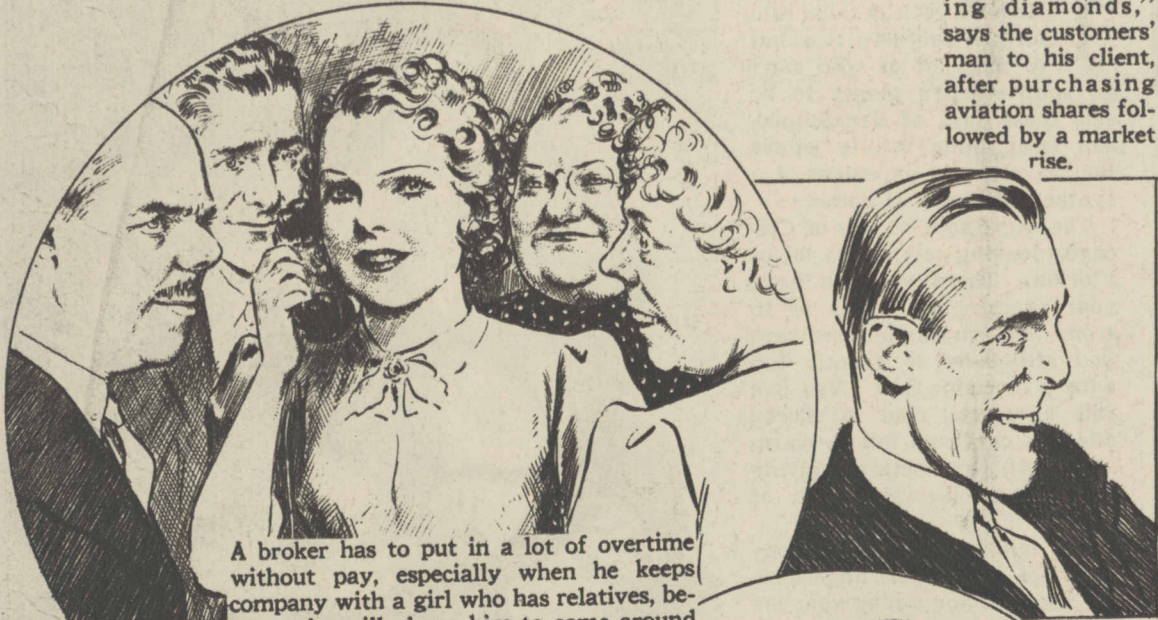


BROKERAGE FIRM

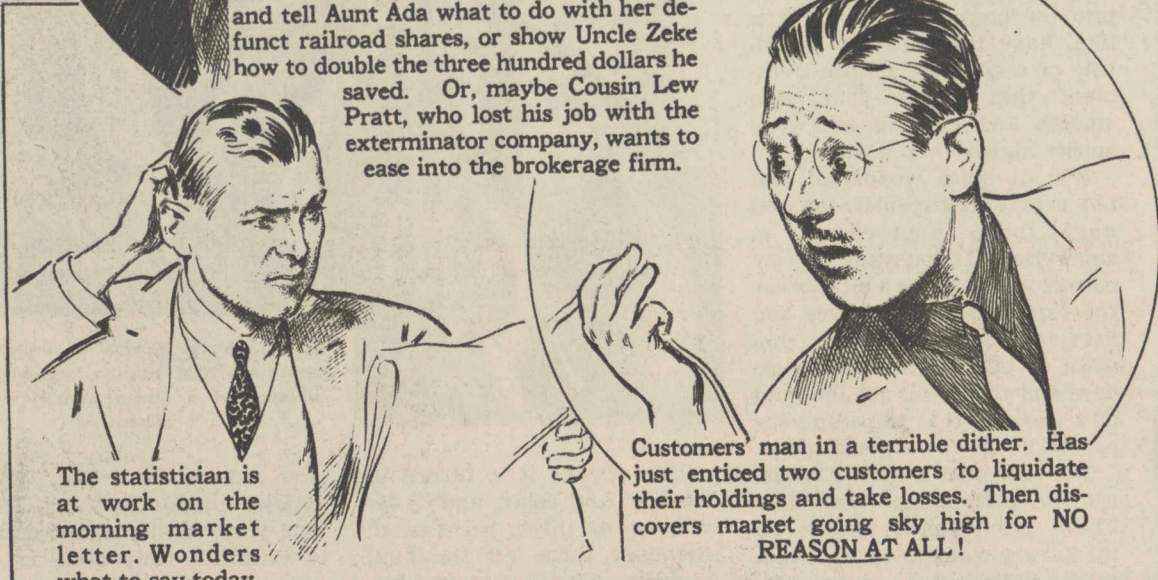
By W. E. Hill

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"Stick to me, kid, and you'll be wearing diamonds," says the customers' man to his client, after purchasing aviation shares followed by a market rise.



