

IN HEART OF DIXIE



IN ATLANTA, GA., YESTERDAY—Deep in the heart of Dixie, where snow seldom falls, Mildred Clay enjoys the novel experience of cleaning off the top of an automobile during a snowstorm. Much to the disgust of youngsters, the snowfall stopped before there was enough to make a snow man.—A. P. wirephoto.

By the Associated Press
A mass of arctic air moving southeastward will carry the cold wave into Central and Western Gulf States tonight, the Weather Bureau said today as the subzero snap reached its peak in the Middle West, New England and the Great Lakes region.
The frigid air currents kept temperatures at subzero in the Lake and Northern Plain States, Northern New England, and as far south as Southern Illinois, all Missouri and Kansas, Eastern Nebraska and the Dakotas.
Lowest reading recorded by the

Weather Bureau for the 12 hours ending at 7:30 a. m. today, was at Caribou, Me., where the mercury trembled at 21 below zero. Kirksville, Mo., had -15; Duluth, Minn., -14; Springfield, Ill., -12; and Des Moines, Iowa, -9.
At St. Louis, and Kansas City, it was 4 below; Milwaukee, Wis., 2; and Chicago, Minneapolis, and Omaha, -1.
Miami and Key West, Fla., topped the country for the last 12 hours with a balmy high of 79.
Other readings:
Boston, 10 above; New York

NOT SO BEAUTIFUL SNOW



IN SILVER CREEK, N. Y., YESTERDAY—A snowfall which reached a depth of 22 inches in one section of New York State virtually buried the automobile of this motorist. It took several minutes of various shovel-swinging men before Evelyn Schrader could move her car.—A. P. wirephoto.

City, 15; Washington, D. C., 17; Atlanta, Ga., 30; Birmingham, Ala., 26; Mobile, Ala., Memphis, Tenn., 12; Pittsburgh, Pa., 4; Cleveland, O., zero; Columbus, O., 1; Cincinnati, O., 2; Oklahoma City, 6; Fort Worth, Texas, 14; Denver, Colo., 14; Los Angeles, Calif., 41; San Francisco, 39, and Seattle, Wash., 27.
Rain along the Southern coast will tend to hold off the cold wave in Southern Alabama, Southern and Central Georgia, the Carolinas, Eastern Virginia and Northern Florida, H. L. Jacobson, weather forecaster, said today.
There are 44,000 postoffices in the United States.

Delay Foreseen On Mustering-Out Pay

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—(AP)—Prospects for enactment of a mustering-out-pay Christmas present to service men dimmed perceptibly today as Chairman May, Democrat, Kentucky, of the House military committee said his group could not get a bill ready before the expected holiday recess. House Republican Leader Martin of Massachusetts, however, termed the legislation essential and told reporters he saw no reason why it could not be disposed of before the recess, tentatively slated to start about next Wednesday, is taken.
May said the Senate military committee, by approving a top of \$500 to discharged men and women, indicated a feeling that one bill could take care of discharge claims and bonus claims.

THEY FIGHT FOR UNCLE SAM



IN ITALY—You don't need to ask a unit of American Japanese infantry in Italy what they think of the Axis. They have been giving their lives for Uncle Sam in rough mountain action against the Germans. Most of these men are from Hawaii and before Pearl Harbor were in the territorial National Guard. Here a package of rice from Honolulu draws cheers from the boys as they receive mail from home.

ROOSEVELT REVIEWS YANKS IN IRAN



FAR FROM HOME—After his conference with Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin in Teheran, Iran, President Roosevelt reviews United States troops from a jeep in this Yankee army station in the Middle East.—A. P. wirephoto.

WOUNDED ITALIANS



IN MIGNANO AREA—Italian comrades assist one of their mates, wounded when they took up arms against the Germans and joined the Allied Fifth Army in the Mignano sector of their homeland front.—A. P. wirephoto.

GROUCHO LOOKED



IN LOS ANGELES YESTERDAY—Groucho Marx, one of the famous four of the films, chats with Doris Smith at a receiving hospital where he received treatment for a head wound and a possible broken rib following an accident. He was looking at Miss Smith, who had just alighted from his automobile, and drove the car into a telephone pole. "It's a rib on me," wise-cracked the comedian who looked, but in the wrong direction.—A. P. wirephoto.

STEWARD SOLVES PROBLEMS



Men and women in uniform come first at mealtime in crowded dining cars, but patient stewards such as Edwin Kachel, a Great Northern host for 34 years, find time to care for civilian guests, too. Kachel is shown serving Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wood and their children, Allen, 8 years old; Mary, 4, and Robert, 1.

Crowded Trains—Services, Civilians Take Them in Stride

(This is the second of a series of articles telling of wartime travel conditions on the Seattle-Portland train run.)
By ROBERT HELLMAN
Southbound from Seattle to Portland, Or., the wartime train huffed and puffed at Auburn while a crowd of soldiers piled into the already well-filled coaches.
On this trip, as on every other trip, the train was the spirit of the nation—restless, moving, changing, uncertain. Passengers in and out of uniform were on the way to a new destiny.
The brakeman signaled to the engineer and the train moved out again, Army all mixed up with Navy, civilians all mixed up with Army and Navy, train crew moving

War Far Behind

quietly but swiftly through them all.
America's spirit glowed in a thousand ways on that train for Portland. It was in the eyes and the voices and the manners of the babies and the adults, the men and women in tweed and broadcloth, the fighters in olive drab and the blue which is almost black.
No Service Complaints
Standing out in the confusion, Edwin Kachel somehow was typical. Among the tired, disheveled passengers he was immaculate. His white vest sparkled. Not a hair was out of place. It hasn't been for nothing that Edwin Kachel has been in the Great Northern's dining-car service for 34 years.
"We've been serving since Pearl Harbor, just the same," said

SUPER-SALESMAN



Don Taylor, train salesman, finds business so good he constantly is surrounded by little knots of service men like the group shown here. Frequently Taylor "sells out" long before the end of the run.

