



Washington, D. C. FOOD AND PAY-AS-YOU-GO

Although food was supposed to be the chief topic of discussion at the recent White House conference with farm leaders, actually Foodczar Chester Davis did his best to sell the President on pay-as-you-go taxation. He proposed it as an anti-inflation measure to drain off surplus income and ease the work of income tax payment on the average citizen.

"We have simply got to come to it, Mr. President," argued the food chief. "It was unfortunate that pay-as-you-go taxes were given a black eye by the Ruml plan. But pay-as-you-go taxes should go hand in hand with rationing to prevent overspending."

The President didn't commit himself definitely, but indicated that he would favor a pay-go plan if windfalls to the wealthy, as provided for in the Ruml plan, were completely eliminated.

Ed O'Neal, president of the Farm Bureau federation, and Ezra T. Benson, executive secretary of the National Council of Farmer Co-operatives, also took up the cudgels, O'Neal contending that taxpayers wouldn't be able to meet next year's assessments unless the pay-as-you-go plan or forced saving were adopted.

G.O.P. Watching Chances. "I've made a poll of taxicab drivers and they are all for it," said O'Neal. "The great majority of the American people feel the same way. They are against windfalls but they feel they won't have enough money to pay their income tax payment next year. If the administration doesn't take some action on this, the Republicans will steal the ball from you."

"That's right, Mr. President," chimed in Benson. "The farmers in my organization are overwhelmingly for a pay-as-you-go tax program. I think labor is, too."

"Maybe you're right," responded the President. "Chester (to Davis), I suggest that you talk this over with congressional leaders."

The conversation then turned to farm distribution and the President drew on his own experience as a farmer to illustrate the difficulty "little farmers" are having getting their crops to market.

"I used to raise 100 barrels of apples every year on my Dutchess county farm in New York," the President said. "I also raise some apples on my land in Georgia."

Apple Competition. The President grinned to Albert Goss, master of the National Grange who hails from Washington, the biggest apple-producing state in the country: "I'd stack my apples up against those you produce in Washington any day."

"You're getting out of your class, Mr. President," smiled Goss. "Have you ever eaten a Delicious?"

"You win, Albert," chuckled the President, "but the point I am trying to make is this—little farmers like myself, and the same goes for all other farmers who don't have the advantage of co-operatives, have encountered a lot of difficulty marketing their crops and getting their money since the war began because of the transportation problem and other factors."

"Don't you think the government should step in and buy up apples and other products that have been running into distribution troubles and store them in the warehouses?" the President asked Goss. "It would take a lot off the market and help many little farmers who are hard up for cash."

Helping Little Farmer. "I don't agree with you, Mr. President," replied Goss. "I think the way to protect the little farmers is by continuing the agriculture department 'support price' program. Farmers can get along if they are assured that they can get fair prices and a decent break on priorities for machinery to produce their crops. I don't think the government should buy up and sell farm products when there is no necessity for it."

The President meditated for a moment and replied: "I guess you're right at that."

The meeting also thrashed out the question of price ceilings, Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau and Albert Goss of the Grange contending that if rationing were tight enough it wouldn't be necessary to have price ceilings, that rationing would automatically take care of prices. Justice Byrnes, Chester Davis and Jim Patton of the Farmers Union argued to the contrary. The President decided with them.

His order shortly thereafter putting price ceilings on almost everything was the chief result of the meeting.

MERRY-GO-ROUND. Ambassador John G. Winant has provided an apartment in London for six American soldiers wounded in action with the British Eighth army in Egypt. Three are Harvard men, three from Dartmouth. The six graduated at the top six in a British officers training school before going to Egypt with the British 60th regiment. This is the famous regiment which in Revolutionary times was withdrawn from action in America because it was too friendly to the colonial cause.



THE desire to start picking pennant winners burns all the more brightly this year because, in our opinion, it probably will be the last opportunity to make selections on the major league races until after the war.

