptly refunded. At drug stores everywhere.

**Taste Satisfaction in 23 FINE WINES**

A Widmer label on any wine... and on Vermouths, too... is insurance of that subtle quality which comes only from long experience plus exacting care.

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**WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.**

motor haulers is Lieut. Col. William J. Heale. It's his job to get the convoy moving, and keep it moving. Getting a convoy across country is no easy-chair exercise, either. If you want to drive 2,500 miles, you just hop in and go. There'll always be gas stations, flat fixers, roadside restaurants, repair shops and rooms with bath. Rolling 500 men in five-score trucks and cars as a self-contained unit is something else again. The 260th has done more of it than any other outfit in the Army in recent years and has developed a technique that has won it the name of the Rambling Regiment. Colonel Burns, who hails from Greenport, Long Island, and is a patent attorney in private life, wishes he could get a patent on convoy-moving methods.

It's the colonel's boast that his outfit never has an accident. If a bridge breaks down and mover and gun land topside down in a river—that's no accident. That's a mechanical maneuver. It does the colonel's heart good to see it—the equipment is so tough you can't wreck it, and getting it rolling again is good practice for the men. You might have something like that happen in a battle sometime, and knowing how to handle trouble is worth while. If no trouble develops normally, the colonel grows impatient and manufactures a little to keep his hand in.

Down in De Funiak Springs, Florida, Colonel Burns took Colonel Mann, Captain Carl Santilli of Battery D and your correspondent out on reconnaissance in The Jeep. Outside town, he found a nice loose, sandy patch, all hillocks and gullies. There was one very nice gully, six feet deep, ten wide, with steep sandy banks; down at the bottom was a muddy stream.

"Captain," said the colonel, "I want a gun taken around here and over the creek. We'll tell the townspeople and let them watch."

"It'll get mired and stuck, maybe," said Captain Santilli hopefully.

"With a little care," said the colonel, "we might even get the gun to tip over, with Jim Marshall aboard getting impressions."

"With a little care," said your reporter, "the correspondent will be some distance away, getting impressions through a field glass."

"You'll come with me in The Jeep," said Colonel Mann. "It is more than likely three or four trucks and half a dozen guns will all be stuck together and we'll have to have The Jeep haul them out. . . . You boys could do that easily enough, I suppose?" he asked Privates Petty and Gallagher.

"Yes, sir," said the pair in unison, without batting an eye.

### And No Cussing!

It turned out, however, that the movers, after bogging the gun down to its hubs at a crazy angle in the creek, got it out in a few minutes. Two spare movers, side by side, wheels locked, ran out cables from their winches and hitched onto the mover attached to the gun. The gun rocked and swayed through the deep mud and up the sandy bank without a hitch, with all the kids cheering and the grownups saying, boy, that's something!

There wasn't even any good old Army cussing about it. . . . not that Chaplain A. A. McCallum, who was looking on, would have minded. Handsome, gray-haired "Father Mac" had been chaplain of the old 149th Artillery with the Rainbows in the last show and his faded A.E.F. ribbon bore five gold stars. He had given up the rectorship of fashionable St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Washington to spread his old bedroll with the outfit—and he was more like a friend than a chaplain. He drove



It's 5 A. M. and the boys are loading into the trucks to speed down the highway toward a waiting breakfast of ham and eggs and coffee

ahead in his own car most of the time, arranging shower baths, church suppers, ball games and services—doing all he could to smooth things out for his boys when they rolled, tired and hungry, into the twilight.

In De Funiak Springs the Rev. Walter K. Venters of the First Methodist Church opened up his church for the outfit and here "Father Mac," a high churchman, held services for Jews, Catholics, Baptists and Presbyterians—although there were special services for Jews and Catholics if they wanted to go—and no one had to attend church if he didn't want to.

Nearly every man in the 260th had given up something to join the regiment—a home or a job or a car or a girl. Every soldier had his girl's picture with him—and hoped she'd wait.

"Wait for you!" laughed the pessimists. "Boy, when you get back they'll be shoving you around in a wheel chair and your whiskers'll be down to your knees." . . . It sounded like 1918 all over again.

This appalling prophecy, however, didn't discourage Regimental Sergeant Major John Harvey or his assistant, Private Sam Edmondson. No sooner was their tent up than they brought out for comparison large pictures of Muriel and Frances, two pretty girls.

As it rolled south and westward, the outfit acquired mascots and pets—half a dozen dogs, a mole, a cat and a small pig, "promoted" somewhere in Georgia, fed lavishly on scrambled eggs and dubbed Sergeant Shoat.

Since in our country the Army takes second place to civilians and minds its manners, a convoy travels with due regard to the safety and convenience of motorists. The American Automobile Association helps with maps and routes, going ahead to test bridges and plan detours if necessary. On this trip, the Association sent along Dick Tupper and Jerry Ryan in a patrol car. Old hands at the game, and realizing that this spring and summer thousands of motorists are going to meet convoys on the road, Tupper and Ryan offer Collier's readers these tips:

"Out on the road, a convoy travels in units, and maintains gaps of about a hundred yards between vehicles. There may be several miles between each unit.

Speed is about thirty miles an hour.

"Any motorist is perfectly free to pass the convoy while using good, normal driving practice—that is, not passing on curves, blind hills and so on. Approaching cities, convoys close ranks and roll bumper to bumper, usually with a police escort. They go right through regardless of traffic lights, not to be uppity, but to expedite their movement and minimize interference with normal traffic. Don't try to break into a convoy going through town.

"Give Army drivers a break if you are in front of them, by signaling. Army movers have power brakes and the guns have electric brakes, but it's hard to stop twenty-six tons when it gets rolling fast. The Army will respect all your rights, if you give it a chance."

### Everybody Pitches In

Incidentally, here's a tip from the boys who roll the big wagons with the U. S. plates. Take it from Captain Lawrence W. Linderer, in charge of the 260th advance guard, and Colonel Mann and his Jeep crew who go roving up and down the line: If you want a good place to eat, watch where the freight truckers park—but don't dash madly in. Peek inside the restaurant first: It may be just a pretty waitress. But if the waitress is nothing to write home about, it must be the food the truckers stop for.

Through the little towns and villages the convoy goes rolling on, starting in the dim, gray dawns, settling down as the stars come out—two hundred, two hundred fifty miles a day. Waycross and Quitman and De Funiak Springs, Biloxi and Baton Rouge and Lake Charles and so over the mountains and across the plains of Texas—Beaumont and San Antonio, Del Rio and Marfa and at last into the great camp at Fort Bliss.

Everywhere the folks turn out and wave flags and cheer and help. The boys in olive drab who wheel the big guns and man the searchlights are just folks like everybody else—doing a job the best way they know how with no stiff arrogance and as little formality as possible. All along the way the men and women and kids, the chamber of commerce and the Afternoon Delphian Society all turn out and help.

Everybody's Army.





## THE MESSAGE THAT MADE A FATHER CURIOUS —and the Questions he asked his Wife

**T**O THIS thoughtful father and millions like him, the health and welfare, present and future, of his family are of vital concern. He read the above advertisement with deep interest. And then—

**HE ASKED:** Mother, do *you* know what Dextrose is?

**MOTHER:** Certainly! It's food-energy sugar. When each of the children was born the doctor prescribed Dextrose in their milk formulas.

**FATHER:** ... And where does Dextrose come from?

**MOTHER:** It's found in many fruits and vegetables. Honey bees even get Dextrose from flowers.

**FATHER:** If it's such a valuable sugar, why don't you serve us foods containing Dextrose?

**MOTHER:** I do! The corn syrup we had on pancakes this morning is rich in Dextrose—so is the dessert we had tonight.

**FATHER:** Any other foods?

**MOTHER:** Oh, lots of 'em—candy bars the children buy, the canned fruit juices we drink every morn-

ing, our ice cream, canned fruits, ginger ale, soft drinks—and even our bread.

**FATHER:** But Mother, how do you know these foods have Dextrose in them?

**MOTHER:** I look for "Dextrose" on the labels ... because I *know* that foods prepared with this natural sugar are not only high in food value, but they usually have better flavor!

**FATHER:** Well! You *do* know the facts about Dextrose.

☆ ☆ ☆

**D**EXTROSE is a pure white sparkling sugar. But it's more than "just a sugar"—it's the sugar for which there is no substitute ... the sugar your body uses *directly* for energy. In fact, all other sugars must be changed into Dextrose before they can be used by the body for activity.

