

A BUST-TRUST TALE

Man's ingenuity would be just about perfect, if it could only get around one prime hazard - - man.

This is the moral of the story of the Petroleum Pectoralis, or the oil that walked like a woman and felt like a woman.

The tale concerns a Frenchman who once smuggled oil into Spain by using one of the oldest deceptions known to womankind. He turned oil cans into bust-boosters for his feminine agents, selected for their undeveloped mammary glands. He padded their curve-less forms in a way, and with a purpose - - that even Hollywood has never thought to duplicate. If only he hadn't run afoul of a nineteenth century wolf.

The story is best told by its original narrator, James Russell Lowell, minister to Spain in 1878 and a well-known American poet. This is his account, written to the State Department:

One of the devices of Fourcarde (the Frenchman)...is as ingenious and amusing as to be worth recounting.

The Frenchman's object was to smuggle petroleum into Madrid without paying the octroi (tax). To this end, he established his storehouses in the suburbs, and the hiring of all the leanest and least mammalian women that could be found, he made good use of all their physical defects with tin cans filled with petrol - eum, thus giving them what Dr. Johnson would have called the pictorial proportions of Juno.

Doubtless he blasphemed the unwise parsimony of nature in denying the women in general the multitudinous breasts displayed by certain Hindu idols.

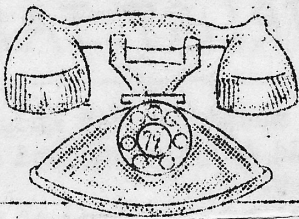
For some time these seeming milky mothers passed without question into the unsuspecting city and supplied thousands of households with that cheap enlightenment which cynics say is worse than none. Meanwhile, Mr. Fourcarde's pockets swelled in exact proportion to the quaker breastworks of the improvised wet - nurses.

Could he only have bethought in time of the no quid nimis. But one fatal day he sent in a damsel whose contours aroused in one of the guardians at the gates the same emotions as those of maritornes in the bosom of the carrier. With the playful gallantry of a superior, he tapped the object of his admiration and - - it tinkled.

He had "struck oil" ...unaware.

Love shook his wings and fled; duty entered frowning; and Mr. Fourcarde's perambulating wells suddenly went dry.

With a gentleman so ingenious, the Spanish Government is perhaps justified in being on its guard. Even charity has eyes and ears.



PARTY LINE

New York, N.Y. (ANS) — The first U. S. Army officer of the rank of general to be invested a bishop of the Catholic Church is Maj. General William A. Arnold. General Arnold was consecrated yesterday afternoon in Saint Patrick's Cathedral. He was formerly Chief of Army Chaplains.

Springfield, Illinois. (ANS) — Because her three boys were the first triplets born at Saint John's Hospital in '22 years — Mrs. Wayne Edwards gets her hospital expenses "on the house."

Washington, D.C. (ANS) — The Commerce Department yesterday offered for sale as surplus, thousands of Army-trained homing pigeons. The pigeons will be sold in lots of five pair each at \$25 per lot. Now just drop a line to the Commerce Department — enclose \$25 and you can have a few pigeons as bed-mates in your little Aleutian home "away from home."

Washington, D.C. (ANS) — All but two states will celebrate Thanksgiving on the fourth Thursday in November, the 22nd. Tennessee and Arkansas will observe the holiday on the last Thursday in November, on the 29th. (I guess they still believe in the old doctrine of "state's rights.") This announcement was made by Charles Ross, secretary to President Harry Truman.



"This is Lt. Hodges... Submarine Service."