

Quaint Salt Box, Rack for Spoons

GAY and useful kitchen equipment delights every homemaker and this quaint salt box with matching spoon rack are especially appealing. They are cut out by hand with a coping saw or with a jig saw. The box is put together



with brads and glue and both pieces are decorated by stenciling with bright wax crayons such as children use. They are then varnished to fix the colors and make them water-proof.

It is all so easy to do, with so little mess or fuss that you will want to make a number of these pieces for gifts or to sell at Christmas time.

Pattern 251 gives actual-size cutting guides for the rack and all parts of the box, also stencil designs, color guide and directions for each step. To get this pattern send 15 cents with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, N. Y. Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 251.
Name _____
Address _____

Animal Standins

Many of the highly trained animal actors in Hollywood are used only in close-ups, their parts in long shots sometimes being played by as many as three doubles.

Your Christmas shopping problem is eased considerably if you have smokers on your list! Select a carton of mild cigarettes or a package of choice smoking tobacco for these friends—practical gifts they are sure to use and enjoy. If you want to be assured your gifts meet ready acceptance, choose Camel Cigarettes or Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Each of these long-famous brands are highly respected by discriminating smokers everywhere. Both Camels and Prince Albert are offered in attractive, gay holiday gift wrappings. Right now, dealers are featuring Camels in a popular Christmas carton containing 200 mild, mellow Camels. And Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke—is available in handy one-pound tins. See them at your dealers.—Adv.

"COLD BUG" GOT YOU?
TO HELP EASE COUGHING, TIGHT CHEST MUSCLES
RUB ON MENTHOLATUM quick!

HE-MAN CAREER

It takes rugged strength, quickness, intelligence and courage to make a soldier in America's peacetime Regular Army.

Young men who can measure up to the Army's high physical and mental standards are finding in it a wide variety of interesting and stimulating jobs.

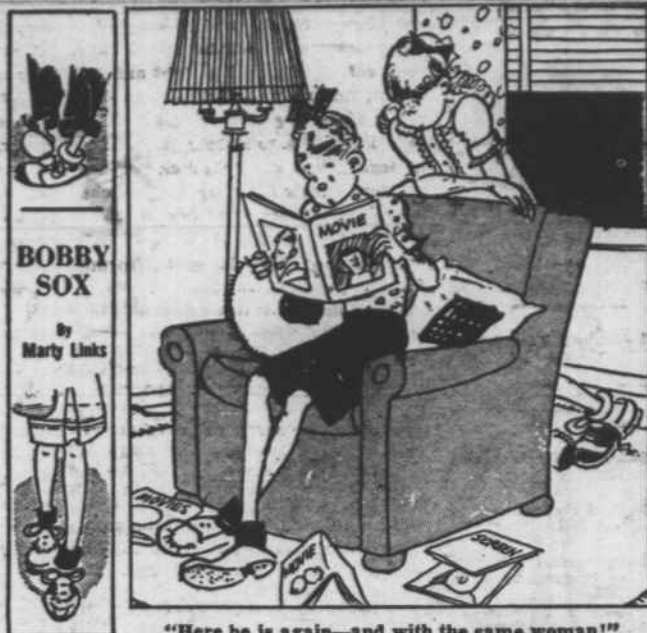
The Regular Army is a gigantic research laboratory, constantly developing fresh scientific discoveries in the fields of aviation, medicine, engineering and communication, to mention only a few. Qualified men are finding in it the groundwork of a useful and valuable career, as well as the opportunity to help guard world peace. Their abilities and achievements deserve the respect of every citizen of this country.

★ YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND HUMANITY IN WAR AND PEACE



CROSS TOWN
By Roland Coe

"The trouble seems to be back here somewhere!"



BOBBY SOX
By Marty Links

"Here he is again—and with the same woman!"



NANCY

OH, BOY!—A FOOTBALL!

I LOVE TO KICK D' OLD PIGSKIN



HELP!
By Ernie Bushmiller

IT'S HAUNTED

OINK



MUTT AND JEFF
By Bud Fisher

WAITER, I WANT YOU TO BRING ME A NICE FISH DINNER! IT'S GOTTA BE FRESH!

