

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



PAUL WEEKS LITCHFIELD

... duralumin for oak, Maybachs for mainsails, the sky for the sea.
(See AERONAUTICS)

Volume XVIII

Number 6



Dart Away with **ETHYL**

FOR SUMMER DRIVING Ethyl Gasoline keeps motors cooler because combustion is controlled. In summer, as in other seasons, Ethyl fluid is mixed with base gasoline best suited to the season. It's a premium fuel—and worth it every month of the year.



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

The mackerel is probably the fastest fish of its size. Every ounce of power in its body and tail is perfectly controlled. To put the power of gasoline under control, leading refiners add Ethyl fluid. This prevents the hurried explosions that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating. It delivers a smoothly increasing pressure to the pistons that sends you darting ahead quickly, easily and quietly. Try Ethyl. It makes *any* car run better. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

ETHYL GASOLINE

© E. G. C. 1931



An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 168 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

BEAUTY COMES OF INFINITE CARE . . .

You know from your own experience that, without patient care, flowers remain only flowers and vines are just vines. To become a garden, they must be guided into a balanced plan of beauty.

To give you beauty in your Oakland and Pontiac cars, we work in the same way. First we build full size working models of plaster. Under searchlights, we study and shape the contours so that lines are pleasing and highlights fall evenly in the right places.

We experiment with fenders and mouldings to develop lines of graceful length. We blend colors for the right combination. We want you to like your car when you first see it, and be proud of it always.

Every detail is made to work toward a definite scheme of beauty. The new splash aprons are not just added features—they are a part of the car's attractive front-end design. The special rain-gutters, which might have been just rain-gutters, actually improve the body lines. The neat fender lamps seem inseparable from the fenders themselves. Even door handles and hub caps 'fit the picture' perfectly.

Is it worth while—this slow, careful search for beauty? We think so. Just as infinite care makes a garden beautiful, it also makes a car beautiful. And when we see how proud our owners are, we are glad we have taken such pains to please them.

OAKLAND 8

PRODUCTS OF
Bodies by



PONTIAC 6

GENERAL MOTORS
Fisher

CAR OWNERS *bought more* **FIRESTONE TIRES** during May, June and July *than in any like period in History*

THERE are reasons for this—Firestone is building the Greatest Tire Values in history, with the result that *Firestone Factories are operating 24 hours a day, six days a week, to meet public preference.*

This is the year everybody is scrutinizing his purchases. This is particularly true in tire buying because of the many confusing and misleading statements made about tires. To give car owners the facts, Firestone published comparisons showing Quality, Construction, and Prices.

Then the public came into Firestone Service Stores and Service Dealers—made their own comparisons with cross-sections cut from Firestone Tires—and from special brand mail order tires and others, and when they saw the facts *they bought more Firestone Tires during May, June and July than in any like period in Firestone history.*

Let the Firestone Service Dealer show you these *Firestone Extra Values at no extra cost* plus the service and guarantee of Firestone and their dealers. Have your car equipped for Safe, Trouble-Free Summer Motoring.—Drive in today.—There is a Firestone Dealer in your community.—*Prices lowest in history.*

Firestone

M O S T M I L E S P E R D O L L A R

6
PLIES
UNDER THE
TREAD

8
PLIES
UNDER THE
TREAD

10
PLIES
UNDER THE
TREAD

Firestone \$4⁹⁸
OLDFIELD TYPE
4.40-21

Firestone \$11⁴⁰
OLDFIELD TYPE
HEAVY DUTY
6.00-19

Firestone \$17⁹⁵
OLDFIELD TYPE
HEAVY DUTY
TRUCK & BUS
30 x 5

Firestone Service Stores and Service Dealers

Save You Money and Serve You Better

MAKE OF CAR	Firestone Oldfield Type	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair	MAKE OF CAR	Firestone Oldfield Type	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
Ford				Gardner			
Chevrolet	4.40-21	\$4.98	\$9.60	Marmion			
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.60	10.90	Oakland	5.50-19	\$8.90	\$17.30
Ford	4.50-21	5.69	11.10	Peerless			
Ford				Studebaker			
Chevrolet	4.75-19	6.65	12.90	Chrysler	6.00-18	11.20	21.70
Whippet				Viking			
Erskine	4.75-20	6.75	13.10	Franklin	6.00-19	11.40	22.10
Plymouth				Hudson			
Chandler				Hupmobile			
DeSoto				LaSalle	6.00-20	11.50	22.30
Dodge				Packard	6.00-21	11.65	22.60
Durant	5.00-19	6.98	13.60	Pierce-Arrow	6.50-20	13.10	25.40
Graham-Paige				Stutz			
Pontiac				Cadillac	7.00-20	15.35	29.80
Roosevelt				Lincoln			
Willys-Knight							
Essex				Heavy Duty Truck and Bus Tires			
Nash	5.00-20	7.10	13.80	Firestone Oldfield Type		Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
Marquette	5.25-18	7.90	15.30	30x5 H.D.		\$17.95	\$34.90
Oldsmobile	5.25-21	8.57	16.70	32x6 H.D.		29.75	57.90
Buick				36x6 H.D.		32.95	63.70
Auburn	5.50-18	8.75	17.00	6.00-20 H.D.		15.35	29.80
Jordan							
Reo							

LETTERS



Same as FUZZ to Mennen

Mennen doesn't care:—no matter how tough the beard—how wiry the whisker—it's nothing but young fuzz to this lather! For Mennen is the one shaving cream *especially* made for tougher-than-average stubble.

Mennen contains specially processed tristearin ($C_{18}H_{35}O_2$), C_8H_{17} . That ingredient builds up a unique—a "tough beard" lather.

It's a lather which wilts any beard quickly and completely. That's the point: the hair is *completely limp*. Therefore, your blade just sails thru. No yank. No scratching. You get a smooth, clean shave—in COMFORT.

MENNEN FOR MEN

Mennen Shaving Creams • 2 kinds: Original and Menthol-Iced. Now in two sizes: 35¢ & 50¢ • Mennen Talcum for Men • Mennen Skin Balm—refreshing and non-greasy.



Curtis Not Used

Sirs:

Your article in the June 15 issue of TIME appearing on p. 13 under the title "The Cabinet" inferred that the officials of the American Bond & Mortgage Co. had been trying to use Vice-President Curtis for political protection. Such inference is entirely unfounded for no one of the officers of the American Bond & Mortgage Co. knows Vice-President Curtis, or even met him. Furthermore, the inference that the American Bond & Mortgage Co., or any of its officials had acquired properties financed by the company to the detriment of the bondholders, is likewise without justification, for the American Bond & Mortgage Co. took over properties only when the owners were unable to meet the obligations to the bondholders and it then invested its own money in the properties for the purpose of protecting the bondholders.

HAROLD A. MOORE

Vice President

American Bond & Mortgage Co. Inc.
New York City

Where Mellon Sleeps

Sirs:

REPORT CURRENT IN OKLAHOMA MELLON SLEEPS IN TREASURY VAULT WHEN IN UNITED STATES STOP PLEASE VERIFY

L. D. MELTON

Stillwater, Okla.

Oklahoma's report is fantastic. Not even sleep experimenters at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh have tried bank vaults. Mr. Mellon's comfortable bed in Washington is at his commodious fifth floor apartment, 1785 Massachusetts Ave.—Ed.

Cities Service Accounting

Sirs:

I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO DO ME ANY INJUSTICE IN REPORTING WHAT HAPPENS IN CONNECTION WITH MY CONTROVERSY WITH THE KANSAS CITY STAR AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE FAIR TREATMENT I HAVE RECEIVED IN EVERY WAY EXCEPT THAT YOUR FOOTNOTE IN THE JULY TWENTY-SEVEN EDITION IS APT TO GIVE THE READER A WRONG INTERPRETATION OF THE FACTS STOP HE WOULD READ IT AS MEANING THAT THE STATEMENTS OF OUR COMPANIES ARE NOT AUDITED STOP I THINK YOU MEANT TO SAY THAT OUR STATEMENTS ARE NOT AUDITED BY OUTSIDE AUDITORS AT THE TIME THEY ARE CURRENTLY ISSUED STOP . . . FEW COMPANIES HAVE THEIR STATEMENTS AUDITED BY OUTSIDE PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS MORE THAN ONCE A YEAR AND MANY LESS FREQUENTLY STOP OUR COMPANIES IN ADDITION IN MOST CASES OF MAKING PERIODIC REPORTS TO THE STATE AUTHORITIES MAINTAIN A MOST CAPABLE AND A MOST EXTENSIVE AUDITING DEPARTMENT AND OUR STATEMENTS ARE ALSO AUDITED AT IRREGULAR INTERVALS BY PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS STOP . . . IN MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS OF THESE AUDITS NO

FIRM OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS HAS EVER DISAGREED WITH THE WORK OF OUR OWN AUDITORS EXCEPT ON TRIVIAL AND MINOR MATTERS AND I WOULD SAY IN AT LEAST NINETEEN CASES OUT OF EVERY TWENTY WE HAVE PROVED TO THEM THAT WE WERE RIGHT AND THEY HAVE AGREED TO THIS STOP AS FOR DEPRECIATION WE COMPLY WITH THE RULES LAID DOWN BY THE DIFFERENT PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONS IN THE SEVERAL STATES STOP ON THE PARENT COMPANY WE USE THE METHOD WE DO BECAUSE WE BELIEVE IT IS THE BEST AND ESPECIALLY IN OUR PARTICULAR CASE STOP EXCEPT FOR THE EFFECT OF TWENTY-FIVE CENT WHEAT AND OTHER SIMILAR THINGS ON THE DEPRECIATION OF PROPERTIES IN GENERAL AND EXCEPT FOR THE FIVE CENT OIL WE FEEL WE HAVE ALWAYS CHARGED OFF TO DEPRECIATION AND RESERVES MORE THAN WE SHOULD STOP WE HOPE TWENTY-FIVE CENT WHEAT AND OTHER DEMORALIZED PRICES IN GENERAL AND FIVE CENT OIL IS A TEMPORARY MATTER STOP
HENRY L. DOHERTY

Miami, Fla.

Passing of Cuspidors

Sirs:

Being a cover-to-cover TIME enthusiast & a near original subscriber I have failed to see mentioned a "milestone" in American culture.

I understand that within a comparatively short time the Pullman Co. has issued orders to omit the customary cuspidor from the berth section of their sleeping cars.

From pamphlets issued by the Pullman Co. giving pictures of the early attempts to teach the American public how to use such an unaccustomed luxury as a clean bed on wheels, their greatest trouble was to keep people from going to bed with their shoes on.

Gradually we have been emerging from these early conditions & the relegating of the cuspidors to the smoking compartments seems to me should not go by unnoticed providing my information is correct.

EDWIN PUGSLEY

New Haven, Conn.

It is seven years since Pullman Co. removed cuspidors from the berth sections of its sleeping cars. But when groups of men charter whole cars (e.g. baseball teams, conventioners), cuspidors are cheerfully supplied.—Ed.

Hog on Ice

Sirs:

In TIME, July 20, p. 33, col. 1, "Hatter's Castle" is the location "independent as a hog on ice."

No one who was raised on a farm in a cold climate would use such a simile. Far from being independent, a hog "on ice" is the most helpless of creatures.

Frequently these animals go down to their accustomed drinking places and break the thin ice at the edge to get a drink—occasionally one will get beyond the sure footing of the bank to a very smooth place where his sharp hoofs get no purchase.

"CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE"

—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

ROY E. LARSEN, CIRCULATION MGR., TIME, INC.
350 East 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for TIME, for one year, and send me a bill (\$5.00).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Now...

every home owner can have
rust-and-rattle-proof BRONZE
or ALUMINUM windows

HERE is not only the finest window money can buy—but a window which no home owner can afford to overlook, when building with an eye to long-term satisfaction and economy!

As you know, Bronze and Aluminum have played an important part in the construction of our finest public buildings, and now these superior materials point the way to handsomer and more practical windows for the home.

"Easy-Clean" Casement Windows of Bronze or Aluminum are introduced by one of America's oldest and best-known manufacturers of Architectural Metal Work.

They are made in a complete range of standard sizes and successfully incorporate all of the elements of good construction,



What better endorsement of Jackson's "Easy-Clean" BRONZE Casement Windows than their use in the home of Mr. Andrew J. Elen, Vice President of Sargent Brothers and Elen, builders of the Empire State Building.

such as weather tightness, ease of operation, and superior facilities for inside cleaning and screening. In addition, appearance is enhanced by eliminating the unsightly protruding hinge common to most casements.

Due to skilful designing, accurate machining and the use of non-corrosive metals, Jackson's "Easy-Clean" Casements cannot shrink, warp, bind or rattle. They never require painting or any form of protection against the elements; and being rot-and-rust proof cannot cause disfiguring stains on walls beneath them.

Thanks to modern manufacturing methods, these high-grade Bronze and Aluminum windows are available at prices which are within the reach of all!

Illustrated Booklet giving further details of this new and important development in residential windows on request.



Jackson's "Easy-Clean" Casement Windows of ALUMINUM, showing their attractive appearance when glazed with leaded glass.

WM. H. JACKSON COMPANY

FOUNDRIES and FACTORIES: 335 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

GALLERIES: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

ESTABLISHED IN 1827

OVER 100 YEARS OF SERVICE

He wanted his father to ENJOY himself

So young Master Burg gave his
Dad a sample of Edgeworth. You
can try it too. Clip coupon below.

MR. ELMER C. BURG lives in Hamilton, Ohio, and he has an eight-year-old son who thinks the world of him.

Not very long ago Mr. Burg had a birthday and his son presented him with a sample package of Edgeworth as a gift. What Mr. Burg thought of his gift you can judge from his letter.

"Gentlemen:

"Regarding the sample of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco that you mailed to me, I wish to thank you for your kindness and say that I enjoyed the smoke and since have purchased more.

"My eight-year-old son clipped your coupon and gave me the tobacco on my birthday. He said that after he read the advertisement he thought I would like to smoke a tobacco that was as good as you described Edgeworth to be.

"Well, he certainly hit the nail on the

head. And you are to be congratulated on an advertisement that would attract the attention of an eight-year-old boy who has the interests of his Dad at heart."

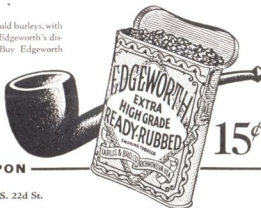
It was nice of Mr. Burg to say that he thought our advertisement was good. And we're especially glad that he liked our tobacco.

If you are a pipe smoker and don't know Edgeworth, we wish that you would try it. We're pretty sure you'll like it too. Men who have smoked Edgeworth for as long as twenty years say that it's cool, slow-burning smoke that never bites the tongue.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever tobacco is sold. Or if you will use the coupon below, we shall be happy to send to you one of the free trial packages of Edgeworth like the one young Master Burg gave to his father. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleven process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.



CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a good pipe.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

TM-66

LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN
THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

chase. Then the boys have to get a rope to help him out, or scatter straw or leaves so he can help himself. It has happened that his struggles have carried him further and further from land; thoroughly exhausted by his labors, he is found frozen to death.

JOHN S. STEWART

The hog TIME had in mind was dead.—
Ed.

Staunton v. Culver

Sirs:

In TIME [July 13] there is a statement to the effect that "Culver Military Academy is twice as large as any other U. S. private military school."

The above statement is untrue. The Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va., had an enrollment of 547.

I would also like to add that General MacArthur and Major General Shaden have commented on the excellent military achievement of the school.

DAVID T. CARTER JR.

Ocean City, Md.

Staunton's present enrollment: 646. Culver's: 685. TIME accepted a statement in Culver's catalog: "... 677 cadets, over double the number receiving military instruction in any other private school in the U. S." The catalog has not been brought up-to-date.—Ed.

"Associates of the Dance"

Sirs:

Your article concerning the "gigolos" which the Ambassador Hotel of Hollywood has on its staff is incorrect concerning their official title. Appearance was in TIME, July 26.

Enclosed is a clipping from the Los Angeles Times of July 13, giving the truth of the matter.

It certainly isn't fair in the light of the matter to have called these gentlemen the title of "gigolos."

RICHARD TEMPLE

Los Angeles, Calif.

According to the Los Angeles Times, the Ambassador's employees were wondering what to call themselves. "We dance because we like to. We thought of calling ourselves cavaliers. . . . In Paris now they're calling dancers like us 'dancing doctors.' And, of course, they have gigolos over there, but we are not gigolos." (No tipping is allowed.) Said Dancer Ernesto Piedra, whose father General Manuel Piedra is Cuba's minister to China: "I think we should call ourselves 'associates of the dance. . . .'"—Ed.

Sound Penny

Sirs:

In the July 20 issue of TIME, p. 26, col. 3, there appeared a statement regarding Chainstoreman James Cash Penney which undoubtedly refers to our Mr. Penney.

Some time ago, a news article appeared in the metropolitan dailies stating that Mr. J. C. Penney had been seized with acute appendicitis on his ranch and had signalled an aeroplane to his rescue. This, of course, was not our Mr. Penney and undoubtedly one of your editors has confused the news article about the ranchman in California with Mr. James Cash Penney, head of the J. C. Penney Co. chain of department stores.

Since your issue of last week other news articles have appeared in the press in which they have picked up your statement. Our Mr. Penney is in perfect health and is now on an extended tour through the Northwest. . . .

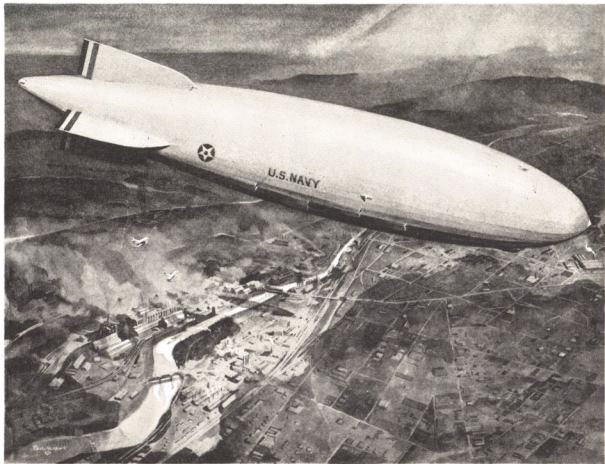
I. G. RICHARDSON

Assistant Director of Public Relations
J. C. Penney Co. Inc.
New York City

Garfield's Galion Trip

Sirs:

The issue of July 13 has a paragraph on "Heroes—1881 Man." One sentence regarding President Garfield's journey is historically incorrect. He was leaving Washington for Galion,



Giant New Dirigible "Akron", built for the U.S. Navy by The Goodyear-Zeppelin Corp.

ENDURO

THE PERFECTED STAINLESS STEEL

FOR THE NAVY'S GIANT NEW DIRIGIBLE



On the world's greatest buildings, the Chrysler and Empire State—in the great packing houses, in chemical plants and oil refineries, the sterling qualities of Enduro are making new metallurgical history. Every day you see Enduro's glittering beauty on fine soda fountains and restaurant equipment, electrical appliances, fixtures and hundreds of other up-to-date products.

ENDURO for the oil system. Enduro for the fuel lines. Enduro for ballast discharge valves, fuel valves, shut-off valves. Enduro for oil storage and service tanks, turn-buckle parts, gas tank fittings, exhaust manifolds and tubes, out rigger struts and bolt clip assemblies.

This marvelous new stainless steel was the natural choice of engineers for those vital parts of the great ship where rust or corrosion might impair efficiency and even endanger life.

Enduro will not rust. It does not corrode. Is not affected by salt water,

salt air, gas fumes or the action of most acids. Enduro gleams like burnished silver. It does not even tarnish. You can weld it, cast it, draw it, machine it. It comes in strips, sheets, tubes, almost any way you want it—and is stronger than carbon steel.

