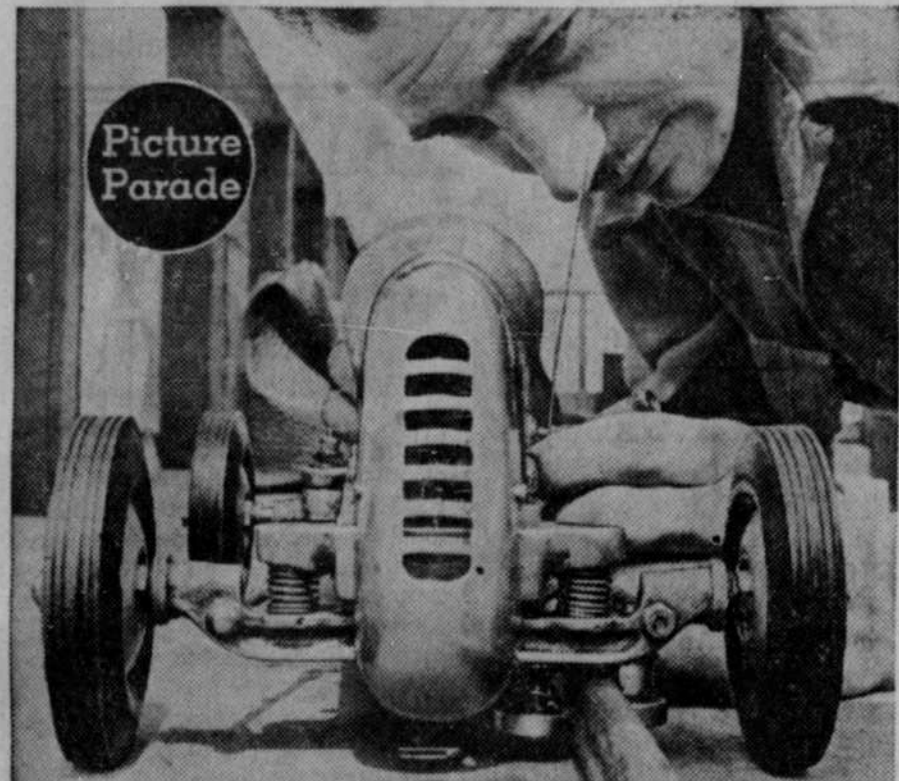


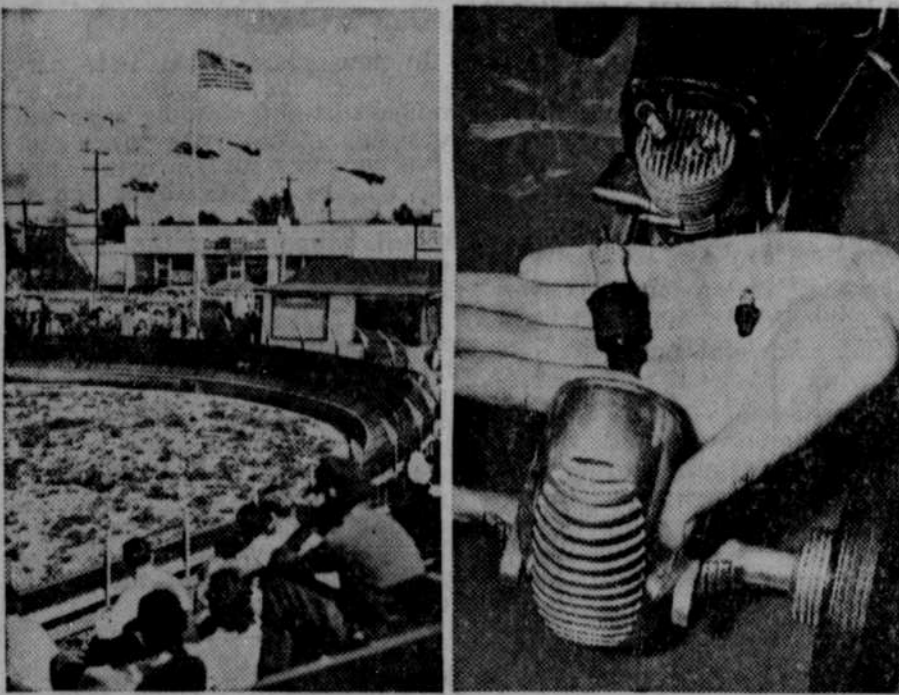
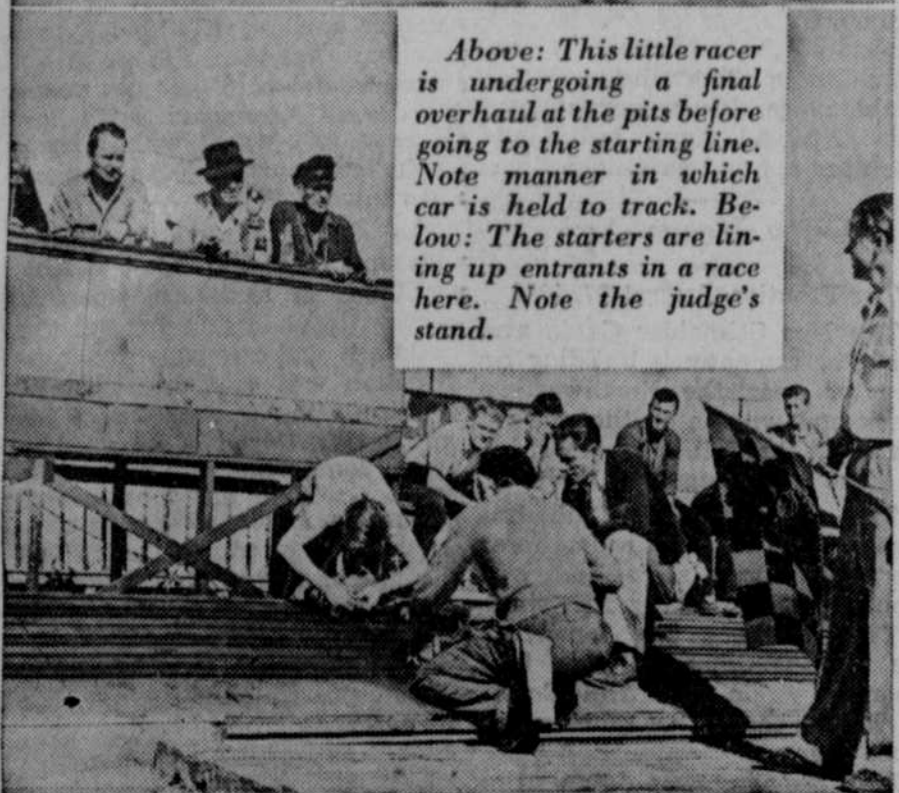
Lilliput Putt-Putts

As full-size auto racing brought on midget auto racing, the latter has brought forth miniature auto racing. At Culver City, Calif., they have one of the finest miniature auto racing tracks in the world, where followers of the lilliput putt-putts root like maniacs for their favorite peanut-size racing car. Current speed record is 67.085 miles per hour. These photos introduce you to this sport.

