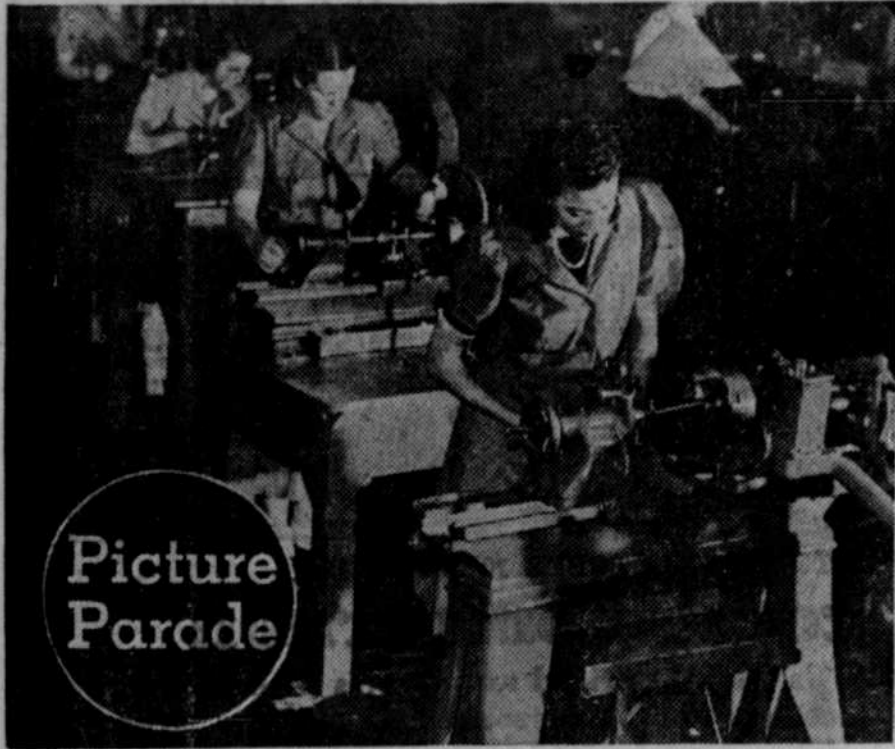


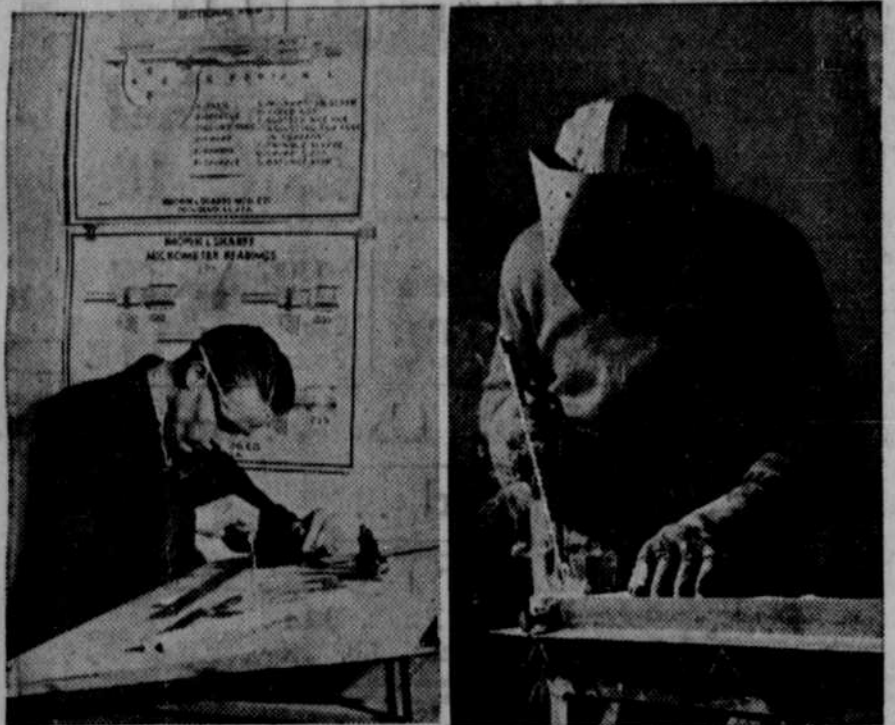
Youth Work Defense Program

A new national defense work experience program of the National Youth Administration, designed to fit young people for jobs in defense industries, has been put into operation. This new effort, the "Youth Work Defense Program," for which congress appropriated \$60,000,000, will supplement the regular out-of-school work program of the National Youth Administration. Young people, 17 to 24, out of school and in need of employment, are eligible.



Picture Parade

Here in the NYA work center girls learn, through actual on-the-job experience, how to operate metal machinery.



