

Geography In Stamps



Though tiny in size the countries shown on the above map are among the oldest independent states of Europe. ANDORRA, high in the Pyrenees, on the Franco-Spanish border, has been a sovereign state for more than 650 years, and was made a republic by Napoleon in 1806. Stamps have been issued by the Andorra Governing Council since 1923, and as none are scarce, it is possible to complete a collection of them at no great cost.

LIECHTENSTEIN is another midlet state lying on the border between Switzerland and the area that formerly was Austria. This little principality has issued in recent years a striking and colorful assortment of pictorial stamps. Many of these depict the ancient castles for which the region is famous, while others show typical Alpine views.

MONACO is likewise a principality, though lying well within the confines of France, and facing the Mediterranean Sea not far west of the Italian border. Its principal claim to fame arises from the fact

that it includes the world-famous gambling casino of Monte Carlo, but scientists know it, also, for the remarkably complete oceanographic museum that was formed by a former ruler. This latter is depicted on the 30c and 50c stamps of the 1922 issue.

The diminutive Republic of SAN MARINO, high in the Apennines of central Italy, is said to be the oldest state in Europe, having been founded in the fourth century, A.D. Its recent stamps include two granivorous sheets, issued last year, showing the bust of our own Abraham Lincoln. This is in line with the growing tendency on the part of many foreign countries to honor national heroes of the United States on their postal paper.

The fifth and last of this quaint set of miniature states is VATICAN CITY, seat of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and, since 1929, a sovereign state within the city of Rome in Italy. Its stamps, though few in number, include attractive pictorials. As in the case of Andorra, it is possible to acquire a complete collection of Vatican City stamps at relatively small expense.



By KORAC

THE TRAP

By the time Zaner was outside the hut, the intruder was safely concealed in the forest. Half asleep, the explorer yawned and then retraced his footsteps back to the wooden cot within the quarters.

"It's senseless to wake Records and the guide," he whispered to himself. "Besides, I'm really tired."

Jumping onto the rustic bed, young Leo closed his eyes and was in the land of nod within five minutes.

Zaner was awake early the next morning before his friends. He carefully examined the ground in the vicinity of camp. But in spite of his thorough and painstaking scrutiny, Leo was unable to see any sign or marking which might help identify that night marauder.

"I'm pretty sure he was Indian," Zaner thought to himself. "Even though I was half-asleep, I did see him fairly well in the moonlight."

Within a short while, the adventurer started a steadily burning fire. When Bolo made his appearance, Leo had already prepared a meat breakfast of wild pig meat.

"Buenas dias," remarked Zaner cheerfully as Bolo greeted him. "I'd better wake Records or he'll probably sleep through the whole day."

Although the guide did not fully comprehend the English words, he appeared to get the general idea; for he grinned generously—displaying strong white teeth.

Records was surveying his aquiline features in a pocket mirror when Leo met him.

"Hello, handsome," said Zaner. "Sleep well last night?"

"Howdy," replied the older man. "Sleep well—I certainly did. In fact last night was the first time I really slept straight through without 'tossing about.' I'm a light sleeper you know."

"That's strange," said Leo. "Because last night was one night you should have been awake."

"Are you ill?" asked Records, looking at the young explorer with a bewildered gaze implanted firmly on his pleasant face.

"I should say not," replied Zaner. "You see, your excellency, we had a visitor during the night."

"A visitor?" sputtered Records. "And how do you know that?"

"Oh," said Leo softly, "I was the welcoming committee."

"Come, come. We're getting nowhere fast. Just what is this all about? Don't make it more complicated than it is now."

"In the first place," said Zaner, "this night prowler happens to be an Indian. Secondly, he obviously is looking for someone or something in our camp. Thirdly, we ought to get him before he gets hold of that certain something that he's looking for."

"Are you sure that you haven't been drinking any of the native liquor that we have with us?" asked Records, smiling, very amused.

"Really, John, this is serious."

"What do you suggest?" asked Records.

"A trap," replied Zaner. "Tonight, he'll probably return. Then we'll grab him."

"I'm with you, Leo," remarked Records. "But I sure don't know what it's all about."

"You'll find out," replied Zaner, "and pretty darn soon at that."

Leo was impatient; he and Records had waited for a period of time which seemed incalculable. The Indian had not come yet. The night was particularly Stygian in its darkness.

"Right as well go to bed," whispered Leo.

"Sh!" admonished Records. "Did you hear something?"

"Yes," whispered Leo as he carefully maneuvered toward the wall.

"Quiet!"

