

# NEWSPAPER PEOPLE

By W. E. Hill

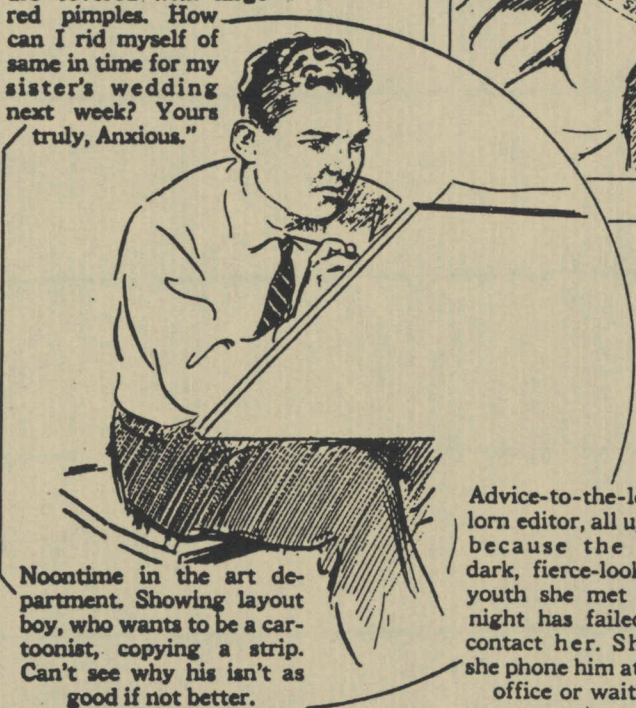
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The beauty columnist, perusing, without too much boredom, a missive that runs—"Dear Betsy Bates: My face and neck are covered with large red pimples. How can I rid myself of same in time for my sister's wedding next week? Yours truly, Anxious."



The copy boys. Relaxed now, but at the call of "BOY!" they will live up somewhat. They're the future editors and reporters.

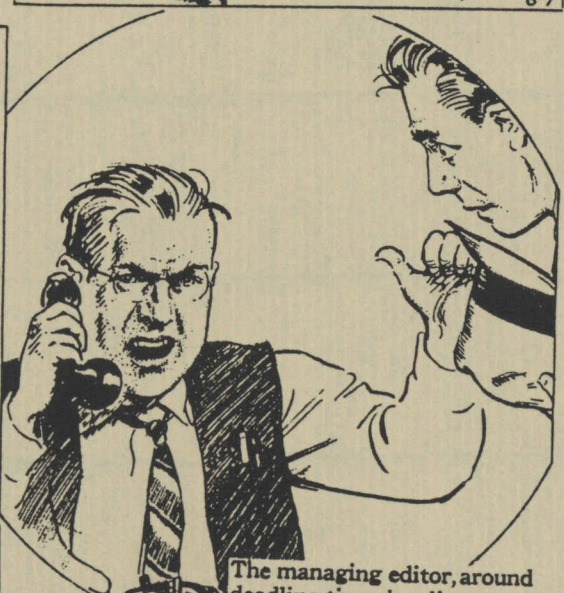


Noontime in the art department. Showing layout boy, who wants to be a cartoonist, copying a strip. Can't see why his isn't as good if not better.

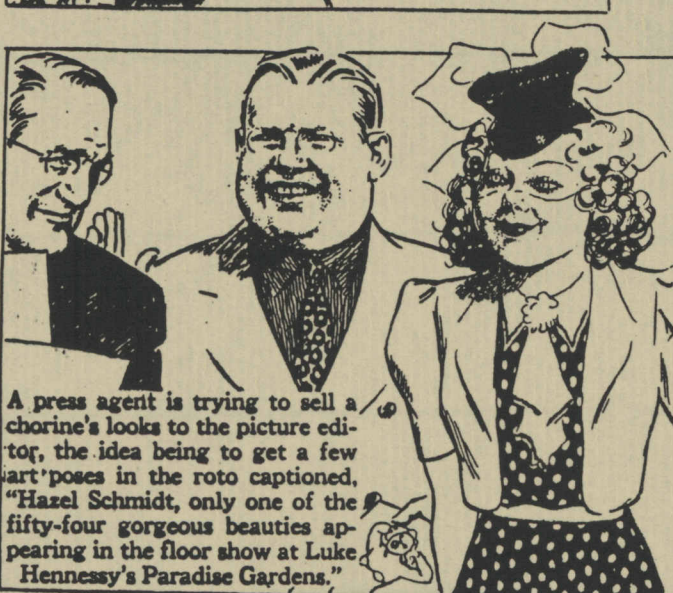
Advice-to-the-love-lorn editor, all upset because the tall, dark, fierce-looking youth she met last night has failed to contact her. Shall she phone him at his office or wait?