Learning the elements of drafting will help this youth in reading blueprints in the shop.

The NYA is giving youth valuable welding experience, as shown above.



Shoulder to shoulder the boys and girls of America are finding their place in the defense program.



"The youth themselves are our principal product," says Aubrey Williams, administrator of the National Youth Administration. "They have been made to feel that they are part of a social structure."



America's youth learns correct work habits—one is being on time.

SHORT STORY

Quick Job

By JAMES FREEMAN

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

TWO hours ago, Leland Barth had walked in his, Nelson's house, a big, strong, healthy young man, wearing a faintly questioning look. He had come in response to a telephone call.

"It is important that you come," Nelson had said. "For the matter I want to discuss with you concerns Sheila."

Sheila was the cause of everything that had happened. Nelson had loved her, and she for a time had loved Nelson. She had loved him until Leland Barth came along. After that—well, things had been different.

Nelson had brooded for months, and brooding is not good for a man. Eventually he had begun to scheme and plan. The scheming and planning had taken months. But now—this morning—everything was in readiness, down to the minutest detail. Leland had said he would come, as Nelson knew he would. And no one would know, because Nelson had arranged to make his telephone call when he was sure Leland would be alone. He had arranged that with as much care and caution as he had arranged every other detail.

And so Leland had come and they had sat together for an hour or more in Nelson's living room and talked. Or rather Nelson had talked. He held a gun in his hand all the while, and told Leland how much he hated him and how much he loved Sheila, and how bitter he had become and what he planned to do. It had taken an hour. Leland's expression had changed from a good-natured willingness to humor



He pulled the trigger of the gun and Leland's body lay dead on the floor.

his rival to grave concern and eventually to fear. The blood left his cheeks and a sort of wildness crept into his eyes.

Nelson's own eyes glinted with satisfaction. This was exactly what he wanted. This was the satisfaction he had dreamed about. He knew that Leland thought him insane, and he wondered about it himself. He'd said everything he had been wanting to say for months and he pulled the trigger of the gun and Leland's body lay dead on the floor.

He picked up the body and carried it to the basement and laid it in the pit he'd dug in the cellar floor and then went back upstairs and collected the gun and the small oriental rug on which were stains of blood from Leland's wound, and Leland's hat—he stood there looking around the room to make sure that there was no scrap of evidence remaining.

And because there was no further evidence he returned to the cellar with the rug and gun and hat and threw them into the pit beside Leland's body. Then he went to a shelf and took down a bag of quick-drying cement he had purchased two months ago. He poured water into a wooden trough he'd made with his own hands, and which later he would burn in his own furnace, and began mixing the cement.

He mixed a large quantity, the exact amount needed, and poured it hastily into the pit. It covered Leland's body and filled up the spaces around the other things. Presently there was nothing to see but the level of grayish, oozy cement, which steadily rose until it came even with the rest of the floor.

Nelson ceased pouring and dropped to his knees and began smoothing the surface. He didn't want it to look like a finished job. It would be better to leave the surface a little rough. Later, very soon now, it would dry and harden and evolve into the exact color of the remainder of the floor. He would sift a few coal ashes over the whole business and then roll some barrels on top of it, and no one would know the difference. Every scrap of evidence would be beneath that hard, rock-like surface. Every scrap.

Oh, it was a remarkable plan. The work of an ingenious mind. Who, now, would have thought of quick-drying cement? Who would have taken that small precaution? Certainly not a man with—for example—Leland Barth's intelligence.

Nelson chuckled to himself. It was a pity, he thought, that Sheila couldn't have seen the light. She would have done better to marry him; much better. For sooner or later that ingenious mind of his

would think of something that would bring the world to his feet.

What fools women were! What a fool Sheila had turned into! Curse her anyway! And curse Leland Barth, too. Curse them both. He hated them.

Nelson swore aloud and drove his hands into the thickening cement with a savage gesture. Abruptly then he got control of himself. This would never do. Not now. Time enough later for gloating.

Nelson sat back on his haunches and began to draw his hands out of the cement. Just a flick here and there now and the job would be complete. Then to burn the trough and go about his daily business as if nothing had happened.

The cement, he discovered, was hardening faster than he had supposed it would. Much faster. The thick ooze of it made drawing his hands out difficult. He had to exert a good deal of strength to get them loose. The cement clung to his wrists and pulled away, looking like molasses candy he'd once seen in a store window. He tugged harder and still harder. His wrists were free now, but the tips of his fingers were still quite deep, and they felt strangely numb, as if down there the cement had already hardened to solidity.

Perspiration stood out on Nelson's brow. He stood up, leaning over, bracing his feet. He shifted once or twice to attain a more comfortable position, and unthinkingly placed a foot on the pit's surface. The foot sank a little, and when he tried to withdraw it, he found the task impossible.