A broker has to put in a lot of overtime without pay, especially when he keeps company with a girl who has relatives, because she will phone him to come around and tell Aunt Ada what to do with her defunct railroad shares, or show Uncle Zeke how to double the three hundred dollars he saved. Or, maybe Cousin Lew Pratt, who lost his job with the exterminator company, wants to ease into the brokerage firm.



The statistician is at work on the morning market letter. Wonders what to say today. Looks through the morning news reports, hoping to find some overnight development on the European situation.

Customers man in a terrible dither. Has just enticed two customers to liquidate their holdings and take losses. Then discovers market going sky high for NO REASON AT ALL!

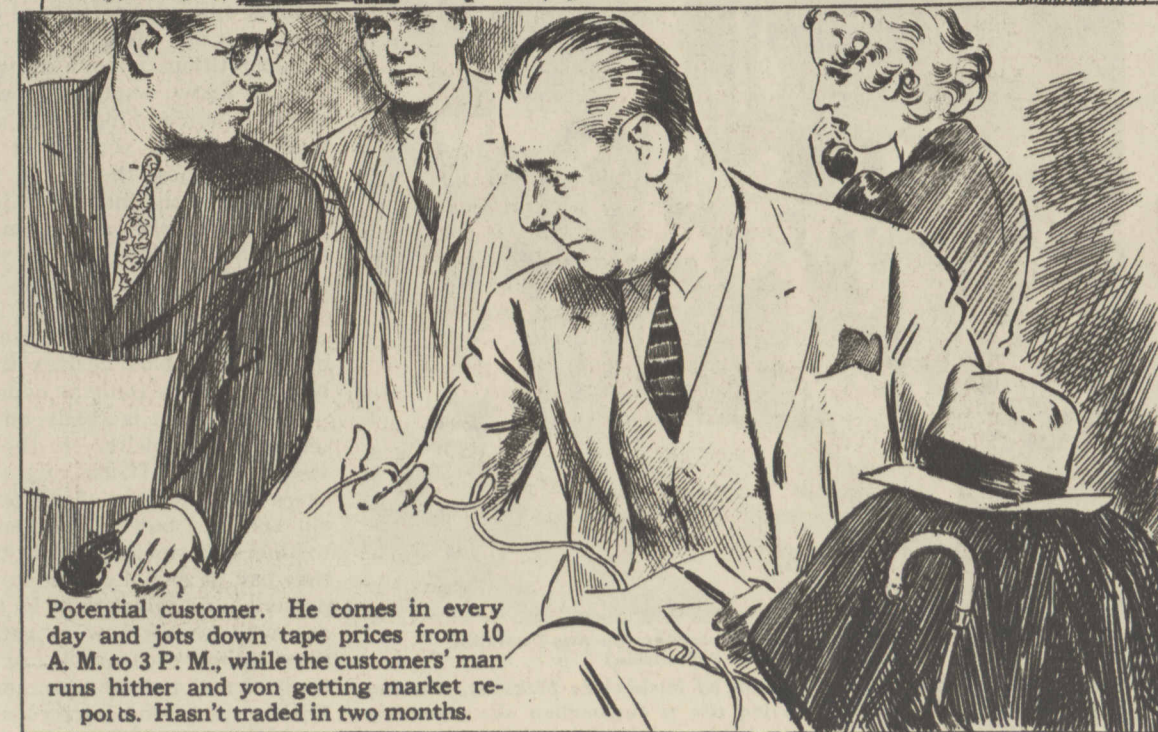


The margin clerk is working overtime after a three million share day. Seems as though every time he has a date with a certain blonde, the market has to break and he has to stay late to refigure all his accounts.

The junior partner stops by, after a long lunch hour with a bank official, to sign a few odds and ends before calling it a day. That's a framed photo of the wife and kiddies on his desk. When customers see this they calm right down and feel safe to trust their last penny.



A runner and a wireroom employe, from rival firms, have been talking big about market happenings all the way down from the eleventh floor. The elevator man thinks they are big operators and is straining his ears to hear a good market tip.



Potential customer. He comes in every day and jots down tape prices from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., while the customers' man runs hither and yon getting market reports. Hasn't traded in two months.

Eddie Rickenbacker, World War Ace

(Continued from page five.) was the 94th squadron, whose emblem was a hat in a ring and which was destined to win more victories than any other American unit by the end of the war. The place was an old French airdrome at Villeneuve, some twenty miles behind the front in the Champagne sector. The time was 8:15 on the morning of March 6, 1918.