That's why Dextrose is recognized as the primary "fuel" of the body. Babies begin life on Dextrose. Doctors prescribe it for young and old, in health,

in sickness, even for life emergencies! It is the preferred sugar of athletes. In short, Dextrose is the *one* sugar that supports life most efficiently.

Many products labeled "*Enriched with Dextrose*" are made by America's most progressive food companies. They recognize that thinking women today select foods for their health benefits as well as for enjoyment. Next time *you* market, look for "Dextrose" among the ingredients listed on food and beverage labels. It's your assurance of high quality and higher food value!

*America can supply every pound of Dextrose Sugar needed for American consumption. Dextrose is wholly, completely American. It is derived chiefly from America's greatest grain—golden Corn. It is refined in American factories by American workers and distributed by American companies.*

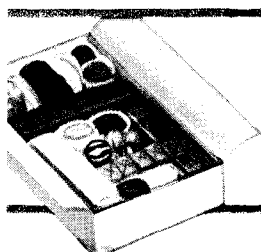
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY

One of the producers of pure Dextrose  
17 Battery Place New York, N. Y.

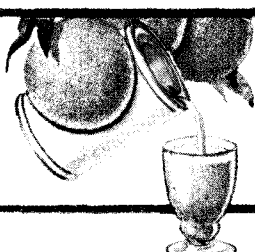
IF IT'S "ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE"

**DEXTROSE**  
IS AN  
**ALL-AMERICAN**  
**SUGAR**  
PURE · WHITE  
SPARKLING

— IT'S A SOURCE OF FOOD-ENERGY



Many of America's finest candies are enriched with Dextrose. Look for "Dextrose" on every bar, box or bag of candy.



The tree-ripe flavor, refreshing tang, full body and food value of canned citrus juices are enhanced with Dextrose.



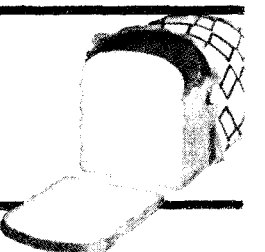
Dextrose develops smooth body in carbonated beverages. It points up their flavor, increases their food-energy value.



Dextrose improves texture, emphasizes true flavors, makes ice cream more delicious, more nutritious, a real food treat.



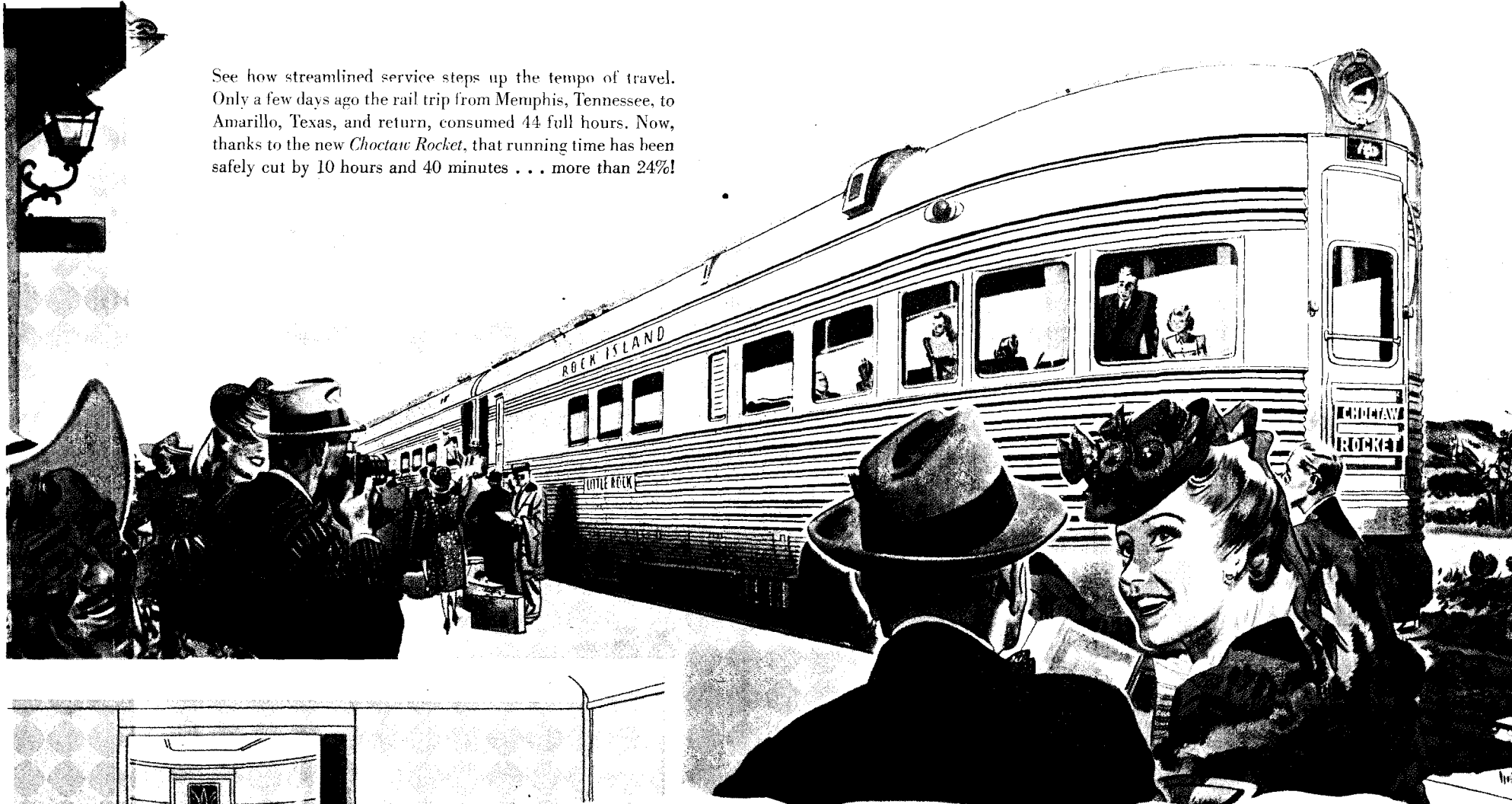
Dextrose protects the natural luscious flavor and firm texture of canned fruits. Dextrose-sweetened fruits do not "cloy".



Better breads are baked with Dextrose! They have more appetizing color and "bloom", finer texture, better flavor.



See how streamlined service steps up the tempo of travel. Only a few days ago the rail trip from Memphis, Tennessee, to Amarillo, Texas, and return, consumed 44 full hours. Now, thanks to the new *Choctaw Rocket*, that running time has been safely cut by 10 hours and 40 minutes . . . more than 24%!



Here's one of Rock Island's New Streamliners

# CHOCTAW ROCKET

BUILT BY PULLMAN-STANDARD

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF RAILROAD AND TRANSIT EQUIPMENT



**The Diner**—The hours one spends on the new streamliners pass as quickly as the miles. For radio, scenery and interesting travel companions provide diversions while the food has earned these *Rockets* an enviable reputation.

**The Chair Car** offers unusually wide shatter-proof windows, improved air-conditioning, insulated silence, scientific lighting, chairs with contours that invite you to relax, soft of upholstery and adjustable to your complete comfort.



**W**ITH the commissioning of the *Choctaw Rocket* by the Rock Island Lines—an ultra-modern train offering complete travel service—the most encouraging fact in the progress toward making streamlining everywhere available has been reaffirmed. It is, to paraphrase a familiar saw, that one good train deserves another!

For ever since the historic occasion on which Pullman-Standard introduced streamlining to America and established the standards of strength, safety and comfort by which all construction of this type is measured, every subsequent train has, through its popularity, extended rather than satisfied the ever-growing demand for this modern transportation.

Fundamentally, that is why The Rock Island has been able to expand its fleet to include this new streamliner, and also why its construction was entrusted to Pullman-Standard. Because of the overwhelming preference which you, the traveling public, have displayed for these new trains, the railroads have purchased over 70%\* of their new lightweight equipment from Pullman-Standard.

\*When this advertisement was written

*In addition to railroad passenger cars, Pullman-Standard designs and manufactures freight, subway, elevated and street cars, trackless trolleys, air-conditioning systems, chilled tread car wheels and a complete line of car repair parts.*

**PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING CO.—CHICAGO**  
Copyright 1941, by Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company



**Pullman Accommodations:** The double bedroom offers two full-length beds, a full-length mirror, complete private toilet facilities, a hinged table, individual controls for heating, lighting and ventilation, and plenty of storage space for clothes and luggage. Also available—economical single occupancy sections—lower and upper berths.

