

Baking Bread for Our Doughboys

Keeping pace with the rapid expansion of the army, the Fourth Corps Area School for Bakers and Cooks, whose parent organization is at Fort Benning, Ga., has grown from one school with a personnel of 16 to eight schools located throughout the Fourth Corps area, and with an especially selected personnel of 212 enlisted men. The function of these schools is to train selected officers and enlisted men in the theory and practice of cooking, baking, nutrition and mess management, as well as the use of equipment.



Picture Parade

Private William Claycomb of Blairsville, Pa., weighs the ingredients for bread.



The next step in bread-making is to dump a bag of flour into the mechanical mixer.



Private Sofness of Boston, left, cuts the mixed dough as it comes from the mechanical mixer. Private Glick of New York operates the mixer.



Private J. R. Bowers of Henrietta, Okla., removes the mixed dough from the trough to the bench where it will be kneaded. He seems to like his job.



After the dough has set for 24 hours to rise, it is placed on this workbench where it is kneaded, weighed and placed into the pans for immediate baking.



In the picture above, Private A. G. Hodges of Galax, Va., (right) pulls the bread from the baking ovens, while Private Joseph Adams of Rochester, N. Y., removes the baked bread. Right: Dumping the hot bread.



The Funny Man

By
KARL GRAYSON
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Features.

LARRY TALBOT seemed interested when I asked him whether personality or showmanship had anything to do with being a good hockey player.

"That's an odd question," he said. "I've been in the game a long time, given interviews to hundreds of reporters such as you, and never once has a scribe pulled one like that on me."

He laughed. "Personality? Showmanship? Well, now, yes, and on the other hand, no. Still, when you speak of showmanship, I can't help but think of Nate Fuller. Now there's a case in which the answer to your question is 'yes.' And at the same time the answer is 'no.' Sounds kind of crazy to you. Well, let me tell you about Nate.

"Nate was a winger for the Northerns. Not an especially good winger, but good enough to get a berth with Old Man Peaslee, who owned the club. But after while it began to look as if getting the berth was about the end of it. Nate didn't get into many games. There were too many other wingers on the team who were better.

"Strange how it turned out. Nate didn't improve his game a single degree, but within six months he was playing in every contest on the schedule. And he was the Northerns' biggest drawing card!

"How did he do it? Well, you see Nate loved hockey, but he realized he wasn't an excep-



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tionally good player. No matter how hard he tried, he just didn't have the co-ordination to place him in the same category with the other Northerns' wingers. It occurred to him that unless he made himself valuable to Old Man Peaslee in some other fashion he might get canned. And if Peaslee canned him, it would, he realized, be almost impossible to get signed up with another club.

"And so Nate proceeded to make himself indispensable to the Northerns and Old Man Peaslee. The next time he was allowed in a game, he deliberately tripped over his own feet, went sprawling, stood up and coasted away on one skate, bowing and smiling to the crowd. It doesn't sound like much to tell, but if you had been there in the arena and seen what appeared like a legitimate accident, and watched Nate Fuller grinning at the crowd, you would have understood.

"Anyway, that was the beginning. Nate seized every opportunity that presented itself to attract attention by clowning. And he didn't have to try very hard, because hockey players don't have much time for that sort of thing.

"There was something about the way Nate pulled his act that appealed to the fans. He never failed to get a laugh and quite frequently a cheer. Especially when a contest was a bit dull and uninteresting was the kid appreciated. And it was at times like those that he went to extremes.

"At first Peaslee didn't pay any particular heed. He, like the fans, had been fooled by Nate and thought the kid was just trying to cover his own embarrassment. But after awhile, Peaslee began to see that the crowds went for Nate, that they were waiting for him to pull something funny and were ready to laugh. He began watching the kid, noticed that at least 50 per cent of the time the spills were unavoidable, 50 per cent intended. But whatever the case, Nate never failed to come up grinning, and pull some humorous antic that sent the stands into roars of laughter and perfunctory cheers.