Write on your business letterhead for the interesting set of booklets on Enduro KA2 and its many uses.

The unlimited opportunities that this unique stainless metal offers to manufacturers in a variety of lines, may show you a profitable way to improve both the quality and the appearance of your product.

Licensed under Armstrong, Krupp-Nirosta, American Stainless and Chemical Foundation Patents.

CENTRAL ALLOY DIVISION

REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION

MASSILLON, OHIO

THE BEST PAINT



Liquid Sugar Corporation Bldg., Stockton, Calif. Medusa Paint furnished by Stockton Lumber Company.



Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co. Warehouse, Dallas, Texas. Medusa Paint supplied by Cook Paint and Varnish Co.



U.S. Coast Guard Station, Milwaukee. Medusa Paint supplied by Brant & Nelson.

FOR CONCRETE, BRICK, OR MASONRY BUILDINGS

If you have a concrete, brick, masonry, or stucco building that needs painting, by all means send for a copy of the Medusa Book "How to Paint Concrete and Masonry Surfaces." This book explains why such surfaces, whether exterior or interior, should be painted with Medusa Portland Cement Paint. It tells how to secure a permanent, decorative, dampproof, and protective finish—a finish that is not just a coating but a *homogeneous part of the wall*. Complete information is given for painting industrial buildings, warehouses, storage bins, swimming pools, Portland Cement Stucco and basements. ♦ Medusa Portland Cement Paint is a patented material which has as its base Medusa White Portland Cement specially prepared, with which we have ground chemicals and color pigments of a permanent nature. It contains no oil, glue, lime, casein or other material affected by the chemical action of lime, alkali or water. Send the coupon below for a complimentary copy of the Medusa Book "How to Paint Concrete and Masonry Surfaces."

MEDUSA PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
1002 Engineers Building Cleveland, Ohio

Manufacturer of Medusa Gray Portland Cement (Plain and Waterproofed); Medusa Waterproofing (Powder or Paste); Medusa White Portland Cement (Plain and Waterproofed); Medusa Portland Cement Paint; Medusa-Mix, the Masonry Cement; and Medusa Stucco Cement.



MEDUSA
PORTLAND
CEMENT PAINT

MEDUSA PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
1002 Engineers Building, Department A, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—Without obligation please send me a copy of the book "How to Paint Concrete and Masonry Surfaces."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Ohio, where he was to be the speaker the following day, at a "Soldiers and Sailors Reunion." I was a 16-year-old girl, assisting my mother to prepare for guests for the following day. Governor Foster ("Calico Charlie") was to be one of my father's guests. The impression is indelible of my father coming from his office, and as I put it, "staggering down the hall," with the news for mother and me, "Garfield is shot." All that summer, the news of his condition was followed by us in Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati papers. It was a very real tragedy to a young girl.

CORA CARHART LARKIN

San Marino, Calif.

Cora Carhart Larkin's memory is vivid. Nevertheless, President Garfield's plan was to go by train to Jersey City, board a yacht, cruise up the Hudson, proceed by train two days later to Williamstown, thence go to Maine as the guest of James G. Blaine.—Ed.

God's Letter

Sirs:

In your July 27 issue of TIME, I came across an interesting paragraph in the "Miscellany" column. It dealt with a small child addressing a plea for money on a letter, to God, City of Detroit. Obviously this letter was opened—but what I would like to know is, *Who* opened it? A very presumptuous person, if a clergyman. But as a matter of curiosity, who please clear this for me?

ANGUS GRAY DUNCAN

New York City

The letter to God, from a ten-year-old named Louise, asking for \$20 ("I need it badly") was opened by Miss Elva Forn-crook of Detroit's Associated Charities.—Ed.

Boston for Brooklyn

Sirs:

THE SHARKEY WALKER FIGHT [TIME, Aug. 3] TOOK PLACE AT EBBETS FIELD BROOKLYN

DAVE TOUFF

New York City

Sirs:

Page 22, col. 2, in "Big v. Little." Since when was the Sharkey-Walker fight in Boston?

A. T. STEVENS

New York City

Sirs:

In "Big v. Little" . . . something is radically wrong. Fight was held in Brooklyn.

ABRAHAM GURVITZ

Boston, Mass.

To hot-weather proof-reading, no publication is immune. On the same botched page, *Country Club Magazine* became *Country Life Magazine*.—Ed.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Mag. U. S. Pub. Off.)

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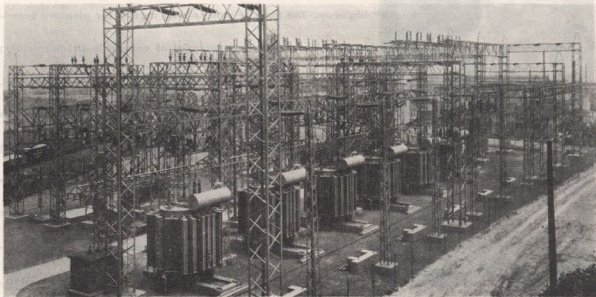
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FROM THE CITY OF CENTRAL UNITED NATIONAL BANK

Cleveland measures progress **IN KILOWATT HOURS**



Giant cranes, electrically driven, juggle red hot tons of steel. Tiny filaments in bubbles of glass brighten offices, factories, homes, streets. Car engines purr into life at the touch of a starter button. Uncounted wonders of science are commonplace around the world today because of work done in Cleveland plants and laboratories.

In the city of Ohio's largest national bank, electricity is servant, ally of progress and the sinews of industry. Its boundless energy is turned into products, structures, comforts and luxuries.

Cleveland power plants have expanded to a

generating capacity of well over one-half million kilowatts. Nearly \$7,000,000 is the total wage earnings of those who produce annually in Cleveland an electrical equipment output of \$50,000,000. Seventy-nine manufacturers represent nearly every modern phase of electricity and its applications.

Electricity is one vital force that energizes prosperity and progress. Finance is another. Akin to the flow of electric current, modern banking allies itself with industry. In Cleveland, Central United National Bank provides financial power adequate to the requirements of one of the world's most diversified industrial centers.



CENTRAL UNITED **NATIONAL BANK** *of Cleveland*

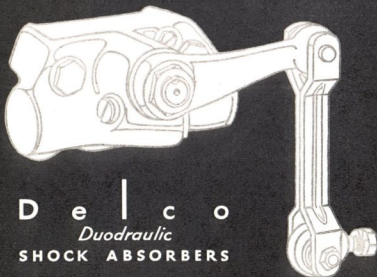
The Largest National Bank in Ohio



Riding comfort helps sell automobiles today. The farmer who drives over rutted country roads wants easy riding. The business man who travels fast and far demands stability on the highway. The man or woman who motors for pleasure invariably insists on the first essential of enjoyable driving—riding comfort. And every buyer knows that he can get riding comfort, in cars in each price class. True; beauty—performance—and ease of handling are important sales essentials, too. But it's the riding quality that so often wins the final decision. That's where Delco-Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers help complete the sale. That's why the majority of car manufacturers today equip with Delcos.

Delco Products Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

D e l c o DUODRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS



D e l c o
Duodraulic
SHOCK ABSORBERS

TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 6

The Weekly Newsmagazine

August 10, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

"A Happy Idea"

Gold, cotton, copper, wheat and grasshoppers were the chief contents of President Hoover's mind last week. With his approval the Federal Reserve Bank of New York joined the Bank of France in advancing the Bank of England credits of \$243,000,000 to make up for the short-term loans Britain had agreed not to withdraw from Germany (see p. 16). He announced that the Department of Agriculture was working on relief measures for the hopper-infested West (see p. 12). And from U. S. Ambassador Frederic Moseley Sackett in Berlin came a suggestion involving cotton and wheat which President Hoover and his aides welcomed as "a happy idea."

What was proposed was that Germany buy on long-term credits a large quantity of the Federal Farm Board's 200,000,000 bu. of stabilized wheat and 1,300,000 bales of stabilized cotton. The Farm Board could thus unload some of its expensive holdings, U. S. commodity prices might be boosted, and the German Government would make some money. While Ambassador Sackett was diplomatically urging German officials to make an offer, President Hoover reviewed the "happy idea" with his cabinet. The Farm Board announced it was ready to sell to Germany on credit if the offer were right.*

In Berlin the "happy idea" produced divergent opinions. Behind a high tariff (\$1.30 per bu.) German farmers have this year produced an unusually large wheat crop (160,000,000 bu.). Germany needs to import only about 30,000,000 bu. to bring its supply up to domestic consumption. Most of its imported wheat comes from the Danube basin, Manitoba and Argentina. It was not likely that Germany could or would take any appreciable amount of wheat from the Farm Board. But of U. S. cotton on credit Germany could make great use; its textile industry was deeply depressed and in need of just such a stimulant. During the discussions U. S. copper was worked into the general scheme but it did not get very far because U. S. producers are reluctant to sell at current low prices (7½¢ per lb.) and German manufacturers are not anxious to buy because of their inability to market their finished wares.

Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire marched into the White House, invited President Hoover to dedicate next year a memorial at Franklin, N. H. to mark Daniel Webster's sesquicentennial.

*Soviet Russia's offer to buy Farm Board Cotton was rejected last month because of poor credit.

The President hemmed & hawed, would promise nothing. Then Senator Moses asked for a contribution to the memorial fund. Promptly President Hoover signed a check for \$100. Before going to the Navy Department to get another \$100 subscription from Secretary Adams, the Senator issued this bit of mosaic. "It's not in the cards to take the Republican nomination away from President Hoover."

¶ The 1930 vintage of Rhine wines was named "Evacuation" to honor the withdrawal of the French forces of occupation. Rhenish vintners last week christened their 1931 output "Hoover."

¶ Last week President Hoover formally received Dr. Celso Davila as the new Honduran Minister to the U. S. The President will have to be careful not to confuse him with Ambassador Carlos Davila of Chile, Minister Charles Davila of Rumania, Commercial Attaché Cesar Davila of Venezuela or Resident Commissioner Felix Davila of Porto Rico.

¶ Ivan Matveef arrived in the U. S. early this year from Russia to buy tool machinery for U. S. S. R. While on temporary credentials he became a vice president of Amtorg Trading Corp., thus violating immigration regulations against an alien transferring his activities while in the country. Secretary of Labor Doak, no friend of Reds, moved swiftly and vigorously to deport him. U. S. firms selling him tool machinery protested loudly to the White House. Last week it developed that President Hoover, anxious to retain Soviet trade, had interceded with an order to Secretary Doak to adopt a more liberal policy toward Russian businessmen. Thanks to the President, Ivan Matveef, no longer an Amtorg vice president, will remain in the U. S. S. R. to continue to buy tool machinery for U. S. S. R.

ARMY & NAVY

Unthrottled

Major General Smedley Darlington ("Old Gimlet Eye") Butler announced he would retire from the Marine Corps Oct. 1, go on a speaking tour. Said he: "The Army banished its Mitchell, the Navy throttled its Magruder, but nobody can keep Butler from talking!"

LABOR

When Winter Comes

Last summer President Hoover hoped the Depression would end before winter came and thus automatically relieve unemployment. When winter came he was roundly flayed for inaction. This summer the President has been informed by his experts that, even if good times should return with, an unexpected rush before snow flies, next winter will bring far more hunger, cold and want among the jobless than last. Therefore last week President Hoover began to bestir himself to see what could be done before winter comes.

The President's first concern was to dam the rising tide of wage cuts. For a few hours last week it looked almost as if his administration's policy, laid down in 1929, to maintain existing pay schedules had been reversed. Representative Condon of Rhode Island, scene of recent textile strikes, wrote Secretary of Commerce Lamont complaining of wage reductions, asking for Federal support to stop them. Mr. Lamont replied: "As the period of depression lengthens, many corporations find themselves in extremely difficult positions. Many of them have already cut dividends and salaries. Some of them are faced with the prospect of closing down altogether and thus creating more unemployment or, alternatively, seeking temporary wage reductions. I very greatly regret that these cases should occur but I do not believe it is the duty of the government to interfere."

The Secretary of Commerce, apparently, sanctioned wage cuts to keep hard-pressed factories open. Alarmed at this interpretation, President Hoover spent a whole Cabinet meeting discussing wages. Then to the Press was sent out this cryptic statement which the President refused to elaborate:

"No member of the Administration has expressed the view or holds the view that the policy of the Administration in advocating maintenance of wages should be changed. It has not been changed."

As the Cabinet members strolled out later through the White House lobby, newshawks buttonholed Secretary of Labor William Nuckles Doak, the man

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who carries a potato for good luck. They queried him pointedly on the matter.

"The Administration is against wage cuts," he declared emphatically.

"You mean, like President Coolidge was against sin?" asked one pert newsman. "What's being done about it?"

Secretary Doak flushed angrily. "What can be done about it?" he asked.

"That's what we want to know."

"Well, regardless of what you boys say, the Administration's policy has not been changed one damned bit." And the Secretary of Labor, potato in pocket, stalked out of the White House a thoroughly irritated man.

Thankful indeed was President Hoover when U. S. Steel Corp. directors voted against wage cuts, despite a reduction in the dividend rate (see p. 43). But three days later the Rockefeller-controlled Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. announced "with the greatest reluctance" a 20% chop in its miners' pay. Meanwhile a wave of salary cutting among "white collar" workers swept across the land. Because they lacked Labor's organized force, the white collar workers took their reductions in meek silence. Office employees of Missouri Pacific R. R., of Southern Ry. and of Delaware & Hudson R. R. all were given 5%-to-10% cuts. Salaries of Armour & Co. were "readjusted" downward 10%. The same amount was chipped from the income of non-manual workers of American Writing Paper Co. While

May was assigned the task of mobilizing and co-ordinating all private welfare agencies for next winter. Chairman Croxton cited a gloomy report received from the National Association of Community Chests and Councils which had surveyed the needs in 184 larger U. S. cities, was preparing a \$90,000,000 drive in October. Declared the report:

"Whatever change may come in business conditions, welfare and relief needs will be more acute next winter than last. . . . For every thousand families restored to economic independence, we shall find another thousand whose resources have become exhausted. In many cities we find the number of dependent families doubled over last year's estimate. . . . It is evident we must prepare now for a major task in social statesmanship. . . . Private philanthropy cannot possibly raise all the funds needed. The larger percentage must be met through municipal and county appropriations. In Boston 95% of the direct relief burden is being met from the city treasury. In Chicago at least half will be met out of public funds. In Cleveland, Philadelphia and New York all funds raised from private sources have been exhausted with the year only half gone. . . ."

Next President Hoover summoned Chairman John Barton Payne of the American Red Cross to the White House for a conference on relief work. The Red Cross had successfully helped the President through the politics of last year's drought emergency. It might do the same thing in next winter's jobless crisis. Chairman Payne entered the White House repeating that his organization could not relieve unemployment because it was not "an act of God." Said he: "It's a local problem, pure and simple. This country can deal with unemployment without any difficulty if it is kept where it belongs—at home." But when he came out, Mr. Payne was saying that local chapters of his organization might co-operate with other agencies to relieve the jobless. Said he: "We're making no hard and fast rule. Our action will depend upon circumstances as they develop."

TRANSPORTATION

Anna from Antwerp

One day last week hundreds of windows in Montgomery Ward & Co.'s plant on the Chicago River flew up as if by prearrangement. In them stood thousands of employees of the mail order house. They cheered. They shouted. They waved their arms. They tossed out rolls and rolls of ticker tape and other paper supplied by the management. Their noise and excitement blended with the toot of tugs and the blare of bands along the river.

Object of the demonstration was not a world flyer or bathing beauty but a flag-draped little Swedish freighter, the *Anna*, tying up at the Montgomery Ward pier. What made the *Anna*'s arrival noteworthy was the fact that she, a half-loaded tramp, was the first ocean-going vessel to carry an overseas cargo directly into Chicago.

Thirty-three days out of Antwerp, the *Anna* passed through the St. Lawrence and Welland canals, delivered 1,550 tons of fencing wire and farm implements without the customary transshipment at Montreal. President George Bain Everitt of Montgomery Ward handed Capt. Alf Jonasson a gold watch; Vice President Webb made a speech about oldtime Merchant Montgomery Ward's foresight in planting his plant beside the water.

HUSBANDRY

'Hoppers

Already scourged by drought and low prices, western farmers were last week at grips with another enemy, a crawling, flying, leaping multitude of grasshoppers (*Caloptenus spretus*). For weeks they had been springing from the hot, dry soil of seven mid-west states, big, hardy insects able to eat five times their own weight each day. By last week they had ravaged 100 counties, leaving 55,000 sq. mi. of farmland sear and blighted. By the millions they stripped North Dakota of its already shriveled wheat. They munched the head-high corn of Iowa and Nebraska down to the hard stalk. They left the orchards of South Dakota looking like a winter's skeleton. They gorged themselves on sugar beets in Utah, on barley in Colorado. They scoured the lush fringes of Minnesota and Kansas and appeared without warning around Muskegon, Mich. In their wake they left naked brown fields, heart-broken farmers and incredible yarns of clothes eaten off the line, fence posts, hoe handles and wagon tongues chewed to nothing.

In Washington Charles Lester Marlatt, chief of the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology was not surprised at the 'hopper plague. After last year's drought he had issued warning of its coming. Nature alone, he said, could stop it and nothing could be done to save this year's crops.

Nevertheless farmers and local officials joined to do what they could. In Nebraska appeared "bulker" machines with canvas sails which were driven through the fields scooping up the 'hoppers, dousing them in oil, dumping them in piles for burning. Here and there ingenious farmers rigged up big wire nets on their cars, charged them from storage batteries, went about electrocuting 'hoppers on the hop. Utah offered 1¢ per lb. bounty for 'hoppers dead or alive. Henry Paulson of Lamar, Colo. with a home-made scoop towed by his car, harvested 120 lb. of the insects from four ruined acres of barley. Others sacked the 'hoppers, drowned them in water, put them aside for chicken feed next winter. A Pierre, S. Dak. farmer, hearing that turkeys would devour the insects, turned his flock out into the fields. The birds returned with their feathers eaten off. At Buffalo, Neb. dead 'hoppers were packed in jars on the hope of selling them to fishermen as bait at 2¢ per lb.

Prayers and poison were other weapons used. At Jefferson, S. Dak. Rev. Joseph Barre led 1,200 believers out among the naked fields to appeal for divine relief.



SECRETARY OF LABOR

"The Administration's policy has not changed one damned bit."

President Hoover had not stipulated maintenance of salaries along with wage, he was disturbed at Industry's growing tendency to whittle away at them.

President Hoover also canvassed the unemployment relief situation last week while Secretary of Labor Doak was proclaiming the potential benefits of a six-hour, five-day week. To the White House was called Frederick Cleveland Croxton, acting chairman of the President's Emergency Employment Committee who in

National Affairs—(Continued)

State officials recommended a mixture of bran, molasses and arsenic to spread before the attacking hordes or spray from airplanes. Many a farmer complained that his poultry ate the 'hoppers thus poisoned and were killed.*

So serious became the 'hopper situation, so plaintive the appeals to Washington that late in the week President Hoover instructed the Department of Agriculture to see what relief it could offer. Declared the President:

"While suffering within the areas is acute, the extent of the drought and [grasshopper] damage is comparatively minor to that which we confronted and surmounted last year. . . . The Red Cross is actively engaged in relief work. . . . National and local resources are available and the problem will be taken care of."

Department of Agriculture experts began to devise ways & means of wangling the \$15,000,000 surplus from the 1931 drought appropriation for use in the 'hopper war.

HEROES

Words & Music

Into President Hoover's office one day last week marched short Representative Sol Bloom of Manhattan, oldtime music publisher, theatre owner and now a director of the George Washington Bicentennial Commission. Beside him marched beaming, grey-haired George Michael Cohan, famed flamewaving actor, producer and songwriter. After presenting Mr. Cohan to the President, Congressman Bloom elaborately explained that the author of "Over There" had composed a new song to be used officially by the commission for its nation-wide celebrations next year. Declared Mr. Cohan: "The name of my song, Mr. President, is 'Father of the Land We Love.' I wrote it for the American people. Here, Mr. President, I want you to have the very first copy."

