

Here's Only REAL Dope On Smelly Folding of Journal!!

FEATURE NEWS

10¢

NIGHT CLUB GUIDE

ROCHESTER FLASH

SPORTS THEATRES

WEEKLY

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Vol. 1—No. 26

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 3, 1937

JOURNAL FOLDS!! HEARST GIVES IN! Gannett Wins!!

SCOOP!

Mad Killer Irwin Starts Battle Of Cops

This didn't make the local dailies, so you might be very interested to know that the capture of Robert Irwin, the mad sculptor who did away with a beautiful New York model and two others because he was sore at somebody else, started a big scrap amongst the cops, which is quite funny.

Of course you know that Irwin wasn't found by the cops but by the Chicago Herald-Examiner, a Hearst sheet which is supposed to be among those Willie Randolph is shelving. The sheet held Irwin for 24 hours without even letting the cops know about it. By that time the gendarmes, who were on a great big spot, must have been aw-

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Tainted Triangle Puts Fiancee In The Soup!

They say that love is a wonderful thing, and after getting a load of this tall but true tale, you'll be convinced between gasps.

It revolves around a certain young gent with the initials H. B. He was a desk clerk at one of the burg's smaller downtown hostelrys, and although he was engaged to a pretty redhead, he was just young and peppy enough to cast an appreciative eye at any pair of well-turned an-

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Frankie Has Say-So Morning, Noon & Night Now!

Looks Like One Man Town Here, Boys & Girls!

The Journal's done and Hearst is gone, and that's that! As always, this sheet is first with the real news . . . and by mathematical figuring, the editor reckons The FLASH beat The Journal by over two hours in coming out with Hearst's swan song (as of Wednesday).

Judge Puts Kibosh On Old Prudish Sex Laws!

Well, dear little public, this didn't happen in Flashtown, but it affects this burg very much, so we'll let you have it.

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But that really doesn't matter . . . what's a couple hours more or less. What does matter is that in this issue of The FLASH you get the real story of how Mr. Hearst folded his Journal and the real reason why and what the real deal happens to be.

Maybe from now on, The FLASH will be the only place where you can get the real story on a lot of things. Who knows?

After years and years of trying and after dumping a fortune into this burg, Hearst is checking out . . . and how he checks out!

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Journal Folds Up!

Hearst Makes Deal With Gannett On Joint, But Turns Down Cool \$500,000 Offer

(Continued from Page 1)

Three hundred people . . . people with families and responsibilities . . . were fired on about 24 hours notice!

Three thousand newsdealers and newsboys lose a good share of their income without notice at all.

And now about 400,000 people in this town and county have to take the ideas and opinions of just one man . . . and read only what he thinks is fit for them to read. Having Hearst around was even better than that. We could point out that The FLASH is still around, but we'll let that go for a while and get on with our story.

Gannett Has Clear Field

Mr. Frank Gannett now has a clear field in Rochester, without any competition. If you want to read a morning paper, you'll have to read his. If you want to read an evening paper, it'll have to be his.

There wasn't even a word about the Journal closing until Monday. The Journal was unofficially closed down through. At the time of this writing, the Journal workers haven't even been officially told they're through, though they know they're putting out their last sheet today (Wednesday)! That's William Randolph Hearst, the friend of the great American people, the big patriot who thought men like Roosevelt didn't have the "people's" interests at heart!

The Journal has been losing more than \$100,000 a year, or more than 2,000 iron men a week . . . and it's been doing it for a long time. Last week Hearst closed up the New York American. This week here. And there are six more of his sheets that are gonna be closed pronto!

And what happens with all of the Journal property? It's very simple. It all goes to Mr. Frank Gannett. Gannett is reported to have bought the Journal's equipment . . . and also to have purchased all the Hearst features and services, like the comics and Walter Winchell and Edwin C. Hill . . . and is supposed to be paying \$3,000 a week for said Hearst features. Between what he has and what he will get in the deal with Hearst he will have sewed up all the wire services and practically

all the good features obtainable. And it's definite he won't operate the Journal.

It looks like it's gonna be a one-man town all over again, boys and girls.

Gannett Has Say-So

Mr. Gannett will have the say-so here morning, noon and night. If he wants to raise ad rates, all well and good. And if he wants to print only one side of a story or leave out a story, there's no other sheet outside of this that can do otherwise.

We're not saying Mr. Gannett will do this, BUT HE CAN. That's what Mr. Gannett has said about another Frankie named Roosevelt. Give Roosevelt more power and he probably wouldn't abuse it, but he could . . . and, said Mr. Gannett's paper, that would be danger enough!

Speaking of Roosevelt, where do the Democrats come out now? The Journal was closed down, but it would give them a break once in a while. Now they know they won't even get that. Mr. Gannett is supposed to still cherish his ambition to be Republican Governor of this state. Everybody knows what his politics is. That's okay, but it's pretty tough when it's the only point of view in the town.

Meyer Jacobstein, now publisher of The Journal, is down in New York City, due back today. He is down there, from authentic reports, on behalf of Louis Wehle, Genesee Brewery head, and Emmett Finucane, another local millionaire of high calibre (both Democrats) and a few other men . . . to offer Hearst a half million dollars for The Journal as it stands . . . and we've just had word that the deal fell through. All the stuff goes to Frank Gannett.

In return, Mr. Hearst is supposed to get a clear field in Albany, where both Gannett and Hearst own a paper apiece.

How did it all come about? Well, some months ago, Hearst, who has been a little pressed for cash, decided to do a little financing and float some stocks and bonds. The story is that the S.E.C. sent his plan back suggesting that some of his

sheets get straightened out. So Hearst decided to consolidate and drop some of his lemons. Rochester was decidedly a lemon. In the meantime, the dope is that Mr. Gannett's New York financiers and Hearst's New York bankers got together and made themselves a deal for their boys. And this is it, and also why Meyer Jacobstein's offer of half a million didn't get a tumble.

New Daily Sheet

But there'll be another daily paper, kiddies, even if The FLASH has to come out every day. It might be a part of the Scripps-Howard chain or some other out-of-town publisher . . . or it might be a local-financed sheet . . . but you'll have it. This might be a one-horse town in a way, but it's still a little too big to be a one-man town.

What happens to the Journal help? Gannett won't be able to absorb any but a small percentage here . . . 'cause it's rumored he has promised to take care of some of his Albany help here . . . and besides, in fairness, he wouldn't have room for many more workers. Hearst isn't taking any Rochester boys or girls to Albany. That's definite.

The boys don't know if Hearst would even give them an extra week's pay for getting through the week . . . but the reporters don't have to worry 'cause Hearst had to sign a contract with the Newspaper Guild some time ago . . . and the contract says that if an employee loses his job through no fault of his own, he gets a week's pay for every year he's been on the job, and not less than two weeks' and not more than 6 weeks' salary.

How are the fired news-hawks taking it? Most of them are sorest about losing their vacations with pay . . . and on their last day of full work (Tuesday) they got a giant lithographed picture of Frank Gannett, blacked one eye and shot darts at it to see who'd hit the bull's-eye the most . . . with a prize. Poor Mr. Gannett! It wasn't his fault!

As for The FLASH, before it had the full news about the Journal it had decided to give its customers practically a brand new paper . . . even bigger and better than ever. And it's going through with it now more than ever. The date will be the same as before . . . watch for us with our new dress in about two weeks. But don't neglect us up till then.

Because the slogan of this sheet still holds good . . . the truth is cheap at a dime!

CAUSE OF COP ROW!



Here's the boy who had the police fighting for glory. Alayer Irwin is chap in white. The others are cops, in case you can't tell.

Cops Fight Over Killer Irwin!

(Continued from Page 1)

fully hungry for at least a little bit of the glory.

After Irwin was turned over to the Chicago sheriff, with the Hearst sheet scoring a country-wide scoop, two New York cops lost no time in hopping a plane for the Windy City to grab Irwin for Manhattan's "finest."

Some reporter did a little eavesdropping and heard of the New Yorkers and say, "This is a hot spot at police headquarters in Chicago. We have Robert Irwin here. He has confessed to the murder, first of the mother, then the girl and then the boarder. We're going to take the plane in half an hour for New York. I don't know where we'll land."

But in spite of the lieutenant's phone call to his chief in New York it was more than a half an hour before he set out, much more, because an awful row started betwixt the Chicago cops and the boys from Manhattan. It seems there was a powerful lot of pressure put on the New Yorkers by high Chicago police officials to prevent Irwin being taken to New York right away.

Plenty of gold-braided police big shots were arriving at the spot where the New York gendarmes were trying to get away with Irwin and the reporter-eavesdropper heard plenty of long and loud arguments between the Chicago and New York forces.

He caught the drift of the argument, which ran something like this — " . . . what's the rush . . . he won't get away . . . where's your sense . . . think of the publicity . . . and the credit . . . why not here? . . ."

But all the time this was going on Irwin was having a

good time, enjoying of all things, the admiration of the women officials around the place. Matrons and women clerks around the place came into the room in relays to look over the prisoner. They came out burbling and gushing, according to one reporter — "How good-looking he is . . . What a lovely boy . . . Hasen't he got nice hair . . . a thing . . ."

But Irwin came through with the pay-off. Speaking about the three people he had murdered, he said: "I will repay those lives by developing that power of visualizing which is the next step in the evolution of the human race."

He might try visualizing the electric chair, which he probably won't sit in . . . as his lawyer can probably prove his insanity.

Life is a pretty mad whirl, isn't it?

Hot Flashes

Dancing to lilting tunes at THE BREAKERS: Handsome DICK NUSBAUM 'n th' sweetest armful of auburn tressed loveliness seen in many moons . . . Wonder if DANIEL (Birr Strasse) CRAWFORD is still enjoying his job as steam shovel operator . . . Chauffeur of the week: EARL CRIST of Milton St. . . . Just what does this mean: ARTHUR SANDERS of Nawth Fitzhugh St. bein' "troubleman" ? ? ? . . . Nicest personality in FLASHville: that of RENA SANFORD, frau of HAROLD SANFORD D&C'er . . . What's CHARLIE (No. Union) RITCHIE doin' these days . . . Still toggery modelin' it ? ? ?

Ork Leader with a wee bit of Scotch in him: MAC (Casino) MCOMBER

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Tainted Triangle Puts Fiancee In The Soup!

(Continued from Page 1)
kles or even legs when they passed through the lobby. The gal friend was pert and far from what might be called frigid, but sometimes she found it a bit of a job keeping the lad's attention from wandering.

One morning, just a few months ago, a new waitress was hired by the manager of the hotel. She was a blonde, slim and the possessor of a pair of almond eyes commonly classed as the bedroom variety, and it wasn't long before the male employes were gathering 'round, including the romantic desk clerk. Competition became so keen for the tray-toter's affections that the clerk and a pal had a scrap about her, with the result that the clerk won out and immediately dated the so-called siren.

The pal, a pal no longer, immediately went into action and let the fiancee in on the situation. The gal, being red-headed, went into action right after she got the news, but was about an hour too late. The birds had flown to another coop, where no one seemed to know. It happened to be a small apartment on the south side, far from the maddening crowd and belonged to the tray-toter.

When the desk clerk finally saw his fiancee he was feeling so well that he cheerfully lied about his whereabouts and lulled her suspicions with a great big kiss.

Within a week, however, it seemed there was something definitely rotten a lot closer than Denmark. The engaged lotlario went to a doctor and had the bad news confirmed. Ashamed and ignorant of that sort of thing, the hotel clerk went home and started to dose himself with quack remedies instead of continuing with the doctor. As a result, he became desperately sick. His fiancee finally guessed what the trouble was, had a stormy session with its cause and the tainted siren

Army Invades Flashtown!

Hang onto your hats, kiddies, here we go again on the merry-go-round of inside dope. Mebbe it's a bum steer but we got it from a veddy reliable source . . . it seems the U. S. Army is moving in on the town in a great big way. With the big war scare in Yurrop and armaments booming, even the U. S. is increasing its army and navy in ships, men and guns. And with the war music going 'round and 'round, some of it comes out here in Flashtown . . . with the report running that the Army is gonna station 150 crack war planes out at the local airport, with the place being fixed up so it might be used as an army air base in case of war. The dope also runs that 20 new hangars are gonna be built to accommodate all this, and that the building gets started within the next couple weeks . . . without much fanfare or publicity.

So we pass it all on to youse for what it's worth.

Judge Puts Kibosh On Old Prudish Sex Laws!

(Continued from Page 1)
In case you didn't know it, there happens to be a law in this state against selling contraceptives and birth control aids . . . but a Brooklyn judge, from one angle, knocked this law into all sorts of little pieces last week and sent the birth control situation up into the air all over again.

The Brooklyn District Attorney started a campaign to jail drug-

left suddenly for out of town. Now comes the remarkable part of this yarn, which shows that truth is stranger than fiction . . . 'cause instead of throwing her engagement ring in the sick face of her hubby-to-be she became his nurse . . . and he needed a nurse in a bad way . . . his weight dropping pretty close to 100 pounds and his bank-roll getting even thinner.

to a high-priced but reputable doctor and dug down into her purse for the bills, which left her very little for wedding bells. After a time, Nature had its way, and the guy got better and everything was all set for his nurse-fiancee to say "I do."

That should be the happy ending, but it isn't. Just last week, in this month of June, month of weddings, the grateful desk clerk packed his luggage and boarded a train for Chicago without so much as a word of goodbye, leaving his jilted girl friend with a heavy heart and a gob of his unpaid bills.

There's no moral to this tale except that the guy is neither a man nor a mouse. He's a rat!

gists who were selling contracep-

tives (so-called), though said contraceptives are regarded by hygienists as the No. 1 prophylactic. He arrested ten druggists and put one on trial before Judge David L. Malbin down in dear old Brooklyn as a test case.

The druggist was arrested by the D. A.'s raiders for selling rubber sheaths, which the D. A. contended was against the anti-birth control law. The druggist's defense was that the rubber sheaths were sold as a preventive against disease.

The judge dismissed the charges against the druggist, disagreeing with the D. A.'s contention that the "evidence" was contraceptive mainly and not anti-venereal.

Said the judge in his verdict: "The defendant has committed no crime. It is agreed that under the policy of the Legislature it may enact laws to safeguard the morals and health of its people. The evidence in this case gives rise to no such danger, and to hold otherwise would be a step backward in our enlightened, advancing civilization.

"IF THE SALE OF STERILIZED AGENTS IS ILLEGAL, THEN THE SALE OF HARMLESS GERMICIDAL AND HYGIENIC PREPARATIONS MUST BE PLACED IN THE SAME CATEGORY, IF BY THE VERY NATURE OF THEIR USE THEY MAY PREVENT CONCEPTION. (The capitals are ours.)

"The court cannot take such a narrow construction of an obvious fact. Nothing should be done to hamper and thwart scientific effort to relieve and, above all, to prevent these diseases and the social consequences attendant upon them."

Which all means, kiddlets, that if a device or preparation prevents venereal disease it is perfectly legal in use, even though it is also a birth control device. In fact, even though it might be used for birth control, this test case proves that if it is also a health-protector it is perfectly within the law.

The Brooklyn judge took care of that by ruling: "The protection of the public should not be

denied by placing a ban on the sale of proper articles used in the prevention of venereal disease, or in hygiene, merely because the same article may, as an incident to its use, prevent conception."

So there you are . . . as long as the article is a disease preventative, you aren't breaking the law by selling it, though it may also be a birth control device . . . as most venereal-preventatives are.

Which all makes a very pretty kettle of fish of the Empire State's birth control laws.

(Editor's two cents: If any of our local prudes think we shouldn't be so vulgar as to mention such awful things as in the above yarn, we don't mind mentioning that this same story got quite a bit of space in the N. Y. Times . . . and while our standards are of course higher than those of the N. Y. Times, we'll string along with them this time.)

Hot Flashes

CELESTE (Sib's) BONSIGNORE business 'n pleasuring-it at Bryn Mawr in Pennsylvania . . . Playing nursemaid to buzzing telephone wires, Missus VIRGINIA PLATT of the Exchange Strasse exchange . . .

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Broadway Columnist Turns Into Sunday School Teacher

When a Broadway columnist, whose business is to write about the butterflies of the bright lights and the misdeeds of us humans, turns around and writes like a Sunday School teacher in a big Manhattan tabloid . . . and when his stuff turns out to be all extra special with a lot of common sense for everybody . . . well, when all that happens it's news!

The columnist is Ed Sullivan of the New York Daily News, and Sullivan on Tuesday forgot about men and maids and who goes for who and why and wished out some good advice . . . it's called "Listen, Kids" and evidently for new graduates . . . but it applies to anybody . . . so we recommend you take a gander at it and here it is:

Time and again, I've repeated it, without ever realizing how silly it was: Opportunity knocks only once. . . . Can you imagine how depressing it would be if all of us got only one shot at the brass ring on this curious carousel of years? . . . We'd all wind up failures. . . . But I've just been reading a book by Warden James A. Johnston, of Alcatraz Prison, and in it he tells of a speech that William Jennings Bryan made to the inmates . . . Bryan, who was a wise man, and a great talker, pointed out that Opportunity knocks every day in every year . . . That's a heartening thought for you kids, just out of high school and college, because it's true.

Broadway would be sparsely populated if Opportunity knocked only once. . . . The Ritz Brothers would be working in a paper factory. . . . That was their first opportunity. . . . Fred Astaire would be working in a Nebraska granary. . . . Harry Richman would be peddling ladies' dresses. . . . Helen Morgan would be serving ham and eggs in a Chicago hashery. . . . That each of them, and all of them, are in the big money now proves that Bryan's thought was right, that Opportunity keeps banging on your door every day in every year.

But that doesn't give you permission to mess around . . . The start is important . . . Jesse Owens and War Admiral never fooled around when that starting gun was fired . . . You have to get away from your mark with your head down and your feet flying . . . All of us can't be as fast as this pair, but you can follow their example to the extent of getting away fast.

You probably say to yourself: "Nuts to that kind of advice. How do we get a job?" . . . The answer is that you've got to look for it. . . . Sure, they'll tell you they'll take your name and address and they'll get in touch with you, but that's happened to all of us . . . That's part of the rules, I guess. . . . You've got to keep trying, because Lady Luck will break your heart before she gives you a break. . . . But she's a fickle goddess and give you a break. . . . Say, she did that to all of us. . . . You're not an exception.

You'll hear a lot about honesty. . . . Let me put it to you more plainly: Anybody who is not honest is a fool, a self-wit . . . If you borrow money, pay it back. . . . If you can't pay it back immediately, go to the person from whom you've borrowed it and explain the delay. . . . Don't duck across the street when you see him coming. . . . The most important thing you've got is your reputation, so keep it clean.

The greatest friends you'll ever have, win, lose or draw, will be your family. . . . Always be proud of them, and decent to them.

I suppose it's a trifle curious to hear a Broadway columnist tell you kids to get as much sleep at night as you can . . . We're out all night . . . But this I've learned . . . A human engine is a lot like the battery of an automobile . . . The battery of a car will charge, accumulate a reserve of electric strength when you run it in the daytime . . . If you run a car at night the battery loses strength . . . Doctors and auto mechanics will tell you this.

Don't talk too much . . . Be a good listener . . . You'll learn a lot by listening to older men . . . That is, some older men . . . Just because a man has a long white beard doesn't prove that he is smart; sometimes it just proves that he can grow hair.

You'll meet a lot of people in business life and in social life who will annoy you to death . . . The more sensitive you are, the more deeply you will be affected . . . Capt. Bill Raftis, retired head of the Pickpocket Squad of the New York police, was talking about this very thing one day, and his advice was wise: "I used to be affected that way by people," he said, "but then I'd go home at night and decide in my own mind whether or not the people who upset me were worth that much attention — and they never were."

RED HOT FLASHES

It's the beautiful handwriting of bookkeeper ESTELLE (E. Main Strasse) KLEE that we see in them dar books . . .

Molar-man who does his bit to ease pain, DR. CHESTER HUMMELL of North Strasse . . . Man with an elastic job, ROBERT RUPENTHAL of Portland Avenue . . .

Blonde of the Week:
MARY STERLING
(Woodside Strasse)

Comely tray-foter of the Week:
ADALE RUSSELL of So. Fitzhugh . . . Mazuma-figure-upper, ANN RUSSELL, pay-roll clerk of Carlson Rd. . . .

"Watch your step!" part of conductor PETER (Baldwin Strasse) JONE's daily sermon for the N. Y.S.R.R. patronizers.

'Nother good soul going good in the sole bizz, PAUL (N. Goodman) MARCIANO, shoe-worker.

Jolly good fella of the Week: Supt. FLOYD MENDER of Crawford Strasse . . . Magic house where Missus GRACE HEFFNER waves her wand for beauty, Missus HEFFNER's beauty shoppe on St. Paul Strasse.

Appealing Voice of the Week:
AL CUCCINELLO'S
(Red Winger)

We Say:

Cora gave her b. f. the air last nite. His intentions were serious alright, but what intentions.

FOR SALE: Antique chair, by lady with well padded seat. Cora says there's no depression on the farm. She went out with a farmer and none of his hands were idle.

Marriage may not be quite the thing, but if you have a nice, nice girl nothing really matters.

Cora thinks that chain letters originated in bathrooms.

The guy who made the Austin car didn't accomplish much, but neither do the couples who park in 'em.

The guy on the roller coaster always yells, "Hold your seat and don't stand up." 'n Cora wants to know how you can hold your seat without standing up.

We think that kissing a girl good-nite is a custom of long standing.

Give a horticulturist half a chance and he'll start cultivating your girl.

An old maid is a Yes-girl who never had a chance to talk.

Cora calls her b. f. Dissipation because he's beginning to tell on her.

Hot Flashes

Ailing foot Marches On!!! when Chiroprapist, JOHN MARCH of ~~1000~~ ~~Strasse~~, through with it . . .

Shipper-upper manifique, ROBERT HEFFER of E. Main Strasse. Mile-a-minute dictation no earache for secretary NORA HEILMAN of Franklin Strasse . . . Looking for leaks, plumber inspector FRANK (Court Strasse) PLANT.

Host of pretty nursies under the supervision of Missus NELLIE RUUSS of Melville Strasse . . . Doing by day what he can't do by night, so goes it with FRANK (Rosewood Terr.) MOTT, night-foreman . . .

Nicest Personality of the Week:
MADELINE FALCONE'S
(Saratoga Avenoo)

PHIL YATES sporting snappee new Green Coupe but jist now we're interested in the 'gugdgeous blonde who sits beside him . . . Her name is BETTY 'n is she svelte?? . . . Give us a break, PHIL! . . . We hear she likes Auburn cars 'n, goody-goody, we got one . . .

Salesman-Sam of the Week: GEORGE (Wilkins Strasse) PLATTEN . . . 'Readin', 'Rifing, 'n 'Rithmatic, EDWARD (Weeger Strasse) SZARLACKI'S specialty.

Forewoman of the Week:
MISSUS LORETTA SWAN
(Meigs Strasse)

PEGGY NORMAN, ex-coed 'n JACK ROTHCHILD, Syracuse Playboy, seen together Oh! sooo often at the Golden Grillery here of late . . . It's a long way from Syracuse, JACK, but your GAL sure is worth it.

City Bus drivers complatning that we don't squawk to Papa BEN TILTON for more new omnibuses . . . like the one we squawked for for SCOTTY 'n BLAKER of the Gilde-Lexington Line . . . Some guys get all the breaks, eh, fellas??

Two Strikes On Wall St.

Buying stocks with most of us guys and gals is something like cutting a piece of cheese off the moon . . . but just for fun, after the auto strike and with the steel strike on, here's what happened to a few of the steel firms and auto companies on the Stock Exchange . . . mebbe you'll be interested.

Bethlehem went down from \$105.50 to \$76.50 a share; Youngstown Sheet & Tube dropped from \$102 to \$74.75; Tom Giedler's Republic Steel slipped from \$47.25 to \$31.25; Inland Steel, another of the companies on strike, flopped from \$131.25 to \$94.75. Even U. S. Steel went from \$126.50 to \$92.50 per share and Chrysler automobile stock dropped below 100 bucks a share for the first time in way over a year. Biggest crash came from Auburn Automobile, which slipped almost 10 bucks a share in four days from a price of 923.

So if you play around in the stock market, you won't like steel strikes, but maybe if the steel bosses are thinking of their stockholders they might be willing to compromise instead of fighting it out and taking losses. But the biggest slap of all to Wall St. is that the C. I. O. is beginning to organize the stenogs and bookkeepers along the Stock Exchange into a union, which is certainly adding insult to injury, eh, kiddies?

Hot Flashes

LA COOK-AR-HOTCHO better known as the Cockroach, OUGHTA flee from town, cuz MISSUS ROBERTS of Park Avenue has just invented an absolute Roach elimination powder, that sends Roaches where they won't come back, no more, no more!

Add lovelee lassies that have middle-named themselves with some of the Red Wingers' monickers: ARLENE (Nubs Klenks) PERLMAN 'n FENESTA (Hugh Poland) BARLOW, of Washington High Seal.

Contest of the Week: "Listening-In" to WHEC 'n Hershberg Joolery . . . Wish we had a radio here, so's we could listen in 'n mebbe win a prize . . . Ennyhoo, we got a wristwatch, only it doesn't work . . . Them Longines ain't bad.

Beware, KODAK PARKERS 'n you MANDELLS—Texas-Hurricane HARRY MASTERSON 'n his gang of Horsethieves, threatening to reorganize their Baseball team 'n throw every one a challenge.

"THE MEAL TICKET"—By Bill McCullough

The inside story of Carl Hubbell, screwball pitcher of the New York Giants and Bill Terry's "meal ticket." Truly a great story of our national pastime.

"JUST BREAK THE NEWS"—By J. P. Marquand

Every school has a boy like Diapers Chadwick. He's the worm, the sissy, the outsider. Here is the story of Diapers, who carried boyhood's scars to war.

THE YOUNG VISITOR—By Mary Roberts Rhinehart

A good piece of fiction that will stick in your memory—Alex Hallam got away from it all to finish his novel. Too far away he realized once the book was completed. It was a tough situation for Shiela until the visitor arrived.

You always find the best in

July 3rd Issue
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**THE SATURDAY 5c
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Meatcutter of the Week:
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Loews' Theatre Building

BEATRICE SPENGLER worked so hard yestdee she fell asleep in the bus walle homeward bound . . . Windowshopping, MARY ELLEN TREZISE of Farragut Strasse.

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Where Merrymakers Meet
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FLOOR SHOW SAT.
A RIOT OF FUN
LUNCH — DINNER
and FISH FRY
Are always the feature at this homey spot

RED HOT FLASHES

'N a whisper to PAULINE KULL, the lil' gal who's made every issue of the FLASH: Where's MURPH taking you on Firecracker day?? . . . We can't mention her name but H. B., 4 Corners Tap-room brunette, hates GREEN . . . Ho hum . . . That was some nifty CHRIS D'AMANDA was escortin' across Exchange Strasse the other eve . . . MRS. I. H. please call the FLASH office . . . Has titian haired ELOISE MORSE still got the big yen for her linotypier hubby?

Perriest orbs of the week belonging to OLIVE (Rundel Library) MAYER . . . Popular lawyer man in FLASHville, GEORGE (Wilder Bldg.) HIXON . . . Pretty as a picture in her big rimmed hat, ELIZABETH (E. K. Co.) MORRISON . . . Say, how many times does the mall come in at the Fairport post-office?? . . . Seems as tho DOROTHY RUMPF makes some extry trips . . . Is he . . . or are they . . . handsome, DOT???

FLASH FLIPS

All the way from Strong Memorial come a few FLASHES . . . Number one on our FLASH-parade . . . Is it true about BILL being engaged to a girl in Utica or is he just trying to burn up VIOLET SCHULTZ?? . . . How does he really feel about her?? . . . Brush-cut of the week belonging to svelte medico COVER . . . S'too bad that the directors find it so hard to keep the girl help out there . . . Can it be the mean "cut" the lassien got?? . . . Howabout more mazuma for the fair lassies 'n then U'll be happy goings on for everybodee . . .

Wonder if RUTH SHIFFER still waits for her heart-throb everee Tuesdee 'n Thursdee nite . . . Rain or shine?? . . . Still velly, velly de-lovely is JEAN HEINEMAN at B. Forman . . . Who is the classy guy MARIE BATTAGLIA of Portland Avenoo sector is stepping out with lately?? . . . Did she forget about BERNARD QUINN of Ogden, Utah???

Big event of the past-week: N.Y.A. dance held at the Y.M.C.A. . . . Dancing to the liltin' tunes of popular Ambassador's ork where LILLIAN BORT 'n partner "Whatchamicallum" . . . Looking svelte in light-colored togs, Supv. ANTHONY CHIAFFREY 's EUGENT PROVENZANO . . . Greeting frens, ALLEN STEEN 'n LEONARD GORDON . . . Beaming over the affair were, ever-smiling JOSEPH BURKE, N.Y.A. director; JOSEPH HUSSEY . . . 'n popular Mistah SCHANTZ . . . Mistah CHARLES LEONARD oh! sooo busy with the tickets 'n new comers.

Most charming bride of the week: The former HELEN (Neisners) BRUNO . . . 'n my oh my, what lovelee bridesmaids . . . Nuptial-ing RUDY OSTOWSKI of Herald Strasse 'n HELEN MASTOWSKI of Rhine Strasse . . . This ideal couple's namen, if made one, would cover the hull alphabet, we bet, we bet . . . Returning for Cost Accountant's Convention at Hot Springs, Virginia . . . 'n bringin' home golf prizes: OTTO SEEBACH, J. WRIGHT, 'n WILLIAM JORDAN . . .

George (Texaco) McDermott and Mary Cutaker are rollin' along in a noo Pontiac an' we wonder if that will postpone the nuptials still longer . . . Union Hotel and Union A. C. will knic-pic at Kerns Grove on Firecracker Day and a rollickin' good time is expected by all who attend . . . Myrtle Whitney H. & B. (blonde) readying for the stroll down the middle aisle at least that's what the gals were showerin' over the other eve.

the history of Mary Magdalene . . . Inasmuch that Inez Peck objected to her glorious eyes bein' FLASHed we would like to call attention to her veddy cutp dimples.

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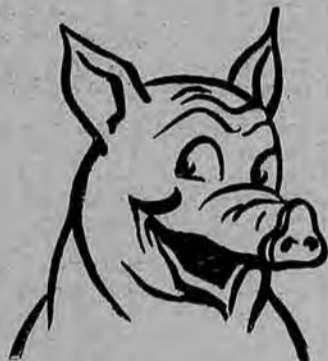
Not to be outdone by the Democrap-Comical's little offer of books, we had our man look over the books that sheet is offering to the public and he discovered that the books were not real literature . . . and that \$3.39 is quite a sum of money.

The FLASH decided to give the public a break if it wanted real good books, so here's your big opportunity . . .

At very little cost and hardly any trouble we secured 7 very rare copies of "Tom Swift At the North Pole," four complete sets relating all the thrilling adventures of Dick Merriwell and one, only one, copy of "The Campfire Girls in Sweden." But that isn't all, folks, there's even a beautiful set of "Art Studies," two with 4 pages torn out, and several thousand back issues (a little faded but autographed by the janitor) of the FLASH, obtained solely for literature lovers.

Now all you have to do to secure any part or all of this magnificent library is this:

Send in only 250 copies of the coupon printed at the bottom. All you have to send in with it is \$43.75 in stamps, and one of the valuable books in our library is yours. If you keep this up at the end of 20 years the whole library will be yours. Think of it!



As an added inducement, to everyone sending in 1,800 coupons in one week we will present free of charge a full sized healthy pig (alive) such as pictured here. This break is unparalleled in newspaper history, especially if you like pigs. As this is entirely free, you only have to send in \$85.00 to cover the slight cost of mailing.

Don't miss this opportunity! Send in your coupons. No additional credit for boxtops.

COUPON COUPON COUPON
SPECIAL BOOK OFFER

The FLASH
6 State St.
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Please send me some of your junk. I'm a sucker.

Name.....

Address.....

Phone Number (only if female).....

CAN DOCTORS END THE FEE RACKET—By Fred'k L. Collins
Do you know who gets the money you pay and why fees are sometimes so high? — Here's an eye-opening expose.

THE BIG SHOTS ARE TREMBLING NOW!—By Will Irwin
How a mild New Yorker's sennational triumphs have set the pace for a new nation-wide crackdown on Crime.

THREE MEN—AND A BOAT!—By George Bruce
A swift, stirring tale of hell and high water, an ace picture-snatcher, and a girl.

SHALL WE THROW AWAY OUR PRICELESS HERITAGE?—
an enlightening editorial by *Bernarr Mastadden*

July 10th Issue
Now
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WEEKLY

On Sale at All Newsdealers

TOMCATS ON THE FENCE

Everybody's been hearing about striker's killed and about postoffice stuff being withheld because it was supposed to go to steel plants besieged by pickets . . . some people are yelling that the country is lousy with Communists and others are screaming that this U.S.A. hasn't gone far enough and is taking too much crapolino from the industrial bosses. Where there is so much fur flying, The FLASH figures it's only fair to give both sides of the fence, even though each side is something of a tomcat on said fence yowling at another tomcat who's trying to crowd it off said fence. Like the New York Daily News, which is printing both sides, this sheet is giving the lowdown from big shots in both camps and if you can settle some of the confusion in your dome on all the strike fuss maybe this'll help you out . . . the title for all this should be "What Everybody Should Know" . . . Now go ahead and take your medicine.

Harvey Campbell, author of this article on the employer's side of the labor situation, has been with the Detroit Board of Commerce for fifteen years and is thoroughly conversant with the views of the motor industry's leading figures. The Detroit Board of Commerce represents the city's big employers. To quote Campbell, "It maintains the principles upon which Detroit became the capital of a great industrial empire."

By HARVEY CAMPBELL

(Vice President and Secretary of the Detroit Board of Commerce)

Detroit, June 20.—You can't sell a bill of goods with a blackjack—and keep it sold.

That is exactly the way the CIO has sold itself to the motor industry of Michigan. A gang of Communists—Lewis, Brophy, Martin—listed on the 1937 Soviet rolls of honor, invaded this industrial capital, violated every law aimed to protect private property and public rights.

My opinion is that tolerance has been strained to the limit. There will be some political hell to pay if these Communist tactics continue. The reaction has already started in Minneapolis, where a Communist candidate for Mayor has just been overwhelmingly defeated.

As long ago as last March, after a series of conferences with industrial heads here, I warned that we could place no dependence upon any agreements signed by irresponsible trouble makers.

We have seen what happened in Akron, where the agreement signed early in 1936 was disgracefully violated. My prophecy has already come true in Michigan. Sporadic outlaw strikes have kept the motor industry in an uproar. Witness the shutting off of power and light in the Saginaw Valley and that dastardly "labor holiday" at Lansing.

"A bunch of nuts," alibied Homer Martin of the U. A. W. after the Saginaw stunt. But I haven't heard of any of those "nuts" being kicked out of Martin's union.

Now the leader of this cavalcade of unrest belatedly warns his followers that an agreement is an agreement to be kept; that unauthorized sitdown strikes will not be tolerated; that order must come out of the chaos he created.

Homer Martin has proved his insincerity. The workingmen of Michigan did not ask for outside help or sympathy. Lewis and his gang talk of representatives of "their own choosing." Who ever elected Lewis?

Herrin Massacre Recalled
Given the power he seeks as dictator to all industrial labor in America, Lewis may be expected if the occasion arises to duplicate his achievement a decade or more at Herrin, Ill.

A group of workingmen there attempted to operate without the Lewis sanction. The outcome was the infamous Herrin massacre in which some forty employees of the Southern Illinois Coal Co. were clubbed, kicked or shot to death after they had surrendered to an attacking force of 1,000 striking members of the United Mine Workers.

This happened, oddly enough, soon after receipt of a telegram

from Lewis, then president of the U. M. W., declaring that the Steam Shovel Men's Union, which at the time was operating the Herrin mine, had been suspended from membership in the American Federation of Labor.

So it goes. Undoubtedly, the technique of the sitdown strike as at present applied, is another product of the Lewis brain. It would be a pleasant idea for him to try it out in a Federal Reserve Bank, a United States Post Office, or say, in the White House itself. I wonder how the President would like that.

Sitdowners today occupy the Nash-Kelvinator Corp. plant offices, tying up the books, the audit-

ing department, the sales thing. They won't let the boss in, and what they're doing to his property nobody knows. Incidentally, the inside story of what happens to property in a sitdown strike has never been told. It couldn't be in a family newspaper. Sabotage is a mild word. The truth is unprintable.

Outside Agitators Blamed

Detroit has had an influx of outside agitators, union organizers and strike makers. They have sought to tell our workers what they could do and what they couldn't do, and they have pulled off all the rough stuff that goes with ruthless organized labor tactics. They have openly defied the edicts of our courts. We will never solve our labor problems until we have an equitable viewpoint in local, state and national government.

There is an unholy alliance between union racketeers and politicians. Legislation like the Wagner Act is all for the union and against the 35,000,000 workers who want to be left alone. That act, it seems to me, is based upon one concept—that the union laborer should be protected, but not the general public.

Detroit's rise as an industrial center dates from a critical period in our history.

It was a time when the Mafia ruled New Orleans, the Molly McGuires rode the coal fields and eleven policemen died in the Chicago Haymarket riots. A man who dodged one of those bombs selected peaceful Detroit to build automobiles.

No labor leader contributed to the new layer of wealth thus created and spread over America. But the Lewis ilk, invading Detroit, is seeking to seize that wealth. I think I know Detroit's answer.

Clerk of the Week:
ALF. H. KLEE
(Public Market)

A former Baptist minister who quit a Missouri pastorate to work in a shop, Homer Martin, head of the U. A. W., ranks next to John L. Lewis as a CIO leader. Crisp-spoken, athletic and youthful appearing, this 36-year-old union chieftain typifies the generalship of the new labor movement. He soared overnight from a shop job to his present position. He was hop-skip-jump Olympic team champion in 1924. He is married, with two children Ida Nell, 12, and Jack, 6.

By HOMER MARTIN

(President of the United Automobile Workers of America)

Detroit, June 20.—The United Automobile Workers Union, an affiliate of John L. Lewis' CIO, today can proudly proclaim that it has won the war on independence for workers in the motor industry of Michigan. In less than one year we have:

(1) Enlisted 350,000 heretofore unorganized workers.
(2) Signed agreements with General Motors, Chrysler, Packard, Nash, Studebaker, Reo and all others except Ford.
(3) Raised wages at least \$250,000,000.
(4) Improved working conditions immeasurably.
(5) Established peace and friendly relations in every organ-

fessional strikebreakers and labor spies to fight us.

We are in Michigan to stay. There are 600,000 eligible members and we expect to organize them all. Next will be Ford. Then we will reach out for salesmen and finally into the tractor, truck and airplane industries. Our program will be peaceful penetration.

We hate war. We want peace, and wherever we have a contract there will be peace in the days to come. Elsewhere there can be none. There will be no compromise on the vital issues of industrial democracy and human rights!

Hot Flashes

Exiting from the Reynolds Arcade-ery . . . 'n looking verree jolle, GINNY STEDMAN . . . Home from Michigan U 'n' a man-of-leisure about-town for the present, BILL (Gildie) Strasse) STRASSER.

Artist-man with most keen ideas, SPENCER EASTON of East Avenue . . . Surprise of the week: VERA SWARTZENBERG's marriage . . . The now Missus DENNIS was clerk to VONGRESSMAN GEORGE KELLY at Washington . . . Sorcest-men-about-berg: Junk dealers whose license fee rate has been raised . . . Mebbe causing some junk peddlers to junk their junk blzz.

Hope JACK HANE (He of the silver locks) doesn't burn like a certain other lad when he sees his monnieker here . . . Don't look now, girls, but we thinks MICKY M'COY is back in circulation.

Flashtown's TEUTONIA LIEDERFAPFEL won the title as the bestest singin' society in upstate

Copper of the Week:
FREDRICH RUFF
(W. Sawyer Pl.)

BILL WEGMAN (Post's Drugs) is passin' out the seegars; the reason a 9¼ lb. bundle from Heaven . . . JAKE RUBENSTEIN isn't hangin' around the city so much these week ends 'n we didn't know he liked golf . . . Former Dep. TOM WOODS sunnin' himself on the Main Stem and looking better than he used to . . . ROY RADCLIFFE, the Romantic tenor will appear on th' local "Melody Lane" air show on Sunaft, mid-July.

Draughtsman of the Week:
GILBERT RUNION
(Inglewood Dr.)

GREEN TREE PHARMACY
Prescription Specialists

1036 WINTON RD. N.
Culver 5493

Bull Pharmacy

2 Rosewood Terrace
PERSONAL SERVICE
Culver 2637

Winton Pharmacy

Prescription Specialists
692 WINTON ROAD N.
Cul. 3003

George's Market

Groceries and Meats
1004 LYELL AVE.
We Deliver Glen. 20

TIRE SALE

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All Sizes
We Specialize in Truck Tires
A. & R. TIRE CO.
410 W. MAIN ST.

SMOKED COOKED HAMS

SLICED FREE
GROLLING'S MKT.
417 THURSTON RD.
GEN. 6280

Miller Drug Co.

1152 CLINTON AVE. N.
Prescription Specialists
MAIN 8709

Vanderbelt Pharmacy

Ross F. Barone, Ph. G.
64 Monroe cor. Chestnut St.
MAIN 8735 — 8752

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Stone and Court Sts.
A. J. YOUNGMAN, Prop.

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457 Ridge Rd. W. Glen. 7188

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CHOICE MEATS, GROCERIES
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We Deliver Glen. 4412
J. C. KRUPPENBACHER

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Court at South Ave
FREE PARKING

CHILD STREET PHARMACY

Prescription Specialists
369 CHILD ST.
Genesee 4196

Voice Of Inexperience

Dear Voice of Inexperience,
Rochester FLASH:
When is a secret not a secret?
L.

Ans.: Dear L.:
When you tell it to your wife and she promises not to tell a soul and only tells her closest friend and the friend only tells her six close friends and finally nobody knows it, but the U. S. A., Canada and Mexico.

