

Where Streets Were Paved With Silver

Much has been written in fiction as well as in history regarding the epoch of Virginia City, which began as a group of diggers, tents, and crude cabins clinging to the side of Mount Davidson. These were replaced by sturdy frame structures which were soon wiped out by disastrous fires. Then buildings of brick and stone took shape, and a few mansions were built. By far the most notable of the latter was that of Carson City, whose wife, Elsie Orum, was known as the "Queen of the Comstock."

The streets of the city were, in fact, paved with silver, as the low-grade ore was used to surface them. Better ore was piled up for later treatment, and the high-grade ore was sent to England to be milled before local mills were built. Later a local mill, erected by the partners Gould and Curry, cost a million dollars.

Mark Twain lived in Virginia City and wrote the daily Territorial Enterprise, at that time Nevada's leading newspaper, of the life which thrived so lustily there during the several boom periods. The Comstock poured out so much wealth in silver that it gathered momentum in the United States operated a mint at Carson City for twenty-three years to handle its bullion.

The mining boom had brought enough people to the new district that their influence was felt in the East, and in the spring of 1861 the Territory of Nevada was created by act of Congress. James W. Nye, a New York lawyer, was appointed governor, and Orion Clemens, brother of Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain), was the first territorial secretary. Several months elapsed before these officials, traveling by boat around the Horn from New York to San Francisco, then by stagecoach over the range, arrived in Nevada. In October the first territorial legislature met in Carson City, chosen as the capital. — From "The Downs, the Rockies—and Desert Gold," by Helen Downer Croft.

starts a new cash crop. It takes peasant farming a step beyond the struggle for mere subsistence. It starts minds working and demands suspicion and hostility.

There is glamour in the plans for equipping countries like Nigeria with steel mills, great dams and aluminum plants. But their appeal is more to the ruling elite in these new countries than to the humble. There is glamour, too, in the arrival of shipsloads of food labeled "Aid from U.S.A." But for the hungry and ignorant chained to a life of bare subsistence on the land there is greater glamour still in the elementary revelations of men like Mr. Davis. This is the kind of aid that brings fast results at minimum cost. — The Baltimore Sun.

AIRY LOCKS—An orbit or orbitness is the theme of this spring coffee for 1942. Inspired by the celebrated feat of John Glenn and the other astronauts, the sides of the new hair style lift up, while top locks cross the crown of the head in a celestial swirl.

Maybe We'd Better Switch To Tea

If two Indiana University Medical Center scientists are correct, the familiar New Year's Eve slogan, "Make the Last One for the Road Coffee," is doubtful advice for drinkers. Aided by a collection of staggering rats, pharmacologists Robert B. Forney and Francis W. Hughes claim that caffeine can actually prolong the effects of alcohol.

What One Negro Did in Nigeria

Joseph R. L. Sterne, writing from Nigeria, tells the story of Charles I. Davis, an American poultry specialist, a Negro who once taught at Princess Anne on the Eastern shore. For the past two years, sent out by the American Agency for International Development, he has been a teaming poultry raising in Nigeria.

Here, as in most of the underdeveloped countries, food supply for the ordinary people is skimpy and badly assorted. Here, as in most of them, it is not lack of land but ignorance that holds down production; ignorance of the principles of good husbandry plus bad seed for planting and scrubby blood lines in farm animals.

What Mr. Davis is doing is to correct that in Nigeria so far as poultry is concerned. Mr. Davis is showing the Nigerians how to raise Rhode Island Reds, and the results of his demonstration are spreading in concentric circles.

In a land where eggs and broilers are offered on the market, this may seem a small thing. In Nigeria, it is a big thing. It adds protein to an unbalanced diet greatly in need of it.

med (in Hospital): "Are you medical or surgical?" John (in Hospital): "I don't know." Jim: "Were you sick when you came in or did they make you sick after you got here?"

FRIGID BRIGITTE—Seeming chilled and impatient with air freight check at Los Angeles airport, waxen likeness of French actress Brigitte Bardot, clad only in the bottom half of a bikini, glazes out from crate. Made in Mexico City, the wax figure will be put on display in a Buena Park wax museum.

SET SKETCHER—Academy Award winner Charlton Heston passes time between takes of his latest film, "Diamond Head," by making sketches of the movie sets and flora of Kauai Island where the crew is in location. With Heston is his co-star, Yvette Mimieux. One of Heston's sketches, the carved head of a grotesque jungle god, is shown at right.

A Really Fine Book About A Great Man

Full many a volume has compared the exciting lives of Sir Winston Churchill—his memoirs, his biographies, his war exploits, the tragedy of Gallipoli, the lean and unrewarded years, and the resounding climax of World War II.

Biographies have sprung up. Arthur Brant in "The Turn of the Tide" dealt with Churchill in relation to other war leaders, and Sir Winston himself penned the whole epic struggle of "The Second World War," drawing on state papers and personal minutes.

But now we have a book which concentrates wholly on the drama and decision of Churchill throughout World War II, the profound and moving struggle from the days when the British "flowed" across France, the exhilarating word, "Winston's Back" to the moment when, with Hitler's "thousand year Reich" or the British cause after the re-election, tenders his resignation to the King and advises His Majesty to send for Mr. Atlee.

Jack LeVine and John Lord, in their "Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years" almost make World War II too dramatic and heroic. There were a slogging, exhausting midnight hours in a cesspool of a rooming house, with Hitler's "thousand year Reich" or the British cause after the re-election, tenders his resignation to the King and advises His Majesty to send for Mr. Atlee.