As President Hoover, no musician, took the sheet and glanced over it, Congressman Bloom hurried on to explain that he was not trying to "plug" the song by White House publicity because "Father of the Land We Love" was not to be sold commercially but was to be distributed free throughout the land by the Federal Commission for 1932 singing. However, after leaving the President's office, Mr. Bloom stopped in the White House press room, stepped up beside a bust of George Washington, and began to sing the first verse:

*Every little lad and lass
Boys and girls of every class
Here beneath the flag of Stripe and Star,
From the time they start to school
When they learn the Golden Rule
Always have been proud of what they are.
And every day with lessons done*

They sing their song of Washington

A song of love that reaches near and far.

"Of course, it will be better with music," broke in Author Cohan as Singer Bloom swung into the chorus:

First in war

First in peace

*First in the hearts of his countrymen**

That is the story of Washington

That is the glory of Washington

His spirit is here

His spirit is here

He's standing, commanding above.

In word and deed we follow the lead

Of the Father of the Land we love.

But last week Congressman Bloom was more concerned about an old London street song called "The World's Turned Upside Down" than he was about Composer Cohan's "Father of the Land We Love." When Lord Cornwallis' troops surrendered to Washington's Continental Army at Yorktown, Va., Oct. 19, 1781, the British bandmaster picked that tune for the unhappy march. Next October as a prelude to the Washington bicentennial, a pageant at Yorktown will re-enact the scene that ended the Revolution. President Hoover will speak. Last month the sponsors of this local celebration, the Yorktown Sesquicentennial Association of which Dr. William Archer Rutherford Goodwin is president began to agitate for the elimination not only of "The World's Turned Upside Down" but also of the whole episode of the Cornwallis surrender. They argued that such a scene, such a tune, might injure the patriotic sensibilities of friendly British visitors. Against any such elimination Congressman Bloom raised his voice in vehement protest. He wanted history, including "The World's Turned Upside Down," repeated as it occurred 150 years ago. The following long-range colloquy took place between him and Virginia's Congressman Schuyler Otis Bland, secretary of the Yorktown celebration:

Mr. Bland: We are trying to depict something deeper and greater than the mere surrender of men in a single battle. We want to emphasize a truth of ideals rather than to glorify a war victory.

Mr. Bloom: The surrender scene was most dignified, most pleasant, most courteous in every respect. To run a pageant without it would be like having a motion picture without an ending.

Mr. Bland: An exact reproduction of the surrender would involve the difficult task of training several thousand regular Army men in close formation fighting.

Mr. Bloom: Nobody need go further than the Capitol to find an authentic painting of the surrender in which just 37 persons appeared and only three of them were British.† All the British soldiers had laid down their arms and passed

from the picture before the actual surrender occurred. . . . General Cornwallis, being indisposed, asked his subordinate General Charles O'Hara to present the sword, denoting defeat. General Washington designated General Benjamin Lincoln to accept it. I believe Washington did not even allow his men to cheer.

The Yorktown sponsors met last week in Washington, voted to postpone formal



International

PRESIDENT HOOVER & SONG MEN

Song Man Cohan (left): "Of course, it will be better with music."

action until the Sesquicentennial Association could be polled on the issue. Declared Dr. Goodwin afterwards: "If I were giving a birthday party to celebrate the birth of the nation, I would not have surgical instruments to accompany the cake. I do not admit, as suggested, that to omit the surrender scene would be like presenting the play *Hamlet* with *Hamlet* left out. . . . I do not think General Grant would desire to have the surrender at Appomattox repeated in a scene. He was too generous. Nor do I think George Washington would want the Yorktown surrender repeated."

TAXATION

Section 302C Out?

To avoid the Federal inheritance tax many a wealthy man used to deed over most of his property to his intended heirs when he felt death overtaking him. So widespread became this type of tax evasion that Congress in 1926 amended the Internal Revenue Laws by inserting a provision (Section 302C) that all such gifts within two years of death were presumably made to cheat the U. S. Treasury and must be taxed as part of the final estate. Last week in Manhattan U. S. District Judge Alfred Conkling Cox declared Section 302C unconstitutional as it deprived heirs of their property without due process of law. Judge Cox reasoned that Congress could not set up a legal presumption contrary to the facts.

*Last week Department of Agriculture chemists announced they were successfully experimenting with a new insecticide called rotenone which would not harm warm-blooded creatures. Derived from the roots of tropical plants, it is already in commercial production by two manufacturing companies.

*Originator of this famed tag for George Washington was Representative Henry ("Light Horse Harry") Lee of Virginia who used it during his funeral oration before the Senate and the House of Representatives.

†In the Capitol rotunda hangs Painter John Trumbull's version of the surrender, with Washington in the background, Cornwallis absent.

National Affairs—(Continued)

On July 1, 1927 Col. Henry Aaron Guinzburg, Jewish rubber manufacturer and philanthropist, gave his son Harold a \$71,368 house as a wedding present. On Nov. 16, 1928 Col. Guinzburg died. The Government, contending that the gift was made in expectation of death to evade the inheritance tax, assessed the Guinzburg estate an extra \$2,000. Col. Guinzburg's lawyer son-in-law James Marshall, son of the late great Louis Marshall, brought what the U. S. accepted as a test suit.

The Government hastened to appeal its adverse decision which, if lost in the Supreme Court, would compel the Treasury to refund more than \$50,000,000 collected under Section 302C.

TERRITORIES

Hurley v. Hawes

Up from Washington's Bolling Field last week soared a big Army plane carrying Secretary of War Patrick Jay Hurley on the first leg of his journey to the Philippines. The same day on the other side of the globe Missouri's Senator Harry Bartow ("Beets") Hawes sailed from Manila for the U. S. via China. During his six-week visit to the islands Senator Hawes had united a great mass of Filipinos for immediate independence, whipped their enthusiasm for freedom to the highest pitch in years. It was now Secretary Hurley's mission to find deft ways & means of undoing Senator Hawes's political handwork.

Arriving by plane at Seattle, Secretary Hurley would there embark on a 23-day trip across the Pacific to Manila. Before he left Washington he conferred long and solemnly with President Hoover whose eyes and ears he will be in the Philippines. At its next session Congress is more than likely to pass a bill freeing the islands. To be forearmed for such legislation, the President wanted his war chief to make a special survey of Philippine economics and politics. President Hoover in principle opposes independence for the Philippines but last week it was hinted he might, on the strength of Secretary Hurley's findings, change his mind and offer a counterproposal.

Spearhead of the independence movement in the U. S. during recent months has been Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate and chief of a special independence mission for that purpose to the U. S. Like rivals who would not let each other out of their sight, Mr. Quezon and Secretary Hurley will cross the Pacific on the same steamer, land in Manila together. But between them is no personal animosity. Secretary Hurley took Mr. Quezon to the White House where the little brown gentleman spent 15 minutes biding President Hoover a chatty farewell.

Meanwhile in Manila last week there were signs of a *rapprochement* between Governor General Dwight Filley Davis and the native Legislature. The report that Governor Davis would resign Jan. 1 to join his wife in Paris, coupled with speculation as to his successor, disturbed

Filipino *politicos* who feared the next Governor General would be less friendly, more dictatorial. This fear prompted Sergio Osmena, president *pro tem.* of the Senate to declare: "Everybody knows of the continuation of Governor Davis in office at



International

SECRETARY HURLEY & MANUEL QUEZON

... kept each other in sight.

great sacrifice on his part. Because of the invalid condition of Mrs. Davis, the Governor feels the necessity of joining his family in Paris. We hope he will be able to accomplish his desire equally satisfactorily by taking a temporary leave to which he has a right after two years of intense and active service in the islands."

A whirlwind finish marked Senator Hawes's Philippine visit. Having caused a huge parade and at least one riot by his encouragement of Independence (TIME, July 20) he had an opportunity fortnight ago to tell the Manila Rotary Club how he felt about his achievement. Announced he: "I only asked a simple civil question: Whether the Filipinos wanted independence. I did not expect that to create such a disturbance." He lined up Emilio Aguinaldo, oldtime rebel, for immediate freedom, even if the price were civil war. To a joint session of the Legislature he delivered a farewell address in which he said:

"With thoughts of independence uppermost in your minds, economics and other subjects must take a secondary place." The proposal to delay the decision 15, 20, or 30 years is not a plan; it is a subterfuge... a graveyard policy. Those opposed to independence should have the courage to admit it. Frankness may furnish information for which crocodile tears are no substitute. You are willing to pay the high cost of freedom and you will by orderly peaceful persuasion convince Americans of the justice of your cause."

"Mahuhay! Mahuhay!" [Long life! Long life!] shrieked the delighted little legislators.

*Last month in his annual message Governor Davis urged the Legislature to put economics ahead of politics.

CRIME

"Most Damnable Outrageous"

East of Third Avenue, Manhattan's 107th Street is a live and crawling thing. Sometimes, late at night, it is almost still. But even when the wretched houses stare poker-faced at nothing in the dark, fetid street there is still a strong sense of the hot, swart, teeming Italians inside. In the winter, 107th Street is piled with refuse and dirty snow. In the summer the sun beats down until it bubbles the tar. Thick, bad odors cling in the crannies, clutch at the passerby.

Life in 107th Street reaches its noisiest, most ebullient phase after the dinner hour. Fat, oily women, some without shoes, rattle dirty dishes. Their men sit smoking in front of the Helmar Social Club. Their litters of children play and quarrel shrilly all through the street. Into this babble and filth and smell one evening last week came Terror.

A touring car swung around the corner of Second Avenue. In the car were six men. They aimed shotguns and automatics in the general direction of a loafer lounging in front of the Helmar Club, opened fire. The man ducked out of range, fled. Instead of reaching him, the splattering bullets cut down a knot of children. Young, red-headed Frank Scalesi ducked behind his lemonade stand just as a slug smashed his pitcher. Michael Venzalli, 5, was struck in the thigh, the bullet penetrating the base of his spine. He died that night. His brother Salvatore, 7, was knocked sprawling by five bullets in his body. Michael Bevilacqua, a baby of 3, lay nearby in his carriage. Four slugs tore into his pillow, two caught him in the back. Samuel Divino, 5, and Florence D'Amello, 14, were less seriously injured.

Gestating 107th Street was thrown into a pandemonium which had repercussions throughout the city, the State, the nation and abroad. At first none knew or would reveal who the intended victim was. Newshawks and police suspected renewed warfare between beefeaters. Later a bookmaker named Anthony ("Big Tee") Buzzone told police he was the man, explained that the attack was the result of a bookmakers' price war. The mother of one of the shot-down children admitted: "We Italians are not courageous enough to come out and tell what we know. . . . We are afraid. They will come and kill our husbands or our brothers or our sons."

"The most damnable outrageous thing I've read in a long time," said Governor Roosevelt. "I can express righteous indignation, but that won't help catch them." The American Legion offered to mobilize 30,000 vigilantes against gandom. Mayor Walker announced a fresh drive against the city's criminals, felt confident that Police Commissioner Mulrooney would apprehend the murderers. "If anything can arouse Americans . . ." scoffed an editorial in the London *Daily Express*. "How much more evidence," Congressman Andrew Lawrence Somers wired President Hoover, "is necessary to convince us of the merits of this [Prohibition] law?"

To loosen the tight lips of those who

National Affairs—(Continued)

know the gunmen, the New York *World-Telegram* and the *Daily News* each offered \$5,000 reward. The Hearst *American* promised to pay \$10,000 for "exclusive information." The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association posted a \$10,000 reward.*

Three days after the 107th Street affray, an Italian gambler and his friend were shot down four blocks away. Children, playing in front of a public school, scattered to safety in time. Day after that, a police riot squad set out in automobiles, shot down four holdup men.

Dealing with Capone

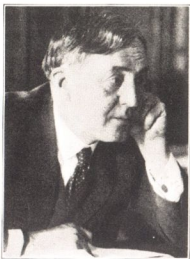
In the past three years the Federal government has spent \$195,000 trying to put oily Gangster Alphonse Capone ("Snorkey" to friends) and his brother Ralph behind bars. So far it has not succeeded. Some day the Government may collect \$700,000 from them in delinquent income taxes, penalties and interest. Meantime Brother Ralph has appealed a three-year sentence for tax evasion, will be tried for conspiracy to violate the Prohibition Act in September. Two months ago Snorkey pleaded guilty to indictments charging failure to pay a Federal tax on a \$1,038,654 income during the years 1924-29, and conspiracy (with 5,000 offenses) to violate the liquor law during the same period (*TIME*, June 29 *et ante*). Scheduled for sentence last week, Snorkey settled his business affairs, went off with a large party of friends for one last fling at Benton Harbor, Mich. They shooed a sorority (Epsilon Sigma Alpha) banquet out of a hotel ballroom, made merry all night.

A very contrite Capone returned to Chicago on the eve of his sentencing early last week. He received reporters in his armor-lined room at the Lexington Hotel on South Michigan Avenue. Attired in black satin pajamas, mopping his pudgy face, he spoke of reforming after his "stretch" in Leavenworth Penitentiary, said he was through with crime, calmly announced that he was willing to take any punishment the Government meted. Expanding, he moralized: "You know, these gang pictures—that's terrible kid stuff. Why, they ought to take all of them and throw them in the lake. They're doing nothing but harm to the younger element of this country. . . . Now, you take all these youngsters who go to the movies. You remember reading dime novels, maybe, when you were a kid. Well, you know how it made you want to get out and kill pirates or look for buried treasure—you know. Well, these gang movies are making a lot of kids want to be tough guys, and they don't serve any useful purpose."

Swift developments of the next two

*Until last week it was not known that the Association had given Commissioner Mulrooney \$15,000 to purchase information leading to the arrest and trial of Harry Stein and Samuel Greenberg for the murder of notorious Benita Franklin Bischoff (Vivian Gordon). Stein and Greenberg were subsequently acquitted (*TIME*, July 27). The Association gave the money, but kept quiet about it, because the Bischoff murder for a time cast a shadow over the Police Department.

days shed much light on Snorkey's previous composure. At the appointed hour and flanked by police guards, he marched confidently into U. S. District Judge James Herbert Wilkerson's court for his sentence. He wore a green suit,



JUDGE WILKERSON

"It is utterly impossible to bargain with a Federal court."

grinned, chewed gum. But to the attention of Judge Wilkerson—who sentenced Capone to six months in jail for contempt of court and to whom judicial dignity is important—came newspaper stories of a "deal" between Snorkey's lawyers and U. S. District Attorney George Emerson O. Johnson. Snorkey had volunteered to plead guilty, save the Government the expense and risk of losing a jury trial against him, in return for a recommendation for leniency. Leniency would probably mean a sentence not to exceed four years for both offenses.

Judge Wilkerson, bristling, declared: "The court will listen to the recommendations of the District Attorney . . . but in the end the duty of the court is to enter judgment on the evidence. If the defendant asks leniency, he must be ready to take the witness stand and answer all proper questionings concerning himself. There is no compromise agreement between him and the judge and it is utterly impossible for him to bargain with a Federal court."

This unexpected turn of events terrified Capone who broke into a nervous sweat at the thought of a 20 or 30-year sentence. In Washington the Department of Justice sheepishly admitted that Attorney General Mitchell had consented to a "deal" with Gangster Capone in return for his plea of guilty. In St. Paul, Minn., Senator Thomas David Schall, political foe of Attorney General Mitchell, demanded a Senatorial investigation "so that the people will know how such things can be accomplished."

Capone's attorneys said they were "non-plussed," asked to have their client's pleas

changed to *not* guilty. They even suggested that they might try for a change of venue to get the case out of iron-bound Judge Wilkerson's court. Next day the court allowed Snorkey to plead not guilty to the tax evasion charge. This case may come to trial next month. As for the liquor indictment, Judge Wilkerson had different plans. He called in the grand jury, directed them to have the evidence brought up to date; that is, to ferret out offenses committed by the accused *since* 1929. In that year was enacted the Jones ("5 & 10") Law under which Gangster Capone might get five years imprisonment instead of the maximum two which he previously faced for conspiracy.

Prosecutor Johnson was disappointed by this latest twist in the Capone case. What he wanted was the seemingly impossible: to get Snorkey in jail.

"I was licked," Capone was reported as saying last week, "by the Secret Six."

The personnel of a private, extra-legal sextet of vigilantes organized by the Chicago Association of Commerce has never been fully made known. It has been commonly supposed that the Association's president, Col. Robert Isham Randolph, was the entire "Secret Six." Last week Col. Randolph said that he had been using the services of Alexander Jamie, released at the Association's request from leadership of the Federal Special Intelligence unit in Chicago. Sleuth Jamie organized a force of secret service men, co-operated and is still co-operating with Federal and local operatives in snaring the city's hoodlums. "It was recognized at the start . . . that a private force of detectives could obtain more evidence and operate among the gangsters with less chance of recognition than could the regular police," said Col. Randolph.*

No Alibi

Without the aid of a "good alibi," and near the scene of the crime instead of outside the county, John ("Garry") Scaccio, henchman of pasty-faced Gangster Jack ("Legs") Diamond, went on trial at Catskill, N. Y. last week. He was accused of torturing a Greene County cider hauler in the course of an applejack war. In Troy last month Gangster Diamond was acquitted of a part in the same crime on the strength of an alibi supported by a "physio-therapist" who has since become the State's target for perjury proceedings (*TIME*, July 27). It took only 40 min. and one ballot for a jury of indignant farmers to decide the Scaccio case. Verdict: guilty. Gangster Scaccio faces a minimum imprisonment of ten years. He and his chief will be tried in Manhattan this week for conspiracy to violate the Prohibition Act. Last week Diamond was at his fortified home in Acra, N. Y. He did not appear to testify for his henchman.

*When the Federal evidence against Capone was first made known, credit for smashing his ring was lavished on "The Untouchables," eight young sleuths of the special Prohibition unit (headed by Agent Eliot Ness) who not their name for their resistance to bribery.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL "Unmitigated Gloom"

London Correspondent Harold E. Scarborough of the New York *Herald Tribune* cabled last week:

"If London last week viewed the international situation with misgiving, 'unmitigated gloom' would be the only phrase to characterize this week's mood. Only on one or two occasions since the war has the British capital indulged so openly in alarmist talk.

"On Thursday afternoon the city of London gave itself up to a perfect orgy of gloom, and one friendly financier warned his newspaper friends that they had better draw what cash they were likely to need for some time, as the Bank of England was going to close its doors on Monday! This was merely a prize specimen of the crop of rumors."

Within three weeks \$160,000,000 in gold had been drawn from the vaults of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, chiefly for France. This drain on the Old Lady slowed down but did not stop entirely fortnight ago when the bank raised its discount rate to 4½%. British bankers well knew that France still had credits of over \$630,000,000 in Great Britain. If she wanted to, France could draw out every bar of gold in the bank. The *Daily Herald*, organ of the Labor Government, minced no words: "We are in the presence of a deliberate and considered attempt on the part of certain French interests to break down British credit on the continent."

Then Sir Robert Kindersley went to Paris and more stories began. Sir Robert is a director of the Bank of England and of the French banking firm of Lazard Bros. & Co., Ltd., in London. Was he going to Paris to beg aid from the French for the proudest bank in the world? Scot MacDonald, about to leave Berlin for London, attempted to deny the rumor:

"The old saying 'Sound as the Bank of England' is as true today as it ever was. I'm not worried a bit."

French editors quite calmly asserted that Sir Robert Kindersley was in Paris to borrow money, and preached a little sermon to French voters blaming Great Britain's money troubles entirely on the "reckless spending" of the Labor Government. They hinted that this was what might happen to France if the Laval cabinet should fall and a government of the Left should take power.

