New England States Offer Example in Patriotism

Celebrated in First March of Time 'Regional'; Cross Roads Snaps Back With a Comedy; Items of News and Gossip of Amusements

IT IS WHOLLY NATURAL that New England should be in the van of the States bending their efforts toward the fulfillment of the defense program mapped to meet the national emergency proclaimed by President Roosevelt. As one of the New England States, the State of liberty—Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill—the "Yankees" of easternmost seaboard have consistently been "right on the button". Ten children of the land, when their beloved terrain lies nearest the belligerent zone of the North Atlantic, They had a tradition of human submarine threat in the First World War and do not intend to be caught napping this time.

Mr. George W. Brent, industrial States of New England have mobilized for preparedness will be depicted in the next issue of the "March of Time", under the title of "New England's Eight Million Yankees." This film will be the first of a series which will detail those military and industrial contributions in shipyards and factories and buying defense bonds and saving stamps.

Mr. Brent, who represents the 100 per cent American community is the little town of Exeter, N. H., where today every citizen is keenly aware of his responsibility to his country and is doing something about it. So the Washington Redskins Football Band will hold open competition at an early date for a "March of Time" role for the coming year. All he needs is "general ability, knowledge of marching commands, baton handling and the appearance of an athletic Adonis." Sounds easy enough for Mr. George W. Brent in writing at 739 Ninth Street Northwest.

They Say It's "Fair Play"

Quaint people, these Terrell's. Daniel of that name, in charge of advertising and publicity for the incomparable Loew interests, has been soaking up the bright rainshine at Bethany Beach. Del, on his "two-weeks-with-pay," thought up a weird and risky one. Having been wheeled into writing "guest columns" for two of the papers of his department, he has now cunningly craftily turned the tables about by dumping a chore on each of the drama desks for performance during his absence. Ours is to peddle a battery of starring roles to the ex-slave of your other galley slaves, they ought to reach you by Friday at the latest—for Wednesday release!

Miss Sally Stroud, that incorrigible Arkansan hill-hiwillhmina, must have taken a good look during the period of her valued service as a smiling-piece-reviewer for this department. Comes a pretty vacant-possessed lift of her old and impossibly insatiable legend: "The scenery is here, wish you were beautiful!"

Made-to-Order for Summer

Beginning tonight, the Cross Roads Theater, over fernist Bailey's Cross Roads, in Virginia, should be right back in the bright rainshine at Bethany Beach. Del, on his "two-weeks-with-pay," thought up a weird and risky one. Having been wheeled into writing "guest columns" for two of the papers of his department, he has now cunningly craftily turned the tables about by dumping a chore on each of the drama desks for performance during his absence. Ours is to peddle a battery of starring roles to the ex-slave of your other galley slaves, they ought to reach you by Friday at the latest—for Wednesday release!