Voice of Inexperience,
Rochester FLASH:
Dear Voice:

I came home the other night and found a man in the clothes closet. The next night I found him there again and last night he was there, also. What shall I do with him? My wife says she doesn't know him. Quandary.

Ans.: Dear Quandary:

Tell him to carry a lot of moth balls with him and he'll probably keep the moths away all Summer.

Voice of Inexperience,
FLASH Office.

Dear Sir: My girl has just inherited \$20,000. I love her dearly but I can't marry a rich girl. Please tell me what I should do.
Benny Silverstein.

Ans.: Dear Benny:

Go and have your head examined and when the doctor tells you you are nuts, send us your girl's address.

Voice of Inexperience,
Dear Voice:

Every time I go swimming at Charlotte, some big lout insists on pinching me. How can I stop him?
Mamie.

Dear Mamie:

He is the victim of a poor education. Tell him to go back to school, as he probably feels a little behind.

Dear Voice:

I can't get to sleep at night because there is a lady opposite who insists on undressing with her blinds up. How can I get some rest?
Tired Out.

Ans.:

Dear Tired Out:

The only thing we can suggest is sell those field glasses you must have, but I always said that four hours a nite is enough sleep for any man.

Dear Voice of Inexperience,
Rochester FLASH:

It is too warm to wear a slip and if I don't the boys follow me for blocks on a sunny day. Please tell me what I can do.
Transparent.

Ans.: Dear Transparent:

Call me up the next sunny day and I'll follow you myself; just to shoo those nasty boys away, of course.

REFORMERS' VERSION

Almost everyone buys lottery tickets. They are bought in many forms. The little man bets two cents on his lucky number. The big shot invests heavily in sweepstakes tickets.

All this is against the law.

But what is a law?

Prohibition taught us a law is no stronger than public sentiment behind it. People didn't want prohibition. They did want a drink. Bootleggers waged gang wars. They grew fat and powerful on bum booze. The government garnered no taxes. It shelled out plenty to fight racketeers. Small change went for free board and room for petty peddlers in local stirs. But few of the ace men did time.

Now what about the lottery?

Gangsters are fattening on it.

Bankers send strong-arm men instead of dough if a chump hits for a two-bit piece. Murder follows murder as mob muscles in on mob. Counterfeit sweepstakes

Hot Flashes

Handsome map of Ireland in the new Post Office b'longin' to Tommy Riely . . . Hazel (Postal Telegraph in Powers) Izzo likes lot of pretty colors an' she can wear them to good advantage . . . Aside to Frank (commentator) Silva: Baseball fans are still wonderin' where you got those balloon pants you recently displayed while subbin' for Umpire Solodare t'other eve . . . Jack O'Brien's lovely frau loves to trip the light fantastic and does so at every opportunity . . . Bob (3rd Ward) Argus, the genial cop got that deep tan from divot digging at which he is becoming expert.

There comes a time in every man's life when he wishes his breath was as sweet as the flowers in May. Well, boys, when that time comes just drop in anywhere, your favorite bar or drug-store and ask for a vial of "SURE" it's a sure cure for any kind of breath odor from ale to onions. No kidding, one spot does the trick and it will last for months . . . Aside to Mildred (Red Apple) Martin: What is the big attraction at Conesus Lake every day off???. One of the best shows at Charlotte is at the Golden Grill with the only fan dancer in town . . . Smiling Art Titus doin' the honors behind the w. k. bar.

tickets are common as the macoy. There isn't an angle of the biz on the level.

But the people need the shekels and they like to take a chance. They keep on buying lottery tickets. More, they aren't going to break the habit. It's part of them. All talk of smashing the racket is so much window dressing. It sounds good over the air. It reads good in the papers. The politicians who pass out the gush know it's the oil.

So do the lottery promoters. New Orleans moguls may move to another parish. New York men may hide out in Jersey. But the old skin game will keep booming.

There is a take of around \$500,000,000 in New York numbers alone. The country loses billions—and this money—via the lottery route every year. Some of this goes to deserving foreign charities. Most of it goes to the mobs. Not a cent goes to Uncle Sam. Not a cent goes to our own folks who need help.

Let's face the facts. The present situation must be changed. And it can be.

A government lottery should be instituted. It should offer many prizes. It should give the ticket buyer a better run for his money than phonies offer. This would chase out mobsters.

All revenue from the lottery should go into unemployed relief.

Today our youngsters are out of school and out of a job. They don't get decent relief. Home is no heaven with mom and pop and the kids flat as busted balloons.

This spells skiddow for the boys and gals in the teens and early twenties. It dumps the nation's biggest asset—manpower—into the red.

Stop this waste!
Kill an enormous racket!
Institute a government lottery!
Ease up on taxation!
Give our kids relief!

Sporty Spiel

LEON SLADE, proud owner of the Bonbright medal for crackin' 98 clay birds out of 100 . . . TED JUKES too close for comfort . . . Young PETER KELLEY splashin' aroun' th' links with a sweetie-pie 76 at D. E. . . an' CHUBBY McKENNA doin' a ditto repeato at Oak Hill with a 77 . . . TOMMY CASTLE doin' okeh with the plov handle for the Kodakers down South with the Big Three of the softie pitchers: JOE WITZIGMAN, SHIFTY GEARS and GEORGE SUTPHEN.

WALTER DERRICK stealin' the show at the Sea Breeze track show . . . RED BUKOWSKI showin' the great big Greyhounds what pitchin' really it . . . PEGGY HARRIS can really run when she wants to . . . JOHN HECKER, net star, has about the best serve in these parts . . . Maybe HOWARD KRIST will be th' laddie to save the Wings from utter defeat . . . now if we only had another BOB O'FARRELL and ESTEL CRABTREE . . . Maybe th' kids are really tryin' at that.

JOE THOMPSON expectin' to cop RDGA tourney agin' this July . . . 'n DOC BRUCE LARGE defendin' his Times-Union title . . . Wish we could pitch th' hosses' footgear like the gee at th' Ro-day-o—Whee! . . . Don't see SID RAYNART at the Maplewood nets so much this season . . . whatsamat?

These gals have so much ambish, they kinder put the male species to shame . . . Bet Ump. SOLODARE will wear one of the blown up protectors after that nassy ol' foul tip last week . . . AGGIE FOX sure rates another mention after peekin' at her through the fence at Lake Ave. . . 'n what a tanny lookin' tan ROSE MANEL is acquirin'. So long.

Hot Flashes

Picnic FLASHES of the week: . . . Supv. GAGE M. MILLER 'n Assemblyman WALTER WICKENS co-chairmaning it for Chili GOP Club picnic . . . 20th Ward Democratic Org planning to go picnicing at Rice's Grove . . . Supv. JOHN ALLEN, honorary chairman of the annual affair.

Add to "I do"-ers: NORMAN STOTT of Meigs Strasse 'n MARY J. BROCKMYRE of Park Avenue . . . CHARLES SKUSE of Emerson Strasse 'n HELEN HEATH of Glenwood Street . . . FLORIAN ROTH of Culver PKWY. 'n ESTELLE LESNIAK of Kosciusko Strasse . . . CHARLES HAYES of Congress Strasse 'n HELEN (Laburnum Crescent) MEYER . . .

Barber of the Week:
ARTHUR JOSLYN
(Culver Road)

"Warner Brothers calling. Will you kindly report at our office for work, Miss GRIPPO?" 'N before charming HELEN (She - oughta - be-in - pictures) GRIPPO of Cottage Strasse could let out a deep, the voice ceased . . . Thumbing her finger thru the phone book 'n not finding any org by that name, HELEN was balled 'n is still thataway . . . HELEN is the image of Rochelle Hudson.

Bock Street boosts an engineer (for the N. Y. C. R. R.) by the name of CARL TAGGERT . . . Wethinks NUBS

TORTURE SLOWLY:

The strange brother who eats only whole wheat bread . . . the news carriers who say "I ain't got no change."

Saloon keepers who don't handle pretzels . . . Those who fear to light three on a match . . . Autograph collectors . . . stamp collectors . . . gas bill collectors . . . collectors!!!

The bird who slaps you on the back, knowing d— well you have a h— of a sunburn . . . the chap who sees you on the corner and mistakes you for lamp post . . . home breakers . . . the fat gink who insists on singing Auld Lang Syne . . . bridge players squelching all who can't play contract . . . fellows who flex their muscles on you . . . the silly-ass who says "I told you so" . . . Lazybone who slaps powder on his face instead of shaving . . . Puzzled mug who takes off his hat in the elevator . . . ditto the goop who keeps it on, and one who doesn't know what to do about it and doesn't do it.

KLIENKE is okay as sports announcer.

Lester and Alice Peck still like Lyell Ave. Fisher's which will be even nicer when they get that noo bar installed . . . Mike Spinelli has a steady gal friend in, believe it or not, Ontario which he makes in nuthin' flat . . . Rae (Nusbaum's) Moore is even sweeter offstage than when under the amber spot which oughta rate .a .great .big .hug . . . Charlie Houser and his lovely frau, Grace lookin' just like noo-wads though they've been hitched 17 years 'n years . . . Chuck (Bonbright's) Kalbfus says that when he's FLASHed it'd better be nice . . . What a swell lookin' guy Chuck is.

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All portions are large—Special prices for children—so bring the whole family

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These fine cars and many others are priced right—You can not find any better cars at these figures.

PACKARD 120 Sedan	\$695	'35 Chevrolet Master Sedan	\$395
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Hot Flashes

Number please-ing 'n enjoying it, DOROTHY (Merchant's Rd.) PLANTZ, telephone operator . . . Hardware - man - about town, HENRY (Avenue A) MUELLER. Settling down opposite Jones Park 'n Plymouth North, DR. ANGELO MASTRELLA 'n the Missus, his pretty lil' Irish nurse.

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During June, July and August

Movie of Massacre Bared By Newshawk!!

(Continued from Page 12)
theatres. In fact, one guy who saw the film at a private showing said, "It made me want to go out and bite a policeman."

But Senator LaFollette copped the newsreel for his Senate Civil Liberties Committee, and the screening was witnessed by ace newshawk Paul Anderson, a friend of LaFollette, who scored a scoop for his sheet, The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. And here the only description of that famous riot and equally famous movie as jotted down by Scribe Anderson:

" . . . Without apparent warning, there is a terrific roar of pistol shots (from the police lines), and men in the front ranks of the marchers (strikers) go down like grass before a scythe. The camera catches approximately a dozen falling simultaneously in a heap. The roar of the police pistols lasts perhaps two or three seconds. Instantly the police charge on the marchers with riot sticks flying . . .

"In several instances, from two to four policemen are seen beating one man. One strikes him horizontally across the face, using a club as he would a baseball bat. Another crashes it down on top of his head, and still another is whipping him across the back . . . In one such scene, directly in the foreground, a policeman gives the fallen man a final smash on the head, before moving on to the next job.

"In the front line during the parley with the police is a girl, not more than five feet tall, who can hardly weigh more than 100 pounds. Under one arm she is carrying a purse and some newspapers. After the first deafening volley of shots she turns, to find her path to flight blocked by a heap of fallen men. She tumbles over them, apparently dazed . . . Then she is seen going down under a quick blow from a policeman's club, delivered from behind. She gets up and staggers around. A few moments later, she is shown being shoved into a patrol wagon, blood cascading down her face and over her clothing . . .

"A man shot through the back is paralyzed from the waist. Two policemen try to make him stand up, to get into a patrol wagon, but when they let him go his legs are limp. He raises his head

like a turtle and claws the ground.

"There is continuous talking, but it is difficult to distinguish anything with one exception—out of the babble there arises this clear and distinct ejaculation:

"'GOD ALMIGHTY!'"

Whether the strikers are right or wrong is something we won't go into, but police brutality and needless loss of human lives are something that can't find an excuse.

And though the newsreel wasn't shown at all in the U. S., in Great Britain it went into all the theatres where Britishers stared with horror on how we do things here in the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Hot Flashes

PHIL VANDEVENTER recently sold a big piece of his property . . . MASTER STAN SCHILLING (5 years old) who will appear at TOMMY JENKS' Main St.-E. spot, plays a Sousaphone three times his size . . . and well too . . . Aside to VAL PORTER: We bow low, VAL, for reporting you last issue. We meant to say VANCE PORTER . . . A plea to the Knott Hotel powers that be: The boys are still askin' for the lil' blonde entertainer . . . Howsaboutit?

Attractive Lassie:
DOROTHY JACKSON
(Attendant
Roch. State Hosp.)

Friends of JIMMY (Costar Strasse) BONACCI predicting that he will be Rochester's supper-supper-tailor-tailor-man by the by . . . 'N to his brother PATSY, or PA-BEE, goes the nomination for A-1 as user-upper, or should we blame it on the Butck, PA-BEE???

Noo Yawk 'n also that coveted cupola the "Der Wanderpreis." . . . Two more victories like this and the cup is their's 'n good . . . 'n which we say: Goody . . . ALBERT ZEIGLER, the president was awarded the honors at the 13th SAENGERBUND in Utica on Sat., June 26th.

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Glen. 5727-J

CAPLAN BROS.
GROCERY
1178 CLINTON AVE. NORTH
Main 3856

AROUND TOWN

Mrs. Frank Henneberger displaying the latest in mid-lady's finery . . . Bill Breen motorman deluxe, with a fine bass voice . . . missing from the usual spots Ray Tindale and the missus . . . Jake Christman having a little tootsie trouble lately, s'too bad Jake . . . legalite Chris D'Amanda, a jolly good fellow, the bar picked him for treasurer of their cruise to Toronto.

Merwin Morehouse (Powers Bldg. legalite) ardent Flash fan, but complains there is not enough umph in the news . . . demon salesguy of any week Jack Winnie . . . assemblyman Meyer Braiman, takes the nod, for classy summer duds . . . patrons at the sign of the Red Apple, are wondering when Jim Wilson will return . . . we miss you top, Jim . . . Anne Cunneran, on a diet must be she doesn't know we're crazy about her as she is . . . Esther Gauch (Glenwood Exchange) one of Rochester's best little tennis players . . .

The Missus Thelma Bradley enjoys listening to a brilliant conversationalist, too bad we're not so hot at it . . . Someone should get wise and start a collection for the Home for Blind Mice, what with all the solicitors of donations for this and that . . . we will be treasurer if no one else wants the job . . . Brokerman Michael Saetta refuses to smile, guess he can't wait much longer for the new molars . . . so embarrassed does he get.

Hy Lipschutz a new straw hat, a stogie, and someone to hearken to his philosophy of life . . . builder-upper of the week: Bill Edell and are his homes selling fast? . . . Rickie's Sweet Shoppe cor. Myrtle and Otis Streets takes the prize this week not only for a 100 per cent increase in Flash papers sold, but for their special Red Head Sundae . . . Some of the boys that attended the Rodeo are burning up over that sign in the men's wash room suggesting they tip the porter as he worked without pay . . .

Carmela Siracuse and twin sister bumped into the Flash reporter Monday nite, Carmela expects to teach school again shortly . . . Francis Shatzel, the big he-man of Stantee Strasse was quite shocked, at a certain conversation he happened to overhear.

Eddie Turner, and his hosses are now in great shape for the Polo games, Eddie deserves pulenty of credit after months of hard riding . . . Simon Tishkoff bachelor of the week, too good a guy to be single any longer . . . let's do something about it . . . James Spampinato realtor always wears a big red rose . . . Mildred Martin, looks sooo charming, just had to stick her name in again this week.

Addressing Cracker 'n Milk Club Luncheon at Sagamore Hotel, DR. EDGAR LEWIS . . . Nice to hear that our GEORGE (N'Yawk Yankees) SELKIRK going over soooo big with the Ruthville fans . . . Bet folks on Emerson Strasse are mighty proud 'n why not???

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"SPIKE" WILSON

Doctors Out In Open Hot Flashes Hot Flashes For Birth Control!

(Continued from Page 12)
years of actual argument amongst themselves the doctors last week decided that contraception was now such a prevalent and accepted U. S. custom that it was prudent for the profession to take charge of the nation's 342 Birth Control clinics and \$575,000,000 commerce in contraceptives. Medical schools hereafter will teach 'how to space babies to protect the mother's health and the father's bank balance.'

"Roman Catholic priests instantly set up a violent denunciation of this decision. Father Ignatius Wiley Cox, professor of ethics in Manhattan's Fordham University, rushed to Atlantic City, assembled 75 members of the Federation of Catholic Physicians Guilds of America in a room at Crane & Co.'s plumbing exhibit and promised to 'advocate a Legion of Decency with regard to firms dealing in contraceptives and doctors approving their use.'

"This put two potent U. S. doctors in moral soup. Surgeon General (of the U. S.) Thomas Parran, Jr., is a devout Catholic. William Irvin Abell, president-elect of the American Medical Association, is Louisville's foremost and richest Catholic. Before Dr. Abell begins an operation he kneels and prays."

That's the report as Time puts it . . . and there's another report, too . . . of a doctor given a maximum sentence of four years in Sing Sing from New York . . . convicted as an abortionist . . . reason: he operated and his patient died.

She was married . . . a Mrs. Peggy Lynch . . . only 24 years old . . . but in her circumstances, another child would have been a family tragedy . . . She couldn't find any help from a reputable doctor . . . It was too late for that . . . so she had to fall back on the abortionist . . . and as a result she is in her grave and he's behind bars.

If she had had access to modern knowledge of birth control methods, the result would have been different. If this same knowledge was public and not a thing of shame, it would mean the end of the abortionist and his shady trade. It might also mean happier families . . . they're bound to be happier when the children come only when wanted.

The thousands flocking to the abortionist these days include a helluva lot of high school kids . . . Is it better to teach them a sane and clean way of conducting their life and handling the problem of sex . . . or is it better to let them find out by the whispering route, with the dirty story and the lewd giggle???

Every day children are learning about the politely-called facts of life. It's up to their folks to see **WHAT THEY LEARN, AND HOW THEY LEARN IT.**

Two weeks ago, this paper printed a ballot whereon you could register how you felt about making birth control methods public and recognized. Last week, we printed the results—442 mailing in ballots in favor and 386 against, totaling 828 people that thought enough about it all to send in their vote. Last week, though we didn't print a ballot, the votes still kept coming in. There were 286 in favor of birth

control to 43 against. So the total now stands with 728 for it, and 429 against, with the votes numbering 1,157 altogether.

This week we're running the birth control ballot again. Clip it and send it in with your vote. You don't have to sign your name. No matter how you feel about birth control, let's have your yes or no. You'll be doing both sides a great service just by letting the public know what the public thinks about a public problem. We thank you.

Wehle Horse Bites Guy; Guy Sues For 3 Grand!

(Continued from Page 12)
a big handsome mass of muscle with a swell coat of tan and an attractive white star on its noble forehead also must have felt a sudden fondness for the young lady. The porky hoss evidently objected to John knowing the gal for it stepped two paces forward and baring his pearly fangs, nipped Johnny neatly on the hand.

The injured guy freed his mangled paw and delivered a short left jab but the horsey side-stepped out of the way and fell into a clinch. The referee, in the form of some WPA workers who were working on Chili Ave. separated the combatants but John, as you may has surmised, was rather peeved about the whole thing. The more he thought about it, in fact, the madder he got and when the saw-bones told him

FLASHtown legalites turn sailors on July 9th when they leave on the Good-Will cruise to Toronto under Admiral Supreme Court Justice JOHN C. WHEELER. All the lawyermen received a court order, demanding they be on deck and signed by Chairman JACOB ARK . . . CHRIS D'AMANDA, jovial treasurer says that all sailors who mail their checks to him before July 1st will receive a ticket entitling them to one linen sailor cap, gratis . . . JOHN REMINGTON is Golf Chairman and th' laddies will stay at the King Edward Hotel, which we hope they will leave in Toronto when they return.

Whatsis??? . . . Fulton Avenue must be inhabitant-ized by oodles of widders . . . Got tip about a widdler of that sector's pfft with an Edgerton Park biggee . . . 'n about a half-a-dozen widders call here 'n claim they're the widdler FLASHed . . . One of 'em says, "Tell HELEN she can have him." . . . Who can have who?? . . . 'n Whatsis all about?? . . .

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What do you think of Birth Control?
Here is your chance to express your own opinion.
Cast your vote on this ballot and send to
The Rochester Weekly Flash, (Dept. 405)
404 Elwood Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

I am in favor of Birth Control [] check x
I am against Birth Control [] check x

Name _____
Address _____
Remarks: _____

RED HOT FLASHES

Handsome JACK STURDY's favorite melody, "I've Had the Blues So Long" . . . Our used-to-was Red-Wing Girl-reporter wants NUBS KLEINKE 'n the charming wife 'know that it was she who was anxious to take Missus KLEINKE to a movie . . . 'n nobody else . . . We think she likes the KLEINKE duet velly much . . .

Pleasant Office Mgr.:
CLIFFORD JOSLIN
(Broadway)

Is the Green-eyed monster pursuing MICKEY BEVERLEY?? . . . Why does the squad car park at the corner of Plymouth and Adams nitely?? . . . Could it be that the boys in a certain gas station are making a nuisance of themselves . . . such as tossing fire-crackers behind a girl who is expecting a little bundle from Heaven . . . and scaring her half to death? . . . Shame on you!

MAX NUSBAUM vaddy snazzy in his white togs Sateve . . . now if he could only smoke white seegars . . . ED (Rhea's Gift Shoppee) MORSE minns 4 of his front fangs and we still don't know what he twied twoo twell us 'otner day . . . Is it true that WILLIE (Kapeel) KEEHLER is going in the Casino Floor show? . . . such goin's on, I'll say.

This Coupon Entitles You to Participate in
DONATION NIGHT
Drawing to be held every Tuesday at 8:30 P. M.
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Winner must be present within ten minutes of drawing and present ticket to correspond with winning name and number. If winner is not present, \$1.00 will be added and drawn for following week.
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CUTALI represents the
ultimate in ITALIAN FOOD
in Rochester and today still
Leads the Field.

Wife Denudes Gal On D.T. Street In Mystery Scrap

(Continued from Page 12)
she made for the now very badly scared lassie and with a variety of cuss words which would make the most hardened Marine hang his head in shame, she ripped a short jacket from the gal's back and flung it in her face. A scull scream rent the morning air, but the maddened spouse with one violent tug yanked the evening gown from the hysterical gal. Not satisfied with that, wife turned her attention to the undies, which were all that now covered a fairly milk-white body.

Windows were banging open by this time and interested spectators rubbed the sleep from amazed orbs as they took in the weird and exciting scene . . . A maddened wife waving a handful of torn and billowy underwear, a screaming, practically nude damsel and a trifling hubby taking to his heels. The whole affair ended as quickly as it began. A bus squealed to a stop and the sobbing lass, covering her form as best she could with what remained of her costume, climbed aboard, the raging wife got into the car and drove away to some unknown destination and the hubby had already disappeared into the great unknown.

This sheet's ace newshawks tried to get all the particulars, but no soap, and it's all a mystery . . . but a true one, so help us.

However, it doesn't take a lot of imagination to surmise what it was all about, but we still think that the gentleman in the case got off easy—or did he? Oh, well!

P. S.: Wonder what happened when the undressed butterfly landed in the bus. She was the only passenger.

Hot Flashes

Hotel Proprietor of the Week: TRACY (Central Avenue) MENZENBACH . . . Vice-presidency is not easy job but it's a cinch for ALBERT (Scio Strasse) KIRCHOFF.

Why does DOMINIS PERRY of Congressman KELLY'S staff keep his much planned Fourth of July trip back home a secret??? . . . Can it Be --- ??? . . .

Where, oh where is
FRANKIE DELL'S
Ork. playin'???

Blondesome MARY (Woodside Strasse) STERLING shopping for Dad 'n self while rest of the family is vacationing at the Lake. Schoolmarm of the week: DOROTHY (Alexander St.) SWINGLEY.

One of Uncle Sam's men 'n a mighty popular one, BERTRAM (Conkey Avenue) SWARTZ, P. O. carrier . . . Nomination for A-1 driver goes to LEO (University Avenue) MENTUS.

Wedded Biggie Plays Caveman!

(Continued from Page 12)

Kodak big shot has got a lump on his jaw (or had) . . . and the nurse found out that you can carry nursing a little too far.

years younger than himself, to come to a little gathering at his house that evening she didn't figure there was anything off-color . . . there were going to be others there . . . and there was supposed to be some bridge playing and a The fifty-ish Kodak exec has a wife who spends several weeks each summer out in the country, possibly near Sodus. Her hubby gets pretty lonesome, so when he asked this nurse, over thirty little convivial imbibing of cocktails . . . nothing more.

But when she got to his place in the Winton Rd.-Monroe sector she found that there was an awful lot of imbibing and very little bridge . . . and the host was doing most of the elbow-bending. Maybe he was drinking to forget and had forgotten what he wanted to forget. But in spite of all that, the party still was quite polite.

Around the witching hour of midnight, the Kodak exec's knees doubled up on him and he evidently was ready to go out like a light. So the young nurse, becoming entirely business, gathered him together, and half carried him upstairs to his bed where she laid him

out in state. While the rest of the brawlers stayed downstairs, the little Florence Nightingale loosened the biggie's collar, took off his coat and was starting on his shoes . . . when the Big Business man sat up very suddenly, far from the pass-out stage, and make a grab for the gal.

While the nurse may not have objected to being slobbered over if she couldn't help it, she never had a chance to find out. Being a guy who had worked up from the bottom at Kodak he tried the same here.

Pretty horrified and evidently feeling that all this was a little too much from a dignified married gent who was supposed to be passing out, the gal showed her indignation by hauling off and clipping the romeo square on the jaw.

Now the gal is waiting for the biggie's wife to come traipsing home . . . to let her know about her hubby's playfulness . . . and especially his point of view . . . and the biggie, if he's sensible, is probably trying to persuade his spouse through the mail . . . that she needs a long rest and China is a lovely place.

RED HOT FLASHES

Wonder is schoolmaster SZARLACKI found it a cinch to get pupils to spell him name right . . . Sun-bathing while waiting for Florida season to open, perty MISS JONES, Main Strasse beauty counsellor, 'n her salty skipper friend . . . ROY RIEDESEL, exercising machine magnate, now Big Shot Broker in the Wings Bldg.

Mixologist of the Week:
JOE MORANG
He's handsome too, girls.
(Powers Tap Room)

MAXIE CLARIDGE, ex-playboy 'n high pressure salesman, now a retired ole gentleman tending bar for his daily bacon 'n seems quite friendly with that pretty blonde BETTY, housekeeper.

Maybe GERTRUDE MABEE of No. 34 school marm may be a principal of some school someday . . . Ennyhoo we'd like her to be . . . A tongue we'd like to stick out in this paper as a mighty nice one FRANK TONG, Winton Rd. North . . . Most genial man of this week: Proprietor of SAVOY eatery . . . with charmin' dotter, IRENE . . . Tongue-twister of any week: ZYGODZINSKI of Dewey Avenue . . . Hy'ars rooting for HAZEL ROOT . . . The sweetest person evah lived: REBECCA SANDERS, employee at School No. 22.

Music Maestro:
AL (Wishman's) BASSANI
Vendomatic Service

Our temperature runs high gazing at a honey-of-a nurse like DOLORES SWIFT of Columbia Avenue . . . Most Charming School-marm 'n my what smiling eyes she has . . . We mean EMILY

(Boss Strasse) DECLENTINE who is vacationing at home with her folks . . .

Many a hoof has been made beautiful after a visit to GEORGE (Dewey Avenue) SNYDER's shoe store . . . Rushing about 'n keeping things under control, PERCY (Bronson Avenue) RUSH, assistant foreman . . .

H'yar's puffing up LESTER BROVITZ, of the East Main Strasse cigar store, we hope, we hope, by putting his monnicker in the green skirt.

Insuranceeer of the Week: WILLIAM (E. Main Strasse) JONES . . . Dispenser of th'favvrite zoup, FRANK JOYCE of the East Main Strasse liquor store.

Handsome Broker of the Week:
JOHN KITCHEN
(Bonbrights)

JIMMY FLANNIGAN, all hot and bothered, waiting for a Miami Boom soon to come out Lexington-Mt. Read way.

Ole Topper soon to organize football team with the Famous Kirchner Bros., JOE O'BRIEN, LOU SHAFFER, 'n the quarter-back advertising manager calling signals.

Charlotte is being very well policed by Sgt. JOHNNY EVANS, one of th'most likable coppers on the force . . . and an ex-baseballer of no small merit.

Lest we forget, RAY TAMBLYN 'n BUN PENDERGAST are still on our Red Hot Fire Dept., but won't walk under ladders.

Dizzy Song of the Week:
MERRY-GO-ROUND
BROKE DOWN
(So What?)

Brints Elmdorf Pharmacy
We Deliver—No Extra Charge
MILTON J. BRINT, Ph. G.
761 Genesee, corner Sawyer

ACE DRUG CO.
S. Shapiro and N. Weinstein
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS
1042 Clifford cor. North St.
Main 7222

NEW LOCATION
HARRY SHULMAN
2 YORK ST. GEN. 290
CUSTOM TAILORING
CLEANING — PRESSING
We Call and Deliver

CULVER PKWY PHARMACY
ROY JOHNSTONE, Ph. G.
Irondequoit's Friendly Drug Store
295 CULVER PARKWAY
We Deliver Culver 1141

Kaleta Pharmacy
Prescription Specialists
1099 HUDSON AVE.
Main 7471

COLE PHARMACY
4419 LAKE AVE.
Charlotte 2
Prescription Specialists

MAIN SIGN CO.
COMMERCIAL SIGNS, SHOW CARDS, STORE FRONT DISPLAYS
324 EAST AVE.
Stone 3890

LEIGHTON'S PHARMACY
2201 CLINTON N.
Glen. 6487
Prescription Specialists

FRANK'S DRUG STORE
537 PLYMOUTH AVE. S.
Genesee 2717
Prescription Specialists

MERCHANT TAILOR
LADIES' & MEN'S SUITS
MADE TO ORDER
MAX SCHAIBLE
31 Chili Ave. Gen. 1337

EHART'S
Grocery & Delicatessen
430 SOUTH AVE. MAIN 7288

Burns Pharmacy
1st and Last a Drug Store
We Deliver
188 Genesee St. Gen. 4972

Grocery and Delicatessen
LORETTA B. DEANE, Prop.
489 South Ave. We Deliver

THE ELLS PHARMACY
A. A. ELLS, Prop.
Dewey, Cor. Beverly Hgts.
Rochester, N. Y.

PRIZES VALUED AT \$2,000

RULES

The Rochester Weekly FLASH Picture Puzzle Contest is open to everyone, anywhere with the exception of members of the staff of the Rochester Weekly FLASH and their families.

Beginning with the issue of May 15th, 1937, The FLASH will publish a series of four Picture Puzzles each week for fifteen (15) weeks, a total of sixty (60) puzzles. Each puzzle cartoon will represent the name of a person well known in the City of Rochester or of some Park, Street, Building, Merchant or Manufacturer in the City or Monroe County.

The puzzles will become more difficult as the contest progresses and the easier ones will be published first so that our readers may become more skilled as to the methods employed in their solutions.

At the close of the contest a letter will be required on the subject of "WHY I READ THE FLASH." This will consist of not more than 250 words and will be judged on its humor and originality and must be submitted during the week following your answers to final puzzles.

Neatness will not be taken into account. Do not decorate your answers. Simply print clearly four answers in ink on the Coupon provided. (ALL ANSWERS MUST BE WRITTEN ON THIS COUPON.) Any answers made in other form will be disqualified. Send in your answers every 4 weeks to the FLASH Office.

Any person entering the contest and by submission of solutions agrees to accept as final the decisions of THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH on all matters affecting the conduct of the contest, the procedure and policy with regards to acceptance of entries thereof.

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH reserves the right to award all prizes and the contestants shall accept their decision as final.

The FLASH also reserves the right to disqualify any contestant whose entries show signs of collusion and further reserves the right to require tying contestants to work a series of tie-breaking puzzles.

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH will not assume any liability for puzzles lost in transit nor will any claims to ownership of puzzle solutions be honored unless the name of the contestant be legibly written in ink on the entry blank.

Any contestant may submit as many sets of the sixty puzzles as he or she chooses, provided the same are properly qualified and each will be judged as a unit, but no person will be allowed to win more than one prize. When submitting more than one set of puzzles all of the fifteen weeks solutions must be submitted and identified as series A, B, etc., and each series MUST be on a separate Entry Blank.

Back numbers of THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH may be obtained at the office, 6 State Street, for the benefit of those who may wish to enter the contest after the first week.

IMPORTANT!!!

ENTRIES WILL ONLY BE HONORED ON FLASH OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANKS!

FLASH PUZZLE CONTEST

OFFICIAL FLASH PICTURE PUZZLE ENTRY BLANK

Contest Editor
Rochester Weekly Flash, Inc.
6 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

I submit the following as my solutions to Puzzles 29 to 32 in your Picture Puzzle Contest.

29.
30.
31.
32.

Mr. _____
My Name is Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____

No. 29



WHAT NAME DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT? THE CORRECT ANSWER IS IN THE FOLLOWING LIST

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Sheldon Robertson | Sam Gottry |
| Charles Martina | Burton Louk |
| Buffalo Road | Braddocks Bay |
| Max Nusbaum | Stephen S. Joy |
| Guy Cutall | Julia B. Lucas |
| James W. Wadsworth | Jimmy D'Aprile |
| Floyd Stephens | Eugene Langie |
| William Pidgeon | John Kitchen |

No. 30



WHAT NAME DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT? THE CORRECT ANSWER IS IN THE FOLLOWING LIST

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Sam Gioia | Franklin P. Ely |
| Carl Hennrich | Oscar C. Smith |
| Irving E. Winchell | Sea Breeze |
| Newell Grinnell | Wendell J. Curtis |
| Century Theatre | John D. Lynn |
| Monroe Avenue | Douglas Townson |
| John C. Fee | Henry Crittenden |
| William Feistel | Fred F. Thompson |

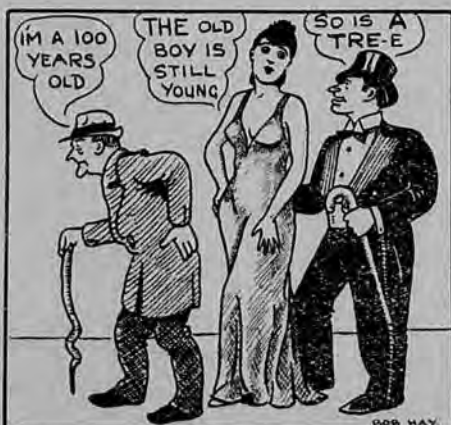
No. 31



WHAT NAME DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT? THE CORRECT ANSWER IS IN THE FOLLOWING LIST

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| John C. Clancy | Harry A. Sessions |
| James Carmichael | David Goldman |
| Glenn L. Buck | Herbert J. Bietry |
| Donald C. Brown | Daniel Sandler |
| Geraldine Brown | Mosher Hutchins |
| Taylor Building | Edmund Ailing |
| Irene O'Connell | South Avenue |
| John H. Rae | Art Titus |

No. 32



WHAT NAME DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT? THE CORRECT ANSWER IS IN THE FOLLOWING LIST

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Merwin Mosehouse | Owen Thomas |
| Frank Drumm | Roy Davidson |
| Harold A. Pye | Frank Moorhouse |
| Harold H. Williams | Seneca Parkway |
| Rochester Airport | Harry L. Parker |
| Captain Holderman | Chester Leake |
| Carroll M. Roberts | Frank J. Kinney |
| Alexander Simpson | Edmund Randall |

PRIZES

- GRAND PRIZE: New 1937 AUTOMOBILE!!!
- Credit on '37 Terraplane or Hudson Car—Ben Wolk, 780 Clinton Ave. N. \$100.00
- Rug Cleaner (Scott & Fatzler)—Hill Appliance, 482 East Main 59.50
- Lady's Bicycle — Zimmerman, 129 W. Main 35.00
- Lady's Wrist Watch Rosenberg, 9 State 27.50
- 1 Battery—Goodland, 230 East Avenue 14.95
- Percolator Set (4 pcs.) — Weisbuch Inc., 398 East Main 12.50
- 1 Permanent Wave—Raymonds, Granite Bldg..... 10.00
- Sterling Flask & Straw Hat — Garson's Clothes, 88 State 10.00
- 5 Priv. Dancing Lessons—Gladys Bliss, 107 Clinton Ave. S. 10.00
- 24 in. Richeieu Pearls — Jos. Klein, 82 W. Main (10) Treatments for Baldness—Pignato Bros., 449 E. Main 10.00
- Electric Clock, Lamp — Wildman Co. Inc., 41 E. Main 10.00
- Exam. & Pr. of glasses—Gorman, 312 E. Main 10.00 or
- Microscope Set — Gorman, 312 E. Main 8.50
- 8 Pc. Cocktail Set—Preston Jewelry, 91 E. Main 9.75
- 50 Gals. Gas—Burt Walker, Empire Blvd. & Stone and Dewey 8.00
- New Guitar — Davis, 174 W. Main 8.00
- Kit Brush Set — Glasser Co., 22 Main St. W..... 7.50
- Fielder's Glove—Mogridge, 22 State 7.25
- Electric Health Cooker — Skinner, 245 East Ave. \$6 in Trade—ZR-3, 109-113 State 6.00
- Anti-back Lash Reel — Bernsteins, 3 Front 5.50
- Kitchen Clock (Elec. or Wind) — Marks & Abramson, 10 State 5.00
- Merchandise — Vanderbelt, Pharmacy 5.00
- Fish Rod (Steel) — Glassman, 107 E. Main 5.00
- Fountain Pen (Conklin Nozak)—Humbert, 8 North Banjo Clock — Gamler's, 84 E. Main..... 5.00
- MORE PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

THE
Rochester Weekly
FLASH
◆
On Sale
At All
News
Dealers

Horse Bites Guy, Guy Sues!

(ON THIS PAGE)

FEATURE NEWS

10¢

NIGHT CLUB GUIDE

ROCHESTER FLASH

SPORTS THEATRES

WEEKLY

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Vol. 1—No. 26

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 3, 1937



Kodak Exec. Socked By Nurse In Brawl!

Wedded Biggie Plays Caveman!

Pulls Pass-Out, & Thrown For Loss Making Peculiar Pass!!

When a dignified gentleman in his middle fifties gets very lonesome for his wife and just wants a little company, if only to talk about his spouse, a girl figures she's pretty safe . . . especially if there are a lot of other people around at the time.

But one pretty nurse who toils at one of the public clinics . . . and who has the same name as one of the greatest lightweight boxing champs (guess who) . . . found out differently . . . and as a result a certain

(Continued on Page 10)

Wehle Horse Bites Guy; Guy Sues For 3 Grand!

The next time you tip your hat to a lady be very careful there are no Wehle Baking Co. horses around becous' they are known to be of a very porky nature. A gent named Gianforti found this out to his discomfort one day last

November while crossing Chili Ave. It's in the law courts now. John, it seemed, happened to see a lassie he thought he knew and being a real polite lad, started to tip his chapeau. The Wehle hoss,

(Continued on Page 9)

Doctors Out In Open For Birth Control!

Wife Denudes Gal On D.T. Street In Mystery Scrap

There seems to be a devil of a lot of mystery surrounding the following little tale of woe, but from eye witness reports the old adage, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" still contains plenty of truth . . . and how! Here's the dope:

At 5 a. m. last Sunday morn a car pulled up at the corner of So. Plymouth Ave. and Adams St. From it stepped a personable young lady in an evening gown with a gentleman, both obviously a little worse for wear after a nite in the bistros of the village. The lady evidently resided in the section, for they both weaved blithely towards a certain doorway. The gent cuddling the gal's slim waist. The weary couple just made the first step when, like an avenging angel, a dame who turned out to be the outraged wife rushed from some hiding place. After denouncing her erring better half

(Continued on Page 10)

This rag's birth control ballots are still pouring in, with men and women favoring birth control methods swamping the "no's" this week . . . but we'll come to that later, if you can control yourself.

The big news this week is that the doctors themselves came out and formally approved of birth control . . . and they did all this last week at the big convention of the American Medical Association, which has about 95 per cent of all U. S. doctors as members.

We'll let Time mag tell you all about it, 'cause they covered it pretty well and that doesn't give anybody a chance to say we're prejudiced as we're only quoting:

"Of greatest sociological significance was the A. M. A.'s formal approval of contracep-

tion (birth control to youse all). After 21 years of prodding by Mrs. Margaret Sanger and two

(Continued on Page 9)

Movie of Massacre Bared By Newshawk!!

It's almost a month now since that famous or infamous Memorial Day riot when nine steel strikers were killed and over 200 wounded after cops fired on them near Republic Steel's plant at South Chicago. Lots of people want to know what really happened. There wasn't much about it in the daily rags, except the

results of the riot, but one newsreel cameraman was on hand and he shot the whole bloody mess.

The Paramount movie firm wouldn't have the newsreel put in any showhouses 'cause they said such a record of blood and brutality would probably stir up more riots in

(Continued on Page 8)

**This Sheet Can't Be Bought —
Except For A Dime!**

Girl Kicked in Stomach for Saying Hello!

Rochester Public Library

(On This Page)

FEATURE NEWS

JUL 10 1937
115 South Ave.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

NIGHT CLUB GUIDE

ROCHESTER FLASH

SPORTS THEATRES

WEEKLY

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Vol. 1—No. 27

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 10, 1937

Accuses Father Of Boy's Torch Murder!

GIRL KICKED IN STOMACH FOR SAYING HELLO!

Chivalry may not be entirely dead, but it certainly is in this little sedate town of ours . . . and it looks like human decency might be, too. When a young and pretty girl, weighing 98 pounds and 5 feet 2, is knocked down and brutally kicked by a man because she called out a greeting to some friends and fellow-workers, the odor is very rotten.

This is what happened only the other day on Exchange St. in front of the F. & C. Crittenden Company, who are meat packers for Swift & Co. The Gannett sheets carried a small paragraph on this merely saying that a girl had been kicked and sent to the hospital and that the affair was at-

(Continued on Page 2)

TRIPLE PLAY IN LOVE PUTS MAD HATTER OUT AT HOME!