YESSIR!

I WANT BASS! STRIPED BASS! AND IT'S GOTTA BE FRESH!

YES SIR!

DON'T FORGET IT'S GOTTA BE FRESH!



LITTLE REGGIE
By Margarita

GOSH RUMPUS LOOK AT THOSE POOR CHICKENS ALL COOPED UP!

BUTCHER

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JITTER
By Arthur Pointer

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REG'LAR FELLERS
By Gene Byrnes

WHY ALL TH' SUDDINT AMBITION?

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT CALENDAR—THAT'S ALL!

—OH THAT! THAT'S JUST BECAUSE I TORED SOME EXTRA LEAVES OFF BY MISTAKE!

—AN' ME WORKIN' LIKE A HORSE THINKIN' CRIS'MUS WAS JEST AROUND TH' CORNER!

HAW! RAW!



VIRGIL
By Len Kleis

BY GOSH! THERE GOES WALLIE WITH MY GIRL!

I WARNED THAT GUY!—I'LL FIX HIM GOOD THIS TIME!

IT'S A LOW-DOWN TRICK BUT HE DESERVES IT!

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SILENT SAM
By Jeff Hayes

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Good Company
By George Graham

WNU Features.
"Well, Joe, I'm going on my vacation next week, and I want you boys to stay on your good behavior while I'm away," said Sergeant Stevens with a good natured grin. He was a large, heavy set, genial man, head of the guards at the County Prison.
"Have a good time, sarge," said Joe Walsh, a trusty with six months time standing between himself and freedom. "What are you going to do with yourself?"
"I think I'll take a motor trip around the state," Sergeant Stevens said.
When the sergeant let himself out of the cell block, Joe sat thinking, ignoring the other prisoners. He had never thought of escaping the prison while Sergeant Stevens was in charge and responsible for the men, but now Joe began to yearn for his freedom.
Three days after the sergeant left on vacation, Joe was assigned to bean picking crew at the prison farm. That afternoon, while the guards made their rounds lazily in the hot sun, he climbed the fence and cut quickly through the woods. At the first town he passed, some quick thinking and acting rewarded him with a denim shirt, coveralls,

Spotlight
By GRANTLAND RICE

THE hot spot of baseball in 1947 will be the Yankees—the Yankees and Larry MacPhail. For both are hot spots.

Even with a team that finished third last season, the Yankees smashed all past attendance records by an incredible margin. They were the first major league team in history to pass the two million mark with a few hundred thousand to spare.

But what about 1947? The new manager of the Yankees, Bucky Harris, is one of the best in baseball. His assistant is Charlie Dressen of the Dodgers, who, among the insiders, is given almost equal credit with Leo Durocher for the remarkable showing of the Dodgers last season.

Dressen is one of the most underrated men in baseball. He has proved in the past to be an able manager and he has proved with Brooklyn's nimble Dodgers that he could slip into the second slot and still be a star.

The combination of Harris and Dressen should give the Yankees ranking class at the top. Their next problem will be a ball club that can handle the Red Sox-Tiger threat in 1947.

MacPhail is not the type to accept a third-place brand with what you might call equanimity. MacPhail is too fiery and keen a personage to accept the general verdict that it will take two or three years to bring the Yankees from the barren lands into the uplands, which they held and defended for so long a time.

A team that has Robinson as catcher, plus an able infield—Heinrich at first, Stirnweiss at second, Rizzuto at short and Brown at third—plus DiMaggio, Keller and others in the outfield, can't go badly two years in a row.

What about the pitching? One answer is that Yankee pitching allowed fewer earned runs last season than any other club except the Cardinals.

New men will be added and the present guess is that the Yankees of 1947 will be a long leap beyond the Yankees of 1946. Their hitless postwar dip should be over by now, especially with such normally good hitters as DiMaggio, Rizzuto, Stirnweiss and Heinrich.