A desperate look came into Nelson's eyes, a sort of panic clutched at his heart. Horrible fear assailed him. He looked about, wildly, tried to get a purchase with his free foot, only to have it slip along the surface of the cellar floor.

Curious little whimpering sounds escaped his lips as he tugged and strained. Sweat dropped from his forehead and splashed on the surface of the pit. It was the fact that they splashed that told him the cement was now almost solid. His foot slipped, and he went down on his knee, the knee making the faintest of indentations in the freshly laid cement. He tried to stand up, succeeded only momentarily. His breathing came sobbingly; exhaustion was close. He was worn out, tired, and the position in which the cement held him wasn't the most comfortable.

Suddenly Nelson raised his head and shouted, even though he knew the consequences, he shouted. It wasn't the shout of a sane man, nor a man in ordinary distress. The shouts became screams, then shrieks, then faded and were nothing more than whimpers.

They found him ten minutes later. A passerby had heard the shrieks and summoned the police. He was unconscious lying on his right knee with his right leg buckled under him. They had to get a chisel to loosen the cement, and in doing so they dug deeper, curiously suspicious, and found the rug covering Leland's body.

When Nelson came to he was in a hospital, but he saw iron gratings at the window and understood.

La Conga Dance Tempo

Originated From Africa

La Conga—the dance that has taken the American public by storm—came first to Cuba as a single step in the tempo of today but with an accented fourth beat instead of kick. The kick was inserted later when it became a dance.

In the Congo river regions of Africa many slaves were used to cultivate the lands and do the heavy work. They were chained together in a long line, neck to neck and ankle to ankle. In their walkings they became accustomed to walking in definite rhythm so that their chains would not become entangled in those of their neighbors. They found that by taking three short steps and then, on the fourth step, hitching their chains along everything went smoothly and nobody was tripped up in the chains.

Thus originated the tempo. Well, when slaves from Africa arrived in Cuba they were still chained and walking in their peculiar Congo rhythm. Later they were unshackled by the Spanish but still they worked in the fields and walked in the "one-two-three-hitch" rhythm.

In their evenings they were wont to gather around a fire in front of their quarters and start a jam session. Their only instruments were drums of various sizes and pitch, some filled with water, others just an animal's skin tied over a hollow tree stump. They would beat out the basic rhythm of their walking tempo which was the definite "one-two-three-hitch."

The dancers would then merely revert to type and in groups of five or six would slowly pace out the rhythm, accenting the fourth beat with a hitch of their body in a convulsive movement.

Thus was born the modern version of La Conga.

FARM TOPICS

PARTIALLY RIPE TOMATOES SAVED

Timely Picking and Care Preserves Tomato Crop.

By LEE A. SOMERS

(Extension Vegetable Specialist, University of Illinois, College of Agriculture.)

Thousands of bushels of tomatoes which go to waste each autumn because the earlier frosts come before the later set of fruits has had time to ripen fully could be saved if picked and cared for properly.

These early frosts catch tomatoes in all stages of growth and ripening. Some are nearly ripe, and some are half-red, pink-blue, white-nosed, while some are still grass-green.

When the first frosts are coming, growers should pick the tomatoes and store them in a basement or some other place safe from frost where they can be spread out to mature.

The grass-green tomatoes will never ripen and should be used in making chow-chows and piccalillies of various kinds and pickled tomatoes in various forms. If not used in a few days, they will shrivel and become worthless.

The nearly ripe, half-red, pink-blue and white-nosed tomatoes will complete the ripening processes in the order named, and in so doing will lengthen the tomato season about three weeks. The nearly ripe specimens will ripen fully with normal color, flavor and texture over a period ranging from a few days to a week or more. The half-red tomatoes will ripen to a nearly normal red color, a fair flavor and only slightly rubbery texture in 10 days or two weeks. The pink-blue and white-nosed specimens will ripen yellow-red, and with poorer flavor and a rubber texture, characteristics of artificially ripened tomatoes. Some of them will need to be discarded because they are shriveled.

If frost has already killed the tender vines and leaves, it is still possible to salvage that part of the crop which has had some protection from the vines and leaves.

Electricity Boosting Farmers' Efficiency

Electricity, a powerful and relatively new tool on the farm, is speeding the efficiency of farmers in the current drive to strengthen national defense.

Many farmers have been using this servant in their work for the past five or six years. They are now broadening its use. Others who have used it in only a small way for household purposes are applying it to farm jobs and finding it the easiest, quickest, and cheapest way of doing their larger chores.

In dairying, it milks the cows, cools the milk, pumps the water, grinds the feed, heats the water, and sterilizes the utensils. On the poultry farm, it broods chicks, heats the drinking fountain, lights the laying house, grinds the feed and pumps the water.

