

### Geography In Stamps



**TANNOU TOUVA**  
For several years past the philatelic market has been flooded by a series of beautiful and spectacular stamp issues purporting to be the postal emissions of the semi-autonomous Soviet Republic of Tannou Touva. Formerly a part of Outer Mongolia this area now is dominated by Soviet Russia and all of its stamps have been prepared in Moscow.

Recently much doubt has been cast on the authenticity of these stamps and a determined effort has been made to ascertain if Tannou Touva really has a postal system. In a recent issue of "Stamps" the subject has been treated at some length by A. Eugene Mitchell who, to date, has been unable to

obtain any direct communication with the Postal Administration of Tannou Touva. Apparently all of the stamps of this republic have been sold through the Soviet Philatelic Bureau in Moscow, and every attempt to contact directly the postal authorities in Kizil, the capital of Tannou Touva, has ended in complete failure.

Until the cloud of doubt that now hangs over these Tannou Touva stamps has been removed by more specific information it is suggested that stamp collectors refrain from any additional expenditures for them and devote their time and attention to emissions from countries that use at least a considerable proportion of their stamps for legitimate postal purposes.

### GEOGRAPHIC ODDITIES

LIVERPOOL & DUBLIN are farther north than part of LABRADOR.  
PARIS is farther north than QUEBEC or ST. JOHNS, Newfoundland.  
ROME is farther north than NEW YORK CITY.  
MADRID is farther north than WASHINGTON, D.C.  
HELSINGFORS, Finland, is farther north than the southern tip of GREENLAND.



### MEMPHIS WOMAN DREAMS OF LOSING LIFE'S SAVINGS; LATER FLEECED OF \$225

Memphis, Aug. 8 (By James C. Dickerson for ANP)—A pathetic story was related by Mrs. Minnie Ingraham, 30, recently. She said to her husband, Willie, that she had dreamed of losing her life's

savings to a stranger. However, her husband presumed that it was a "nightmare." But last week the dream really came true, for she related how she, on boarding a street car, found her savings had disappeared from her purse—and so had two women "friends" whom she had just met an hour before.

"I was standing in front of a store on Main street when an intelligent-looking fair-skinned woman walked up to me," Mrs. Ingram said. "On explaining she was a stranger from Knoxville, she inquired about another store to which she wanted to go. I took her there myself and we met another woman who was also a stranger to me.

"But these two women seemingly knew each other, and during the course of conversation the woman who was waiting in the

### BEECH-NUT EXHIBIT AT WORLD FAIR



Taking time out to rest in the dealer lounge at the Beech-Nut exhibit at the New World's Fair are: W. J. Hale, president of A. & I State College, Nashville, Tennessee, his daughter, Miss

Gwendolyn Hale and Miss Mable C. Brown. With them are the Bell sisters, one of seven sets of identical twins who distribute free samples of products.

store remarked that she had a large sum of money she wanted changed into smaller quantities. I casually mentioned that I could get the money changed for her, and it was then a bonus was promised me for my troubles. I drew \$225 from the bank and the women accompanied me out of the bank, but on reaching the street corner, they both had disappeared as well as the money from my purse."