The Army-Navy Game

Pomp and pageant still mean a lot to this country. Army and Navy at Philadelphia will be a sellout for 104,000 spectators, even if Army figures to win by 40 to 0. Which Army won't do.
While it appears as though there has never been an Army-Navy game that looked as one-sided, it must be remembered that Navy still has good football players. Navy has had a rough road this season, but so has Army. It will be different after 1946. Navy next fall probably will return better material than Army will have.

Navy is taking her postwar shellacking now. Navy already is passing through her major depression. Army still has one to face, as far as anyone can see. Any team that loses Blanchard, Davis, Foldberg, Poole, Tucker, Fuson and Enos, with only two replacements left from the 1946 starting team, must stare into the shadows for some time to come.

Army-Navy games are always closer than they figure to be. A year ago, Army ran up 21 points against Navy in the early going. Everyone looked for a 40 to 0 count. But after that first crash, Navy had the better of the argument in the last two periods.

So there not only will be an Army-Navy game, but also 104,000 spectators will be on hand to see it. And it can be a much closer meeting than one might predict.

Football vs. Baseball

No matter how peaceful the skyline seems to be, there is always someone taking the joy out of life. Now an inquisitive correspondent wants to know which game draws the greater number of people—football or baseball. He also asks for an exact check on this count.

For one thing, baseball has a far longer season—five and a half months against two and a half months. For another thing there are close to 200 football teams with varying degrees of real drawing power as compared to a considerable less number of baseball teams that can match this collection at the gate.

Big league baseball last season drew close to 18 million customers through the turnstiles. The Yankees drew well over two million admissions in 154 games. No college or pro football team can match this count in nine or 10 games.

Army, Notre Dame, Michigan, Navy, Pennsylvania and Ohio State are among the leaders this fall. They should average around 400,000 spectators each. For example, Army drew 86,000 at Michigan, 80,000 against Notre Dame, 75,000 against Pennsylvania, and will play before 100,000 against Navy.



"What's the matter?" Joe asked, trying to collect his senses—

a threadbare overcoat and a peak cap which had been hanging on the clothesline of one of the housewives. That evening he crawled into an empty coal car on a north-bound freight. As he watched the scenery flow swiftly by the open door and felt the wind in his face he sang a happy song. In a few days he would be several states away from the County Prison. While humming softly to himself, he fell asleep, lulled by the jolting rhythm of the wheels on the tracks.

"Hey you, hobo. C'mon, wake up." A voice, harsh and hard, grated in Joe's ears. A heavy foot tapping his shoulder awakened him more completely. He sat up slowly, blinked and yawned, and saw that the sun was shining brightly in the door of the freight car.

"I'm a railroad detective," the man said. "Get up. I'm going to take you down to the hoosegow. You know you're not allowed to ride the freights."

He pleaded with the detective in his most heart melting voice, begging to be given another chance, swearing he didn't know that he wasn't allowed to ride on the freight trains.

The detective tapped his gun significantly. "I hear that same story from every hobo we pick up," he said. "Now come along with-out any trouble."

Joe wearily stretched and stood up, while pictures of returning to the jail cell flowed through his mind. Each time he thought of the confinement, he added fresh and convincing pleas to those already submitted to the detective.

When he had given up all hope, and made up his mind that he was hopelessly headed back to County Prison, the man softened. "I guess you're having a pretty hard time of it, traveling around the country this way. I'll let you off this time, but after this stay away from the trains."

Gosh! Thanks, mister," said Joe gratefully, almost crying with relief. "You don't know how much this means to me. I'll stick to the highway after this." He heaved a deep, heartfelt sigh, and almost ran the short distance to the highway, for fear that the detective might change his mind.

The walk made him hungry, and as he realized how long it had been since his last meal he almost wished he was back at the prison, where the boys would be eating breakfast. "Oh well!" he thought. "Pretty soon I'll be far enough away that I can stop and find some food." His thumb flipped at the passing cars, and finally a sedan slowed down and pulled to the side of the road.

Joe opened the door quickly. "Going my way," he asked and relaxed in the comfortable seat.

"Sure, always glad to have good company," said the driver in a voice that seemed familiar to Joe. "Thanks a lot," Joe said, but as he looked at the man, the smile faded suddenly from his face. He gulped and added sheepishly, "Sarge!"