**"Top's" IN STREAMLINERS ARE BUILT BY Pullman-Standard**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Continued from page 19

administration offices, barracks—are built or building in Isla Grande.

Completed are two enormous sea-plane hangars, reputedly the largest in the world, each occupying two acres of land. They house the flying boats that patrol the Caribbean night and day, from Miami to Guantanamo, Nassau, Panama, Georgetown in British Guiana, Trinidad, Martinique, Antigua and Puerto Rico. There are, however, only 21 of these planes in service, most of them old. The new ones that come off the production lines have been going to England and the boys who fly the old ships told me that it's difficult to repair the hulls of the boats if they split a seam in a hard landing on rough water. The metal is so far gone it won't take a rivet securely.

Almost complete is the Army air base at Punta Borinquen commanding the Mona Passage. This alone cost \$8,400,000. Four thousand soldiers and 2,000 civilians are garrisoned at this strategic point, the nearest to the friendly Dominican Republic across the Mona Passage from Puerto Rico. The troops are stationed there presumably to be used as shock soldiers against a surprise enemy attempt to land on neighboring islands. The air strength stationed there at the moment comprises one pursuit group and two bomber groups, or about 75 planes in all.

Auxiliary air bases are being built, also, at Juana Diaz in the south central part of the island near Ponce; at Arecibo on the north coast midway between San Juan and Borinquen; at Mayaguez, on the west coast and on near-by St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands. The largest of these fields will be at Juana Diaz, where the 36th Pursuit Group, with 25 ships, arrived January 1st. Juana Diaz's total strength will be 85 planes with the arrival of the 48th Air Base Group which is to be stationed there, with a total personnel of 200 officers and 1,800 enlisted men.

The 24th Air Base Group from Kelly

Field, Texas, and the 25th Bombardment Group from Langley Field, Virginia, were transferred to Puerto Rico.

That's the plus side of the Puerto Rican defense ledger and those figures, and the fact that everything is "ahead of schedule," is what the Brass Hats like to tell you about. They admit that because there's been so much haste there has been "some waste."

Take the matter of the dry dock. It's finished, all right. But in their hurry the boys forgot to dig a channel through the harbor which would permit cruisers or other warships drawing up to 27 feet to maneuver into the dock. It will be months before the channel will be finished. Army and Navy critics who question the advisability of so much haste are acid about the waste.

#### Impressive but Obsolete

They raise another important point. They say that while Puerto Rico's defenses are impressive—fifty million dollars' worth of anything is impressive—they are already obsolete. They would be fine in a 1914-1918 kind of war, worthless now when bombers like our own Consolidated PB-2-Y can fly 5,000 miles without stopping for gas or oil with a belly full of bombs. That range, it is reasonable to suppose, can be duplicated in bombers manufactured by our potential enemy in the Eastern Hemisphere. In that event, Puerto Rico would be like shooting at sitting ducks, and wooden ducks at that.

These critics, and our Navy and Army are filled with them—men who seem to have ideas but somehow are never heard by the policy makers in Washington, declare that we seem to have learned nothing from the current war. One of the major lessons of this war has been that the biggest bomb yet built, the one-ton demolition or high explosive projectile can't pierce a thousand feet of solid rock.

Germany before the war began and

Britain after it started applied this elementary lesson of air war. The Germans built hangars in hillsides and mountainsides that gave them the double advantage of invulnerability and invisibility. Britain, on the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean, and on Gibraltar, also applied this principle. On Malta and Cyprus, the British tunneled into rock—the Mediterranean islands, like the Indies, are but projecting tops of submerged mountains—to make shelters for landplanes and sea-planes. Caves the seas had eroded were enlarged as lairs for submarines and destroyers. Caverns of the inland mountain were converted into hotels to house civilians. This is why Malta, Britain's fortress in the Central Mediterranean, has been able to survive the pounding of Italian planes for months.

Our defenses on Puerto Rico, our Malta of the Caribbean, stands on stilts on the muck of Isla Grande, the marshes of the interior. Gasoline storage tanks, water towers, the 600,000-gallon-a-day water plant to be used for emergencies, warehouses—everything—are limned beautifully against the tropical sky, spang where field glasses or enemy bombsights can find them.

There are nearly two million people on Puerto Rico, one of the world's most overcrowded land areas, with some 530 men, women and children per square mile, but there isn't an air-raid shelter on the whole island, building or planned. The construction of defenses implies the possibility that Puerto Rico would be attacked in wartime. Puerto Ricans say it is reasonable to expect that protection be provided for the civilians. The lack of any sign that air-raid protection for civilians is in prospect hasn't helped to bridge the gulf of antagonism between the Spanish-speaking public and the gringo-continentals.

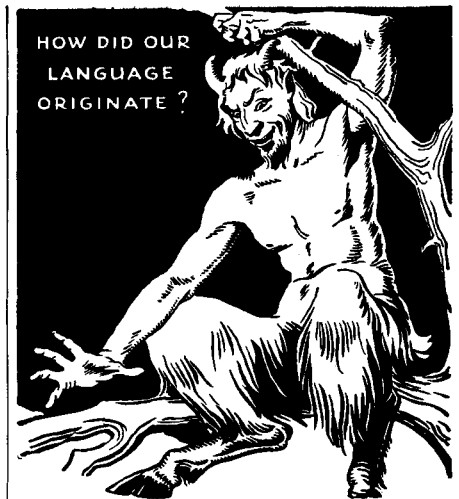
The official defense of the way things are being done on Puerto Rico is that up to the present the potential enemies in Europe haven't any bombers capable of flying to the Americas with effective bomb loads, discharging their bombs and returning to bases in Europe or Africa. This, the critics reply, doesn't stand up as an argument for not employing the elementary lesson Malta taught us: to keep defenses and stores underground. There is such a bomber. Fortunately, we have it, but what's to prevent possible enemies from building one like it or better?

#### No Help from the Mainland

The defenders also say that Puerto Rico is one of many bases and that it is within range of support by air and sea from the bases at Guantanamo, Nassau, and the tip of Florida. Miami, they say, is only six hours away by air, and it is only slightly longer to Pensacola and Orlando.

The tacticians who don't share this view point out that if the stage were reached where Puerto Rico needed assistance from the mainland, it would already have been eliminated as a defense factor.

Puerto Rico, according to those who maintain that all's just perfectly wonderful on the island Ponce de Leon discovered before he went bushwhacking in Florida for the Fountain of Youth, can only be attacked by enemy aircraft flown to the island from carriers. Such planes, they say, could only carry 100-pound and 200-pound bombs. These bombs couldn't do effective work. Correspondents, military observers and others who've seen what these "baby



## Panic

comes from a mischievous Greek god

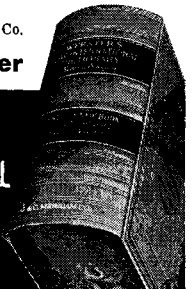
IN Greek mythology there was no greater trouble-maker among the deities than Pan. His abrupt appearance among the timid wood nymphs inspired the greatest fright. He was regarded also as inspiring human beings with groundless terror. So the Greeks imagined that sudden, contagious fear which seemed to have no sufficient cause must have been inspired by Pan, and to denote this fear they created from the name of this dreaded god the word *panikon*. English has taken it over as *panic*, and we apply the word to any mob fear arising from real or imagined causes.

This is one of the thousands of interesting word origins given in the unabridged Merriam-Webster, WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition. This great reference book provides a wealth of general information. It contains 600,000 entries—122,000 more entries than any other dictionary. 12,000 terms illustrated; 3,350 pages. **WARNING:** The only genuine Webster is the Merriam-Webster. Look for the Merriam-Webster name and circular trade-mark on the cover. Ask your bookdealer to show it to you. Write for free illustrated booklet of interesting word origins to G. & C. Merriam Co., 606 Federal Street, Springfield, Mass.