The whole affair was bitter to British pride. Sir Robert returned to London. An announcement appeared: "Sir Robert Kindersley went to Paris to discuss hypothetical possibilities and not immediate steps." Three days later he was back in Paris again. There was no denying his intentions this time. Telephone wires to the U. S. were busy all night. The Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York jointly extended the Bank of England a credit of £50,000,000 (\$243,000,000) for three months at 3½%, secured by prime commercial bills, i. e. paper of British firms,

endorsed by the Bank of England. After the announcement of the credit, news leaked out that the reason Sir Robert had returned to London in the midst of the negotiations was that France was as usual demanding as the price of a loan, political concessions which he had no power to grant.

Last week's credit was the first the proud Bank of England has needed since 1925, when with the return of Great Britain to the gold standard a gold credit of \$200,000,000 was placed at the Bank of England's disposal by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Announcement of



Acme-P. & A.

SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY

The proudest bank went begging.

that loan was enough. It was never drawn on. British bankers devoutly hoped last week that actual use of this new credit would be unnecessary too.

Wiggin. Another indirect promise of help for Britain came from the U. S. last week. Albert Henry Wiggin, board chairman of Chase National Bank (world's biggest) sailed for Europe to take his place as U. S. representative on the Bank for International Settlements' committee to study Germany's credit needs and the possibility of turning short term credits into long terms. Great Britain's troubles are interwoven with Germany's. Chairman Wiggin will have to ponder them as well. Englishmen remembered last week that as long ago as January Chairman Wiggin urged a general reduction of War debts as a simple matter of "good business."

Budget Slash. At the time of the German loan discussions in Paris three weeks ago, British Foreign Secretary Arthur Henderson blurted out a statement that nearly caused his resignation from the Cabinet: "If Germany declared a moratorium, England will be forced also to declare a moratorium."

That blunt remark, truer than most statesmen liked to have known, not only frightened the British cabinet but fright-

ened the great house of Rothschild, whose wealth is as much in Great Britain as on the continent. Through their Paris and their London houses the Rothschilds exerted every pressure to stop the French run on British gold, to push through the Franco-U. S. credit to the Bank of England. But if Britons needed any further knowledge of their country's precarious finances it came at Westminster when on the day that Parliament adjourned the Government's Economy Commission, appointed last spring, presented its recommendations for an immediate slash of \$469,370,000 in the budget.

"The nation cannot go on borrowing to meet its current requirements," said the report. "Unless some way is found by which party leaders can modify their election pledges, democracy will suffer shipwreck." Recommendations:

- 1) A reduction of 20% in all doles, an increase in contributions by workers and employers to the dole fund.
- 2) Reduction of school teachers' salaries by 20%, police salaries by 12½%, soldiers and sailors' pay to the 1925 level.
- 3) Cut of at least 50% in Government grants for research and education.
- 4) Postponement of \$40,000,000 worth of road construction and maintenance.
- 5) Sale or scrapping of the expensive airship *R-100*; limit of expenditures on airships to \$100,000.
- 6) Publication of a comprehensive review of the country's financial position more often than once a year at the introduction of the budget.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Strange Saviour

Two months ago the British Empire was jolted by a rumor: because the Government of Newfoundland was unable to find buyers for a mere \$8,000,000 bond issue, worried Premier Sir Richard Squires was preparing to raise the money by selling Labrador to "foreign interests" (TIME, June 8).

Sir Richard, rushing from St. John's to Montreal to New York and back, trying to borrow money, insisted that the Colony was not bankrupt, that Newfoundland's financial difficulties were a political plot. Asked pointblank about the Labrador rumor, he said:

"The subject has not been considered by the Cabinet. We have not talked about it at all."

Despite this apparent denial, stories about the sale of Labrador persisted. One version was that Labrador was about to be sold to a "group of international bankers," who were risking their money because they believed that the world's next great gold strike might be made there.

Last week Newfoundland's money troubles were suddenly solved. No province in distress ever had a stranger saviour. Miss Jeannette Lewis, a stocky lady with a large capable jaw and large capable feet, drove up to Montreal's swanky Ritz-Carlton hotel, registered, and let it be known that "myself and my associate"

Foreign News—(Continued)

were ready to lend Newfoundland not only the \$8,000,000 it asked for, but \$109,000,000. Of this amount \$10,000,000 was immediately available in cash.

One of the fabulous figures of finance is Jeannette M. Lewis. She was born in Ontario approximately 40 years ago, one of the 15 children of prolific Thomas J. Lewis of Hamilton. An older sister was



JEANNETTE M. LEWIS

... arranged to loan Newfoundland \$109,000,000.

the indefatigable tragedienne Julia Arthur (Lewis) who was born four years after Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House and insisted on playing Joan of Arc at the age of 55.

Jeannette Lewis has been a businesswoman since the age of 15 when she raised money to build the Children's Hospital in Hamilton. Twenty years ago, says her legend, she bearded the directors of the Canadian Northern Railway (forerunner of the present state-owned Canadian National) and persuaded them to dig a tunnel under Montreal's Mount Royal, then persuaded Hamilton realtors to develop the area made available by the new line.

"At that time many people laughed and said it was a girl's imagination," said Miss Lewis last week. "But I have since had the extreme pleasure of driving along Van Horne avenue and through Outremont, and have seen what I predicted come true."*

From real estate, Jeannette Lewis branched out into mining. She bought and still operates coal and other mines in Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia. Last week she was carrying on negotiations to ship 15,000 tons of Jeannette Lewis coal a day out of Vancouver for South America. Indomitable Jeannette Lewis has interests even among the far-off fuzzy-wuzzies of British Somaliland.

To the one reporter lucky enough to

*Despite Miss Lewis' assertions, Canadian National officials last week refused to credit her as originator of the Mount Royal tunnel. It was suggested, said they, by Sir Donald Mann and Chief Engineer of Location H. K. Wickstead.

interview her last week Miss Lewis admitted that she had been interested in the development of Newfoundland and Labrador for 17 years (one of her sisters married a Captain Charles Robert Ayre of Newfoundland). As soon as preliminary notice of the Lewis loan broke last week other reporters bursting with questions stormed the Ritz. Why was a credit of \$109,000,000 offered Premier Squires when he had asked for only \$8,000,000? Who was "my associate"? Rumor carried the names of Harriman and Brown Bros. of New York. Had Jeannette Lewis & Co. bought Labrador? Was there truth in the gold legend? Miss Lewis made one potent remark:

"I have come to the conclusion that the greatest bank of natural resources, which if we stopped to think have been the foundation of our banks all over the country, is to be developed right at St. John's and in Labrador."

Not only reporters, but salesmen, beggars, old friends and lawyers with prospectuses flocked to the hotel. Jeannette Lewis slipped out a back door, disappeared.

GREAT BRITAIN

Crown v. Kysant

Lank Sir John Simon, his lawyer's wig slightly askew with the vehemence of his summation, faced ten men and two women in the jury box at Old Bailey last week. Said he:

"If you think he was a rogue, you must say he is a rogue—the meanest rogue ever produced in a court of justice; but I ask you to take a different view."

The potential rogue, a white-haired gentleman of 6 ft. 7 in., dressed in a clerical collar, a black-&-white ascot tie and a frock coat of curious cut, looked modestly down his long nose and held his gleaming silk hat on his knee.

Sir Owen Cosby Philipps, first baron Kysant of Camarthen, the defendant, has been a Peer of Britain only since 1923. In revenge for that he traces his ancestry back to Vortigern, King of the Britons (who in turn reputedly traced his ancestry back to the Emperor Maximus), and at 40 had made himself master of Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., virtual owner of the Union Castle, White Star, Lamport & Holt and half a dozen other lines, the most powerful figure in the world's mercantile marine.

Over a month ago Lord Kysant's trial began (TIME, June 15). He was accused on two counts: 1) misleading Royal Mail stockholders in 1926 and 1927 by publishing statements showing annual net profits of over a million dollars, when the company was actually losing nearly three times that much and dividends were being paid from a secret reserve fund of which the stockholders had no knowledge; 2) issuing a false prospectus of debenture stocks "with intent to induce persons to entrust or advance property to the company."

The charge was relatively simple, the trial extremely complex. Conducted by Attorney General Sir William Jowitt and

defended by "Britain's foremost barrister," Sir John Simon of Indian Commission fame, the trial resolved itself into a debate on business ethics with the text: Should a company director tell—and how much? Lord Kysant thought a director should not tell.

"We never," said he, "tell shareholders how the balance of profit and loss is made up. . . . It is not easy for the average man to understand."

Quite a skirmish ensued over whether or not the five other directors of the Royal Mail were guinea pigs.

"It is absurd," spluttered Sir John Simon, "to think that they were guinea pigs who left Lord Kysant to do what he liked and merely drew their directors' fees."

Lord Kysant insisted that the other directors were not guinea pigs, thus implying that if he was guilty, so were they. "If the court thinks the five gentlemen of the experience of my colleagues never asked any questions and knew nothing it is quite wrong."

The jury was out three hours, found Lord Kysant innocent of presenting false financial statements, guilty of issuing a fraudulent prospectus. Mumbled the judge in a voice so low that it could scarcely be heard:

"The sentence of the court is that you be kept in prison in the Second Division for twelve months."

Still wearing his long black coat and his high silk hat, Sir Owen Cosby Philipps Baron Kysant straightway motored to Wormwood Scrubs, passed through the



CONVICT KYSAANT

"We never tell shareholders . . ."

jail doors. Newshawks had scarcely finished writing of what he would be expected to do as a prisoner in Second Division—scrub his own cell, wear prison clothes, work eight hours a day ("at light labor" (library or clerical work)—before Lord Kysant, just like any U. S. convict, was out again, released on \$50,000 bail, pending appeal in October.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Proper Postmen

A deputation of British letter carriers doffed their blue caps and presented a petition at the office of the Postmaster General last week. During the hot weather



Acme-P. & A.

POSTMASTER GENERAL ATLEE

"Neckties are indispensable for upholding the proprieties of British dress."

the British postmen desired permission to wear their shirts "open at the neck."

Britain's Postmaster General is Clement Richard Atlee, onetime Mayor of Stepney, onetime Major of the South Lancashire Regiment, and a loyal Laborite. But in the matter of letter carriers' *décolletage* Postmaster General Atlee is a Major first, then a Laborite. Last week he denied the petition of the perspiring postmen.

"Neckties," ruled the P. G., "are indispensable for upholding the proprieties of British dress."

Haematuria

The hearts of Liberal and Laborite leaders were in their mouths last week. From Addison Road, in London's West End, word came that 68-year-old David Lloyd George was gravely ill as a result of haematuria (passage of blood in the urine). An emergency operation was necessary.

Since the last general elections which swept Scot MacDonald into office, not once but several times the support of Liberal Lloyd George has been all that has kept the Laborite Government in office. Recently Liberal oxen have galloped under the Lloyd George yoke. Sir John Simon, busy last week in the defense of Lord Kylsant (see p. 17), left the party in disgust, was sped on his way by the hot little Welshman as follows:

"In his intolerable self righteousness, [Sir John] reminds one of a teetotaler who all his life looked with wrathful disdain on any one who touched a drop of alcohol, however diluted, and suddenly when he was approaching his seventh decade took to drink, and you saw him

rolling from one side to another, and then he ended his career by entering into an inebriates' home."

By "inebriates' home" hot David apparently meant the Conservative Party, though Sir John Simon had not taken that step last week. But what if Lloyd George should die? Would it mean the breakup of Liberalism? Would self-righteous Sir John lead the remaining Liberals to the inebriates' home too? Would it mean the end of the Labor Government?

Fortunately the question remained purely academic. Lloyd George did not die. His urethra was explored by skillful Dr. John Swift Joly (author of *Stone and Calculus Disease of the Urinary Organs*). While King George's physician, Lord Dawson of Penn, nodded sagely over the operating table, the learned medicos removed his prostate gland. Next day David Lloyd George was sucking tea through a goose-necked tube.

He could not have picked a better time for a serious operation. Parliament had just adjourned till October; it was safe to leave the Liberals to the tender mercies of his faithful lieutenant, Sir Herbert Samuel, until then.

By doctors' orders Mr. Lloyd George was preparing last week to start on a round-the-world cruise as soon as he is strong enough, searching for sunshine.

RUSSIA

Distinguished Visitors

Thousands of Muscovites tramped to Moscow's railway station fortnight ago to welcome a friend of Lenin, a prime voice of British Socialism. The train pulled in, a band struck up "The Internationale." The Muscovites roared: "Hail Bernard Shaw!" Troops swung into protecting lines down which Mr. Shaw marched, accompanied by Lady Astor and a group of other British notables including her meek husband.*

Thus began, with serious pomp, an intensive British sightseeing tour in Soviet Russia. But two of Britain's most irrepressible characters were not disposed to maintain their tour on such a great-man-&-great-lady basis. As is their custom, they cavorted and japed in the most public places. Only at the Red Square in Moscow, where they gazed upon the mummy of Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov (Nikolai Lenin), was Dramatist-Publicist Shaw as dignified as his impressive appearance. Over the corpse he commented: "A pure intellectual type. This is the true aristocracy." Other parts of the Shaw-Astor itinerary:

☛ The Kremlin where, in the Central Executive Committee room, Mr. Shaw leaped nimbly to the rostrum, let out several shrill whoops to test the acoustics.

☛ The State Bank in Moscow, where they saw the collection of Tsarist jewels and plate and Mr. Shaw handled a crown worth \$52,000,000.†

☛ A Soviet factory.

*Mr. Shaw's meek wife stayed at home after Lady Astor promised to take good care of him. [Later last week workmen repairing the Kremlin came upon a secret vault containing more Tsarist gold and jewels.

☛ The British Embassy, where a garden party was held in their honor.

☛ Leningrad, where they sightswag vigorously.

☛ Back to Moscow for a celebration of Mr. Shaw's 75th birthday.

☛ The Moscow horse races, where Mr. Shaw remarked: "I suppose there will be only one horse in the race, since there is no competition in a Socialist State," then lapsed into a doze, while Lady Astor fanned flies from his long white whiskers.

☛ Two days at a Soviet collective farm near Tambov.

☛ Two hours and ten min. with STALIN, after which Mr. Shaw told newshawks, who discerned, through his beard, a red necktie: "Well, we found that he wears a black mustache!"

☛ Tea with Maxim Gorky.

☛ Home to London via Poland.

God, Jews, Guts. As usual, Mr. Shaw took every opportunity to shock whatever audience was present. Samples: "Don't attack Marxism! Remember, I was a Marxist almost before Lenin was born." To a factory manager: "The more I see of Proletarians, the more I thank God I'm not one!"

"The world has long made peace with the Jews, but the Jews won't make peace with the world. I understand the Jews better than many others because I am an Irishman."

At his birthday party he made a speech calculated to shock not Communists but



Acme-P. & A.

LADY ASTOR, G. B. SHAW

He: "This is the true aristocracy."
She: "English Proletarians have guts."

Englishmen. He declaimed: "Marx said the advanced Capitalist State would be the first to make a Communist revolution. The English should be ashamed of themselves not to be the first. . . . When you [the Soviets] have finished your job and succeeded there will be a hurry to follow

Foreign News—(Continued)

your example." He continued in this vein later, in a radio broadcast: "If Lenin's experiment fails, present civilization fails. . . . If the other nations follow Lenin's method, we will not have collapse and failure. If the future is with Lenin, then we can smile."

Lady Astor did her best to emulate her white-bearded friend. She went about repeating: "I am a Capitalist!" She said: "English Proletarians . . . have guts and will not be driven like the Russians."

Petition. During the Embassy garden party a cablegram was handed Lady Astor. She read it, walked across a terrace, dropped to a half-kneeling position and handed it to Commissar for Foreign Affairs Maxim Litvinov. Cried she dramatically: "I come to you with a petition as the peasants were wont to do before the Tsar!" The message began: IN THE NAME OF HUMANITARIAN PRINCIPLES PLEASE HELP MY WIFE IN MOSCOW. . . .

It was signed by one Dmitri Pavlovich Krynine, onetime Soviet expert on roadbuilding sent to the U. S. to study local methods, who was injured in a motor accident, decided to remain in the U. S., is now Research Associate in Transportation at Yale University. He already had his son Paul with him; he sent for his wife, after arranging with the U. S. State Department for her entrance as a permanent resident. But so highly do the Soviet authorities regard Professor Krynine's services, it was said last week, that despite all he could do, they refused his wife egress from the Union, hoping to lure him home.

M. Litvinov mused a moment over the petition, then said he was sorry but the matter lay out of his province. Lady Astor passed the cablegram to the Soviet Literary & Educational Organization, host to the British party's tour. Next day a New York *Herald Tribune* reporter found Mrs. Krynine, dressed in blue cotton and canvas shoes, in a squalid, one-room, fourth-story Moscow flat. She said: "I am 48 and I want to live, but only if I can be with my son and husband." Professor Krynine said the *Herald Tribune* interview was the longest communication he had had from her in several years.

GERMANY

Bull-by-the-Tail

Adolf Hitler, Germany's would-be Mussolini, regarded the sufferings of his country with greatest glee last week.

"Never in my life," he wrote, "have I been in such high spirits and inwardly so thoroughly at peace, so entirely satisfied as in these days. The eyes of millions of Germans at last have been opened by hard realities to the unimaginable lies and trickeries and deceptions of the Marxist swindlers of the nation."

"Therefore I have good reason to be so happy and contented while fear and panic clutch the throats of the press and the party swindlers."

There were few other Germans to share his happiness. For a fortnight the German Government had been in the position

of a man with a wild bull by the tail. So far they were safe, but every thought was for that moment when they would have to let go. The Brüning Cabinet still had the bull by the tail last week. They took a firmer grip.

After a dinner in the British Embassy, which in the words of one of the German Ministers "produced much consolation, much good advice and no money," Ramsay MacDonald and Foreign Secretary Arthur Henderson flew back to London to mind their own troubles.

The Brüning Cabinet had another of their interminable series of emergency meetings. By President von Hindenburg's original decree, German banks must reopen fully for business this week. That would be releasing the bull's tail with a vengeance. A new decree was placed on Old Paul's desk, and promptly signed, continuing the partial closure of the banks indefinitely. Foreign exchange can be bought only through the Reichsbank. Penalties for violating the new banking laws include confiscation of property and ten-year jail sentences.

Looking forward to the time when the banks must reopen, the Government announced a \$71,000,000 loan to the Dresdner Bank to stave off a threatened run. The loan will be made by buying three-fourths of the bank's outstanding stock. At the same time it was definitely announced that whenever German banks do reopen, that other D bank in distress, the Danat, would reopen too, the Government guaranteeing depositors' funds. Correspondents realized that with the Reichsbank dictating to all German banks, with the Government owning two of the greatest remaining private banks, state capitalism is now a fact in Germany.

Hans Luther, President of the Reichsbank, sent a seven-page cable to the heads of all the important central banks in the world begging a credit truce for Germany. This was the recommendation of the London conference three weeks ago; most international bankers have already agreed to it in principle. Dr. Luther wanted a definite statement that foreign banks would not withdraw for six months credits with German banks and industries outstanding on July 13. Wall Street quibbled.

Finance Minister Hermann Dietrich announced last week that German revenues for the first quarter of 1931 (taxes, customs receipts) are more than \$100,000,000 short of the estimate and added: "It is considered almost certain that the current

quarter will show a still greater drop." At the same time German papers announced that the German birthrate had dropped below the French birthrate "for the first time in modern history." Editors blamed the Depression.

