

*"Parade of Southwestern Immortals"*

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W. S. EVANS, Pres.*Babe Didrickson* by George White

THE discovery of a 16-year-old feminine athletic phenom took place during 1929 in a widely known Dallas retail sporting goods establishment. A group of the boys were inspecting athletic equipment and comparing their strength or lack of it, puffing through the motions of trying to lift weights. Among them was a member of one of the newspaper sports writing staffs.

*"What's wrong fellows? Haven't you got the old umph?" asked the intruding Miss as she grabbed a fifty-pound weight and hoisted it high above her head as all present gasped in bewilderment.*

*"Just call me Babe," she replied when pressed for her identity. "I'm new up here. Just moved in from Beaumont to work for an insurance company that wants to have a girls' basketball team and needed a good forward. The last name is Didrikson."*

Those were the circumstances that brought into public print for the first time in a metropolitan daily newspaper the name of a person who was to win international recognition as the greatest woman athlete of all time.

She more than made good in basketball, played with the famous Dallas Golden Cyclones three years, 1929-31, helped make them the strongest drawing cards in feminine sports, sparked them to the national championship in 1931 and into the finals of the A. A. U. titular tournament two seasons. All three years she was chosen on the All-American team.

It developed, however, that basketball was only one of her many athletic accomplishments. She could play any game she had ever seen except one—dolls—and in that she had absolutely no interest. Back home in Beaumont, it developed, one of her principal diversions was wedging into practice with the high school boys' football team and she was as fine a passer and runner as there was on the squad. The coach often wished he could slip her into uniform and use her during a hard game.

She could hold her own with the state's best tennis players, girls or boys. She had won enough medals in swimming and diving competitions to decorate one wall

of her room. She was a crack shot with rifle, pistol or shotgun, could bowl on even terms with top fliers in the men's division. She played regularly on a boys' baseball team, asked no quarter in boxing or wrestling skirmishes with those her size of the opposite sex. She loved to ride horseback, men's fashion, played a high class brand of polo, and she could take most of the amateurs in a game of billiards.

*Under the capable tutelage of Major Melvin J. McCombs, coach of the Cyclones, she was to win her most widespread fame in track and field. In those pre-Olympic years a competitor in the girls' games was restricted to competition in three events. In 1931 she went to the A.A.U. championships at Jersey City and returned with three championships, to each of which was attached a world's record. The next year at Chicago these restrictions were lifted. She entered eight events but conflicting starting times prevented her participating in more than five. Singlehanded she won the team championship for the Cyclones from a field of 252 competitors including three teams—18 girls each.*

That year in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles she broke four world's records in four starts—the javelin throw, two heats of the 80 meter hurdles and the high jump, and was deprived of the title in the latter event by a technicality. She was the heroine of the world-famous games, standing above all other men and women.

Returning from those games, Dallas gave the Babe a home-coming welcome that was a Roman holiday, a reception in which the entire city joined and which exceeded even its enthusiasm on the occasion of Charles Lindbergh's visit after he had spanned the Atlantic by plane. Then Babe took up golf, won the Texas women's championship in 1935, the women's Texas Open in 1940. A few years ago she married George Zaharias, a 240-pound professional wrestler and quite an athlete in his own right.

*E-Lucey-Dating*

Sometimes we get a bit fed up with the oft-heard charge that the greatest trouble with the average American citizen in this war emergency is his complacency. But the trouble, as we see it, is rather that Mr. Average American is confused. He wants to be helpful, he wants to be constructive but he doesn't quite know how.

We can't all be soldiers, we can't all be skilled mechanics and we seem pretty well agreed that business and the means of livelihood cannot be suspended in entirety while the conflict is being prosecuted. Almost every legitimate business is useful. Well, then, what can we do?

The answer lies in increasing efficiency and service. Details heretofore considered unimportant or annoying can assume considerable proportions in a war economy. In the oil field such efficiency can take the form of proper care and lubrication of equipment, thus lengthening its life and increasing its output. In the office the boss learns to use both sides of the sheet in carbon copies of letters, saves lights, fuel, cuts out wasted moments. We mention only a few of the new ways of doing the old things better. They are legion!

For our own part we are extending our service to various defense plants in our area. Our staff, with 20 years' experience in the oil country, knows how to solve problems quickly, efficiently, economically. There is no large profit involved but, by being able to get prompt shipments from various manufacturers through knowing how, we are really contributing to the total effort.

EFFICIENCY. SERVICE! We need them as never before in every business.