Much has been said about the chances for a wide-open scramble in both leagues, due largely to the inroads of the draft. But it is becoming apparent that the lines are clearly drawn. Confining this week's history-making, blood-curdling document to the National league, we agree with the betting commissioners that the Cardinals and the Dodgers are the teams to beat.

And, further than that, the Cardinals will be the National league entry in next fall's World Series.

Our complete selections for the senior circuit—which are as ridiculous as anything thought up by a tortured imagination—follow:

- National League. 1—St. Louis 5—New York 2—Brooklyn 6—Pittsburgh 3—Chicago 7—Boston 4—Cincinnati 8—Philadelphia

The Cardinals were the best club in baseball last season and it is our opinion they are still the best in their league today. What other team can boast of as strong a pitching staff? They have Mort Cooper, Ernie White, Max Lanier, Howard Pollet and six or seven others who are good. They can afford to lose four or five from this group and still have a fine staff left.

Durocher Speaks

Leo Durocher, as usual, doesn't agree with the findings. According to Leo, "the Dodgers will have a lot to say about it. And we'll say it with high-class pitching and a flock of base hits. I think we have every bit as good a chance to win the National league pennant as the Cardinals have."



Leo Durocher

Durocher admits that St. Louis gets the edge in speed. But he isn't giving anything away to the Cardinals' pitching staff. He can point with pride to Wyatt, Higbe and Head. This trio won 45 games last year and Leo figures them for closer to 60 games this season.

One issue can't be overlooked. Although the Cardinals look better going in, the draft may change the picture in a hurry. They are a younger team than the Dodgers, with greater speed and snap. But don't overlook this—those extra years may come as a big help to Brooklyn with the eyes of the draft boards looking in the general direction of youth.

The Chicago Cubs are due to trip up quite a few prognosticators who can't see them finishing better than their sixth place of 1942. The point has been made that the Cubs have as good a pitching staff as there is in the league.

We can't go along with this. Cooper, White, etc., with the Cardinals are too tough. The Cubs top hurlers are Derringer, Warneke, Passeau and Lee. In their prime it would be hard to find four greater stars. But they are no longer kids. In fact, their four careers add up to a total of 55 years—an average of nearly 14 years each in harness.

In 1942 these four Cub stalwarts won 53 games. It isn't impossible that they may be good for 60 wins in 1943. But they will need better hitting support than they received last summer.

The Case of the Reds

The Reds for 1943 are an unpredictable team. They have been picked for berths ranging from first place through sixth. They finished fourth last year. Their chief loss was "Catcher Ray Lamanno who went into the armed services. Their main acquisitions are Eddie Miller, Braves' spectacular shortfielder, and Charley Brewster, Nashville star.

With Philadelphia safely ticketed for last place, the Pirates, Braves and Giants are likely to finish under a blanket.

Mel Ott, capable manager of the Giants, will get everything possible out of his team, but it's going to be hard to get along without men like Hal Schumacher, Johnny Mize, Harry Danning and Babe Young. New York will have hustle and some good pitching, but too many big guns are lost.

Frank Frisch will make every effort to lift his Pirates from last year's fifth place, but he lacks the material to make them a strong contender for pennant honors. The loss of Pitcher Ken Heintzelman to the armed forces may be offset by the addition of Xavier Rescigno, who won 23 games for Albany, and Wally Hebert, who won 22 games for San Diego last season. And Rip Sewell, who won 17 in 1942, will be on deck.

The Pirates finished fifth last season with 66 victories and 81 defeats. Their chances to improve seem rather slight at the present writing.



Flying Fortress Dishes It Out

By Capt. Clyde B. Walker

(WNU Feature—Through special arrangement with The American Magazine.)

We were carrying some mighty heavy stuff for Jerry in our big Flying Fortress.

Leaving our home field in England at six o'clock in the morning, our objective was the submarine pens at Lorient, France.

As we approached, somebody yelled "Flak!" and the anti-aircraft shells broke around us. At the same time the ball turret gunner shouted "Wolves coming up!" He had sighted a dozen German fighters, Focke-Wulf 190s, climbing fast from downstairs.