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 DICTIONARY  
 Second Edition



#### MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING

Iron Glue mends wood, glass, china, toys, leather, 'most anything. ¼ pt. to 1 gal. cans or 10¢ bottles with new lever-lift top, always easy to open and close. McCormick Sales Co., 409 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

**IRON GLUE**  
 AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



#### NEW ADV. MACHINE!

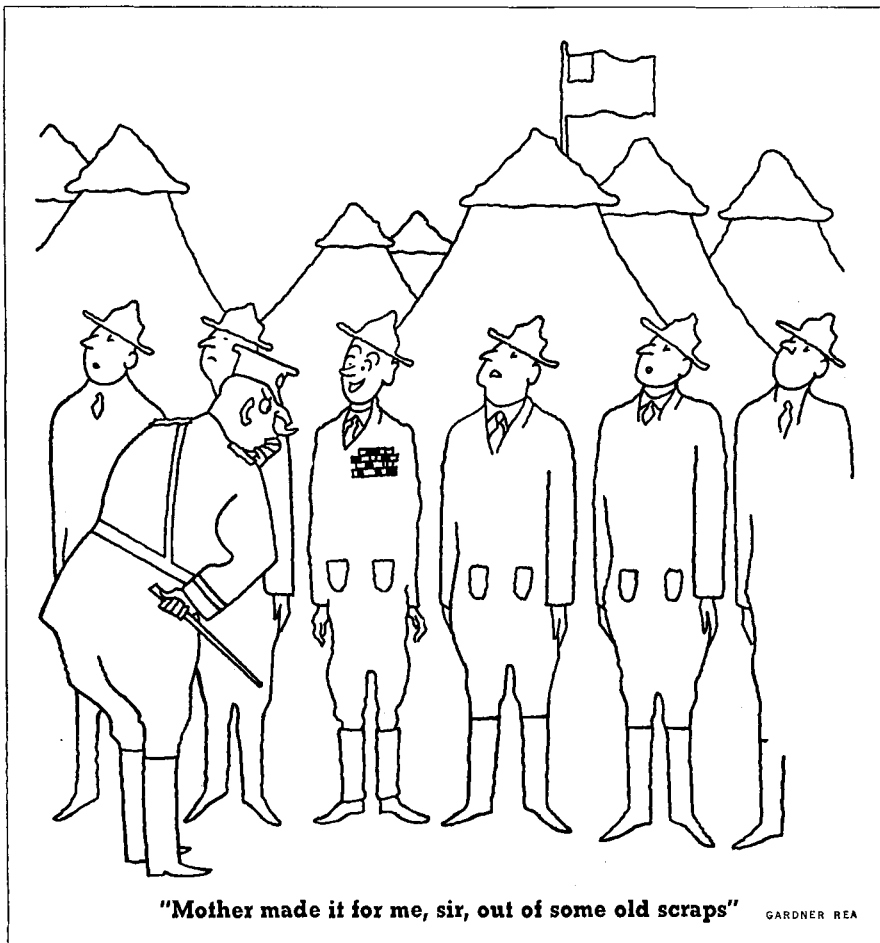
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Learn HOW hundreds of businesses are boosting sales with 1c Messages—produced on the spot with new, patented, **CARDMASTER**. Just send name for **FREE** illustrated book of money-making ideas for your business and complete Unique Advertising Plans. Write today. **CARDMASTER Co. 315 W. Hubbard St. Dept. 72, CHICAGO**



add **ZEST** to  
**TOMATO JUICE**  
 WITH  
**A-1 SAUCE**

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES  
 . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

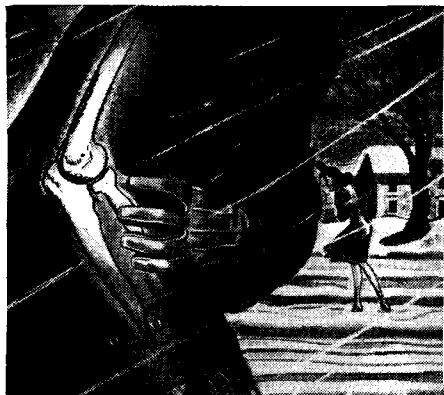


"Mother made it for me, sir, out of some old scraps"

GARDNER REA



## "Tortured" by painful COLD WEATHER JOINTS?



### Get this Amazing Quick Relief

If cold spells make your joints stiffen and ache, if you feel you just can't endure the pain of cold-weather joints, *cheer up!* Here's new hope for you!

Normally, your joints are fed lubricating fluids by tiny blood vessels. Extreme cold weather, however, makes these blood vessels constrict. The supply of these fluids falls off and your joints stiffen—seem to "grind" every time you move. It's plain agony!

**Here's what you should do!** Rub aching joints with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the flow of blood... steps up the supply of lubricating fluids. Soon pains and stiffness drift away—your joints glow with relief. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy! At all druggists. \$1.25 a bottle. **FREE SAMPLE**—write W. F. Young, Inc., 201C Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**FAMOUS also**  
for relieving  
**Athlete's Foot,  
Sore Muscles,  
Strains, Bruises**

## ABSORBINE JR.

**Hollywood's Secret of Hair Beauty**

\* L. B. HAIR OIL gives hair instant lustre and beauty!... Makes it look "alive"! Abundant! L. B. relieves dryness... itching, checks loose dandruff. Helps combat external causes of falling hair and BALDNESS! Now available at your favorite Barber & Beauty Shops, Drug, Department & Chain Stores... 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00, C.S.

**L.B. HAIR OIL**  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

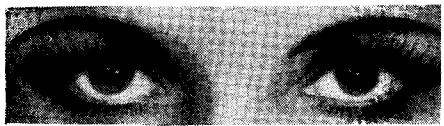
...or write direct to

## You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



**EYES OVERWORKED?** Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe. You get—



**QUICK RELIEF!** Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES  
SOOTHES • CLEANSSES • REFRESHES

bombs" can do, don't agree with Puerto Rico's defenders.

Puerto Rico's strength in the defense chain will always be proportionate to its ability to withstand a siege. No matter how modern, powerful and numerous may be its fortifications, naval and air and land forces, Puerto Rico must be able to withstand a terrific pounding and a blockade in the event of an all-out war.

The food that feeds Puerto Rico comes largely from the mainland. One authority estimated that one pound of food is imported each day for each islander, which would mean nearly 2,000,000 pounds, or one hundred thousand tons. This is one reason why San Juan has always been one of the world's busiest ports.

Agriculture still devotes itself almost exclusively to the cultivation of money crops like sugar. Only recently were islanders encouraged to plant vegetables. Rice is a staple of native diet. But no rice is grown on Puerto Rico. From the standpoint of victualing the island under siege conditions, its ability to withstand a blockade has been dropping steadily in proportion to the increases in the personnel of the military services.

So far the only step taken toward making the island self-sufficient in wartime has been the construction of the water-supply plant. And 600,000 gallons a day wouldn't go very far if the unstable waterworks of the island, of which there are seven, but not one that produces water that comes up to mainland standards, were put out of commission.

The best estimate as to how long the island could last if besieged—an eventuality fully as probable as our being attacked by an enemy from the Eastern Hemisphere—was three weeks to one month.

If Puerto Rico weren't the largest of the islands of the Lower Antilles, the slender chain that dangles from the southeastern tip of old Hispaniola in a southeasterly curve toward South America, and if it weren't the easternmost island of the vital Caribbean and therefore the nearest to Europe and Africa, shortsightedness wouldn't matter so much.

But geography settled the island's fate long before Puerto Rico, back in the days of Roosevelt the First, was a gleam in Uncle Sam's imperial eye. Tactically, Puerto Rico is to the U. S. A. and to the Caribbean what Malta is to Britain and the Mediterranean.

And the similarity between the sea the Latins used to call Mare Nostrum and the Caribbean doesn't end with Puerto Rico's resemblance to Malta. The Caribbean means every imperial iota as much to us as the Mediterranean means to Britain.

### America's Life Line

The Caribbean, the reference books say, is an area of the Atlantic Ocean, bounded on the east and north by the islands of the West Indies, on the west by Mexico and on the south by the continental gooseneck of Central America. Because the Indies are the exposed peaks of sunken mountains and because the water between most of these islands is treacherously shallow, the Caribbean is practically a landlocked sea. The story of all landlocked seas, the Mediterranean, the China Sea, the Adriatic—is the story of international struggle for domination of those seas. Their control means safety for the merchant ships and the warships of the power dominant in the area.

The United States is the Britain of the Western Hemisphere. We own possessions in the Caribbean, control others politically and economically and, since the Roosevelt destroyers-for-bases deal, we have definite military interests and

commitments in that Mediterranean of the New World.

Like Britain, we also operate a canal. Britain controls Suez, we the Panama Canal. Britain's life line of trade and imperial and therefore national security winds through the Mediterranean; ours whips from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Caribbean.

If Britain were frozen out of the Mediterranean, a ship sailing from London to Bombay via the Cape of Good Hope would have to travel 10,721 nautical miles. Via the Mediterranean and Suez the same steamer's route would be only 6,260 nautical miles, 4,461 miles less.