The ace photographer is trying to look pathetic. Hopes to work on the auditor's sympathies to the tune of eight bucks. Says the hat he ruined at the big fire cost him that. Finally compromises on three dollars.



The managing editor, around deadline time, bawling out a reporter who missed his train connection and at the same time frightening the life out of a cub reporter with a gesture that means "You get the hell out of here!"



A press agent is trying to sell a chorine's looks to the picture editor, the idea being to get a few art'poses in the roto captioned, "Hazel Schmidt, only one of the fifty-four gorgeous beauties appearing in the floor show at Luke Hennessy's Paradise Gardens."



Showing the crowd around the sports editor, who is having his daily headache trying to please everybody with passes.



"Want a picture of her as a bride, or after she was dismembered and stuffed in a trunk?" (The librarian obliges with a photo for the murder trial feature.)



Miss Frisch, the society columnist (writes under the signature "Freddie Van Astorbilt"), is partaking of tuna fish on white and chocolate malted milk before attending a gold plate luncheon with the bon tons. She's had experience.



The boys on the copy desk are having their ham on rye and coffee between editions, with the old-timers wondering, as usual, what newspapers are coming to. In the background an office secretary is showing friends what a big news office is like, and they are bitterly disappointed. Not a bit like the movies. No city editor who looks like Don Ameche, and no Lee Tracy or Tyrone Power shouting "Stop the presses!"

## They Epic Story That I

(Continued from page 1)

his job. In a few seconds had them bustling like a obey his orders and was busy with the laying of the first shell went wilding plump on the position which was then the headquarters of the Red civil administration. "Too bad! Too said the lieutenant, shaking head, when they told him mistake.

The second was eccentric falling right on the militia quarters in the Telegraphs ing, and still well away the Alcazar.

The sergeant made an movement, but the officer ordered him to his post v sharp: "I know my object. Get busy. Five rounds rap

He twiddled the range fire and clouds of smoke shrouded the group as the gun fired shells unerringly into the heart of Toledo's arms factory, vital point of the Madrid war supplies scheme. Machines were smashed to atoms and all work came to a standstill, while the dazed commandant in his office was overwhelmed with phone calls asking him if his artillery Gen. had gone mad.

Down in the fields by the groups of militiamen were mingling madly toward the where a stupefied group of fellows held the lieutenant prisoner. They came for a revenge, but what angered most was the way he laid into their faces as they shot down.

On Saturday, July 18, the Spanish garrisons in northern Africa rose as one man and a few hours swept every representative of the Madrid government out of power in Spanish Morocco.

Next day all Spain was ab But in Madrid itself the fully planned Nationalist rebellion failed and the capital of Spain became the apex of a great angle of Red territory with base on the Mediterranean. In all this territory there one spot where the National forces made a heroic defense stand so great and so shrouded with glory that it has passed into the world's history of great deeds. The epic stand was made the epic fight was fought, in around the Alcazar of Toledo the West Point of Spain.

Forever associated with fight will be the name of man who organized it and was the life and soul of the defenders of the Alcazar—Colonel (later General) Joseph Moscardo, head of the gymnastic school of the Alcazar.

Moscardo was in Madrid when the storm broke in Africa, at once hurried back the odd miles to Toledo. A meeting of the military chiefs of the was held, at which it was decided to hold Toledo for Francisco who that day took command of Africa.

Moscardo, though only in early fifties, was the senior colonel present, and the command was conferred on him. Lightning he was about the work of organizing the struggle.

As the first step he ordered the concentration in Toledo all the civil guard of the province, for he had only a couple of companies of soldiers available in addition to his young "Pointers."

Suspicious of the local authorities were stillled by adroitly circulated rumors the civil guards were only concentrated in Toledo because they might be sent to help defend Madrid.

But when they arrived all parts next day, with glossy triangular hats, canary-colored rifleament straps, they were rather than the Alcazar when they learned were at last in arms against government which and feared and persecuted so savagely even the

The first piece - outside 1/2 size