German businessmen greeted the Ambassador Sackett-President Hoover plan to sell U. S. wheat, cotton, possibly copper in Germany with moderate enthusiasm (see p. 11). Commented the liberal *Vossische Zeitung*:

"It is a step toward closer German-American trade relations. This feature is more important than the financial side of the proposition." Businessmen did not fail to see that if German mills can buy U. S. cotton on credit, sell it at home or abroad for cash, that will be as good as a loan.

Two items of good news crept into the German Press: 1) After a week of credit restrictions the Reichsbank boasted a net gain of \$23,000,000 in gold reserves and foreign exchange. 2) While the U. S. auto trade struggled through the doldrums, exports of German automobiles for the first five months of 1931 showed considerable increase over the same period of last year.

ITALY

Queen & 'Rex'

The boot that is Italy continued to be studded with bombs last week, as it has been for more than a fortnight (TIME, July 27). One, unexploded, was found dangling outside a frontier guard's window in the village of Mattegia, near Trieste. Another went off with a blast at 1:40 a. m. in a Genoa street, breaking windows and giving officials the scare of their lives. For the King was arriving.

Shortly before 8 a. m. the King did arrive. His special train swooped in on a special track, traversed the yards of An-



ADOLF HITLER

International

"Never in my life have I been in such high spirits and inwardly so thoroughly at peace."

Foreign News—(Continued)

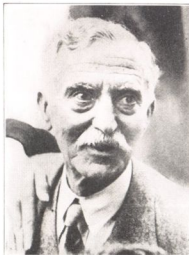
saldo Shipbuilding Co. and rolled directly under the object of his visit, the 15,000-ton hull of Navigazione Generale Italiana's new 50,000-ton liner *Rex*, which was to be launched in a few minutes, with Queen Elena as sponsor. This vessel, which has been made ready for launching in 15 months and is expected to be commissioned by September 1932, is designed to be the fastest transatlantic ship afloat, capable of 27 or more knots and crossing from Naples to New York in seven days. It will carry 2,250 passengers of five classes, a crew of 800. Length: 879.66 ft. Beam: 101.68 ft. New: for lifeboats, 20 motor launches, each carrying 150 people.

Because of the night's bombing, hundreds of soldiers lined the yards as the Queen stepped forward. At 8:02 a. m. the *Rex* started down the ways, splashed; the Queen waved; the King turned, hastened to dedicate a new sailors' home. Then, instead of going into the city as planned, the royal party ate aboard the train, hastened out of Genoa.

SPAIN

"No! No—Yes! Yes!"

Once more last week Catalonians went to the polls and voted their desire for independence from Madrid. In the four Catalan provinces (Barcelona, Lerida, Tarragona, Girona) 173,000 voted for autonomy, 2,517 voted against it. It was a 70 to 1 victory for Col. Francisco Macia,



Wide World

CATALONIA'S MACIA

"I throw out my arms to the rest of Iberia . . ."

wild-eyed "President" of Catalonia, a victory that he celebrated with much gusto.

"Catalans," he shouted from the white balcony of Barcelona's Generalidad Palace. "You are free! The moment the Catalan autonomy statute gains full force, I shall resign!"

"No! No!" shouted 10,000 Catalans milling about the cobblestones.

Col. Macia bowed his white head in resignation.

"If Catalonia wishes, I shall continue to serve her."

"Yes! Yes!" roared the crowd.

Beaming with delight the Colonel continued:

"For six years I have waited for this day, and now that it has come I throw out my arms to the rest of Iberia and say to its people: 'You must have the same liberties that we have!'"

When the crowds had cleared, foreign correspondents studied the statute of autonomy to see just what degree of independence Catalonia demanded:

The Federal Government is to have control of international affairs, relations with the Church, the army & navy, monetary circulation, tariffs, customs, posts, telegraphs, radio, control of the colonies and immigration.

The Catalan autonomous state will make Catalan the official language, fly its own five-barred red-&-yellow flag, control civil, criminal, labor law, railroads, hydroelectric works, grant artistic and literary copyrights, regulate stock exchanges, all police in the province, issue hunting and fishing licenses, and collect monies from the tobacco and match monopolies.

AFGHANISTAN

Lord Irwin's Law

After boiling the then king's favorite general in oil, Nadir Khan, "the Afghan George Washington," ascended the throne in picturesque Kabul and has since successfully remained there (*TIME*, Oct. 28, 1929 *et seq.*). He has waxed friendly with his neighbor to the southward beyond the Khyber Pass—his Britannic Majesty's colonial government in India. Thus the British have been far happier than when plump Amanullah reigned, taking millions in gifts from them but making the Russians his closest economic allies. Far, far happier are they than during the subsequent brief reign of Bandit-King Bacha Saka, whom Nadir had hanged and slowly strangled.

Therefore the British have aided Nadir Khan in two ways: 1) Lord Irwin, almost on the eve of surrendering the viceroyalty of India last April, promulgated a press ordinance making it a jailable offense for any editor to publish an article adversely affecting the relationship of India with her neighbors; 2) on May 30 a fleet of 40 two-ton trucks went through the Khyber Pass laden with British-bought, condemned French rifles and ammunition for the use of Nadir's armies. Altogether in the past seven months some 22,000 such rifles, with ammunition, have been shipped up through the Pass to Nadir. Object: to prevent the pants-shave-&-champagne régime of Amanullah from returning (*TIME*, Sept. 19, 1928).

Last week in Lahore came fruit of Lord Irwin's gag law. Murtz Ahmad Khan, editor of the (Persian-language) weekly *Afghanistan*, recently had published an editorial under the heading: WHY DOES NOT THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT IN AFGHANISTAN RESIGN? This violated Lord Irwin's law; Murtz Ahmad Khan was arrested, put on trial,

Permitted to file a list of witnesses as to the truth of his editorial. Murtz Ahmad Khan named the Foreign Secretary, the Afghan Consul General, the Director of Public Information, *et al.* The court ruled that these witnesses were too important, that they could have no connection with the case, that the defendant must list names of lesser stature.

Impartial observers predicted that Murtz Ahmad Khan would go to jail.

MEXICO

Silver Standard

He has not been President of Mexico for six years, but heavy-jawed Plutarco Elias Calles is still *the Jefe* (Boss), the strongest man in Mexico. Last week Boss Calles rode high in his saddle. In an effort to end the country's financial difficulties he had himself made President of



International

JEFE CALLES

... took Mexico off gold.

the Bank of Mexico, became what Hermann Schmitz is in Germany: the country's "money tsar."

First act of Tsar Calles was to abolish the gold standard for Mexico, make the silver peso the only legal tender. Managing Director Alberto Mascareñas of the Bank of Mexico followed with the announcement that the entire issue of Mexico's gold notes would be withdrawn from circulation and burned.

Cheap silver (it sold last week at 27½¢ an ounce in Manhattan) is the basis of Mexico's money troubles. She must collect her taxes in silver, pay her foreign bills in gold. The Calles effort was to save all the gold possible for the government.

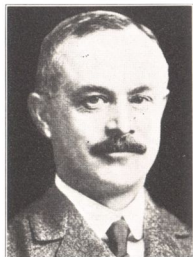
Mexican businessmen were more concerned than Wall Street, where the news was not a complete surprise. Many banks in Vera Cruz refused to do business; exchanges were at a standstill; U. S. dollars were scarce. Normally quoted at two gold pesos, dollars skyrocketed to 2.75, 2.90, 3 and 3.30 silver pesos.

S C I E N C E

Canadian Ecology

From a crinkle in the Laurentian Mountains of eastern Quebec, which Princeton's Henry Van Dyke once described as "Nature with her teeth bare and her lips scarred," 30 naturalists last week returned by steamer to their homes in Canada and the U. S. They had spent a fortnight at a Canadian Biological Conference discussing and attempting to phrase the natural laws which govern the alternating plenty and scarcity of wild life in Canada.

The conference took place at Matameck Factory, Copley Amory's manor on Moisie Bay, near the Labrador boundary. A rich Boston merchant who has canoed and snowshoed over a great part of north central Canada, Copley Amory, 65, rebuilt a ruined Hudson's Bay trading post as a refuge from hayfever and a base for fishing.



BOSTON'S COPLEY AMORY

... inquired why wild life waxes & wanes.

The few Indians and whites in the neighborhood have found in him their patron in sickness and want. Serious want to the Canadian backwoods families about every ten years. The game upon which they depend for food and profit runs through ten-year cycles of alternate scarcity and plenty. It was to help many Canadians besides his neighbors that Mr. Amory played host to the conference.

Ducks are scarce this year, chiefly because drought has dried up their breeding grounds (see p. 26). But there may be more subtle causes.

Grouse too are scarce. Chief grouse student at the conference was Professor Alfred Otto Gross, Bowdoin biologist. Some 30 insects infest grouse; study of the conditions which favor these parasites may reveal a cycle upon which to base conservation laws. Cornell University has done much good grouse study.

Half of Labrador's dogs have died from what Eskimos call "Molly coddy." The disease is a brain fever which the dogs catch from foxes. Some years the Eskimos

will have to be more careful of their dogs than others.

This year comparatively few rabbits are dying of tularemia (rabbit fever). By 1935 great numbers will die, figures Professor Robert Gladding Green, University of Minnesota bacteriologist. The disease wanes with the number of ticks which carry the virus. This year each infected rabbit carried an average of 400 ticks. In tularemia years each rabbit averages 10,000 ticks.

Drought, storms, insects, germs fluctuate from year to year. The biologists sought some common cause for the variations. The ten-year cycle is too regular to be accidental.

The sun, source of most of earth's energy, develops spots about every eleven years. The sunspots change the amount and nature of the light, heat and more subtle electromagnetic waves which reach the earth. Most of the biologists at Copley Amory's conference were inclined to blame the changing sun for Canada's animal, bird and fish troubles. Professor William Rowan of the University of Alberta wants 1,000 crows this autumn to prove conclusively his thesis that migrating birds fly south in winter less to get more heat and food, than to get more light and exercise. Supporting Professor Rowan in his belief that ultraviolet solar rays powerfully govern the wild animal world were Professor Ellsworth Huntington, Yale geographer and Dr. Ralph E. DeLury, Dominion research astronomer. Broadest hint of sunlight's ecologic effect was deduced by Dr. Harold Elmer Anthony, curator of mammals for the American Museum of Natural History: in equatorial South America, where jungles shade the ground from the sun, there are few animals compared to the teeming open grass lands of equatorial Africa.

Revived Geyser

Yellowstone National Park's Splendid Geyser, after 39 years silent digestion of water, steam, rock and heat, last week labored and threw up a 100-ft. spout of steaming water. Daisy Geyser nearby, which has been erupting every 100 min. ever since white men have known it, paused. After a two-hour delay Daisy went to work again. Old Faithful, some distance away, faithfully continued its 65-min. spouting, but small geysers, boiling springs and mudholes nearer the Splendid were drained of their waters. Two park employees posted themselves beside the Splendid to record its behavior.

Japan, the Malay Archipelago and South America have geyser regions. But they do not compare in number or size to those of Iceland, New Zealand or Yellowstone. Yellowstone's are the biggest and best to look at.

Geysers are caused when water plugs a vent from the earth's hot interior to the surface. The interior heat boils the deep water, which at first cannot escape because of the weight of the water higher up in the hole. A moment arrives when steam pressure is enough to lift all the water out of the hole. At that moment practically

all the pent water suddenly changes to steam. The geyser spouts, subsides, until the critical steam pressure is again built up by subterranean heat.

El Dorado Viewed

Sixteenth Century Spaniards, to whom the Carib Indians although tortured would not tell the source of their gold ornaments, imagined a place of gold, *El Dorado*, at the headwaters of the Orinoco River. No known Spaniard nor other white, until last month, ever reached the Orinoco's source. Then Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey of



Keystone

DR. & MRS. HERBERT S. DICKEY

"... a discovery of startling geographical importance."

Tippecanoe City, Ohio* and Manhattan, his bright-eyed, hard-muscled little wife, and four men companions, after a three-month struggle up the hot, muggy Orinoco, reached the top of a "gigantic" peak of the Parima Mountains. From here they saw the second largest river in South America as a 20-ft., boulder-strewn torrent, "fed by myriad brooks which emanate from the surrounding mountains."

Actual El Dorado is bleak, barren, devoid of game, but infested with "mosquitoes an inch long—armed with weapons which seemed capable of penetrating the stoutest khaki cloth, and were." The place is at Lat. 2:25:30 North, Long. 63:45:31 West, in Brazil just east of the Venezuelan boundary. It is due south of Halifax, just above the Equator, and about 2,000 mi. from the Orinoco delta.

Dr. Dickey, who before he married and became a professional explorer, practiced medicine for 25 years in northern and western South America, named the Parima peak from which he saw long-sought El Dorado, the George G. Heye Mountain. That was to honor the important backer of this, his fifth expedition up the Orinoco—George Gustav Heye, 56, retired Manhattan electrical engineer and banker who for 35 years has been assembling relics of North, Central & South American Indians and who, with Archer Milton Huntington, in 1922 created the great Heye

*About 25 mi. from small Eldorado, Ohio. (Writer (books, magazine articles), poet (*Levee Maker of Segovia*), authority on Spanish and Spanish-American affairs, son of California's late great Collis Potter Huntington. His wife is Sculptress Anna Vaughan Hyatt Huntington (small bronzes, large Joans-of-Arc in half a dozen cities, Ragdolls in Manhattan).)

P E O P L E

Foundation & Museum of the American Indian in Manhattan.

Last week Dr. Dickey was at an unmapped place on the Orinoco called Tama Tama. Like all enterprising explorers he had made a reportorial connection with the New York Times. To that paper he wirelessly first news of his discovery. Included in the despatch was mention of a 45-ft. waterfall over which his disabled outboard-motored canoe almost drifted and which he has named, for a salient figure in the newspaper and exploration world, Russell Owen Cascade.*

Dr. Dickey was as cryptic as were the old Caribs concerning El Dorado. He wirelessly: "We . . . have made a discovery of such startling geographical importance that I must be sure of it beyond the slightest risk of error before I dare have it put in print." He said nothing about finding any gold.

Jervois Skull

An ancient slab of bone, shaped and curved like a cupped hand, gave Australian anatomists imaginative play last week. The bone was found recently near the Jervois Mountains in southern Australia. The bone is the top of a female's skull. The hind part of the relic indicates that, from the rear, she looked like an ape with head canted slightly forward. She had very powerful neck muscles. Her walk was slouchy, but nonetheless habitually upright. Thus her hands were free and more nimble than an ape's. She probably could braid twigs, early step in the art which ends with fine embroidery. The front part of her skull looks more human than apish. She must have had a muzzle which, while more forward jutting than jaws of modern humans, jutted less than ape jaws.

The inside of this skull piece still indicates the shape and size of the ape-woman's brain. The brain was small. That in itself means nothing. Small brains do not mean low intelligence. Intelligence shows up in folds, creases and wrinkles of the fore brain. The more complex the convolutions, the more intelligent the creature. The Jervois lady had a simple mind. She could grunt, squeal, gabble but probably could not talk.

Most probably she was not a human being. Neither was she an ape. Probably she was the remnant of a race which persisted while descendants of its ancestors' cousins developed on one side into gorillas, chimpanzees, orang-utans and gibbons, on the other side into white, yellow and black men.

All these were the deductions which Professor Sir Colin Mackenzie suggested to the Australian Institute of Anatomy at Canberra last week. He is director of the Institute, used to be lecturer and examiner of anatomy at Melbourne University.

Sir Colin interpreted the Jervois skull as confirmation of his old hypothesis that upright posture dominates intellectual activity, that the animal which eventually became a human being walked before it talked.

*For his indefatigable daily despatches to the Times from Little America dramatizing the exploits of the Byrd Expedition, Correspondent Russell Owen received the 1930 Pulitzer Prize in Journalism.

"Names make news." Last week the following names made the following news:

The Smithsonian Institution made known it was fighting mediums, fortune-tellers, astrologers. **Arthur Brisbane**, Hearst columnist, reported: "At a dinner party recently, entertained by a clairvoyant, **Walter Chrysler**, automobile man, heard these predictions:

"**The Kaiser** will die on August 3.
"Our most distinguished aviator (meaning **Lindbergh**), will meet with an accident in September—serious, but not fatal.

"In October **Calvin Coolidge** will announce his intention to run for the Presidency in 1932.

"In November **President Hoover** will appear before Congress to request a change in the Prohibition law."

Further reported **Arthur Brisbane**:
"Walter Chrysler remarked, 'If he will answer a question about what is going to happen in Wall Street, I'll give him enough to buy himself a couple of diamond mines.'"

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge bobbed her hair.

The Black Sea was black and stormy around the royal palace at Euxinograd, Bulgaria, when **Tsar Boris** looked out a seaward window. He saw six people in a tiny boat; they were fighting a losing fight with mighty waves. King Boris called a

Dignitaries meeting **Václav Pallier**, Czechoslovakian Minister to Hungary, at the railway station in Budapest, were astonished to see him descend from the train clad only in pajamas. He explained that his trousers had been stolen overnight; he had no others with him. The trousers were found later in a cornfield. The Minister's pocketbook was not in them.

All summer **Thomas Alva Edison** had been ailing at his Llewellyn Park home and laboratory near West Orange, N. J. Fortnight ago the heat wave forced him to abandon his rubber-foam-goldenrod experiments (TIME, Dec. 16, 1929) and devote his energies to keeping cool. One hot day last week an automobile was ordered to take him driving. Waiting for it, the 84-year-old inventor suddenly seemed to doze off. He had collapsed. Sons Theodore, Thomas Alva Jr., Charles and Mr. Edison's daughter & son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. John Ely Sloan, hustled about excitedly.* Doctors arrived from Morrisstown, N. J. and Riverdale, N. Y. in a jiffy. Dr. Hubert Shattuck Howe, who has attended Mr. Edison all summer, was playing golf on Long Island. He hired an airplane, flew to Newark, hurried to the bedside. Together the physicians issued a statement revealing that their charge had been suffering from chronic nephritis, diabetes and uremic poisoning. Next day Dr. Howe amplified this: "Mr. Edison has been suffering with ulcers of the stomach



© Keystone

TSAR BORIS & MECHANIC
They foiled the Black Sea.

mechanic, jumped into his own motorboat, and "at great personal risk" sped out, towed the six to safety.

Henri Cochet, of France, world's ablest tennis amateur, confided to friends that he was going to turn professional. They expected him to sign a contract (like **William Tatem Tilden II**, **Vincent Richards**, **Karel Kozeluh**) with fat **Jack Curley**, who is now scouting Europe for wrestling talent.

for the last 20 years. For the last three years he has restricted his diet to two glasses of milk every two hours, and during the last six weeks to one glass every two hours. . . . I don't think he will ever be out of danger." But Mr. Edison, after a six-hour sleep, flung up his hands, exclaimed: "I feel 105% better!"

*Fourth son, William, hurriedly from Wilmington, Del. Daughter Marion Oser of Danbury, Conn. remained there awaiting developments.

SPORT

Money Horse

As a two-year-old in 1927, Sun Beau won one race and lost three. There was nothing then to mark him as a good race horse nor was there the next year when he lost two-thirds of his 23 races. The next year, Sun Beau won six races out of 14 in which he started. Because he won five of them in September and October, people began to speak of him as a "fall horse," a horse seasoned instead of staled by summer's competition, fastest on crisp autumn days. Last year was Sun Beau's best season; the prizes he won amounted to \$105,005 and his owner, Willis Sharpe Kilmer, decided to enter him in the \$100,000 Agua Caliente Handicap. An odds-on favorite, Sun Beau was badly beaten by Robert M. Eastman's seven-year-old bay gelding, Mike Hall.