"Peaslee was a hockey player and didn't go in much for nonsense. But he was also a business man and had invested his money in the Northerns because he expected profitable returns. And he saw at once that the paying guests were big for Nate Fuller. They liked him. It was a peculiar psychology.

"And so Old Man Peaslee began putting Nate into more and more games. Not because he had improved his technique, but because

the crowd wanted to see him. Nate was good, you understand, else Peaslee never would have tolerated him, but he wasn't a top-notch. However, what the kid lacked in ability he made up by rattling the opposing players with his crazy antics. So, in the final analysis, it was six of one, half dozen of the other.

Peaslee never admitted to anyone, let alone Nate, that he approved of the kid's clowning. To do so wouldn't have become the reputation he'd built up about himself as a hard-shelled promoter. But Nate knew it, knew that his sudden popularity and demand was because of his own originality. He was, however, quite satisfied and contented with the manner in which things were going. He had made himself indispensable to the Northerns. He was being given an opportunity to play in practically every game on the schedule.

"And so Nate continued with his play-acting, never failed to give the crowd a laugh, never overdid the thing and frequently introduced some new attraction to his repertoire. His grinning countenance and clowning ways became as much looked for as the hard, grim visage of Dick McBride, the Northerns' right defense and star player.

"The thing might have continued indefinitely had something not happened one night in Chicago. The Northerns were playing the Easterns. It was an all-important game, because it meant the championship of the Middle West. A huge crowd filled the arena, a crowd eager for excitement and entertainment.

"Without hesitation Peaslee sent Nate Fuller out on the ice. He figured his team was going to collect an easy victory anyway, and he knew that the fans were in a mood to laugh.

"Nate had thought up a new trick to inaugurate for the occasion. He went coasting along beneath the stands, grinning and bowing and laughing with the crowd. At a point just opposite the mid-ice boxes, he turned suddenly, spurted out into the rink, dropped his stick almost to the ice and completed a neat somersault. The crowd roared its approval. But Nate was only half way through his program. He twisted about, started back and made as if to repeat the stunt, but instead he dropped the stick and went sprawling face down.

"No one knew it, but the spill had been accidental. Nate had made a miscalculation, though its significance was lost on observers. A below of laughter rose from the stands—and died. For instead of picking himself up with his usual broad grin, Nate lay quite still.

"They carried him off the ice and sent for an ambulance. At a nearby hospital surgeons worked over his still form for hours. When they had completed their work they looked at each other sadly and shook their heads. There was no danger of the boy dying, but he'd never look the same again.

"And Nate didn't. A month later he walked out of the hospital with a new face, a face that wasn't his at all. It was rather a comic looking thing, with a peculiar scar running from the left side of his mouth almost to his ear. It gave him the appearance of wearing a perpetual grin.

"Nate went back to Old Man Peaslee, and Old Man Peaslee looked at him and shook his head. However, he gave the boy a chance. He sent him into the first game he could—and that was all. At sight of Nate the crowd roared its delight. But after awhile they stopped roaring, because Nate seemed to be grinning at them, leering at them, and he wouldn't stop. Too much of a good thing was too much. Besides, Nate wasn't as funny as he used to be with his clowning.

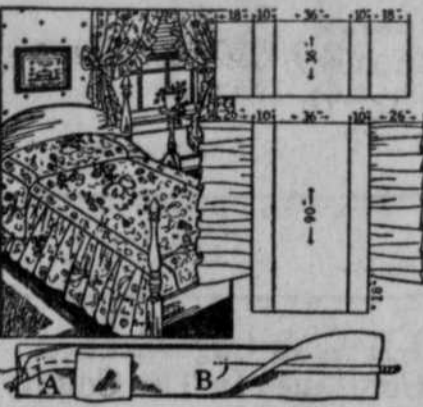
"No, Nate went back to the bench. And he sat there for the rest of the winter. And the next fall he wasn't re-signed by Peaslee. The fans, Peaslee explained, didn't like a player to appear funny ALL the time."