Here's what would happen if American ships were obliged to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific around the southernmost end of South America instead of through the Caribbean and the Panama Canal:

New York to San Francisco via the Panama Canal 5,289 nautical miles.

New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn 13,107 nautical miles.

Our Cape route would be 7,818 miles longer than our Canal route, while Britain's Cape route would be but 4,461 miles longer. While in England there were politicians who in 1935 were for abandoning Gibraltar, as did Sir Samuel Hoare, who wanted to appease Italy, you couldn't find a single American who would be for abandoning the Panama Canal rather than defend the Caribbean.

### History Repeats in the Caribbean

Puerto Rico has always been strategically important. It was so centuries ago, when Spain ruled and exploited the New World. It was through the Mona Passage, deepest water yet sounded in all the Atlantic, that the galleons of Spain passed on their way to Mexico and Aztec gold. Puerto Rico became the main Spanish base for refitting ships. Lying farther east, nearer Europe than any other Spanish possession, Puerto Rico intercepted attacking fleets of enemy ships. It was Spain's interceptor of attacks and of news. The island got word of impending attack long before such news reached the mainland or points closer to the mainland.

There wasn't a Panama Canal in those days, but there was the same narrow Isthmus of Panama. This was an overland portage for the fabulous cargoes the Spaniards plundered up and down the west coast of South America. The English and French enemies of Spain, the fleets of Drake and De Grasse, stabbed constantly at the Spanish positions in the Caribbean and their objective was that isthmus across which the wealth of western South America was transported overland and then by sea en route to Spain.

The island again is an interceptor. Our warships and airplanes based there are to intercept the possible enemy attack from the east. They are to close, too, that ancient Mona Passage, one of the three main natural entrances to the Caribbean navigable to large ships without risk of disaster on the razor reefs that make the waters of the Indies some of the most treacherous in the world.

To hold the Caribbean against attack by sea we must hold the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti, the narrow channel between Trinidad and the South American mainland—and the Mona Passage. And there Puerto Rico stands guard, a sentinel of the Caribbean and the Caribbean is to us something more than an "area of the Atlantic." It's Mare Nostrum to us, our sea of destiny. That's why some people believe we ought to be a whit smarter about the quality and disposition, rather than merely the quantity, of our defenses on Puerto Rico.

## EVER TAKE A DARE Just For The Fun of It?



Sure the policeman on your beat was a good friend. You know that now—but when "Freckles" dared you to heave that snowball—"Zingo!" you let 'er go!

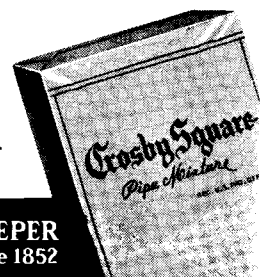
### Here's Rich Pipe Flavor With Cigarette Mildness!

How about taking a dare to try Crosby Square? We'll take the risk. Smokers have discovered that this blend has what they've been looking for—the mildness of a cigarette with the full flavor of a real pipe tobacco. If you don't find that Crosby Square fills your "pipe-bill," you can get all your money back.

**"Take-a-Dare" Offer** — Send us 6c in stamps to pay part of packing and mailing and you'll get a generous sample. Write Crosby Square Div., 100 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.

Mention name of your tobacconist.

AT YOUR DEALER **15¢**



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**NEW!**

**WHEN A COLD,** dust or bad air stuffs up your nose, it's mighty nice to have the new Vicks Inhaler in your pocket or purse. Because it's packed with EFFECTIVE MEDICATION that makes the nose feel clearer in a few quick "whiffs."

Already tens of thousands of folks are carrying the new Vicks Inhaler around with them ready to use whenever needed. Benefit by their experience and enjoy the greater breathing comfort you get with the handy...

**New VICKS INHALER**

Developed by the Makers of Vicks VapoRub



## Pro and Coin

Continued from page 17

sport. There isn't a pro, except Jimmy Demaret, Gene Sarazen and maybe Ed Dudley, who ever gets around to enjoying the climate or scenery. Demaret has a good time because a bad heart has ingrained in him an infectious "Boys, we're only on earth for a visit" philosophy. The other two are well-fixed and have been around too long to worry.

By and large the others, with scant exception, live in a kind of hibiscus-laden, stucco hell, perpetually tormented by putts that refuse to drop into the cups, drives that hook, irons that slice and approaches that refuse to sit down after they hit the greens. The average pro on the winter circuit, for all his fancy raiment (usually supplied by the clothing manufacturer) is more to be sympathized with than envied. For his very livelihood depends on his ceaseless job of trying to tame an offensive little rubber ball which, to its very core, is strictly maverick.

He is engaged in the country's toughest competitive business. Ever since Bobby Jones endeared himself eternally to pro golfers by retiring, the pros have improved so much and so simultaneously that hard-won titles now last no longer than a nickel shoeshine. The pros no longer can win a good title, sit back and hope to capitalize on it. Jones used to play in four or five tournaments a year; these fellows play in from twenty to thirty and the time when they must make their money is during the winter tour.

### It's an Exacting Life

They train for their money-making period like conscientious fighters. In the old days the pro had to be the best drinker around the club. He had to stay up all night with the quartet and get up to give a dawn-patrol lesson to the club crank. Most of the seventy-five or so crack pros now on the winter circuit are ten P. M. boys. They watch their diets with the passionate devotion of movie stars. They'll play through a cloudburst, trying to win a purse, but would duck into a lion's cage to get out of the rain when not playing. Some of them will not shake hands when introduced, for fear they might deliver their paws to bone-crushing admirers. Horton Smith won't carry a valise for fear of straining the delicate machinery of his wrists. They dispense their nickels cautiously, but pamper their all-important feet to the extent of buying fifty-dollar handmade shoes.

Lack of success will screw some of their nerves to such a pitch that they will not be able to eat solid food for days at a stretch. Such tension, of course, is not lessened by the fact that golf is the only game where the competitor is a part of the crowd, and,

therefore, subject to claps on the back, chattering cameras, autograph idiots and the loud member who wants to introduce his dear cockeyed little boy just after Joe Pro has three-putted himself out of a contract with an equipment house, or hooked what amounts to Mamma's lynx coat into the woods.

The wives, that gaily dressed and omnipresent chorus of the winter circuit, sit helplessly on the porches of the club-houses, fashioning their tight little cliques, trying to keep their curious world bright with chatter and gossip. Now and then one of the newer wives, or one of the old and indomitable ones, will slip on low-heeled shoes and go out on the course to follow their quietly anguished mates. The other girls call these dauntless women the "Thirty-Six Holers." And make bets among themselves as to how long it will be before the pro with the new bride turns on her savagely (after she makes the invariable mistake of sympathizing with him for missing the chip which would have permitted him to tie for first) and bitterly orders her to get back there to the porch.

When that comes there will be tears, and advice from the wiser wives, and there will be a new face on the porch, and a new sweater being knitted for hubby or the R.A.F. One of the wifely cliques will have a new member and the new wife will learn many things, including the need of keeping her husband away from his old buddy, the gay-bachelor pro who seems to be training on blondes.

They are wonderful, these golf wives. Prettier even than the baseball wives, but unhappier. For in golf you eat chicken one day, feathers the next. None of the current bevy of girls, except Mrs. Horton Smith, could break 150. But they know an incredible lot about the game and it is always popping into their conversation, though they try hard to keep from talking about the sport.

The reporters find the girls a lot jollier and more informative than their harassed husbands. However, reporters who know them have a dread of bearing to them information as to how their mates are progressing in a tournament. A tidings-bearer just can't win around the golf wives.

This has happened: A golf writer strolls past the porch. There is an immediate lull in the pleasant chatter. The writer knows that Byron Nelson has shot an abysmal 41 for the first nine, but he doesn't say anything until good-looking Mrs. Nelson lifts off her Hollywood sunglasses and sweetly says, "Don't tell me, but how's By doing?" The writer swallows and then lies, "Gee, I'm sorry, but I've been following Hogan." Such an admission means, unless he is a cur, that he will impart to

**IN AGAIN -**

**OUT AGAIN**

**SAME TRUCK AND DRIVER THAT DELIVERED THIS LOAD**

**... GOES RIGHT OUT WITH THIS LOAD**

**THAT'S HOW TRAILERS MAKE TRUCKS MORE PROFITABLE!**

**T**RUCKS are profitable business tools only when they're moving. They are "white elephants" when they stand idle while being loaded or unloaded. That's why so many business men in so many lines of business have adopted the Truck-Trailer "shuttle" method of hauling. You leave only the Trailers to be loaded or unloaded and use your truck for the full-time job of pulling first one and then another of the Trailers to be moved.