Mike Hall was one of the starters in the Arlington Handicap last week, feature race of the last day of Chicago's principal summer race meeting. He finished fourth. First by three lengths was six-year-old Sun Beau. The winner's prize, \$27,300, added to his previous winnings, made him the greatest money horse in the history of the U. S. turf, with \$330,044 compared to the \$328,165* which Gallant Fox had won when he was retired last autumn. A U. S. horse who has won more than Sun Beau: Goldsmith Maid, trotting mare bred by J. B. Decker at Deckerstown, N. J., in 1857, who won her first race when eight years old and who before she died at 20 had won purses amounting to \$362,000.

Lord Derby's Sleeper

The Honorable George Lambton, fifth son of the Earl of Durham and trainer of the Earl of Derby's horses, was "frightfully annoyed" last week. He summoned the Press to explain his annoyance. One of the Honorable George's charges, a horse by the name of Caerleon, had just won the Eclipse Stakes. That in itself was all right. But Caerleon has raced frequently this summer—in the Jubilee Stakes and during Ascot week—and not only failed to place but showed such bad form that he went to the post for the Eclipse Stakes quoted at 25 to 1 by the bookmakers, 43 to 1 on the totalizer. When Caerleon galloped in an easy winner British bettors raged; even the Jockey Club Stewards thought it odd.† An inquiry was held. Hon. George Lambton, like New York's Mayor Walker, welcomed investigation. The cause of his annoyance last week was a canard, published in the Press, that the Jockey Club inquiry had been falsely adjourned.

"This falsehood," protested the Hon. George, "is a serious matter to a man of my reputation as a trainer. I know that I should think something serious had been discovered if I had heard that an inquiry by the Stewards had been adjourned."

"There was no adjournment. I was

called before the Stewards and gave my explanation. I waited and later Lord Londale came out and told me that my explanation was quite satisfactory, and that it would be given to the Press at the earliest possible moment."

Because the Stewards had for some reason neglected to do so, Trainer Lambton gave his explanation himself last week.



International
EARL OF DERBY

Coughing Caerleon felt ever so much better.

Horse Caerleon had been coughing (one of those summer colds that hang on & on). A good gallop was what he needed to sweat it out. "But," said the Hon. George, shaking his head sadly, "the horse is stubborn and sulky. A race does him more good than any number of home gallops."

For medicinal reasons, therefore, coughing Caerleon had been entered in the Jubilee Stakes and at Ascot. Suddenly as he trotted to the post for the Eclipse Stakes, coughing Caerleon felt ever so much better.

"It is a pity," concluded Trainer Lambton, "that more inquiries are not held. They warn crooks, and that is a lot."

Vines at Sea Bright

A year ago, Ellsworth Vines, whose father owns a chain of Pacific coast meat stores, reached the finals of the Sea Bright (N. J.) Lawn Tennis & Cricket Club's invitation tournament after a series of smart victories in the early rounds. He was beaten, in perhaps the most surprising match of the year, by Sidney B. Wood Jr., who upset his game by softly patting chop strokes across the net.

Last week, Ellsworth Vines was in the Sea Bright finals again. This time his opponent was John Hope Doeg, U. S. champion. Doeg's play in the early rounds had been weirdly erratic—he played a deuce-set match in the first round, dropped a set to an obscure player in the second, almost lost his next match to an exhausted

opponent, barely got past a Californian named Jack Tidball in the semi-finals. He had already confessed that he did not expect to regain the U. S. championship this year and the readiness with which he had turned his hand to writing for publication suggested that he was eager to capitalize his laurels while he had them. Vines had beaten him in the finals at Longwood two weeks before; tennis enthusiasts at Sea Bright felt sure that he would solace his disappointment of a year ago by beating Doeg again.

Doeg, smashing his left-handed service into the far corners of Vines's receiving courts, waiting for breaks which would enable him to win a game on Vines's serve, won the first set 12-10; the second (during which an awning of the club-house caught fire), 8-6. Vines, whose forehand drive is now the fastest in amateur U. S. tennis, pulled up to win the next set after Doeg had lost 3-1. Doeg had tried playing soft shots at Vines, only to find that Vines, standing sideways to the net and timing his returns carefully, had learned how to handle them. In the fourth set, he was pounding the ball again. Presently Doeg was within two points of the match—4-5 and 0-30 on Vines's serve. Vines served four aces for the game. He lost the next game and then won three in a row for the set at 8-6. Easily, against the tiring and dispirited champion, he won the match-set at 6-1. Sea Bright dopesters agreed that if Vines shows his present form in the next month's national championship, he is likely to win it, likely to replace Wimbledon Champion (by default) Wood on next year's Davis Cup team. Doeg, stung by his third tournament defeat this season, changed his plans for this week, entered the Meadow Club's invitation tournament at Southampton, N. Y.

The women's singles were interesting because people were still wondering whether Helen Wills Moody had gone back or improved since her last Eastern campaign in 1929. In the semi-finals, against Marion Zinderstein Jessup, a member of the first ten a decade ago, it looked as though she had gone back. Mrs. Jessup outdrove her in the first set, led at 4-2, and only lost the warm match 6-4, 6-5. Two days later Mrs. Moody thoroughly confused her critics by beating her fellow Californian, Helen Jacobs, 6-0, 6-0, in 32 minutes.

Who Won

♣ The Aiken Knights polo team (George Herbert ["Pete"] Bostwick, Dunbar Wright Bostwick, Elbridge Thomas Gerry II, Robert Livingston Gerry Jr.): the Herbert Memorial Cup tournament at Rumson, N. J., defeating Army, 14 to 10.

♣ William Hope Doeg, 18, younger brother of the U. S. tennis champion (see above): the New York State Junior Tennis Championship; without losing a set in the tournament; at Syracuse. He holds also the California and Colorado junior titles.

♣ Bobby Pearce of Hamilton, Ont., 1931 Diamond Sculls winner: the single-sculls championship in the Royal Canadian Henley Regatta, beating Ken Myers of Philadelphia and Joe Wright Jr. of Toronto by three lengths in the final at St. Catharines, Ont.

*Not including cups, trophies which would bring Gallant Fox's total to \$340,665.

†Such a performance, when fraudulent, is known to U. S. touts as "putting over a sleeper."

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EDUCATION

Big Dick's Results

Two years ago long, angular Headmaster John Wayne ("Big Dick") Richards of Lake Forest (Ill.) Academy had an idea. Throwing his leg over the arm of his chair and scratching the back of his head, he reasoned that secondary education should be more vital, more effective. Last year his idea became a plan (TIME, Aug. 18). Lake Forest's recitation periods were extended to 90 min., 45 min. being devoted to discussion and preparation of the next day's lesson. Staggered and rotating, the school schedule was revised to permit all subjects to share equally the advantageous hours of the day. As a proper setting for the plan, the dingy, formal old schoolroom desks in Reid Hall—carved by four generations of Lake Foresters—were ripped out. Tables, chairs, businesslike office desks were installed. A classroom at L. F. A. now looks like the board room of a successful but curiously youthful business house. Last week Headmaster Richards was able to announce the tangible and intangible results of his plan. To him they seemed highly encouraging.

Compared with the averages of the three preceding years, the percentage of failures in all subjects taught in 1930-31 at Lake Forest had been reduced 47%. The honor roll (grades of 80% or better) had lengthened 21%. No longer was there necessity for extra study hall for loafers. "A marked general horizontal increase in all grades" had occurred. Each day from willing moppets a master could get 150 lines of Vergil whence but 30 lines could be wrung before. Headmaster Big Dick felt that he had made his boys work and—that was more important—like it.

Proud is Headmaster Richards to know that his idea is spreading to other schools. Says Chauncey Samuel Boucher, dean of the College of Arts, Literature and Science at the University of Chicago: "It is the most fascinating scheme in preparatory education yet devised."

Bright Boy

Inventor Thomas Alva Edison having abandoned his annual intelligence tests for high school graduates,* the Central Press Association—aided by Instructor Sabina Hart Connolly of Yale's Department of Education—undertook last month to select the nation's six brightest boys. Before being sent on a trip to Italy last week, the boys were received at a Manhattan banquet by Senator Royal Samuel Copeland of New York. To see how smart they were, Senator Copeland began popping questions. "Who is Adolf Hitler?" the Senator asked Prizewinner David Englander of Brooklyn.

Bright Boy Englander glibly chirped: "Dictator of Italy."

*Most famed puzzler of the 1910 Edison questionnaire: if you and an assorted party of seven were stranded in a desert with escape possible only for three, which three would you save? Last week came word of an actual party of seven, much like Mr. Edison's—including a 16-year-old mother and her baby—whose bus broke down crossing the desert between Nogales and Mexicali, Mexico. After wandering five days, the mother, baby and two others died. The three survivors were discovered raving.

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ANIMALS

Duck Moratorium?

"Only about half the normal number of ducks will fly south this season. This is the third consecutive disastrous breeding year. Unless we have what might be called a moratorium on wild-fowl shooting in this year of crisis I am afraid the ducks will go down into extinction."

Thus last week spoke Dr. Thomas Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies. He said reports were being wired in from all parts of the U. S. Northwest and Canada almost hourly, asking his Societies to take action. Therefore he last week proposed that Secretary of Agriculture Arthur Mastic Hyde decree, as he is authorized by law to do, that there shall be *no open season* at all this year for duck-hunters. Duck-hungry gunners, their season already shortened, their bag already restricted (TIME, July 13) glowered in Dr. Pearson's direction, yet stroked their chins when they thought of a world shot completely out of wild fowl.

Reason for the duck scarcity is continuing drought, which has dried up the sloughs and ponds in southern Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in the Dakotas, Minnesota and Montana, chief North American breeding-places for ducks. Several yards from a marshy place on the prairie, the mother-duck builds her nest, lays in it from ten to 18 eggs. When these hatch, she leads the ducklings immediately down to the water. In ordinary times, duckling mortality is high. Turtles, hawks and even large fish consume many. In drought times mother & brood may find no water at all and so perish of thirst, or else they have to cross great stretches of mud, open to their natural enemies.

U. S. and Canadian conservation officials gathered twice last month, first at Edmonton, Alberta, then at Bismarck, N. Dak. At the second meeting a resolution was passed urging: 1) that the open season be limited to 30 continuous days, instead of eight or ten weeks; 2) that the daily bag be restricted to ten ducks instead of the present 15 (formerly 25); 3) that ducks in possession be kept down to 20; 4) that all baiting of hunting grounds be prohibited.

In Gull Pond

As a boy, Carl Y. Matthews of Cleveland used to bathe in Gull Pond, a salt-water inlet near Greenport, L. I. He took his daughter, Irene, 7, all the way from Cleveland not only to visit the scenes of his childhood but to bathe in Gull Pond. He, clothed, stood on the beach and watched her. She waded out until the water was splashing about her middle.

Suddenly Carl Y. Matthews saw something else—a dark triangular fin slicing through the water, going toward his daughter. He knew what it belonged to, though never had he heard of a shark in Gull Pond. Quickly seizing a rusty iron bar that was lying on the beach, Carl Y. Matthews interposed himself between the fish and its prey, met its rush, smashed it on the head, dragged it ashore, killed it. It was a blue shark 6 ft. 7 in. long.

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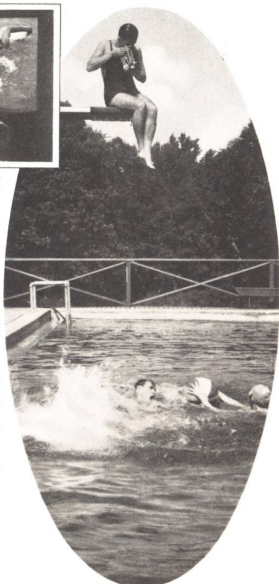
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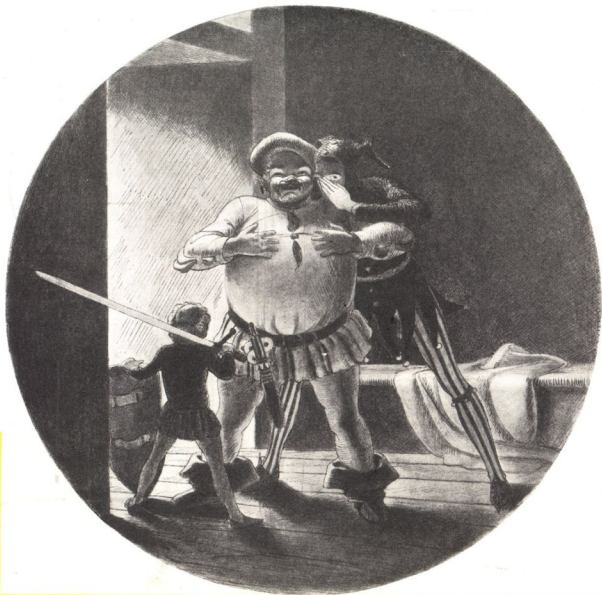
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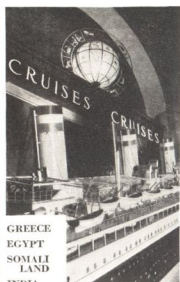
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Ten

Ten best cinema directors of 1930-1931, as selected by *Film Daily's* poll of 300 U. S. cinema critics:

Lewis Milestone (*All Quiet on the Western Front*, *The Front Page*)

Wesley Ruggles (*The Sea Bat*, *Cimarron*)

George William Hill (*The Big House*, *Min and Bill*)

Josef von Sternberg (*The Blue Angel*, *Morocco*)

David Wark Griffith (*Abraham Lincoln*)

Robert Z. Leonard (*The Divorcée*, *In Gay Madrid*, *Let Us Be Gay*, *The Bachelor Father*, *It's a Wise Child*)

John Cromwell (*For the Defense*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Scandal Sheet*, *Unfaithful*)

Charles Chaplin (*City Lights*)

Howard W. Hawks (*The Dawn Patrol*, *The Criminal Code*)

Howard Hughes (*Hell's Angels*)

The New Pictures

Transatlantic (Fox). What makes this a brilliant picture is the way it has been directed by William K. Howard, onetime Cincinnati theatre manager, law student, sales adviser for Universal, who may be among the ten best directors of next year (see above). The story, which borrows the flashy tricks of Vicki Baum's play *Grand Hotel*, is a conventional melodrama with plot complications which would have been too numerous had they not been bunched on an ocean liner. Among the passengers on the S.S. *Transatlantic* are: a banker (John Halliday) scuttling to Europe with his wife (Myrna Loy) and mistress (Greta Nissen); an aged lens-grinder (Jean Hersholt), using all his savings on a holiday for himself and daughter (Lois Moran); a gang of international rogues; and another rogue (Edmund Lowe) who combines the faculties of Robin Hood, Don Quixote and *deus ex machina*. He forms a liking for the banker's wife, causes her husband to desert his mistress.

Presently the shipboard newsheet reveals to the lens-grinder that his savings are lost in the failure whose consequences the banker is trying to escape. When the banker is shot in his cabin, the bearded lens-grinder goes to the brig. Robin Hood gets him out, not without severe inconvenience to himself. These and subsidiary developments, neatly compacted, gain force from high-paced direction, employment of frequent opportunities for smart photography. Good shots: a gun-fight along the seamy rails and ladders of the engine room; a corridor sign flashing "SILENCE" outside the room in which the banker has been shot; the *Transatlantic's* bow splitting a wave.

Honeymoon Lane (Paramount) owes its existence almost exclusively to Funny-man Eddie Dowling. He wrote it, played it as a musical comedy for 52 weeks, turned it into a cinema leaving out all the songs except *Honeymoon Lane*. It is a sentimental but engaging work, at times lively with the childish antics of Ray Dooley (Mrs. Eddie Dowling), at times in the

nature of a Dowling soliloquy on the virtues of faith and of cherry pie. It relates the adventures of an enterprising youth who, discharged as croupier in the gambling rooms of a resort hotel, becomes manager of a rival boarding-place. Aided by the motherly proprietress, who makes succulent pastries; by her small granddaughter (Ray Dooley) who uses carpet sweepers as roller-skates and is continually scratching herself; and by an itinerant king who happens into the hotel and stays because he likes the pie, Dowling makes his venture a howling success. Sub-plots concern his romance with the niece of the rival hotel-keeper, the effects of right living on a case-hardened gambler and two thuggish assistants. Far from a great picture, perhaps not even a good one, *Honeymoon Lane* should continue to enrich its originator, to amuse cinemadicts who are partial to bromidic comedy. Sample shots: Dowling trying to send a telegram



"DINTY" DOWLING, "BRAT" DOOLEY
She is continually scratching herself.

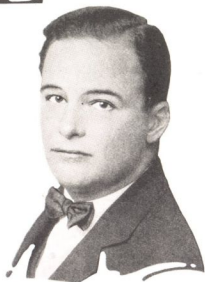
while Ray Dooley kicks his head; the king carrying a suit-case upstairs; the thugs and an aide-de-camp wrestling for a piece of cherry pie.

Eddie Dowling looks a bit like Manhattan's Mayor Jimmy Walker, has the same sort of insistently infectious grin. He, too, interests himself in politics, as active chairman of the New York State Democratic Theatrical League. The Dowling political loyalty perhaps more than the hygienic merits of *Honeymoon Lane*, caused New York's Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt to give quotable congratulations after viewing the picture. His able campaigning for Governor Smith and Roosevelt, his huge popularity (particularly among Roman Catholics) caused Funnyman Dowling to be mentioned a year ago as a possible candidate for Governor of Rhode Island, where his parents, named Goucher, christened him Eddie Dowling 36 years ago.

Eddie Dowling had already toured the world as a choir boy when, at 10, he married Ray Dooley, then 14. He became a



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cabin-boy, newshawk, music-hall singer, customer's man, drama student at Columbia, musicomedy actor. Although he has dropped his last name, he is proud of the supposition that he had pedagogical progenitors, of the fact that his great-grandfather and two great-granduncles founded Goucher College (for women) in Baltimore. Fond of corned-beef, cabbage, good beer and other Irish luxuries, Funnymann Dowling says he would like to be an official in an orphanage so that he could amuse the inmates. He was appalled last spring (TIME, March 9) when National Diversified Co., which financed two of his pictures, was shown to have obtained its funds from fraudulent stock transactions, chiefly at the expense of credulous Catholics. Nicknamed "Dinty," Funnymann Dowling calls his 4-ft.-10-in. wife "Peanut." "Snook," "Brat," considers her "a great artist." She is the only woman whose name has appeared in lights above that of Ziegfeld *Follies*: Their income, from stage, screen and radio enterprises, is augmented by Funnymann Dowling's holdings in a Pasadena, Calif. sausage factory.

The Star Witness (Warner). Seven members of a middle class family, accidentally present when a gangster kills a policeman, are terrorized by the gangster's subordinates to dissuade them from giving evidence against the murderer. First the gangsters kidnap and beat the father. Then they kidnap and prepare to despatch their urchin son. Finally, a spy, flask-nipping, Civil War veteran grandfather (Chic Sale) rescues the urchin. He wobbles into court munching his whiskers and ready to give the district attorney (Walter Huston) a star witness.

Warner executives were giving their final approval to this gruesome but improving homily when, last week, in a Manhattan thoroughfare, erratic bullets from real gangsters' guns killed one and wounded four other urchins (see p. 14). Quick to evaluate a somewhat far fetched parallel between this tragedy and the plot of *The Star Witness*, Warner executives hurried the premiere of the picture, advertised it as "a weapon . . . to stamp out . . . gangsters and their illicit breed," devoted the proceeds of the first showing to the families of Manhattan's small victims.

MILESTONES

Engaged. Roscoe Conkling ("Fatty") Arbuckle, 44, cinema's oldtime fat funnyman, now director of comedies under the name of "William Goodrich" for Educational Films Corp.; and Addie McPhail, 24, cinematress. Funnymann Arbuckle left the screen ten years ago after being acquitted of manslaughter in the death of Cinematress Virginia Rappe. Last month readers of *Photoplay* magazine voted for his return (TIME, June 29).