I held the ship steady on her course. A few seconds later Bombardier Bentinck pressed his bomb triggers. The giant bombs hit exactly where he had aimed them, in the middle of a platform between two submarine pens.

"Bull's-eye!" he whooped over the intercom. I never heard anyone sound so jubilant. Those were the last words Bentinck ever spoke.

The next second, everything hit us at once. Things started happening much faster than I can tell them.

FW's Take Us On. We were raked from end to end with flak. At the same time a swarm of FW's dived out of the sun. They came in like hornets, with 20-millimeter cannon and machine guns wide open.

One burst of flak ripped into the nose. It killed Bentinck instantly. The same burst wounded Navigator Smith and knocked him unconscious.

A second burst ripped away the doors of the bomb bay. Another burst sprayed around Co-pilot Bill Reed and myself.

That wasn't half of it. Krucher, in the tail, had been hit. A cannon shell had torn a big hole in the ball turret. Radio Operator Frishholz had a flak hole in the back of his head, and the radio room was on fire.

No. 1 Engine Is Out. The first broadside of flak smashed the drive shaft of No. 1 engine. The No. 2 had been hit on top and was throwing oil. It might catch fire any second. Flak had knocked a big dent in the propeller of No. 3, and No. 4 had a big hole in its base. I carried on with 3 and 4. The ship staggered and started falling behind the rest of the squadron. I put the nose down and dived steeply for the cover of some clouds far below us.

FW's Close In For Kill. Seeing we were badly hurt, the FW's closed in for the kill. Then the boat really lived up to her name of Flying Fortress. We took plenty during the next 60 seconds, but not half as much as we dished out.

My waist gunner, Bill Stroud, took care of the first one. It was so close that he could see the back of the pilot's head. Stroud poured a stream of bullets into him. The FW went into a spin, and Stroud followed him with burst after burst.

A moment later another Jerry came under his sights. He poured steel into him, saw him break up.

Right waist gunner Berring was pumping 50-caliber slugs at range. He, too, got a "probable," a red-nosed FW which spun down and out of sight.

Meanwhile the wounded tail gunner got a chance. While he was flying back there losing blood, an FW roared in to finish him off. Krucher took steady aim and rapped out one long burst. It literally saved the German's wing off. He went down in flames.

With the wind shrieking through the flak holes, we raced down, down, for that beautiful layer of clouds. We made it. The remaining FW's didn't attempt to follow us into the clouds.

Somehow or other, we limped home on our two engines and landed at an English airport near the coast. Our wounded went to the hospital, and have now recovered.

Bentinck—as great a bombardier as ever served in any man's army—was gone, but the other nine of us will soon be flying again.

Our trip back was as big an adventure as our fight with the FW's. Coming out of the cloud cover, we were down to 800 feet when we saw the ocean again, then a large town, which I recognized as Brest, one of the most strongly fortified places in France.

I pointed the ship straight over Brest. We were so low that we could see people staring up at us, but there were no fireworks. Crossing the harbor, we passed right between two German destroyers at anchor. They could have blasted us to blazes.



AN AMERICAN FARMER—OR 'WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN'

A FARMER I had known for upwards of 50 years died recently. He knew farming of the "dirt" and the scientific variety. He was Frank O. Lowden, governor of Illinois during World War I.

My first acquaintance with Frank O. Lowden was when he served as lieutenant colonel of the First Infantry, Illinois National Guard, of which I was a junior subordinate under him. As a citizen-soldier, he was efficient, as he was in all other capacities in which he served America.

In all of those capacities in which he achieved distinction none was more notable than that of farming. He was born to it on a Minnesota farm, and was educated to it on an Illinois farm. Though he branched out and included school teaching, law and politics in his activities, he was first and always a farmer.

He was not the "gentleman" type of farmer. He could follow a plow, milk a cow and do any needed task on the farm. But he was more than a "dirt" farmer—he believed in, promoted and practiced scientific agriculture. He demonstrated the practicability of scientific agriculture. I have seen the results on his farm at Oregon, Ill. He made of farming not merely the hobby of the man of wealth, but a profitable vocation. At all times he practiced what he preached, and he preached better farming methods.