### HERE'S HOW YOU SAVE

You need buy only one truck and the Fruehauf Trailers. The truck can be a small instead of a large one since its job is simply to pull the Trailers instead of carry the loads. As you know, a truck can pull three times as much as it can carry. Your investment will be far lower for the one truck and the Trailers than it would be for several larger load-carrying trucks.

### BIG SAVINGS HERE

Gas and upkeep for the small truck will cost much less—you'll save 30% or more, depending upon your operation. That's an important saving on top of your saving on initial and replacement cost.

### WRITE FOR THE FACTS

Like so many others, you may find a "shuttle" operation ideal for your needs. In any event, you should save considerable through the Truck-Trailer method of hauling. Send today for the booklet "Executive Thinking." It tells the whole story.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

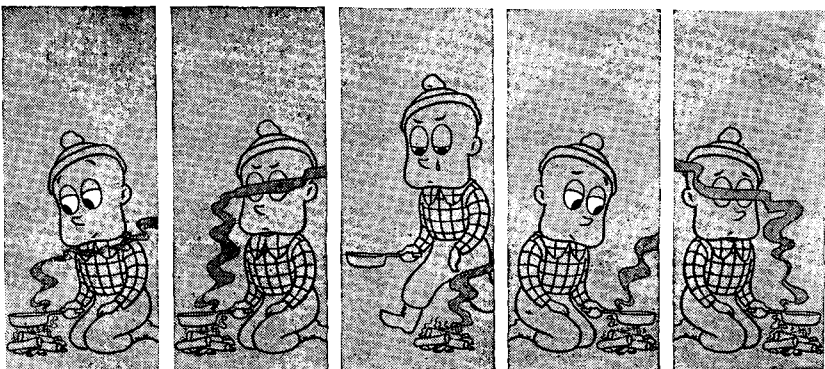
**FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO. • DETROIT**

Sales and Service in Principal Cities

Motor Transport is today one of the greatest economic factors in the nation, being responsible directly or indirectly for one-seventh of all pay envelopes.



**FRUEHAUF TRAILERS**  
*"Engineered Transportation"*



Smoke

CROCKETT JOHNSON





"Thank goodness we bought Junior an Arrow Tie—  
I thought we'd never marry him off!"

• We can't *guarantee* that Arrow Ties will endear you to the fair sex, but they *will* make you look much smarter. They have handsome new patterns, they're made of fine fabrics, cut to knot perfectly and resist wrinkles. Get some at your Arrow dealer's today. \$1.00 and \$1.50.

## ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

## TOUGH BEARD? TENDER SKIN?

SHAVE THE WAY BARBERS  
DO—APPLY A BIT OF  
NOXZEMA  
BEFORE LATHERING

No drag—no pull—  
soothing comfort!

• Try the new shaving trick used by scores of barbers. Just apply a little *medicated* Noxzema before lathering or use it alone as a latherless shave. See how it soothes and protects sensitive skin—how smoothly your razor glides through the toughest whiskers. And notice how *cool* and *comfortable* your skin feels—no after-shave irritation!



Treat yourself to a Noxzema Shave today. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or department store.

25¢ TRIAL JAR 19¢

## HERE'S YOUR '41 FREE FISHING GUIDE

Shakespeare's  
**Wondereel**  
LONG CASTS—NO BACKLASHES

Now fishing's fun for all the family. Anyone can learn to cast in five minutes with this marvelous new Shakespeare Wondereel. No longer is it necessary to struggle with troublesome backlashes. Old timers like it especially for night fishing.

For Bait Casting \$6.50, \$8, \$10, \$15

For Surf Casting \$8.50 and \$9.50



☐ NEW GLOLITE WONDERRAIT—glows 5 hrs. if exposed 3 minutes to sun or flashlight. 50¢ postpaid (90¢ value—limited supply). Send cash or stamps.

☐ FREE 80 page Fishing Guide and Catalog with or without bait. Write today.

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# OH, JOY!



TRADE

What a joy to get relief from a cough due to a cold. Get it with Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Black or Menthol. 5¢. Both taste delicious.

**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.



MARK

the quietly eager Mrs. Hogan some crumb of information about Ben's progress.

"Ben's out in 33," the reporter is obliged to report. And then, to his dismay, he sees that not a knitting needle is twitching. To the porch comes a tense, expectant silence. The reporter thinks wildly of flight, but knows he is in no condition to run. So, willy-nilly, he stands there and tells them the scores he knows.

If the boob reporter brings news that Joe Pro and Mike Mashie are coming down the homestretch, neck and neck, with a small pot of gold and fame awaiting the winner, and a smaller pot of silver and oblivion awaiting the runner-up, a subtle change comes over Mesdames Pro and Mashie. Bosom pals that they have been through weeks of their husbands' joint adversity, the two girls now separate. Mrs. Pro will excuse herself, to powder her nose, and when she comes back she'll take her preoccupied stand under another umbrella, or with another clique, much to her relief and the relief of Madame Mashie. There they'll sit until it comes time to join the pushing, shoving mob around the 18th green, biting their lips while watching the ending—getting ready for the kissing picture, or the long, silent, plaintively reflective ride to the next tournament.

By the following Saturday the girls are bosom pals again. Henry Picard—humph!—has beaten the stuffings out of both Joe and Mike.

### You Can't Win It All

The nineteen winter-circuit tournaments, beginning in mid-December with the \$10,000 Miami Open at the Miami Springs course, and ending the first week in April with the \$5,000 Masters tournament, at Bobby Jones' Augusta National course, do indeed total \$100,000 in purses. But it takes phenomenal good luck and supernatural playing to win even a small percentage of all that money. First prize in the \$10,000 Miami Open is \$2,000. In other tournaments the percentage is even smaller, a sample of which would be the \$1,000 first prize in the \$15,000 P.G.A. championship.

Demaret made winter-circuit history last year by winning six of the nine tournaments in which he competed. His purse income for the entire year was \$8,400, which placed him near the top of the money earners. But pro golfers are the real amateurs of sport. They pay their way, and their way, particularly on the long jumps involved in the winter tour, is expensive. It probably cost Demaret and his wife \$7,500 to win that \$8,400. It therefore follows that less successful pros must be extremely parsimonious in order to keep going on the circuit, and that the hapless blokes who shoot only par—an archaic type of golf—wind up in the financial doghouse. The average tournament last winter was won with a ten-under-par score. Ben Hogan was thirty-four under par for the North-South Open at Pinehurst, the Greater Greensboro (North Carolina) Open and the Land of the Sky Open at Asheville.

Wiffy Cox, a master iron-shot player, once embarked on the winter tour with \$3,000 and, though he played excellent golf, won so little that he wound up in April with \$50. Hogan and his wife found themselves in Oakland in 1938, far from their Texas home, with \$80 between them and a unique pauper's status. That afternoon Ben shot a do-or-die 68 to win \$300 as an also-ran in the Oakland Open, while Madame H. was rolling her kerchief into tight little knots on the porch. Ben has been in the money in all but two tournaments since then. Ironically, he was paid \$500 for endorsing a headache remedy after

winning the North-South Open—now that he doesn't have any more headaches.

When Sarazen first tried to crack the early predecessor of today's well-knit winter circuit he got a rate at the fancy American Plan resort hotel where the tournament was being held, but at meal time would duck down the road and eat at a lunch wagon. He found to his horror, later, what American Plan meant.

Sam Snead first hit the glory road in a battered jalopy fit to discourage a grape-hungry Okie. Route 90, that serpentine stretch of cement that follows the sun from Florida to California, has seen hitchhiking young pros. There may be a broken heart for every hamburger joint along the route. But some strike it rich. And the newcomers never forget that fact, when the going gets tough and the established stars, with mamma prodding them silently from the porch, begin throwing birdies and eagles at the upstarts. The pace is appalling. Last year Jug McSpaden had the \$10,000 Miami locked up. He had shot a 65 on his last round over the par-72 course. Only a 64 could beat him. So Snead shot a 64.