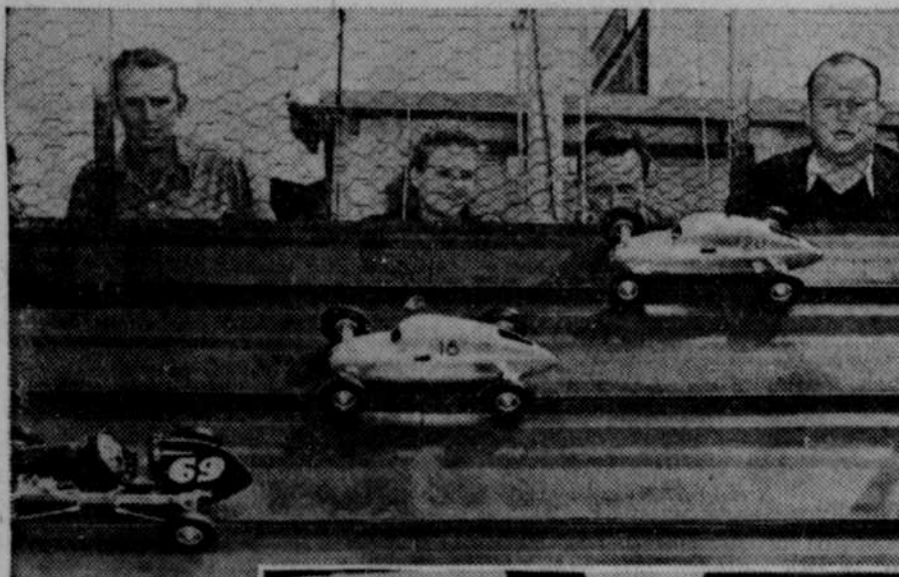


Picture Parade

Above: This little racer is undergoing a final overhaul at the pits before going to the starting line. Note manner in which car is held to track. Below: The starters in a race here. Note the judge's stand.

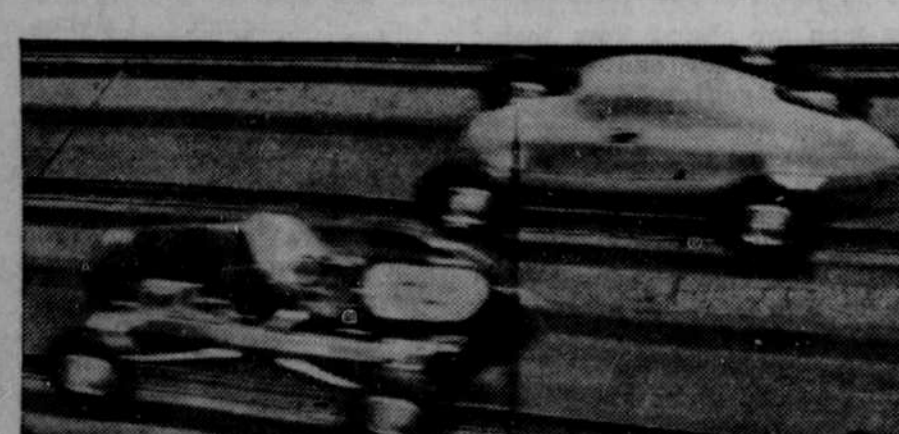


General view of the miniature auto racing track at Culver City. Observe how turns are banked. Sparkplug from a miniature auto is shown beside a regular-size sparkplug here.



Above: Three miniature racers are coming out of a turn here. The chicken wire is for the protection of spectators.

Right: A pulley-driven drum revolves in the bed of the various tracks, or courses. When the wheels of the racer are placed on the drum the motor is cranked.



STORY OF THE WEEK

The Patient in Room Fourteen

By JOAN HINKLE

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"WELL, he's better, Betty. But I'm absolutely all in." Sally Stevenson's voice came shakily over the telephone. "I thought you must have heard—day before yesterday on Pickard hill. Just enough mud to be slippery, and the car skidded and went into the ditch. His face is all cut—but he's bandaged like a mummy. I wasn't hurt at all. But I've been so upset over it that I've just caved in. I'm awfully ashamed of myself. But I thought if you'd just go to the hospital for a couple of hours this afternoon and read to him—I've a story here he's asked for—he'd be all right and I could go to bed till tomorrow. That'll straighten me out. No danger, you know, but he's just all jarred and shaken, and then lots of little cuts on his face. And the doctor says he mustn't talk today—just lie and rest. So you read to him and I'll get rested and be all right tomorrow. He's in Room 14, on the second floor."

That was the substance of Sally Stevenson's telephone conversation with Betty Buckalew. As a result Betty drove first to Sally's house for the book Jim Stevenson wanted to read, and then went to the hospital to play good Samaritan to him so that his distracted wife might rest and calm her jumping nerves.

