

BOBBY SOX
By Marty Links

CROSS TOWN
By Roland Coe

"Richard, I would like you to meet my cousin—and I'd also like to emphasize that she's leaving for home next Monday!"

The Home Town Reporter
in WASHINGTON
By Walter Shead
WNU Correspondent

The Muddle in War Surplus Sales

WNU Washington Bureau, 1616 Eye St., N. W.

THE whole machinery of War Surplus has broken down and the entire situation surrounding the disposal of more than a hundred billion dollars worth of surplus war material is a confused, disorganized mess.

This is the conclusion of your Home Town Reporter after an investigation, made because we have received scores of letters from veterans asking how they can obtain surplus war properties. There have been more than 280,000 applications from war veterans during the past six months, all wanting to buy surplus property, mostly trucks, jeeps and automobiles. Only in rare instances have they been able to do so.

Here's the situation about surplus property. It is now scattered among eight governmental agencies at 100 different points in the country—Reconstruction Finance Corporation for consumer goods, producers' goods, war plants and aircraft; U. S. Maritime Commission for marine property; the state department for goods overseas; the department of agriculture for food and agricultural products; the Federal Works Administration for community facilities such as sewers and utilities; the Federal Housing Authority for housing; and the department of the interior for grazing and mineral lands and all surplus goods in Hawaii, Alaska and Puerto Rico. Then there is the Surplus Property Administration presided over by W. Stuart Symington, who, as administrator makes policy, but who has absolutely no authority over any of the other agencies selling the property.

War Assets Corp. Formed

And to make the confusion more complete, President Truman, back in mid-October announced the formation of the War Assets Corporation to be headed by Lt. Gen. Edmund B. Gregory, the quartermaster-general of the army, to take over all surplus property from the other agencies, except the state department, on November 5. Then this was postponed until December 1, then to January 1, and now to February 1. The transfer may take place February 1 under the powers the President has under the new governmental reorganization act. But still there will be divided authority, with General Gregory acting as sales manager and Symington as policy head, but with absolutely no authority over what Gregory or anyone else does with War Assets Corporation.

Reason for much of the confusion and misunderstanding is this divided authority, and the fact that nowhere is there an inventory of the property which is declared surplus. Whenever, in the opinion of the army or the navy, property is no longer needed, it is turned over to the various agencies as surplus. The agencies then put it up for sale.

What happens when a veteran goes to buy surplus war property? Say he is in the Philadelphia area. He travels 50 or 100 miles to Philadelphia to buy a truck, a camera and another gadget. First thing he finds out is that some municipality has priority over him and has taken all the trucks fit to use. Then he finds out that there are a hundred other veterans there ahead of him bent on the same mission, and further, that what he expected to buy for ten cents or less on the dollar is much higher and is being sold on a ceiling price fixed by OPA.

Central Authority Needed

All this after he has been shunted around between the Smaller War Plants Corporation, the RFC Disposal agency, the department of commerce, and the navy material Redistribution office. And he comes away sore. Everybody he deals with is mad and dissatisfied. Very likely he returns empty-handed.

Whether moving all these sales agencies into War Assets Corporation will be a help is a matter of conjecture. Personnel of RFC will still operate the War Assets Corporation, and apparently General Gregory is none too sanguine about the success, for he is merely on loan from the army.

What is apparently necessary is a merger of Surplus Property Administration and War Assets Corporation. Symington, if he stays as administrator, would be policy-making head, and Gregory or someone else would be sales manager, but with the administrator in complete charge for centralized authority.

As a matter of fact, surplus property is a war baby that no governmental agency wants. Remembering the scandals in surplus property after World War I, the whole procedure has been bound up in red tape by the officials, for nobody wants to go to jail as a result of "errors" in surplus property sales this time.

It seems to this reporter it is time for the President to make this centralized authority come true, or else surplus war property will be a continual headache for everybody. The government will lose out and so will the veteran.

"What'll they cut besides whiskers?"

portlight
By GRANTLAND RICE

YOU learn a little as the years pass by. Not much. Just a little. One of the few things I've learned this season, meaning 1945, is that the word "greatest" doesn't belong in sport. There is no such word.

There never was and never will be a "greatest" football or baseball team—a "greatest" golfer or "greatest" pitcher or "greatest" anything. The word is simply too big for the human race to handle. The word "good" is different. Even the word "great" in sport has been overused.

Look over the list—Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth in baseball—Jim Thorpe, Pudge Heffelfinger, Bronko Nagurski, Red Grange, and 20 others in football.

Among the pitchers—Cy Young, Mathewson, Johnson, Alexander, and on.

Among the golfers—Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Byron Nelson, Harry Vardon.

Among the fighters or boxers—Dempsey, Jeffries, Louis. I can give you 10 more.

Among the greatest college football teams—Army 1945, Notre Dame 1943, Notre Dame 1930, Minnesota, Southern California, Pittsburgh, Alabama 1935, Michigan and Yale in the old days. All good, maybe great. But none of them the greatest.

Baseball teams—The Cubs of 1908-1910, the Athletics of 1910-1913. The Yankees at various stages.

All good—few great—none the greatest.

Who Is Football's Greatest?

