

RAMBLING ROUND NEW YORK

A magazine article appeared recently with the title, "How to Play the Market." The summary of the article was: Don't!

A friend was describing preparations for a dinner party. One of the invited guests was a huge hulk of a man who required some special consideration. "His idea of a roast turkey," said my friend, "is a single portion!"

Walking in Greenwich Village we came across this sign: Noyes School of Rytham . . . It has nothing to do with drummers, but is a dancing school.

Poor old Broadway—where the bright lights shine at night! One of the things that makes it tawdry; jewelry auctioneers who use loud speakers and drone on and on in a rasping, monotonous tone. In spite of it, there are always the curious and the credulous who stop and listen.

We seem bound to be different in New York . . . Repeal is a fact. Yes. Sit down at a restaurant table and you can order any drink you like. But eat lunch sitting at a counter five feet away and you can't have a drop . . . Go into a liquor store, ask for beer and the answer is, "we're not allowed to sell it."

Chicago has New York beat for peculiar liquor legislation. You can have anything you like to drink even though you sit on a high stool at a lunch counter. But if you lower a foot to the floor, straightening one leg to the standing position while drinking you can be arrested for a misdemeanor.

Whiskey and Soda live up at the Bronx Zoo. And they're the first of their kind that ever arrived alive in the United States. They're bears from Tibet—odd looking youngsters that only weighed 30 pounds when they got here. And they only got here alive because one of the ship's crew invented a diet that they would eat en route. When they refused the prescribed menu they were fed scrambled eggs, raw and cooked vegetables, a lot of marmalade, milk and oatmeal. Some day they'll weigh from 350 to 400 pounds each!

The hospitals of New York were virtually besieged this winter by a lot of actors who wanted to visit the surgical amphitheatres to observe the exact bearing of all the players in the very real job of performing operations. The siege was brought on, of course by such plays as Men in White and Yellow Jack—two of the most successful of the season . . . There are some surgical amphitheatres where the observers sit in a circular mezzanine around the glass dome directly above the operating table . . . They can observe the minute work of the surgeon with the aid of binoculars.

There's a company in New York that specializes in neutralizing the effect of stench bombs. It's called the Bombatement Company. Every trade organization in town has its name on the emergency list. The founder started work after he had one of those evil smelling bombs thrown into the store that he used to operate.

New York cops are asked the question, "What piece of fire apparatus cannot go down a one-way street?" The answer: A fire boat.

Wrote Best Editorial



ATLANTIC, Iowa . . . Shown above is the most recent photo of Editor E. P. Chase of the News-Telegraph here, who has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for having written the best editorial of 1933.

CENTRAL ITEMS

The farmers of this community were glad to see the nice rain this week.

Mrs. Guy Tiller and children of Badin spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Baringer.

Central Grange met Monday night with a nice crowd which enjoyed a very interesting program on "Mother's Day", also a very interesting talk was given by a visitor Mr. Lewis, of Salisbury, N. C.

Mr. Robert Rector is planning to spend next week with her mother, in Marshall, N. C.

Mother's Day was very much enjoyed at Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Cauble's when all the children came home and gave a surprise dinner for Mrs. Cauble.

The table was loaded with many good things to eat. Those who enjoyed the day were the following: Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Cauble, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Isenhour, and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Cauble and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Houck, Mr. and Mrs. Cress Cauble, Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson and family, Miss Rachel Cauble, Master

VERY LATEST

By Patricia Dow

POPULAR COTTON PLAID

Pattern 8186. The popularity of plaids in cotton materials continues unabated. Catering to the demand for an attractive and simple design for general usefulness is this one-piece frock. The flaring raglan sleeves are slashed and pleats inserted giving width and a finished look about them and the inverted pleats in the front and back of the skirt are simple to make and very effective. The costume is completed by the addition of the large white tie trimmed with rick rack braid.

The delightful colors in cottons, whether checked, plaids or monotonous, make choosing a difficult but interesting task.



Designed in Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material with 3/4 yard contrasting.