Betty parked her car in the hospital grounds and went in through the swinging doors of the big main entrance. She was well known at the hospital—her mother was an active member of the board of directors. Betty nodded to the girl on duty in the office. "I've come to see the patient in Room 14," she said. "Go right up?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "He had a private nurse last night and yesterday, but he's all right now. The corridor nurse will take care of you, Miss Buckalew."

A moment later Betty stood before the half-open door of Room 14. No nurse was in sight, so she walked quietly in after knocking. "It's Betty Buckalew," she said to the restless form on the bed. "I've been sent to read to you by Sally. She's resting."

The man turned toward her. Through two slits in the bandages that swathed his head and face Betty saw two eyes peering interestedly at her. "Good of you," he murmured.

"Now don't you talk," went on Betty. "Doctor's orders. You let me do the talking. I've brought a volume of detective stories and I'm going to read to you for an hour or so."

"Awfully kind," murmured the man again.

"Not at all," said Betty. "I'm glad to do it. Now you get as comfortable as possible and let me sit where you won't have to see me and I'll read you to sleep, maybe."

Betty seated herself at the foot of the bed, out of range of his eyes. "Move around," came the patient's muffled voice. "Want to see you." So Betty moved her big wicker chair within range of his eyes, sat down so that the light struck pleasantly on her book, and began to read. She was conscious that Jim quieted as she read. He must be more comfortable—diverted by her story, she thought. She was conscious, too, that he was not going to sleep. Through the white bandages two eyes, bright and dark, peered constantly at her.

At the end of two hours and three stories, Betty stopped.

"I've got to go now, Jim," she said. "Tomorrow? Why, yes, if Sally can't come. Yes, of course I will." The patient had clutched her hand nervously. "Be quiet, Jim; of course I'll come if you want me. I'll come and read again. But you'll soon be gone—Sally said you were getting on so well."

The muffled voice said something about never wanting to go. "Like it here," it said. "Funny," thought Betty, with a quick flush of annoyance. "Here I am holding Jim Stevenson's hand and getting a real thrill from it. Well," she thought further, as she tried to draw her hand away, "so apparently, is he." But she pulled herself free and a moment or two later, promising again that she would come the next day, she disappeared into the hall. There she ran into the corridor nurse. "I saw you reading to Fourteen," she said. "Awfully good of you. He's been so restless and nervous. He had a special until this morning, but he's really all right, and we're a little short, so we asked him to get along without one. You seemed to work like a charm, Miss Buckalew. You've no idea what it means to have visitors that really help the patients."

All the way home Betty was troubled. How silly of her! She'd known Jim Stevenson for years. She and Sally were close friends. And here they had been, holding hands in real earnest, like two sentimental youngsters. Well, she wouldn't go again tomorrow. She'd make some excuse to Sally.

So it was with misgivings that she answered Sally's summons to the telephone a little later.

"What on earth happened, Betty, dear?" came Sally's voice. "Why didn't you let me know?"

"Let you know? My heavens, Sal-

ly, what's the matter?" "Nothing, nothing at all, excepting that poor Jim has been fretting his head off because he didn't hear from me, and he's as lonely and blue as can be and I'm moping around here with a nervous headache. He's just telephoned, poor darling, to know what's happened to me. Why didn't you go read to him?"

"I did."

"You did?" shrieked Sally. "Oh, Betty, perhaps he's worse—delirious or something."

"Sally," said Betty, rather joyously, "there must be some mistake. What number is his room. Think carefully, now."

"Oh, I don't know. Sixteen or something. But don't you remember? You were there, you say. I've been so distracted, thinking yesterday he might have a fractured skull. I suppose I didn't notice very much."

"Never mind, Sally, dear. I'm going right back this minute to see him, and then in an hour or so I'll come see you and tell you all about him. Don't worry."

So Betty went back to the hospital and found Jim Stevenson tossing restlessly in Room Sixteen. His face was not swathed in bandages—small ones were patched on it. And when he took Betty's hand in greeting no thrill ran from his fingertips into hers.