Frank Lowden, the farmer, might, and would have been President of the United States but for the intrigue of a group of Republican politicians. By questionable methods, they prevented his nomination in 1920. Six months in advance of that nominating convention, I had been told how the wishes of the majority of the party would be disregarded and how the nomination of Lowden would be prevented—and it worked. Harding was nominated instead of Lowden.

I sat in on the national convention at Cleveland in 1924, where Calvin Coolidge was nominated for the presidency by acclamation, and Frank Lowden was named as his running mate on the first ballot. Lowden refused the nomination. Had he not done so, the story at Kansas City four years later might have been different.

Frank Lowden's interest was in agriculture. Had he been President of the United States, I believe the recent story of the American farm would have been very different. He knew the needs of agriculture and fought for those things which he believed were essential.

Mrs. Lowden was a daughter of George M. Pullman, but the Pullman wealth played no part in the activities of Frank Lowden. He demonstrated what can be done on the American farm. He was a farmer and a friend of all other farmers. He demanded a fair deal for the farmer. Had a bit of crooked political trickery not prevented his nomination for, and election to the presidency, the farm story might have been quite different.

AMERICAN FARMERS HAVE REAL WAR SPIRIT

HERBERT HOOVER tells us that munitions and food are equally essential to victory. The fact is that if either is a first essential, it is food. Without food there would be no possibility of producing munitions or maintaining an armed force. America is, and must continue to be, the pantry of the Allied nations. If it is to continue to be an inexhaustible pantry, farmers of America must have consideration somewhere near that accorded to industrial labor. They demand a 54-hour week in war industry plants as being in line with the 60 and 70-hour week they put in on the farms. They are not so much interested in maintaining "social gains" as they are in winning the war and maintaining American freedom.

PULLMAN PRIORITY

A MANUFACTURER, a man who was providing jobs for some 3,000 employees, was asking for a Pullman car bedroom at the ticket office. There was only one bedroom left on the train. Beside him stood another man who also wanted a bedroom and asked for it just as the ticket seller told the manufacturer he was getting the last one on that train. "I claim that bedroom," said the second man, "and here is my authority." He presented a government priority card and the agent had to sell him that last bedroom. That second man was a labor organizer, a labor racketeer, but he had prior rights over the man providing jobs for 3,000 workers.

LOSS OF TIME

495,000,000 DAYS is a lot of days. It represents the working time of 138,383 men for one year. It also represents the time lost in war production by absenteeism in war plants. Six per cent of those lost days is credited to accidents; 90 per cent is credited to sickness. How much of that sickness is real and how much is due to "the morning after" the report does not say. As the greater part of it is man-time, not woman-time, it is easy to guess at the disease.



Newspaper Man Stuff:

So here's to the gallant reporters, The boys with the pencils and pads, Those cool, imperturbable, calm, indisturbable, Nerve, inquisitive lads.

Each time that we pick up a paper, Their marvelous deeds we should bless; Those bold, reprehensible, brave, indispensable Sensible lads of the press!

—Newman Levy.

City editors are like those you see in the movies . . . They really are . . . Cynical, indifferent and incessantly so-whatty . . . Ask Jim Bishop, one of the Mirror's nimble newspaper sleuths . . . Jim was a witness to this incident many years ago . . . It was one of those lovely tidbits that brightened a dull night . . . Out of the nowhere came a stranger loosely waving a pistol . . . "I wanna see the Fish and Game editor," he said softly, "very important" . . . And so Bishop brought him to the Fish and Game man . . . "I just killed my wife," began the fellow. "I trusted her in a trunk and then I tied up her boy friend in a chair and then I set fire to him. I always liked your column, so I thought I'd give you the scoop."