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CHURCHILL'S DAUGHTER TO WED—Sarah Churchill, the 47-year-old daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, poses with fiance Baron Ausley, 43, in London. Miss Churchill announced her engagement April 3. It will be the third marriage for Sarah and the second for the baron.

CHRONICLES OF A GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well, how did you like the first of the play-offs—that is between the Leafs and the Rangers? Partner and I thought both games were good, but unfortunately we didn't watch them together. Partner was at home and I still in the hospital—at first worrying my heart out because I could hear a hockey broadcast, but not clearly enough to get the score. One of the nurses came into my room and I asked her when the broadcast was coming from. "Oh, that's from the semi-private room where my husband is a patient. The set belongs to his room-mate." I am sure they would be glad to have you watch the game if you are really interested. So off I went—out again, and again on Thursday—and was able to go to bed well content because I hadn't missed the play-offs and was able to talk things over with Partner next morning.

Have you heard the subject I want to introduce for your consideration is hair-dressing—a far cry from hockey.

Have you ever realized how a woman's hair-do reflects her temperament, her health and her spirits? Most women, when they are up and dressed, look like their best and their necessities spending time on their hair—either at the hairdresser's or setting their tresses at home. Go to any social affair—church, I.O.O.F., W.I., or what have you, and you will find most of the women smart and well groomed. But occasionally you will notice a woman whose hair looks ragged and uncare for. Inquiries will generally reveal the fact that that same woman is tired and under the weather, and hasn't enough energy to care what she looks like. I have often felt that way myself, but I let myself go. I have Partner on my track. "For heaven's sake go and get something done to your hair," he will say. "It looks like the devil!"

About six weeks ago he got after me in just that way, so I made an appointment and got a permanent, and three days later came a call from the hospital to say they finally had a bed waiting for me. Was I ever glad I had got that permanent!

Since then I have been looking around at the other patients. Quite a number of them came in, much like I did, and one of the Hesperus—a few on stretchers, saying little and caring less; hair hanging loose and straight around their faces. Then as time went on and each one began feeling better, you would hear from first one and then another—"Oh, my hair, isn't it awful!" A kindly nurse took pity on my room-mate and put her hair up in pin-curl. Immediately she was more cheerful and looked fifty percent better. A younger patient, as soon as she was able, of a bikini, glazes out from crate. Made in Mexico City, the wax figure will be put on display in a Buena Park wax museum.

Gambler Didn't Believe in Luck

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Modern Etiquette

By Anne Ashley

Q. We've been having an argument in our group as to who place it is to speak first at a meeting on the street, be the man or the woman. Will you please settle this for us?

A. While once it was the "lady" who spoke first, today—if they are good friends—there is nothing at all wrong with the man's speaking first.

Q. How should the very big type of champagne in a cocktail be eaten?

A. If you can strap it in all in half with your fork against the side of the glass—or at the very least, put it on the side of the glass, and cut it up with the fork.

Q. Should the bridegroom announce the marriage to the bride's parents as a sending out any?

A. This would not be in polite taste. They may, however, wish their friends and relatives to be notified by personal invitation.

Q. Is it acceptable now to do a typewritten letter of course, signing it, of course, hand?

A. While most social compendia may now be typed, it is considered more proper and more indicative of respect to write letters of condolence by hand.

Now, before getting any further into this humdrum literary effort, let me point out that Arias is not a friend of mine, I have talked with him only briefly, alone, through a number of times last season as part of an inquiring group. Whether or not he hits home now this year, or 21 makes no difference to me.

However, if any one of the critical reporters who have been blasting Marius with their typewriters would cool down long enough to dig into the situation—to mingle with Roger's mates and get a truer picture of the sort of fellow he is—they would, if they were fair, have to change their tunes in a hurry.

There can be no doubt that Marius is a high-strung athlete, charged with a competitive temperance that often reaches, and passes, the boiling point. It is a mistake for any ballplayer to let his temperance show, particularly in front of the press.

But if you could have invaded the Yankee clubhouse last season while Marius was hitting home runs, and if you would have listened to some of the questions to him, Roger didn't even raise the fellow, because he asked me to point him out. Naturally the boy was upset. Wouldn't you have been?

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Said another Yankee: "The thing that surprises me most more than anything else is that experienced, capable newspapermen keep falling for this line about Marius, a line that traces to one or two reporters who have always taken the attitude that they're never wrong about anything."

"I've never been chummy with Marius. He barely ever says much to me, maybe because I'm a pitcher. But I respect him and take my hat off to him, and wish I could be in his shoes. Unfair reporting such as I've seen down here this spring hurts all writers, even the fair ones. You can't blame a ballplayer for not wanting to talk."

SKYSCRAPER

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One of the more experienced Yankees told me the other day: "Roger is the same boy today that he was when he played for Cleveland and Kansas City, and when he first joined our club. He hasn't changed. He always was a bull dog; he always had that fire and determination; he always hated failure in anything he did."

"Just how much can a boy take? How can you do anything but admit what he did a year ago, dogged by the press, radio, and TV, and trying to do the best he knew how out on the field?"

"Let me tell you something about Roger," our spokesman went on. "There's a better team player wearing a Yankee uniform. He follows orders alertly and intelligently; he'll do anything to help win a ball game. And, as a matter of fact, so will Mickey Mantle."

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