

## Austrian Kids Set Off for a Skiing Lesson



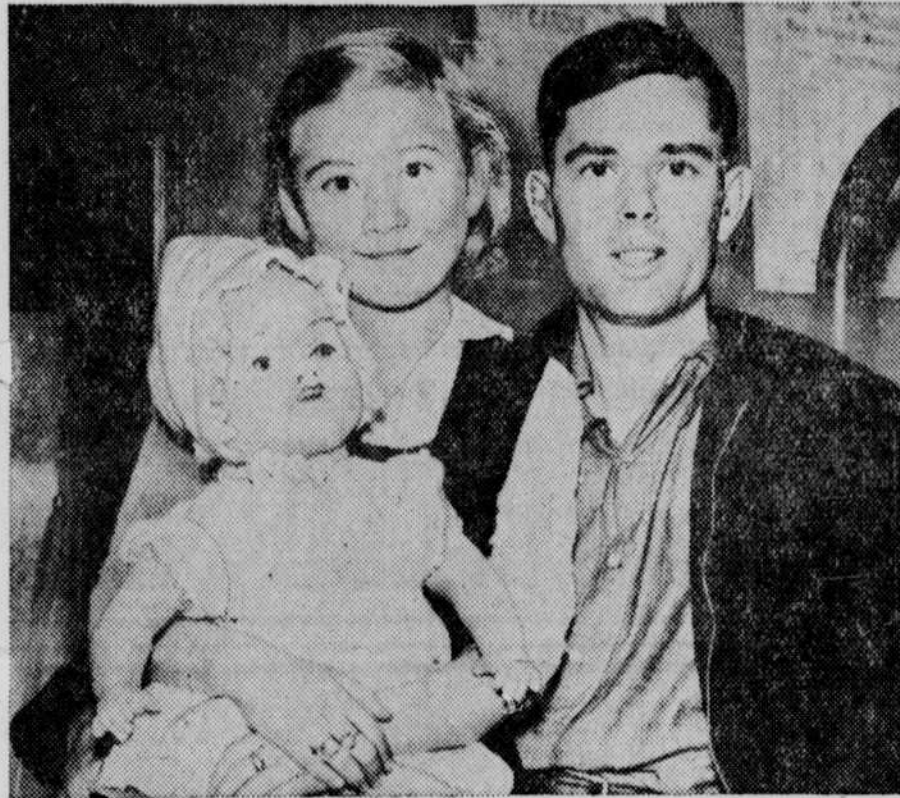
One day each week the school children of the little town of Igls in the Austrian Tyrol must take a compulsory skiing lesson, under the instruction of famous skiers. Here starting out on a skiing lesson are a group of youngsters. Judging from the smiles on their faces and their enthusiasm, this is one class they thoroughly enjoy.

## They Give and Take It for Old Villanova



Here you see Villanova's first line of defense—and attack, too—the college boxing team for 1937, as they received pointers from Coach Ray Gadsby (left).

## Meet Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Johns



Mrs. Eunice Winstead Johns, nine-year-old bride, is shown here seated on the lap of her six-foot, twenty-two-year-old husband, Charlie Johns, Sneedville, Tenn., farmer, and holding her doll in her arms. The doll is the gift of the husband to his flaxen-haired bride.

## Gets "Most Courageous Athlete" Prize



Bruce Campbell is pictured with the trophy he received as "the most courageous athlete." The presentation was made at the dinner of the Philadelphia sporting writers association. O. William Duncan, toastmaster and president of the association, is also shown.

## 12 TIMES MARRIED



Proud of the fact she's been wed 12 times Mrs. Inez Swanson, fifty-eight, of Los Angeles, exhibiting as proof her marriage certificates, and boasting: "I ain't never buried a husband yet." Besides working as a saleslady, she's been a private detective and a cowgirl. Her first matrimonial venture began in Texas at the age of sixteen.