For the truck grower, it heats the plant bed, pumps water for irrigation, operates a spray pump, provides refrigeration and ice at marketing time, operates a grader, a washer, a sacker, and a loading machine, and in the case of sweet potatoes, supplies heat for curing and storing.

Cross-Cut Wood Saw And Motor for \$25

"It saws while you split" is suggested as the idea behind the cross-cut wood saw driven by a quarter-horsepower electric motor designed by H. L. Garver and Paul G. May, U. S. department of agriculture engineers engaged in rural electrification research. Material for the outfit costs about \$25 they estimate, including the motor. The bureau of agricultural chemistry and engineering has mimeographed the plan for distribution to those interested.

Wood is still the mainstay for fuel on many, if not most, farms. The cross-cut saw operated by two men is still in common use. The circular saw either requires a considerable investment for an engine or large motor or a charge for custom sawing. A man exerts about one-tenth horsepower on such work and the engineers reasoned that a quarter-horsepower motor might be substituted to operate the saw. It has automatic shut-off devices.

Dust Livestock

Lice on livestock in the winter can best be controlled with a dusting powder of some kind.

One effective mixture is one part of pyrethrum to three parts of cheap flour. Another combination is one part of derris powder to three to five parts of talc or flour.

These mixtures have proved effective against sheep lice and ticks.

Use a small hand duster to give quick and thorough coverage of the infested animals.

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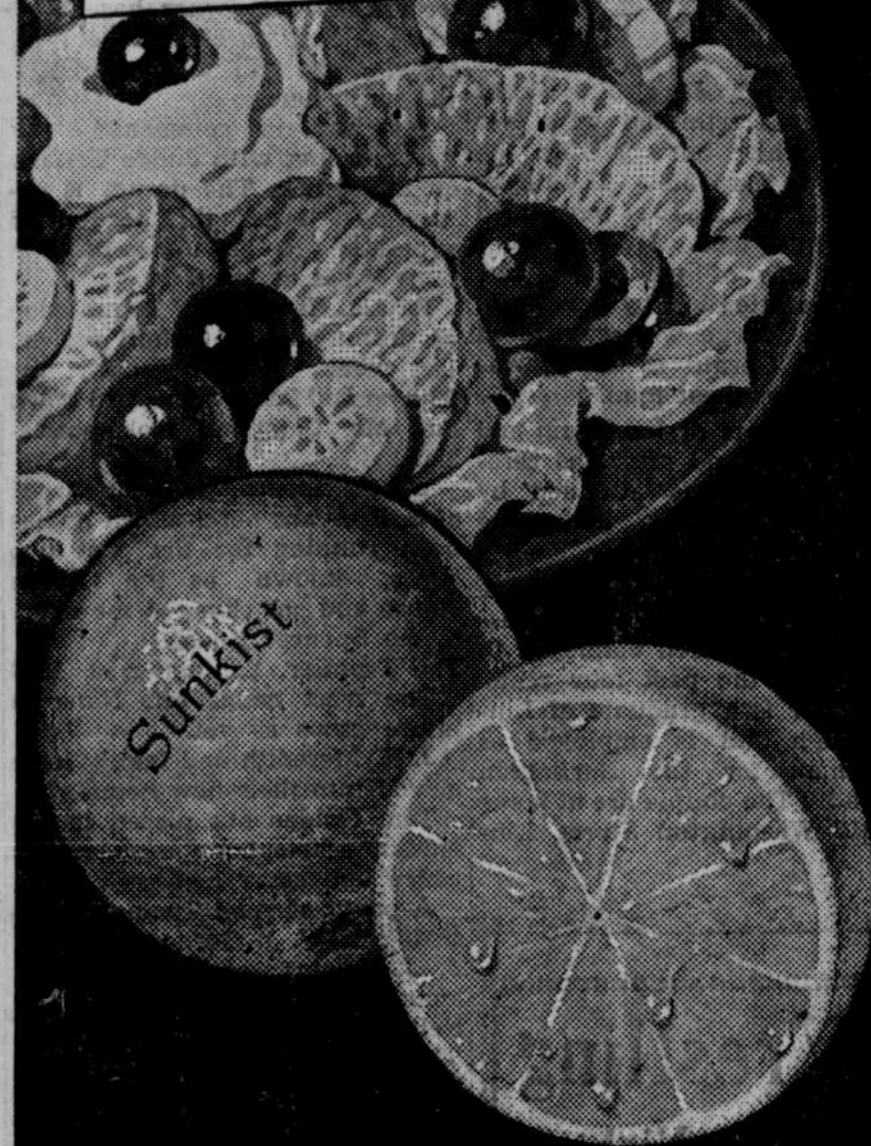
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