Settle for Coffee

the bombing of Attu," Baum reflected briefly. "It was a near-miss. It scared the hell out of us. I don't know, but I think the planes behind us got the Jap that laid that one close. . . . Isn't she beautiful?"
War Far Behind
Without bothering with transition in his conversation, L. H. Baum, just off a minesweeper, put the war behind him, but far.
Down the car, Mrs. George S. Eaton was feeding her son, Donald Ray, who has grown inordinately fond of papilion.
"He's 7 months old—exactly," Mrs. Eaton said. "He's a gourmet already." Soldiers walked down the aisle, looked on, grinned, and kept moving toward the headquarters of Don Taylor.
A hundred times that trip, perhaps, Don Taylor was referred to as the candy "butcher." Taylor identified himself otherwise, with dignity, as befits the father of two children who wait for him with their mother at 2008 Ferdinand St.
"We're news or train salesman,"

GREETING



SAILOR L. H. BAUM and WIFE Making up for long absence

day, and hope I'd make enough to pay for it next day."
Settle for Coffee
Don looked up from his work. He was out of coke. He was out of orangeade. Soldiers all up and down the train were munching his candy bars, but thirsty ones had to settle for coffee.
C. G. Perry, specialist, first class, and former Yakima policeman, wore the armband of the Navy's Shore Patrol. Corp. V. L. Johnson, of Duluth, Wis., had on the M. P. of the Army. They traveled as a pair, long nightsticks swinging from their belts.
"Just a Smile"
"You don't need clubs, though," said Perry. "All you need is a big Irish smile." Perry has a big Irish smile, and no trouble.
Johnson said he could remember only one awkward incident.
"Fellow and his wife got into a fight," the soldier said. "I had to break it up."
Turning his face aside in vicari-

ous shame, Johnson added:
"Drinking."
Down the aisle there were exchanges of conversation. The Army's simplest, for strangers, rang out oftenest: "Hiya, Mac!"
A soldier with an Army Air Forces patch on his shoulder bumped into a lad with "A-A" at the top of his left arm, as the reaching train rocked sideways in its forward, speeding lunge.
Toward the rear of the train, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wood, of Parker, S. D., and their three children were enjoying a reunion after an absence of 19 months. Before America entered the war, Wood enrolled in a dental college in Portland. When it was time for him to begin studying, he couldn't find a house for his family, until recently.

"Had to Buy Furniture"
"He finally rented a house, but he had to buy the furniture in it to get the rental," Mrs. Wood explained. "Can you beat it?"
Allen, Wood's son, demurred at motherly affection.
"Quit squeezing my neck!"
"Then you play cards with your sister."
"No."
"Mary can play. She played rummy with a man on the train yesterday."
"I don't care."
Mary didn't care, either. She was pinching the trousers of an amiable civilian standing in the aisle.
Card Game
In the club car, two second lieutenants played cards with a couple of civilians.
Ensign David N. Ulrich, of Seattle, renewed an acquaintanceship with Miss Nancy Sundt, formerly of Oslo, Norway. They met by coincidence aboard the train and enjoyed lunch together.
Someone in a car almost entirely full of soldiers was whistling, softly and inappropriately, "What do you

Emergency Hospital surgeons treated him for abrasions and a possible rib fracture.
He identified the young woman as a friend, Doris Smith of Hollywood.
Mused Marx: "Is this a gag, Groucho? No, Groucho, it's a rib on me."
do in the infantry? You hike, you hike, you hike!"
A G. I. in another car hunched down into his seat to avoid the eyes of any possible passing man with a club. He eased a flask out of his trousers pocket. He cradled it in two hands, tipped the bottle and drank the last gulp there.
"That does her!" the soldier murmured with satisfaction.
The drinking soldier was far in the minority. Both brakeman and conductor testified to their general good behavior.
They're a decent bunch," said Brady. "I never yet heard tell of a fight on this stretch."
"Fine boys," asserted Young, the conductor.
"All fine—the M. P.'s and the S. P.'s are good to have on here, though," he added, significantly.

Paper Blaze Causes Smudge In City Hall

A cigarette tossed into a waste-paper basket, which in turn was emptied into a large canvas waste truck, ignited the paper and caused the seventh floor of the County-City Building to be engulfed in an impromptu smoke screen yesterday afternoon.
The waste-paper basket, taken from an office, was emptied by a janitor and it wasn't until several minutes later that the fire was discovered.
Meanwhile, courtroom spectators on the seventh floor, coughing and water-eyed, made their way to elevators. The blaze was extinguished by janitors and workers carrying water from a near-by washroom.
Four sisters from Sacramento, Calif., have enlisted in the United States Women's Marine Corps.