Bishop and the Fish and Game editor took him over to the city editor . . . Now this city editor is one of those guys who wouldn't blink if Rommel walked in and brought Hitler with him—and he was irked . . . "I'm busy," he said, motioning to his assistant across the slot . . . The murderer was told to repeat his story to the assistant city ed . . . He took a deep breath and rubbed his face, which was scratched like a ten cent ruby . . . As he unfolded the details he kept yanking chunks of wire and rope from his pockets, and waving the pistol . . . The city editor never looked up from the copy he was studying, except to stifle a butt.

"Now with this rope," said the killer, "I tied up her boy friend. And with this wire I strangled her lovely throat. And here is the pistol, you can see for yourself that one bullet is missing" . . . The indifferent city editor, who was still occupied with the dummy of a page, looked up and said to his assistant: "Hey. Think there's anything to this one?"

This actually happened recently in one of the editorial offices . . . There had been rumors again that a shake-up was taking place and that heads would roll . . . One morning a stranger sat at a desk in the corner and answered the phone when it rang and when it wasn't ringing, he just looked around at everybody . . . It gave the staff the screaming jitters . . . Nobody knew just what he was there for and all were afraid to ask . . . Finally, one feature writer engaged him in gab . . . "What is your job around here?" he asked . . . "Oh, I don't work here," was the reply . . . "Well, then," queried the other, "who are you waiting to see?" . . . "Oh," said the stranger, "I'm not waiting to see anyone. My friend works in the advertising department. I'm his insurance agent. He told me I could use this desk."

The reporters down at Police Headquarters are the most colorful, we think . . . They "live" in a shack across the street from the gold braid cops . . . Life is a game of pinchole, a brass bell bonging a second alarm, a slip boy shuffling in with a suicide's name and address or a phone call from the city desk to check on a rumor out of Washington that the Nazis are invading Turkey . . . But what we started out to say was that the kid who brings the reporters papers to the niteside reporters there was bawled out by one of them. The boy had forgotten to leave a Times for the irate man . . . The kid said he was very sorry, and that it wouldn't happen again . . . "It better not," barked the reporter. "You know I bring a fish home every morning. What the hell am I gonna wrap it up in?"

My favorite newspaper man story always was the one about the veteran editor, who on Christmas Eve gave these instructions to a cub . . . "Now I want you to go down to the Bowery," said the boss, "and dig up some human interest about those poor unfortunates. Jot down how they enjoyed their Christmas dinner at the mission. Then after you cover the Salvation Army feast for the poor—bring me a couple of hot dogs."

Those are the kind of stories scribes tell each other, at any rate, and they have spellbound newspaper men ever since they got their first assignments . . . Take this one, for example . . . Nobody's asking you to believe it . . . But take it, anyhow . . . A reporter phoned his city desk about a homicide . . . "The core," he said, "is still at the scene of the crime!"

"Don't you mean corpse?" snarled the rewrite man.

"I certinny don't!" was the retort. "There was only one!"



Spring Classic. BUTTON-FRONT classic to do you proud. Note the shimmering set-in belt and panel front skirt.

Bright Basque. WHAT a honey this frock is with sleek basque top and lovely full skirt, and what a pleasure to make right at this very moment with Spring in full bloom. The bright color contrasts will make you feel young and gay. Sew and Save.

Household Hints. Next time the steps need painting, try painting every other step; let these dry, then paint the others. It takes a bit longer, 'tis true, but it's a lot handier and the kiddies will love having to take 'em "two at a time."

To remove old wallpaper, wet with a solution of one tablespoon of salt peter in a gallon of water. Works best if the water is hot.

Small bits of soap in a thin cloth bag are as effective as a large cake of soap for use in a bath.

To remove fresh paint, wash fabric with soap and water. If the stain is old, soften it with lard or sponge with turpentine. Then launder. If material is nonwashable, sponge with turpentine or spot remover.

A small piece of tin or a thin piece of wood is useful when washing the baseboard of a room. It can be slipped along as the woodwork is scrubbed and save many a nasty smear on the wallpaper.

Keep the tops of your spice tins very secure as the air tends to make spices lose their flavor.

Two-Ton Baby. A whale weighs approximately 4,000 pounds at birth.

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