In baseball, a triple play is usually a thrilling event and in the game of love it must be pretty wonderful, too . . . if you can stand it. That is exactly what happened to one of the town's leading hatters (hat-store owner to you) . . . he hit into a perfect triple play and it looks now as if he's been caught out at home without a protest.

This gent, a handsome brute by the way, married a sweet gal from one of the downtown dept. stores and for a time everything was roses and honeysuckle at the couple's nest. The bride wanted a home and did everything to make her hubby com-

(Continued on Page 5)

Men Form Posse To Hunt Torch-Killer On Their Own Hook

The torch murderer of 14-year-old Joseph McConkey isn't the only one that needs catching. To top off everything in the tragic, still unsolved case—one person came through and accused the lad's own father of the slaying! . . . as did another with the following poison pen note:

Plot Agin' Gannett Falls Through!

A cute little plot to put the kibosh on Gannett's newly-acquired Journal presses fell through last Wednesday, when the press-room boys on their last day got the quaint idea in their noodles that some graphite mixed in the ink-box would be much better than throwing in the w. k. wrench.

But there was plenty of excitement in the ex-Junnel building,

(Continued on Page 2)

"Unless you tell ALL and clear your conscience by Wednesday I will have to tell what I seen. I'm not going to see that poor Gimpy get in trouble for you. You know he is innocent.

One Who Knows"

Crank letters are sometimes fairly common in murders, but accusing the bereaved father is the height of something . . . which could use some attention from the police. The letter was typed, evidently on an Underwood machine, and sent to the father at the McConkey home at 273 Bernice St. It's postmarked July 3rd, 6.30 P. M. from Station 1. The letter's being held now for check-up for fingerprints by private investigators, though fingerprints are usually only useful where the man has a police record with his prints on file.

A third message, sent to torment the boy's parents, on a government postcard informed them that "The Phantom Sniper and the

(Continued on Page 2)

U. S. OPPOSES JOHN L. LEWIS

The greatest employer in the nation and head of the mightiest corporation in the world, came out today for the open shop and the company union as against the labor union and John L. Lewis.

(Continued on Page 3)

Wally & Edward Were "Innocent", Says Man Who Married Them

This didn't make the local dailies, but the Rev. Anderson Jardine, the man who defied the Church of England to marry Wally and Edward in France, came out flatly Monday in New York to say that the now-Duchess of Windsor

(Continued on page 2)

Real Sheik & Harem In Libel Suit!

Here, public, is a weirdie in the line of libel suits, involving a real Arabian sheik and a gent who got mad because he was supposed to find a beautiful American girl for the sheik's harem. Following is the report on it:

While traveling in Arabia several years ago, one named Lytle White, a student from Howard College at Birmingham, Alabama, became chummy with Sheik Fared J. Iman. After getting back home,

White got a letter from his friend, who "in his usual sparkling way suggested that I (White) befriend him by being on the alert for a beautiful and competent girl, who might be purchased to honor the position as chief wife of his harem."

White told this story in the summer of 1935 to a correspondent of the Scripps-Howard Birmingham Post, which also said "although

(Continued on Page 3)

INSURANCE CO. TELLS SIT-DOWN STRIKERS HOW TO SIT DOWN!

By the time you read this, the sit-down strike over at the Robeson-Rochester plant will be over, but the melody will linger on . . . with one of

(Continued on Page 3)

ACCUSES FATHER OF BOY'S TORCH MURDER!

(Continued from Page 1)

Torch Murderer were the same person" and said he was having lots of fun! It was pencil-signed, "The Phantom Sniper."

Either it is a case of taunting by the slayer or the work of a loon or loons who deserve to be shut up in some pen for the insane.

As it is, the writer of the note threatening the dead lad's father can continue to shield him in his demented opinion as the suspect known as "Gimpy" was released by police Tuesday after he tried to slash his wrists in his cell.

A private posse of their own has been formed by the fathers of the kids living in the neighborhood of the killing... something like a group of vigilantes to push their own investigation while the police seem to have hit a snag. Most of the men have taken out pistol permits and are totting guns. They have their suspicions of two men, one of whom was seen in the vicinity of the woods shortly before the estimated time of the murder.

Perhaps these amateur sleuths will have some success. After all, a hotel maid discovered Irwin in Cleveland after a nation-wide police dragnet failed.

The tension and terror in

hood hasn't abated due to failure to capture the killer. The children can't go near the woods at all, though it used to be their favorite haunt. They used to play in a large tree called the Tarzan tree, but Tarzan has been forgotten, along with all other games. The kids just stick together in fearful, silent groups. Every child is ordered to bed before dark.

To go too far into details would only refresh the memory of the boy's mother who has been confined to bed ever since the tragedy. The irony of it all was that Mrs. McConkey was attending her brother's wedding the day of the murder, and bid her brother goodbye as he left for his honeymoon in Canada. He's still unaware of what happened, so that he may enjoy his nuptial jaunt.

Perhaps the most poignant episode in the sad affair was when Mr. McConkey, a war veteran, was first called to the Morgue to identify the body. The attendants had the body sitting up on a table and the doctors were performing an autopsy. Just as the father entered, they were removing part of the scalp, to examine the skull fracture... his first glimpse of his son. The identification was made when someone asked, "Is that your boy?" and McConkey replied, "You mean that was my boy."

After the horse has gone, lock the barn—that's an old saw. But there's a movement on to induce the owner of the fatal woods to clear it, so that it will no longer be a menace. One hundred men in the

neighborhood have offered to clear it and cart away the lumber and brush free of charge. Regardless of money or potential profits, this should be done for the public welfare. There have been three sexual attacks in those woods, with only one conviction.

Little Joseph McConkey was instrumental in getting that conviction, and in his father's opinion, might thus have endangered his life. When the man convicted was first arrested, the father refused to let Joseph testify, but declares he was told by police, "If he testifies against this man, he may prevent a possible murder, and we need his testimony to send this man to jail" Well, little Joe testified, today he's dead. The authorities say it's established there is no connection... but it's especially tragic concerning the police statement at the time to the boy's father.

Who did it? There's a saying, "murder will out."

Wally & Edward Were "Innocent", Says Man Who Married Them

was an "innocent party" in her divorce suit, with all its implications as to the royal romance that shook the British Empire.

The pastor said so yesterday after he got off the Queen Mary for a lecture tour of the U. S.

When he was quizzed about whether he would still have married the man he calls "my king" and the former Wallis Warfield, had the "innocent party" phase not been established, the parson said: "I would have given that serious meditation.

He mentioned that the Duke is "intensely in love" . . . and that the people of England are with him and the Duke and Duchess and against the Archbishop of Canterbury . . . which we believe very easily, in spite of the fact you'd never think so from the British newspapers. All the world loves a lover.

Hot Flashes

Boarding a Lake Avenue trolley, NORMA (U.R.) PAIGE NO. 1 Baseball Fan 'n great roofer for Skipper Blades, Mistah MORRIS (Baden Strasse) BINSKY . . . Svelte toggery that of Missus H. A. S. (Lake View Pk.) PATTERSON . . . JANE Waldorf Eatery) PASSERO 'n the he-man B. F. still "Esmirald"-ing-it about town???. Trio of lovelee sisters walking down Lake Avenue, the FRATTLE sisters of th' Emerson sector . . .

Crooner of the Week:
SLATS MARION
(Red Winger)

Poor Champ

Just a few little things you possibly didn't know 'til now. The Braddock versus Louis scrap took \$715,000, which is no small potatoes . . . and Braddock also took a terrific shelling. For his beating, the game Braddock only took in \$60,000 really, which was far less than he was guaranteed by Madison Square Garden to meet Schmeling, though the Garden would have probably taken it on the chin.

Braddock was supposed to get 50 per cent of the take, after State and Federal taxes were deducted . . . so he got \$300,000 out of 600 grand. Half of his winnings went to his manager, Joe Gould, who pays training expenses himself. Out of the \$150,000 Braddock had left not quite half went for taxes. Of the 75 thousand he still had remaining, 15 went to pay Promoter Jacobs on a personal debt. So that \$60,000 isn't so hot for 50 per cent of the gate receipts . . . but it's still better than being on relief . . . and Braddock oughta know.

Plot Agin' Gannett Falls Through!

(Continued from Page 1)

however, when as sort of a "Swan Song" to the dying sheet, the boys speeded up the machinery . . . and it wasn't long before the folks upstairs thought the whole building was ready to tumble. When smoke from the overheated boxes finally permeated to the third floor, the boys toiling there rushed down to the press-room just in time to see the paper break and twist itself playfully in and out of the rollers, ink rolls and platens.

It took over an hour to get the mess straightened out and by that time the boys' enthusiasm had expended itself . . . but for a while it looked as if Frankie Gannett would have to pick up his newly-acquired presses somewhere on Andrews St. They were headed in that direction when the boys finally had to switch on the green lights.

Of course this all happened before the pressmen found out that they were not going to be cut off without the proverbial "penny." Although William Randolph paid up from 2 to 6 weeks' salary, there is still plenty of ill feeling, inasmuch as Frankie has promised his disbanded Knickerbocker (Albany) Press crew that he will absorb them into the Rochester area . . . somehow! . . . somewhere!

It may interest some of the boys to know that the local chapter of the Newspaper Guild is just about washed up in this neck of the woods . . . because Mister Gannett, while a "Liberal," has no more use for the Union than a hen has for water . . . and after all, he has two of the three papers in this man's town . . . You're reading the third!

Out of about 5,000 rumors flying around there may be another daily sheet published and there may not be another sheet . . . but there is one rag that will be here . . . every Thursday, rain or shine. You know what that is . . . you've guessed it . . . THE FLASH!

Look out for us in our brand new dress . . . coming shortly!

Hot Flashes

Million dollar smile of the week:
RUTH (YWCA) WHALEN's . . .
Sporting svelte toggery, KATIE (Emerson Strasse) WHITE.

GIRL KICKED IN STOMACH FOR SAYING HELLO!

(Continued from Page 1)

tributed to labor trouble. Of course, there's very little about "labor trouble" in Mr. Gannett's papers . . . it seems all the trouble is being gone over once very lightly, though there's more violence than ever before. Maybe the powers-that-be figure if strike news is ignored in the daily prints, or played down, the strikers will get discouraged. But this mess wasn't due to labor trouble, anyway.

It so happens that some time ago, 35 female workers went on strike at Crittenden's for a 45-hour week in order to support the male employees who had struck earlier. But the men settled their side of the question and returned to work, leaving the lassies holding the well-known bag. As the girls also had to eat, they drifted back to work, with the exception of three.

Last Friday noon, these three girls . . . Charlotte Simm, Lucille Leon and Joanne Passfuni, went down to the plant to try and get back to work. As the girls already back at work were entering the plant, Joanne Passfuni called out a greeting to a

friend of hers who was accompanied by one of the company salesmen . . . a gentleman named Sam Friedman.

This man evidently objected to the Passfuni girl or her greeting. Stepping up to her, according to eye-witness accounts, he straight-armed her and she fell to the ground. But that wasn't the end. He then kicked her viciously in the stomach and as she tried to rise, he fouled her with his knee in the groin . . . while her companions tried to protect her from any further injury.

The girl was rushed to St. Mary's Hospital on emergency and was examined . . . but the kid, only 20, didn't know what to do . . . and signed her own release from the hospital and neglected to swear out a warrant against the party responsible for the assault because she didn't know how to go about it!

Now she's sick at her home on Scio St. . . . and is being forced to take x-ray pictures for possible serious internal injuries . . . all, most probably, at her own expense.

Just a little street scene in peaceful, quiet Rochester!

FLASH FLIPS

Reports from Tortonto, haveit the Breweries 'n Distilleries are working overtime in preparation for the Rochester Bar Association's arrival July 9th . . . Last year thousands of Canadians went without their lager 'n schnoppis, for months after th' Bar Association left Canadian shores . . . When all th' lawyers trust one lawyer, it's not only news, but d—near miracle . . . Chris D'Amanda named treasurer of th' Bar's choice . . . Three cheers for our legalites . . . boy page Mr. Diogenes.

Taximan Harry Yaw is now running 'round trip excursions to Buffalo; he will take seven men or as many women up and back again for two bucks a head . . . you don't have to rush right back, either, 'cause he allows an eight-hour stop over . . . oh, yeah! we-forgot, he has a telephone. If you're interested call Monroe 6126-J.

A lot of birds are flying around Church Street, causing many pipples to keep their weather eye open for dandruff . . . lawyerman Dick Baker and the missus spent Sunday noon at Ontario Beach Park . . . Dick likes the new Dodge Sedan . . . Nathan Friedman and Molly Brooks of Ave. D. took out the permit to middle aisle it.

Eleanor Kizskins didn't like her monnicker, so she changed it to Missus Edward Karolewicz . . . Margaret Griesbach went all the way to Syracuse to find hubby Howard Sessler . . . Catherine Keiper was of the same opinion as Margaret, to wit: Kenneth G. Larson from Schenectady (hope we spelled it right) will change her name to Missus Larson.

Leo Miller and Virginia Altemari couldn't duck cupid's darts, sooth they will be saying I do, this weekend . . . best wishes to Anthony Sawicki and bride to be, Kathleen Denison . . . correction: Harold R. Little isn't going to marry Amber A. Hose; he is marrying Elizabeth E. Langworthy of Portsmouth Terrace.

Jacob Landon, no relation to Alf., sold his property on Cottage Strasse to Alice Little . . . (no relation to little Alice in Wonderland) . . . realtor Mike Saetta has his new moirais in, and boy! does he look nerts!

Still missing from around town, Frank Holleran, remember? . . . medico Thomas Garlick, planning a restful vacation . . . what ever happened to Bertha Volz and hubby George? . . . Julia (Speedy) uses numbers instead of buttons, on her new summer coat . . . the boys are looking for number ten.

Salvatore Lombardo of Clinton Ave. N. will be the new owner of Joyland . . . Burton F. Moore and the missus are celebrating their recent good fortune . . . Max Baer is suing Dominick Izzo in County Court . . . but it's for painting, not fighting . . . he is no relation to Max Baer, once world champion.

INSURANCE CO. TELLS SIT-DOWN STRIKERS HOW TO SIT DOWN!

(Continued from Page 1)
the funniest tunes of all being a high-powered insurance company telling the sit-downers how to run a sit-down strike.

It seems that the Robeson-Rochester plant, which will never take any prizes for newness, is pretty heavily insured . . . and the insurance company was getting a little bit jittery about the risk . . . and all the dough it might lose. So it delegated one of their go-getters to go get out to the plant and see what was what. The sit-downers finally let him in, and then the guy proceeded to spend a couple hours lecturing them on how to conduct a sit-down strike—for the best interests of the insurance company. He said it was all right for them to have their sit-down, but to have it according to his rules or else his company would get mad!

The sit-downers in the meantime have dwindled from 190 to 27. The strikers weren't given any strike benefits (dough) by the C. I. O. but were told to apply for relief for the duration of the strike, which is okay with the Federal Government, which ruled some time ago that a family should not starve because of a strike. But the local welfare officials turned down the strikers like icebergs when they asked for relief, putting the local welfare moguls in the position of strikebreakers, if you look at it that way.

A peculiar angle to this strike is that the chief of the sit-downers in the plant can neither read nor write . . . and when papers for him to sign are brought into the plant by C. I. O. allies . . . he's forced to have someone else read them to him . . . and then he signs them with a great big X.

The Democrap-Comical carried headlines to the effect that the "Robeson-Rochester Corp. had signed a collective bargaining contract." The strike chairman claims this was a lie and was simply meant to entice the strikers to come back to work last Tuesday.

Shop officers, representing the C. I. O., called on workers with the information that the announcement was just a "trick," and passed the slight hint that anyone trying to enter the plant would be beaten, as no agreement had been reached. There were dark murmurs about a riot in case the plant opened.

But there was an even dozen of cops around the plant the next morning . . . and there was no trouble, though the plant didn't open. By the time this sheet reaches you, there will have been

U. S. OPPOSES JOHN L. LEWIS

(Continued from Page 1)
The man is Uncle Sam and the business is the government service. With the Tories yelling a lot of bushwah about Roosevelt being just a tool of John L. Lewis, the Federal Government slapped Mr. Lewis' face on one of his pet drives. Lewis was just reaching out to take the vast army of Federal workers under his wing in the C. I. O. when Roosevelt got the anti-union report from a special committee. It seems that the committee said that government workers could join a union or refrain, with the emphasis on the refrain. It also said that an outside union should not be able to bargain for all the workers, even if it had a majority. They figure that unions mean the right to strike, and that striking against the non-profit government is a strike against the whole nation, and a threat to sovereignty—far different from strikes against private employers. It would be very funny now if John L. Lewis were to sue F. D. R. and the Federal Government for violating the Wagner Labor Act.

Hot Flashes

Trumpet-tooter of Emerson Strasse, handsome SAM DE MARCO . . . Sailing over th high seas to spend remainder of summer in Yurrop, MARGARET GREENWOOD of Pearl Strasse 'n ELEANOR FONDA of Lark Strasse . . . Happee Birthday, her 20th, to amiable MISSUS HANNAH STARQUIST of Chili Avenue . . .

Pie Baker of the Week:
MARY SCHMIDT
(Schmidt's Hotel)

Cupid-eyes-ing, JERRY (Salina Strasse) MORIARTY 'n KATHLEEN (Park Avenue) GRIFFITHS . . . Middle-aisle-ing it, ARTHUR EAGAN of Marian Strasse 'n SOPHIA VINCENT of Bellon Place . . . Shaving July 5th off the calendar as their holiday, all Union barbers in th' city . . .

Cutting thru the waters like a pro swimmer, JOSEPH (Portland Avenue) REINER . . . Posies of all kinds fav-rites of STELLA (Bloss Strasse) LaVIGNE . . . Ivory Tickler that puts puh-lenty of expression in her melodies, MABEL (New Era) SMITH . . .

an election to see whether it's C. I. O. or Company Union. So there.

Of course, the chief product of Robeson-Rochester is fans . . . and with the summer practically all gone as far as selling fans goes . . . you can figure out who has the big headache.

Front Page Stuff

Headline in Tues. afternoon Times-Onion: Search for Amelia Widens.

Headline in Wed. morning Democrat: Search For Amelia Shifts."

MY, HOW THE NEWS CHANGES OVERNIGHT IN THIS TOWN!

Sheik and Libel Suit!

(Continued from Page 1)
Mr. White will not take responsibility of selecting Sheik Inan's wife, he will be glad to make contact with the Arabian for those interested. Mr. White can be reached by telephone at 9-1817 or by mail at Roebuck Springs."

White, now a college professor, was enraged when he found himself written up as middleman in getting a harem wife from among Alabama's womanhood, and sued the newspaper for \$100,000, claiming he had been libeled. The paper said that White had suffered no damage and that there was no cause for suit, and the state courts agreed. But White took it to the Alabama Supreme Court, which reversed the decision and ordered a jury trial, with one of the judges saying:

"The purchase of a girl from her parents, to be carried to some distant country to complete an Arab's harem of four wives, is abhorrent to our American institutions and to our conception of morality—and to falsely and maliciously publish to the world that one stood ready to aid and abet in the consummation of such a scheme is nothing short of libel per se."

But the jury and the paper disagreed with His Honor. The case went to trial last week in Birmingham. The newspaper claimed its story was substantially true and introduced evidence to show that White had told the same story to other people. The jury, after only 15 minutes, decided in favor of the newspaper. White immediately announced he would appeal again.

The only party not heard from was White's "sparkling" friend, the Sheik himself.

Chicago's Morrison Hotel, where Hearst men kept him happy playing poker among other things. When they finally got around to giving him up to police, Irwin had a good night's rest, a shower and a new suit. And that's the story of how one paper landed and another just missed the biggest scoop of the year!

It is not old age that makes us childlike, as people declare, but it merely reveals that we are still nothing but children . . . Gothe.

Nothing is so pleasing to you when you have obtained it, as it was when you merely desired it . . . Pliny.

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AMAZING LOWDOWN ON KILLER IRWIN'S SURRENDER

How he happened to give up has been mystifying the public since Killer Robert Irwin surrendered about ten days ago for the Easter Manhattan murder of the artist's model and two others. The Hearst papers through Willie Randolph's Chicago Herald & Examiner scored a nation-wide scoop, saying he had surrendered to the Herald & Examiner and was in their custody.

For 24 hours the cops in Chicago and Manhattan knew nothing about it except what they read in the Hearst papers, and other papers knew less. It almost caused a case of apoplexy with Colonel Bertie McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, which calls itself the "World's Greatest Newspaper," especially after the Colonel found out how close he came to one of the biggest scoops in years.

When the barmaid at Cleveland's Statler Hotel looked at a detective mag picture of Irwin and called barboy Irwin's attention to it, because of his resemblance to it, Irwin skipped town. The next day to Hearst's Chicago Herald & Examiner came one of those beautiful pieces of luck that happen once a century. They didn't have private detectives out hunting for Irwin, or some ace reporter sleuthing a la the movies. Robert Irwin, the most sought-after murderer in the country called up from a pay station, offered to surrender for a price, had his terms accepted and dropped over to the newspaper's office to give the details of the triple-murder in a weird, wordy, sex-loaded confession, which he signed. The pay-off was that just before phoning the Hearst sheet, he'd called the Chicago Tribune ("World's Greatest Newspaper") and wasn't believed by the cynical newsman there and was told if he bothered them again they'd call a cop!

The Hearst newshawks and cameramen had Irwin all to themselves from Saturday to Sunday afternoon, and bombarded the town and country with extra after extra.

Legal Licenses

Notice is hereby given that license number R. L. 14661 has been issued to the undersigned to sell liquor, beer, ale at retail in a restaurant under the Alcohol Beverage Control Law at East River Rd., Brighton, N. Y., Monroe Co., to be consumed upon the said premises, George W. Payne, doing business as Genesee Inn, East River Rd., Brighton, N. Y., R.F.D. No. 2.

The other papers were going nuts and howled for the police. The police detectives raided the Hearst sheet's offices to find Irwin, but in the meantime the killer had been sneaked off to a private room in

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ALL AROUND THE TOWN

Did Ed Howard, Les Pollock's majordomo at Loew's, and the gov't get together on his teeth . . . which started acting up since the War . . . which all means vested fast action since the War was only 20 years ago! . . . Printer Joe Bibeau ultra-busy these days plotting big things . . . An example of a real serious scion is Eddie LeBaron Gray, who's toiling along at an ordinary job at Kodak . . . In spite of the fact that his daddy left him an oofly big chunk of mazuma, made in Kodak.

We liked the Photocrime page in the Democrap's rotogravure the other Sunday . . . under one picture in the mystery, it said the robber "fired three times." . . . Tiring only once is usually good enough for us . . . There's no truth to the rumor that Scripps-Howard are moving into town with a paper . . . This burg is so dizzy big-shot publishers are afraid to come here . . . After all, the Junnel was the best dally sheet in town, even though it wasn't so hot . . . and look what happened to it . . . Of course the best sheet is us . . . but we don't like it to get around.

Is Jimmy Scoffetti, dapper legalite, still all of a flutter about the femme situation in Albany???. The Marx Brothers got a renewed contract on the strength of their "Day at the Races," which was velly funneh . . . Didja know that Allan Jones, who was the handsome warbler in the flicker, hails from Syracuse U . . . Whatever happened to Col. Billy Emerson . . . he 'pears to be among the missing.

The wise birds down in Washington say that Roosevelt won't rim again unless there's a war or a crisis . . . but that he might run for Congress in 1940 . . . Just to keep an eye on things . . . Personally we think it's a good idea . . . and it's not new . . . John Quincy Adams did it a hundred years ago . . . though our favorite president is still James K. Polk.

Mortimer Nusbaum makes the NRA Blue Eagle shed in its grave the way he slaves over at WSAY from morn till night . . . WHAMer Bum Holly claims he got bald 'cause the sun burned his hair out . . . veddy interesting, even if true . . . Wanda Smith, Gannett's sassiest ed, has hair closest to the late Jean Harlow's . . . What's Joan Harding doing now, outside of holding hands with radio exec Morris Clark???

Lawyerman Bob Dwyer now piloting that spiffy new Cord . . . the numerals are 9M-222 . . . Banker George Clune, famed safety campaigner, also has his eye on one of the exclusive buggies . . . mebbe he doesn't know they'll do 100 an hour easy . . . Is Sam Byer, the Sannell Pepps of the Police Court, readying to take that bar exam for his shingle . . . or is it all gone with the wind???

Miles Ark has opened up one of the biggest clothing emporiums in Buffalo . . . Walt Risley, potentate at the Palace, hails from San Francisco and usta be in the picture biz down in Hollywood in the old days . . . quitting 'cause he thought they were just a fad! . . . Distinguished-looking tycoon of the week is Carl Loeb, the brewery boss . . . Louise Rice, the West Side charmer, gonna check those stage dreams for a flat with a kitchenette???. Mary Rush seems to be centering her attention on likker-man Paul Noeth these days . . . but whatever happened to young Cholly Wicks . . . A coupling hello to Frank Grogan, who's gonna be boss over at the Seneca hostelry . . . Grogan usta be headman at the Onondaga in Syracuse.

We always knew this town was sluggish . . . but we didn't know until this week that it is also the sluggishest burg in the U. S. A. . . . It seems, from the sad tale of an exec for one of those nickel machine candy vendors, that Rochester is the champ slug town in the land . . . beating New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and points west . . . sometimes, according to the tale, twenty dollars worth of candy will be sold . . . but when the coin box is opened they'll find as much as 18 or 19 bucks in slugs . . . which doesn't make for much profit . . . and giving the town a bad name . . . If people with slugs will only bring them into this office, we will try to show them the error of their ways.

Adelaide Erwin's busy forgetting about the Junnel's death out in the sun at Hilton beach . . . Morden Buck looked like a lobster a la Newburgh t'other day . . . so sunburned was he . . . Flash: the typesetters' union is drifting to the C. I. O. . . . we thought mebbe the A. F. of L. boys would like to know . . . Believe it or not, Johnny Mills, the gun shark, traipsed all over the country on rifle tourney prizes . . . which ain't bad.

Don Griffin, Hebling's mixologist, does a Stan Laurel imitation that's better than Stan himself . . . Monty Childs just took unto himself a wife . . . her name is Myrtle 'n she is in for puh-lenty of ribbing when she returns to her chores in H & Beerie . . . Offside to Joe (Elk's) Smith: Your old star roomer was on a rampage agin last week and his friends were wishing you were around to take care of him . . . Guy Cuttall, seen easing his way up the Main Stem in the Moose parade in a bran noo Packard Coupe . . . Art Mandara, tonsorial artist de luxe, put plenty of the boys to shame when he appeared in a dazzling summer outfit on Firecracker Day . . . Nusbaum's Zeppelin Bar is sooo popular with the pretty tray-toting tootsies these hot afternoons . . . especially Viola, who likes her Collins sour . . .

We know 2 laddies who wish the pert 'n' pretty Pauline Kull would give 'em a break but she's been turning thumbs down on everybody since the Big Moment entered her life . . . When Bill Carpenter ankles his way up Exchange Strasse all the lassies turn to look . . . he's sooo purty . . . Two corrections in one week by the Democrap? Comical . . . what's the matter, boys, too much pressure? . . . Titian-haired Eloise (Kodak-cuttle) De Wolfe seen armin' armin' it with out of townner tagged Butch . . . Vera Velazco getting a pummanunt wave in her tresses . . . maybe meaning that Vera will be around for a long time.

Doc Elliot's girl Friday, a lass named Betty, has the readiest smile in Flashtown . . . it's always ready for action . . . We trust 'n pray that Pat Hampson isn't gettin' too lonesome while her "thrill" is recovering from that Angina Attack . . . Offside o Iris Leosard: Your 'Daddy' is mad . . . guess you'll have to stay hitched from now on . . . We often wonder how the Le May gals would look in the bright sunlight . . .

Has Walter Mason's lil' heart-throb tagged Myrtle back to Flashtown? . . . he's wearing a large grin

HAHA!

Is it true, kiddies, that they've recently found out, after the city moguls sunk all that dough into the brand new beautiful firehouse that the thing is five feet too short to let the hook-and-ladder wagon in? Such stuff. It is to laugh, if you're not a taxpayer.

We'd like to know where Edith (Manhattan) Gilbert was t'other eve . . . Were the lil' fishes all to blame for the recent smell at Braddock's Bay? . . . Never see Bill Westmiller at the J. P. C. Gardens anymore . . . he must have a noo hideout . . . Is Charlie Zorn waiting for cooler weather before taking the trip down the middle aisle???

George (Insuranceer) Dilger takes the prize, for best dressed man in town this week . . . Jim Wilson (Waldorf Manager) back in town, Jim went over to dear old London for the coronation, and liked the fog so well he stayed eight weeks . . . Charlie Mondo (legalite) says he won't miss the Journal 'cause he never read it anyhow . . . Sporting a swell coat of tan . . . Leland Yost, gotten on the links . . .

Henry Strauch and co-workers are wondering if Hearst will start another paper before election . . . Answer is no, but don't give up, we're still here . . . Girls sorority of Mechanics Institute, initiated new members Thurs. nite and the girls had to hug a policeman . . . the force will have lots of new applicants for next year . . . sound advice for Fourth of July next year, don't hold crackers between your teeth after you light them . . . dentists say it is bad for the fillings.

What happened to Hymie Levin's summer gondolas? . . . maybe he loaned them to a friend on Ridge Road . . . John Limbeck and Helen McBride said "I do" at the Church of the Holy Apostles Saturday, July 3rd . . . Simon (bachelor) Tishkoff bought a new sport coupe, with a radio and all the trimmings . . . bet he won't stay a bachelor much longer . . . Etta and Eddie Ehrmentraut of Ames Strasse celebrated their first anniversary June 27th . . . sister Lena and hubby Frank Hertz of Murray St. dittoed for their ninth year of wedded bliss.

Harriet G. Baker and Mrs. Paul Kopp won consolation prizes at the Murray Sweet Shoppe . . . t he name for that popped-in-a-pool-of-butter pop corn is "Golden Dream" and a big smile is given with each purchase by the charming Norma Tibbits . . . 2M 78-19 doing?? . . . Sam (the great) Petite, and the one and only Owen Burneft . . . something chic for the summer . . . Owen is still a bachelor . . . Danny (me boy) Tidings moved hastily from the corner of Austin and Otis Street t'other nite, cause he radio in that certain car annoyed him.

Peter Karley and the frau took in the doings at Letchworth Park . . . it's Pete's idea of a safe and sane Fourth of July . . . Detective John J. O'Connell goes for the pancake type of straw hat . . . s'too bad, John looks so well in a Panama . . . Gaining a little weight, Chris Young, probably something he ate.

Don Garnham, planning first vacation in three years . . . Jimmy Ryan polishing up the Chevy for that trip . . . Roy Clohessy can take them apart and put them together again anyday in the week . . . Hank MacGregor and Harold Donoghue finished that game of barn yard golf in a dead heat . . . Evelyn Reveire (Fanny Farmerett) all togged out in white, dining at the sign of the Red Apple.

Edna Grossman left for the mountains, July 3rd, will return next Sunday, without the mountains . . . Mabel Hushard, waited for her dad t'other nite . . . got a little sun burned so long did she wait . . . nurse, Rose Lavery, taking driving lessons, will it be a new Plymouth roadster? . . . Gladys Grunst should win some sort of prize for driving three years without an accident . . . Genevieve Stage (beautician) waddin g bells the 22ed of this month? . . . Scotty (fisherman) goes fishing, but tells of the one that got away, while Junior catches the fish . . .

His dog won't have pups, Bob Eddy . . . golfer deluxe . . . George MacClurg remembers the good old days when you knocked twice and said Benny sent me . . . Francis Miller (Arnett Blvd.) an ardent Flash Fan, wants to know what's wrong with the Red Wings . . . Loretta Ambrose, of the Brass Rail, says she don't eat oysters except in the winter time . . . Corporation Counsel Anthony Piccolotti wants a vacation from politics . . . realstater George Engert makes his debut in the Flash with this issue.

Gus Schwartz and the missus figure on a trip to Chicago the end of this month . . . Walt Tack looks the nerts in his new knickers . . . half the bar association are worried about getting sea sick on the cruise to Toronto . . . Mr. Leo Shatzel and the missus, are getting back from their honeymoon Saturday . . . Gus Farese (Rockvew Ter.) baritone with the R. G. E. chorus, is in great demand these days, for his rendition of "Bells in the Lighthouse."

Charlie Havens, when bigger and better quarts of milk are delivered, Charlie will be the guy to do it . . . Bill Donelly the gas man, smokes his pipe from morn to nite, page A1 Sigl . . . Scotty Larsenson sprained his ankle last week . . . News boss Bill Haggard is s'posed to be a real guy . . . Sammy Swartz, advertising tycoon for Gannett, looks like a special from Malay, with that golf tan . . . Are the luffy underpins of Genevieve Stage, the beautiful beautician, minus stockings all through the summer???. They are . . . Garage-man Donald Frost now on the wagon . . . which covers Hudson Ave. . . Ray Simmons, Northway's demon salesman, sold nine buggies in one week . . . a record.

HOT FLASHES
Who gave LOWELL MACMILLAN, the ace announcer his nick-name of "JUMBO" 'n why? . . .

DOROTHEA (Pulski St.) ZIELINSKI is a blonde we wouldn't mind dialin' but she's too serious about those trips to th' lake with the MOONEY sisters, BERNICE 'n BETTY . . . TRUMAN (WHAM-er) BRIZEE can't do much huggin' with those two busted ribs . . . It's no wonder H. LEICHTNER th'

photomogger gets so much feminine trade with those wavy tresses . . . sorry to disappoint you girls, but he's married to a very charming gal . . . HARRY PETTINGILL West Point dreams come true for Robert (St. Paul Strasse) TARBAX 'n WILLIAM WARREN of Clarendon . . . "Right hand man" of the late Alfred Hart, MORRIS

lookin' better since he quit foolin' with politics . . . He is now typographer for the Navy books in Baltimore . . .

LEVINSON, taking over the reins as president of Hart Food Stores . . . Most genial person of the week: PAUL SMITH of the N'Yawk State Employment Agcy.
Farewell Gift of Week: Kresge's Mistah HERR'S (Virginia-bound)

Watch For Next Week's FLASH---Special!

TRIPLE PLAY IN LOVE PUTS MAD HATTER OUT AT HOME!

(Continued from Page 1)

portable, which he was . . . until he made the first hit of the game. The first lady in the triple play, an ex-show girl living on Beach Ave., cast a pair of rather Oriental orbs in our hero's direction and he didn't lose any time in falling for her dubious charms which, from all reports, were on the skinny side.

Maybe he just wanted a change because his frau happened to be pleasingly plump. The new gal wasn't frigid and the two of them were closer than ham 'n eggs for several

months. His wife knew what was going on but she kept still, hoping that it might prove to be just a passing fancy. It may, in time, have turned out to be just that but for the fact that his light o' love had a red-headed gal-friend who was much better-looking than she was.

Evidently this gal thought that the wealthy haberdasher was pretty swell too, but could she double-cross a life-long chum ? ? ?

. . . Of course she could . . . and did! The result was that before long the Romeo had no less than three Juliets and No. 1 was seriously thinking of placing the matter in the hands of a divorce lawyer. No. 2, the ex-show girl, was now beginning to smell the w.k. rat and No. 3 was insisting that her Great Moment put the chill on and transfer his affections to her. All in all, it was quite a spot for Lothario but finally the merry-go-round broke down, and he turned the ice on Sweetheart No. 2. She didn't like this at all, and ran around town telling a lot of citizens all about the nasty man, and her four-flushing girl friend . . . nobody seeming to remember that all this time the lothario was legally wedded to his wife.

It wasn't many moons before the titian-haired beauty began to blossom out with flashy, new rags, manicures and hair-waves . . . with the love-light shining from her glorious orbs. The strain of keeping up with his love affairs and also his business, was beginning to tell on the mad hatter, however, and his health commenced to fail.

We don't have to tell you what happened . . . yeah, you've guessed it . . . he fell back on his wife's ample bosom because his girl friends didn't seem to want him so much when he lost his vim and vigor, which is very often the case.

The funny part of the whole thing is that even before he collapsed the third lassie was already trifling with his affections by running around place 'n doing things with a certain young and snappy newshawk employed by the only morning sheet in town. Oh, well . . . girls will be girls.

Munitions Magnate's Daughter Has Military Wedding!

Flash Gives Sassiety Colyum On "400" To Commemorate Journal

Society is so boring these days, dear ladies . . . Mrs. Finicula de Prunk was just gorgeous the other day at the Yacht Club while she was getting plastered . . . everyone knows Finicula—she just can't take it . . . I imagine she drinks so much because of her husband, Messo . . . all society knows Messo hasn't worked a day since he joined up with Finicula's money . . . of course, my dears, Theresa Tripe knows that Messo is cheating on Finicula . . . just the other day I saw him in a certain big apartment house (you know the one) at 2 a. m. and he was roaming around the corridors with very little on . . . (I was there in the line of duty, of course) . . . however, my dears, Finicula is playing around, too . . . she thought those Danish sailors were awfully cute . . . though they couldn't be much as their English was so awful . . . I wager they never got out of grammar school.

Another military wedding, my dears . . . the debby daughter of the Pish-Tushes will stand before the altar with Rodney Schmegeggle, with Father Pish-Tush practically holding the gun . . . of course, everybody in society knows that while Father Pish-Tush was supposed to have made his pile in the bicycle business, he was really a munitions maker . . . several of his friends say he sold guns to the Armenians against the Turks and he made a lot of money, though you know what happened to the Armenians . . . it seems Mr. Pish-Tush had a sand plant right next to his gunpowder plant . . . and maybe it was all a mistake but everyone says the Armenians could have gotten better gunpowder going to Ontario Beach with a shovel . . . But to get back to the wedding, all the upper strata knows that Lucy Pish-Tush just hasn't been able to control herself since she was discharged from Miss Fence's school-on-the-Wabash . . . Sex reared its ugly head, dear girls of the 400 . . . I hope she and Mr. Schmegeggle will be happy . . . Rodney is out of work but I understand that Lucy's father will settle something on him and the rest will come from the relief bureau.

My dears, I must tell you what the dowager (the one with the b. o.) Mrs. Flutz-Blutz wore at the hospital benefit . . . everyone in society knows that the dowager never bathes . . . it seems it is some sort of tradition in the Flutz-Blutz family 'cause they all have dirty necks . . . probably inherited from great-grandpa Filbert Flutz-Blutz who made the family fortune in garbage cans when garbage was garbage . . . the dowager wore a dainty white satin gown . . . anyway, it used to be white . . . which must have cost quite plenty, my dears . . . as everyone knows that any of the dowager Flutz-Blutz's frocks could be turned into a tent in two minutes . . . she also had a dainty white gadget around the neck . . . I mean it used to be white . . . her stockings were beige with a small hole in the right heel . . . All society knows that the dowager is a big slob.

My dears, I almost forgot to tell you of the coming summer ice cream social for the benefit of the Snow Plow fund . . . Gorgeous Minnie St. Bernard of the East Ave. St. Bernards will pour at her home . . . Minnie is cockyed and many of the girls are simply afraid to go to Minnie's teas, especially when she's pouring 'cause they're afraid Minnie will pour the tea all over their new gowns. Minnie is being offered to society with a huge dowry . . . but none of the boys seem to be interested outside of Roland de la Ginsburg, who would do anything for money. Society is like that, my dears.

RED HOT FLASHES

Best-dressed young fella about FLASH-town a real mid-July treat when College Inn opens.

. . . Most ambitious 'n in this kind of weather no less, NORMAN joy of (Emerson Strasse) LUX . . . (Emerson Strasse) LUX . . . Pride 'n joy of LOU HENDERSON sporting first tooth . . . FRED HARTMAN promising to give



FISH FRY FRIDAY
CHICKEN DINNER
SATURDAY
FLOOR SHOW
FRIDAY & SATURDAY
Red Hot Music

ZR-3
109-113 State St.

DOROTHY DIX TALKS—by Hermann B. Deutch
This article is the story of Dorothy Dix herself, a story millions want to know. It tells of her own heartaches, her early unhappiness, her struggles against the same worries that millions write her about.

HARD CASE—by Richard Howells Watkins
by Maj. Gen. C. E. Brigham
We read a lot about the threat of gas to non-combatants in the next war. How much are we to believe? The former Chief of Chemical Warfare, United States Army, gives you the facts about aerial warfare. This article tells you how much chance John Q. Public, Civilian, will have in the next war.

HARD CASE—by Richard Howells Watkins
Captain Odell had no use for soft mates. He didn't like First Officer Twydale when he came aboard and he didn't like him after that affair off the Scillies—but he'd changed his opinion of the man meanwhile. A grand story of the sea.

July 17th Issue
Now
On Sale

**THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST** 5c

Hot Flashes

"Love Bug" has bitten at E. Henrietta County Hospital Bldgs . . . Among the new brides are, HELEN MURPHY 'n ALICE WILSON . . . Th' Homes newest groom, FRANK KILLACKY . . .

Viola Burns
After the Fourth
SPECIAL
Spiral Croquinole
or Combination
Regular \$5.00
\$3.50 Complete
End Permanents
\$2.50 Complete
14 Franklin Street
Evenings By Appointment
Main 7310

DUNIGAN'S
**LOG CABIN
INN**
785 Buffalo Rd.-Gen. 7624
Specializing in
CHICKEN DINNERS
at prices to meet your
pocketbook
25c-50c-\$1.00
VELVETONE TRIO
FRI. & SAT.

ALLARD'S
The Bright Spot on State St.



**Special
FLOOR SHOW**
FRI and SAT.
at this
COOL SPOT

Bring your out of town
guests where it's cool for
a good time.

Fred Lashier's Orchestra
252-254 STATE ST.

Smalline's
— for —
PRESCRIPTIONS
Ridge, cor. N. Clinton
GLEN. 4649

Frank Closser
GROCERY
629 Thurston Rd.
Glen. 1848

Compliments of
**Russer's Market and
Grocery**
Cor. Ames and Maple St.

Call Stone 391
Arrow Cleaners and Dyers
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Plant and Store
367 COURT ST.