The winter circuit creates great players and heightens interest in the game. The papers give the winners a lot of space, for there is little else stirring in sport. Scores plummet and par is ripped to shreds by men and boys who are driven along by gastric, domestic and business emergencies, or inspired by the will to break into the select circle. Horton Smith was the first ace to spring from the loins of the circuit. He appeared from nowhere, or, rather, Joplin, Missouri, in 1930 and made his rep on the tour. He won \$15,000 in 1930, a record which stood for eight years. Demaret is the latest, but perhaps another star is emerging from the sunshine belt as this is being read. Will it be fat Ed Oliver, who was kicked out of the U. S. Open last summer, after playing sensationally, because he teed off a few minutes too early? Or Johnny Bulla, who plays a 35¢ ball? Or Joe Doakes?

### Slammin' Sam Hits the Big Dough

Whoever it is, he will have a hard time equaling winter golf's most fabulous production—Slammin' Sammy Snead. What a job Ring Lardner could have done on that sweet-swinging hill-billy!

When Sam started on the 1937 winter tour he was an employee of the golf shop connected with the Greenbrier at White Sulphur. The club had picked him up as a promising ex-caddie (he had caddied for Helen Hicks) and was paying him \$45 a month and boarding him. Somebody there believed Sam had the makings, for not long after he had strolled glumly out of his native Virginia hills he shot a 61 over the White Sulphur course.

He got to the coast by auto, after promising his transportation "angel" to split all his earnings with him—as young pros sometimes do to pay for transportation. Snead entered the L. A. Open, made no protest when his name was spelled Snead on the scoreboard, and finished an obscure seventh. With a little money in his pocket, he drove on to Oakland, and to the consternation of all he won the Oakland Open with a blistering 270, ten under par, beating the best pros.

No reporter had followed him. Nobody knew anything about him. Fred Corcoran grabbed him as he finished and rushed him to the press tent. Snead sat suspiciously on the edge of a press table, and was trying to attune his slow drawl to the barrage of questions flung at him when a photographer took his picture with a flash bulb. Snead leaped three



feet off his seat with an expression of rapt horror. He had never before seen a flash bulb.

After he escaped from the newsreel ordeal, and the clutching members who wanted him to dine with them, Sam pinned his \$1,200 in his inside pocket, scratched his head and said, "Ah sweah! Last night I just had enough for a ham sandwich and a milk shake. Tonight I got twelve hunnert bucks and they want to treat me to mah supper." Then he excused himself, to go to his room to write a letter. "Ah want to write mah mother and tell her I won," he explained to Corcoran—oblivious to the clacking of telegraph keys and the bark of the radiomen near by.

Later somebody sent Sam a clipping of the picture the photographer took of him. The clipping was from the New York Mirror. "How could they get mah picture theah," he demanded, "when Ah never been to New York?" After the winter tour, Sam went back to White Sulphur and got back his \$45-a-month job. He wasn't sure he'd ever get another crack at that soft winter-circuit dough.

#### Gone with the Boom

That summer of 1937, with the confidence born of the previous winter, Snead finished second in the Open, and Guldahl had to break the record to beat him. The following winter Snead went south and west again, won the Miami Open, the Bing Crosby and the Greensboro. By the end of the 1938 season he had broken Horton Smith's record by winning \$19,600. With his endorsements and other income, he paid tax on \$38,000 for 1938. Some statistical nut figured out that he made four dollars for every golf swing that year.

Snead's record for purse winnings still stands, but during the boom times in Florida, when competitive winter golf was getting its real foothold, some pros earned more than that in a few months, but not in purses. In 1924 Walter Hagen was made president of the Pasadena Club of St. Petersburg at a salary of \$30,000 a year, plus a house, expenses, entertainment, etc. Ten years earlier, when Miami was still a mangrove jungle, Hagen and other hard-bitten pros had played a few exhibitions at Bellair and Palm Beach.

During boom times, pros like Sarazen, Leo Diegel, Johnny Farrell, Tommy Armour, Willie Klein, Cyril Walker, Bill Melhorn and a few others rented themselves out to various Florida real-estate developments for publicity purposes, and were handsomely paid. They had a Sunday real-estate league. In 1926 Hagen played Bobby Jones, then connected with a Sarasota real-estate

firm, for the so-called world's championship, played, by coincidence, at Sarasota. The 72-hole match between the best pro and the best amateur did much to make winter golf. Hagen won by the runaway score of 11 and 10, and took the entire gate—\$6,800. It is the most money ever earned by a golfer from such a challenge match.

That same winter of 1926 the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, alarmed over the number of golf stories coming out of Florida, established its famed \$10,000 Open. Jim Coffroth and other promoters at Agua Caliente staged a \$25,000 Open with a \$10,000 first prize, won by Gene Sarazen. Florida answered with the \$15,000 La Gorce. Texas, civically aroused, increased the value of a couple of its theretofore nondescript winter tournaments. And the winter circuit was born, parented by real-estate men and chambers of commerce.

Now, bolstered, enlarged and policed by the vast P.G.A., the winter circuit has become a permanent, colorful and highly respected feature of the American sports picture. It retains part of its old real-estate and C. of C. flavor, but by and large, the play is the thing. The money, none of which is put up by the P.G.A., now occasionally finds its way into the pockets of obscure, battling pros who—in the lush days of the boom—would have starved before they could have broken into the elite circle.

Manufacturers of golf equipment travel alertly along this glory road, urging on their subsidized players, and keeping an eye peeled for some dormant star to add to their list of "advisers" for a minimum retainer of \$1,500 a year. The competition gets severer each winter, but each year more young pros set out along Route 90. And the older ones, sensing the bright stare of mamma on the backs of their necks, bear down a little harder.

So the quietly frantic, seesawing enterprise unwinds. Last year at Asheville, the convivial Demaret found himself woefully alone at the bar at the conclusion of the tournament. He had won five winter-circuit events before that, but at Asheville the strain had told on him at last and he had gone so bad that he had dropped out. The bar was ablaze with the spurts of flashlight bulbs. Ben Hogan, the winner, had come in, and not even the free loaders would come near Demaret.

"Can I buy anybody a drink?" Jimmy called out to the room.

No answer.

Demaret tried a few more times, then bought one for the bartender. And the next week he was nearly mobbed after winning the Masters at Augusta by four shots. That's the winter circuit.

# Can Professional People REDUCE TIREDNESS This Way?



A plan to reduce fatigue got the interest of 69 physicians, nurses, lawyers and actresses. They were among hundreds of men and women who volunteered to drink Knox for 28 days to see if it could fight tiredness!\*



When the results were scored, 7 out of 10 professional workers who started the Knox test, and 9 out of 10 who completed it said that tiredness had been undoubtedly reduced for them!



128 men on steel work, truck driving...other hard manual jobs...took the Knox test. Here are the results. 8 out of 10 men who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the test declared Knox definitely increased their endurance.

This could happen to you! When 26 occupational groups tested Knox, 2 out of 3 people who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the test reported that tiredness was definitely reduced for them. The majority of people reporting Knox effective at fighting fatigue in these tests got results in two weeks' time. (Here's indication that you have a chance to be less tired by drinking Knox regularly.) The Build-Up is easy to follow. Stick to it for at least two weeks, faithfully. Remember, others have fought fatigue this new way!

\*Tests made and certified by a qualified research organization.

## TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine every day for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.
2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine into ¾ glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

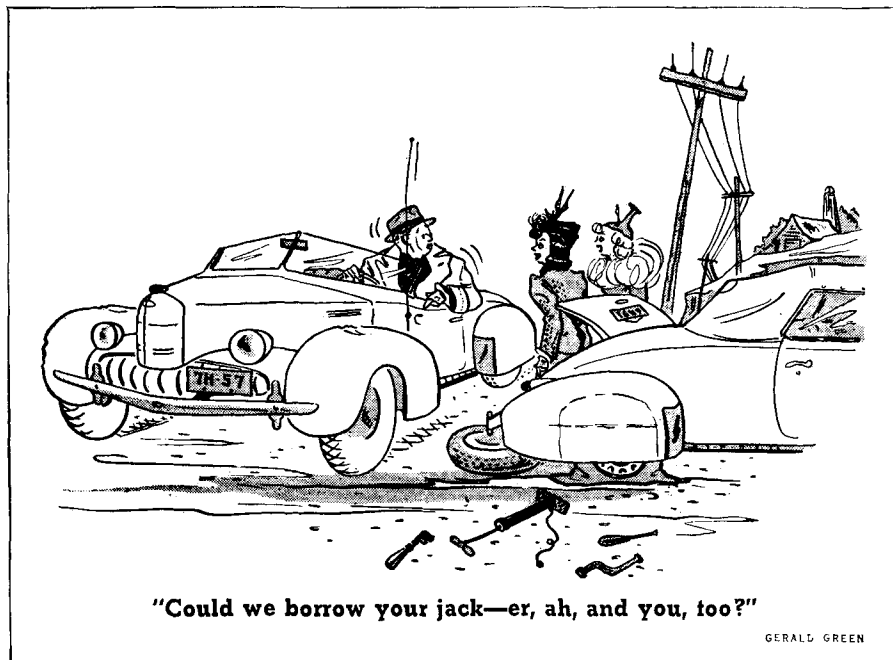
BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is all body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are ⅞ sugar, ⅛ protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

# KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

## SEND FOR FREE KNOX BULLETIN

telling how you may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.



