



JUST how long the new boom that has hit sports of every variety will last is anybody's guess.

This includes baseball, football, racing, basketball, golf, hockey, tennis, boxing, curling, bowling, shot putting, table tennis, gin rummy, javelin throwing, hunting, fishing, automobile racing or jumping through a hoop. Tail-end baseball teams draw over a million. Many times beaten football teams pack the stands.



Grantland Rice

Promoters or others who take credit for this amazing public surge in their own line are merely being goofy. They don't even have to be smart or good. Just open the gate. Make it a dogfight. It doesn't seem to matter.

But there is at least one detail that can't be missed. In this country or nation of some 3 million square miles and some 148 million sport-loving people, there is room for two major professional football leagues.

The New York Giants proved that when, facing double competition from the Yankees and the Dodgers they packed the Polo Grounds with their greatest crowd. The Cleveland Browns, in the new league, have passed any expected mark. They have set new records up above 70,000.

So far, in their exhibition and their scheduled games, both leagues have gone far beyond early expectations.

The situation hasn't been so hot in several spots, including Los Angeles—a hot college center—but the general average has been exceptional.

The Giants could play at least one game a season before 100,000 spectators—if there were room enough to park the human frame.

We still believe, as far as the two leagues are concerned, that there is room enough in this country for 15 pro teams, 8 in each league. And both leagues can save enough to pack a mint by working out the same arrangement of the National and American baseball leagues have today.

The rivalry of the two leagues has made baseball what it is. The same inter-league rivalry, with a postseason championship, will be just as effective for pro football.

In such an event, we could have results thrown against futile arguments.

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The Two Best Backs

Several correspondents have written in lately, asking if any other football team ever had a pair of backs to match Blanchard and Davis, Army's terrifying football twins. Let's look at the record, as Al Smith used to say.

Carlisle's Indians once had Thorpe and Guyon—not too bad. Harvard had Mann and Brickley. Yale had Coy and Philbin. Michigan had Heston and Boss Weeks. Cornell offers Pflanz and Kaw. Pennsylvania had Hollenback and Manier. Stanford had Grayson and Hamilton. Notre Dame has had many great pairs—a longer list than most of the others.

Minnesota, Tennessee, Alabama—these and many others—have had strong backfield combinations, counting only two men.

But we can't locate at the moment any other combination that ranks with Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis in all-around ability and destructive effectiveness.

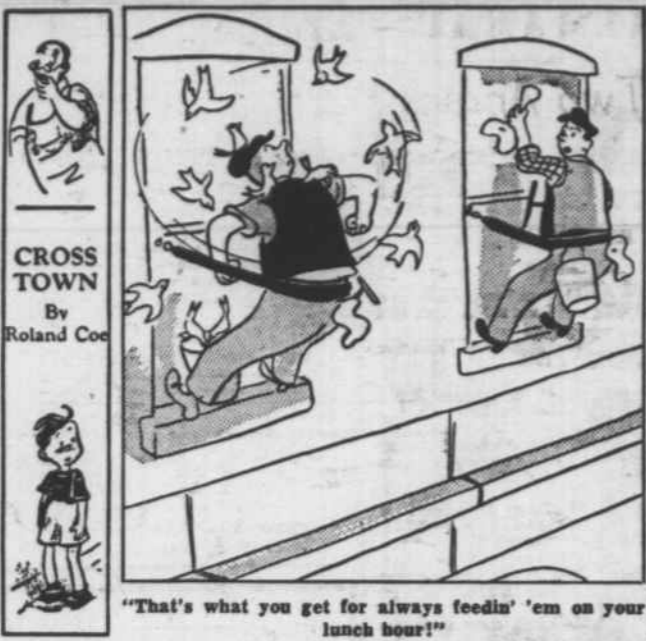
In making a complete check you'll come upon these facts—

1. Davis and Blanchard are brilliant ball carriers, through the line or out in the open. Both are extremely fast.
 2. Both can throw a pass and both can handle a pass.
 3. Both are excellent blockers.
 4. Both know how to tackle and are strong defensively.
 5. Both are dangerous opponents against a rival pass.
 6. Both can kick.
 7. Both are packed with stamina and durability and both give all they have at every start. Neither is temperamental or swelled-headed. They happen to be two fine kids who play the game for the love of it.
- In looking back many years over a long list we can't locate any team that had any such pair among its backfield talent, not for a few games but through the greater part of three hard seasons.
- When you've seen Blanchard and Davis turned loose on some field you've looked upon the best that football has ever had to offer.

About Bob Neyland

Bob Neyland of Tennessee, now General Neyland, an old West Pointer, left his coaching job in 1942 for army duty.

It was generally accepted that it would take Neyland a year or so to rebuild a winning team against the powerful opposition the South always offers. But in his first year back we find Neyland's volunteers heading the Southern parade, at least a stride in front of Wally Best's Georgia delegation.



CROSS TOWN By Roland Coe



BOBBY SOX By Marty Links



NANCY While I'm waitin' for Nancy---I may as well read one of her books



By Ernie Bushmiller



MUTT AND JEFF By Bud Fisher



By Bud Fisher



LITTLE REGGIE By Margarita



By Margarita



JITTER By Arthur Pointer



By Arthur Pointer



REG'LAR FELLERS By Gene Byrnes



By Gene Byrnes



VIRGIL By Len Kleis



By Len Kleis



SILENT SAM By Jeff Hayes



By Jeff Hayes

Saturday Night
By MARION BOUCHER
WNU Features.

PATSY was worried. When one is sixteen, pert, blonde and definitely whistle bait and one hasn't a date on Saturday night, it's a serious matter. The worst of it was that she had been so sure Jim Raine meant to take her out.