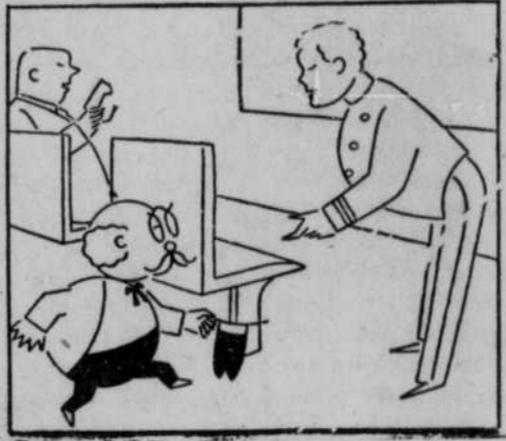
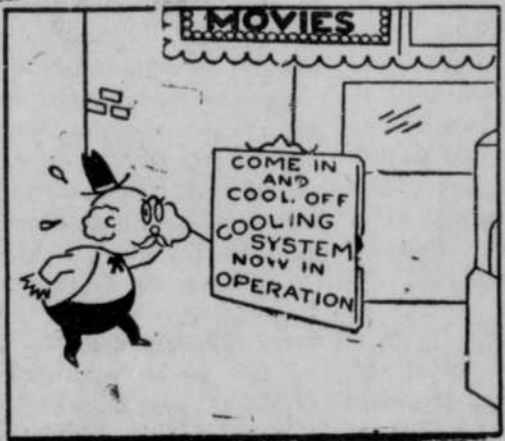
### SOLUTION TO TODAY'S WORD SQUARE

S M I T H  
C U R I O  
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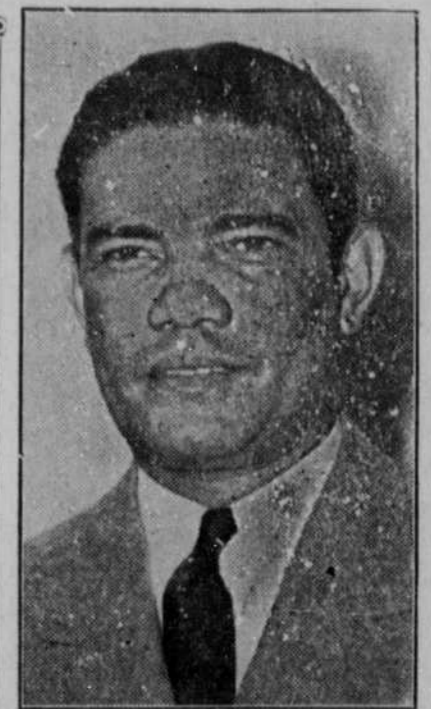
### COLONEL HUSH



### KEEPING COOL!



By SCHEEL



MARTIN MARQUEZ

The World of Tomorrow is full of interesting people—people who have done things; who have seen things; who have vision to look to the future. Martin Marquez, an employee at the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair, who resides at 125 West 121st Street, New York City, is one of these. He started his career as a soldier when at the age of thirteen, he enlisted in the eighth British West Indian Regiment at Trinidad and sailed away too war.

At present, he is enrolled in the pro-medical course at New York University and plans to continue his medical studies. His brother, Dr. Cecil Marquez, is assistant visiting pediatrician for the Department of Hospitals, New York City.

It was in Trinidad, B.W.I., in 1917, that Martin a lad of thirteen, was easily persuaded by Jack Henry, a seventeen-year-old friend to join the army and go to war. Martin's first long pants were those he borrowed from his friend, so that he would look older. He gave his age as eighteen, and because he was a big boy for his age and had the required chest measurement, he was able to enlist.

"My parents tried to get me released," he tells in this adventure story, "but I sailed before any action could be taken and arrived in Brest France on a Christmas Day." After six months on the firing lines at the Belgian front, where he had many terrifying experiences he was recognized by an officer who had been his teacher in grammar school in Trinidad.

"The teacher was alarmed at seeing me at the front, because he knew I was far from eighteen years old, so he made me send for my birth certificate, which was turned over to the war offices," Martin said. "Then, I was sent to England, to be detained there until I should come of age, in the event that the war should last that long. It didn't, however, so after the Armistice, I was repatriated."

But though Martin was an adventurous youth, he also had a aim in life and was anxious to come to the United States to continue his education. In Trinidad he had attended St. Mary's College and Queens Royal College.

After being in Trinidad only two months after the war, Martin Marquez took the \$180 that he had earned as a soldier and set out for this country.

"I had heard of Harlem," Martin related, "so I told the customs inspectors I had an uncle there. As soon as I got to New York, I asked the way to Harlem and once there, I found the West Indian settlement, where I was taken in and "shown the ropes."