## LORD CHAMBERLAIN



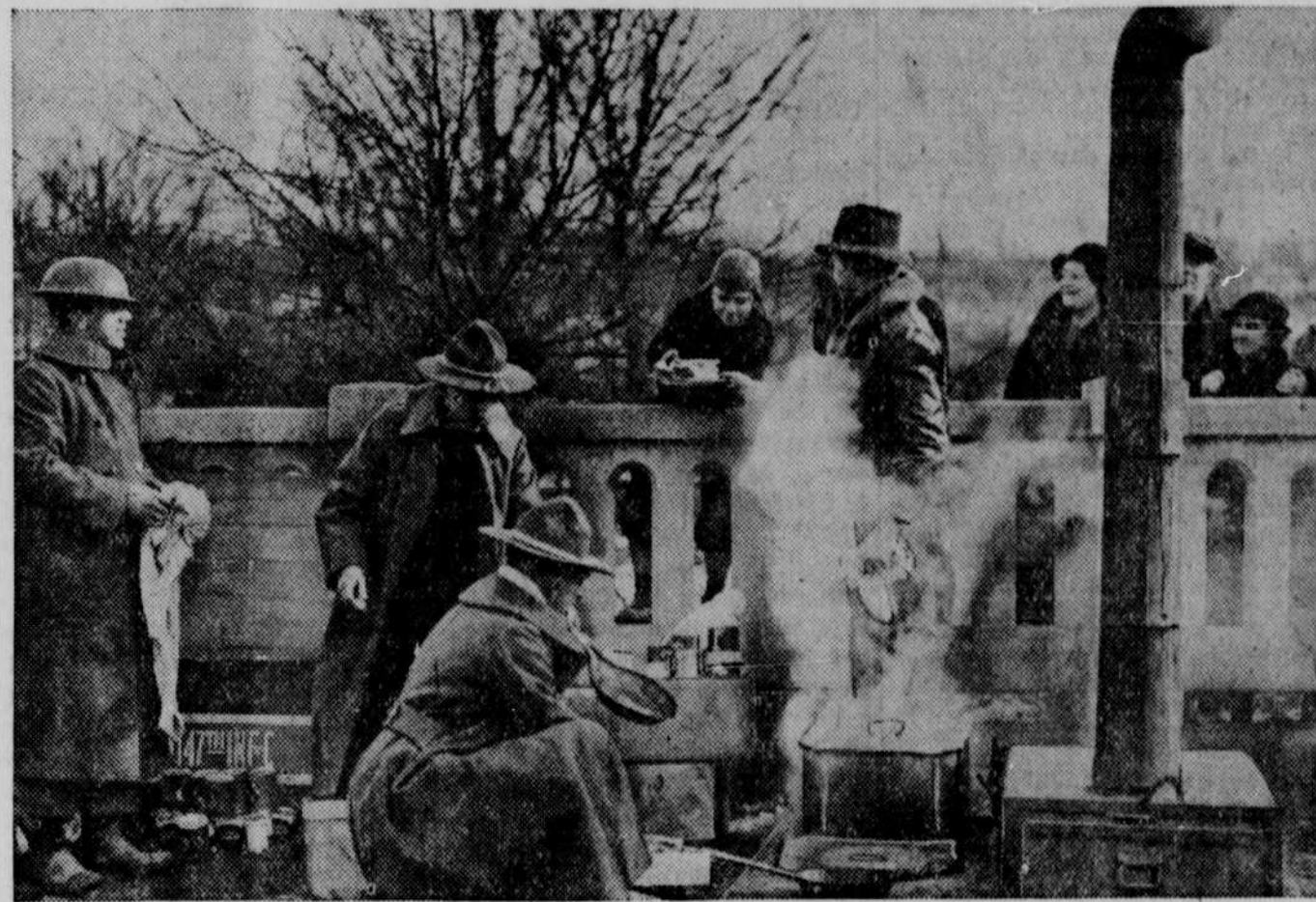
The earl of Lancaster, whose appointment as lord great chamberlain, succeeding the marquis of Cholmondeley, who relinquished the office following the abdication of King Edward VIII, was approved recently by George VI.

## Flood Aftermath Reveals Sinister Scene



Scene in a Cincinnati street after the turbulent waters of the Ohio had receded. Rubble carried by the swollen river for hundreds of miles was left high and dry on city streets when the crest of the flood passed on, leaving scenes of ruin in its wake.

## Schooled in War, They Deal in Mercy



Militia of the Ohio National Guard are pictured by a field kitchen as they prepare food for flood sufferers. A group of the refugees are lined up at the right as they await the call "Soup's On."

## HE CAN TAKE IT!



This youngster found a temporary home in a box car when the Mississippi river, flood drove him from his own home. He took flood discomfort in his stride. One thing that may account for his obvious high spirits was the fact that water shortage eliminated his Saturday night bath and the daily scrubbing behind the ears. It was estimated that more than 1,000,000 people in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys were rendered homeless by the flood. The known dead were estimated in excess of 400. Contributions by citizens everywhere to the special relief fund of the Red Cross were more than \$17,000,000. The storm's damage was estimated at close to a billion dollars.

## FLED RIVER'S WRATH



This aged inhabitant who fled the rich Mississippi bottom lands in the face of the raging flood waters of "O' Man River," has a startled stare for the photographer who snapped him at his refugee camp in Memphis.