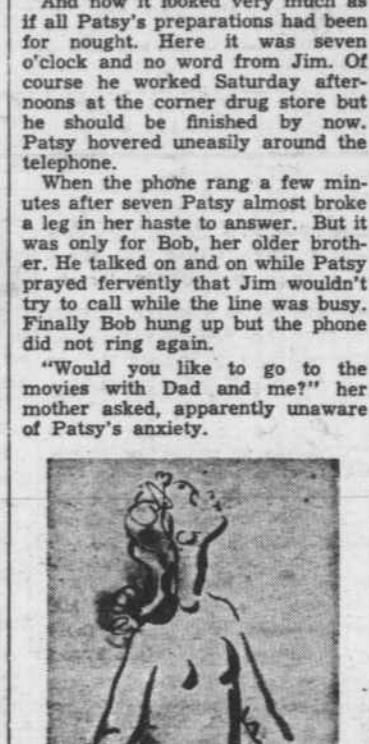
When her bosom friend, Leila, boasted that she had a date for Saturday night, Patsy said mysteriously that she was going to be "busy" too. Leila had been very curious but Patsy had refused to tell her more.

On Saturday afternoon Patsy retired to the bathroom to shampoo her blonde curls. She then took a leisurely bath and emerged from the tub, scented with bath salts, bath powder and her mother's most exotic cologne.

And now it looked very much as if all Patsy's preparations had been for naught. Here it was seven o'clock and no word from Jim. Of course he worked Saturday afternoons at the corner drug store but he should be finished by now. Patsy hovered uneasily around the telephone.

When the phone rang a few minutes after seven Patsy almost broke a leg in her haste to answer. But it was only for Bob, her older brother. He talked on and on while Patsy prayed fervently that Jim wouldn't try to call while the line was busy. Finally Bob hung up but the phone did not ring again.

"Would you like to go to the movies with Dad and me?" her mother asked, apparently unaware of Patsy's anxiety.



When Jim Raine had asked her for a date, she had answered evasively. At sixteen, pert and blonde, one can afford to be evasive.

"I don't think so, mother. I don't feel like going to a show tonight." "Are you going out?" "Well... I might later on." "Remember to be home by twelve if you do, dear."

"Oh, mother, that Cinderella stuff in this day and age! Besides, it's Saturday night."

But her mother was adamant. It was only on special occasions that Patsy was allowed to stay out later than twelve in spite of her vehement protests over this rule.

After her parents had left, Patsy went upstairs and changed into the white skirt and gay blouse. She carefully applied more lipstick and combed her hair again. She could hear Bob splashing and whistling in the bathroom, and soon he went out too. The house was maddeningly quiet—if only the phone would ring!

Patsy wandered aimlessly downstairs and turned on the radio. Dance music filled the room and then a girl's voice mocked her:

"Saturday night is the loneliest night in the week..." Patsy shut the radio off.

She looked anxiously at the clock—it was after eight now. What would she do all evening, if Jim didn't call? She didn't dare phone Leila—it would be too humiliating to confess that she was sitting at home doing nothing. Besides Leila had said she was going roller-skating with Davy Low.

Patsy picked up a magazine but found that she couldn't concentrate on what she was reading. She tossed it aside and went to the window. Couples strolled by, talking and laughing in the June night. It was almost more than she could bear—everyone seemed to be out having a good time, except herself.

It was really a man's world, Patsy thought bitterly. Look at her brother Bob—he didn't have to wait for anyone to ask him out. But she was a girl and had to accept her fate. Oh it wasn't fair!

Patsy was on the verge of tears when the doorbell rang. She leaped up. Could it be...? Yes... it was Jim!

"Hi, Pat!" He was a little out of breath. "I was afraid you wouldn't be home. There was a Two-for-One Sale at the store and I had to work late this evening—couldn't get around any sooner. How about going to a show?"

"I really didn't care to go out tonight, Jim." She succeeded in sounding very indifferent. "But... well... yes, a show would be fine."

"Sorry I didn't phone you, but the boss wouldn't let me, we were so busy."

Patsy hummed a little tune as she went for her coat. All was right with the world once more: it was Saturday night and she had a date!

A Chintz-Covered Chest for Blankets

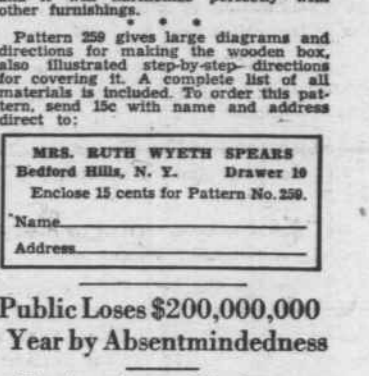
IF STORAGE space is in demand here is a solution to the problem. Make a simple substantial wooden box with a hinged lid and then do a really good job of covering it with a flounced skirt and attached top cushion to match your draperies, bedspread or dressing table skirt.

Place this chest at the foot of your bed or use it as a seat under a window and it will harmonize perfectly with other furnishings.

Pattern 229 gives large diagrams and directions for making the wooden box, also illustrated step-by-step directions for covering it. A complete list of all materials is included. To order this pattern, send 15c with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, N. Y. Drawer 19
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 229.

Name _____
Address _____



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The American public loses approximately \$200,000,000 a year by leaving, through death or absentmindedness, real estate unwillfully and without legal claimants, unclaimed bank balances, and stocks and bonds in safety-deposit vaults as well as securities which their owners believe to be worthless because the companies have ceased to exist, says Collier's.

But strangest of all are the unclaimed winnings at race tracks which, in 1945, in New York State alone, totaled more than \$200,000.

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