

Hollywood Sights and Sounds—

Spilling Soup Puts Gig Young In Pitcher Shows

By ROBBIN COONS

HOLLYWOOD—It is rather unfortunate for the cleaning and pressing business here about that Stephen Longstreet wrote a character called Gig Young into his novel "The Gay Sisters." On the other hand, it was very fortunate for Byron Barr, Bryant Fleming and Gig Young.

Mr. Barr, Fleming and Young are a 24-year-old, very handsome fellow who will be a movie star ere long unless women and girls suddenly turn thumbs down on handsome young men with dash, the old reliable smoulder, and a soupcon of insolence.

Washington Daybook—

Draft Possibilities All Depend On Local Board

By JACK STINNETT

WASHINGTON—Answering the mail orders: R. J. S. Dunne, N. D.—Your query is one of many I have had about "what are my chances of being inducted into the army with dependents?" After a good deal of hammering at selective service officials here, the only answer I can give is that it depends almost entirely on your local board.

C. C. W. Roselle, N. J.—War Production Board and Office of Price Administration officials here tell me that they have had a number of queries similar to yours—how individuals could contribute articles (as in your case, two typewriters) to the war effort.

ing in a Culver City hotel, followed by a brief career in a Beverly Hills filling station. Then he hit his stride. There was something about restaurants, besides food, which proved irresistible.

"I didn't spill much there," he says. "It was when I went to work at a drive-in that I proved decisively I wasn't to be a waiter."

Art finally interfered with labor. During a fellowship at the Pasadena Playhouse he studied days and acted nights. He and a fellow aspirant, Bill Hamner, shared a backyard shack and subsisted on prodigious batches of stew.

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progress, you probably could do most with them by offering them to some of the secondary war agencies. As for your typewriters, why don't you offer them to the Red Cross, the United Service Organization or any one of the many non-government agencies who are contributing so much to effective prosecution of the war?

T. L. Parsons, Kas.—For the present, forced savings (a law that all persons must invest a portion of their earnings in war savings bonds) are a dead issue. There are, in the government, many experts who insist that forced savings are an absolute and immediate necessity to prevent inflation, even with price and wage control.

J. R. G., New London, Conn.—The most authoritative source here will tell you—off the record—that the shipping shortage is due to failure of government shipping officials in high places to plan several years ago a ship-building program of sufficient magnitude.

Here's Mine, Where's Yours?



—From Huntington (W. Va.) Advertiser.

The Big Spring Herald

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UNFAIR TO LOVE

By Watkins E. Wright

Chapter Eight BELLE OF THE BALL

Fred DeMille reached Kathleen's side, as Joe hurried off.

"Here I am back again, like the proverbial bad penny!" he said. "You draw me like a magnet."

"The setting may be more or less rural," said Fred. "But there's nothing rustic about you, my child."

"That," smiled Kathleen, "is the nicest thing you've said to me yet."

"And now," Fred said, as they moved in and out among the other dancers, "I wonder if you'd do me a favor."

"Of course!"

"I've got to find some furniture of a pre-war—Civil War—variety," Fred explained. "For the play I told you about."

"You mean 'Goodbye, Honey Chile'?"

"Yes, that one. . . . I thought you'd know where we could find some. How about driving out to some of the plantations with me, and having a look?"

"I'd be glad to," said Kathleen eagerly. "I've got a few pieces myself that you're welcome to. And I know a lot of folks in the country near Linville who have a lot of stuff stored in their attics."

"Splendid!" said Fred. "Shall we make the trip tomorrow? Sunday's a good day for me. The play for next week is a familiar one, and it's all set."

"Tomorrow will be all right with me. Morning or afternoon?"

"Let's make it in the afternoon, and then we'll stop off at some eating spot for dinner."

"That'll be fun!" said Kathleen. "But don't feel you've got to buy me dinner for helping you find furniture."

"I'm asking you to have dinner with me," said Fred, "because you do things to me—make me feel young again. And that, my child, is something."

"Someone else out in them. Then another man. On and on. . . . Handsome Couple

And as Kathleen danced with each of them she only half heard what they were talking about. She was thinking of the drive out into the country with Fred DeMille, thinking of the things she was going to say to him.

"Why so silent, honey?" her partner asked.

"Thinking!" said Kathleen "About me?"

"Of course," she lied.

"Maybe I've got a chance with you after all!" said the young man, overwhelmed.

"Maybe," said Kathleen. More cutting in—more partners. And then another local boy dancing off with her.

"Joe's going for actresses in a big way!" he said. He nodded toward where Joe was leading Ruby Howard out to a dance.

And with the leading lady, too! He's certainly hitting high!" Kathleen looked. And she got a glimpse of Joe smiling down into Ruby Howard's upturned face. Joe, all youthful enthusiasm—and Ruby with wide, interested eyes.

"See 'em?"

"Yes. They make a handsome couple."

"Not afraid?"

"Of what?"

"That actress—she might steal Joe, you know."

like smiling. She kept thinking about Joe being alone with Ruby Howard—reading to the actress the play he had read to her so often. And she couldn't save her understanding why the picture Joe and Ruby made should annoy her as it did. But it did annoy her.

"Who knows," Ruby had said to him, "but that we've discovered inspiration in each other."