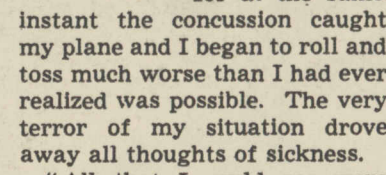
"When Major Lufbery entered the hangar he found us ready for him," wrote Eddie. "I felt like a man in the chair when the dentist approaches. Of course, I listened politely to his parting words, but the only thing that appealed to me in his discourse was the order to stick close to him and keep formation. "Lufbery ran up his motor for a moment, then took off. Campbell followed up on his heels, and then I opened up my throttle." Sailing along through the numbing cold at 15,000 feet—three miles up—Eddie's inexperienced eyes saw nothing below "but old battered trenches, trench works, and billions of shell holes which had dug up the whole surface of the earth for four or five miles on either side. Not a tree, not a fence, no sign of any familiar occupation of mankind; nothing but a chaos of ruin and desolation. The awfulness of the thing was truly appalling."

The end of appalling experiences for Eddie was not in sight, either. Suddenly he felt himself getting seasick.

"I didn't want to confess even to myself that I could get sick in the air. This was what would

be expected from a brand new aviator on his first trip over the lines. It would be wonderfully amusing to Lufbery and the rest of the boys in the squadron when I got back—if I ever did. I grew cold with the thought of it. Then I set my teeth and prayed that I might fight it off.

"I had hardly got control of myself when I was horribly startled by an explosion which seemed only a few feet in my rear. I didn't even have time to look around, for at the same instant the concussion caught my plane and I began to roll and toss much worse than I had ever realized was possible. The very terror of my situation drove away all thoughts of sickness. "All that I could see were four or five black puffs of smoke some distance behind and below my tail. I knew what they were right enough—they were archies [anti-aircraft fire]! They were eighteen-pound shells of shrapnel which were being fired at me by the Germans. . . . I shall never forget how scared I was and how enraged I felt at the old pilots at home who pretended to like the archies. . . . Any one of those shells might happen to hit me just as well as happen to burst a hundred yards away. It was due entirely to my own good luck and not at all to those scoffers' silly advice that one of them hadn't hit me already."



Allen Winslow of 94th squadron.

After an hour of this nerve-racking initiation Eddie's spirits suddenly zoomed from the black depths of fear to the very pinnacle of confidence. As he remembered it later:

"My alarm passed away. I began to watch the course of the black puffs behind me. I grew accustomed to the momentary disturbance of the air after each explosion and almost mechanically I met the lift of the machine with the gentle pressure of my joy stick, which righted my Nieuport and smoothed its course. And a rush of happiness came over me with the assurance that I was neither going to be sick nor was I any longer in any terror of the bursting shells. I

had passed through the ordeal! At last I knew clear down deep in my own heart that I was all right. I could fly! I could go over enemy lines like the other boys who had seemed so wonderful to me! . . .

"This feeling of self-confidence is perhaps the most precious memory of my life. For with the sudden banishment of that first mortal fear that had so possessed me came a belief in my own powers that knew no bounds. . . . I knew I could hold my own with any man who ever piloted an airplane."

(Next Sunday—Rickenbacker's battles in the air and the story of his life since the war.)

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Big New York Hospital Clinic Tests on scores of people show how easy it is to remove corns scientifically—painlessly.

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* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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EXPOSITION



EXCLUSIVE FOOD CAMPAIGN. C. Wendel Muench (left), pres., and C. E. Forsberg (center), space buyer, C. Wendel Muench adv. agency, point out reader-appeal of domestic science feature in the Sunday Tribune Color Graphic section to Yoshie S. Miya, gen. mgr., Fuji Trading Co., packers of prepared chop suey foods. Newspaper advertising of Fuji products in Chicago appears exclusively in the Tribune Color Graphic section.



"LOWEST INQUIRY COST we have ever had," reported George A. Percy (left), asst. adv. dir., Bauer & Black, after studying results from the advertising campaign on Velure now running in the Chicago Sunday Tribune Color Graphic section. He is shown above with John W. McPherrin, sales mgr., Velure division, Bauer & Black.



DOG FOOD CAMPAIGN OPENS. Don Smith (right), adv. dir., Russell M. Smith (left), mgr., dog food div., Wilson & Co., and A. W. Dreier, Chicago Tribune nat. adv. staf, inspect full page coloroto advertisement in the Sunday Tribune Color Graphic section which launched the 1939 advertising campaign on Ideal dog food. More of the Chicago newspaper advertising appropriation for this product is expended in the Tribune than in any other newspaper.



SPEEDS TRIBUNES TO READERS: One of the five multi-mailers on which Tribunes for individual subscribers are stamped, addressed and wrapped at the rate of three copies per second. More than 30,000 square feet of floor space in Tribune Tower are required to handle the distribution of the Tribune's circulation of more than 900,000 daily, and over 1,100,000 on Sunday.

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