## Box Car Becomes Home for Refugees



Box car home of flood refugees driven from their farm homes near Ridgely, Tenn., by the flood waters of the raging Mississippi. With all the discomfort and suffering caused by the greatest flood in the history of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, these flood victims could still smile.

## Red Cross Aids Flood Sufferers



Here's where your dimes, quarters and dollars went when you "earmarked" them for Red Cross relief. Grandma Donsky, who vows that in all her years she has never seen such a disaster, is seen receiving an allotment of sorely needed groceries at the Louisville Red Cross station.

## Nickel in the Slot

By DAPHNE A. McVICKER  
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WNU Service.

IT WAS the most impudent nickel Gretta had ever seen. It stood on end in the crack in the flooring, peering out at her, or so she imagined, extending one tiny, slippery, tantalizing edge to her clawing fingers. One of her shining pink-tinted nails bent sharply backward as she pried, and tears of rage sprang into her big blue eyes.

She stooped, pretending, whenever approaching feet alarmed her, to be tying her shoe. Then she pulled a bobby pin out of her curly red mop and dug with quick little jabs at the edge of the nickel.

It had seemed such a clever idea to come over here to the very drug store where Bill and she had first sat on stools at the soda fountain and exchanged the views that proved them kindred souls. She could see his brown eyes shining with earnestness while he sipped a frosted drink and declaimed against rich girls with no souls.

A pair of smart black and white oxfords came past her vision—and again she pretended to be tying her shoe. The black and white ties moved on around her and she set out with the bobby pin again.

"Is it the old family nickel?" Gretta jumped erect, bumping her arm painfully on a pile of cut rate books. "Will Power" crashed to the floor and the brown-eyed boy who had spoken picked it up gallantly. The brown-eyed boy with the black and white shoes!

"You dropped your will power," he told her.

"No I didn't. Just my nickel. The will power is going strong."

"May I supply another nickel?"

"Why yes, if you will. That is, if you can change a five dollar bill!"

She said this with great confidence for she had heard Bill say two days ago that he had just said goodbye to a namesake of his, first name of Dollar, that he had hoped to keep with him always. And pay day wasn't until tomorrow. However, she had evidently misunderstood, for he agreed pleasantly.

"Sure I can. Where is it?"

"Well, just now," she regretted. "It's at home on the mantel. But—"

"Fine. We'll go round and call on it."

"Oh, thanks, but I can't wait. I must make my telephone call. Thank you just the same."

"Then let me advance the nickel."

"Oh, I couldn't. I—you see I think my call will be lucky if I make it with this special nickel."

"Then," he said gravely, "if you will give me that—implement," he indicated the bobby pin. "I'll be very glad to go mining for you."

She stifled the thrill that those words, in that voice, brought her. This was the same man, brown eyes, nice mouth and all, who had greeted her yesterday with icy formality when she had run up to him in the hall after work, and who had declined with great ceremony her invitation to him to go meet her father who was in town for the day. Probably thought she was going to ask him his intentions. Get daddy on his trail. Tears stung her eyes at the thought and she accepted the nickel haughtily when, with an infuriating skill, he produced it on the first attempt.

He stood within excellent hearing distance and the telephones were not in booths. She gave the operator her cousin Helen's number. The phone would be disconnected while the family was out of town. But to her horror a maid's voice answered, informed her that the family was away, and the telephone swallowed her nickel with a gulp of pleasant enjoyment.

She turned away, but something in her dejection startled the boy.

"Gretta," he said, "what is it? What's the matter? I can't wait till tomorrow night to talk to you."

"I'm not going dancing with you tomorrow night," she said angrily. All of her troubles blazed between her long black lashes. "And you just made me spend my last nickel on nothing. I was going to call you and tell you I wouldn't go. And I could have bought coffee with that nickel—"

Regardless of the people in the front of the store he was holding her by both arms.

"Your last nickel?"

"It took every cent. I had to pay cash. It was for tomorrow night—"

"But," he stammered, "I thought—I heard yesterday that you were old man Markison's daughter. That you had tons of money."

"Good gracious!" the blue eyes were dancing now. "I'm their poor relation. She's my cousin Helen. Is that why you wouldn't meet daddy? Is that why—how silly! As silly as the way I used to plan to get work at our shop so I could meet and conquer the boss' son. Remember how Gregory William Townsend, the boss' son, is supposed to be learning the business there?"

"Did you plan that?" Bill asked. He bent suddenly and kissed her and then steered her calmly out into the main aisle of the store.

"Fancy that. Heads I win, tails you lose, and if it stands on end you become Mrs. Gregory Townsend. Because, you see, that's why I hate rich nitwits. I am Gregory William Townsend, himself."