For PATTERN, send 15 cents in coin (for each pattern desired), your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE to Patricia Dow, The Carolina Watchman Pattern Dept., 115 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Leroy Cauble, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Cauble and Miss Margaret Cauble all of Salisbury. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brame of Wilson, N. C.

Miss Rachel Cauble will entertain the League of St. Mark's E. L. church at her home on Friday night.

The garden experts tell us to cultivate the garden continually, and while we have passed on this admonition to junior, the extensive and important nature of previous engagements prevents his from satisfying his ardent desire to comply with this good advice.

Soap and water is said to be one of the best sanitary agents, but the politicians need not feel they must give us any more soft soap.

The household hints tell us how to get greasespots out of the clothes, but when the political campaign comes on we shall need another hint on how to get the oil out of the talk.

All right for the politicians to shake hands with the voters, but they should not do it so vigorously that the voter has to apply liniment to his lame arm.



With Byrd at the South Pole

by C.A. Abele, U.S.N.A. President

24 METEORS!

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA, May 7 (via Mackay Radio)—These meteor showers are beautiful. We have been watching them every night since April 19. At first the atmosphere was murky and visibility low. Recently, however, the air has cleared and the heavens have put on a wonderful show for us.

On the science building, Bill Haines, of Washington, D. C., our meteorologist, and the other scientists have built an observation turret of pyralin glass which is light and won't break. In this turret four of the science fellows sit on a revolving platform and each checks up all night on the shooting stars he observes in one quadrant of the sky. This is being done under the direction of Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, chief of our group of 13 scientists, who is in command here while Admiral Byrd is off in his hut 123 miles away. At home Dr. Poulter is head of the science department of Iowa Wesleyan College, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa. In this meteor-shower observation business down here he is working with fifty meteorological stations throughout the world and a lot of new knowledge of Celestial ways should come of it.



MIKE One of our team leaders.

Our daily routine is all in working shape now. We rise at 7, get into frozen clothes, thaw ourselves out a bit and have breakfast at 7.30. By 8.30 we are at work. Luncheon happens at 12.30 and dinner at 5.30. For breakfast we have dry or cooked cereal with real cream and milk from our own cows, hot cakes or bacon and eggs, and coffee. Luncheon is a buffet affair, usually of sandwiches, soup and coffee. Dinner is our biggest meal, with

vegetables, dessert and coffee or cocoa. Not much starving down here as yet.

There are few regulations in this camp but those few are strictly enforced. We are all adults, on a serious mission, and there is no great need of discipline. We are allowed no meals except at regular hours. Of course, when parties come in off the trails hungry they are fed right away or as soon as Al Carbone, of Cambridge, Mass. can get something ready. Every body must get up for breakfast. There is no lingering in bed, as much as we would like to stay in our warm cocoon-like sleeping bags for a few extra winks. Those who are already up and freezing can't bear the sight of others still enjoying the luxury of the bags and soon haul them out. Exceptions to this are F. Alton Wade, of West Hollywood, Calif., a geologist without any rocks to study, who is acting as our night watchman, and Clay Bailey, of Brawley, Calif., our chief radio operator, who is always on radio watch at night.

No men are allowed away from the station alone. They might get lost too easily in a sudden blizzard in the Antarctic darkness. It is not absolutely black night here all the time yet. We get a sort of grayish shadow for about three hours a day which the veterans tell me is daylight. Maybe somebody experienced in London fogs might recognize it as daylight. I don't. All lights must be out by 10.30 p. m. It's a good healthy life. I like it and am thriving on it.

If you wish to join our fast-growing club, without cost or obligation, and get a membership card, big free working map of Antarctica and, later, a handsome lapel button, write to me at our American headquarters. Simply send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Arthur Abele, Jr., President, Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 43rd Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. If you are a teacher or leader of another organization, send names and home addresses of self and members and a 3-cent stamp for each, and everything will be sent to you and the members immediately. If you're a teacher enrolling a class you'll get a direct personal radio message from Admiral Byrd.

MUTT AND JEFF—JEFF LOST HIS SEA-LEGS AND MUTT HIS SEA-HEAD

By BUD FISHER



THE FACT FINDERS—AND THEIR DISCOVERIES

By ED KRESSY