Martin's first job was an elevator operator in an apartment house; this job was held for four

years. After that, he went into the taxi business for himself, a job which lasted until the crash came. "That ruined my business," he said. He worked until 1936 with Rex Cole, Inc., and from then on has done various jobs.

Martin Marquez was followed to this country by his mother and later by his brother, Cecil Marquez, to whom Martin gave financial assistance so he could get the necessary training to become a physician. In 1932, Martin started school again, attending Harlem Evening high school and continuing his studies where he left off in Trinidad. His brother Cecil, who is now firmly established, is assisting Martin to finish his medical education.

In 1928 Martin married a New York girl, the former Daphne Wilson, niece of the well known Dr. James L. Wilson of Harlem. Mrs. Marquez, who is a graduate of Hunter College, is employed as a stenographer by the City of New York in the Bureau of Fire Prevention.

When asked whether his experience in the war made much of an impression on him, Martin answers with a definite "yes".

"I would never advise a young fellow to do as I have done. I would go to war again only if the democracy of this country were threatened."

Washington, Aug. 17 (CNA)—Thousands of additional workers in private industry are due to lose their jobs unless the work week is greatly shortened or production is greatly increased, WPA officials warned in a study made public this week.



By KORAC

**IN ANOTHER WORLD**  
When Leo awoke, he was amazed to find himself tied securely to a lavishly decorated wooden bed. Upon surveying the bedroom, he was even more surprised to see that the height of the room was at least thirty feet. To the extreme left of the huge bed were Cyclopean doors—richly carved with figures of the sun and smaller designs including the sea; the moon; thunder and lightning and other images which were indiscernible to Zaner. The great room, however, was bare except for that mighty bed and a few small earings which appeared near the carved portals and also on the wall in the form of images.

When Records finally awoke, Leo laughed outright when he saw the look of awe on his friend's face. That explorer appeared as if he were still in a dream when he gazed at the new surroundings.

"You're not dreaming, John," Leo said. "Or shall I pinch you to make sure that this is reality?" "You don't have to pinch me, Zaner," Records muttered dazedly. "These ropes attached to my body sure mean business in any man's language."

"Well," the young explorer spoke, "It looks like our tough Indian visitor came back to see us with some of his friends."

Records didn't say a word; he was gazing thoughtfully at the carved images. Suddenly he yelled throatily: "Leo—what did I tell you...!" "Quiet," warned Leo playfully. "You almost woke me up." "Quiet yourself," stormed Records genially. "Do you know where we are?" "It will take more than three guesses on my part," answered the young hunter. "Well, where are we?" "We're in the land of the Incas!" "I'll believe anything now," said Zaner. "But..."

Before the youthful adventurer could finish his sentence, the heavy doors opened slowly from the outside.

### NEURITIS

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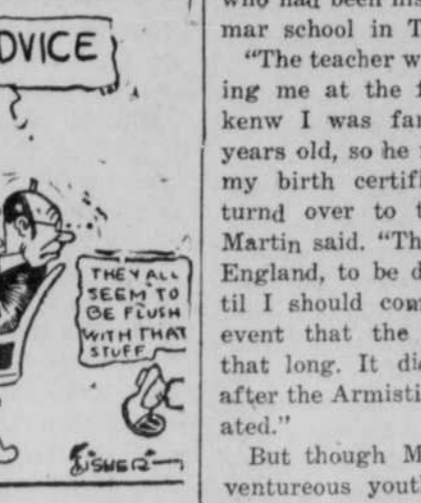
### BARON NOBUX



By JACK THOMAS

### DO YOU KNOW WHY --- You Can Always Get This For Nothing?

Drawn for this paper By FISHER



INTERNATIONAL CARTOON CO., N. Y. 249

### Mr. I. Knowitt 'Maybe he'll learn to mind his own business some day

By Thornton Fish



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