Married. Mary Margaret Elizabeth Mercer-Nairne, 21, step-daughter of Major John Jacob Astor (publisher of the *London Times*); and a Captain R. Myddelton of the Coldstream Guards; in Hever, England.

Married. Prince Johann Aloyse Joseph Marie von und zu Liechtenstein, 31, an heir to the State of Liechtenstein;* and Aileen McFarland, 29, daughter of a Weatherford, Tex. cattle rancher; in London. They met five years ago at a Paris dinner party where she appeared as a dancer.

Married. Charles Boni Jr., 36, Manhattan publisher (vice president of A. & C. Boni); and Margaret Bradford, 38, New York City school teacher; in Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Married. Mrs. Lena P. Curtiss, 51, widow of Glenn Hammond Curtiss, aviation pioneer & tycoon who died last year; and H. Sayre Wheeler, 39, Mayor of Opa Locka, Fla. President of Curtiss-Aero-Car Co. (bus-type trailers, built like an airplane cabin), onetime associate of Pioneer Curtiss; in Atlantic City, N. J.

Married. Michel Clemenceau, 52, son of the late great wartime premier of France; and a Mrs. Annette Smith Aiken, 44, of Los Angeles; in Paris.

Died. Mrs. Albert Forster's gut-joined twin daughters, one 17 days, the other 23 days after birth and the operation which cut their bond (TIME, July 20); from failing to gain strength to endure operations which might have made their body outlets natural and useful; in Baltimore's Mercy Hospital.

Died. Dr. Davison McDowell Douglas, 62, president of the University of South Carolina since 1927; of apoplexy; in Columbia, S. C.

Died. Representative Samuel C. Major, 62, of Fayette, Mo., U. S. Congressman (Democrat) for five terms, ninth Congressman to die since the first of the year (five were Democrats); of paralysis; in Fayette, Mo.

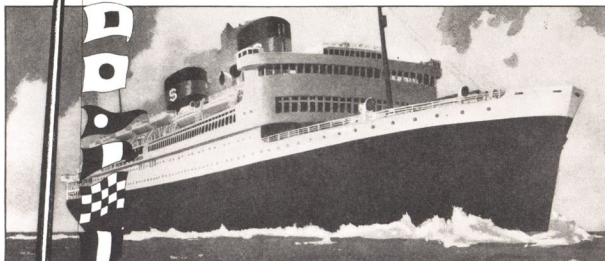
Died. Dr. Richard Alexander Fullerton Penrose Jr., 67, famed geologist, brother of the late U. S. Senator Boies Penrose; of chronic nephritis and arteriosclerosis; in Philadelphia.

Died. William L. McLean, 79, onetime Pittsburgh newsway, publisher since 1895 of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*; of old age; in Germantown, Pa. Lest it bias his editorial views he would have no business interest but his paper. He saved big headlines for big news, shunned premiums as circulation boosters, was first to distribute newspapers by automobile.

Died. Rev. John Neale Dalton, 91, associated with the British royal family for 60 years; tutor, religious adviser and Domestic Chaplain to King George V; at Windsor Castle, Windsor, England, where he was canon and steward of St. George's Chapel.

*Only 65 sq. mi. in area, Liechtenstein is one of Europe's tiniest independent states. It is situated between Switzerland and Austria, has a population of 11,000, no army. Present ruler of Liechtenstein is Prince Franz, 77. Two years ago Prince Franz married Frau Elsa von Eross, née Baroness Guttmann of Vienna. He had married her secretly in 1921 in Salzburg, Austria. Because she was a commoner he could not make public the marriage. She is wealthy, of Jewish descent.

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AERONAUTICS

Up Ship!

(See front cover)

The ribald advice of brother officers flew about the head of lean, lugubrious Lieut.-Commander Zeno W. Wicks, U. S. N. resigned, as he contemplated the habits of pigeons in Akron last week. The birds were to be used this week in the christening ceremonies of the Navy's huge new dirigible *Akron*, of which Commander Wicks is construction superintendent. It was his hope that the pigeons would flutter gaily out through the orange-peel doors of the dock and streak for home when Mrs. Herbert Hoover set them free. Hence the suggestions of the *Akron*'s officers: "The thing to do is starve the pigeons first. . . . Get only males that haven't had shore leave for a month. . . ."

A solemn test flight was conducted, with the expert counsel of General Superintendent William H. Collins, who became pigeon-conscious when launching ships for Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp. Two dozen racing homers from the coops of Tire-Builder Frank Eisentrout were released in the dock. They flapped gladly, promptly homeward. So impressive was the demonstration that the number of christening pigeons was raised to 48.

Other features of the christening were less problematical. When the hour came, the silver ship, largest ever built, outwardly completed, would have about 5,500,000 cu. ft. of helium in her twelve gas cells (capacity 6,500,000 cu. ft.), more than enough to make her buoyant. Handling-lines manned by workmen would hold her fast to the concrete deck of the dock. Under the ship's blunt nose, with its shiny metal tip projecting 75 ft. overhead, was to be a flag-draped wooden platform, festooned with microphones, crowded with bigwigs of the Navy and of Good-year-Zeppelin Corp. There would sit Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary for Aeronautics David Sinton Ingalls and gold-braided Rear Admiral William Adger Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics; and big-framed, white-haired Paul Weeks Litchfield, president of Goodyear-Zeppelin Corp., looking down on his two bald-headed vice presidents Dr. Karl Arnstein, builder of 70 Zeppelins for Germany, and Commander Jerome Clark Hunsaker, U. S. N., retired, and his well-thatched vice president Fred M. Harpham. Front & centre Mrs. Hoover's place would be marked by the end of a red-white-&blue ribbon leading upward to a small closed hatch in the underside of the dirigible's snout.

Alongside the control car, an envied company of eight white-uniformed officers & 51 enlisted men, nucleus of the *Akron*'s personnel, were to stand rigidly abreast of their skipper, Lieut.-Commander Charles Emery Rosendahl. An orchestra of 500 high-school pupils was to render "The Star Spangled Banner" and, as the last note whispered through the cavernous dock, Mrs. Hoover would yank the ribbon, opening the little hatch, tumbling out Frank Eisentrout's 48 astonished pigeons. Then it would be Zeno Wicks's moment to

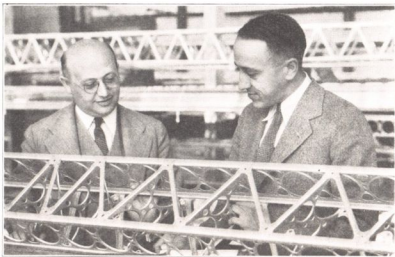
give the signal "up ship!" The workmen would slack off the mooring tackle and up would go the *Akron* about five feet clear of her metal supports, to hover for a few moments until another signal brought her down again.

After her first upping, a hundred-&-one details of internal construction will be completed and the *Akron* may be hauled out by her mobile mooring mast for a first test flight late this month. Yet to be finished are such equipment as the controls of the steering and elevating surfaces; the radio, designed to transmit over a 6,000-mi. range; the telephone system of 18 instruments; the system for

and landing. (The whirling direction is reversible, too.)

At a quick glance the observer is struck by four broad stripes of horizontal aluminum piping which follow the skin of the envelope from above each propeller, well up toward the top on each side. These are the condensers which recover water from the gasoline burned by the engines, and return it as ballast. Theoretically, 135 lb. of water may be recovered from every 100 lb. of gasoline (taking additional moisture from the air). In practice, the *Akron*'s engineers expect to get back at least enough to compensate for the lightened fuel load.

Also noticeable is the smallness of the *Akron*'s control car compared to the passenger gondola of the *Graf Zeppelin*. Not built for sightseers, the car accommodates



DESIGNER ARNSTEIN, INSPECTOR SETTLE

The holes make it stronger.

electric power control throughout the whole ship by a switchboard weighing only 200 lb.; the crew's quarters within the envelope. These items, like all others that went into the *Akron*, must be passed by Lieutenant Thomas G. W. ("Tex") Settle, Navy inspector on the job, before the ship is taken out for tests. Test flights warranting, the *Akron* may fly to the National Air Races at Cleveland sometime between Aug. 29 and Sept. 7, thence to Lakehurst for formal commissioning in the service of the Navy.

Moored side by side, the *Akron* will dwarf the *Los Angeles*. She will make the *Graf* look slender; only 9 ft. longer, the *Akron* is 32.9 ft. bigger in diameter and latter throughout than the pencil-shaped *Graf*. Another difference between the two old ships and the new one will be the projection of eight propellers, four from each of the *Akron*'s flanks, instead of the five large "eggs" (gondolas), each of which houses an engine on the *Los Angeles* and the *Graf*. Because her cells are filled with helium, the *Akron*'s Maybach motors can be and are carried within the envelope, for accessibility, streamlining, speed. Each propeller—two-bladed, wooden, mounted at the end of an outrigger shaft—can be turned down to whirl in a horizontal plane (helicopter-like) as an aid to taking off

only the officers and crew actually dirigible and navigating the ship. Inside the envelope are the captain's quarters, the radio room, the photographic laboratory.

Not visible to the outsider are countless other details which make the *Akron* unique. The keels, for instance; instead of just one along the bottom, from nose to tail, the *Akron* has three—one under the top of the envelope, the two others along the sides, about a quarter of the way up from the bottom. Through each keel frame runs a triangular catwalk, the upper one giving access to the safety release valves above the helium bags. The lower ones serve as corridors to the engine rooms, airplane hangar, crew quarters, galley, messrooms; leading forward to the mooring apparatus and aft to an emergency control car inside the lower fin.

Officers' living quarters are on the starboard side, crew's on the port. Each room is about 8 by 10 ft., fitted with two pairs of double-decked, canvas-bottomed bunks and locker space. Ordinarily two watches of men will be carried, two men sharing a bunk in turn to save weight. (Normal flight crew of the *Akron*: eleven officers & 8 men plus pilots of planes carried aboard.) An innovation on dirigibles: each room has a floor register to admit hot air from the engine rooms.

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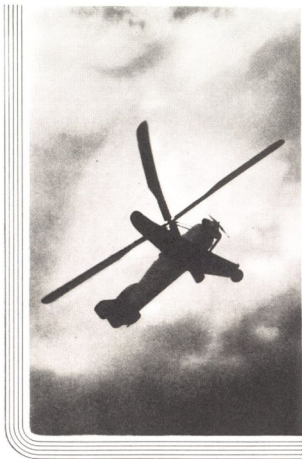
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"For the Greatest Achievement in American Aviation"

(Extract from article in May, 1931, issue of *The National Aeronautic Magazine*)

"Aviation's dramatic march of progress from Orville Wright's first flight at Kitty Hawk to the commanding position it now holds in the affairs of the Nation was strikingly symbolized on April 22 when President Hoover in behalf of the National Aeronautic Association presented the Collier Trophy for 1930 to Harold F. Pitcairn and his associates, Geoffrey S. Childs, Edwin T. Asplundh, James G. Ray and Agnew E. Larsen.

"There was a note also of prophecy in the ceremony for the occasion included a flying demonstration that a few short years ago even the most fanciful would have held impossible.

"'For the greatest achievement in aviation in America the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the previous year,' reads the inscription on the famous trophy, the awarding of which has been for many years an annual function of the National Aeronautic Association. For 1930 the award was made for the development and demonstration of the autogiro, that remarkable new type aircraft considered by many the most revolutionary development in heavier-than-air craft since the first flight of the Wright brothers in 1903."



Catching a ball in mid-air with a Graflex.

For action, or still subjects—Graflex! THE camera with the focal plane shutter that "stops" all action.

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... to name on margin of this page.

Despite the space-economy that dictates bunk-sharing, there are three separate messrooms, for officers, chief petty officers, crew. Chairs and tables are made of aluminum. In the galley is a cookstove weighing only 110 lb., burning propane gas. Also in the galley (as in the toilets) is a capacious sanitary garbage reservoir to hold refuse until it can be dropped harmlessly.

Other invisible features:

① The gelatin-latex treated cotton fabric, developed by Goodyear-Zeppelin for gas cells to take the place of goldbeater's skin (intestine of cattle) heretofore used in dirigibles. (To supply the *Akron*, the intestines of 1,500,000 cattle would have been required.)

② The cellophane coating on every duralumin* girder of the *Akron's* framework, wherever it is touched by the envelope. Purpose: to protect the metal against the acid in the "dope" with which the envelope is varnished.

③ The holes punched in every duralumin girder to lighten it until it looks like a piece of metal lace (yet the girder is made stronger than before by flanging the edges of the holes).

What went into the *Akron*:

10,000,000 parts
6,500,000 rivets
35,000 sq. yd. envelope fabric
55,000 sq. yd. gas cell fabric
1,000 mi. of seam thread
1,500 mi. piano wire
21 mo. labor

\$5,250,000† (approximately)

What the *Akron* is:

7,400,000 cu. ft.
785 ft. long
132.9 ft. diam.
240,000 lb. empty

What the *Akron* should do:

Lift 162,000 lb. in addition to herself.
Fly 84 m.p.h. top speed.
Fly 10,580 mi. at 50 m.p.h. without refueling.
Climb (rate of climb 4,000 ft. per min.)

Of all personages who were to attend the christening, four were most acutely concerned: quiet, young Commander Rosendahl, about to receive the *Akron* as his command, a veteran of 3,333 hr. dirigible flight; Dr. Arnstein, gentlemanly, owl-like, designer of the ship, who deprecated the celebration as "boasting before the baby actually walks"; hard-bitten Admiral Moffett who won the \$5,000,000 authorization for the *Akron* and her sister (ZRS-3) in the face of terrific opposition aroused by the *Shenandoah* disaster; and Goodyear-Zeppelin's President Paul Weeks Litchfield.

President Litchfield ("Litch," "P. W.," "the Old Man"—but not to his face) is a shipbuilder by heritage. Among his ancestors were George Soule, Mayflower passenger; also Alexander Standish and Sarah Alden, kin of famed Miles and famed John. His immediate forebears, notably the ship-owning and sailing Robin-

sons of Bath, Maine (on his mother's side) were engaged in the shipping industry of New England. He spent much of his boyhood on the waterfront of Boston, where he was born, and Bath where his family summered. When he accepted President Frank A. Seiberling's offer of a job with Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. in 1900, it was with misgiving. Akron was so far inland.

In Akron, Mr. Litchfield enjoys saying, his dislike of a landsman's life "forced him up in the air." He made his first balloon flight in 1911 and as superintendent spurred his company into the business of making balloons. Yet he never lost his love of salt water. He makes an ocean voyage at least once a year, keeps a summer home at Plymouth, Mass. His spacious estate in Akron's smart West Hill section is named "Anchorage." The gate is flanked by two great anchors; the rooms are filled with many a marine trophy. But the weather-vane on his flagpole and the firescreen in his living room are in the form of Zeppelins. Conversely, most of the Goodyear blimps were named for a yacht which has defended the America's Cup (*Puritan, Volunteer, Mayflower, Defender, Vigilant*). President Litchfield frequently rides in the blimps, which sometimes land on his grounds, once picked him from the deck of a liner, once took him from transients in the mountains of California. But he has never flown in a Zeppelin.

At 56 (his birthday fell last fortnight) "P. W." is big, erect, a typical Yankee shipbuilder only using duralumin for oak, Maybachs for mainsails, the sky for the sea. He does not drink; close associates can recall perhaps a dozen times when they have seen him smoke a cigaret in recent years. He drives one of several automobiles to and from his air-conditioned office. He exercises in his own gymnasium at home, riding an electric horse, heaving a medicine ball, does not chum with Akron's other leading citizens, Firestones and Seiberlings. He does not invite his Goodyear "cabinet" to exercise with him, but he does summon them to lengthy breakfasts about once each month.

"P. W.'s" outstanding hobby is his interest in boys. He has no sons of his own, save two legal wards but his plant is a swarm with likely lads from engineering colleges, many from his own Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Proud as he was about this week's milestone in his company's affairs, President Litchfield was frank in saying that, to him, the new Navy ship was but a means to an end: the building of commercial air liners, as big as the *Akron* and bigger, to ply regular routes across Atlantic and Pacific. It was to this end that International Zeppelin Transport Corp. and Pacific Zeppelin Transport Corp. were founded (TIME, Nov. 4, 1929): to this end Commander Hunsaker and his aides have been working for months in a Manhattan office building, making imaginary daily sailings of Zeppelins on weather charts covering 40 years of Atlantic weather. Nothing can be done before the Government guarantees mail subsidies, but when the time comes, Goodyear-Zeppelin can set to work with equipment, talent and experience gained from the Navy contract.

*Preferred pronunciation: dü-rä-l'üm-in.

†A 10,000-ton cruiser costs \$13,000,000. A battleship: \$27,000,000.

Flights of the Week

With admiration but not astonishment the world watched the following flights last week:

New York-Istanbul. Big-framed Russell N. Boardman, onetime cowboy motorcyclist and wingwalker, and small John L. Folando, onetime garage mechanic, pulled the Bellanca monoplane *Cape Cod* up from Floyd Bennett Field, New York, and struck the well-travelled Great Circle Course to Europe. For two nights and a day the plane was unsighted from land or sea, even when it dropped a copy of the *New York Times* upon Le Bourget Field. It landed at Istanbul's Yeshilköy Air-drome, 5,011 mi. and 49 hr. from the take-off. For their superb piloting and navigation, for being the first eastward transatlantic flyers since Lindbergh (1927) to reach their destination nonstop, President Mustafa Kemal Pasha be-medaled Pilots Boardman & Folando.

New York-New York! Seventeen minutes after the *Cape Cod* took off, another Bellanca monoplane chased after her from the same field, the *Miss Vedol*, manned by Socialite Hugh Herndon Jr. and oldtime Barnstormer Clyde Pangborn. They thought they could beat the eight-day record of Post & Gatty around the world. Their plane was much slower than the bullet-like *Winnie Mae* but it had a longer cruising range, and Herndon & Pangborn could take turns at the controls whereas Pilot Post was obliged to fly without relief. They gained time by cutting short their stops, but unscheduled landings put the *Miss Vedol* about a day behind the *Winnie Mae* when she quit the race at Khabarovsk, Siberia.

Seattle-Tokyo. The white Lockheed monoplane *Fort Worth*, driven back by weather last month in an attempt to fly from Seattle to Tokyo by refuelling from a "nurse" plane (Time, July 20), got away to a second start. Pilots Reginald L. Robbins & Harry S. Jones took fuel over Fairbanks, lost their nurse plane in a fog half way to Nome, turned back to land at Fairbanks.

Northern Passage. With "no official starting point and no finish," Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh & wife set out upon a pleasure flight to the Orient. They said goodbyes at Washington, New York, and at the estate of Father-in-Law Morrow at North Haven, Me., where they left Baby Charles Augustus ("Eagle") Jr. Then they turned their low-wing Lockheed-Sirius, with its gasoline-laden pontoons, north to Canada. The hop to Ottawa was simple, gave Co-Pilot Anne Morrow Lindbergh opportunity to practice radio communication with the Pan-American Airways base near New York. West of Ottawa the pair had their first look at the wilderness over which they must fly on most of their course. Followed by flying newshawks, they spent a night at Moose Factory, remote outpost at the lower tip of Hudson's Bay; flew on to Churchill, Canada's booming northern grain port; thence set out for Baker Lake and Aklavik, a route from which many a seasoned airman of the North had tried to dissuade them. From Aklavik their course lies west through Point Barrow, Nome, the tips of Siberia, the Kuril Islands and Tokyo.

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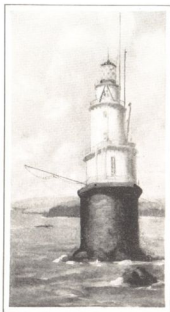
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Samuel F. Holmes, Head Master. Address: George T. Church, Director of Admissions, Worcester, Mass.