"Could we borrow your jack—er, ah, and you, too?"

GERALD GREEN



## Jobs After the War

PRESIDENT KARL T. COMPTON of M.I.T. wants to know how about jobs after our defense program is pretty well completed, or after the war, if we get into the war. The defense boom is artificial, and won't produce goods which will produce other goods, or create new wealth, or stimulate new demands.

Dr. Compton answers his own question by suggesting that American industry, beginning now, set aside 2% of gross sales income per year for research aimed at originating "new products and processes which will keep our assembly lines busy after this emergency."

If American industry as a whole would thus assess itself for research, Dr. Compton claims, it could mobilize \$1,000,000,000 a year and 250,000 research scientists for development of new goods, services, industries. He adds that despite the big talk about research in this country, the sum total of this work only scratches the surface.

We'd better listen to Dr. Compton and similar advice—and begin acting on it before the boom begins tapering off.

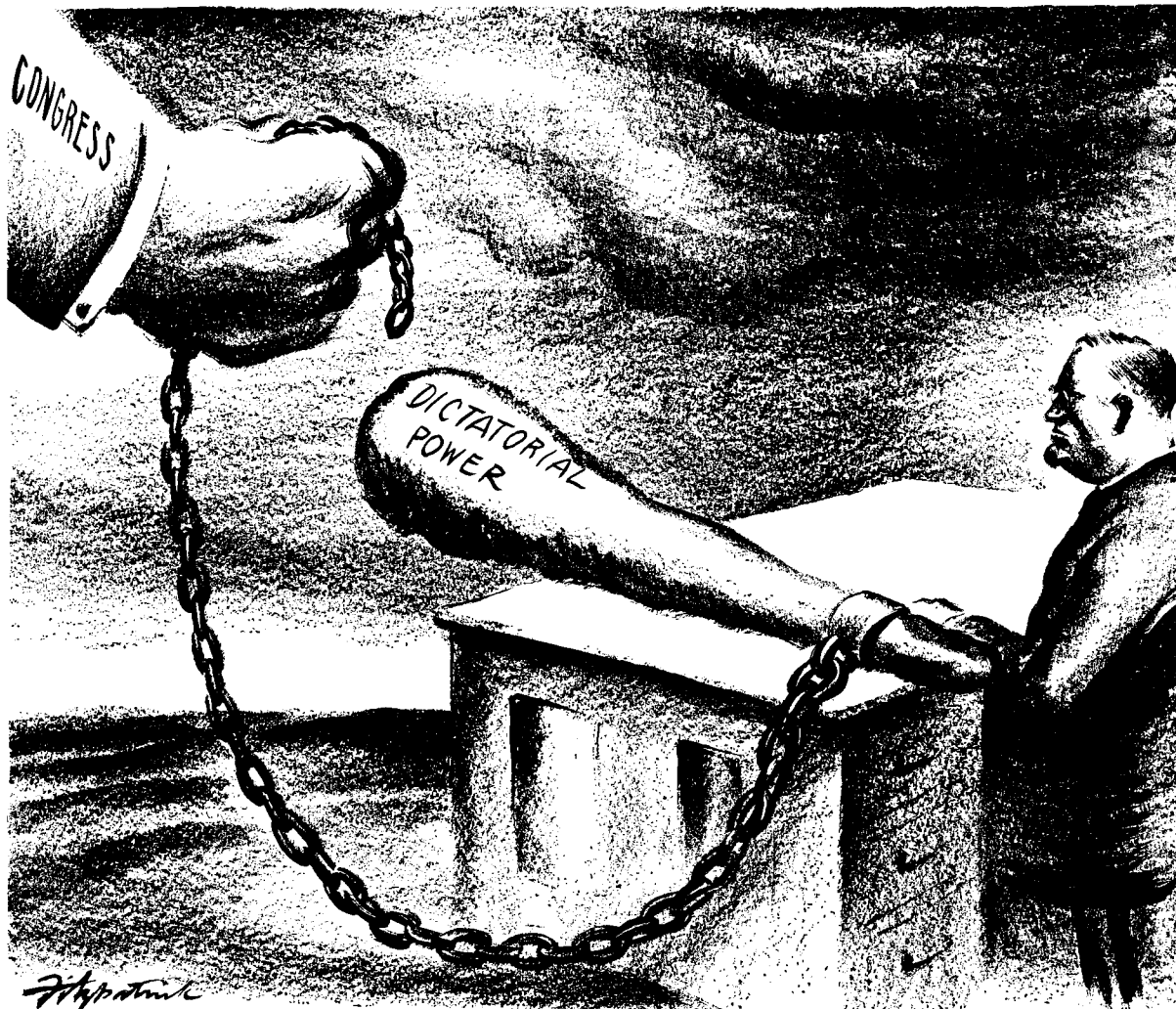
## Roll Out Some Medals

MEDALS, ribands, plaques or some such ought to be hung on the following labor organizations, all affiliates of the A.F.L.'s metal-trades department:

International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths; Drop-Forgers and Helpers; International Brotherhood of Boiler-makers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers of America; International Federation of Technical Engineers; Architects and Draftsmen's Unions; International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers; International Union of Operating Engineers; International Hod Carriers; Building and Common Laborers Union of America; International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers; International Association of Machinists; Metal Polishers International Union; International Molders and Foundry Workers Union of North America; Pattern Makers League of North America; United Association of Plumbers and Steamfitters; Sheet Metal Workers International Association.

The reason why such honors should be paid is that these organizations have resolved not to strike on defense jobs or otherwise stop work—provided employers agree not to pull any lockouts without sincere attempts to arbitrate.

That is patriotism.



## H. R. 1776

IS IT an all-out-for-democracy bill, or is it an all-up-with-democracy bill? As far as we can make out, that is the main question troubling debaters on both sides concerning the lease-lend bill, H. R. 1776.

It seems to us that with some amendments H. R. 1776 can be made a true all-out-for-democracy bill, and can also pave the way for a triumphant strengthening of democracy in this country when and if the world climate turns favorable to democracy again.

We regret to see all this power given to any President of the United States; who doesn't? It is contrary to our peacetime tradition.

But democracy has one notorious weakness; and the dictators have played on that weakness to their great (though we devoutly hope temporary) gain in Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. Democracy's big weakness is its slowness of motion—because, though two heads may be better than one, 200 or 2,000 heads can't make a decision as quickly as one, either for right or wrong.

When democracy bumps into an emergency, it has to delegate large powers to one responsible head, especially when fast-moving dictatorships are at the root of the emergency. The main thing is to delegate power before it is too late, as France failed to do and as Great Britain almost failed to do.

How wisely Mr. Roosevelt will use these practically dictatorial powers when Congress grants them, we can't predict.

But this much at least is known about the

inner workings of his mind; that he is acutely concerned about his eventual ranking in the history of his country and of the world. Feeling that way, is he likely to do any of the dire things prophesied of him if this bill becomes law? Try to become another Caesar, we mean; or give away suicidal slices of our naval and air forces; or loot the Treasury for gifts to any and every nation that touches his heart?

We can't picture it. Or if the President should go thus megalomaniac, we can't picture the American people standing for it. After all, we had one revolution in this country, and we haven't forgotten it.

Let's put a brassbound time limit into the bill—say two years. It can be extended thereafter, or expire, as circumstances at the time dictate. Let's tie some strings to the seemingly absolute power of the purse which the original bill gives the President. Let's write in some other clauses insuring us against any possible perpetuation of this law and let's keep Congress in session.

But after that's done, let's adopt this law. It's a bitter dose for a democratic people to swallow. But a breakdown in our flow of supplies to Great Britain might lead to a breakdown of Great Britain, which in turn would lead to our downfall as a free and independent people. That would be an incomparably bitterer dose than the temporary application of this proposed law. Ask any Frenchman, except the Vichy coterie who are "collaborating" with Hitler and from grim necessity gratefully receiving the crumbs that he lets fall from his table.