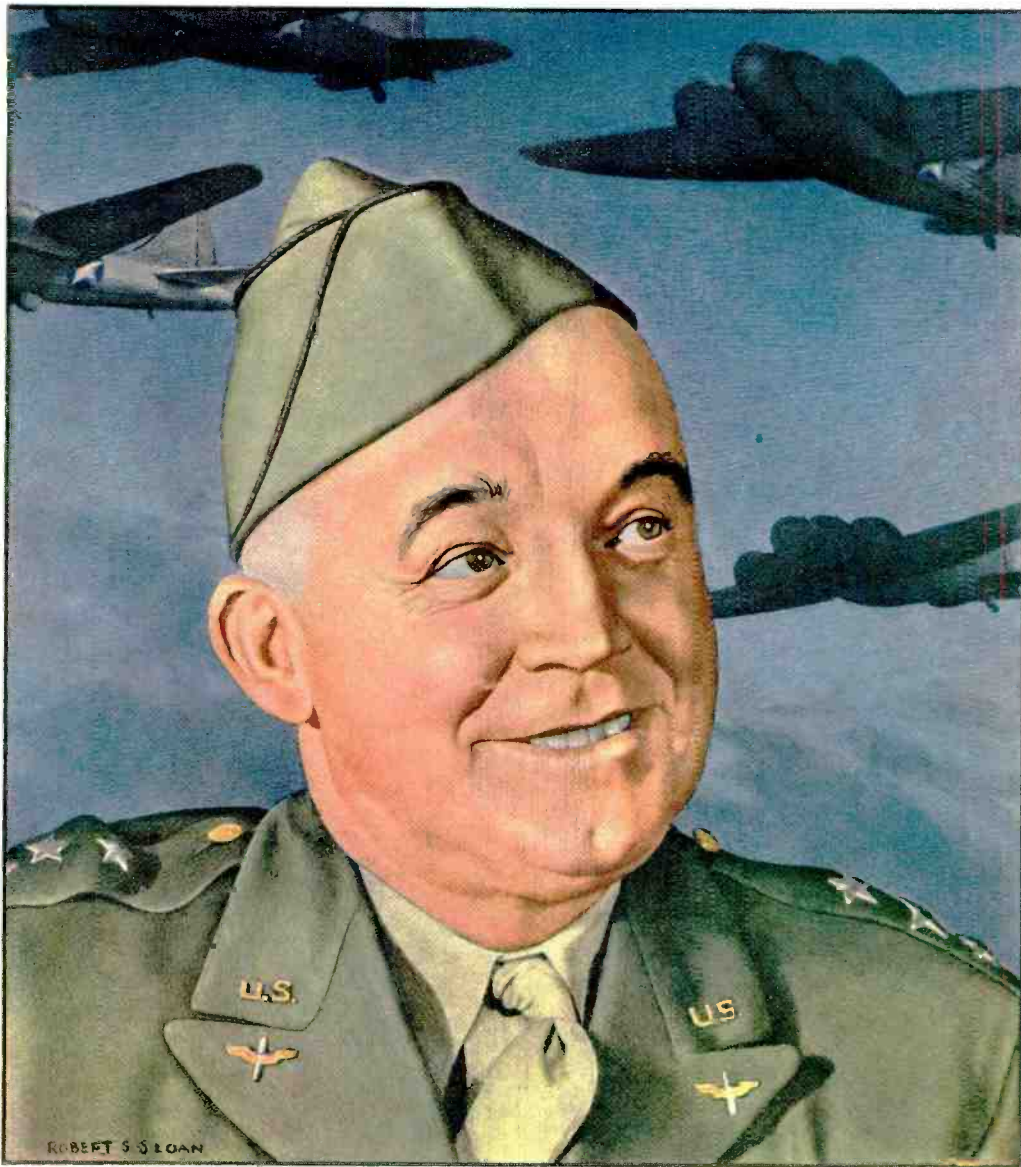


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



ARNOLD OF AIR

Six continents are his battlefield.
(World Battlefronts)

MR MARTIN O HASE
7619 SWESTBRIAR RD
HOLLINGWOOD
RICHMOND VIRGINIA
6-10044-117-329 MAY-43

NOT FOR WANT OF...



