



King Inspects Bible—King George VI examines a few of the thousands of Bibles sent all over the world by the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was visiting the Society's headquarters in London with the queen.



THREE CHEERS FOR OUR SIDE is the title of an article in the latest issue of the English weekly, "The Bits," to come to hand; and we only wish we had the space to reprint the piece in its entirety. It hardly says some things that badly need saying, in three times when almost everybody seems to delight in putting the boots to poor old John Bull.

"We should be grateful to anybody who gives us a laugh these days," writes Willard Webster, "so three hearty cheers for Professor A. A. Marvin, of Leinograd University. It wasn't we who defeated the Spanish Armada, he has discovered."

"The English ships were made of Russian wood," he has just told the world. "They sailed under Russian sails and were painted with Russian names. They were built in Russian yards and were crewed by Russian sailors."

"Then they retained the cap of winning all the singles, and all our sports writers and all our defeated players paid tribute to the brilliant play of the Americans."

But was Hogan laggard? Not he. On landing back in New York, he said he did not like British golf. "British courses," he added, "are terrible." And he didn't seem much interested.

Back from Britain in the same mood was Fred Perry, pre-war Wimbledon tennis champion. "Nobody can play tennis like me any more," he was kind enough to say, "and the courts are in terrible condition."

Equally severe were the comments of Evangeline Renee Martz. In case you don't happen to know, or remember, Miss Martz is nine years old and is widely billed as "The Wonder Child Preacher." "No matter what I ate," commented

Chink In The Armour

A Most Story by Clara Phemmer
There was a legend in the remote Russian village of Cateby. It was the legend of the English nobleman who had been knighted throughout the length and breadth of the country—and indeed further afield—the legend of Lady Cateby, the daughter of a nobleman and a lady beautiful par excellence.

And now, though she was dead, the legend would never die. It seemed to Martin Gregory, wandering son of the village, that nothing had changed since he had left many years before. Even the tramp whom he and Bill Daley, the factor's son, had christened Sunny Jim, was sitting there by the lodge gates in his dirt and his happiness, cooking a stew identical with the horrible concoction he had brewed 20 or 30 years ago when Martin and Bill had been laid together.

Not having been born until 1940—remarks the author—the little evangelist can hardly be blamed for not appreciating the main cause of our austerity. But surely the two sportsmen should have had some inkling of what has been going on in these isles in the last 10 years.

As an American, Hogan may be largely forgiven for his ignorance, and so may Perry, for he has long been a United States citizen. The fact is that the average American has very little appreciation of the fundamental causes of Britain's present plight, nor does he realize the tremendous strain to which all our resources (including golf courses and tennis courts) have been subjected during the war, two years of which we endured before the United States was forced into the conflict.

Mr. Webster explains that this lack of appreciation is not due to indifference, and that the average American is well disposed toward the people of Britain. "It is largely because the facts about Britain are either kept from, or distorted, or falsified. When the instalments of Winston Churchill's second war book, 'Their Finest Hour,' appeared in the Daily Telegraph, we were given the comparative figures of British and American casualties. The magazine, 'Life,' which holds the United States rights to Mr. Churchill's memoirs, cut out those figures. Life's editor spared his readers the knowledge that, in proportion to the two nations' population, Britain lost twice as many fighting men as did the United States. He also left out mention of the 60,000 British civilians killed in air raids."

But this is all we can quote from a very ably written article. This is supposed to be a column about sports, and it was the remarks of those two noted "sportsmen," Ben Hogan and Fred Perry, which first caught our eye.

Still, thinking it over again, perhaps they just furnish further evidence of the growing tendency of a whole lot of athletes and sports figures to take themselves much more too seriously. We don't need to confine ourselves to golf and tennis to see glaring examples of this tendency—or to travel south of the border to find it, either!

It was then, as Bill's voice cleared up, that Martin's clear doctor's brain began to question. Why had young Jeremy—who he had known as a quiet, gentle lad, a bookworm at heart—gone off into a dark continent that once held a dark attraction for him, and died in a test of physical endurance for which he had never been trained?

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Heart-Rending Stories Of Happenings Behind Iron Curtain

One of the most heart-rending stories coming from behind the Iron Curtain is the plight of those who are being sent to the gulag. The stories are heart-rending. The stories are heart-rending. The stories are heart-rending.

At home, the chances are that if the wife happens to live with her parents, and likely as not in the same town as the husband, she will be a constant nagging. Her family choruses: "You'll never see your husband again. You'll never see your husband again. You'll never see your husband again."

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The Smile That Conquers

On and on droned the voice of the prosecutor. Above him, on the bench, the judge seemed half asleep, eyes drooping wearily. At an oaken table, the defense attorney, a small, stringy man, slouched back, curling his lips at the edges, curling sweetly like a grin.

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Weapon Wedding

Weapon Wedding—A bride of one day, charged that her husband, Francis E. Byers, 29, of Des Moines, Ia., forced her to marry him at gun point. Byers said she had married him to a friend, Nedron, Nebraska, willfully.

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Double Scrubbing

Double Scrubbing—New York's water-saving campaign put 180 little Fagin-like kiddies in the same bath tub. Maurice, 1800, took a bath with Jimmy, age 4 months, second to Betty, "Who's going on here?" Mother, Mrs. Dorothy Radigan, said away—using a little water as possible.

Honey-eat Hank

Honey-eat Hank—A man who eats honey. A man who eats honey. A man who eats honey. A man who eats honey. A man who eats honey.

YOU DEPEND ON DADDY

YOU DEPEND ON DADDY—A man who depends on his father. A man who depends on his father. A man who depends on his father. A man who depends on his father. A man who depends on his father.

Slitting This One Out

Slitting This One Out—Demonstrating something new in water skiing. Bud Leach, mounted on his favorite chair, over a pair of water skis, goes skimming over the water. Bud has promised to try a rocking chair lashed on two chairs for his next demonstration.

JITTER

JITTER—A man who is jittery. A man who is jittery. A man who is jittery. A man who is jittery. A man who is jittery.

By Arthur Pointer

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