B & O
300 W. MAIN ST.
Beer, Wine and Liquor
We Specialize in
MEXICAN HOT ROLL
Dancing Every Sat. Nite

THE ELLS PHARMACY
A. A. ELLS, Prop.
Dewey, Cor. Beverly Hgts.
Rochester, N. Y.

**Ridge Fruit &
Vegetable Store**
GROCERIES & MEATS
195 Ridge Rd. E.

DI NOLFO DRUG COMPANY
A. F. Polino, Phg.
Prescription Specialists
262 PORTLAND AVE.

The Popular
Summer
Food

CUTALI'S
famous SPAGHETTI and SAUCES

At
107
NORTH ST.
and
25 BROAD ST.

The famous
Cutali sauces to take
home — Always Ready.

Hot Flashes

Brown as ginger-bread, DO. MENICK ANGELO, local boxer . . . Ace commentator on "cremation", undertaker FREER of Lake Avenue . . . FLASH-ing by in a motorcycle, handsome copper, ANTHONY BIONDI . . . This town going to the dogs, what with the Junnel abdicating 'n Mis-sus HERB BRADLEY giving up the weekly pay envelope at McCurdys . . . Eligible bachelor, MATHEW (Powers Bldg.) KOWALSKI . . .

GREEN TREE PHARMACY
Prescription Specialists
1036 WINTON RD. N.
Culver 5493

Bull Pharmacy
2 Rosewood Terrace
PERSONAL SERVICE
Culver 2637

Winton Pharmacy
Prescription Specialists
692 WINTON ROAD N.
Cul. 3008

TIRE SALE
\$1.00 and up
All Sizes
We Specialize in Truck Tires
A. & R. TIRE CO.
410 W. MAIN ST.

SMOKED COOKED HAMS
SLICED FREE
GROLLING'S MKT.
417 THURSTON RD.
GEN. 6280

Miller Drug Co.
1152 CLINTON AVE. N.
Prescription Specialists
MAIN 8709

Vanderbelt Pharmacy
Ross F. Barone, Ph. G.
64 Monroe cor. Chestnut St.
MAIN 8735 — 8752

PARKING
ALL DAY
15c
Stone and Court Sts.
A. J. YOUNGMAN, Prop.

Lake Pharmacies
Prescription Specialists
16 Atlantic Ave. Monroe 8969
457 Ridge Rd. W. Glen. 7188

Tommy Jenks

Tenth Ward Market
1442 Dewey Avenue
CHOICE MEATS, GROCERIES
and VEGETABLES
We Deliver Glen. 4412
J. C. KRUPPENBACHER

G&R Grille
Court at South Ave
FREE PARKING

UNCLE SAM GOES AFTER DRUG FIRM FOR SELLING "POISONED" BANDAGES!

You won't find this in any of the burg's two daily papers . . . maybe because advertising is a great institution and brings in a lot of money . . . or maybe somebody just didn't think it was "news."

Uncle Sammy down in Washington went after a drug firm called the Bay Co., which is a subsidiary of the huge Parke, Davis & Co. manufacturers. The Federal Government accused the company of selling germ-infected bandages made at its plant in Bridgeport, Con. As the Bay Co. only manufactures bandages and surgical supplies, this puts it in the middle of a pretty kettle of fish.

Charged with violating the Federal Food and Drug Act by selling bandages and gauze labeled "sterilized" that were found to be contaminated with germs, the lawyers for the bandage company attempted to beat the government rap not by denying guilt but by declaring that the shipment of bacteria-ridden bandages seized by government did not fall under the classification of "drugs" and, therefore, the company was not liable to punishment under the Food and Drug Act.

Lawyers for the company freely admitted that the shipment of bandages destined for sale to civilians and hospitals were germ-ridden and might well infect some poor sucker, who put his trust in the word "sterilized" on the label.

According to their argument, it was perfectly all right for them to sell possible death to a customer by peddling unsterilized bandages and gauze. On top of that they defied the Federal Government to try and put a stop to it by claiming the government had no right to sue them under the Food and Drug Act.

However, the judges of the Federal Court gave the drug company a little something to remember them by. They ruled that bandages, gauze and other surgical packs fell within the jurisdiction of the Drug Act.

After presenting evidence to show the bandages are used for packing and dressing wounds, draining infected wounds and packing to stop bleeding, the court ruled any substance or mixture of substances intended to be used for the cure, mitigation, or prevention of disease falls under the U. S. Food and Drugs Act.

So now the Bay Co. is more than slightly behind the eight-ball, but the public gets a break . . . because from now on, if it buys a bandage to put over a wound, it can figure that at least the bandage itself, supposed to help, won't bring on disease and possible death. The public is a sucker—but not all the time!

Hot Flashes

Ideal family of the week: that of BILL COX, new U of R football coach . . . Howzacom, D&C, that the name of the milkman that aroused 'n saved a fire-trapped family on Chace Strasse, was omitted in your news story???. An orchid to him tho' we only know him as "wichamacallum" . . .

Rewarded for heroism by the Rochester Safety Council, RAYMOND O. ZOPPOTH of Lehigh Avnoo 'n JOHN SEEFRIED JR. of Remington Strasse . . . Hats off to you, boys ! ! ! . . . Cheerful doctor of any week: DR. W. W. VAN GRAAFEILAND . . .

Molarman of the Week:
DR. LESTER LEVIN
(Joseph Avenue)

Because of all the news in this sheet, we have had to leave out some late advertisers. We are sorry, but wanted to give the customers as much dope as we could. Get in your ads early next week, folks. And watch for the new and bigger FLASH. We'll be back in a flash with a FLASH.

Sen. Davis of Moose Puts His Foot Into It!

Republican Senator Davis of Pennsylvania is the founder and ruler of the Moose, and as such is entitled to a lot of respect because the Moose are (oris) one of the finest organizations in America.

But when the Senator starts to prate of things political, he is legitimate prey . . . especially when he puts his foot into it in town here.

The Senator said, for the Gannett papers, that "the Roosevelt court plan is the most vicious piece of legislation ever proposed by an executive of the national administration."

To quote the Senator again—"The situation in Washington has become terrific," he said, adding that Roosevelt's activity gives every evidence of dictatorial ambitions.

Further, says the Gannett paper, "Tribute was paid by Davis to Frank E. Gannett, publisher of the Gannett Newspapers."

Well, we're glad that Senator Davis paid his tribute, because that's the thing to do in town now.

But speaking about "most vicious piece of legislation," how about the little laws enacted under the GOP that made the Teapot Dome swindle possible . . . how about the closed eye attitude that allowed the Aluminum Company of America to become a bigger monopoly than Standard Oil ever was? How about the old robber tariffs that were a pet GOPiece of legislation? And if Roosevelt were a dictator, the Senator wouldn't be calling anything vicious. Everybody in Italy likes Mussolini, don't they? They have to!

There are things about the Supreme Court plan we don't like. But it's no threat to the Constitution. A lot of people who say it is never even took the trouble to look at that document. It so happens that the Supreme Court's number isn't fixed . . . and the President and Congress are within their rights to change the number . . . It was done by Lincoln, and we don't call him a dictator . . . and it was done by Lincoln solely for political reasons.

What's so sacred about the Court, anyway? It's members are just men, subjects to prejudices, and most of them were politicians before they got on the Court. Naturally, those men are prejudiced. Anybody over 40 is. Anybody of judges who reverse themselves inside a year, as the Court did on the minimum wages case after the election returns, shows something else besides just law. The law didn't change. The minds of the judges did.

And if Roosevelt is a dictator, what is Justice Roberts? If his

Hot Flashes

Vacationing at their beautiful Forest Lawn summer home, the GIOIAS of Montrose Strasse . . . Anking down the Main Strasse, BOB BRUCE of Rugby Avenue . . . Grandest personality of the week: Miss DITTNERS, Health Ed director at Roch. State Hospital.

Dressmaker of the Week:
MAE BETTIE
(Brockley Rd.)

Walker's Service Station
DEWEY AVE. & STONE RD.
Char. 1170
Empire Blvd. and Helendale
Cul. 1937

HOTEL UNION
40 South Union Street
DANCING
DOT O'NIEL
Songs and Comedy
ORCHESTRA FRI. and SAT.

Rogers Grill
FOR GOOD FOOD
75 SPRING ST.

Wichman Drug Co.
Prescription Specialists
FREE DELIVERY
858 Dewey Ave. Glen. 970

Markin Drug Co.
1392 CULVER RD.
Culver 5899
Prescription Specialists

Rogers Drug Store
735 PARK AVE.
Monroe 7657
Prescription Specialists

DEWEY AVE. PHARMACY
ROBERT A. COWAN, Prop.
Prescriptions a Specialty
2914 Dewey Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.

FREE PICNIC GROUNDS
DUNIGAN'S
Log Cabin
INN
785 Buffalo Rd.-Gen. 7624

FRANK CUTAL'S
SPAGHETTERIA
Famous for SPAGHETTI and CHICKEN CACCIATORE since 1928
Prompt Service — Popular Prices
38 ST. PAUL, opp. C. of C. MAIN 8888

Smash Go Prices

These fine cars and many others are priced right—You can not find any better cars at these figures.

PACKARD 120 Sedan	\$695	'35 Chevrolet Master Sedan	\$395
'36-FORD Trunk Sedan	\$395	'36 Chevrolet Trunk Sedan	\$495
'36 Oldsmobile Trunk Sedan	\$585	'36 BUICK Trunk Sedan	\$595
'37 FORD Sedan	\$495	'36 Plymouth Sedan	\$495

HUFF MOTORS
(The best in the field)
188 Mt. Hope Ave. Tel. Monroe 918

Leading Advertisers Lure Male Glances With Nudes!!

ARE NATIONALLY-KNOWN MANUFACTURERS GOING HAYWIRE WITH SEXY ADVERTISING?

Although the strip-teasers have been kicked off the New York stage and the reformers are still yelling bloody murder about the widespread nudity and depravity, etc. . . . and still trying to put the hush to things which jar their ears, though they should be known . . . not one of the babbitts has dared to squawk about the sexy advertisements that are being used by national advertisers in "class" magazines to sell their products.

The picture on the left-hand side of The Flash back page today will probably draw many a howl and squawk from the local "reformers" . . . who will yell that something oughta be done about it all . . . BUT THESE SAME PEOPLE DIDN'T SQUAWK WHEN THE PICTURE APPEARED IN AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR LINIT IN A NATIONALLY KNOWN MAGAZINE SOLD ON LOCAL NEWSSTANDS AND GOING INTO LOCAL HOMES.

The very lovely lady in the picture, who seems to be wearing nothing at all, is undressing for the readers of the June, 1937, Redbook Magazine for Linit. The Linit crowd, no doubt, is stealing a page from Mr. Minsky's notebook of success, and they seem to be using sex to sell their starch to us natives of the land of the free and the home of the brave.

If our puritans think that theatre-goers can be debased by seeing a girl in a G-string . . . and also think that things shuldn't be published relating to sex when they badly need an airing . . . what do they figure is the reaction of a 16-year-old kid to this sexy advertisement in his mama's or papa's favorite magazine?

Nudity for Profit

Of course, maybe it all depends on where the nudity appears. If it's on the stage or in a newspaper, it's naughty. But if it's on the slick, shiny paper of a "class" magazine . . . obviously designed to be sexy to attract attention to a product, then it's okay. Right?

We don't see our strait-laced folk raising the devil with these big national publications that rent their space to sexy pictures to sell merchandise . . . but after all, it takes COURAGE to start a fight with the big boys.

Just take a peek at the pretty little lady on the upper right hand side of the back page and the page opposite this. Is it a view some fellow got watching the next door neighbor's gal taking her sun bath? The SUN? No, not at all, not at all.

Where's the Face?

This girl, with her sexy little pose, isn't sun-bathing at all, but rather she's having her picture snapped by a firm of soap-makers. They're going to use the lady's nude picture to use soap though you don't use soap in taking a sun-bath, which is supposed to be what she is doing. Of course not, but the boys who make the soap (and here's the joke: they call it a FACIAL soap) know you'll not look at their ad in the wife's monthly magazine unless they hand you gobs of sex.

So they make a facial soap, hire a swell-figured damsel to take off all her clothes just to give you customers a thrill, and they have her sit down right in front of the camera, where it can grab off all the highlights o her career.

Maybe that's nice . . . but

the little lady is helping to sell a FACIAL soap, but dang it all, where's her face? The facial soap makers show us everything but her face . . . is't that so? And what con- nill on a sun bath has with a facial soap we wouldn't know—we aren't nudists or sunbathers ourselves, neither do we use Woodbury's Facial Soap—so we'll leave it to you. Maybe you'd better ask the Missus what it's all about. Perhaps on second thought it wouldn't do to let her know you're intrested in her magazine's sexy pictures . . . though you'll have to admit that in a burlesque house the performers don't even take off ALL their clothes like this young lady in a "respectable" monthly magazine which your son and your daughter leaf over after you and mama are through with it.

We don't think women have to take off all their clothes like the girl in the picture, but we might be wrong. Maybe times have changed.

"Reformers" Push Sex

Some of the straitlaced backers of these big firms are "reformers" themselves . . . that is, as far as the stage and newspapers are concerned . . . but they probably never think of reforming some of their own advertisements. Oh, no!

Sexy advertisements are good business for them. The nudist ads attract attention (they're arty, of course) but they also attract the attention of youngsters who are liable to get some screwy ideas.

The boys who use sex to sell their merchandise for profit get by with murder . . . but the boys who want to bare some problem relating to sex

A STRIP TEASE?



SEE the little lady, boys and girls. She's powdering her NOSE. Believe it or not, it's face powder this Mr. Bourjois is trying to sell the natives through the medium of his undraped females who undress raw for the readers of the monthly magazines which are considered so "high class."

Yes, she's powdering her nose, but who would look at her nose when he elbows are so very, very enticing. What makes the hubby grab your latest magazine, madam? What does little Willie and little sister Sophie want with mama's new periodical. To look at the recipes? To read the editorials?

No, mama, it's to look at the latest beautiful nude ladies the advertising agencies are showing off in their latest campaigns to SELL SEX with soap, starch, lipstick and other commodities which can be used more on the FACE than on other parts of the feminine form.

If the above stunning lady were to undress in your store window she'd be arrested forthwith and without delay. If she took off as much in a burlesque house as she has in the magazine, she'd be in court the very next day. If she went out on the street with no clothes on (not even a G-string) what would the proud mamas on your street say?

But that same proud mama will let her daughter and her son gurgle over the finer points of this young lady's anatomy without so much as a quiver of her plucked eyebrow.

What's This? Nude Pictures?

(Continued from Page 12)

What we want to know is this: If the bluenoses and babbitts think that theatre-going people can be debased and ruined by ogling a girl in the almost-nude . . . if they think that a true picture of perhaps unpleasant situations, printed so that those situations can be dealt with in he open, is harmful o youth whereas they are things youth should know these days . . . if they think this, well, we're just wondering what the reaction of a 16-year-old boy is to this sexy advertisement whose main purpose is to sell a product for profit.

that needs to be dealt with for the public's own good get the howls of the babbitts . . . who like to be ostriches, burying their heads in the sand, making believe the problem isn't there. It's a funny arrangement.

But after all, who ever thought big business and class magazines would be peddling sex? How times have changed.

Editor's two cents: The editor thinks the human body can be a thing of beauty and should not be hidden out of prudishness . . . but he can't see where a full nude torso has anything to do with selling a facial soap . . . and he also can't see why, if the prudes don't kick, they should about things more beneficial to the public. Can you?

Spiel

Sam (Macaroni) Gioia bought himself some noo divot diggers and now has no reason for not beating all comers . . . Earl (just right) Clark at Brownie's is known as the Fisherman Liar he always has such hard luck on his hook and line trips and the big one is still gettin' away.

A tip for FLASHville's bookermén: There are 9 gals at C. P. Fords in the lining dept. who, it is reported, have everything needed for a 1st class line, looks, figures, 'n personality plus and on top o' that they can really act . . . Monty Childs is shopping for striped pants and a morning coat so it must be that the organist is practisin' Mendelsohn's w. k. moosic . . . Johnny D'Aprile beating his own 77 with a sweet 75, nice goin' . . . Mathew Osborn in the hospital with a busted collarbone which is tougher than you think, folksies, becous' Mat was just married and didn't even have time to shake the confetti outta his hat.

Careful driver of the week: Doctor Detro who uses his horn before 'n not after . . . Thanks to the nooly-weds: Mr. and Mrs. Pilato for the cakesie-wakies . . . We strongly suspect that Eileen (Waldorf) McGillicuddy is kiddin' us about her rear name . . . Would Ruth Powers (the lil' gal with the sweet dimples) mind too much if we dialed her number some time? . . . Charley Avery not doin' so well in his diner an' wonderin' why . . . Maybe a dime less on the prices would turn th' trick?

Chilson Pharmacy
Prescription Specialists
1492 MONROE AVE.
Monroe 7320

Stickles Pharmacy
CHAS. E. STICKLES, Phg.
3319 Lake Ave. at Stonewood
Charlotte 640

WILLIAMS PHARMACY
C. K. WILLIAMS, Ph. G.
336 Arnett Blvd. Gen. 7642

Crystal Market
FEATURING
LIVE POULTRY
DRESSED FREE
48 Prospect St. Gen. 7665

FOR SINUS
Use Maid's Nose Drops
511 Dewey Ave.
GLEN. 974

G. J. Lewis & Co.
PHARMACY
G. J. LEWIS, Prop.
Prescription Specialists
Genesee St. and Brooks Ave.

Heath Thurston Road Pharmacy
517 Thurston Rd.
CENTRAL PHARMACY
Open All Night

ZIPAL POWDER
for All Household Cleaning
WY-TEN BLEACH—25c GAL.
Zipal Products Co.
We Deliver
30 LINCOLN AVE. GEN. 2561

FINEST FOODS
25c and 35c Dinners
Sunday Chicken Dinner—45c
U. S. RESTAURANT
Open Day and Night
Opp. General Hospital
504 WEST MAIN ST.

GEO. A. FILLEY,
Groceries - Meats
Fresh Vegetables
62 Clifton St. Glen. 1281

UPHOLSTERING
● Expert Workmanship
● Quality Materials
At Lowest Prices
● Estimates Cheerfully Given
G. RATCLIFFE
Phone, Genesee 3385
365 JEFFERSON AVE.
Open Tues., Thurs., Sat. Evenings

Nude For Woodbury



\$300 For Horse-Bite!

The man who was bitten on the hand by that porky Wehle Baking Co. boss when reaching out to tip his hat, as in last week's story here, was awarded \$300 by a jury this week. Now the big problem is to keep the crowds away from Wehle horses.

No Relief From Relief For Relief!! (Cute?)

At a recent meeting of the Council of Social Agencies in the Chamber of Commerce, WPA boss, Robert G. Hoffman, and City Welfare Commissioner Frank X. Kelly went to the mat in grand style and for once Crosspatch Kelly was right in his caustic remarks.

Hoffman ran around in circles when he hinted first that "social investigator's jobs depended on keeping relief rolls up—" and in the next breath stated that "many families had not received a visit from investigators in more than a year."

His statements met with vigorous denials from Kelly who claimed that supplemental relief is not excessive in Rochester . . . and he was more than correct when he condemned the "9 cent a day" welfare food dispensed by Syracuse officials and which it is evident that the Chamber of Commerce's Rollo Woodward would like to put into effect here. "We believe in keeping families in comfort," said Mr. Kelly, "and giving them decent food."

Whereat Roland B. Woodward put in his 2 cents worth by stating that the community didn't know what a good welfare standard was and wondering if the commissioner didn't make the standards. "Maybe he does," stormed Crosspatch Kelly. "But they're good standards." Just because some unfortunate people are on relief is no reason why they should have to live on a starvation diet and we agree with Mr. Kelly in this respect because it is a well known fact that the Mayor of Syracuse has tried the 9 cent a day meals for a week and lost plenty of avoirdupois.

Robert J. Menzie, exec. Secretary of the Citizen's Tax League, declared that upkeep of the WPA projects would be a lasting burden on local taxpayers which is distinctly a lot of crapolino as it was pointed out that it is more expensive to maintain old, worn out roads and buildings than new ones such as the WPA is building. Probably Mr. Menzie would turn down a gift of a new house because she would have to pay the electric bill.

RED HOT FLASHES

Can it be??? . . . Eggleston ownership has pffft??? . . . 'N that the "senior will be back near th' ole stand again on that South Ave. location? . . . Ruth Fisher didn't know that you have to throw firecrackers away after you light th' fuse . . . Lee Johnson, assist. mgr. of th' Powers is almost as handsome as Joe Smith . . . Fran Bocklage at the same hotel just loves th' sweltering weather . . .

Making debut in leading role at Summer Theatre, handsome HAROLD (Brown Strasse) BRUZEE 'n convincing us more that he ought-to-be-in-pictures . . . Wonder who's a-courtin' lovelee GINNY

(Defenders) DAY these h'yar days??? . . . Looking cool in th' pretties laced trimmed linen suit we've seen this summer, Miss RONCONE, genial Elwood Bldg. stenog.

Returning from honey-moon 'n verree happee, MICHAEL (Mac) PILATO 'n the charming wifey ANGELICA . . . Something to look at with her new white halo, JANE (West Hi sector) FISCHER

Peter Van Remoortere
GROCERIES — MEATS
1256 N. Clinton Main 6751
Specializing
Barbeque — Hots — Cold Cuts
We Close Wednesdays at 12:30
During June, July and August

Along the Mazdas

Truman Brizee seems to be doin' alrighty with WHAM an' we're lookin' forward to throwin' confetti at him before the summer's over . . . Jimmy (the handsome insurance) Tese went 'n did it 'n ALTARed his G. F.'s name to his own so we send our congrats . . . We don't like th' way the 'Lady in Red' regarded us in Brownie's las' Sateve, or rather we can't stand it . . . Dapper dentist-man: J. Van Tuyl Levy has the rep of being quite a racketeer, on the Maplewood courts we mean . . .

Herman Charlie Lissow sporting a new coat of tan, Kodak boys are still trying to duplicate it . . . new haircut of the week Tommy Marshall . . . detective man Willis Wright, still talking about Joe Louis, we think Schmeling will repeat, so there . . . Frank (cleaner man) Harris, had to work Sunday, so busy is he, must be a lot of dirty people around this berg . . . offside to the young lady dressed in the pink outfit, (Waldorf Saf. noon) we do work, yeah on the FLASH . . . come up to see us sometime, if you are still in doubt.

Married one and a half years and still happy Frank and Marilyn Shephard . . . Joe Rebmeister and the other Joe, cursed puhlently fixing the generator on Charlie Doxie's car . . . lawyerman Albert Truesdale figgered the round Louis would take Braddock, but didn't bet a dime . . . Philo Vance Schwartzmeier renigging on us, looking at Look instead of this popular rag . . . a worried look on a happy face Frank Pehler of Sterling Strasse . . . Al Menzner parked on West Ave. Sat. nite and met two friends he hadn't seen in eleven summers . . .

Joseph's Grocery
186 TROUP ST.
Cigars — Ice Cream
Fruits
Phone Main 8923

A. H. BROWN
Cigars — Cigarettes
MAGAZINES
216 S. PLYMOUTH

Pagano Grill
302 SCIO ST.
SPAGHETTI 25c
Red Hot Orchestra
Friday and Saturday Nights

REGINA
RESTAURANT 121 Lyell Ave.
SPECIAL SAT. and SUN.
1/2 BROILER 45c
FULL COURSE DINNER
Featuring LILLIAN SWANSORK
Friday and Saturday

THE LITTLE FRUIT STORE
That sells Flowers
so cheap
Winton Rd. at East Ave.

Clark's Market
600 JEFFERSON AVE.,
cor. Bartlett St.
PHONE: GENESEE 1417
Specializing in Poultry and
Restaurant Trade

Patronize Your
Independent Merchant
GEO. F. ROGERS
1462 DEWEY AVE.

GAS and OIL
AS & OIL
Central Service Station
275 State St.
Service With A Smile

HAPPY DAYS
Are Here Again
At Genial
CHARLIE HELBERG'S
1260 North St. Main 8234
FOR THE BEST
In
FOOD LIQUORS
WINES BEERS

DEATH IN THE DARK—by Fred'k F. Van De Water
Murder, thrills, romance, a state trooper and the heart of a gallant girl—an excitingly new story by a self-styled reformed newspaperman who knows his New York State Troopers.

HOW THE VOICE OF GINGER ROGERS HELPED TURN BACK MUSSOLINI'S BLACK SHIRTS IN SPAIN

From within Italian ranks—an amazing close-up of war's strange ways in 1937.

IF CHRIST CAME TO WASHINGTON—
by Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon
Would He approve of relief, boondoogling, the present High Court? Here's a surprising answer.

NO TAX ON SMALL INCOMES—a thoughtful editorial by Bernarr Macfadden

July 10th Issue
Now
ON SALE
Liberty 5c WEEKLY
On Sale at All Newsdealers

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Radio Stage Floor } **SHOWS**

Carnivals Fairs Musicales } **FEATURES**

"JACK DRISCOLL"

45 GIBBS STREET

STONE SIX-NINETY

Suicide Leap Due To Missing Funds At Bausch & Lomb

(Continued from Page 12)

he was also the treasurer of an employees' savings club known as the "Goggle Eye Club."

Each week the members of this club deposit a certain amount of their salaries with the treasurer of the club, and once a year a gala dinner party is given and the Thursday was the day of the annual dinner, and although all the members were gathered in a festive mood, Frank Bettin was absent. The following morning he didn't appear at his post in the plant . . . he couldn't . . . his body lay on a slab in the morgue . . . with both legs broken above the ankles from the terrific fall.

The news swept through the great plant like wildfire, bringing horror-stricken gasps from everyone who knew the man, liked and respected him. On a printed form at Police Headquarters are two type-written words: "Cause unknown." But when the wheels began to turn down at the big factory on St. Paul St., it was discovered that the Goggle Eye Club accounts were short to the tune of between \$4,000 and \$4,500.

Bettin was a man who had everything to live for—a charming wife and two fine children. He lived in a comfortable home, owned a car, was secure in his position at Bausch & Lomb and enjoyed the respect of his workers. Through all the years he had worked for Bausch & Lomb, he had never had a black mark against him. Everyone liked him and trusted him . . . he was known as "an honest man." Can it be that he was TOO honest in a way . . . too sensitive to face his friends with the admission that their trust in him was misplaced?

There's still that mystery attached to this tragedy which has struck his friends and family such a blow. The money is missing and Frank Bettin is dead—but not a single person who worked with him in the great optical plant has a word of resentment or a thing to say against him.

There are some who think the money will be recovered . . . that he may have loaned it to someone, and there are others who think Frank Bettin was just too much of a man (his decision DID take courage) to face the accusing eyes of the club members.

Maybe the secret died with him, and maybe the matter will be cleared up in time. But the tragedy piled on tragedy is that the grief-stricken family have to live with the shadow of doubt continually reviving their sorrow. Money isn't worth it all.

Brunette of Week:
HAZEL KRULL
(Sibley Office)

Rochester Weekly Flash

For the People and By the People Who Want the Truth

Published weekly by Rochester Weekly Flash, Inc., at 6 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.; President, Harold Dingman; Vice-President, Charles Schewe;

For Advertising Rates Call—

MAIN 2718



MAIN 2719

Sporty Spiel

It may have been the swell weather but Flashtown's divot diggers really went to town over the holiday with BILL CORY baggin' a sweet 71 at Durand 'n Oak Hill's DUDLEY WARD chalkin' down 72 over the long link . . . BRENDA'S MC INERNEY won the C. C. sweep by only 3 ticks from PHIL GOODWIN'S 75 . . . VIC (Jack Frost) CACCAMISE lost a little of his w. k. control agin Slim's last Sabbath when they hit th' ol' trademark pultently until BUS IRWIN relieved him . . . GARMAN pitched the Cooper Marines to the Legion City title allowing only 1 marker . . . 'n th' hurling nod of the week has to go to Egypt's KENNEY ' MENDANHOE who allowed Pentite's inside hit.

"BUS" WARDEN 'n CHET MILLER skinned th' white caps fast enuff to make them eligible for the N. Y. State championship snipe races this week end . . . we'd like to see th' boys grab it off . . . Evidently a lot of folks like polo becos' 8000 spectators watched WEBBER, JONES and SELL-MAYER th' Cloverheights trio ride rings around Ikalka last Sunaft . . . LEO GALLAGHER, MACK DOYLE'S snappy short stop ought to be on the Red Wing roster . . . he's much too good for semi-pro ball . . . likewise ARIOLA on the middle sack . . .

This kiddo, EDDIE COX, suttinly wheels his noo gas-buggy around the ovals . . . taking 3 outta 7 at Waterloo . . . he's worth watching on the dusty tracks . . . We hate to keep riding the Wings but we think things would go better if BLADES would put CUCCINELLO and MARION about 30 feet back of Scoreboard, CRABTREE on 1st, let KAUFMAN sell peanuts and PEE-WEE pitch the rest of the season's games . . . It couldn't be much worse ennoo.

Quite an announcer's battle goin' on between MCTIGHE of WHAM 'n "JUMBO" MACMILLAN with th' big boy getting the edge . . . Offside to GUN-NAR WHIG: Why don't you 'n MAC broadcast an inning aplece just to make the already sub-well broadcasts a little sweller . . . Announcement! The FLASH has just purchased an aeroplane to cover the sports events from the air . . . all we need now is an engine for the darn thing. So-long.

Sweet Voice Over Phone:
MARY MANNING'S
(No. 9 School)

HOTEL RACKET SNARES SAPS!

A Very Sad But True Traveling Salesman Yarn

The ladies of the evening are working a new racket in the hotels or maybe it's an old one we didn't catch up with until just now, but old or new, some of the boys are using the crying towel pultently, but not out loud.

Since F. D. R. put the ol' giggle-juice back on a legal basis and the hotels reopened their bars and tap-rooms these spots have become the happy hunting grounds for the predatory females in the oldest profession. The elite of the scarlet sisterhood are in the habit of sipping their small beers in these better-class bar-rooms and watching for the suit-case 'n sample boys to drop in for the w. k. pick-me-up. The salesmen are apt to get lonesome away from their native hearths and when the boys start looking around for some congenial company, that's the time the gals go into action.

Once the lad with the ol' expense account is seated at the business end of a tall, cool one it doesn't take the clever lassie very long to find out if his credit is good at the hotel . . . which is usually all she wants to know. If he's leaving town very soon she doesn't waste much time on him, but if he's in for a spell . . . well, it isn't a long walk to the elevator.

The usual row of dots . . . will have to suffice for what happens that nite and in the morning the salesman leaves for his rounds well satisfied with himself. What he doesn't know is that he's far from through with the little harpie. She is quite apt to return to the hotel with a friend . . . or perhaps two. They eat, drink and are merry and when the waiter brings the bad news, the lass discovers that she left her handbag on the grand piano, so to save an embarrassing situation she signs the check . . . not with her own monniker . . . but to the account of her B. F. of the previous evening.

This may go on until she knows he is about ready to leave town, when she folds her tent and silently steals away. The fish, his bags packed and confronted with the well-padded bill, hasn't got a hell of a lot of kick-back because in the first place he'll have to admit to the hotel that he is just a poor sucker, and in the second, if he makes too big a squawk it may get back to the old home town . . . So he pays up and leaves . . . a sadder and wiser guy. The racket sisters haven't got a dang thing to worry about, because they can always say he told them to do it while he was in his cups. How the other half lives, eh?

Hot Flashes

Hospital romancing, LENA RUBINO 'n ANGELO DE PALMA . . . 'N who is the new doll LEW RICHARDS is rushing now???

Hulse Pharmacy

424 JEFFERSON
Genesee 2742
Prescription Specialists

Peck Drug Store

184 PLYMOUTH S.
Main 7345
Prescription Specialists

NEW LOCATION

HARRY SHULMAN
2 YORK ST. GEN. 290
CUSTOM TAILORING
CLEANING — PRESSING
We Call and Deliver

CULVER PKWY PHARMACY

ROY JOHNSTONE, Ph. G.
Irondequoit's Friendly-Drug Store
295 CULVER PARKWAY
We Deliver Culver 1141

Kaleta Pharmacy

Prescription Specialists
1099 HUDSON AVE.
Main 7471

MAIN SIGN CO.

COMMERCIAL SIGNS, SHOW CARDS, STORE FRONT DISPLAYS
324 EAST AVE.
Stone 3890

LEIGHTON'S PHARMACY

2201 CLINTON N.
Gen. 6487
Prescription Specialists

MERCHANT TAILOR

LADIES' & MEN'S SUITS
MADE TO ORDER
MAX SCHAIBLE
31 Chili Ave. Gen. 1337



FOR Every Form of Entertainment

"The Office of Distinction"

Mutual Entertainment Exchange

ARTHUR ARGYRIES, MGR.
Loews' Theatre Building

This Coupon Entitles You to Participate in DONATION NIGHT

Drawing to be held every Tuesday at 8:30 P. M. at 753 Genesee St. by Riley Kennedy

Winner must be present within ten minutes of drawing and present ticket to correspond with winning name and number. If winner is not present, \$1.00 will be added and drawn for following week.

Original Award \$2.00 Maximum Award \$10.00
Kennedy's Collegiate Luncheonette

PRIZES VALUED AT \$2,000

RULES

The Rochester Weekly FLASH Picture Puzzle Contest is open to everyone, anywhere with the exception of members of the staff of the Rochester Weekly FLASH and their families.

Beginning with the issue of May 15th, 1937, The FLASH will publish a series of four Picture Puzzles each week for fifteen (15) weeks, a total of sixty (60) puzzles. Each puzzle cartoon will represent the name of a person well known in the City of Rochester or of some Park, Street, Building, Merchant or Manufacturer in the City or Monroe County.

The puzzles will become more difficult as the contest progresses and the easier ones will be published first so that our readers may become more skilled as to the methods employed in their solutions.

At the close of the contest a letter will be required on the subject of "WHY I READ THE FLASH." This will consist of not more than 250 words and will be judged on its humor and originality and must be submitted during the week following your answers to final puzzles.

Neatness will not be taken into account. Do not decorate your answers. Simply print clearly your answers in ink on the Coupon provided. (ALL ANSWERS MUST BE MADE ON THIS COUPON.) Any answers made in other form will be disqualified. Send in your answers every 4 weeks to the FLASH Office.

Any person entering the contest and by submission of solutions agrees to accept as final the decisions of THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH on all matters affecting the conduct of the contest, the procedure and policy with regards to acceptance of entries thereof.

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH reserves the right to award all prizes and the contestants shall accept their decision as final.

The FLASH also reserves the right to disqualify any contestant whose entries show signs of collusion and further reserves the right to require tying contestants to work a series of tie-breaking puzzles.

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH will not assume any liability for puzzles lost in transit nor will any claims to ownership of puzzle solutions be honored unless the name of the contestant be legibly written in ink on the entry blank.

Any contestant may submit as many sets of the sixty puzzles as he or she chooses, provided the same are properly qualified and each will be judged as a unit, but no person will be allowed to win more than one prize. When submitting more than one set of puzzles all of the fifteen weeks solutions must be submitted and identified as series A, B, etc., and each series MUST be on a separate Entry Blank.

Back numbers of THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH may be obtained at the office, 6 State Street, for the benefit of those who may wish to enter the contest after the first week.

IMPORTANT!!!

ENTRIES WILL ONLY BE HONORED ON FLASH OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANKS!

FLASH PUZZLE CONTEST

OFFICIAL FLASH PICTURE PUZZLE ENTRY BLANK

Contest Editor
Rochester Weekly Flash, Inc.
6 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

I submit the following as my solution to Puzzles 33 to 36 in your Picture Puzzle Contest.

33.
34.
35.
36.

My Name is Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Address

No. 33



WHAT NAME DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT? THE CORRECT ANSWER IS IN THE FOLLOWING LIST

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Harold S. Gay | Swayne Goodenough |
| Henry T. Perkins | Fred Goodwin |
| Alexander Simpson | William Graeser |
| Brownie's Marble Bar | Earl V. Case |
| Charles H. Geyer | Water Street |
| James E. Gleason | Embassy Theatre |
| Emerson Mayo N | Thomas H. Green |
| Edward Goetzman | William B. Hale |

No. 35



WHAT NAME DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT? THE CORRECT ANSWER IS IN THE FOLLOWING LIST

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Ferdinand Enders | Fred W. Evans |
| Arthur Barry | Horace F. Jones |
| Court Street Bridge | Sidney Carlson |
| Herbert A. Clark | Elmer Fairchild |
| Erickson Perkins | Hotel Rochester |
| Clarence Shafer | Harold J. Fett |
| Howkeye Works | Miles Ark |
| Francis Skivington | John G. Ferguson |

No. 34



WHAT NAME DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT? THE CORRECT ANSWER IS IN THE FOLLOWING LIST

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| Max Cohen | Paul Muscarello |
| Fred Wilson | William Clancy |
| Exchange Street | Murray Theatre |
| William Biggers | Norma Tibbetts |
| Sidney Disbrow | John A. Doyle |
| Max Nusbaum | Edward Dentinger |
| Frank Bodwell | Bowie Williamson |
| George Bonbright | Oscar Smith |

No. 36



WHAT NAME DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT? THE CORRECT ANSWER IS IN THE FOLLOWING LIST

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Harry W. Fincher | Mrs. Gertrude Foley |
| James E. Field | Benjamin Forman |
| David Kessler | Henry Beilski |
| Curtis FitzSimons | Henry S. Forbes |
| Dewey Avenue | Clarissa Street |
| Nelson Whitaker | William W. Foster |
| Main St. West | George E. Francis |
| Riviera Theatre | Mose L. Garson |

PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE: New 1937 AUTOMOBILE!!!

- Credit on '37 Terraplane or Hudson Car—Ben Wolk, 780 Clinton Ave. N. \$100.00
- Rug Cleaner (Scott & Fatzner)—Hill Appliance, 482 East Main 59.50
- Lady's Bicycle — Zimmerman, 129 W. Main 35.00
- Lady's Wrist Watch Rosenberg, 9 State 27.50
- 1 Battery—Goodland, 239 East Avenue 14.95
- Percolator Set (4 pcs.) — Weisbuch Inc., 398 East Main 12.50
- 1 Permanent Wave—Raymonds, Granite Bldg. 10.00
- Sterling Flask & Straw Hat — Garson's Clothes, 88 State 10.00
- 5 Priv. Dancing Lessons—Gladys Bliss, 107 Clinton Ave. S. 10.00
- 24 in. Richelieu Pearls — Jos. Klein, 82 W. Main (10) Treatments for Baldness—Pignato Bros., 449 E. Main 10.00
- Electric Clock, Lamp — Wildman Co. Inc., 41 E. Main 10.00
- Exam. & Pr. of glasses—Gorman, 312 E. Main or Microscope Set — Gorman, 312 E. Main 8.50
- 8 Pc. Cocktail Set—Preston Jewelry, 91 E. Main 9.75
- 50 Gals. Gas—Burt Walker, Empire Blvd. & Stone and Dewey 8.00
- New Guitar — Davis, 174 W. Main 8.00
- Kit Brush Set — Glasser Co., 22 Main St. W. 7.50
- Fielder's Glove—Mogridge, 22 State 7.25
- Electric Health Cooker — Skinner, 245 East Ave. \$6 in Trade—ZR-3, 109-113 State 6.00
- Anti-back Lash Reel — Bernsteins, 3 Front 5.50
- Kitchen Clock (Elec. or Wind) — Marks & Abramson, 10 State 5.00
- Merchandise — Vanderbelt, Pharmacy 5.00
- Fish Rod (Steel) — Glassman, 107 E. Main 5.00
- Fountain Pen (Conklin Nozak)—Humbert, 8 North Banjo Clock — Gamler's, 84 E. Main 5.00
- MORE PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

Hot Flashes

Nomination for best dressed woman-about-town, Miss BETTY (Union Trust Bldg.) DIETZ... Popular Normal-scul-ite vacationing in town, PLUMA (Locust Strasse) SWAIN... Seen pumping a two-wheeler down the avenue, TEDDY (Lake Avenue) De WELLS... Enjoying navy life to a T, JOE (Cottage Strasse) GRIPPO... Latest FLASH has it that JOE 'n crew CHINA-bound...

Driving a shiny mobile, EDWARD (Lorimer Strasse) O'BRIEN 'n the handsome B. F... Nicest twosome of the week: dainty IRENE (Bartlett Strasse) PURCELL 'n Al... Wonder if ESTHER (Birch Strasse) TUTHILL is anticipating visit with Sis in Detroit???. Swinging a mean tennis racket, ELEANOR (E.K.) COLE... "Home Sweet Home" of the week: the Laney Rd. WINSLOWS.

FEATURE NEWS

10¢

NIGHT CLUB GUIDE

ROCHESTER FLASH

SPORTS THEATRES

WEEKLY

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Vol. 1—No. 27

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 10, 1937

Advertisers Sell

Goods With **SEX!** Raw, Nude

READ ALL ABOUT IT—Page 8

Undressed For Soap



She Stripped For Linit



WHAT'S THIS? Printing nude pictures in The Flash?

Not a bit! The Flash is merely reprinting illustrations from advertising in nationally known magazines. This isn't a strip-tease page. Not by a long shot!

We're just showing you a sample of the nudity and unclothed stuff that respectable advertisers are using in "class" magazines. The very nifty lady in the above picture, who seems to be wearing her birthday suit and nothing else, is undressing for the readers of the June, 1937, Redbook Magazine.

Her charms are being used to advertise LINIT. The LINIT crowd no doubt is taking a tip from Mr. Minsky, the burlesque biggie, who made a sizeable fortune exploiting nudity . . . and the LINIT boys seem to be using SEX to sell their starch to the peasants.

(Continued on Page 8)

Suicide Leap & Lost Cash At Bausch & Lomb Plant!!

The veil of mystery which shrouded the tragic death leap of Frank Bettin, plant executive, the other day, has been partially lifted with last-minute disclosures from the Bausch & Lomb Co. Bettin parked his car on Veterans' Memorial Bridge and jumped into the river. Conan Doyle might have called it the "Case of the Goggle Eye Club." Bettin was in charge of the shipping department at the optical plant for many years. And for the past 13 years

(Continued on Page 10)

EXCLUSIVE! NEW! RED HOT DOPE ON WINNING NAGS FOR HORSE FANS!!