The corridor nurse met her again as she left the hospital.

"Funny, wasn't it, Miss Buckalew, having two motor accident cases so much alike. Both all right now, fortunately—but both all battered and scratched up around the head, and both afraid of fractured skulls to begin with. That poor Mr. Cartwright in Room Fourteen certainly feels better since you came to see him this afternoon. He's sleeping quietly now. Pityful, crashing up here within thirty miles of New York after motoring all the way from San Francisco. And not a friend or relative in the East. His uncle, out there, who seems to be his only near relative anyway, telephones every night."

"How about his wife?" asked Betty Buckalew.

"Oh, he isn't married." The nurse on duty laughed a little self-consciously. "Coming in again in the morning, Miss Buckalew? It did him a lot of good today."

When she looked up for an answer, Betty had disappeared. She had slipped into Room Fourteen to blow a goodnight kiss to the swathed and quiet figure on the bed.

Cheap Process for Tin Substitute Discovered

Oscar Bruno Bach began his career in Germany. At the age of 18 he made a wrought-metal Bible cover for Pope Leo XIII. He came to America 26 years ago, set up shop in Manhattan as a metal craftsman and industrial designer.

Last year Oscar Bach announced he had hit upon a process for coloring tough, corrosion-resistant 18-8 (18 per cent chromium, 8 per cent nickel) stainless steel. In the Bachite process, the steel is first "pickled" (cleaned with acid), then coated in a chemical bath and heated. Depending on the degree of baking, the coated steel turns black, gold, bronze, purple, blue, red or green, the color becoming an integral part of the surface. Oscar Bach will not reveal the chemicals in the coating bath. "The formula," says he, "is so simple I'm almost ashamed of it." The Bachite process is used in the building industry for exteriors and decorations. A recent example is the flashy Bach-designed decoration of Manhattan's Airlines Terminal building.

As Oscar Bach began working with less expensive iron and steel alloys, he found to his surprise that his coloring process immensely improved corrosion resistance. Recently the "American Cellini's" researched led him to the threshold of national defense. He announced a process for Bachiting cheap black plate iron (3 cents per pound), which, he claims, makes the metal a substitute for tin plate. Tin is important in tin cans because it resists corrosion by food acids. Bachited iron, said Bach, had a corrosion resistance against "most corrosive agents" higher than that of tin plate (5 cents per pound) or 18-8 stainless steel (34 cents per pound). He estimated his process would be a third cheaper than tinning.

Famous April Fool Joke

There are many famous April fool's jokes perpetuated in history. Perhaps the most famous is that perpetrated by Thomas Hood, the humorist-son of the great poet of the same name, who, at a meeting in the Savage club, the home of so many literary geniuses, proposed, on the night of March 31, that a telegram should be sent to a politician then much in the public eye by reason of his moral crusading: "Fly. All is discovered." The next day there was a missing politician and a vacancy in the house of commons. That is one case where an April fool prank was no joke on the victim.



(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Camp Cavalcade

SHADOWY figures in a cavalcade of American history—such are the men behind the names of the great army cantonnments scattered all over the United States, where young Americans are learning to be soldiers in order to defend their country when the need arises.

If the deeds of a man who served brilliantly in three wars can inspire his fellow-Americans, then the men who are training at Camp Shelby, near Hattiesburg, Miss., have plenty of cause for inspiration. For it is named for Colonel Isaac Shelby, (1750-1826) born in Maryland but a settler in western Virginia at the outbreak of Lord Dumore's war in 1774. He fought in the historic Battle of Point Pleasant but he won his greatest fame during the Revolution as one of the leaders of the frontier riflemen who won the great victory over Major Ferguson's British at the Battle of King's Mountain. Moving to Kentucky after the Revolution, Shelby was one of the framers of the constitution of Kentucky and in May, 1782, was elected first governor of the new state. At the outbreak of the War of 1812 he led 4,000 volunteers to help Gen. W. H. Harrison fight the British and Indians in the Northwest and for his bravery at the Battle of the Thames he was given a gold medal by congress.