Is Doc Blanchard greater than Bronko Nagurski? Certainly not. Not yet. In fact Minnesota and Michigan camp followers will tell you that fast 230-pound Bill Daly is a greater offensive back than either Nagurski or Blanchard. And they can be right. I can name you more than a few backs that might be more valuable to a team than either Nagurski or Blanchard.

The greatest passer or the greatest pass receiver? Sammy Baugh or Don Hutson. Maybe. But Greasy Neale says he would rather have Sid Luckman than Baugh and Hutson combined. Maybe Greasy is wrong. Maybe he isn't. Who is going to know? Greasy would rather have Van Buren than any back he ever saw. Bert Bell of the Steelers would rather have Bill Dudley for all-around value. I think Clint Frank of Yale is more valuable than either.

I put this complicated problem up to Greasy Neale. "Maybe I'd rather have Clint Frank," he said. "I mean taken every way." As fine as Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis are, I don't think either can do all the things that Clint Frank could do.

We can move into other fields to prove there is no such word as "greatest."

Man o' War or Exterminator? Man o' War quit as a 3-year-old. Man o' War is the symbol of racing greatness. But Exterminator ran and won for many years—from six furlongs to two miles—from 120 pounds to 140 pounds.

As we move along I still say there is no greatest. There is neither an individual star, a team or a horse that any one can put above all others in competition. Although Pudge Heffelfinger had one unchallenged football record at least. He was an All-America in 1889 and just as good 30 years later when he was 53.

Who can say whether Bobby Jones, Harry Vardon, Walter Hagen or Byron Nelson was the greater golfer? Hagen beat Jones 12 and 11 in a 72-hole match. But Jones beat Hagen 10 straight years in the U. S. Open, where the blue chips were down.

Modern Advantages

Only yesterday I ran across an old-timer who had run the 100-yard dash against Arthur Duffy and Bernie Wefers, in the fast time of 9.8. "Don't forget," he said, "this time was over a slow track with bad running shoes. Under modern conditions either Duffy or Wefers could have beaten Jesse Owen, Paddock or any other modern sprinter."

So, again, who is the greatest sprinter? The answer is nobody. Games are played under different conditions, where the modern bunch have all the better of the breaks in every way. They get the faster tracks, the better equipment, the better groomed and easier golf courses, the better coaching and training in every form of sport, the better chance to improve.

There isn't a man connected with sport for the last 50 years, or a team, that could be called "the greatest." There has never been a greatest football player, a greatest baseball player, or a greatest anything else.

In other words, sport has known no superman, and neither has the human race in any other form of existence. Unknown thousands with the same break could have surpassed famous names. This outburst is a part answer to those who keep writing in asking about "the greatest" in various lines. It is still worth while just to be good.

Space-Saver Racks
For Closet Doors

WHY wish for more and bigger closets if the ones you have are not organized so that all the space is used? Handy racks on the door add readily accessible space for things used every day leaving inside shelves for storage. The racks shown here are careful-

NOTE—Pattern 283 gives actual-size cutting guides for all parts of both of the racks shown here. Illustrated directions for assembling and a list of all materials required are included. To get pattern 283, send 15c with name and address to:

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By Ernie Bushmiller

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THERE--- THAT'S BETTER

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YEP! HERE'S WHERE WE START WORK!

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THAT'S ENOUGH LET'S HEAR YOU SING!

MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORTENIN' BREAD.

AWFUL! AWFUL! YOU GUYS CAN'T SING!

WHO SAID WE COULD?

WE CAME UP HERE TO WASH THE WINDOWS!

LITTLE REGGIE
By Margarita

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

I'D LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING IN A BASS-VIOL

THIS WAY PLEASE

THIS IS ONE OF OUR FINEST MODELS DEEP VELVET TONES AND NOTICE THE GOLD FINISH...

CERTAINLY, GO AHEAD-- I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY

MAY I TRY IT OUT FOR AWHILE?

JITTER
By Arthur Pointer

REG'LAR FELERS
By Gene Byrnes

I CAN'T LET POP SEE THIS REPORT CARD IT'S TOO UNBEAUTIFUL FOR WORLDS!

I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE HAS A CALLER, AN' I'LL RUSH HIM FER HIS SIGNATURE!

HELL BE TOO BUSY T' LOOK IT OVER CAREFULLY!

GENTLEMAN 'T SEE YOU, MISTER DUGAN!

SHOW HIM IN!

WOW! SWEET!

MISTER CHAWK TANK TH' PRINCIPAL!

AH! HERE'S JIMMIE WITH HIS REPORT CARD NOW!

AWEN!

ODDLY ENOUGH THAT VERY EVENING JIMMIE'S OPPORTUNITY AROSE.

VIRGIL
By Len Kleis

I THINK I'M GETTIN' A SORE THROAT, POP

HMM-- WELL, HEAT A LITTLE SALT WATER AND GARGLE WITH IT

WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY SALT-- SHALL I USE SUGAR?

SURE

INSTEAD OF WATER, I'M USING A LITTLE MILK WITH CHOCOLATE IN IT

HUH

--ER-- S-SMELLS A LITTLE LIKE FUDGE-- D-DOESN'T IT?

SILENT SAM
By Jeff Hayes

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