115 South Avenue
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(See Page 7)

FEATURE NEWS

10¢

NIGHT CLUB GUIDE

ROCHESTER FLASH

SPORTS THEATRES

WEEKLY

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Vol. 1—No. 28

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 17, 1937

Gannett Turns Down Union Dough!

New Torch Suspect!

Slain Youth's Father Almost Jailed by Cops?

The police lid clamped down tight on the torch slaying of 14 year old Joseph McConkey, Jr., as the brutal murder of Fillmore woods went into its fourth week still tangled. The daily papers haven't been able to find a thing, but from reliable sources, this sheet found out that the gendarmes are now on the trail of a new suspect, one they think of so much that they are keeping their ideas and plans about him, and also his identity, a deep dark secret from everyone.

Right now, detectives are supposed to be rummaging through rogue's galleries in various neighboring cities, as well as this, trying to find the picture of the man who corresponds to the description of the suspect, which was purportedly given to them by a

(Continued on Page 3)

Daughter Sues Father For Annulment of Their Marriage!

There is an old saying about truth being stranger than fiction, and it's true, which is strange in itself. Here's a story that is so amazing in its revelation of human depths that it is almost unbelievable.

Minister Stops Church - Going On Sundays!

An unusual man is Pastor Carl Allen of a Methodist Episcopal church in Los Angeles, who unlike a lot of ministers, believes that being a good Christian and getting

(Continued on Page 2)

Gannett Puts Gag On Labor Boys!!

It caused a furore all over the West Coast, though it wasn't reported in town here in the

(Continued on Page 2)

Cops Break Record For Dumbness At Senate Quiz!

The biggest horse-laugh given to the great American public last week, boys and girls, came when a bunch of cops reached an all-time high for stupidity . . . during the Senate's investigation of that famous (or infamous) Chicago massacre on Memorial Day . . . when 11 steel strik-

ers were killed, 40 wounded by bullets and 60 beaten up badly and sent to the hospital or jail.

You already know about the newsreel that was taken of the battle, when the Chicago cops started shooting. Well, after the newsreel, showing

(Continued on Page 3)

In saying this we are saying no more than what Mr. Gannett, himself, has said about Franklin Roosevelt.

Almost as an answer to our remarks, Frank Gannett came

(Continued on Page 2)

Street Car Racket!

They tell us that the day of the confidence man is on the wane, but one youthful resident of this

(Continued on Page 3)

Gannett Puts Gag On Labor Boys!!

(Continued from Page 1)

out two days later with a personal statement saying that he was aware of all his new responsibilities and how he would try harder than ever to be fair on every question and to live up to his great public trust. That was the gist of it all.

Now we'll come to the point. There's a strike on at the General Baking Co. There have been strikes there before. Now the Bakers' Union is striking for recognition of its union, and the Operating Engineers went out in support of them. We're not gonna start passing on the merits of the strike right now, because that's beside the point and we said we were coming to the point.

It seems the leaders of the two unions got reports that the Baking Company executives were trying to play down the whole matter by saying that it wasn't an authorized strike by the unions but just a move by a small group of disgruntled workers who didn't know what they were doing.

The union boys didn't try to get to any paper and influence any editorial opinions. They didn't try to bribe anyone. Maybe they knew that the Gannett papers are playing down local labor troubles for the general welfare of the town. But they did go to the office of The Democrat & Chronicle to place a paid advertisement.

Their announcement was simply the fact that there was a legal, authorized union

strike going on at the General Baking Co. The same ad which they offered the Gannett paper is on this page. It doesn't look so very vicious, does it?

However, in the Gannett sheet's offices there was a lot of hemming and hawing when the ad was brought in Monday by some union men, and a little conference ensued. Finally, one of the Gannett men told them that he would let them know later in the day whether the paper would run the ad or not. He let them know a few hours later; the answer was no. The exact words, a la Calvin Coolidge, were that they "didn't choose to run it."

Now, Mr. Gannett is supposed to be a liberal. He also pledged himself to play fair. There are more than 60,000 people affiliated by family or membership with labor unions. Does he intend to push them out in the cold, as far as public opinion and public information go?

We don't figure this is making a mountain out of a molehill. We ran the union's ad. We figure they have a right to buy advertising space in this paper. We also figure both sides have a right to the presentation of their side of the case. We would run the baking company's ad for the same reason. Our ad space is sold to any honest advertiser. Our editorial opinions and policies are not for sale, no matter who advertises with us. We aren't running this story because we

have an ad, but because we think it's important, much more important than the ad or the money accruing from it.

If Mr. Gannett will remember, he ran a full page anti-labor ad in his papers, paid for by the Iron & Steel Institute some time ago. He ran an anti-union full page ad, paid for by the Chrysler auto people; and he also ran a full-page anti-union ad, paid with Mr. Ford's money and one for General Motors.

You can draw your own conclusions.

What's all this about the freedom of the press that big shot publishers rave about... and who is it free for?

The little announcement those two unions tried to get into Mr. Gannett's paper as a paid advertisement doesn't amount to much in itself.

Yet we sincerely consider this the most important story of the week in Rochester.

You should be able to see why if you've gotten this far.

Hot Flashes

Pumping, not thumping, her way to California 'n enjoying it all velly much, LEE HAMAL of Washington Strasse, who gets the orchid for this week. Raising in one day, JOE MAIZ opens the summer season band concerts at Gensee Valley Park... Parade of the week: That of New York State MOOSE Assoc.

Dazzling summer outfit: LESTER (Loew's) POLLOCK

Daughter Sues Father For Annulment of Their Marriage!

(Continued from Page 1)

dailies. Just to let people know that we aren't the only ones vile enough to mention this story of human darkness, we are reprinting the report word for word from that eminently respectable news reporter, Time mag.:

"Compared to the shame which heaped upon Tennessee when its laws were found powerless to prevent child marriages, a domestic relations case, up last week in California brought obloquy far deeper and darker. The story reminded newsreaders of the powerful poetry of California's Robinson Jeffers, whose plots of incest the polite public shrinks from as wilful departures of reality.

"Into Riverside County Superior Court went one Marjorie MacDonald, 19, seeking annulment of her marriage with Anstruther MacDonald. She charged him with rape and also with incest, for Anstruther MacDonald is her father. He and her mother had separated when Marjorie was 3. She had not seen him again until she was 12. When she was 14, her mother having died and her foster-father having remarried, she went to live with Anstruther MacDonald. Within a year, she was not only his daughter but his mistress.

Temperamental, volatile, they loved and quarreled violently. In one tantrum, she reported his crimes. He admitted his guilt and went to prison for having contributed to the delinquency of a minor. She wrote to him during the eleven months of his confinement and after he was paroled she went back to live with him in Indio, Calif., where he, a skilled electrician and onetime technical chief of Radio Station KFI, had found work as electrical foreman on an aqueduct.

"The day after Christmas, 1936, they went to Phoenix, Ariz., and were married. She had borne him a son two months before. Last April they had another of their fierce quarrels and again she went to the district attorney. (Last week) a jury of people of California will start considering what next to do with dark Marjorie and Anstruther MacDonald."

Hard to believe that humans can go so low, but there it is—reported by an authentic, respectable news magazine. We print it with the thought of "Lest we forget"—Lest we forget that there's plenty to be done yet in the field of social and moral decency and it can't be done by hiding the blotches.

Chivalry Takes A Licking In Local Tenderloin!

Sometimes helping a woman in distress doesn't pay very big dividends, and as a result of his chivalry Victor Lewis is now nursing a big bruise on his schnozzle. It all happened last week-end when six (count 'em) Latins entered the Central Hotel on Central Avenue and demanded the proprietress, a Mrs. Minzbach, to let them up-stairs to see a friend of theirs from Syracuse.

The good lady could see no reason why she should let the rowdies do as they pleased in her establishment at that hour, (it was after 1 A. M.) and she told them so very strongly. The boys didn't like her attitude, either, and proceeded to force their unwelcome way up the stairway. Now one little lady is no match for six, brawny, sun-tanned youths, and there's no doubt that Frau Minzbach would have been rapidly overcome, if the chivalrous Victor (a roomer at the Hotel) hadn't decided to get into the game.

Bounding up the stairs he waded bravely into the fray in an effort to aid the fair lady but even then the odds were a little on the uneven side . . . and after all a man can only do so much good, even if it is for a feminine cause. The hoodlums objected to Victor butting in, so picking him up they carried him downstairs and out to the sidewalk where they proceeded to indulge in a little horseplay . . . with the unfortunate Victor as the horse.

After bouncing him around for awhile one of the boys let him have a stiff hook right on the ol' beezee and suddenly—most of the fight left the erstwhile champion of the weaker sex . . . along with a lot of good, red gore. The six sons of sunny Italy evidently thought they had enough fun for one evening and disappeared into the darkness, leaving poor Victor to nurse his enlarged and bleeding proboscis.

Another roomer at the Central Hotel claims he knows the identity

of the assailants and the cops advised Mr. Lewis to swear out a warrant but after all, that won't help his aching beak. The moral of this little tale is perfectly obvious: Don't start a scrap unless you're bigger than the other fellow.

Minister Stops Sunday Church

(Continued from Page 1)
some pleasure out of life is more important than going to church.

Last week Pastor Allen convinced his governing board and got them to change the Sabbath church services for his 115 church members over to Thursday evening, instead of Sunday.

What was more unusual, the pastor came out with this reason—"The residents of this community are working every possible day to make up for the worry during the Depression. I believe they should be free to go to the beach or mountains on Sunday without feeling it is wrong. Jesus consistently taught that man was to have preference over any creed, custom, dogma or law."

Looking for new quarters for his bizz, svelte-mechanic, JOE (State Strasse) FASINO . . . For Sports News the trend is still to the woo-begotten JUNNEL accordin' to th' Neon sign across th' way.

This, dear Public, is, word for word, the Union ad that Mr. Gannett's paper would NOT take!

Notice to the Public!

The Bakers' Union and the Union of Operating Engineers declared a legal strike at the plant of the General Baking Company, makers of Bond and Butter Krust Bread.

For information, consult Local No. 71, I. U. O. E. (International Union of Operating Engineers), 96 State Street—Phone, Main 3519; or Local No. 14, Bakers' Union, Labor Lyceum—Phone, Main 6323.

—advertisement

Slain Youth's Father Almost Jailed by Cops?

(Continued from Page 1)

14 year old girl from the McConkey neighborhood in the vicinity of Bernice St.

The description of the man now being hunted by the police, according to our sources, tallies with the description of a man wearing fairly shabby clothes and a slouched-over hat seen in the fatal woods the day after the murdered boy was found. The man was seen rummaging in the region of the woods where the body was found by one of the young boys who discovered young McConkey's remains.

Still, according to very good sources, trouble of a passing nature arose between the bereaved McConkey family and the police last week, when the whole family was summoned down to headquarters for a discussion of the case. The report has it that the father became so incensed over his wife, still in a state of near-collapse, having to undergo police examination . . . that he got into quite a ruckus with detectives . . . and was finally threatened with being put into a cell down below in headquarters. The family was grilled from 1:30 to 7:30 that day.

Our source has it that Mr. McConkey is bitter towards the Gannett dailies for their write-up of his summons to headquarters, which mentioned there were discrepancies in the family's versions where there were no discrepancies, and figures they've left a cloud on his reputation.

From last reports, the pri-

vate posse formed in the neighborhood of the murder is still in operation, though not uncovering anything of value. There's a petition being circulated in the vicinity, though, to continue Bernice St. right through the Fillmore Woods, thus destroying any danger of a similar tragedy in the dense underbrush. The owner of the woods has already declared himself willing to cooperate in every way.

There's also the mystery of the 27 cents. Young Joe McConkey and his brothers were saving up their money to buy firecrackers for the 4th of July. They had amassed a grand total of 33 cents. When his brothers left him in the berry patch near the woods on the day of the slaying, they gave him all the funds to hold as treasurer. When he was found, there was only 6 cents found with him in his pocketbook, and though the missing change was hunted for all around, it's still missing.

Wheels within wheels.

We do not count a man's years, until he has nothing else to count . . . Emerson.

Street Car Racket!

(Continued from Page 1)
burg evidently doesn't think so. Due to the kid's age (he's only 15) we will omit his name . . . but he certainly had the makings of a novel and lucrative racket.

This kid stood at the corner of North and Franklin Streets with two street-car passes. When he spotted a likely looking prospect waiting for a street car he'd slide up and ask him for a dime in return for the use of one of his passes. If the sucker fell, they both climbed aboard showing the motorman a pass apiece . . . but after the car started, the kid recovered his first pass from the passenger. When the car pulled up at the first stop off jumped the kid and walked back to the North and Franklin corner again . . . a dime ahead.

The whole scheme seemed perfect . . . all he needed was 20 suckers and the passes were paid for . . . every dime after that strictly gravy. For all we know he may have even borrowed the passes in the first place in which event everything he got was clear profit. Nobody was getting gyped and the kid might have got rich but for the fact that somebody evidently thought that it wasn't a good way for the boy to be spending his vacation. Anyway the police picked him up and gave him a free ride to the station house where he admitted making only 60c . . . so far.

Lieutenant Wilkin gave the lad one of his w.k. fatherly lectures and showed the kid the error of his ways . . . but it looks like kids are getting smarter and smarter, though not for the best.

Cops Break Record For Dumbness At Senate Quiz!

(Continued from Page 1)

the gruesome tragedy, was run off . . . there was a little comedy relief . . . provided by the dumbness of the Chicago cops under grilling.

After he was shown a picture of that riot, Chicago police Sergeant was asked what "that man was drawing" (meaning a cop in the scene).

Said the Sergeant: "I don't know. He may be drawing his handkerchief."

Said Senator Thomas, one of the grillers: "Out of his holster?"

Said the Sergeant: "We have left-handed policemen."

Then Police Captain Mooney testified: "In my judgment the whole thing was inspired by Communists. The purpose of Communists is to overthrow the Government and attack policemen, and they are getting money from Russia to help them do it."

Senator Thomas: "You think these strikers were in the pay of Russia?"

Captain Mooney: "I wouldn't be surprised . . . A lot of people in my district went back to the capital of Russia."

Senator Thomas: "Where is that?"

Captain Mooney: "I don't know—wherever Lenin is." (Lenin has been dead a good many years now.)

Said one reporter of the quiz: "Rambling on hour after hour, contradicting themselves and each other at every turn, the Chicago police, if not butchery."

An odd defense of a cop clubbing an unconscious body was given by a man named Daly, assistant corporation counsel of the City of Chicago. "You got to consider the human element, Senator. They was all excited."

Besides—being a lousy excuse, it was lousy grammar . . . coming from a corporation counsel of the second biggest city in the country.

The pay-off, though, came when a cop named George Higgins was shown a picture of himself manhandling a woman. The policeman yelled, "I didn't strike her. Like a gentleman I shoved her."

Some of the victims then talked before the Senators. One was Mrs. Lupe Marshall, a social worker who had nothing to do with the steel strike. She told how she had been clubbed, thrown into a patrol wagon with 16 other wounded, none of them even getting first-aid. She went on to say: "None of the men were able to sit up. There was one man

who looked gaunt and haggard, who had a man lying on top of him. I got his head in my lap. I noticed his face was getting cold and black. He motioned toward his pocket, and I reached and got a cigarette for him. But it was covered with blood. He said, 'Never mind, you're a good kid, carry on.' He started to say, 'Mother,' but then he stiffened up. I said to the policeman at the door, 'I hope you get a medal for this.'

Hot Flashes

FLASHing loveliest smile at Kodak Park, FANNIE LLOYD . . . C. P. Ward-man of the week: "SODDY" (Bartlett Strasse) SALVI . . . Kute Kidlets of the week: the Phelps Avonoo CONNELLY's trio of boys . . . Going in for th' summer sports in a beeg way, FRANCES (Koda-cutie) CHAPMAN.

My but we haven't seen hide nor hair of handsome BOB (Kingsboro Rd.) KOEPKE for auld lang syne . . . Cutest lil' home, inside 'n out, that of the Michigan Strasse PAPPANIS.

SUMMER SPECIALS
Swim Trunks \$1.15
POLO SHIRTS 59c
SLACKS ALL STRAWS Value to \$2 95c

Towne Men's Shop
1164 Portland at Norton

UNPAID COUNTY TAX
Monroe County Treasury,
Rochester, N. Y.
July 1, 1937
Notice is hereby given that pursuant to Chapter 107 of the Laws of 1884 as amended, I will on August 15, 1937, cause to be published and printed in the Democrat & Chronicle a list or statement of the lands charged with unpaid County Taxes of 1936 remaining unpaid on August 1. Payment after July 31 cannot affect publication.
C. A. SMITH,
Director of Finance

FLASH FLIPS

Miss Ben Kollophski celebrated her 73th birthday last week . . . Congrats ! ! ! . . . Ben 'n th' missus have been married nearly 60 years . . . (June brides please note) . . . Charlie Kohlmetz (Kohlmetz Iron Works) all togged up in gray . . . looking like a million bucks, businessing in th' Elwood Bldg.

Russell Forth, 6 ft. 4 inches, back in Rochester after 10 years in th' big town . . . Rex Cartwright, the big advertising man, hurrying to keep very important appointment.

Fred (Vicinity Post) Metzinger and th' missus took time out for a week's vacation . . . George Hoffenberg up 'n coming legalite, doesn't mind the heat a bit . . . Clinton DeVoe breakfasting at the sign of the Red Apple lately . . . Missus Frank Harris, the cleaner-upper's frau goes for th' new chapeaux in a big way . . . Style note: Angelo Rose, 15th Ward leader, seems to be getting a trifle heavier . . .

Irony of Life: Helpless Red Wingers who were looking "well-down-on-all sides" for awhile, showing puh-lenty of color for Papa Branch Rickey by winning doubleheader Sunde . . . 'N probably Rickey thinking unto himself that the boys need no help . . . They can go to town if they want to without a couplaplayers we were promised 'n that were shipped away elsewhere . . . Never fails to happen . . . We always look helpless at th' wrong times . . .

Patiently waiting for street car, FORREST (Lincoln Avonoo) BROWN . . . ROBERT (West Hi) TAYLOR may not be a moom-picture star but he's an honest-to-gosh ROBERT TAYLOR . . . Warbling we haven't heard in soo long, that of ROSEMARY TREMAINE's . . . Enjoying th' summer daze at their Hoover Estate, the KINGS of Kenwood Avonoo. . . Creamy-white skin you love to touch, that of FLORA (Broad St.) DE SANTIS . . . Looking nifty in their tailored suits, the GRATZER sisters of Parkway . . . wearing out the P. O. floor, genial chemist RAY (Lynn Avonoo) BOLINAS, seems to miss th' lil' Missus way-out-Cuba . . .

Viola Burns SPECIALS
Frederick's Vita Tonic or Realistic Permanent Wave Regularly 7.50 5.00
SPIRAL CROQUIGNOLE OR COMBINATION PERMANENT WAVE Regularly 5.00 3.50 Complete
END PERMANENTS 2.50 Complete
14 FRANKLIN ST.
Evenings by Appointment Main 7310

Enjoy a delightful drive along Hemlock Lake over Routes 2A and 2 and "top it off" with the most delicious dinner in New York State at the
Hotel Wagner
BATH N. Y.
Home of
The Rendezvous
New York's Smartest Cocktail Lounge.
Dance nightly to Radio's famous "Strings of Swing" (Broadcast every Monday—7:30 P. M.—Station WESG)
NO MINIMUM OR COVER CHARGE EVER

MANDELL'S
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS
PORTLAND AT NORTON Main 8018
MONROE AT OXFORD Monroe 9200
PHARMACIES

ALL AROUND THE TOWN

Jimmy Santarose ALTARed Lucy Fiordelise's name to his own recently and it seems to have improved her already good looks . . . Harold Tishkoff seen around at J. Y. M. A. Camp at Lakeville . . . Another hot weather aplice was the McBride and Limbeck wedding with John Violante doin' th' honors as the better man 'n Babe Keefe looking cute in white tulle . . . what was Joe Bates 'n Johnnie Giffin doing at the Moose Club at 5 a. m. Sunday?

Is "Hook" Cetrone, barboss at the Lyell-Subway Grill, blazing over a certain lass . . . Hope Aggie Converse isn't breaking her lil' heart over Herbie, her lost love . . . There must be some kind of attraction at the Murray Theatre for Elinor Schultz . . . Bill Weeks doesn't want to be FLASHed 'n we wonder why . . . Guess we'd better ask Al 'n Eddie . . . When is Al Holden's heart-throb, Ruth, coming back from th' Buckeye State?? . . . Mad Mechanic of th' week: Owen Burnett.

Fatherly advisor of Kodak Park is Sir Ray Shippy . . . The Wonder Bakery Boys sure go for th' ol' Milk Shakes . . . A cute blonde we'd love to dial sometime: Shirley Glaskin . . . Can it be true that Margaret Nassar of Jay St. is getting the love jitters over Michael Joseph . . . at least M. J. 'n M. N. are always in each other's arms . . . when dancing . . . Howcome Harlow-haired Celia 'n her b. f. Tommy haven't middle-aisler it yet . . . Maybe her affairs are still in a tangle . . . Pauline Kull auto'ed to Noo Yawk for a trip . . . the sparkle was still in her orbs when she returned, however . . . Aside to Dick: Let's have the full names when you write us, will'ya?

Has Bookerman Argyies' gal Friday, Esther Berke, heard from the lil' blonde we're so sweet on yet?? . . . We like Margaret Unterborn's new coiffure . . . in fact, we like her . . . Democrap & Comical just couldn't wait till Sunday to print a Sunday page last Toosday nite . . . Heinie Clune frolicked down to Cleveland recently 'n met another he-man: Johnny Weismuller . . . Heinie's frau used to be as good as Johnny in the water.

Pete Perkins must be able to see better in the dark this summer . . . he hasn't run his motor boat 20 feet onto the shore yet . . . Charlie Avery objected to the way he was FLASHed but we weren't foolin' . . . we're only trying to help . . . Jim (Canandaigua) Douglas sporting a nice tan . . . must have sun lamps in that cool room at the Powers . . . Johnny Magra returning from Walt Disney's coast studios . . . why?? In the July 9th Democrap-Comical under Wearing Apparel for sale was a 10-inch Electric Fan . . . a swell chance for the gas-buggy drivers.

We hate to keep repeating ourselves but June (B & L) Hill better either turn out the lites or pull down the shades . . . Missus Osborn don't look so good . . . she's either feeling the heat or missing her hubby, Mathew, who broke his neck goin' to see the ma-in-law . . . Haven't seen Anne Miller burning up th' roads to see that swarthy complexioned news-hawk lately . . . maybe they've plit . . . Ken's Tavern on the Bkowntown Road opens formally on Friday . . . looks like a good spot to bend the elbow.

If blonde and lissome Peggy Hinman has got over her peeve we'd like to come out to the good ol' Golden Grillery . . . Offside to Mickey McCoy. We know another Mickey McCoy who we sometimes FLASH so don't stamp your tootsies so hard . . . The baton wayer at Dunnigan's Log Cabin is Charlie (Maestro) Leroy . . . he may have a bald pate but, girls, have you seen his smile?? . . . If Marsden Fox still takes Bi-so-dol we know something better for the old tummy . . . It's Bi-so-dine.

Tommy (Monroe Ave.) Vergo studying to be a tang-yanker soon . . . we'll save this filling 'til you hang out your shingle . . . Dick Redfern, who usually dresses sooo quietly . . . is sporting the loudest panties in Flashtown . . . Fay Ford broke her eye windows and had to feel her way around for two days . . . 'Big' Hibbard takes things easy these

ROOSEVELT INCOME OKAY
When Congressman Hamilton Fish, who spends most of his time digging up Red scares and who comes from F. D. R.'s home district, accused the Pres. of doing some funny stuff on his own income tax . . . it all got a lot of publicity in the local sheets. But what didn't get so well aired was the outcome. GOP Congressman Treadway of Massachusetts, ranking opposition man on the Tax Committee, looked over Roosevelt's returns and finally came through with the statement that he considered it "an eminently fair return." We just thought you'd like to know.

Something New in Rackets!
Maybe it has been worked before, but we've never heard of it being operated as a business. In the basement of a New York City restaurant, a fellow named Walter Laurence was nabbed by the cops in the act of turning back an electric meter. After they hauled him into court, the detectives who arrested him announced that the meter-turner-backer had been making \$100 a month with his new racket, working for business men who were saving thousands that way on their electric bills!

days . . . ol' rocking chair's got him . . . That was SOME party at 67, Spring St. t'other eve . . . a lil' birdie told us that the police matron wants to know more about it.

The Daws drug store lassies look like beer truck drivers in their noo uniforms . . . but cute at that . . . Norma (Murray Sweet Shoppe) Tibbitts, the Golden Dream Girl displaying excellent form at Sea Breeze . . . on the tny golf course, we mean.

Mr. Brown of Marks and Fuller, still retains his Hinglish Accent but it really is an asset . . . Chase, the shoe man, is related to Chase & Sanborn . . . if you don't believe it ask him to show you his ring . . . the crest is on the coffee bags . . . Has Helen Gilmore's red hair got her B. F. Bob burning . . . we thought he liked platinum . . . Speaking of pants again, have you seen Bill (horseman) Stoler's green ones . . . wow . . . and Milly (Bonbright's) Fox doesn't seem to mind the heat . . . not when she can take long drives with her nice hubby.

THE BASEBALL CURSE!
This is an unpleasant duty, kiddies, but we must point out that the two leading radio stations in this here burg got so greedy for dough that a good portion of their radio listeners are now in deep misery. It's the baseball misery. Even if you like baseball, you've got to admit that a baseball broadcast isn't much on excitement . . . not even coming close to a football game on the air. And when you figure that a lot of people don't like baseball, and even more don't like it over the radio . . . and when you also figure that that's all you can get on the week-ends, then it's all pretty maddening. Just because the stations found a couple sponsors who would fork over some dough for the radio time. A little tip to the moguls of either station would be: If the opposition already had a baseball broadcast sewed up, who didn't you concentrate on some good musical programs for the same hours. Bet you could have gotten even more dough from a sponsor for that idea. No charge for the advice.

Wonder if Ben Heughes has got over his mad at Jake D'Aprile or is it too hot to bend the elbow?? . . . Harry Rosenthal's missus gets prettier every day . . . Wish we'd had school teachers like her when we went to school . . . When Garcia Monday appears at the Genesee Park pool everybody goes: Aaaaah . . . 'n no wonder . . . dangerous curves ahead . . . Jack Foran's thatch is getting snowier . . . but he still gets around back of the strip.

One of the better liked guys at Kodak Park is Laundry boss Brizee, daddy of WHAMER Truman who we hope has stripped the adhesive from his busted ribs . . . How the heck can a guy be so cheerful as Mort (WSAY) Nusbaum at 7 a. m.?? . . . Jauntiest stroller on the Main Stem is lawyerman Maurice Flynn . . . "Fat" Suhalla cruising the Great Lakes but he hasn't a gal in every port . . . only one in Medina . . . Betty (Lapham St.) DeWolfe badly hurt in auto accident . . . we hope it isn't serious . . . she's too nice a kid . . . Jimmy O'Leary doing a nice job of casting but does he catch anything?? . . .

Estelle Saunders is just getting too, too snazzy for words . . . don't tell us it's another noo B. F. . . and where is Irene Monahan hiding herself these days?? . . . Charlie Stone still blazing and the fire is still slim Beulah Hullings . . . we can't blame him at that . . . Why do girls with prematurely gray locks have such an attraction . . . such as Genevieve Wilson and several others we know . . . It wasn't very kind of Missus (Odenbachery) Hay to give hubby the icy shoulder.

Pure Oil man Tom Lombardi showing his brother, Al, the town . . . with Credit Bloodhound Jack Cogswell helping out . . . Though he's a grandpappy, Vince Bennett, the contractor, looks a lot younger than many guys who haven't even become daddies yet . . . What's happened to Johnny Hanna's tennis game this summer . . . Folks had him lined up to knock Bill Torporcer's tennis crown off . . . Veddy clever, that silhouette shot of Jean Ramaker in the D & C . . . the only good one of the bunch.

That fine, beautiful friendship betwixt Tim Crowe and Harry LeBrun, the raddio gabber, ain't so beautiful no more . . . since Crowe tried to sell him some insurance . . . or can friendship even take that?? Listen Lester Pollock, Loew's headman, found out that an artistic flicker and big boxoffice go hand in hand . . . as with "Captains Courageous" . . . which most movie moguls don't believe, though they never give the public a chance to find out . . . Another great show in the burg this week was "Make Way for Tomorrow" . . . which had Victor Moore doing the best job of his life.

DeFois Siegfried and debbie Carolyn White have that Certain Look . . . Regent manager Art Krolick headed for cool waters and his vacashe . . . Very sensible of George Kelly and Don Dailey to stop all this tiffing . . . There's an election coming up this fall, and if they don't watch it, they'll be true Democrats and scrap just enough to lose it . . . Fred Reinhart, the candy manufacturer, now going into something Real Big . . . When are they going to put a bus on the University-West line . . . the long-suffering trade is about set to send in a petition . . . Lois McCone, lassie from the G. V. T. building, just got in a shipment of her 1937 model freckles . . . Marty Gagion has lost all interest in selling paints since the heat wave set in.

That doctor oughta be ashamed of himself . . . the one we mean is the head of a big medical society and one of the best-known in town . . . calling a new father all sorts of names and reflecting on his race . . . in the lobby of the court house in front of everybody . . . because of a bill which had been paid all the time! . . . Some of these big shots develop pretty big feet of clay, if you understand our highbrow way of speaking . . . Somebody oughta give Lordmayor Stanton and Harold the MacFarlin some duelling pistols and let 'em decide the battle once and always.

Bill (handsome) Kier dined at Voekel's Sat. nite, but Bill had to behave himself, the "missus" objects to his act as master of ceremonies . . . Johnnie Fowler, still retains his youthful form after years of toil on the Genesee Brewery delivery truck . . . Smoke Eaters (firefighters to youse) of Avon, have a Carnival on tap for the last 3 days of July, according to Ed. Becker, chairman . . . Who is the lucky bird that won 500 smackers playing Criss Cross at the Gleason plant?

Who's Peck's bad boy in Avon? Maybe he can tell us when a R. R. track is a thorough-fare . . . That traffic light on Murray St. and Lyell Ave. is coming in . . . since that terrible accident Saturday morning . . . five accidents since the first of the year is the record so far.

Well, our legalites returned from that Bar Cruise Sunday nite . . . reports from Canadian shores claim our boys attended the Buffalo vs. Toronto baseball game, and believe it or not, they all cheered for Buffalo . . . The repartee between Judge Willis Gillette and George Nier drew plenty of attention, the judge claiming the boys of 40 years ago knew how to play better ball than the young squirts today . . . Mayor Robbins of Toronto greeted the 100 legalites personally and extended the city's welcome, with the key. The Toronto barristers showed our boys a good time on the golf links, but we have no dope on the scores.

Did you know Missus DiMartino, the hostess of DiMartino's Restaurant at 425 North St., was received by the Queen of Italy? She was selected by a New York newspaper in 1925, as one of a delegation of Italo-American women to visit the homeland, and was received by Premier Mussolini, Charlie Vickerman of Columbia Avenoo and the beautiful Irene Foss have taken out a license to live happily ever after . . . Barber Frank J. Knapp and Mary Wallace will middle-aisle it this week.

The Garcia Grande salesmen were in town last week and made themselves veddy popular with the hotel boys . . . Art Lewin, one of the nicer guys, helping to entertain 'em . . . John Scully, the lawyerman, knows how to make his clients comfy in his soo nice office . . . Plenty dapper when he's off duty: Andy Campen . . . Rosina Kull, Edward's Hostess, has plenty of the old umph in her pretty orbs . . . but she won't answer the phone . . . Can it be actually true that Mister Gannett stopped the newsstand boy's 3.00 a week bonus when the Junnel folded?

More Trouble for Hearst!
When it rains it pours . . . even for Mr. Hearst. The latest of his troubles came about when a mechanic was fixing a truck on his San Simeon ranch out in California. As the mechanic was working on his favorite piston, one of the ostriches Hearst keeps on the ranch came around and proceeded to trample all over the mechanic so that he was out like a light for three hours, and suffered from brain concussion and a badly banged eye. Now the mechanic is suing Hearst for \$40,000. We can't give you the moral of this latest, but it must have something to do with ostriches.

FRANTIC FATHER TIPS OFF COPS WISE UP COPS ON BIRTH RACKET!

When a frantic father calls on the law to prevent his 16-year-old daughter from submitting to an abortion, thereby breaking up a widespread illicit racket, that's news.

And when the doctor caught has been treasurer and president of the city's biggest civic club, that doesn't make it less startling.

The prominent doctor was Louis I. Duke of Brooklyn, who was hauled in last week with three assistants by Newer's telephone tip. The doctor was put on \$2,500 bail and his assistants, all women, a receptionist and two nurses, were bailed out for \$1,000 a piece.

Not only that, but three years before, Dr. Duke had been freed by the same court . . . for lack of evidence!

The anxious father's tip, phoned into the District Attorney's office, served his own young daughter from going through the abortionists hands. According to police, the father called in a highly distraught voice and shouted: "Help me at once. My daughter — only 16 — is to have an operation performed. She's going there this afternoon. For God's sake, stop it!"

He mentioned Dr. Duke's name and address, and a raiding party went over to the sedate-looking building where the good doctor had basement floors, and kept his wife elaborate offices on the main and and three kids on the top floor.

Once inside, the cops locked and chained the door behind them. Three women in the waiting room told police they were there for illegal operations. One 23 year old woman named Betty Higgins was found on an operating table, just having gone through an operation. The police finally persuaded her

to make the arresting complaint. The usual trouble is that no woman will give evidence because she is too ashamed.

The prices, cops discovered ranged from \$60 up though the women there at the time of the raid told them they expected to pay \$150 each. The good doctor, who has been practicing medicine in Brooklyn for 20 years, had his little racket averaging 50 cases a week. Multiply that by 100 and you'll get a fair idea of the take, all made from women driven to desperation because birth control is against our antiquated laws.

Though Margaret Sanger, the chief leader for birth control, has disbanded her forces in Washington now, considering she has won her fight — the Federal government and courts now allowing that it is no longer illegal to send contraceptives through the mail, and having got the doctors of the American Medical Association to finally recognize birth control and approve its teaching in medical schools.

Now the only people who are worried are the druggists, who are afraid the doctors will grab the \$575,000,000 business in birth control devices away from them.

All we have to say is that if the birth control business now amounts to more than half a billion dollars a year, the stigma is off it, no matter how much people don't want to admit it.

COPS WISE UP TO HOAX

It's pretty tough to fool the coppers in this man's town, even if it's only in fun, as Jimmy Kemp of Troup St. found out last Saturday. It seems that Jimmy called the cops and told them that some nasty person had reached in through his bedroom window and lifted his wallet from his pants pocket, said wallet containing \$15.40 in cash and valuable papers.

The hobbies in the prowler car evidently smelled the w. k. rat, so dialing headquarters they asked for two experts in the persons of Detectives Higgins and Hussey. The two dicks took Jimmy aside and in short order had his little story tied up in knots. After a grilling, which was short and sweet, he finally admitted that he had lost the dough playing with the pasteboards in a well known Fitzhugh St. club, the name of which means the oldest inhabitants of the good ol' U. S. A.

Whether he thought the cops didn't have enough work to do or whether he was lonesome for a little company, we don't know, but Jimmy won't stage any more make-believe robberies for a long, long time.

Hot Flashes

Things looking rite for GEORGE MANNING in th' 4th's Fall Campaign . . . Xpectation of the week: ART ARGYRES return from his sojourn in "Lone Star State" . . .

PHANTOM HUGGER ON LOOSE AGAIN!

The Phantom Hugger is doing his stuff again and in his usual haunts . . . this time not very far from Police Headquarters. This sexy guy doesn't seem to draw the line at age, just so long as he can wrap his arms around a woman.

His latest victim was a 49-year-old woman who lives in the 700 block on Exchange St. She was walking home the other nite about 11:30 when the hugger sneaked up behind her and threw his hungry arms around her waist.

In the struggle which naturally ensued the lady received several slight scratches on the face . . . but eventually she managed to free herself and reach her home, where she called the police.

The description of the hugger seems to point to the same man who was practising his amorous art in this section several weeks ago. Five feet seven inches in height and weighing about 150 pounds. There is no doubt that this guy is one of those brainless morons who get a big thrill out of holding a woman . . . any woman . . . in his arms. This lady claims that he didn't say anything suggestive to her . . . in fact, he didn't say anything at all, but after she had freed herself he simply disappeared in the gloom.

It has been learned from residents of this section that the identity of this hugging bug is known . . . that he's nothing but a rather feeble-minded kid, you know the kind . . . just can't get sex out of his thoughts. It is also suggested that pressure has been brought to bear from unknown sources to prevent the authorities from placing the youth in an institution.

The big danger in a situation of this kind lies in the fact that some time this man may become violent and commit a real crime which may bring misfortune to more than one person . . . and then how about the pressure?

RED HOT FLASHES

Bill Chapin displays one of the purtiest swings in the divot diggin' game . . . Lillian (Forman's) Burke is getting right back to her former self agin' . . . Why doesn't Esther (Monroe 2703W) get down to the Cataract anymore . . . her old B.F. is still around . . . and wants to apologize, we think . . . One of the cuter blondes is Anne Bubbles of Clapp Baby Foods . . . Another couple who listened to Mendelsohn's Moosic are the MacDonald's of Crawford St. The lawyermen back from Toronto and slowly getting back to normal . . . Is it true that Madaline La Speisa of the Gioia Bros. office would like to appear on her firm's raddio program???. . . Doc Brownell and his lissome Gal friend look as if they've been lying on the sand a lot lately . . . What's Jimmy Finucane's gal friend keeping him in hiding for . . . afraid somebody will steal him???. . .

"Nine Old Men" Take Lambasting!

Last week, an august member of the august U. S. Senate waded right into the august nine of the august Supreme Court, though it was still July. The local Gannett papers, with their attitude of treating the Court as something almost divine, carried only about three lines on it. Figuring that both sides should get a break, and also figuring that the Court is made up of nine humans subject to criticism by the people, we're giving the Senator his innings.

The Senator was Guffey of Pennsylvania, who called Chief Justice Hughes a "supremely clever politician" and who scoffed at the argument that the Court is above politics and should be kept sacred. "History shows conclusively," blasted the Senator, "that throughout most of its existence the Supreme Court has been enmeshed in partisan party politics, that thruout most of its history it has been openly hailed as the last bulwark of reaction, that its members have frequently been appointed for political considerations, and that this spirit of partisan politics has been rampant in this very court."

Coming down to cases, Guffey pointed out that back in 1920, former President Taft declared that he was supporting the Republican nominee for the White House, because, wrote Taft:

"Four places are likely to be filled by Wilson's successor on the Supreme Court. Think of the danger of another Brandeis and Clark!"

"The Republican candidate, Mr. Harding, was elected," went on Guffey, "and the court was soundly and solidly packed by him to such an extent that legislation to protect the farmer and the workingman was doomed almost before it passed."

"That was the situation when Mr. Roosevelt came into office. That is the condition which has existed almost to this hour. Until the last couple months, the supreme political power in this country has been the Supreme Court and its grip has been broken only by the courage and the single-minded purpose of President Roosevelt."

Pointing to the success of New Deal legislation since the President first broached his plan to liberalize the Court, Guffey declared that until a few months ago "the court was engaged in the dubious business of blocking the social reform program" and that anyone who thinks the Court "has not indulged in politics in the last few months is either totally ignorant of what has happened or has a childlike faith in human nature."

Guffey went on to say that Chief Justice Hughes is "the man who today leads the opposition party to the Roosevelt New Deal. His partisanship was never questioned."

To the Democratic Senators who insisted that Roosevelt's court bill "smacks of politics in the court", Guffey declared:

"I wonder what these Democrats think of the politics being played by Mr. Hughes and his associate justices? The Supreme Court is playing politics and everyone knows it, and when the Chief Justice persists in campaigning politically against the administration's court reorganization program, I intend to place that fact on the record."

So there's the other side heard from.

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BE SURE
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THE ONLY SURE BREATH PURIFIER
SURE is being sold by Leading Restaurants, Cafes, Drug and Cigar Stores, and is being distributed in Western New York by the Meluhart Sales Co., 156 S. Plymouth Ave., Rochester, New York. Tel. Culver 4105

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"The Bright Spot on State St."

Special FLOOR SHOW
FRI and SAT.
at this COOL SPOT
Bring your out of town guests where it's cool for a good time.
Fred Lashier's Orchestra
252-254 STATE ST.

Kelvinator Boys Accused Of Poison Pen Campaign!

There's a lot of dirty laundry that gets washed out by the U. S. Take for instance the Kelvinator boys, who put out the electric iceless icebox and who are now on the spot with the government charging them with spreading a poison pen campaign around about other people's make of icebox.

The Kelvinator Corp., who make the Kelvinator refrigerators, were hailed before the Federal Trade Commission for allegedly sponsoring the writing and distribution of poison pen literature for the purpose of undermining the public's confidence in their competitors' products.

Accused along with the Kelvinator Corp. is the Ross Roy Service, Inc., authors of the alleged lying and distorted information furnished about Kelvinator's competitors in the refrigerator business. Ac-

ording to the government's charges, the Ross Roy Service put out a handbook dealing with the so-called facts about refrigerators. In the handbook it was stated that the booklet was printed independent of all manufacturers and solely in the interests of the public.

All of which is strictly the bunk, the government says. They charge that the whole enterprise was not only backed by the Kelvinator home office but that 6,000 Kelvinator dealers throughout the country paid the Ross Roy Service a substantial sum for copies of the booklet to distribute to gullible buyers.

In the booklet, the competitors' iceboxes were taken over the jumps in royal fashion, says the Federal Trade Commission. The statements contained in the booklet, titled "The Ross Roy Comparative Handbook" led the public to believe all the data in the book was true, unbiased, accurate and published without the consent of any icebox makers.