A moment passed; then a dark figure crept stealthily into the quarters!

Leo waited until the man was well within the hut before he sprang upon the intruder!

A GLOBE TROTTER'S SKETCH BOOK



By HI WATTS

I had quite an interesting experience while making this sketch of a Mohammedan Mosque, or Temple, inside the native quarter of the ancient city of Rhodes, on the small island just south of Turkey, in the Mediterranean Sea.

Very quietly, I had approached the entrance to watch the worshippers go through their various rituals before entering the Mosque, and had set up my easel in the shadows of a narrow street opposite. You know, the Koran—or Mohammedan Bible—teaches that religion is based on cleanliness. Just as we often say "cleanliness is next to Godliness" and so, each Mohammedan must wash his hands, face and feet before going in to pray.

After watching the natives take their turns at the small stone basin, I was amused to see one old man wash his face in the same water in which a young man was washing his feet. I began to smile, but at that moment a Moslem seated nearby, looked up from his string of prayer beads (called a Sobha) and gave me an angry glance.

Immediately, the street became a din of furious Arabic, with angry fingers pointing in my direction and I knew it was time to beat a very shame-faced and hasty retreat! But the peaceful sketch above is based on the scene as you would see it if you gave the devout natives no cause for annoyance.

(Next Week—"Petticoats on Parade" in Athens.)

DANNY in the LAND of NOD

By LISA DEE

Danny felt a cool breeze on his face and birds singing all around him. He secured to be sailing on a smooth, smooth sea.

Everything was blue and beautiful. In back of him a flock of bluebirds were flying, very fast, as if they were trying to catch up with Danny. But they couldn't because Danny was going faster than the birds were flying and then the little boy knew that he had passed right through that flock of beautiful birds. That was when he heard the birds singing. He wanted to hear them again, so he waved his hands and called out, "Hurry! Hurry!" And the large bluebird that flew in the lead cried out, "We can't fly any faster. Can't you wait for us?"

Danny called back to the birds, "I'll drop the anchor of my ship and wait for you."

Then Danny looked down and saw that he was not sailing in a ship at all, but was floating through the air. And there below him, far, far down, were rivers and green fields, church steeples and houses, trees and high mountains.

At first Danny was puzzled, for you know, he began this ride when he was asleep, but now he discovered that he was speeding through the air on the Sand Man's great big bag of sand.

Danny looked back again to tell the bluebirds that he wasn't sailing in a ship and so he had no anchor to drop and could not wait for them. But when he looked back, the bluebirds were so far behind that he could hardly see them. That's how fast the Sand Man and Danny were traveling.

And poor Danny almost had a terrible accident while he looked back at the birds. He lost his balance and would have fallen off the Sand Man's pack, only there was a very, very large bird flying overhead and when Danny started to topple over, the big ugly creature swooped down.

O, my! the child was scared! It would be bad enough to fall off the sand bag and drop far, far down to the ground, but that big awful looking bird grabbed the back of his nightgown and poor Danny thought he would surely be carried to the nest and gobbled up. He began to cry, he was so frightened. But that again, so he waved his hands and called out, "Hurry! Hurry!" And as it flew away the bird screamed something at Danny. It sounded like, "Hold on tight!"

Danny did hold on tight and it's a good thing he did, for just then he felt himself go down, down, so fast that the wind whizzed through his ears and his hair stood up straight and everything below seemed to come up to meet him. And then—Bingo! Down he went with a bounce! His ride with the Sand Man was over and Danny found himself sitting in a lovely green meadow with the sweet smell of grass and clover all around him. He looked up and saw the big ugly bird that had saved him flying away in the distance, far, far above. Danny thought how foolish he had been to feel afraid of that bird just because his beak was long and ugly and his feathers were not fine and smooth and pretty.

Danny looked around for the Sand Man to thank him for the ride—but the Sand Man was gone and Danny knew that he was now in the Land of Nod.

YAWN-CHASERS

By Noonan



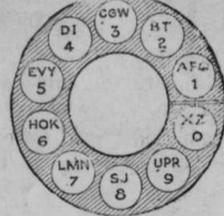
One hamburger and THREE napkins please!

WORD SQUARES

The numbers, 1 to 9, on the board refer to the arithmetical and alphabetical notations on the dial. The test of skill consists in forming a magic square reading five words across and five words down, as defined. Pick the right letter for each and every space to obtain a complete solution.