"Darn!" she said with considerable feeling.

"What's the matter?" her partner asked.

"Just thinking out loud," Kathleen told him.

And they danced on and on. But now there wasn't very much lightness in the dancing, so far as Kathleen was concerned. She was even glad when it was all over, and everyone was telling Mrs. Buxton what a huge success the reception had been, and congratulating her upon her cleverness in planning and carrying things out.

"Ready to go?" said Fred.

"Yes," Kathleen replied.

"I'm all in," Fred said later, when they were in his car. "Can't keep the late hours I used to keep. Got to have my eight hours sleep."

"Dancing is tiresome if you keep it up too long," said Kathleen, oddly listless.

Fred had little more to say. He was weary. That was easy to see. All the sparkle had gone out of him. And Kathleen felt a surge of disappointment. She had thought that there might be an opportunity to talk acting to Fred on the way home—but she now decided not to mention the matter.

"That wouldn't be any use, anyway—with Fred acting as though he might fall asleep at the wheel any moment. She sank back against the upholstery and closed her eyes.

She kept hoping that her companion would become more wide awake as the early morning air blew upon them, that he would start talking to her.

But he didn't. And she decided to say nothing herself.

They sped on in silence.

To be continued.

TEXAN BAGS NAZI

LONDON, May 18 (AP)—Pilot Officer W. J. Daley of Canadian, Tex., was one of two American Eagle pilots credited with shooting down a German plane each in yesterday's raid on Gravelines, occupied France. The other was R. S. Edner of Fergus Falls, Minn.

Man About Manhattan— West Point Perpetuates Play Tradition

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—The cadets of the United States Military Academy have established a shrine to Lieutenant Alexander Ramsey Ninninger, a member of the 1941 graduating class, who died at Bataan Peninsula. The monument to "Sandy" Ninninger will not stand on the beautifully landscaped grounds of the post, but, if the cadets have their way, it will be as durable as the granite figures that do adorn its lawns and gardens.

The memorial to Ninninger is a show, an annual performance by a Broadway success, to perpetuate the ceremony which "Sandy" himself inaugurated only a year ago, before he graduated and went to death on a battlefield. Ninninger established the custom in the spring of '41 by persuading the management of "Arsenic and Old Lace" to come to West Point. This year John C. Wilson helped carry on the tradition by moving his company of "Billie Spirit," the Noel Coward comedy, to the spacious theater-gymnasium on the post grounds.

The "Billie Spirit" players arrived in a war-time atmosphere, at a post where an unaccustomed vigilance prevailed. The stars—Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leona Corbett and Mildred Natwick—motored up independently, armed with passes which limited their stay to one day only. Similar passes were given to other members of the company, crew and staff who came by bus. Troops on motorcycles met the visitors, saw to it that their passes were in order, and escorted them into the grounds.

The post is well equipped for theatrical production. The spacious hall has a public address system which conveys the voices of the actors to the remote corners of the building. It has been endowed with the discarded settings of past hits. The setting of "Tovarich," for instance, was strolled made over into a Kentish living room, which is the locale of the Coward fable. Lights, properties and other equipment are there in abundance, a heritage from the now defunct WPA theater.

The annual play is an item of the lecture course, and the cadets are taxed a half a dollar for admittance. Officers of the faculty must also pay the fee, and even Major General Francis B. Wilby, superintendent of West Point,

Editorial — Unnecessary Govt. Printing

A rumor from Washington says that the government printing office, greatest plant of its kind in the world, is so swamped with orders that it may become necessary to farm out some of the work to plants throughout the country.

It is understood that the production of sugar rationing cards, big single order of printing ever handled in this country, was handled partly by outside plants.

Any newspaper editor who examines the contents of his waste-basket knows why the government printing office is swamped. Dozens and scores and hundreds of booklets, leaflets and pamphlets pour in an unending stream from Washington's multitudinous bureaucracy—nine-tenths of it unnecessary if not useless. Better than nine-tenths of it goes into editorial wastebaskets without even a cursory examination, and very little of what remains is usable or useful.

Another burden on the government printing office stems from the fact that this is an election year. Members of congress send out millions of campaign speeches marked "not printed at government expense." That is a misleading tag, for the simple reason that the printing is done at cost and the vast volume of this sort of work ties up men and machines in the printing office at a time when they are needed to turn out work vitally needed for the war effort.

For the duration, the printing office should refuse to accept this type of work. In behalf of the war effort congressmen should voluntarily forego the privilege of forcing the office to accept their campaign printing. Nobody ever reads these political screeds which are sent postage free to constituents already paying heavily for many non-essentials. It is ridiculous to impose such unnecessary business on the printing office when it can't keep up with its normal and essential production.

Life's Darkest Moment



Mail-Haul Bids Open On May 28

Sealed proposals for carrying mail between the Big Spring post-office and the airport will be received from now through May 28 at the office of Postmaster Nat Shick. It was announced Tuesday.

Hawaiian Volcano Is 'Bombed Out'

HILO, T. H., May 19 (AP)—Mauna Loa volcano has ended a two weeks eruption during which it cast a bright glow over blacked-out Hawaii Island and was subjected to an aerial bombing to halt the lava flow toward Hilo, the lifting of army censorship disclosed today.