When one of the competitors' men got a copy of this little handbook it was turned over to sleuths of the Federal Trade Commission, who, after an exhausting probe into the facts surrounding the publishing of poison pen stuff, filed charges against the Kelvinator Corp. and the Ross Roy Service.

Slander Service

Poison pen propaganda against a competitor is nothing new. There is a poison pen service operating in New York City that guarantees to do an airtight job of slandering a concern's competitor. And they do it in such a manner that the law can't pin a thing on either them or the

concern that hires them.

The Slander Service's method is to spread the injurious and lying propaganda by word of mouth.

For instance, a couple of men or women in the hire of the Poison Pen Service board a crowded bus, street car or subway. They start what is apparently a personal conversation concerning a mutual friend. One might say to the other:

"Did you hear what happened to Mrs. Whatziss and her three children?"

"No," replies the other.

"Well, they are all in the hospital. They're not expected to live. It seems they ate a loaf of Whozit's bread and there was arsenic in it. Those people who make Whozit's Bread ought to go to jail. Why, they're nothing less than murderers—selling stuff like that!" the one exclaims, indignantly.

Of course, they make sure that their conversation is loud enough so that at least 20 people can hear what they had to say to each other . . . and then they leave the bus or trolley to let their poison pen stuff do its work.

And don't think that it doesn't. Interested listeners to the two Slander Specialists will go home and tell their wives, husbands and friends about what they heard. The next time it is relayed, the second group of tellers will color it a bit for their vanity's sake and say they know it happened to the wife and three children of a friend of theirs.

This stunt was pulled once on a national concern, and the rumor reached such amazing proportions that the concern was finally forced to run advertisements in practically every periodical and newspaper in the country to defend their merchandise and present facts to show that the slanderous rumor was just a lie and a foul attempt to wreck their business.

Naturally, this form of slander is the most effective and safest. 'Cause a whole army of super-Sherlock Holmeses would be helpless trying to track down the guilty parties in rumors that start like that.

Best checker player in Flashtown
BILL - I - IRONS
White Rose Grill

Legal Licenses

Notice is hereby given that license number R. L. 14861 has been issued to the undersigned to sell liquor, beer, ale at retail in a restaurant under the Alcohol Beverage Control Law at East River Rd., Brighton, N. Y., Monroe Co., to be consumed upon the said premises, George W. Payne, doing business as Genesee Inn, East River Rd., Brighton, N. Y., R.F.D. No. 2.

Notice is hereby given that license number G.E. 14476 has been issued to the undersigned to sell beer at retail, in a store, under the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law at 439 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y., Monroe Co., not to be consumed upon the said premises, Sebastian DeFrancisco, 439 South Ave.

Girl Badly Beaten In Nocturnal Mystery

At 3:30 last Sunday morning, a man and his wife were returning from a party when, at Olean St. and Bronson Ave. he noticed an inert form lying on the sidewalk. Stopping his car, he examined the form and discovered it to be a young woman. The girl had been slugged and badly beaten, so he rushed her to a hospital.

An element of mystery now enters the case, for when the girl was questioned she said her name was Mary Giannotti, 27, of 16 Lillian Place, but more than that she refused to say. The girl had a possible fractured skull, her right eye was black and swollen, and her breasts were cut either with a knife or long, sharp finger nails. It was discovered that she had been to a party, whereabouts unknown, but had left a couple of hours previously.

When inquiries were made at the Lillian Place address, they told police that the girl was unknown there and also at another address. Either this girl was attacked by a vicious lover under the influence of drink, or she was the victim of another woman's jealous temper. All efforts by cops to make her reveal the name of her assailant failed, which seems to indicate one of two things: Love or fear. . . if it's love it goes to show how screwy women can be, and if fear, what skeletons in the closet there must be to warrant shutting up after such a beating.

Just a peek at Rochester's hectic night-life!

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For the People and By the People Who Want the Truth

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Horses Worth Watching

OBJECT of this SERVICE is to acquaint our subscribers with selections that are FIT and Ready. They are based on workouts, information obtainable and study by our handicappers, who have made a careful study of the game.

Ready for a Winning Effort AT ARLINGTON

WILD PIGEON—ready to bounce in.
LADY FEDERAL—strongly supported.
SIR MIDAS—get a price on him.
BURNING STAR—never better. Tab.
OVER YONDER—especially prepared.
COUNT ARTHUR—only needs a ride.
YENRAC—only fooling. Go do it.
SLEEPY JOE—will awake soon.
BUSSE TRUMPET—good 2-yr. old.
BULL LEA—watch this one step.
MIGHTY SWEET—real stuff. On nose.
MAMA'S BOY—vacation money. Tab.

AT NEW YORK

STEPHEN JAY—ready for brackets.
DISTRACTION—early action indicated
ORIENT EXPRESS—in smart hands.
WHITE TIE—training very well.
KNOWING—rarin' to go. Watch.
EVEN UP—overdue. Don't miss him.
DUNLIGHT—in winning form.

TURF FLASHES

GIANT KILLER (ARLINGTON)

Recently ran a mile in 1:42 and was well in hand. Has been working very nicely for weeks and should be up there at any time. Must be a mile or over.

THE RUNNER (DELAWARE)

Here's one that is ready as hands can make him. Stepped six furlongs in 1:15. Smart brains in pilot house.

SCOTCH BUN (NEW YORK)

Much better than last races indicate. Knows the quickest way home when the signal says GO.

COMMUNIST (THISTLE DOWN)

This veteran is set to give his best efforts here. Can always be depended upon to win more than the customary share of races.

LAST LAY (DELAWARE)

Has been training unusually well. Only has to run to trials to score. Should be right there leading the pack.

BOLD TURK (NEW YORK)

Fresh from his New England campaign and ready to show his heels at Empire. Should cross the finish wire going away.

OVER YONDER (ARLINGTON)

Don't let this one get away from you. Six to one or better is the price they expect to get from this sleeper. Go to it.

Ready for a Winning Effort AT DELAWARE

WAY OUT—improving very nicely.
BUSY K—don't miss this one.
EVENING TIDE—inside info.
LITTLE SLEEPER—may be a price.
CALUMET DICK—waiting for a spot.
TRUE TUNE—never better. On nose.
BORDER QUEEN—should win several
AMHURST—in fine fettle.
MOWER—only needs good ride.
PEPLUM—any distance, OK.
DARK HOPE—will not stop.
ROYAL FEAST—killing on tap.

AT SUFFOLK

TARPING—has brisk foot.
WISE KING—ready to click.
NAVARE—will win several.
REELON—can carry weight.
DREEL—trials say fit.
TOP SHELL—mile or over.
HOMBURG—fit 2-yr. old.

Pass this paper to your friends. They are only neglecting their racing education by not reading it.

DAILY TURF TICKER

TERMS: \$2 Daily — \$8 Weekly
STRICTLY TWO HORSES DAILY

Our many followers were more than satisfied with last week's results.

LAST WEEK'S RECORD:

Saturday, July 10:
MELOY \$16.40 WON
PARVANT THIRD

Friday, July 9:
CALICO MISS \$17.30 WON
MISS GORMLEY \$ 6.25 WON

Thursday, July 8:
BOTH HORSES LOST

Wednesday, July 7:
PHARATIME \$ 6.70 WON
MYSTIC SIGN LOST

Tuesday, July 6:
COUNT TETRACH \$15.50 WON
XANDRA \$ 6.70 WON

Monday, July 5:
YELLOW METAL \$ 8.70 WON
CUDGELDOE \$ 5.70 WON

IT CERTAINLY PAYS TO FOLLOW US!

If You Weren't With Us, Why Not
START WITH US TODAY

We expect many more good priced Winners this week and you can only blame yourself if you miss any of them.

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\$8.00 — ONE and ALL — \$8.00

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ABSOLUTELY FREE

(Note: Telegram on above to be sent collect before noon on Monday)

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Every Week for 10 Weeks

FOR ONLY \$1.00

The FLASH is mailed on Thursday. You save time and are always sure of obtaining each issue on Friday every week.

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Enclosed find \$1.00 for ten issues of the FLASH.
This also includes your FREE Parlay.

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ADDRESS
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Don't miss a single issue of this paper if you appreciate the best obtainable in race news.

SHORT-CUT FOR FIGURING PARLAYS

Multiply your winning mutuel prices and divide by 4 to find what they pay for \$1. Then multiply the result by the number of dollars you played.

EXAMPLE: Two horses pay \$4 each in mutuels; 4 times 4 is 16; divide this by 4. The result is \$4, including the \$1 you invested.

FOR THREE HORSE PARLAY, multiply the three winning mutuel prices and divide by 8 to find the pay-off for \$1. Then multiply by the amount of money you invested, as above.

FOUR STAR SPECIALS

★ ★ ★ ★

IRISH ENVOY (Ft. Erie)—in his best form.
JOSH (Thtle)—handicap special
BLACK RIVER (Arl)—smart stable info.
MAYSTICK (NY)—ready longshot.
STAR BEAM (Ft. Erie)—only needs ride.
CLARKE (Del)—promising filly.
CORUM (Cuf)—never better.
RED NOSE (Del)—ready to repeat.
JUST FRANK (Thtle)—smart connections.
FLY ME (NY)—watch this 2-yr. old.

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234 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

TERMS:

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HERE'S WHAT YOU CALL REAL INFORMATION. I HAD THESE WINNERS LAST WEEK

RURAL MAIL \$53.50 WON, LANGSTAFFE \$14.75 WON, KRAME \$27.55 2ND
FAIR ELISE \$ 7.50 WON, YELLOW METAL \$10.40 WON, GOLD CLIP \$ 6.40 WON

I HAVE MANY MORE NICE "LONG ONES" GOING THIS WEEK AND IF YOU WANT GOOD PRICED WINNERS, START WITH ME AT ONCE.

Wire \$9 for six days service to OLDTIMER, 234 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Simian Scandal Shocks Sightseers!!

Should Monkeys Neck In Public?

By CASIMIR FLEABITE
(Flash Monkey-Biz Expert)

I have received so many complaints (at least one that I can think of) about Pat Slavin's very vulgar monkeys necking in public out at the Seneca Park zoo that I am moved to make a few terse observations on the subject. Or maybe this is merely an afterthought. Who knows?

These monkeys are of the species known as ANTHROPOMOR-

PHUS DEMOCRATUS—or "Man-like Democrats"—(I hope.) Very few of these monkeys, if any, could be trained to operate a gasoline station (or even run for mayor)—so perhaps Mr. Slavin was doing them a real kindness moving them into the Zoo, where there would be no danger of them being hired as radio announcers.

Necking is an ancient custom among monkeys. And even though the spectators object to it the monkeys don't. The Rhesus monkey is prone to drool when he necks. The Gibbon is given to loud and sustained belching. The Orang-Outang favors the parking space by the river in Genesee Valley Park except that he can't get out there . . . though I have seen some things there which often cause me to, as they say, wonder.

Many monkeys are afflicted with macroacanthorynchus hirsuticaceous (weak kidneys)—all of which makes it still more embarrassing to the spectators.

I hope I have made myself clear. Next week I will discuss the question: Should a YMCA Girl Wear An Uplift Brassiere?

I thank you.

Hot Flashes

Offside to LEO (Ambrose Strasse) FRANK: Why don't you

get a job for a living? . . . Results that try reading a paper pinned on a store wall usually wind up with a stiff neck . . . Swishing by in a horse-less carriage, RUTH (Augustine Strasse) JOROLEMON . . . Pounding on his brand noo typewriter, popular HAROLD (Milton Strasse) HARNISH . . . Congrats a-puh-lenty to BETTY (St. Paul Blvd.) ERB, winner of scholarship to Merrymount College . . .

Superb Restaurant
FRANK & ART
2001 Main St. West

Swishing by in shiny horse-less carriage, HORACE (Lorimer Strasse) VOLPE, organist . . . Can hardly wait for the first picture our ROSS (U. R.) WELLER will star in . . . "Star over night"—we 's predicting . . . My, oh, my, but GRACIE (West Hi) NINFO wears th' most deluxe-able fashions.

Abraham Lincoln of th week: the young fella at R. M. Meyers Paper Co. that took our lassie's order 'n somehow got th' figurings twisted . . . Enyhoo, when he discovered error, prontal he called office and apologized . . . Jolly good fella of this h'yar week: JIMMY (Bartlett Strasse) PURCELL . . . Shakespeare's greatest rooter 'n can he read his lines, Mistah OTTO (Campbell Strasse) WENDLEY Sr.

Number one on th' Fairport Hit Parade is mailman TED PHILLIPS accordin' to a fair Fairport lassie vacationing in town . . . Initials: D. R. . . . Mosta 'n besta orchids

ROOSEVELT SLAPS JOHN L. LEWIS!

Franklin D. Roosevelt gave his supposed crony, John L. Lewis, a resounding slap just a few days ago, and it can still be heard. The Pres. put his foot down pretty heavily, telling Federal workers they could join a union, but that they couldn't strike for higher wages, picket or bargain collectively. As John the Lewis is organizing the Federal workers into a union, this put a definite crimp in his style. Roosevelt said that both the C. I. O. and A. F. of L. could organize and unionize all they wanted to with Federal workers, but he hinted that he couldn't see much reason for it.

The President pointed out why, simply and bluntly . . . there is nothing to bargain about. All money is set by Congress, so there can be no sliding scale in the matter of wages. He also ruled out the idea that certain representatives of the majority of workers in a given group should speak for all.

Both the CIO and the A. F. of L. have admitted that there could never be "a strike against the Government" so it seems rather useless to start the whole thing . . . that is, Lewis's United Federal Workers . . . if they can't strike, can't picket, can't bargain . . . and can't get more dough. . . About the only thing they could get under this setup might be new and better toilets . . . which F. D. R. got for the civvy employees of the Norfolk Navy Yard when he was Assist. Secretary of the Navy.

Lewis himself told his new CIO pet that the circumstances of their employment prohibited strikes and picketing . . . so what? The Civil Service employee's oath reads in part: "I solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign AND DOMESTIC . . ." (The capitals are ours.) Now if the Government Unions develop into giant lobbies to put pressure on the Capitol, wouldn't that be a form of DOMESTIC ENEMY . . . yes, it would.

The same thing would apply to the talked-about local City Employees' Union, because there is no sliding scale in the matter of their salaries. They are set by the City Council and cannot be changed by hell, fire or high-water . . . and Unions don't come under any of those three. Of course, if you want to get an afternoon off to see the ball game you could call up your Union representative and maybe he could fix it up with the Council, but if you want more dough . . . nix!

of th' week go to th' swell coppers, in Police car No. 100, on account of becuz they push-him-up th' limousine of the Saratoga Dry Goods-ers, MONFREDOS, when it refused to budge.

Chicago-here-they-come . . . the Dewey Ave. sector MEAGHERS . . . Holding up Doughnut Shoppe, BENNY FRIEDMAN, Red Wing concessioneer . . . Well-liked 'n w. k. doctor in FLASH-town, Dr. ELIZABETH (Bay Strasse)

FRANK CUTALI'S SPAGHETTERIA

Famous for SPAGHETTI & CHICKEN CACCIATORE since 1928

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MAIN 8888

Woman Asks Man To Push Her In River!

What would you say if a young woman walked up to you on the Broad St. bridge and asked you to push her into the river?? This is exactly what happened to a visitor from Scottsville recently . . . while he was resting his weary bones against the parapet. The man was naturally a little nonplussed at the strange request but, needless to say, he didn't do what the lady asked.

Instead, the Scottsville man led her into the Blue Bus Terminal and had one of the employees call the police. When the bobbies arrived and took the woman in charge it turned out that her name was Catharine Boyle of South Ave. She was recovering from a serious operation and was evidently on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She was married but was separated from her hubby . . . who lives on Ontario St.

At first it was thought that her mind was unsound

and so she was taken to the County Hospital for examination. Later, however, she was charged with intoxication. Things must have looked pretty black for this woman . . . to ask a perfect stranger to help her commit suicide. If anyone has the idea that Booze will make the world seem brighter he or she is badly mistaken . . . all it does is to make a weak mind weaker and destroy what little morale may be left in a shaky system. The W.C.T.U. should like this yarn.

REGINA
RESTAURANT 121 Lyell Ave.
SPECIAL SAT. and SUN.
1/2 **BROILER 45c**
FULL COURSE DINNER
Featuring LILLIAN SWANSORK
Friday and Saturday

Compliments of
Russer's Market and Grocery
Cor. Ames and Maple St.

THE LITTLE FRUIT STORE
That sells Flowers
so cheap
Winton Rd. at East Ave.

Clark's Market
600 JEFFERSON AVE.,
cor. Bartlett St.
PHONE: GENESEE 1417
Specializing in Poultry and Restaurant Trade

GAS and OIL
AS & OIL
Central Service Station
275 State St.
Service With A Smile

HAPPY DAYS
Are Here Again
At Genial
CHARLIE HELBERG'S
1260 North St. Main 8234
FOR THE BEST
In
FOOD LIQUORS
WINES BEERS

Chef of the week:
DANNY
Lyell Ave. "Fisher's"

DON (18th Ward) MATTARO
beauty contest director again for annual picnic of that sector's Demos.

CAN JOHN L. LEWIS FREE MOONEY?
—By Ed. Doherty
After twenty years, Labor's 'martyr' finds a new, powerful champion—and a new angle turns up in this topic of importance for many years.

EDDIE CANTOR HAD 6 MONTHS TO LIVE
—By Fred'k J. Smith
So what? said the comedian—Here's what he did about it.

MURDER ON THE WANDERWELL YACHT
—By A Headquarters Old-Timer
The author of Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad gives a new light on a weird, glamorous enigma of crime—The baffling riddle of the face at the porthole.

WE ALL HATE DICTATORS
A fearless all-American aditorial by Bernarr Macfadden.

July 17th Issue
Now
ON SALE
Liberty 5c WEEKLY
On Sale at All Newsdealers "America's Newest Weekly"

Joseph's Grocery
186 TROUP ST.
Cigars — Ice Cream
Fruits
Phone Main 8923

A. H. BROWN
Cigars — Cigarettes
MAGAZINES
216 S. PLYMOUTH

Smalline's
— for —
PRESCRIPTIONS
Ridge, cor. N. Clinton
GLEN. 4649

Stickles Pharmacy
CHAS. E. STICKLES, Phg.
3319 Lake Ave. at Stonewood
Charlotte 640

Crystal Market
FEATURING
LIVE POULTRY
DRESSED FREE
48 Prospect St. Gen. 7665

G. J. Lewis & Co.
PHARMACY
G. J. LEWIS, Prop.
Prescription Specialists
Genesee St. and Brooks Ave.

Heath Thurston Road Pharmacy
517 Thurston Rd.
CENTRAL PHARMACY
Open All Night

FINEST FOODS
25c and 35c Dinners
Sunday Chicken Dinner—45c
U. S. RESTAURANT
Open Day and Night
Opp. General Hospital
504 WEST MAIN ST.

GEO. A. FILLEY,
Groceries - Meats
Fresh Vegetables
62 Clifton St. Glen. 1281

Peter Van Remoortere
GROCERIES — MEATS
1256 N. Clinton Main 6751
Specializing
Barbeque — Hots — Cold Cuts
We Close Wednesdays at 12:30
During June, July and August

Sex For Sale By Big News Chains!

(Continued from Page 1)

... she is doing a strip-tease for the great newspaper public. Her picture was snapped by the photo agency of the biggest newspaper chain in the country. She liked the picture because it was good publicity for her ... and the newspaper chain bosses liked the picture because it's sexy and they know that SEX SELLS!

The young lady is Miss Marion Martin, a blonde night club beauty. The intended caption for the picture is "Night Club Star Rehearses 'Strip' Role in Follies." The caption runs on to say that "Miss Marion Martin, blonde beauty who has graced the night clubs of New York for several years, pictured as she rehearsed for her new strip-tease role in the current 'Follies.' She takes the place of Gypsy Rose Lee, who goes to Hollywood and the movies."

Now you wouldn't say that was very important news to send out all over the country on a chain, showing the picture to a possible audience of more than 50,000,000 people. It isn't as important as the Spanish War or the Court battle. But it gets more attention because every editor knows, even on the dullest of sheets, that SEX SELLS.

Many of our bluenoses will rave and rant against some serious story that has a purpose to it because it has to do with the facts of life; yet they'll like to look at pictures sent out by the big news chains which show a devil of a lot more than just the facts of life!

The bluenoses don't have the GUTS to start a fight with the big boys. Not only that, but most of them secretly like the pictures, and the fact that a big chain, with its power and wealth, puts them out gives the photos the sugar coating of respectability they've got to have.

Take a look at the other two pictures. One is of a girl in a strip-tease "graduation" at a burlesque in Manhattan. The authorities shut down the burlesque for a while, but nobody kicked about the pictures because they were "respectable" and nobody wanted to offend a big newspaper chain. The other one is a young lady wearing very little over a lot, showing her obvious charms to the cameraman as a costume to a ball ... with the photograph taken a couple weeks in advance. No, it's not news. It's sex, and IT SELLS!

And many of our strait-laced puritans are stockholders in the big news chains that peddle sex. They don't mind the dividends, either. And more of them subscribe to the papers that run the pictures but we don't hear about them calling up the editors and cancelling their subscriptions. But they'll yell bloody murder if there's a yarn in a paper more their size that happens to be true, and is se-

rious because of its moral and social importance ... Just because it mentions sex, one of our three most important functions.

It is to laugh ... so we laugh ... and real loud.

Sex "Graduates"



This very niftily-built young damsel is doing her stuff at a graduation, according to the photographers for the big newspaper syndicates and chains. Where is she graduating? She is graduating from a burlesque house. The ceremony, as you can see, is quite elaborate, with fellow graduates ready, and with music from an orchestra. Maybe she has added something to her mind while at Minsky College but she has certainly taken a lot off her body!

The graduating exercises consisted of wriggling around with her hips and bouncing a few very apparent parts of the female anatomy at the audience or the reader. Instead of being graduated cum laude, she is graduated cum G-string.

The burlesque houses down in New York were closed for stuff like this, but the news chains who ran pictures of it throughout the country didn't even hear a boo. Isn't that funny, though, kiddies? Of course, the big shots of the newspaper world are pretty top-heavy with influence, but we're so dumb we figure a picture of a raw scene is just as bad as the scene itself.

After all, the big news value to a picture of the little lady above is practically non-existent. Then why was it snapped. Because people are interested in burlesque. You know better than that. It's of course because the woman is stripped and nude all but technically. And nude pictures sell. Ask any newspaper big shot confidentially, and he'll tell you that if you want to make a big profit, push sex every time. Pictures like the one of the scholarly "graduate" above are sexy ...

AND SEX SELLS!

We've heard that phrase somewhere before, haven't we?

AROUND TOWN

Will that red-head and the blonde who wear the blue slacks and stay at the Times Square ring the o...ce and let us know where they are appearing??? ... Chuck Adderly doing his best to get to Flashtown each weekend ... and making it too, if we can judge by the beautiful smile on Helen's face ... Does that Times-Onion Chevey Sedan No. 2M-3518 have to double park for an hour outside that restaurant on Broad St.??? ... also car No. M7475 ... and prevent other car owners from leaving the curb???

Revealed Too Much



TAKE A LOOK at this young lady ... take a good look. We don't know anything about her ... all we know is what we read and see in the newspapers. But this picture, put out by a mighty newspaper syndicate, was so revealing in its details about the lady's allure that we had to shade a vital spot or two in the picture.

She's quite charming, isn't she ... and though you don't know her, you practically know all about her. Yet what was the reason for all this nudity (very unsuccessfully covered)? We mean, outside the fact that SEX SELLS. Well, the headline on the photo says "Preview of a New Year's Costume." The caption reads:

"Olivia Sceviour gives us a preview of the costume (most scanty, it appears) which she will wear at the Greenwich Village Ball to be held on New Year's Eve."

This was such hot news for the newspaper chains and syndicates that the picture was snapped a full ten days before the Ball, which is quite a scoop. Think of all the trouble the lady must have had to get undressed up in her ball costume. Was the news that hot ... or was the sex angle that hot. Figure it all out for yourself, boys and girls.

Of course, looking at pictures like these, with all due respect to the ones pictured, don't leave a 16 year old kid absolutely untouched ... or do they?

Pictures like these are run every day in daily newspapers. Editors like them, providing they're not too "rough." The undraped feminine torso spells SEX ... and SEX SELLS!

Whoops!

Pres. F. D. Roosevelt made a Fourth of July speech over at Mt. Marion, N. Y., as the highlight of a church bazaar that was being held there that day ... The Republicans, who dominate that sector, were very much pleased at playing host to such a distinguished drawing card, and tried to make him comfortable ... but they forgot one thing, which was the pay-off—To raise funds from the crowd which Roosevelt drew with his speech, they sold small G.O.P. elephants as souvenirs of the occasion!

Women Suckers In Billion Dollar Gyp!

(Continued from Page 12)

of face creams, more than one and a half BILLION cakes of "toilet soap," more than 90 million boxes of face powder and 70 million manicuring supplies, not to mention a lot of sundry apray like "Heavenly Toe Tinter" and "Milady's Bath Blah."

One statistician for the beauty racket admits that "Women have been and are spending more money for beauty aids than they are for food."

Considering that any good doctor will tell you none of the stuff is any good, that's a pretty nice take, isn't it.

All doctors will tell you that there is no such thing as a skin food. They say that no wrinkle, anywhere, has ever been removed by putting creams on the face. They'll all tell you, with desperation, that plain, pure soap and water are the best things possible for cleaning the skin. But do wimmen listen? No. They spend two bucks on a 4-ounce jar of Madame Wrigglebottom's Vitamin Q Skin Cream when a nickel bar of soap and a little warm water would do the job.

More than 100 million bucks are spent by female suckers this way when they needn't spend a cent. And are the profits high? Not very! The cosmetics makers spend more than \$35,000,000 a year advertising their junk in national magazines alone. Their ads keep most of the women's magazines going, and the mags are in cahoots with their "beauty experts" who pen a lot of prattle on how the dames can waste their dough on wrinkle removers, elbow creams and eyelash growers.

But women don't listen to the doctors; they're suckers for the sales talks in the ads. They even make sacrifices. For instance, the cosmetics industry held up better than any other during the depression. That was a racket that had its suckers trained. Unemployed girls figured they had to look their "best" when looking for a job and wives figured their make-up would keep up hubby's morale or morals.

A small drug-store that will stock only a couple kinds of laxative or cod liver oil will carry 15 kinds of lipstick

in 20 shades and about 10 brands of bath salts. The demand is so heavy pharmacy schools are running classes in "cosmetology" which has a boloney all its own... 'cause no decent doctor will ever recommend cosmetics for the skin.

Here's a sample of some of the hooey:

"What your customer needs is a specialized eye cream... There are eye creams containing very fine oils which have been formulated especially to prevent and correct crepey lids, fine lines, hollows, etc. Suggest such a cream to your customer, to be used in addition to her nourishing cream."

If any doctor suggested an eye cream, he'd have his license taken away as a quack. And as to nourishing cream, it nourishes the manufacturer mostly.

Then there are the creams with Vitamin F, creams made from pasteurized milk, creams with the glands of snakes and turtles... all getting praise because their big "benefits" will get into the pores.

But the pores are exits not entrances. You can't send water into a lake through its outlet; neither can you put creams into the body through the pores. One doc who analyzed a turtle gland cream that sold for \$25 a jar said: "This cream does not contain the gland of a turtle. If it did contain the gland of a turtle its effect on the human skin would still be nil."

One newspaper editor raised hell in his advertising department by sending leading doctors a questionnaire on cosmetics. To prevent wrinkles, the medicos suggested plenty of sleep and exercise. To clean the skin, they rec-

ommended castile soap and water. They all laughed at the idea there would be any effect to rubbing anything into the skin.

Did it have any effect on the suckers? No, it didn't.

40,000,000 women everyday in this U.S.A. buy cosmetics... and a lot of 'em could use a square meal or a pair of shoes better.

If the gals figure it's to make themselves alluring to men, they know better. How does lavender lipstick, gold eye-shadow or fiery scarlet nail polish make them beautiful. One country-wide questionnaire showed that men wish to hell their girls and wives would take the apray off their mugs to the tune of 95%.

But a gal usually believes when she hooks her man that it was because of Putrid Pizzicato Perfume or Bushwah Face Cream, instead of in spite of it. Men also object to getting Evening of Love Lipstick all over their white shirts.

Of course, if a dame gets a lot of mental satisfaction, her dough isn't all wasted. Just almost all. And one comfort is that a gal who uses eye-shadow and skin food probably washes her neck and brushes her teeth... thus saving us from a nation of slob.

But the racket increases every day... and women would rather believe a full page ad than 100 doctors. They'd rather pay five bucks for a jar of Prince Watchyourbelli's Creme de la Garbage than five cents on soap.

The big laugh is that most of the males who rave loudest against make-up are the husbands... and they're the ones who have to shell out for the stuff.

Yes, it's the woman who pays and pays—with hubby's dough!

Hot Flashes

Everybody's pal in 'n out of General Hosp., is X-ray man ED-DIE... What kind of fish does cute 'n tiny TERESA CIALONE fish for???. Heard they're awfully different somehow... Lil' corker, dimples 'n all, is JACKIE son of CLARA RUTHERFORD of th' Cottage Strasse sector... CLARA's the neighborhood mother... Bring your troubles to her 'n she'll fix ya up.

Lover's lane:
THE BALCONY AT THE CAPITOL

If evah there was a jovial pusion, by jove, it's Mistah H. A. LAUTERBACH of Main Strasse RITA (Phelps Avenoo) RUFF bein' escorted here 'n there by her cute doggie... Try 'n count 'em... We mean all the curls on FLORA (Fulton Avenoo) LAURINI... Via his manager, JACK DRISCOLL, we learn that JERRY MCPHEARSON, trick skater, is en-

WOW!

Italian bakers, attention! If you must smoke while you are baking bread, try a pipe. A loaf of Italian bread that was bought in a certain grocery store on Jay Street last week (July 6th) contained a half-smoked cigarette... the woman who was unfortunately the victim of someone's carelessness, became violently ill from the discovery and was forced to call a doctor... we might be wrong, but things of this sort could be avoided. (Ed. Note: We have the bread, if you're interested.)

Earhart Search Cost Starts U. S. Ban!

(Continued from Page 12)

There are a great many rumors abroad as to the amount of dough it is costing Uncle Sam in the seemingly futile Earhart hunt. Layman estimates have ranged from half a million dollars a day down to \$100,000... both figures of which are screwy. As a matter of fact the actual cost of the undertaking up until the time the huge plane-carriers were brought into action was just about \$250,000 per day. Now that the Lexington is out on the scene the cost will probably be much greater. The total will be over \$3,000,000.

The only tangible clue that the Navy boys have had to work on is the fact that certain "radio signals" were heard or claimed to have been heard by several "ham" (meaning amateur) radio operators. Now even that nebulous theory has been blown to smithereens by the hams themselves, who it has been learned, have never believed that these ghost air messages emanated from the radio equipment of the Earhart plane.

The hams consider the various reports so much hooey, because the missing plane's transmitter, even if it was operating, had a range of only 200 to 300 miles from the ground... that is, with gasoline power to operate it. If the hand generator was used naturally the range would be a great deal less than that... and it is a fairly good bet that the plane came down a lot farther away than 300 miles. And there couldn't have been gas in the plane.

Although they would be the very last to admit it, the higher ranking Naval officers are opposed to the use of the Nation's first line of defense in a seemingly fruitless search for private or commercial planes lost in publicity flights. Especially when the yellow races and Russia are on the borderline of war in the Pacific.

Sounds sensible, doesn't it? route to Cleveland t'hrill th' multitudes with his act... Besides exclusive bookings by DRISCOLL, the skater has a one year contract with Cushman Circuit of N'Yawk.

Request comes in that we pin an orchid on svelte guy, IZZY, of the Rochester Hosiery crew in the Cox Bldg... Mistress of th' fires at Seneca Park hot roast, oh-so-nice DOROTHY LEMBKE, club adviser for B. of Ed....

Rogers Grill
FOR GOOD FOOD
75 SPRING ST.

Pagano Grill
302 SCIO ST.
SPAGHETTI 25c
Red Hot Orchestra
Friday and Saturday Nights

Hulse Pharmacy
424 JEFFERSON
Genesee 2742
Prescription Specialists

Peck's Drug Store
184 PLYMOUTH S.
Main 7345
Prescription Specialists

Kaleta Pharmacy
Prescription Specialists
1099 HUDSON AVE.
Main 7471

MAIN SIGN CO.
COMMERCIAL SIGNS, SHOW CARDS, STORE FRONT DISPLAYS
324 EAST AVE.
Stone 3890

ATTRACTIONS



STONE 2044

FOR Every Form of Entertainment
"The Office of Distinction"

Mutual Entertainment Exchange
ARTHUR ARGYRIES, MGR.
Loews' Theatre Building

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN—By Thornton Martin

When a two-fisted father thinks his two-fisted son is a cream puff—and says so—there's usually an explosion. And Larry Gray's explosion was loud.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND RACING STABLES

—By Bertram B. Fowler

Here's a tip-off on a sport that has grown beyond most people's imagination. Besides the racing fad—pigeons have served many useful purposes in war, in business and as an aid to gangsters.

GABRIEL'S TRUMPET—By Guy Gilpatric

You've been waiting for this one! Fog and collision at sea conspire to deliver Mr. Glencannon from the hand of Gabriel.

92 pages chuck-full of interesting reading

July 24th Issue
Now
On Sale

**THE SATURDAY 5c
EVENING POST**

The Popular Summer Food

CUTALI'S
famous SPAGHETTI and SAUCES

At 107 NORTH ST. and 25 BROAD ST.

The famous Cutali sauces to take home—Always Ready.

FIRST PRIZE — 1937 AUTOMOBILE

RULES

The FLASH Picture Puzzle Contest is open to everyone, with the exception of members of the staff of the Rochester Weekly FLASH and their families.

Beginning with the issue of May 15th, 1937, The FLASH will publish a series of four Picture Puzzles each week for fifteen (15) weeks, a total of sixty (60) puzzles. Each puzzle will represent the name of a person well known in the City of Rochester or of some Park, Street, Building or Manufacturer in the City or Monroe County.

At the close of the contest a letter will be required on the subject of "WHY I READ THE FLASH." This will consist of not more than 250 words and will be judged on its humor and originality and must be submitted during the week following your answers to final puzzles.

Simply print clearly your answers in ink on the Coupon provided. (ALL ANSWERS MUST BE MADE ON THIS COUPON.) Send in your answers every 4 weeks to the FLASH Office.

Any person entering the contest and by submission of solutions agrees to accept as final the decisions of THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH on all matters affecting the conduct of the contest, the procedure and policy with regards to acceptance of entries thereof.

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH reserves the right to award all prizes and the contestants shall accept their decision as final.

The FLASH reserves the right to require tying contestants to work a series of tie-breaking puzzles.

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH will not assume any liability for puzzles lost in transit or puzzle solutions be honored nor will any claims to ownership less the name of the contestant be legibly written in ink on the entry blank.

Any contestant may submit as many sets of the sixty puzzles as he or she chooses, provided the same are properly qualified and each will be judged as a unit, but no person will be allowed to win more than one prize. When submitting more than one set of puzzles all of the fifteen weeks solutions must be submitted and identified as series A, B, etc., and each series MUST be on a separate Entry Blank.

Back Puzzles of THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH may be obtained FREE at 6 State Street, for the benefit of those who may wish to enter the contest after the first week.

Spiel

Awfully nice sight of the week is when awfully nice LARRY WESTON comes sauntering up to see awfully nice JEAN GOW. . . Still working 'n slaving in good ole Weggie Wegman's is Detective O'HARA's lil' boy, WILLIAM. . . "BILL, darling", to VERONICA MEYERS.

The 'Smiling' TED ALLMAN and his tunesmiths open Ken's new place out on the Buffalo Road in Trinite.

Super-Salesman
ART TUSCHONG
Seller of Noise Collectors now located at 2001 Main St. W.

FLASH PUZZLE CONTEST

No. 37



WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Roland Woodward | Thomas B. Ryder |
| William A. Rose | Murray Theatre |
| Harry Iosenberg | Frank T. Sage |
| Herman Russell | Sagamore Hotel |
| William J. Edell | Marsden Fox |
| Devey Avenue | Joseph Schantz |
| William E. Young | Henry Lunger |

No. 38



WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Edward Walker | Harold S. Gay |
| Harry Sessions | Highland Park |
| Charles Shepard | Floyd M. Stephens |
| Joseph Silverstein | Alfred Stewart |
| Siebert Motors, Inc. | George F. Stone |
| St. Paul Street | Roy McCanne |
| William Martin | Warren Sullivan |

No. 39



WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| John D. Pike | Wilder Building |
| Thomas Northway | Henry Perkins |
| Orvis L. Pritchard | John Remington |
| Frank J. Kinney | Leon Benham |
| Doctor Thomas Garlick | Edwin Wayman |
| Edmund Randall | Lincoln Alliance Bank |
| Driving Park Bridge | Harry P. Wareheim |

No. 40



WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Taylor Instrument Co. | Seneca Park Zoo |
| Frank S. Thomas | Harry Rosenthal |
| Robert Towey | Sheriff Malley |
| Ridge Road | Sam Salone |
| Fred Townsend | David Kessler |
| Charles Turton | Lester Peck |
| Al Moss | Sears and Roebuck |

PRIZES

- GRAND PRIZE: New 1937 AUTOMOBILE!!! Siebert Motors.
- Credit on '37 Terraplane or Hudson Car—Ben Wolk, 780 Clinton Ave. N. \$100.70
- Rug Cleaner (Scott & Fatzner)—Hill Appliance, 482 East Main 59.50
- Lady's Bicycle — Zimmerman, 129 W. Main 35.00
- Lady's Wrist Watch Rosengerberg, 9 State 27.50
- 1 Battery—Goodland, 230 East Avenue 14.95
- Percolator Set (4 pcs.) — Weisbuch Inc., 398 East Main 12.50
- 1 Permanent Wave—Raymonds, Granite Bldg. 10.00
- Sterling Flask & Straw Hat — Garson's Clothes, 88 State 10.00
- 5 Priv. Dancing Lessons—Gladys Bliss, 107 Clinton Ave. S. 10.00
- 24 in. Richelieu Pearls — Jos. Klein, 82 W. Main 10.00
- (10) Treatments for Baldness—Pignato Bros., 419 E. Main 10.00
- Electric Clock, Lamp — Wildman Co. Inc., 41 E. Main 10.00
- Exam. & Pr. of glasses—Gorman, 312 E. Main 10.00
- or
Microscope Set — Gorman, 312 E. Main 8.50
- 8 Pc. Cocktail Set—Preston Jewelry, 91 E. Main ... 9.75
- 50 Gals. Gas—Burt Walker, Empire Blvd. & Stone and Dewey 8.00
- New Guitar — Davis, 174 W. Main 8.00
- Kit Brush Set — Glasser Co., 22 Main St. W. 7.50
- Fielder's Glove—Mogridge, 22 State 7.25
- Electric Health Cooker — Skinner, 245 East Ave. 6.00
- \$6 in Trade—ZR-3, 109-113 State 6.00
- Anti-back Lash Reel — Bernsteins, 3 Front 5.50
- Kitchen Clock (Elec. or Wind) — Marks & Abramson, 10 State 5.00
- Merchandise — Vanderbelt, Pharmacy 5.00
- Fish Rod (Steel) — Glassman, 107 E. Main 5.00
- Fountain Pen (Conklin Nozak)—Humbert, 8 North 5.00
- Banjo Clock — Gamler's, 84 E. Main. 5.00
- MORE PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

OFFICIAL FLASH PICTURE PUZZLE COUPON

Contest Editor,
Rochester Weekly Flash, Inc.,
6 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are my solutions to Picture Puzzles 37 to 40.

- 37.....
- 38.....
- 39.....
- 40.....

Name

Address

ART COLLINS strutting his stuff in Pa's big, long, black bugie No. 4M7. . . Howzabout a lift, ARTIE???

Mos' happee birthdee of th' week goes to Red Winger, JOHNNY HOPP, who will be twenty-one years young, July 18.

RED HOT FLASHES

Aside to Cy (Hetzler's) Klass: What happened to that Gal' O' Erin??? . . . Red Wong's Femme-fans' theme song of the week: "Boohoo" . . . cuz tis been confirmed there is a Missus Hopp 'n my what an attractive blonde she is . . . Vic Fisher still a rugged fisherman 'n let's tell you folks the new bar at Vic's is swell . . .

Fred Allard commutes 'tween here 'n the land o' Canucks often . . . Having fun on a farm 'n a great beeg farm at that, Alphonse Gioia 'n the famby . . . New waitresses add much to the efficiency at Allard's Grill . . . Oughta be in pictures, Ceal Peer of Kresge's five 'n dime-ery . . . Nice smile 'n even nicer dimples . . .

Oddity of the Week: (Exclusive to FLASH): Members of the Robeson Roch. Shop Union perfectly satisfied with the "clause" in th' agreement with Companeec which states that they are to receive time and a-half for working overtime . . . except during the busy season . . . when they will receive no extree mazuma for working oer-time . . . Seems t' us that the only time one can cash in on time 'n a-half is during th' busy season . . . No one works overtime unless 'tis busy, no???

FEATURE NEWS

10¢

NIGHT CLUB GUIDE

ROCHESTER FLASH

SPORTS THEATRES

WEEKLY

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Vol. 1—No. 28

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 17, 1937

Big Shot News Chains

Put Over Nude Girl

Picture Shows For

Huge Public, With

SEX For Sale!

Women FALL FOR Billion Dollar Racket!

Nude For "News"



If there was a billion-dollar business that took in over one hundred million dollars (\$100,000,000) a year, based on phoney claims and advertising, a business that gave you nothing in return for all this dough though it said it did, a business that works on the proposition that its customers are suckers—you'd call that business a racket, wouldn't you. You would.

This business, with a billion-dollar capital, is based on stuff that any doctor will tell you is worthless as to what you use it for, and all the suckers that fall for it are women.