HORIZONTAL
First row, sacred song
Second, semi-diameters
Third, flower of society
Fourth, store
Fifth, spools

VERTICAL
First row, hug
Second, in music same as skip
Third, good-by
Fourth, metric measure of capacity
Fifth, airs



9	8	1	7	7
9	1	4	4	4
5	7	4	2	5
8	2	5	5	7
8	6	9	9	8

Solution on page 10

STAR DUST ON THE HUDSON

THEME OF GUILD BOAT RIDE

New York, July 19—Using for its theme "Stardust on the Hudson" the Negro Actors Guild of America officially announced this week its annual moonlight sail to take place Monday evening, August 7. Influenced by the enormous success of last year's sail and in anticipation of an even greater enjoyment triumph this time, the guild committee on arrangements for the event got off to an early start.

Distribution of tickets, begun since July 1, moved rapidly this week and advance sales gave indication of a record crowd being aboard when the luxurious S.S. State of Delaware moves off from the West 132nd Street pier of the Hudson River at 7:30 p.m. the night of the sail.

News that the musical assignment for the ride had fallen to Edgar (Blue Ribbon) Hayes and his popular organization gave an added spurt to the already high public interest and further guaranteed the acme of satisfaction to those who are looking forward to cavorting on the 3,000 square feet of dancing space afforded by the commodious river vessel.

Tickets are being distributed through members of the Guild and in addition have been placed on sale at various points in New York and its environs.

The great influx of out-of-towners, arriving to visit the World's Fair or to participate in the numerous conventions scheduled this summer, is also expected to swell the attendance, the visitors realizing the opportunity of mingling with the host of celebrities always present at Guild affairs and, at the same time, enjoying a rare evening.

The Delaware, same vessel which carried merry-makers on the last

Guild's sail, is one of the most modern an lavishly equipped boats on the river. In addition to its large dancing space, the boat boasts of lounges, cafeteria and bar service, observation bridge and spacious deck, and as a special feature of the evening, there will also be two showings of talking motion pictures for dyed-in-the-wool movie fans.

New York Times Quotes Edgar G. Brown On Front Page

New York, July 19 (C)—A rare occurrence in metropolitan journalism happened last Saturday when the New York Times, one of the greatest newspapers in the world, quoted on the first page during the WPA controversy, Edgar G. Brown, Federal official of Washington, D. C., and president of the United Government Employees. The Times said of Mr. Brown: "He advised members of his race to report to persons in authority any effort to impel them to defiance, violence or disloyalty at this time."

ONLY 50 SIGNERS NEEDED FOR ANTI-LYNCH PETITION

Washington D. C. July 19—The Gavagan petition to call the anti-lynching bill out of committee to the floor for a vote needs only fifty more signatures, it was announced here today. There are now 168 signers, with 218 needed. As soon as the petition is signed the federal anti-lynching bill can be called for a vote. Speed is necessary as Congress plans to adjourn about the last of July. Voters are urged to write their Congressman urging them to sign if they have not already done so.

Read The Guide for News

Merry Moments... by Ed Margo



"THESE ARE FOR THE FLYIN' FISH WE'RE GETTIN' IN TODAY . . ."

NAVAL NOTES

JUST 96 SUMMERS

The ancient custom of placing coins under the step of a mast when building the vessel dates from antiquity. This is a very old superstition. One explanation giv-

en by Commander Beckett, Royal Navy is that possibly it is a survival of the old Roman custom of placing coins in the mouths of the dead to pay their way to Charon for transportation across the river Styx. If a ship met with a mishap at sea, this insured that the way of all was paid.

The officers of the U. S. S. New Orleans (commissioned in 1934), placing during construction ten pennies beneath the foremast, and two dimes, three nickels, and twenty-eight pennies at the heel of the mainmast. All coins were placed 'heads up.'

All these customs tend to show that seafaring men subscribe most cheerfully to superstition, and that sea services unwittingly maintain many ancient traditions that have no particular bearing on modern sea life.

The oldest living Navy man is John Bright, who retired as a Chief Gunner's Mate on April 25, 1914. He first enlisted in the Navy on May 6, 1876 and served honorably during the Spanish-American War, Philippine Insurrection, and the World War. He was born in England in 1843 and is therefore now a young chap of 96 summers. It is interesting to note that the year of his discharge is earlier than the average year of birth of recruits now enlisting in the Navy for the first time. Maybe it's the beans.

During the first 120 days of a Naval recruit's service he is entitled to take out Government insurance in amounts up to \$10,000.

Building Boom

Tuskegee Institute, Ala., July 19 (C)—A building boom is now on at Tuskegee Institute, old buildings adjacent to the campus being razed and new business buildings going up.