Describe Need for Hospital Facilities

It is estimated that a 50-mile drive to a hospital, over good roads, is a maximum distance for patients to be carried. It would appear, therefore, that communities which are more than that distance from a well-equipped hospital would do well to consider building a hospital center for their own use. It may be urged, with justice, that if the population is scattering, it could not support a hospital sufficiently large and well equipped to give the needed service. This is true: In a sparsely settled community not more than four or five beds would be required at any time and the fees from so small a clientele would not be sufficient to maintain the required facilities. In such a situation, it is suggested that a small medical center be established with perhaps a half dozen beds, where local doctors can take care of non-surgical cases or others requiring hospitalization but not in need of highly specialized facilities. Such a center, it is pointed out, can usually make arrangements with a large and well-equipped hospital at some distance for ambulance service whereby patients can, if needful, be removed from the medical center to the larger hospital.

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Rust Heaves Buildings

As iron pyrite begins to rust on exposure to air, and this rust occupies 13 times as much space as the pyrite itself, buildings constructed on soil containing such sulphure soon have a "heaving foundation," says Collier's. This trouble has been experienced by one large factory in Cleveland, where the basement floors were raised as much as 12 inches in the first 12 years.

Power of Horse

Under normal working conditions, the average horse does only two-thirds as much work as a one-horsepower engine. In cases of emergency, however, this animal has produced 21 horsepower, or more than 30 times as much energy.

HELP WANTED

Cardinal Construction Company, General Building Contractors, have a contract at Sioux Ordnance Depot near Sidney, Nebraska, where a large number of carpenters, laborers, and other skilled mechanics will be employed during the next four months. Work is just getting under way and workmen are not requested to start coming in on their own accord. It is, however, suggested that any skilled building mechanics or laborers desiring employment write Cardinal Construction Company, Box 99, Sidney, Nebraska at once.

If you're concerned about what sort of gift to send a friend or relative in one of Uncle Sam's branches of the services, your worries are over. If he smokes a pipe or rolls his own, the answer is a pound of tobacco. Numerous surveys made among soldiers, sailors, marines, and Coast Guardsmen show that tobacco ranks first on his gift list. Local tobacco dealers are featuring Prince Albert in the pound can for service men. Prince Albert, the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco, is a big favorite among many men in the service. —Adv.

Household Hints

Painting the bottoms, inside and out, of garbage cans prolongs their service.

To "soft cook" eggs properly, immerse in boiling water. Cover and let stand on the hot burner or on the back of the range two minutes. The egg white will be jelly-like and the yolk soft, making a digestible and palatable food.

Empty fruit jars should be perfectly dry inside and out before storing. Mold may grow in a jar with moisture inside.

To wash rayons use mild, lukewarm suds, squeezing them through the material. Don't rub or wring the garment. Iron it slightly damp on the wrong side.

Chromium plate is a soft metal. To clean simply wipe with a damp cloth.

Copper and brass utensils are dangerous to use if not kept perfectly clean. Rub spot with hot vinegar and salt, lemon rind and salt, tomato juice, rhubarb juice or hot sour milk.



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Ask Mother SHE KNOWS



This photo taken in action in Bataan by U. S. Army Signal Corps

The War isn't fought in Fox Holes alone

IT'S fought in the mind. It's fought with a will to win. It's fought with a belief in a cause worth dying for.

That will, that belief, is known as morale.

Our enemies have had years of indoctrination. They have been conditioned to believe themselves part of a "new order" . . . to which the contribution of their lives is small but all-important. They believe themselves cogs in a vast machine.

Our soldiers do not fight that way—because they do not live that way. Theirs is the belief in the sanctity of the individual.

To maintain their morale in the American way, the USO has devoted all its time and energy since practically the beginning of conscription.

It has done this by staffing and maintaining club houses near all training camps and in our outlying

possessions from Alaska to the Caribbean. Today its work is far greater than ever, its need for funds to carry on more than doubled.

The USO needs your help more than ever before!

High government and military officials—including General MacArthur—have praised the work done by the USO and recognized its importance in the war effort.

But it needs recognition from you—recognition in the way of dollars and cents. For the six national agencies which comprise the USO are publicly supported.

Now above all times, to make your dollars count, give to the USO!

Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

Give to the USO