We're talking about the big cosmetics racket. We're not talking about the legitimate beauty shop which, after all, just tries to give the customer what she asks for, but the big shot cosmetics makers who push the biggest pile of hokey ever foisted on the ever-gullible sucker public.

If you think we're kidding, take a look at these little-known facts. Just last year, women bought 100,000,000 jars

(Continued on Page 10)

Earhart Search Cost Starts U. S. Ban!

Uncle Sam's chivalry and his hard-boiled common sense are battling now as a result of the big search for Amelia Earhart and her navigator... The whole thing was tragic, and although Navy fliers and officers privately admit the search is hopeless, the search is still to be continued—at the expense of the Government. But some Congressmen are readying a bill to be passed putting a stop to such stunt flights and possible dough-devouring searches hereafter.

(Continued on Page 10)

No, The FLASH still isn't printing nude pictures. If you don't believe us, read on.

We aren't the ones who are printing pretty pictures of pretty ladies who cover themselves up with nothing more than a smile for the cameraman.

Last week, we ran a little series showing how big shot advertisers sell their goods with nude sex in the advertisements of the "high class" magazines. This week we're giving you a little idea of how the big news chains, all very respectable, peddle nude ladies for profit to newspapers, though if someone were peddle the same photographs in private he would be hauled in by the cops for selling obscene literature.

Take a look at the lovely young lady on this page

(Continued on Page 9)

The Flash—Newsiest (and Nosiest) Paper In Town!

FREE WINNERS

Horses Ready To
Cop the Dough

(See "Horses Worth Watching" On Page 7)

FEATURE NEWS

10¢

NIGHT CLUB GUIDE

ROCHESTER FLASH

SPORTS THEATRES

WEEKLY

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Vol. 1—No. 29

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 24, 1937

U. S. SENATORS EXPOSE GANNETT!

Report Names Gannett As Income Tax Avoider; Faces U. S. Quiz On Court Fight

UNCLE SAM ACCUSES MR. FORD & GENERAL MOTORS OF DECEIVING THE PUBLIC!

Uncle Sam got out a new sledge-hammer this week to take whacks at two of the nation's biggest businesses—Ford and General Motors.

He doesn't like the way these two outfits advertise.

And just to let them know the way he feels about it, he's had his Federal Trade Commission make formal complaints charging them with "false and misleading representations."

There's nothing complicated about the government's

(Continued on Page 3)

U. S. Ruining British Morals!!

It's a long way over to England, and we're not telling you anything you didn't already know in mentioning it. But maybe you didn't know the distance is not great enough to suit the Very Rev. W. E. R. Morrow, provost of

(Continued on Page 2)

Senators Against Court Bill Repudiate

Mr. G. In Washington's Latest Uproar!!

As we also say on the back-page this week, we don't like to give Frank Gannett so much space . . . but he persists in making the news, so what can we do?

This time Mr. Gannett makes the news with a vengeance, with heavy repercussions sounding all the way to Washington and in the dignified halls of the U. S. Senate, with some Senators baring a few juicy details of Mr. Gannett's campaign to save the Constitution for the Supreme Court.

A lot more came out in the wash of news reports . . . such as the fact that Mr. Gannett was named as one of the tax-avoiding "economic royalists" in the Senate's income tax probe just lately . . . though, from what we remember, there wasn't anything heard about it in Rochester. More on that later.

There is no mention in the local dailies of what went on in Washington concerning the Senate. Mr. Gannett and his National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government.

There was a small Associated Press dispatch on Page 6 in the

(Continued on Page 2)

State Troopers Victims Of Spy System?

That transfer of all those New York State Police sergeants a few weeks back has been more or less forgotten by the public but—

It has resulted in an amazing situation!

The gray-riders around Rochester are being spied upon . . . believe it or not!

Although recognized as one of the outstanding police bodies in the country, the uniformed troopers are now under a relentless surveillance.

Making friends—always a

(Continued on Page 2)

Revolt Brews At Yacht Club!

There was definitely something rotten in Denmark . . . and it all adds up to the revolution brewing amongst the sea-going uppercrusters over at the berling basin of the snooty Yacht Club.

It seems that, according to our sassiety man, it all revolves around Ed Doyle, gasoline tycoon and Commodore of the Club.

It all came out when the dazzling Danes, who raced the local

(Continued on Page 3)

Tries To Sue Bank For Bedbugs!

There have been screwy cases in court before, and there will be again, but we figure that this one takes a prize for something or other . . . 'cause you don't run into a man who wants to sue a bank for bedbugs every day in the week.

Why the bank should be to blame for the alleged bedbugs, we don't know . . . but here's the

dope. A certain gent (name omitted for the present) and his family

(Continued on Page 2)

UNCLE SAM ACCUSES MR. FORD & GENERAL MOTORS OF DECEIVING THE PUBLIC!

(Continued from Page 1)

charges, which is more than Samuel thinks can be said for the advertising of certain passenger cars of the two companies.

You've probably read the attractive ads of both companies. Uncle Sam's boys read them, whether you did or not, and decided the automobiles pictured in the ads are not the ones usually sold for the price in big type.

They accuse the companies of fixing the ads so John Q. Public will get the idea that if you buy the car in the picture or drawing, you'll get it at the price which is in big type.

But you won't, and that is where your old Uncle Sam steps in.

To his way of thinking, it's unfair to print in fine type, which you're not always likely to read, that there are such additional charges as taxes, advertising, handling, conditioning and accessories.

So unfair, in fact, he's decided the advertising violates Section 5 of the Federal Trade Commission Act, which has to do with deception of Mr. Public and injury to competitors.

The motor firms have been given twenty days to give their side of the story.

Who cares what an automobile costs at the factory or at the railroad station?

Uncle Sam got the idea, apparently from some of John Q. Public's automobile buyers, that the only prices they are interested in are the prices they have to pay.

Reading automobile ads these days is very pleasant.

They show you everything in, under, on top and the sides of the car, or else practically take you for a ride by illustrating a happy family vacation bound in a countryside ripe with trees and pretty things.

And then you begin to wonder about the price but you don't have to wonder long for right below the enticing scene is a price in big type, say, for example, \$600.

But unless you read along in the small type about those accessories, taxes and what not, you're apt to think you could buy the car for \$600. And if you do read it, you'll naturally wonder the price total is not given.

Rather than bother, you probably turn to look at a good book, or, preferably, the FLASH, which, with our customary modesty, believes in quoting its sale price (10 cents, pay no more, nor less either) to one and all. For verification look at Page 1.

If General Motors, or Ford, or both, feel the need (which Uncle Sam thinks exists) for frankness in advertising prices, our advertising department will be delighted to write the ads for the cars manufactured by Mr. Ford or Mr. Sloan.

Either Mr. Ford or Mr. Sloan, or their accredited representatives may take this up with us at any time at all. We will quote the exact price to them in a price, which you may be sure will include about everything except the national budget for 1938.

Note: We'd put that in, too, but we don't have the figures yet.

CONVICTS ACCUSE PRISON GUARDS OF STEALING!!

Is it a fact that prisoners in our Monroe County Penitentiary out South Avenue way are being underfed because food is being lifted from the kitchens by certain guards?

Unbelievable as it sounds, did the pen superintendent, Romeyn B. Dunn, search a guard's car the other day and find twenty pounds of steak and two dozen loaves of bread.

The provisions were said to have been destined for a Legion post blowout. They didn't get there for the super had them taken back to the pantry.

Prisoners in the pen, some of them up there for less than walking off with steak and loaves of bread, are sore about it.

One of them, signing himself "One of the Boys," let the cat out of the bag in a letter to the FLASH. The letter was as follows:

MCP
Rochester, N. Y.
July 16, 1937

Editor,
Rochester Flash.

Dear Sir:

The following incident may be of some interest to you.

On Sat., July 10, Mr. Dunn, the "prexy" of dear old M. C. P., acting on information from an unknown source, searched the car of a certain screw (Ed. note: Guard) and found therein upwards of twenty pounds of steak and a couple of dozen loaves of bread which had been taken

from the M. C. P. commissary.

The screw's alibi was that the deputy super had given him permission to take the food and that it was destined for a certain Legion picnic.

Whether or not, the D. S. gave him permission and what authority the D. S. had to give such permission or whether or not, the booty was returned I do not know, but this I do know, the portion of meat each prisoner had for his Sunday dinner you could put in your left eye.

This theft of food stuffs has been going on for some time but this is the first time a screw has been caught at it.

It is probably due in part to this condition that the prisoners after toiling in the fields are compelled to live on slum wormy cold storage fish.

We don't want to be pampered but we would like a

Hot Flashes

JOE BURKEHOLDER (Michaels Stern Co.) the bestest pianist in town . . . EDNA SCHMUCKER will it still be "miss" after the 24th of this month? . . . SKIPPY and GRUNST took an awful beating in that pinocle tournament from WHITEY and DUTCH . . . JOHN SCHWALBACH and the frau took in nature's wonders at Watkins Glen . . . MIKE CHRISTY

Revolt Brews At Yacht Club!

(Continued from Page 1)
boys in a race or two the other

of the Yacht Club inlet. It seems, for youse guys and gals who don't know anymore about boats than we do, that the Danes were racing in the Class D division, which are dinghies (glorified row-boats with sails.)

Also, it seems, the Commodore is reputed to be a little unenthusiastic about dinghies and their races. When the races came off, according to man, Commodore Doyle refused to let any of the newshawks who were reporting the big "international regatta" to follow the race on Yacht Club boats. Maybe there was the inferred suggestion they could cover the race by swimming alongside the dinghies. Also, the "400" is buzzing that the Commodore and his group didn't break an arm or leg getting any publicity or encouraging any for the dinghy-boys and their Danish competitors.

But it happens that among the dinghy-boys were the scions of the Anstice and Wilmot Castle tribes, who command a lot of dough and an equal lot of local blueblood. The big result of the race wasn't who won but that the Anstices and Castles got mad, very mad . . . and a lot of other nautical uppercrusters, too.

Now there's talk of revolution, with some of the yachtsmen saying they're gonna be moving their boats and anchors somewhere else and form a new Yacht Club that will be kinder to dinghies. They're even saying that further up the river, the banks could be cleared away with a cheaper anchorage as the result. Of course, if there were two Yacht Clubs they could race each other in deadly duels and enliven the sleepy local scene.

Right now it's certainly mad mutiny amongst the moneyed mariners.

square deal. You can help us.

Another thing: This is rated as one of the most vermin infested lock-ups in North America.

Whether or not you use this letter, please destroy it after reading. I need not tell you why I am not signing my name.

Very truly yours,

"One of the boys"

P. S. We believe Dunn to be PERSONALLY on the level. And also some of the screws.

That's the end of the letter . . . but what a situation when the jailbirds accuse the law of stealing!

PALM HOTEL

454 Hudson Av. Main 8165

FISH FRY FRIDAY
Chicken Dinner Saturday
FLOOR SHOW
FRIDAY & SATURDAY NITES
Snappy Dance Orchestra

SPAGHETTI Anytime
All Legal Beverages

UNPAID COUNTY TAX

Monroe County Treasury,
Rochester, N. Y.
July 1, 1937

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to Chapter

as amended, I will on August 15, 1937, cause to be published and printed in the Democrat & Chronicle a list or statement of the lands charged with unpaid County Taxes of 1936 remaining unpaid on August 1. Payment after July 31 cannot affect publication.

C. A. SMITH,
Director of Finance

Queen of Tennis Courts.
ELEANOR COLE
(Exchange Strasse)

CALL GLENWOOD 4 4 6

HANLEY'S ALE
CARLING'S CANADIAN ALE and BEER
TROMMER'S BEER
HORNELL & ALE
Fort Schuyler

Imported

GUINNESS STOUT and BASS ALE
MOLSON'S ALE

Prompt Delivery

Hetzler Bros.
COAL ICE CO., Inc. COKE
801 Driving Park Ave.

TRIANGLE
GRILL and NITE CLUB
191 Brown St. Main 7974

DINE & DANCE
Entertainment Nitely
SPECIAL FLOOR SHOW
SAT. NITE—No Cover Charge

SPAGHETTI 25c
with Meat Balls
Excellent Food by
Chef JOE GIONTA
GOOD MUSIC
FREE PARKING

Enjoy a delightful drive along Hemlock Lake over Routes 2A and 2 and "top it off" with the most delicious dinner in New York State at the

Hotel Wagner

BATH N. Y.

Home of

The Rendezvous

New York's Smartest Cocktail Lounge.

Dance nightly to Radio's famous "Strings of Swing"
(Broadcast every Monday—7:30 P. M.—Station WESG)

NO MINIMUM OR COVER CHARGE EVER

ALL AROUND THE TOWN

Veddy funneh . . . that headline in the Times-Union which ran "Democrat Leaders Con Slate" . . . We don't think the Democrat bosses would con anybody . . . Street scene: Johnny Roche, Forman's ad boss and now a happy hubby, surprised on Clinton Avenue with a huge bundle of groceries . . . The Griff Strongs take many a trip down to Syracuse just to see Mike Covert, who's got his hand in at the Onondaga hostelry there.

Court St financier, Kenneth Dunn's missus just back from bouncing all over the terrain out in the Midwest . . . Dotty Bowen, the Odenbach lassie, is all Signed and practically Sealed as far as romance goes . . . Busiest man of the week is Sol Heumann, clothing tycoon, who's got big plans for this burg . . . Better all the time is Bobby Lyons' ork over at the Wicks' boarding house . . . wish we could say the same for the raddio announcer on their aircasting.

Are Paul Noeth, likker man, and Mary Rush as palsie-walsie as they usta be???. Or did newspaper work cut in too much on Mary's time???. Phil Vandeventer, the shoe man, now Getting Away From It All at his own little beach along the lake . . . Adelaide Erwin's hair now a decided blonde . . . but the sun decided, not Adelaide . . . Best tune of the year so far—"Where or When."

Phil Dalley and Homer Storey tussle to see who pays for Coca-Colas at the Democrap Headquarters on hot days . . . Storey usually loses . . . Just showing youse what goes on behind the scenes in politics . . . If you wanna upset Hank O'Connell's day, just talk about the scrap between the CIO and AFL.

Lawyerman Bob Dwyer's fancy new Cord is good bait . . . Since the public spotted his super-cream job, there have been three new Cords sold in the burg at fancy prices . . . John the Odenbach's new Dolomite boats are finally coming into the heavy money . . . Bankerman Ben Lull and the better half took their trailer down to Mexico City and got back in about ten days . . . If you don't wanna miss an amazing book, get Courtney Ryler Cooper's "Here's To Crime" . . . Quite a mention Edward G. Miner, Pfaudler boss, got in the Satevepost as one of the millionaire tycoons you hear little about . . . They could also have mentioned Fred Goodwin, local banker-lawyer, and George Clark, supposedly the biggest single stockholder in Eastman Kodak.

Is it straight that love now runs smooth for Mortimer Nusbaum, the voice of cheerfulness over at WSAY . . . with the femme problem all settled . . . He dotes on butterflies—Kenneth Ocorr . . . Just to show that we like to hand out a pat on the back when it's deserved, here's one to Nita Feldman for some great work over at the Ideal Art Museum . . . Be it or not, there's a club in town called the "Genesee Valley Quilt Association!"

History repeats itself . . . Jeweler Art D'Annunzio is still the menace over at the General Hosp. . . . If you wanna see a couple cute toughies, lamp sportsman Johnny Murphy's two heirs . . . Is Doris Reed still Girl Friday for legalite Jimmy Sconfietti???. Rosemary Nugent is going in for Bigger and Better Things since the Journal did its fadeout, leaving Rosemary a society editor without a sheet . . . Norbert Klem's moosie over WHAM for the greater glory of the phone Co. could do with a little more "oomph" . . . Are Ed Howard, the Loew's man, and the Bush gal still like this???

Does Harry Rosenthal, ass't D. A., still have that yen for his little violin concerts???. The wisecracs have it that Jack Ark is coming through with a big GOP insurgent campaign for the fall whirligig at the polls . . . and the odds right now are about even that Fred Holbrook, a converted New Dealer, will get the Democrap nod for D. A. . . . Didja know that Doc Ward Williams spends a lot of time and dough collecting pictures of train accidents and has one of the best in the country???. and also runs a lot of miniature choo-choos???

Are Russ Weinert and luffy blonde Marge Kolstad still arm-in-arming or is it ancient history???. The Century's Frank Placerean played the first set of tennis of his life and the next day was laid up with the flu . . .

Uncle Sam's Collapsed Outhouse

In case you didn't know it, our Uncle Sammy has been building outhouses throughout the rural districts with WPA money. This has been going on for the past two years with what is very literally relief money, and as a result the country is sprinkled with public purse privies. But the pay-off, which made a lot of papers throughout the country last week, came about when a Mrs. Allie Rankin, an Ohio farmerette, got \$5,000 in damages from Uncle Sam. This was supposed to be for injuries suffered when the floor of a WPA-built outhouse at her brother's rural home collapsed, putting her in such a situation that it took her a half-hour to get out. Verily truth is stranger than fiction. And funnier!

well, croquet is safe, anyhow . . . Among gents who've retired from the bright lights: Babe Carson . . . One wit who lives in California wrote, after the long distance Russian airmen woke him up with their plane: "We recognized Russia, but we didn't expect them to get so familiar." Not bad, we thought . . . which proves we think.

Add lookalikes: Announcer Bill Despard and Buddy Rogers, except Despard ain't that handsome . . . Who's the luffy damsel that shares the front seat of (Walter Cox's right hand) Bill Welch's car???. Who'd of think that a nize quiet gent like Leighton Gridley, czar of the Police Court office, was a rough and tough doughboy 20 years ago . . . now Gridley's a local Legion biggie . . . Does Lootenant Cholly Vollmer still bear the scar on his dome . . . gotten when he straightened up from the floor and got floored by a filing cabinet???. On a ship it's a purser, but with Pat Claus, General Hosp. nurse, it's a bursa.

Lousiest ditty of week: "It looks like rain in cherry-blossom lane" . . . All it needs is the hurdy-gurdy and the monkey.

NEW LOW FARES

The FLASH believes that fares should be lower on the trains than they are now. We suggest this in all fairness to the Public Service Commission, especially on the following routes. You are urged to examine the new rates, and asterisks will denote whether the cars are air-cooled or not:

Charlotte to Birmingham	Was	Should Be
(Ala.)	\$1,005.68	\$1,004.98*
Charlotte to Addis Ababa	1,367.44	1,366.44
Addis Ababa to Birmingham (Ala.)	218.75	210.72
Oklahoma Beach to Brighton	52.03	.03
Brighton to Pittsford	.10	.10*
West Webster to Minsk (Near Pinsk)	3,555.00	2,989.32
Minsk (Near Pinsk) to Webster	2,989.3	2,989.00
East Henrietta to West Henrietta	.08	10,000.00

Tickets for these stations may be purchased at the Flash office if you can find our railroad expert, which is more than we can do. Surcharges will be eliminated wherever possible—but this is not to be construed as a promise.

FLASH RAILROAD & TRANSPORTATION CO. of AMERICA

We also have several canoes for rent—with or without outboards)

Joe Biben must have made a mistake in his "A Message for All the People of Rochester and Vicinity." Joe goes into detail on the number of banks, department stores, churches, hotels, radio stations, etc. in Rochester and makes much of the fact that the town has but one daily newspaper publisher. THIS IS NOT TRUE! One of Rochester's well read newspapers is still being published every day and GANNETT is NOT the publisher! Ladies 'n Gentlemen, we give you Rochester's own paper, "THE ABEND-POST."

The Reliable Store, Everybody's Store and a few other State Strasse establishments are remodeling their "fronts." Congratulations! Business will come back from the Clinton and East Ave. sectors to the Four Corners if a few more merchants would follow suit . . . Let's improve the buildings between State Strasse 'n St. Paul on Main St. E. . . . Jimmy (Central Y) Rogers losing that worried look since Alice came home . . . Helen Boucher (Hi&Beery) waitress, a pleasant smile for everyone she meets.

Ray Boehme getting younger, must be that S. A. M. massage evreee day . . . Frank Weber, brother of the handsome Charles, made a tour of the toggerly shoppes, the boys figger on a trip to Atlantic City next week . . . Those colored sun glasses are becoming popular with the fair sex . . . The boys will probably go in for magnifying lenses these bright summer days . . . Charlie Hammerer (Delmar Strasse) machinist, riding the crosstown bus lately . . . Art Carpenter and the missus keep cool by avoiding all hot air merchants . . . Art hears it all day long in the gas station . . . Tommy Lachetta, planning a tour of Western N. Y. with his new car . . . Johnnie Stauber says he is going to bottle some of this heat we are having 'n use it next January.

Jerry McPherson, trick skater who was to appear at Cleveland Expo, reported injured in auto tangle . . . Is Eddie McGrath the 4th Ward whip nowadays???. 'n if so—what's the set-up 'n how does Gus Hone stand in the home balliwick if Ed is going to do the hiring 'n

firing???. We'll put our dough on Mildred O'Donnell every time when it comes to diving . . . Clarence Wright, Junnel photo-mugger, lost another camera last week . . . somebody's got sticky fingers, but it'll be just too bad if they get nabbed.

A vandal also pinched Sam Racone's false teeth recently . . . There must have been gold in them thar fillings . . . Jack Parker, the handsome ex-collegiate is reported shopping for morning coat and striped pants in readiness for a stroll down the middle aisle with Miss Bausch, dotter of the well known Bausch in Flashtown . . . Gas-buggy No. 1M-63-49 also had old shoes tied to it last Saturday noon, but the happy couple were too camera shy . . . Cliff Braman, the clean shirt man, is hustling around leaving nice polite notes for his former customers.

For the information of the curious, that fascinating Chinese gal is Chee Lee, who does a dance . . . but what a dance! . . . at a Stone St. Spot . . . Packy MacFarlane keeps in good shape by playing baseball in the summer 'n football in the winter . . . A model for all traffic cops to pattern themselves after is Captain Heisel, who we hope found the tin he lost last Friday . . . Gannett exec. Franklyn on a vacash, so things must be goin' along ohkey on Times Square.

Wonder how the pin-ball hostess, Dorothy Preston, one of the nicer gals, felt when the nasty man threw that bang-bang cracker behind her t'other a. m. . . . Some guys and dolls were prancing around in the altogether down on Beach Ave. last Wednesday nite, but when the Gendarmes rushed down to see what they could see they were veddy disappointed . . . Speaking of fire-crackers, the Powers Hostel manager had to reprimand a boy for tossing them back of the bar the other nite . . . 'n the boy looked just like Paul Ribstein . . . maybe our calendar's wrong.

Song of the week: "You can't take that away from me," as warbled by crooner McOmer of Nusbaum's nitery . . . Where is the tan that vivacious Pauline Kull promised herself she was going to acquire this Summer?? . . . What made pert and blonde Micky Mason nearly miss her cue the other eve . . . 'n does she look too, too cute in riding togs!

Red Woodhall, mixologist at the Seneca, recalling old times at Max Garfinkel's Canterbury when Jimmy O'Leary was head-waiter . . . but Red still can't mix a Bocarol Fizz . . . Walt Sweeney looks kinda lonesome back of that empty d. t. bar . . . never mind, Walt, Winter will soon be here . . . too soon . . . We wish that Max Nusbaum would keep Peggy Harris at the Casino all Summer . . . she's a gal who's really got something . . . Dick Lara always manages to look as if he'd stepped out of a band-box.

Mary Hoffman has a voice with a real smile in it . . . thanks . . . Roland Tiffany on a trip to the Buckeye State with a stop-over to see the gee-gees run at Fort Erie . . . he can pick winners right outta the air . . . If Sara Hodginson will call up the heartbroken B. F., we think everything will turn out okay . . . the way it should be . . . Offside to Esther Dark Eyes) Berke. Thanks for the call, we had a letter from the heart-throb . . . They say that Lou Blanchard can hop over a bar veddy quickly when anybody gets tough.

Offside to that Odenbachery lass with the mole on her chin: Your hubby is singing: "You can't take that away from me" with tears in his eyes . . . what is all this???

Guess the love bug has bitten a very stunning blonde, Celia Vander Burgh and the B. F., Tommy Belomio—for good . . . Our own Eddie Wegman doing a swelligant job at the Wagner Hotel in Bath . . . Wonder if handsome-man Harold Solomon is still patrolling the Genesee? . . . Tie-ing the knot, Marjorie (Lake Avenue) Krembel 'n James Farrell . . . Verrah popular copper, Jack (Remington Strasse) Stiehler.

Setting aside July 26th as Kaufman nite at the Red Wing stadium is good news for Tony's fans, who have been waiting soo long to pay homage to their favrite . . . How grand t'would be if the Red Wings played to S R O that nite on account of becuz Tony gets a certain per cent of the gate receipts that nite (Thanx to Prexy French) 'n would his wallet fatten up!!!

True Love Never Runs Smooth

Is it straight that a certain very nice and also very pretty debbie who lives out in the Browncock section is having the fidgets . . . 'cause the "100" has her more or less engaged to a music maestro who played here for quite a while but is now out of town and she's busy denying it. Mebbe the lassie would admit that romance with the dapper band leader . . . except for one thing . . . it seems the maestro's divorce from his first wife isn't final yet. When it is, the blueblood circles are laying odds of 2 to 1 that the debbie gets her name changed by a minister.

Heath Thurston Road Pharmacy
517 Thurston Rd.
CENTRAL PHARMACY
Open All Night

FINEST FOODS
25c and 35c Dinners
Sunday Chicken Dinner—45c
U. S. RESTAURANT
Open Day and Night
Opp. General Hospital
504 WEST MAIN ST.

GEO. A. FILLEY,
Groceries - Meats
Fresh Vegetables
62 Clifton St. Glen. 1281

Peter Van Remoortere
GROCERIES — MEATS
1256 N. Clinton Main 6751
Specializing
Barbeque — Hots — Cold Cuts
We Close Wednesdays at 12:30
During June, July and August

Smalline's
— for —
PRESCRIPTIONS
Ridge, cor. N. Clinton
GLEN. 4649

REGINA
RESTAURANT 121 Lyell Ave.
SPECIAL SAT. and SUN.
1/2 BROILER 45c
FULL COURSE DINNER
Featuring LILLIAN SWANBORN
Friday and Saturday

Compliments of
Russer's Market and Grocery
Cor. Ames and Maple St.

GRILL
FOR SALE
Illness—Must Sell
CALL GEN. 7624

PIER GARDEN
Sea Breeze on the Lake
where the Boat Docks

Try Our Famous
FISH FRY
Clam Chowder
B. G. WILBER, Mgr.

ALLARD'S
The Bright Spot on State St.



SPECIAL
FRI. and SAT.

The
Master Magician
The Man of Mystery
Barrie Williams
Versatile Dancer
Fred Lashier's Orchestra
252-254 STATE ST.

Movie Extra Wants \$500,000 From Moguls For Wild Party Attack

Scandal-shy Hollywood has been rocked by a cool half a million dollar damage suit by a pretty movie extra who charges she was attacked at the now notorious "haymow" party.

Jittery at all times lest the front pages get wind of the behind the scenes goings on in filmland's capital, the city of make believe found that twenty-year-old Mary Mitchell, the gal in the case, is not pretending but means business.

She names Movie Mogul Hal E. Roach, at whose studio ranch the party was held; Mogul Edward J. Mannix, general manager of M-G-M; Vincent Coniff, Roach's casting director; David Ross, Chicago film salesman, whom Mary says assaulted her.

Besides, there are half a hundred John Doe defendants.

Press agents, movie mags and other outfits with good reason to do so, insist that the pashy party days in the town of beautiful gals and interested men are over and that the wildest movie town parties would be tame compared to a Sunday school picnic.

The idea is good from several angles and helps to lull the public into the placid notion that out where the lights are bright the gals spend their time in the kitchen baking biscuits while the men live the rugged life with a good book, a fireplace, a dog or two, and a pipe.

A sigh of relief was breathed in and around the studios when the grand jury last month refused to

indict after hearing Mary's story. She said she and 125 other extra girls went to the party—were summoned, in fact—expecting movie work. There was anything but, according to Mary.

Champagne was flowing freely in the dining room decorated like a frontier saloon. When Mary went outside for a breath of air, Ross, she alleges, trailed and attacked her.

Another extra girl, Ginger Wyatt, described the party as a "wild, drunken orgy," and a waiter, Oscar Buddin, admitted "we distributed plenty of liquor."

Hollywood's headache over the affair may continue for some time and the suit, if it gets into court, may have the well known far-reaching effects.

Because of the influence of flickers on public opinion numerous reform and church societies have taken a hand and with this latest blow-off they may be expected to take some further action. Which should teach movie moguls not to try to make hay in a haymow.

GIRL CONVICTS DANCE WITH COLLEGE BOYS!

Here's one for the books, public . . . something that should have been done long ago . . . and even if it happened in Oklahoma, you can't afford to skip reading it:—

Because they gave the girls behind the bars at the Oklahoma State Reformatory a real break last week when they let 38 of them trip the light fantastic with 38 men students from 3 universities. This unique and unusual experiment was made possible by Mrs. Creighton Burnham, training school superintendent, in an effort to give the lassies a chance in life.

There is no doubt that this lady with revolutionary ideas had to use plenty of persuasion with the powers-that-be in order to hold the unique dance.

"There's not a girl here who would have been here if she had ever had a real dance," she said. "They've never had the chance to know more than one type of society and that was an undesirable one."

"We want to equip them to find a normal place in society when they leave."

All the girls are in on moral charges and are serving short sentences . . . most of them being between the ages of 16 and 20. The students who were chosen as the partners of the girls were carefully selected and they met each other in the "honor cottage" of the training school . . . and allowed to pick their own partners, although we don't think the gals would have been very fussy about it in any case.

Two hundred girls "lost out" on

the party and had to stay in their rooms until the dance was over, which was probably very tough for them. The Oklahoma City Firemen's band furnished the music, which we hope was adapted for dancing. Although there was no sitting out under the stars, the dance was pronounced a success by everyone concerned, including the necessary chaperons, and there is no doubt that if more of these affairs were made possible the gals would get a new slant on life.

Hot Flashes

Working oh soo awfully hard putting "new Features" in electric lifes, CLARK (Capitol Theatre) BENTLEY . . . Petite lil' working girl, MARION (Ravenwood Avenoo) MURRAY . . . Model Ex-ec of the week: MISTAH DOUGLAS of Clapp's Baby Food Company . . . Insisting that she's a jinx at Red Wing Games, EUNICE (Baden Strasse) BINSKY . . .

"Oh, I Love the Bearded Lady," still BOB (Lehigh Avenoo) NEWITT's theme song?? . . . Who's athletic he-man CHUCK (Lexington Avenoo) DUMRESE swinging a mean baseball bat for this season?? . . . Puh-fect reflection of moom-picture star—Norman Foster, OMAR (Myrtle Hill Rd.) GOTTORFF . . . Vest pocket edition of All-American girl, ELIZABETH (Columbia Avenoo) MILLER.

CAMERAMAN BEATEN IN HOTEL!

The current vogue of beating up photographers has finally spread to this peaceful village.

Here and now, by way of comment, let it be said that those who indulge in this sport, or whatever it's called, usually have good cause to regret it later.

Ordinarily, the drubbing is handed out by someone who doesn't want his picture taken.

But this case—and it took place in one of the biggest of the hotels—is out of the ordinary . . . 'cause the pitcher-taking was wanted.

The cameraman, a former well-known newspaper ace, who now makes a comfortable living by commercial work, was requested by a group of businessmen to go to the hotel a few nights ago and take pictures of the gathering around a banquet table.

He set up his equipment and was about to snap the shutter when a hotel employe ordered him out.

Politely, the photog explained he was leaving, anyway, just as soon as he finished his work. Not satisfied, the hotel employe—a very minor one, at that, and who certainly had no authority to order anything more than a meal—summoned the assistant manager.

The cameraman was then called from the room, he said, and as he left was tripped up by a brawny bus boy, who kicked the picture-taken as he lay on the floor.

Somebody called in a cop, and the unprovoked assault was halted, but that didn't ease the pain in the cameraman's ribs nor heal a badly banged knee.

Incidentally, the hotel official who was a witness, admitted the injured man was unjustly attacked.

This brings you up to date on this matter. *Episode No. 2*, likely to come along any time now, will probably be entitled *A Cameraman Never Forgets*.

Hot Flashes

Nuptialing: WALLACE WOOD of Briarcliff Rd. 'n the charming ELIZABETH BONNER . . . Clevah slogan of the week: "If your hair isn't becoming to you, then it should be coming to us" . . . Thank to barberman JOE way out Lyell Avenoo . . . Hans 'n Fritz-ing-it, pretty DOROTHY (Clarence Pk.) PARKHURST 'n ELMER LUNT . . . Sho can make his mobile go, NICK (Fulton Strasse) GALLAGHER . . .

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**Ward Boss Pulls a
Fast One On Dough**

One of the Republican leaders of a downtown ward who, it is said, has a particular fondness for the cup that cheers and loose ladies, has got himself into hot water by a recent finagle he pulled on a property owner in his own ward.

The real-estate owner was holding a bill against another citizen for a small amount, something under 40 bucks, but as he said, it wasn't the amount of the dough involved, it was the principle of the thing, and he wanted the bill paid.

Well, the aforementioned Republican leader being a constable, too, the gent went to him and asked him to serve the paper on the debtor for the amount of said bill . . . which was done and eventually a lien was placed on the debtor's automobile until he paid up.

After a short time, the debtor paid the bill to the constable and went down to the property owner to get his car back. He got his keys and drove away . . . but . . . and here's the rub, the property owner failed to get his money from the constable—ward boss. He

called up . . . his son called up, and his daughter called up, but still no dough. Finally the guy got peeved, as he had a perfect right to be, and told the Republican constable so in plain words.

Well, the important politician snapped right back and told the man he didn't intend to pay the dough, as he figured the man owed him that much and proceeded to go back several years and name amounts of \$1.00 and \$1.50 which he said was never paid him for services rendered.

Now the citizen says these bills WERE paid and even if he had skipped one or two, they wouldn't amount to anywhere near the sum of money which the ward leader is now holding . . . and which is rightfully his. It's a pretty kettle of fish when you can't even trust your own ward leader to collect bills for you . . . especially when he has the proper authority to do so . . . and, to add insult to injury, this "very important" politician already owes the citizen's son a personal debt of over 10 bucks . . . which he probably will never get. What's the use?

**CIO Waves Wand \$200 Saves Life
Over Trolley Men! In Prison!**

Wouldn't it be very lovely if the street car men and the bus drivers walked out on a nice little strike??? . . . If they did such a thing, they wouldn't be the only ones walking, 'cause the whole town would have to join in on the walk.

It seems the trolley boys have been beefing for some better working conditions . . . and the general manager of the jernt has said he's willing to play ball.

Now the trolley workers are beginning to wonder when the time to play is going to start. They have a sort of semi-union that is independent of any other group; it's tagged the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees (quite a mouthful), and it's claimed to represent about 800 men. They had a contract with Ben Tilton's street-car company, but the contract ran out around the first of May, and the boys are chafing at the bit, wondering when the boss is going to get around to playing ball with them.

Their contract calls for arbitration on their wage and hour scales when the contract runs out . . . but they haven't seen an arbitration, 'cause, like a quarrel, it takes two sides to arbitrate.

Within the past couple weeks, to make the thing serious for the man and woman on the street, the CIO has been waving its magic wand over the street-car union with the intent of reaching out and taking it into the fold. Feeling the arbitration is being stalled, the Tonerville trolley toilers are leaning towards going into Mr. Lewis' CIO and are muttering darkly about a strike . . . with a few meetings already behind

If Stephen Fleming's sister loans him \$200, he will dodge a twenty years to life sentence in prison.

He was in a tough spot the other day when he pleaded guilty in New York to writing a bum check for \$510.

For one thing, he was a fourth offender under the Baumes laws, which means life in prison. For another, a supposedly loyal friend did a fade-out with \$800 collected from other friends to make restitution and get Steve out of the jam.

County Judge George W. Martin, a sensible jurist, didn't want to send Steve away to "do it all," if there was any way around it.

He said if \$200 restitution were paid, he'd sentence Steve to three years in the pen on a lesser charge.

The prisoner said he thought he could get the oughday from his sister and at this writing it looks as though he will, according to what we hear from our New York man. How do you like our out-of-town dept'?

Hot Flashes

Offside to Manager FISHER of Kresge's five 'n dime ery; A cooling system would stir up quite a bit of biz for you . . . Reminding us so much of Katie Hepburn because she looks like the star and really can act, ELIZABETH VIER-GIVER of Genesee Street . . . Pretty soon there'll be a honeymoon for FLORENCE EYER and ROBERT THOMPSON . . .

'em on figuring a walk-out.
If the stall goes on another week or so, buying shoe, leather stocks might be a good investment.

Legal Licenses

Notice is hereby given that license number G. B. 14470 has been issued to the undersigned to sell beer at retail, in a store, under the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law at 439 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y., Monroe Co., not to be consumed upon the said premises. Sebastian DeFrancisco, 439 South Ave.

Notice is hereby given that license number G. B. 15332 has been issued to the undersigned to sell beer at retail, in a store, under the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law at 380 Ridge Road West, Rochester, N. Y., Monroe Co., not to be consumed upon the said premises. Ellis Lipsky, doing business as Ellis Food Shoppe, 380 Ridge Road West.

**HOT
FLASHES**

When's the merger 'tween SYL (Animator of the Keys) UOVELLI 'n VELORA NOBLE coming off?? . . . Or has it??? . . . Is KENNY (Lake View Pk.) UNWIN's ork playing at the mountains this summer? . . . What's happened to attractive CLARA BOW who used to sell joolry in the Reynold's Arcadery's five 'n dime-ery??? . . . FRED SNAIT, happee winner o gudgeous watch offered by "Listenin'-in" contest . . . FRED has a suitable voice for radio, too . . .

Most Happy-go-Lucky:
SADIE KANTOR
(JYMA-MA)

Offside to Copper JENSEN, river patrol-er: S'too bad that lil' ladee in blue slacks 'n halter didn't repeat what she really said . . . Another thing, do you find you laugh better sans goggles?? . . . Isn't our sweet ANNA (Plymouth Avenoo) JOGLUS getting prettier 'n prettier everee day?? . . . Still an O.K. 'n merry couple, ANTHONY 'n EDITH SANTO, brand new neighbors for Campbell Strasse . . .

Sylvia of Flashville:
GERTRUDE LIBBEE
(Y. W. C. A.)

ROY DARCY, will it be a green canoe or a blue one? . . . some of the new slacks the boys are wearin' are transparent, no charge for this tip . . .

WHY JEAN HARLOW DIED—by Edward Doherty
What robbed the star who had everything of the will to live? Here is a revealing chronicle of the facts behind the sudden end of a glamorous career.

GIVE US MORE PLANES—OR GOD HELP US—
—by Lt. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard
From one who knows—The lesson war games teach . . . A frightening picture of what may someday happen.

THE DREAMER'S BRIDGE—by Borden Chase
A frightening picture of what may someday happen.

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TOMCATS ON THE FENCE

Well, kiddies, here's the dream argument of the year — in print, between John L. Lewis and Bill Green! We said some weeks ago that the two sides in the strike war were like tomcats on the fence and that we'd print both sides so that people might know where they're at. But on the same side of the fence are two big tomcats who are snarling at each other. One is John L. Lewis, head of the C. I. O., and the other is Bill Green, boss of the A. F. of L. And here they are, this week, snarling at each other from opposite sides of the same page. Their arguments were gotten by two aces from the N. Y. Daily News, which has more good common sense than any other sheet in America, outside possibly this one. Here you are, boys and girls—Lewis and Green served up on the same tray. Read on, MacDuff!

John L. Lewis rose from the dingy depths of a coal mine to become one of the most powerful labor leaders in history. His father was a Welsh immigrant. The eldest of six children, he was born Feb. 12, 1889. He went in the mines at the age of 12 and spent his youth and early manhood there. He married Myrtle Edith Bell, a teacher, and has two grown children, Kathryn, his girl and secretary, and John Jr., a student. He lives in Alexandria, Va.

By JOHN L. LEWIS

(President of the United Mine Workers of America and Chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization)

Washington, D. C.—The time has passed for futile believing and name-calling among the leaders of labor and I have no desire at this time to engage in any such dispute. I shall, therefore, discuss principles and events—not personalities.

We march today in a great forward movement toward the establishment of a stable national economy based upon democracy in American industry. Large groups of our 35,000,000 workers, for the first time, are becoming articulate through organization in the mass production industries. They are demanding and receiving a more just share in the bountiful resources of our nation and in the fruits of the genius of its inventors and technicians.

The Committee for Industrial Organization is steadily carrying its plans forward. Extensive unions have been promoted and expanded in the steel, automotive, glass, shipbuilding, electrical manufacturing, oil, by-product coke and textile industries. Agreements have been reached with such huge corporations as General Motors and U. S. Steel.

Tremendous enrollment of workers has taken place. Our membership now is close to 3,000,000. Unabashed by employer opposition, workers are joining the unions of their industries literally by the hundreds of thousands.

The year 1936 witnessed the beginning of this movement. The unparalleled growth of our numerical strength is continuing with steadily increasing impetus and we are achieving collective bargaining on new, wide and ever-expanding fronts. There is no opposition strong enough to stop this surge of progress toward the freedom of workers in economic, social and political spheres.

"Workers" Means All Who Work

By workers I do not mean only unskilled laborers and skilled artisans. Labor no longer signifies "the man with the hoe."

It does signify the great masses of wage and salary earners—all of those who toil for a livelihood—regardless of sex, race, color or previous condition of servitude. Labor, to us, extends from unskilled industrial and agricultural workers throughout the so-called white-collar groups, including technicians, teachers, newspaper men and women, newspaper employees and others. I also believe the fundamental interests of labor and farmers are interlocked and that they should work together for common democratic and economic objectives.

There are persons who claim that the leaders of the C. I. O. are ambitious for arbitrary or dictatorial power. Nothing could be further removed from the truth. We desire only that the members of our unions and labor as a whole should be able to enjoy the rights which are theirs under the

Constitution of the United States and to participate in its Government in accordance with their rights as citizens.