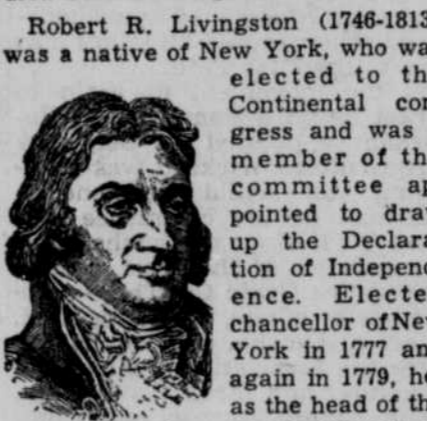
Another Revolutionary war hero is immortalized in Camp Stewart near Hinesville, Ga.—Gen. Daniel Stewart, born near the site of the camp in 1761. He enlisted in the Patriot forces at the age of 15 and served under Marion and Sumter in South Carolina. Captured by the British, he escaped from a prison ship in Charleston harbor and immediately re-enlisted in the fight for freedom. After the Revolution he served in several Indian wars and rose to the rank of brigadier-general before his death in 1829.

Louisiana has two camps named for notables whose careers were closely associated with the history of that state. They are Camp Claiborne and Camp Livingston, both near Alexandria, La. William Charles Cole Claiborne (1775-1817) was a Virginian and a friend of Thomas Jefferson, who persuaded him to study law. He moved to Tennessee, where he became a member of the first Tennessee constitutional convention and was elected to congress. When the historic contest for the presidency between Jefferson and Aaron Burr was thrown into the house of representatives for a decision, Claiborne cast the deciding vote for his friend on the thirty-sixth ballot. Thereafter Jefferson appointed him territorial governor of Mississippi and in 1803 named him and General Wilkinson commissioners to receive Louisiana Territory from France. He became the first governor of the new Territory and finally United States senator but died before taking office.

Robert R. Livingston (1746-1813) was a native of New York, who was elected to the Continental congress and was a member of the committee appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence. Elected chancellor of New York in 1777 and again in 1779, he, as the head of the government of that state, administered the oath of office to George Washington as first President of the United States. In 1801 Livingston, as United States minister to France, opened negotiations for the purchase from Napoleon of the territory beyond the Mississippi and two years later he and James Monroe signed the Louisiana Purchase treaty. He was associated with Robert Fulton in developing steam navigation and when he retired to private life it was to his estate, "Clermont," for which Fulton named his historic steamboat.

Origin of Army Titles

A captain commands a company and his title is derived from the Latin word for head, "caput." His second in command was his lieutenant, the man who held (tenant) the company in place (lieu) of his superior officer. Next came the sergeant, one who served (servi). Several companies together form a column commanded by a colonel (column). His second in command is a lieutenant-colonel and the third in command was originally a sergeant-major but is now a major.



R. R. Livingston

ASK ME ? ANOTHER ?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

The Questions

1. When did the Seminole war end?
2. What is the world's oldest jewel?
3. What king of England was beheaded in London?
4. What is the population of the Philippines?
5. What is the minimum age for a United States senator?
6. Where was the home of the ancient Etruscans?
7. Does the Stars and Stripes of the United States antedate the Union Jack of Great Britain?
8. What two states profited by the Gadsden Purchase in 1853?

9. The Grotto of Lourdes is in what country?
10. What states are regarded as the New England states?

The Answers

1. Formal fighting terminated around 1841 in the second Seminole war, but the war has not yet ended technically, since no peace treaty has been signed.
2. Amber, "gem of the ages."
3. Charles I, in 1649.
4. Approximately 16,000,000.
5. Thirty years old.
6. Italy.
7. Yes, by 24 years.
8. Arizona and New Mexico (a strip of territory adjoining these states was purchased from Mexico for \$10,000,000).
9. France.
10. The New England states are the six in the most northern part of the United States: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

Growth in Silence

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the delights of life, which they are henceforth to rule.—Carlyle.

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