A PENCIL

"For want of a nail . . . the kingdom was lost!" There'll be no production battle lost for want of a *good* pencil. Not with millions of trustworthy Ticonderoga pencils in the hands of office war workers!

These efficient, smooth-writing pencils are playing an important part in America's battle for time. They require 50% less energy, last longer, cut down interruptions! Demand Ticonderoga pencils!

*Ticonderoga Pencils
without rubber tips
save metal & rubber
for war. Nos. 1390
& 1360. Ask your
stationer.*

TICONDEROGA
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 6-16, Jersey City, N. J.

MUSIC

Singin' Gatherin'

The rough stage, with the windowless cabin in the background, looked synthetic. The linsey-woolsey costumes looked as if they had just come out of attic trunks. But the music—the singing, fiddling and twanging of guitars, banjos and dulcimers—was the real McCoy: mountain music, with rough edges as unpolished as stones. On the hills near Ashland, Ky., country folk and tourists gathered this week for Ashland's twelfth annual American Folk Song Festival.

On hand to sing old Scottish scolding ballads was Mrs. Lyda Messer Caudill, who says she is a hillbilly descendant of Mary Queen of Scots. Bud Oney, mighty, black-mustached blacksmith of Long Horn Hollow, fiddled *Cherokee Girl*, *Lost Indian*, other lively tunes. Youngest headliner was Bud McCoy, 4, whose family feuded bitterly for 57 years with the West Virginia Hatfields. Announcing numbers in

*The eighth day of October the Argonne
battle raged,
Machine guns whined and rifle bullets
flew;
Then Alvin lost his temper, he said,
"ve had enough,
I'll show these Huns what Uncle Sam
can do."*

*He took his army rifle and his auto-
matic too,
And hid himself behind a near-by tree;
He shot them like he used to shoot the
rabbits and the squirrels
Away back home in sunny Tennessee.*

*He took the whole battalion—one-hun-
dred-thirty-two—
While thirty-five machine guns ceased
to fire;
And twenty German soldiers lay lifeless
on the ground
As he marched his prisoners through
the bloody mire.*



THE SINGIN' GATHERIN'*
It had some real McCoy's.

Jean Thomas

her mountain dialect was tiny, thin-lipped Author Jean Thomas (*Blue Ridge Country*), the "traipsin' woman," who started collecting folk songs while she "traipsed" over the mountains as a circuit court reporter, then founded the festival to perpetuate a "singin' gatherin'" she once heard.

Heroic highlight of this year's singin' gatherin' was the *Ballad of Sergeant York*, celebrating the deeds of Tennessee's World War I hero. It was composed by the late Jilson Setters, bristle-bearded fiddler who once sang mountain songs for the King and Queen of England. Sample stanzas:

*He could play a hand of poker, hold his
liquor like a man,
He did his share of prankin' in his
youth;
But his dying father left him with the
family in his care,
And he quickly sought the ways of God
and truth.*

Caesar Dixit

Big-talking James Caesar Petrillo, boss of the 140,000 union musicians in the U.S., thundered out an edict last week that shook two giant branches of the amusement industry. He told the American Federation of Musicians convention in Dallas, Tex. that union musicians will be forbidden to make records for juke boxes or radio shows after Aug. 1. If carried out, this order would be a body blow to the coin-machine business, a serious problem to smaller radio stations.

Next day Tsar Petrillo melted somewhat. Said he: "We don't want to break the recording or transcription companies. . . . They have to live and we have to live. . . . We just aren't going to let them live at our expense. Maybe we will compromise. Maybe we won't."

* At microphone: Sid Hatfield (with fiddle), Old Bud McCoy (with banjo), Grandson Bud.

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
STAMPS



Where I work *It's*
CHESTERFIELD



Here's the answer to that . . . Chesterfields are *Milder, Cooler-Smoking and definitely Better-Tasting* in just the way you want a good cigarette to be. And no question about it, there's a lot more smoking pleasure in Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

For steady enjoyment, make your next pack Chesterfields . . . regardless of price, there is no better cigarette made today.

Chesterfields are on the job
with Smokers everywhere *They Satisfy*