There are other persons who label us as agitators and Communists. Yet, today, the C. I. O. stands as a bulwark for democracy. This natural and spontaneous movement represents the epitome of Americanism at its best. It is American to the core.

Our people last November participated in a national referendum. By an overwhelming majority they voted for industrial democracy and they elected its champion, Franklin D. Roosevelt. The issues were summoned up by him in Madison Square Garden when he said:

"Of course we will continue to seek to improve the working conditions for the workers of America—to reduce hours over-long, to increase wages that spell starvation, to end the labor of children, to wipe out sweat-shops. Of course we will continue every effort to end monopoly in business, to support collective bargaining, to stop unfair competition, these we have only just begun to fight."

These words represent President Roosevelt's concept of industrial democracy and were endorsed by the American people at the ballot box.

Labor now demands its rightful heritage. It holds in contempt those who would restrict human privileges. It demands the right to organize and bargain collectively. It demands legislative enactments, making realistic the principles of industrial democracy.

Labor Wants Peace

Further, labor desires a peaceful solution of the problems of its relationships with investors and management. The C. I. O. is not promoting industrial strife—we hope for peace on a basis that recognizes mutual rights and responsibilities. Peace, however, cannot be achieved by employers' denial of the right to organize and of conferences for bargaining purposes, by refusal to sign agreements; by arrogance and repression. The moguls of industry cannot win peace with clubs, guns and tear bombs.

I tell you—and I have warned industry—that labor will no longer tolerate such tactics. Brutality such as that displayed in South Chicago where eleven died cannot continue in a civilized democracy.

The die is cast. The fundamental issues are clearly before the captains of production. Industry can go forward with us to the profit of its investors and with security to our citizenship. Or it can elect to destroy itself by blindly following unreasoning prejudices and refusing to conform to the modern concept of proper industrial relationships. The leaders of industry must decide, and upon them rests the responsibility of choosing wisely.

The flood tide of events on

Labor leader of the old school, uncompromising foe of John L. Lewis and his doctrines, William Green, a Samuel Gompers protege, has been president of the American Federation of Labor since 1924. He was born at Coshocton, Ohio, March 3 of 1873. Like Lewis, he started life as a miner. Like Lewis, also, he has held high office in the United Mine Workers of America. He is married, has five children and still calls Coshocton home.

By WILLIAM GREEN

(President of the American Federation of Labor)

Washington, D. C.—One hundred and seventy-one years ago the people of America joined together against the rule of absolutism to safeguard their future security. They declared themselves independent to end the mounting injuries inflicted upon them by an absolute, arbitrary and tyrannical government. Having achieved that independence they proceeded to perfect a nation upon the foundations of democracy, freedom and justice.

Built upon the solid foundations of liberty and self-government, America has attained a place in the family of nations that is characterized not only by its industrial and technical supremacy, but most of all by the enduring quality of its political organization which made it possible for the people to achieve better living as well as the greatest degree of freedom in self-government.

A. F. of L. 56 Years Old

Fifty-six years ago the workers of America joined together to cement an effort extending over a period of years—to form a thorough Federation which would embrace every union in America into one national labor movement. That marked the beginning of the American Federation of Labor conceived as one great national organization to which all unions should belong and which could speak and act with the strength of all.

Striving to attain freedom and independence from economic oppression through union organization, the American Federation of Labor, like the nation itself was founded on the principles of voluntary, democratic self-government. The enduring quality of democratic organization of the Federation was forcefully demonstrated to the workers in the successful growth of the Federation from a modest beginning into the best labor movement in the world.

The American Federation of Labor has successfully weathered all the crises it encountered in the fifty-six years of its existence and has outlived all its competitors. It did that because it has been an organization that abhorred arbitrary and dictatorial action, an organization that had no authority and no power except of a voluntary character. The voluntary coming together of unions with common needs and common aims has proved to be a stronger and more lasting bond than could be welded by any autocratic authority no matter in whom such authority were vested.

That the future advancement of labor depends on its adherence to voluntary principles was recognized which we are now afloat is larger than any one industry, any one union, any one man or group of men. It was inevitable. It is all powerful. It will roll forward to its ultimate destiny—stabilization of industry, freedom for the worker, security for our democracy, peace and greater blessings for ourselves and our children.

nized with solemn emphasis by Samuel Gompers, who dedicated his whole life to the service of labor; in the last word of counsel he left for the movement which he had led and helped to build.

"The very success of our organization has brought additional and serious dangers," said Gompers. "Office in the Labor movement now offers opportunity for something in addition to service—it offers opportunity for the self-seeker who sees an instrumentality for personal advancement, both in the economic and in the political field."

"No lasting gain has ever come from compulsion," he said. "If we seek to force, we but tear apart that which, united, is invincible. There is no way whereby our labor movement may be assured sustained progress in determining its policies and its plans other than sincere democratic deliberation until a unanimous decision is reached. This may seem a cumbersome, slow method to the impatient, but the impatient are more concerned for immediate triumph than for the education of constructive development."

The danger to labor which Gompers foresaw did not confront the movement until there came forward a man who has proved himself to be a self-seeker and who saw the Labor movement as an instrumentality for personal advancement.

That man was John Lewis. He has defied the democratic processes; he has rejected the majority rule; he has flouted the voluntary principles of unionism. Having broken his oath of allegiance to the American Federation of Labor, which he had taken voluntarily when he entered the labor movement, he by persuasion and compulsion has made others violate their trust.

Record Is Well Known

The record of what followed is well known. Surrounding himself with men he had previously considered so unfit as to denounce, John Lewis proceeded to build political capital on the bitter resentment of the workers of their economic oppression. Having gathered a following, he attempted to rule unions, not serve them. He discarded union self-government and brushed aside the democratic majority rule. He replaced union democracy with union dictatorship. No matter what the means before him he never turned and never stayed.

He always possessed a minority complex. He attempted to dominate the American Federation of Labor through minority control. Through the force and coercion exercised by a minority he carried that same principle into his attempt to win strikes. He endeavored to win strikes with only a portion of the workers organized. He neglected the essential, fundamental, primary principle necessary to success, and that is, organization of the workers first. Without asking the workers

Time & The Flash

The board of directors, the special bondholders and the preferred creditors of The FLASH are very proud to state that the FLASH's story of the Journal's closing and that in Time newsmagazine were almost identical in content, and the FLASH's story came out 10 days ahead of Time's. Naturally, they didn't copy us, but it just goes to show how accurate we are. Time also dubbed the Gannett papers "an ULTRA-RESPECTABLE news chain." For this, the directors, bondholders and creditors of the FLASH, in solemn conclave, voted a year's subscription of this paper to Time. We'd rather be just respectable and have a little life. We thank Time, and Time can thank us—for the subscription.

Hot Flashes

MARY BURKE all fogged up in white voile, tip-toeing down the avenue . . . What happened to SOLLY SSCHWARTZIII . . . Missing for ages . . . HERB KUNDER and the Chevy went fishing last week, but the product of General Motors came back the way it left . . . empty . . . Watched a farmer try to wash an 8 months old calf with a garden hose on Stutsen Strasse . . . the farmer held the hose in one hand, and held on to the calf with the other . . . when he turned on the water, he just held the hose.

No. 1 in Fashion Parade:
NATE ANDREWS
(Red Winger)

EUGENE MERRIMAN and his friends visited the old neighborhood Saturday nite, GENE hasn't changed a bit . . . Supervisor JOE KAUFMAN is getting plenty of complaints from the lower end of the Tenth Ward, cause the grass in front of the vacant lots is covering the side-walks . . . just say the word JOE and we'll help you cut it.

OWEN BURNETT and pal BILL DAILEY returned from Canada with a beautiful mess of fish . . . OWEN will tell how he caught them, if he finds anyone who likes to hear fish stories . . . SCOTTY LARSENSEN is hobbling around again, after nursing that bum ankle for weeks . . . STEVE POLLARD assistant D. A. is on vacation, heading for parts unknown.

Handsome Exec. of the Week:
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(Bond Clothing Co.)

"DELIGHT" GARRET, woman cyclist of Lyell Avenue . . . ELMER (Henrietta Rd.) ELLIS gets the nod as electrician of the week . . . JOHN (Oink-Oink) REBER remind-in' us of a worry-wart . . . BENNY SHIPPY 'n EVA UDEROUS moonlighting-it at Sea Breeze . . . Hats off to the woman driver of car tagged 1M-84-15 for being so verree careful . . . Unsolved mystery of the week: Who broke into CHARLIE (Hickok) McKENNA's house while he was vacationing??

whether they wanted to strike or wanted to work he called them out on strikes, even when he knew such action could only lead to violence, and, in the end, to defeat. The lawlessness and anarchy wreaked through the nation by his Committee for Industrial Organization have produced bitterness and resentment on the part of workers, employers and the public alike.

Gannett Buying Syracuse Paper

(Continued from Page 12)
morning Post-Standard, a conservative Republican sheet.

Of course, you've seen pictures in the local Gannett dailies of Mr. Gannett, Mr. Jerome Barnum, boss of the Post-Standard, and Elisha Hanson, famous newspaper lawyer, embarking for the North Woods by plane. The trip was supposed to be one of pleasure and relaxation, but will Mr. Gannett come back with another newspaper in his pocket?

Strangely enough, kiddies, the big report on Gannett invading Syracuse came from close to the North Woods, with an article on his purchasing the Post-Standard in the Watertown paper. There was also a radio report from Syracuse on the same thing, which added, though, that he MIGHT also be purchasing the Syracuse Journal. However, the Journal there is a profitable proposition for Mr. Hearst, being the leading paper in the town insofar as

circulation goes . . . and Mr. Hearst would have to be balmy unless he had another deal like the Albany-Rochester in the offing.

According to the political wiseacres, Mr. Gannett wants a Syracuse sheet very much. He has papers now in Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Elmira and points west. Syracuse completes a pretty thorough state chain, as far as politics goes . . . and the dope is that Mr. Gannett would like to see himself as Republican governor of New York State. He wasn't fooling at that nominating convention in Albany last election.

The ironic thing, kiddies, is that Barnum, who is supposed to be selling out in Syracuse, was the favored customer for the Democrat & Chronicle here, but turned it down after operating it for three months and Gannett bought it at a higher price. Life is very funneh.

Ladies Home Journal Calls Spade a Spade On Sex Diseases!!

(Continued from Page 12)
zine is ballyhooin' its stand on venereal disease with big ads in fourteen key newspapers throughout the country.

In its August issue is a featured article on it entitled "We Can End This Sorrow," by Paul de Kruif & Dr. Thomas Parran Jr., surgeon general of the U. S. Public Health Service.

Mr. Parran, it will be remembered, began the public education campaign this year, selling the anti-syphilis program idea to newspapers, periodicals and other publications.

But the Ladies Home Journal, with a good many subscribers in this backward burg where intelligent discussion of the syphilis problem still gets the hush-hush, rides to town in its ads.

It points with pride back to thirty-two years ago, when the L. H. J. began the first crusade against venereal disease ever to appear in a magazine the general public got ahold of.

The ads recalled that the L. H. J.'s reward at that time was cancellation of 75,000 subscriptions.

Edward Bok, social-minded publisher, continued his efforts despite "threats of physical violence, social ostracism and business ruin."

Terse TIME magazine says Publisher Bok's campaign began with an editorial "Frankness With Children," which said:

"The tenderest parent sometimes grows tired of the eager eyes and hungry brain of his child. The poor little traveler is bewildered by the strange world in which he suddenly finds himself. . . For absolute filth, go and listen to the talks of the boys and girls during recess in our schools. Some of these little ones belong to refined Christian families. Their parents would shrink in horror at the thought of unveiling the sacred mysteries of sex and birth to their innocent minds."

The little word, "sex," TIME says, was the dynamite. Bok wrote two months later it was being dropped until "conditions of absolute necessity force it to become otherwise."

Three years went by before the delicate sensibilities of L. H. J. readers got their next jolt. Bok published an article by blind Helen Keller revealing statistics on results of syphilis and gonorrhoea. The diseases were not called by name.

Then came a deluge of howls, mainly from indignant men, no less. Bok answered with a statement explaining why the article was run and declared there's be another in the next issue for those who missed the first.

TIME quotes the following paragraph from the deKruif-Parran article:

"And what is more dastardly than the way this microbe gangster then sneaks back

PRIVATE DETECTIVE RAIDED BY RADIO TYCOON FOR "LOVE CAPTIVE"

Scraps

We thought maybe you'd like to know this, in case you think that man is a peaceful animal. From the fifteenth century B. C. to the nineteenth century A. D.—or during the past 35 hundred years of history—there were 3,200 years of war in the world and only 227 years of peace, according to some Englishman who spent his spare time digging up the figures. During this period, 8,000 peace treaties were signed—each one of which was to remain in effect forever! Which all goes to show that this sheet believes in being educational!

Ghost Haunts Duffy-Powers Bldg. Again

Rochester's most popular rumor—that the Duffy-Powers Building has been rented—is making the rounds again.

Once—months ago—it was almost true. The deal—with an out-of-town chain outfit—fell through, however.

This time, blind ads for department store help, revived the tale. The ads were for help for the new Achter store in the Elbs' block at Main and Chestnut, our blind ad man found out.

Going into the matter even more deeply, he called up Jimmie Gray, handsome asst. sec. of the Rochester Savings Bank, which has charge of the Duffy-Powers property.

More true and why didn't the FLASH do something about it, like renting the building, for instance, and putting a stop, once and for all, to the rumors?

While it is rare for anybody to have an idea (particularly, a good one) before we do, we acted at once and sent out hard riding horsemen to notify the board of directors to assemble at Lincoln's statue in Washington Square at noon Sunday to discuss Banker Jim's proposition. Our preferred bondholders will meet on the subject in Sibley's bargain basement.

Report of the meeting will be published exclusively in next week's FLASH.

A preliminary report by our specialist in suitable buildings for this paper indicates the Duffy-Powers place may fill the bill. A stellar advantage is that the FLASH staff would only have to go across the street to reach the Powers Hotel bar, instead of walking a block as we do now.

out of his hiding? So that a husband, having long ago forgotten a past indiscretion, may then infect his wife. So that a mother, unaware that death has ever lurked within her, may pass it to the babe growing in her womb."

Editorially, the L. H. J. endorses a Wassermann test for every pregnant woman and as a routine pre-marital requirement, which is a law this state needs right now.

Demon Typist:
HANK THOMSEN
(Ravenwood Avenoo)

(Continued from Page 12) named Mrs. Pearl Antibus, filed suit against him for \$510,000.

In the hodge-podge are also involved two young lovebirds and a dictaphone.

It may be wedding bells for a beautiful blonde named Mrs. Jean McDonald and Thomas Warner, Jr., the tycoon's heir who had his pappy set against the romance, even to the point of the raid.

Now papa's reconciled to his son and the girl getting hitched, and all's well that ends well except for the fact that the female detective is staying in a hospital, recovering from injuries she said resulted from the raid. Mrs. Antibus, the hospitalized private dick, charged Papa Warner illegally enlisted a strong-arm squad to raid her Los Angeles home and "rescue" his "love-captive" son from the arms of Mrs. McDonald, the blonde charmer.

The funny thing is that all this rumpus started over the two lovebirds who are still married to two other people!

Both are still waiting for their divorce decrees, which don't become final until next October. But they met several months ago and fell in love.

Warner Senior heard about it and asked his heir to take a trip to South America to forget. Warner Junior took the trip, but he didn't forget. When he got back he went to Mrs. Antibus, the private detective and, according to her affidavit, he asked her "to find out about Jean McDonald." Other details of young Warner's love affair revealed how a dictaphone convinced him his sweetheart truly loved him.

After the raid to "rescue" his son, Warner Senior and Junior finally smoked the peace pipe in the office of the Los Angeles District Attorney, where they met to discuss the possibility of getting a criminal action against Mrs. Antibus, the private detective, who wants half a million dollars. This is as a result of the money young Warner claims he turned over to her. Junior says he paid over to her \$7,500 in cash, besides turning over to her his \$16,000 specially-built Duesenberg car, his expensive speedboat and agreeing to give her his \$25,000 airplane.

We don't know how he could get along without his toys, but it's not bad pay for a private detective, is it?

Hot Flashes

Thought for a moment we saw Anne Lindbergh in town, but 'twas KATHERINE (Flower City Pk.) MERCER. . . . Kutest nickname of the week: LOUISE (Garfield Strasse) FLESCH's. . . . "Squeegee" . . . I. Something to look at in dressed in white, MARY (Birr Strasse) MORRELL. . . . Working soo awfully hard at Woolworth's luncheonette, but always smiling, ANNE DE CROCE. . . . Demon mathematician 'n chess player of any week: ROBERT (Devonshire Court) DICKIE. . . . Cutting thru the cool blue waters so beautifully, PAT (Oughta-be-in-th-Olympics) HEAPHY of Farragut Strasse.

When is the "big" day for Lyell Avenoo's handsome Irish copper MIKE COSTELLO 'n the evah popular G. F., HELEN? . . . Pleasing number, KATHERINE BROWN of Myrtle Street, "Number Please"-ing for the Main Exchange. . . . Middle aisle-ing, DOROTHY DAVEY, Depew Street lassie, and ROBERT HAMMOND

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, ALL AROUND THE TOWN

ABE GRANITESTEIN was very much in evidence at the Pin Ball Banquet at the Powers the other nite . . . but Mr. Bach from the Hostel made himself veddy unpopular. . . . The real reason those pin games were pinched on the outskirts was that the winnings were paid from the machines instead of by the proprietor. . . . what's the diff, ennyhoo? . . . FRANK DALY, ex-copper, moving furniture into new home . . . but it was his pal's.

VIC EVANS won't do quite so much stunting now that he has

a better half . . . or maybe he will, just to know. . . . Found one of the cigars, MURPHY treated himself to a new gabardine suit . . . because the beer stains won't show. . . . FRANK HOMAN got a real thrill when he received that there air mail letter. . . . Why doesn't HELEN JENSEN answer the o. f.'s letters, when she know he wants to hear from her???

SALLY, at Glenwood 2977, wants some of you boys to call her. . . she is getting so lonesome. . . . Bet RUTH POWERS was an awful cute baby. . . . all dimples 'n everything. . . . CARL (Hotelman) CRANCE just loves to tell stories. . . . must be from mingling with those traveling salesmen. . . . DOC MENDELSON doesn't show up around the four corners any more. . . . Was that VICTOR GLEED and a tootsie out on the dark Sea Breeze Pier on Monday nite? . . . Getting the cool lake air?

Must be tough for JACK DRISCOLL (not the bookerman) to have to crawl inside those hot ol' boilers. . . . Some day you'll get in and won't come out. . . . PEARL, the ringer-upper, got the gas-buggy out this week 'n we're still waiting for that ride. . . . Maestro WITTENBERG singing so-called songs in a tavern. . . . and we always thought he had a good voice. . . . UMPIRE FENZER better watch that ol' pill from now on, after that near riet t'other Sunaft. . . . 'n why didn't ROY VAN GRAFLAN send down some of that Canadian candy to that big-eyed soup jockey?

JACK REILLY still pounding the pavements and as far as we know he don't wear arch supports. . . . Personal to ETHEL SIMMONS, we don't anybody else read it: You're still tops with a certain dark boy who does things he shouldn't. . . . BOO. . . . LES ALTOBELLO putting on plenty of dog since he got back from the Big Apple. . . . or did he leave again? . . . Will the Head Waiter from the Seneca pullense use a little less perfume?

LESTER PECK very interested in recent golf tourney. . . . he'll never be that good, but he keeps trying. . . . What's giving BROWNIE (Marble Bar) that awfully worried look lately? . . . ESTELLE SAUNDERS wouldn't be so bad-looking at all if it wasn't for those darn old Oxford glasses.

Has everybody seen the new mag., FUN IN THE SUMMERTIME? It's a re-hash of GAY BOOK, but it's still veddy hot-stuff. . . . EDDIE NACY, the Zoo expert, didn't read last week's issue, because those monkeys are still at it. . . . ED DENTINGER, w. k. taverner, shouldn't count his shekels right in the window. . . . with so many poor people passing by. . . . If we hear THE MERRY-GO-ROUND BROKE DOWN once more in the nite-spots we're liable to break down.

HELEN SCHLEGEL, the social-lass, gets around. . . . and around and everyone seems to like her. . . . TONY POGANO considering a new move which we hope will be for the better. . . . OLIVER FRENCH walking around with his hands behind his back, wondering why he should be burdened with the Red Wings. . . . but try saying something against them!

Linit Girl Forgets To Draw Shades

No, lads and lassies, the little lady on the back page isn't taking a bawth. Really, she's just undressing for the advertisers in the classy magazines who try to tell us that clogging up the pores with their brand of starch is great stuff.

If the lovely damsel (and she IS lovely) pictured on the back page were to stand nude behind an open window the neighborhood would be full of screeching police cars in ten minutes. But she sticks out her very noticeable and rather sexy curves in the so-called "class" magazines—and it's perfectly okay.

Oh yes, she has a towel. But the boys are joking about that, too—remembering that towels are a prize wise-crack in certain quarters. And do the Linit ad writers know this? They do, little kiddies—you're derned tootin' they do, and so sex passes on from the starch factory, the soap factory, the lipstick factory and other sex-peddling national advertising concerns who are out to decorate the magazines with square miles of attractive female flesh for the natives to make goo-goo eyes at.

Have you ever seen a neat-er bit of femininity in your life, gentlemen? Or you, ladies, if you want to be fair? Have you ever seen a girl like this taking a bawth? No? Then get yourself a late edition of your wife's favorite magazine and turn to the Linit ad. If you don't get a good eye-ful of this one's twin sister also taking a bawth, then it's all on us and we'll have our staff photographer drag in a bouncing baby blonde,

aged 21, and have him snap her taking a bawth just to even things up with the starch-sellers . . . only we'd draw down a lot of frowns and mutterings . . . though it's all right when you want to sell some starch.

As we've said before, the reformers have chased nudity off the stage . . . but as yet they haven't chased it out of the national magazines.

Twenty-two years ago next Tuesday . . . July 27 . . . to be exact . . . wireless service opened between the U. S. and Japan. It was a signal event, if you get it. It was a long time ago and we don't suppose much can be done about it at such a late date, but if you feel like doing something, send a message to the Japanese emperor. His name is Hirohito and he rides a white horse in the news reels. We thank you.

Hot Flashes

Just arrived from a short sojourn in Canadian Wilds, TOMMY (Curver) McKEON . . . GEORGE (Mayor) CAFARO promises beeg doing round 'lection time in th' Portland sector . . . IRV (Kim's) SALKOW reports celery crops for that fav-rite Chinese dish look promising for bumper crops.

Pausing for the pause that refreshes at Woolworth's luncheonette counter, blondesome BERNICE (Hague Strasse) BOLDT.

Flashes from Hollywood

'Tis a generous heart that beats inside Marlene Dietrich. Upon completion of her role in "Angel" she bought over a thousand dollars' worth of gifts for members of the cast 'n' crew. A real "angel" we think she must be for being so thotful . . . Fieldsie, Carole Lombard's secretary, has put th' lovelee Paramount star on a \$5.00 week cash allowance. Not cuz he's a meanie, but cuz Carole was spending too much money 'n' getting Fieldsie 'n' his books all bawled up . . . Hollywood Oddity: Son (Director Elliott Nugent) directs father (J. C. Nugent) in a scene of "It's All Yours."

"Think before you bet" . . . 'N is Bing Crosby sorry that he didn't do just that when he bet with Bob (Bazooka) Burns that his frog, "Double or Nothing" would outjump Burns' "Mountain Music" . . . Bing's frog came thru with flying colors, which meant that Bob was to cook Crosby an Arkansas dinner of sowbelly 'n' turnip greens . . . Bing's worried cuz he hasn't much faith in Bob's culinary abilities 'n' thinks that th' sowbelly may turn out to be a belly-ache . . . So Bing's a-crooning to Bob, "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off!"

What nexal! Of all things, a star must learn to snore in Rhythm! This queer demand nuz-

zled Barry Fitzgerald, famous character star of Dublin's noted Abbey Players, who is in Hollywood for an important role in Para's technicolor production, "Ebb Tide." He had to learn to time a snore! The director yelled for a realistic snore, but one that would not cover up the dialogue of th' other actors (Ray Milland 'n' Oscar Homolka) who appear with Barry in a "sleeping scene." And now Barry snores a la mode . . . rhythmically!

Hot Flashes

Sporting nifty gasoline buggy, F. HARRY (Maryland Strasse) JOHNS . . . Sparkler adorning MARGE HEFFERNAN's sub-tan finger 'n' indicating wedding bells in th' offing . . . Nomination for FLASHVILLE's best dressed person-ality: KATHLEEN (G.E.) SHEEHAN.

Blissfully happee 'n' looking delovely, RHONA (Taylor Inst.) McCUTCHEON . . . It's romance, with a capital R, that gives one that air, eh RHONA???

How's BILL PFFARER of Hilton making out with his fav-rite pas-time, baseball, we wonder???. . . Frequent visitor at Red Wing dug-out, FREDDIE (Lozier Strasse) BLUM . . . Passing frens up without e'en a nod we're told, RANDALL (Westfield Strasse) TOBBUTT . . . Wots on th'mind, RANDY?? . . . Edward's purti-est clerk, MARGE LEWIS, getting ride hom from work daily in a swanky lil' car with handsome he-man behind th'wheel . . .

CONFESSIONS OF BOX-CAR BERTHA!

(Continued from Page 12)
this book in most libraries within the next couple weeks if you don't believe us.

Nobody knows how many hoboes there are, and nobody knows how many of them are women. Relief Boss Harry Hopkins says there are almost 7,000. Box-Car Bertha says there are over 14,000. Maybe she's wrong on her figures, but she doesn't spare the whip telling the brutal truth. Here it is, a good sample of how many of "the other half" live.

Box-Car Bertha's mother was a handsome blonde who practised free love on her father's Midwest farm. She had four children, each by a different man, and took to the open road when Bertha was a baby. Her first playhouse was a railroad box-car. Her education consisted of the three S's—sex, strikes and socialism. Her teachers were anarchists, I. W. W.'s and prostitutes. She got part of her education at some crackbrained experimental school in the foothills of Arkansas, during the War.

She went to Seattle, after her mother came back from a long trek around the country with a wild Irish poet in tow. Her mother entered the University of Wash- ington. Bertha was growing up. She was 16 and weighed 160 pounds, which made her something of a pretty truckhorse. She had her first real "affair" at that time. After that, she took to the road on her own, fell in love with an anarchist in San Francisco and lived with him all the way to New Orleans.

After a while, to satisfy what she called her curiosity about life, she became a prostitute and found the job uninteresting. Said she: "I just felt completely worn out, as though I'd finished an unusually hard day's work." The earnings varied from \$50 to \$200 a week, but madams and pimps took practically everything but the small change. Arrested after two months' work, averaging 30 men a day, Bertha discovered she was going to have a baby and already had two venereal diseases. While waiting for the baby to be born, she worked in the hospital laboratory and eventually gave birth to a healthy baby girl. After the birth, she stayed in Chicago and got jobs with transient bureaus which lasted about as long as it took her bosses to check on her past record.

Finally she struck up an acquaintance with a Federal official on a transient survey. He offered her a job and she took it. She settled down in New York City to raise her daughter decently. She had wanted to see life and she'd seen it, if only the seamier side.

There is a juicy hunk of life in the raw, very raw—but true!

Is it true that LILLIAN BORT 'n ANGELO (Flash) MONTE making plans for hook-up rite under our very noses???

Lil' Lady with Big Job: ENA POGUE (Kodak Park Manager)

CHEVROLET CO. SUED FOR WEIRD CRASH!!

(Continued from Page 12)

husband . . . and that's as rare as Anasco cameras at Kodak. She claims the Chevrolet Motor Company was "careless and negligent" in the manufacture of the car, a Crevrolet sports sedan.

It seems that back on July 4, Albert J. Rogers and his wife, Alice, were stopped in University Avenue at South Union Street, by a red signal. Rogers was at the wheel. Suddenly, the car lurched forward. The gear shift handle had flown off, struck her husband in the chest and the car had gone into gear, leaping out into the street, Mrs. Rogers claims.

Another machine, driving through on a green signal, smacked the leaping Rogers car, injuring Mrs. Rogers severely. She stated she was made "sick, sore, lame and disabled; suffered internal injuries; her female organs were severely and seriously injured. Her back and legs bruised, contused and lacerated."

Well, when your own car comes up and socks you, as claimed by the Rogers couple, we think that's something. Maybe it's even news.

Hot Flashes

Offside to BERNIE (Fairport) RUMPF: Why don't you give your sisters a break 'n' introduce them to th' handsome B. F.s???. . . Frinstance, one tagged BOB WARD whom blonde-some Sis MARY would have us believe looks like RAY MILLAND . . . Tak-ing in th' cool nite breeze, JIMMY (Newly-wed) TESE, sitting in front of the brother-in-law's store.

Good-natured Lawyerman:

ANTHONY BRINDISI (Union Trust Bldg.) PATTY CAARILLO, genial cigar store clerk, proud papa of any week . . . Someone wants to know how JACK MORSE developed such a marvelous physique? JACK claims he eats lots of spinach . . . Barrister WILLIAM YOUNG celebrated his wedding anniversary this month . . . CHRIS D'AMANDA seems to have gained a few pounds on that trip to Toronto . . . HENRY CULLINAN back in town for two weeks, still a bachelor . . . Legelite JERRY LEONARDO is taking long walks for his health, and the results speak for themselves.

TEDDY (Allards) KOHLER takes the marbles for best punster . . . JACK SOLDI sez th' hot weather is improving some of th' lads euchre playing but Bro. PAT still maintains it's too hot annyho.

Good-natured Lawyerman:

The Popular Summer Food

CUTALI'S
famous SPAGHETTI and SAUCES
At 107 NORTH ST. and 25 BROAD ST.
The famous Cutali sauces to take home — Always Ready.

Pagano Grill
302 SCIO ST.
SPAGHETTI 25c
Red Hot Orchestra
Friday and Saturday Nights

Hulse Pharmacy
424 JEFFERSON
Genesee 2742
Prescription Specialists

Rogers Grill
FOR GOOD FOOD
75 SPRING ST.

Peck's Drug Store
184 PLYMOUTH S.
Main 7345
Prescription Specialists

Kaletka Pharmacy
Prescription Specialists
1099 HUDSON AVE.
Main 7471

MAIN SIGN CO.
COMMERCIAL SIGNS, SHOW CARDS, STORE FRONT DISPLAYS
324 EAST AVE.
Stone 3890

FIRST PRIZE — 1937 AUTOMOBILE

RULES

The FLASH Picture Puzzle Contest is open to everyone, with the exception of members of the staff of the Rochester Weekly FLASH and their families.

Beginning with the issue of May 15th, 1937, The FLASH will publish a series of four Picture Puzzles each week for fifteen (15) weeks, a total of sixty (60) puzzles. Each puzzle will represent the name of a person well known in the City of Rochester or of some Park, Street, Building or Manufacturer in the City or Monroe County.

At the close of the contest a letter will be required on the subject of "WHY I READ THE FLASH." This will consist of not more than 250 words and will be judged on its humor and originality and must be submitted during the week following your answers to final puzzles.

Simply print clearly your answers in ink on the Coupon provided. (ALL ANSWERS MUST BE MADE ON THIS COUPON.) Send in your answers every 4 weeks to the FLASH Office.

Any person entering the contest and by submission of solutions agrees to accept as final the decisions of THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH on all matters affecting the conduct of the contest, the procedure and policy with regards to acceptance of entries thereof.

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH reserves the right to award all prizes and the contestants shall accept their decision as final.

The FLASH reserves the right to require tying contestants to work a series of tie-breaking puzzles.

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH will not assume any liability for puzzles lost in transit of puzzle solutions be honored unless will any claims to ownership less the name of the contestant be legibly written in ink on the entry blank.

Any contestant may submit as many sets of the sixty puzzles as he or she chooses, provided the same are properly qualified and each will be judged as a unit, but no person will be allowed to win more than one prize. When submitting more than one set of puzzles all of the fifteen weeks solutions must be submitted and identified as series A, B, etc., and each series MUST be on a separate Entry Blank.

Back Puzzles of THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH may be obtained FREE at 6 State Street, for the benefit of those who may wish to enter the contest after the first week.

Happy Birthday Greeting to:
JOHNNY HOPP
(Red Wing Sensation)

PUZZLE CONTEST PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE: New 1937 AUTOMOBILE!!! Siebert Motors.

- Credit on '37 Terraplane or Hudson Car—Ben Wolk, 780 Clinton Ave. N. \$100.00
 - Rug Cleaner (Scott & Fatzner)—Hill Appliance, 482 East Main 59.50
 - Lady's Bicycle — Zimmerman, 129 W. Main 35.00
 - Lady's Wrist Watch Rosenberg, 9 State 27.50
 - 1 Battery—Goodland, 230 East Avenue 14.95
 - Percolator Set (4 pcs.) — Weisbuch Inc., 398 East Main 12.50
 - 1 Permanent Wave—Raymonds, Granite Bldg..... 10.00
 - Sterling Flask & Straw Hat — Garson's Clothes, 88 State 10.00
 - 5 Priv. Dancing Lessons—Gladys Bliss, 107 Clinton Ave. S. 10.00
 - 24 in. Richelieu Pearls — Jos. Klein, 82 W. Main 10.00
 - (10) Treatments for Baldness—Pignato Bros., 449 E. Main 10.00
 - Electric Clock. Lamp — Wildman Co. Inc., 41 E. Main 10.00
 - Exam. & Pr. of glasses—Gorman, 312 E. Main ... 10.00
 - or
 - Microscope Set — Gorman, 312 E. Main 8.50
 - 8 Pc. Cocktail Set—Preston Jewelry, 91 E. Main 9.75
 - 50 Gals. Gas—Burt Walker, Empire Blvd. & Stone and Dewey 8.00
 - New Guitar — Davis, 174 W. Main 8.00
 - Kit Brush Set — Glasser Co., 22 Main St. W..... 7.50
 - Fisher's Glove—Mugridge, 22 State 7.25
 - Electric Health Cooker — Skinner, 245 East Ave. 6.00
 - \$6 in Trade—ZR-3, 109-113 State 6.00
 - Anti-back Lash Reel — Bernsteins, 3 Front 5.50
 - Kitchen Clock (Elec. or Wind) — Marks & Abramson, 10 State 5.00
 - Merchandise — Vanderbelt, Pharmacy 5.00
 - Fish Rod (Steel) — Glassman, 107 E. Main 5.00
 - Fountain Pen (Conklin Nozak)—Humbert, 8 North 5.00
 - Banjo Clock — Gamler's, 84 E. Main..... 5.00
- MORE PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

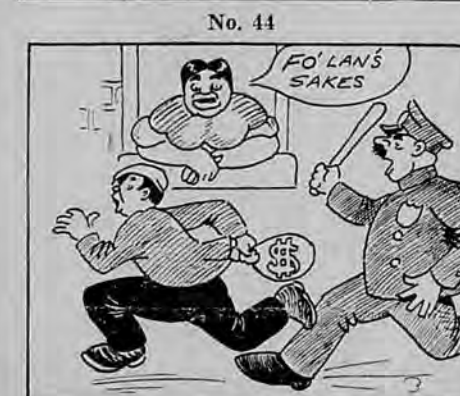


WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

Carl Maier	Alexander Simpson
George Dietrich	Cobb'h Hill
William Dorsey	Frank Morey
Paul Muscarella	Gleason Works
Henry Loewer	Emerson Mayo
Douglas Townson	Fred Goodwin
Frederick Gerhard	William Hale

WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

Orvis Pritchard	Joseph Baumeister
William Fouquet	Mechanics' Institute
Norbet Streb	Clarence McIntosh
Eugene Timmerman	William Steele
Louis Wilson	Charles Gowen
Arthur Windsor	George Stone
Main Street East	Marks and Fuller



WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

Clay Hamlin	Fernando Keller
Ollie Neary	Loran Clark
Weldon Hames	George H. Meyer
Thomas Spencer	J. Leonardo
John Jardine	John H. Kitchen
Edward Cleary	Thomas Lunt
George Colburn	Ray Schaefer

WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

William Clancy	Jesse Lindsay
Raymond DeVisser	William Gibson
Jacob Detweiler	Frankie Morehouse
Jack Foran	Powdermill Park
Henry Perkins	Leland Palmer
University of Rochester	Walter Steffen
Warren Williams	Albert Churchill

RED HOT FLASHES

Two-some-ing it, FRANCES (Stephens) SPERANZA 'n MIKE (Brownies) BOYKO.

Mistah 'n Missus is th' name, BUD HUDSON's 'n lovelee ANN CHERRY's, we mean ... Offside to JOHN (Reynolds Strasse) BROWN: Why don't you enter WHEC's "How I Met My Wife" contest??? ... You can't lose, brother ... Best Tummy-filler-upper of th' week: genial GEORGE (Dewey Avenoo Eatery) KEENAN's specialties.

He likes to look at the news, but hesitates to go for a dime: ROGER UNDERWOOD ... JOHN SCHIFFER the auto man, hates accidents even if it means less business for him ... Doc JOHN CONNORS of Glenwood Avenoo hard at work, doesn't mind the heat

... AL HOLDEN takes an awful burn when the great SAM PETITE busts in on his conversation.

The Journal sign is still standing erect at the four corners ... page MR. GANNETT ... JIMMY CASEY Times-Onion pressman found the "Fountain of Youth", "I" never grow old," says he. "OH YEAH? chirps JOEY MANUEL.

Rumors are still flying thick and fast about the new Daily Press ... we noticed they've got a press car anyway ... 'n could Kay, ex-Junnelass, be flying the flag for a job on the society desk??? ... Missus Nusbaum ... Mae to her friends ... veddy sick in the hospital ... We're tooo broke to send posies, but she has our best wishes for a speedy recovery ... Young Morehouse looks good on the 2nd bag ... reminding of Byrne James ... By the way, what happened to Byrne this season??? ... If that Plymouth Ave. Auto-romeo don't stop annoying our gal tagged Mary we'll have to print his license No. ... 'n maybe his name ... Mary Burns is conspicuous by her absence since she ALTARED her name ... to what??

A whisper to Bobby L.: A gal can't show a phone-call to a jury, so you'd better drop a nickel in the slot instead of writing ... If Le Roy, the magician will drop up to the office we'd like to have him make our typewriters disappear ... for about 2 weeks ... Florence Holliday claims she had a good time on her vacash, but we bet she was a bit lonesome for Joe, at that ... What's the matter with Harry Bernstein this summer ... he hasn't let any big ones get away yet ... Doc McDowell says he doesn't enjoy a drink any more, since you don't have to ring a buzzer to get in the joints.

OFFICIAL FLASH PICTURE PUZZLE COUPON

Contest Editor,
Rochester Weekly Flash, Inc.,
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The following are my solutions to Picture Puzzles 41 to 44.

41.....

42.....

43.....

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Private Detective Raided By Radio Tycoon

FEATURE NEWS

10¢

NIGHT CLUB GUIDE

ROCHESTER FLASH

SPORTS THEATRES

WEEKLY

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Vol. 1—No. 29

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 24, 1937

Chevrolet Co. Sued For Weird Crash!

CLAIM STANDING CAR TOOK WILD LEAP INTO STREET; LEAD WORTH \$10,000!

CLAIM WORTH \$10,000!

There is one time, at least, when the average motorist feels safe from accident, and that is when his car is standing still.

True enough, plenty of smashups take place even then, what with the screwy drivers who somehow manage to ram parked cars or those stopped in traffic.

You'd think, offhand, that the usual crackup between a parked car and one in motion would be the fault of the latter driver. Yet, in Rochester such a crash allegedly occurred in which NEITHER driver was to blame.

This accident was unusual in more ways than one, and is almost one for Ripley, as the saying goes, because the injured woman has slapped a \$10,000 damage action on the manufacturers of the car in which she was riding with her

(Continued on Page 10)

Ladies Home Journal Calls Spade a Spade On Sex Diseases!!

The orthodox and sedate Ladies Home Journal has joined the national crusade against the dread social menace of syphilis.

And that is not all . . . The conservative women's maga-

(Continued on Page 9)

GANNETT BUYING SYRACUSE PAPER

Selling Starch For Profit



Why Is This Girl Taking a Public Bath?? See Page 10

NORTH WOODS JAUNT MEANS NEW BABY IN G'S CHAIN?

We're very sorry about Mr. Frank Gannett, local publisher, getting so much space in our newsy and nosy paper. We don't like it, and maybe he doesn't, either. But Mr. Gannett, in this town, is what newspaper folk call good copy. Besides, he persists in making the news, as witness the other side of this paper, so what can we do?

Now the report comes in through our secret agents that Mr. Gannett is building up his chain again . . . by buying another paper, this time in Syracuse . . . with the paper purportedly being the

(Continued on Page 9)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE RAIDED BY RADIO TYCOON FOR "LOVE CAPTIVE"

When a private detective's house is raided by other private detectives hired by a millionaire radio tycoon hunting for his lovelorn heir, and when the raided tycoon turns around and sues the detective for more than half a million bucks . . . that makes news, even out in California, where almost anything can happen and usually does.

The radio tycoon who allegedly inspired the raid is Thomas Warner, Senior, the retired founder of the Stewart-Warner company, and the private detective, a woman

(Continued on Page 9)

DON'T MISS

(CIO) John L. Lewis and (AFL) Bill Green tossing bricks at each other on same page.

Extra wants 500,000 from movie moguls for wild party Americans ruining the poor Englishmen's morals.

Girl convicts dance with college boys.

All this and plenty more on the inside, so take a look, and we don't mean that ten-cent magazine.

CONFESSIONS OF BOX-CAR BERTHA!

Maybe you don't like life in the raw . . . but you might as well get a glimpse of what it's like . . . because life in the raw covers a good part of this country, though a lot of us don't know.

Last week, a book came out, published by a respectable, big New York house. It's called "Sister of the Road" and is the autobiography of a woman known as "Box-Car Bertha" and the story is told to an eminent doctor named Reitman, who wrote it down. You can find

(Continued on Page 10)