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Four separate schools for younger and older boys and girls who are not well adapted to conventional school life. Scientific life. 100 boys. Tuition, \$1,000.
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MEDICINE

Again, Infantile Paralysis

New York City had 195 cases of infantile paralysis July 25. By Aug. 4 there were more than 800 cases, mostly in Brooklyn. Anxious suburban parents, obliged to go to the city, avoided their children upon returning home until after they had changed clothes and gargled. Child campers in New England, New York State, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were forbidden visitors from the city. City health authorities opened stations to take blood from convalescents from the disease. Convalescent blood serum is a remedy if used early enough. Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "an aspirant for the presidency" in 1932, who was stricken by the disease in middle life, gave a pint of his blood. He did likewise in 1926.

The epidemic, however, was local. Of major U. S. cities, New Orleans, Buffalo, Los Angeles (which had an epidemic last July and August) and St. Paul each had but one case of infantile paralysis. Last week Chicago had 6, Washington 4, Detroit 5, Boston 7, New Haven 18.

Children are much more susceptible than adults. Early symptoms are like those of many other diseases—restlessness or drowsiness, fever, irritability. The infected child may vomit once or twice, may be either constipated or have diarrhea. More significant are a sore, stiff neck and spine, pain in the back, arms and legs.

If a child shows such symptoms he should be put to bed and a doctor called. Serum can check the disease in its early stages. But if paralysis sets in, the disease will run its course. If the child does not die, much time and effort will be needed to re-educate its paralyzed muscles.

No Shell Shock?

During the War many an able soldier suffered from "shell shock." After hours of bombardment men would become madly hysterical. Exploding shells would throw men through the air or bury them under debris. Afterwards, many with no outward sign of injury would be paralyzed or gibbering. The mystifying aspect of "shell shock" was that the functional disturbance was often in a part of the body far from the obvious injury. Pathologists eventually found that the nerves governing the disturbed part usually were subtly distorted. Recovery from shell shock was slow. Many a case still persists, 13 years after the War's end.

Nonetheless the International Congress of Military Medicine & Pharmacy which met last month at The Hague, decided that war of itself does not cause shell shock. According to Dr. Francis Eustace Fronczak who last week returned to Buffalo where he has been health officer since 1910, the conference decided "that a terrific bombardment has little effect on the nerves of a normal person. Shell shock is not caused by war. It is a neurotic trouble which has lain dormant and has been aggravated by war."

Filling in the Valley

THE achievement of the electric and gas industries in maintaining wages, employment and construction during the past year, has helped to maintain the confidence of investors, and to lessen the acuteness of economic conditions.

While these industries as a whole showed slight losses in output, the Associated Gas and Electric System reported 1.4% increase in electric output, and 1.7% in gas output in 1930.

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RELIGION

Mevlound

At Meknes, in inland Morocco, a bored French sergeant marched a platoon through the white deserted streets before dawn one day last week, posted his men at strategic street corners. The men lit cigarettes and waited.

At dawn the sound of drums and shrill fifes commenced. It was *Mevlound*, 1,361st anniversary of the birth of Mohammed, a celebration that lasts 28 days in Meknes. There the rites are hotly colored with Negro practices from the Sudan. White-robed Moors filled the narrow streets, gathered in shouting groups around the throbbing drums.

Hours later when the heat, the dust, the drums and the waiting had worked up the crowd beyond restlessness, dervishes from the Sidi-Mohammed-Ben-Aissa tribe appeared and the great procession to the sanctuary of Moulay Ismail got under way. French soldiers were on duty to prevent anti-French rioting or manslaughter. Otherwise their orders were not to interfere in any religious ceremony.

The soldiers did not interfere when some of the dervishes stripped themselves to the waist, slashed themselves with knives, lashed themselves with knouts. Howling like dogs, other dervishes crawled toward the sanctuary, chewing glass till their mouths ran with bloody foam. Others hacked at their heads with hatchets, swallowed strips of blazing cotton. Some carried fat, dust-colored puff adders which they encouraged to bite them. Others swallowed molten wax. Circles of crazy dancing men moved through the streets tossing live sheep into the air, jerking the animals apart as they fell, stuffing bits of bloody flesh into their mouths.

Mevlound fanaticism is for men only. While the fanatic crowd moved slowly on toward the mosque, veiled Moorish women crowded the houseposts, clapping their hands, shrilling "You-you! You-you!"

At sunset the blood-spattered streets of Meknes were deserted. The French sergeant assembled his platoon, marched it back to barracks.

Elsewhere in Islam than at Meknes, no such lavish gestures marked the observance of Mohammed's birthday. Celebrations of the Prophet's anniversary vary locally, like those of Christmas, but they preserve in general an orderly and charitable character appropriate to Mohammed's disclaimer of divinity. In Egypt, *Mevlound* is a holiday which Moslems devote to house-to-house visiting, attending services at the mosques. In Constantinople, the minarets are lighted, the orphans and poor, as elsewhere in Islam, receive food and candy.

Heaven Bound

Religion has led the U. S. Negro, as it led John Bunyan, to regard life as a pilgrimage through many pitfalls for gay rewards. This is the import of almost every Negro spiritual; it is the import of a morality play called *Heaven Bound*.

* "SERVING THE EMPIRE OF THE WEST" *

CALIFORNIA ENRICHES OLD TRADITIONS



In '49 the California miner crouched at the side of a mountain stream and with a rusty pan patiently washed the gold from the gravel. From this primitive origin grew the industry of modern California.

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We are interested in knowing what this manufacturing era portends in new business opportunities. What will a decade see?

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The state is attuned to the industrial pitch. Utilities will spend a billion dollars in the ensuing decade

on water, power, fuel extensions . . . natural gas, only recently exploited, is finding increasing industrial uses for cheap fuel . . . new highways projected will cost \$313,000,000 . . . an \$18,000,000

railroad extension will bring additional transcontinental service to San Francisco Bay via the Northwest . . . waterway improvements centering about San Francisco Bay in the next two years will cost \$6,000,000 . . . \$110,000,000 to be spent in bridge projects will give impetus to greater regional trade . . .

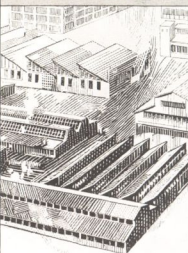
These are significant indices of the forward movement of a state which adds 6.55 per cent. to its population annually, a billion dollars to its basic income in a decade.

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which has made its appearance in Atlanta, performed by the choir of Big Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church. First wide public to hear about *Heaven Bound* was the theatrical world. *Theatre Guild Magazine* for August called it "the first great American folk drama" and said: "It should and probably will make Georgia an American Oberammergau." Recalling the power of *The Green Pastures*, a Negro religion play written by a white man (*TIME*, March 10, 1930), observers hastened to inspect a genuine all-Negro product of the same kind, produced for religious instead of commercial purposes. Last week in Atlanta was given the 31st performance of *Heaven Bound*. Its conflict is the effort of the Devil to catch pilgrims on their way to Heaven.

The action starts with a parade of Saints. Wearing white clothes and paper crowns, they march to the stage singing a song familiar to all Southern Negro churches, "When the Saints Go Marching By." When they reach the stage, ornamented with posts to represent the gates of Heaven, the Saints sit down, except St. Peter who, bearded and austere, stands behind the gates holding open his account book. The Saints sing "When We All Get to Heaven," and then "Let Us Move Up on the King's Highway." After this, the Saints keep quiet. A woman moves into the aisles singing "Beautiful City of Zion" and the procession of people trying to get to Heaven starts, moving up through the audience-congregation to the stage, like penitents at a revival.

To get to Heaven, the people have to get past the Devil. The Devil wears red trousers and horns, but it is easy to see what he really is. He is a sporting blood, a race-track Satan, a gin-mill Beelzebub; he has a bottle of red-eye liquor in his hand and is not stingy with his drinks. The Wayborn Traveler, the Pilgrim of Faith, the Troubled Soul, the Poor Blind Girl, the Pilgrim of Hope, the Widow and her Children and the Bedridden Woman all get past him safely. Walking up to St. Peter's throne, they sing "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," "Bye and Bye I'm Gonna Lay Down My Heavy Load" and other true songs, while the Devil jumps up & down waiting at them with a hayfork. The Millionaire comes down the road to Heaven, carrying two enormous bags. Each bag is simply, eloquently labeled ONE MILLION DOLLARS. He refuses to give money to the Widow and her Children but offers one bag and then the other to St. Peter. St. Peter shakes his head. The Devil gets the Rich Man.

Also the Devil gets the Wayward Girl. She comes toward Heaven drinking out of the bottle he has given her, very gay in her demeanor. When she gets to Heaven, they turn her out. She whispers "Too late!" and goes down to the Devil. He also gets the Hypocrite, a housewife who follows Satan and wears his flowers while singing "I'm on My Way to Heaven." The Devil keeps her dancing. Finally, the Pilgrim of Determination marches past the Devil, singing "I'm Going Through." When she reaches the throne, the Negro audiences at *Heaven Bound* shout loudly. The choir of Saints, Angels and Pilgrims sing more songs—"Great Day," "Going to Shout All Over God's Heaven," "Every Time I Feel the

Spirit"—easing down the wild excitement of the play before the audience goes home.

Heaven Bound was performed publicly for the first time at the Atlanta City Auditorium last October. Eight thousand saw it then, 5,000 more failed to get in. Subsequently it has been performed in Savannah and Macon, copied by other Negro churches. In September it will be presented at a church in Philadelphia.

According to legend, the idea of the play originated in the dream-brain of a hard-worked laundress in Jacksonville, Fla. Actually, it originated in the fervent head of one Lula B. Jones, one-time member of Big Bethel's enthusiastic choir. She told her idea to the choir leader, Mrs. Nellie Davis, Atlanta night-school teacher, a graduate of Atlanta University in 1922. Nellie Davis built the idea into

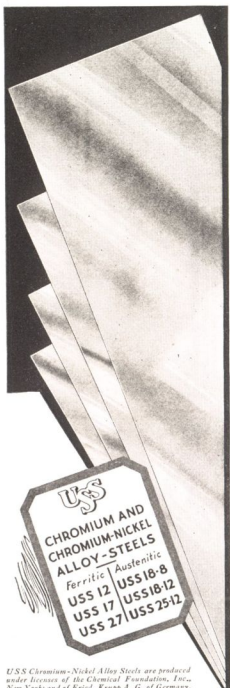


ATLANTA'S NELLIE DAVIS

"Too late!" she sobs as the Devil gets her.

Heaven Bound, a play that is part pageant, part revival meeting, part spiritual charades in which the only part not sung is the sob of the Wayward Girl, "Too late!"

In performances of *Heaven Bound*, Nellie Davis plays the part of the Wayward Girl. The other actors are members of the Big Bethel choir supplemented, outside Atlanta, by singers from other colored churches. St. Peter is Henry Mathews, a onetime slave who is sexton of Big Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church. He wears white robes, golden keys around his neck and his own long, crinkly beard. Pilgrim of Determination is Esther Jones, a dye-cleaner; Millionaire is Hubert Jones, an Atlanta barber; Devil is George A. Pullum, a railway postal clerk. Reader or interpreter, who also helps guide the action of the play, has been Estella Z. Wright, 20-year-old Negro stenographer, soon to join the staff of Pittsburgh's *Negro Courier*. None of the actors in *Heaven Bound* receives wages. The first production cost \$155, realized a fat profit for Big Bethel's trustee fund with admissions at 25¢. Not very many white people have yet seen *Heaven Bound* but most of those who have were observed to look sorry with everyone else for the Wayward Girl, smile and hum in their throats when the Saints started singing.



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Sorry Steel

Most significant industrial news of last week (and of many a week) was the drastic drop in quarterly earnings reported by the six biggest steel companies. Ranged in order of productive capacity, the companies reported their net incomes thus:

Second Quarter, Second Quarter,	
	1931
U. S. Steel.....\$7,591,585*	\$32,126,717
Bethlehem.....1,457,743	7,691,495
Republic.....1,692,303d	285,472
Jones & Laughlin.....391,823	3,493,687
Yonkers.....1,176,444d	2,910,345
Inland.....772,737	2,610,109

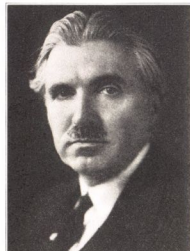
Such a record as this is the smoke which betrays a serious fire in the House of Steel. Three points to be considered in steel's present crisis are:

Prices. "Steel men generally must realize that they can ill afford to sell their products even at current prices after they have studied the second quarter earnings." Thus did President Grace, after last week's Bethlehem meeting, put his finger on the industry's sore spot: prices. He said "even at current prices" because since President Farrell of U. S. Steel told his colleagues two months ago that it was "immoral" to cut steel prices as they were doing, there has been a perceptible rising and firming of prices. Bars, shapes and plates, for example, were last week holding steady, and sheets seemed to be keeping the advance they made a month ago. But the rise has been far from spectacular. Last week the price of all types of finished steel averaged 2.116¢ per lb. against 2.171¢ a year ago. The most that can be said for current prices is that they are slightly better than they were June 2. Yet even this must be qualified, for no one knows how deeply prices are shaded at the insistence of big buyers.

Production. Closely bound up with unstable prices is the extremely low capacity at which the industry is running. From 48½% of capacity three months ago the rate of steel operations declined steadily week after week until last fortnight, when it stayed at the same level (31%) as the week before. Last week a slight rise, to 33%, was registered, somewhat to the surprise of the statisticians. For tin plate output, long the brightest spot in the steel picture, declined last week; three more blast furnaces (two at Birmingham and one at Chicago) were blown out; the summer decline in automotive steel buying had set in strongly. Last week's rise, slight as it was, in the face of all these unfavorable factors may well have been a portent that steel production has reached the irreducible minimum, the rock bottom below which no depression can sink it.

Wages. When U. S. Steel cut its great 40% stock melon in 1927, Judge Gray drew up the Board in two long lines and jubilantly invited reporters in to see his potent directors "in the flesh." But at last week's meeting the directors, con-

fronted with the poorest quarterly statement since the pre-War era, cut the common dividend from a yearly rate of \$7 to \$4 (TIME, Aug. 3). They left the meeting hastily, silently, Morgan-Partner Lamont forgetting his hat in his hurry. But President Farrell had something to tell reporters. Four words: "Wages were not touched." There was a bit of triumph in his voice. He has fought hard to keep up wages in the steel industry; it was highly pleasing to him when his fellow-directors voted to cut salaries but not wages. Also well-pleased was President Hoover, who had begged once more that a wage cut be averted (see p. 11). The next few weeks will determine the fruitfulness of the Farrell-Hoover victory. If price and production factors grow more favorable, the company's wages will probably stay where they are. Otherwise,



Keystone

CHARLES E. ARNOTT

"... as if arranged by nature."

(See below.)

wages will probably go the way of salaries. At its meeting two days after U. S. Steel, Bethlehem reduced its common dividend from \$4 yearly to \$2, but took no action on wages. To date President Farrell's vehement declaration last year, "Oh, no! Wages in the steel industry are not coming down," remains uncontradicted, though the "stagger system," whereby more men work fewer hours, has been generally adopted. In wages, as in price cuts, bulky earnest Mr. Farrell has so far been able to marshal his colleagues. The near future may see another test of his leadership.

Socony-Vacuum Corp.

First proposed in 1928, the merger of Standard Oil Co. of New York with Vacuum Oil Co. of New York was consummated last week by an overwhelming vote of the companies' stockholders. The law's delays had held up the merger. Only last month did the Government give up its attempt to prevent this union of two oldtime Standard Oil units (TIME, June 15). Socony has \$720,305,000 assets,

earned \$40,246,000 last year; Vacuum has \$240,343,000 assets, earned \$20,393,000 last year. United, they form a company which ranks third (after Shell and New Jersey Standard) among world oil companies in total assets, which does almost 9% of the total gasoline and over 12% of the total lubricants business in the U. S. market. As approved, the merger differs in two important respects from the original proposal: 1) the new company is known as Socony-Vacuum Corp. instead of General Petroleum Corp. (Reason: to avoid confusion with Socony's subsidiary, General Petroleum Corp. of California.); 2) the original ratio of share exchange (three Socony shares to one Vacuum) was changed to two and a half Socony shares for one Vacuum (Reason: protests of a lusty group of Socony's California stockholders led by Lionel T. Barneson).

The merger is beneficial to Socony, essential to Vacuum. Socony is well integrated, with large production in California (General Petroleum) and the Southwest (Magnolia) and with nearly one-third of the total gasoline sales in "Soconyland" (New York and New England) as well as a major part of the kerosene business in China and India. From Vacuum it will gain an excellent line of lubricants and a distributing system which extends to every State and country (save Russia).*

For Vacuum the merger is almost a life & death matter because, one of the least integrated of the big oil companies, it has long specialized in lubricants, only lately going into gasoline, and has never had much crude production of its own. For many years after the 1911 dissolution of the Standard Oil trust, Vacuum was a particularly prosperous fragment. Lately its position in the lubricating business has been cut into by outside competition. The union with Socony means a source of crude supply as well as a large gasoline business to supplement the Vacuum line of lubricants. And for both companies it means greatly increased resources in their bitter war with Royal Dutch Shell for world oil markets.

The Socony-Vacuum consummation revived talk of another, much bigger merger of old Standard units: Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) and Standard of California. Such a merger would span the continent, would bring together \$2,381,389,000 in assets, would create by far the biggest oil company in the world. It would give an outlet to California's tremendous crude production (including half of the Kettleman Hills field) through the extensive marketing system which New Jersey has built up in the central and south Atlantic states, in Europe and Latin America.

Seasoned executives drawn from the two merging companies are in command of Socony-Vacuum Corp. Of the three top officers the youngest is Charles E. Arnott, who became president of Vacuum only last year, and who steps into the presidency of the new company. He has been an oilman since 1896, with Vacuum since 1923. He lives in Short Hills, N. J. Treacherly he describes Socony-Vacuum: "Not only will it contain every element of the production, refining and distribution of a com-

*Of the \$36,767,000 net profit made by Vacuum in 1929, all except \$4,200,000 came from its foreign business.

*Includes \$7,160,966 special income, d=deficit.

†Last week 23,000 Ford employees were temporarily out of a job owing to a shutdown of practically all the Ford plants. Rumors of a new eight-cylinder model in progress were persistently circulated, as persistently denied.

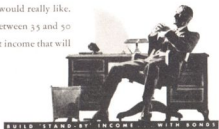
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• Right now you are probably so busy earning money that you haven't time to spend it the way you would really like. But during the years of highest earnings, between 35 and 50 for most men, you can build an independent income that will later "stand-by" and give you the means and leisure to realize your ideas of real living. One dependable way to achieve the goal of financial independence is through regular investment in sound bonds.

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• AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

plete line of petroleum products, but, as if arranged by nature, the field of action of the two companies is surprisingly complementary." Oldest of the top executives is the new chairman of the Executive Committee, grizzle-bearded Charles F. Meyer, who climbed from the Indian service of the old Standard to the presidency of Standard of New York. Board Chairman of Socony-Vacuum is Herbert Lee Pratt, longtime chairman of the Socony Board and son of one of the elder Rockefeller's most potent partners.

Reformed Lady to Cleveland


Once notorious as "the Scarlet Lady of Wall Street," the Erie Railroad, as everyone knows, has long since reformed and led a most exemplary life. So exemplary, indeed, that some years ago those two most respectable Clevelanders, the Brothers Van Sweringen, took the Erie unto themselves in lawful wedlock. Now the brothers are taking their bride to Cleveland. Last week the first special trainload of Erie employees and families chuffed out of New York bound for the road's new headquarters in Cleveland (which will not, for the present at least, be located in the Van Sweringen's skyscraping Terminal Tower). All through August more special trains will chuff away with more Erie families, until by the end of the month the 1,000-odd inhabitants of the Erie's New York office will all be installed in Cleveland. Wall Street oldsters recalled that the last time the Erie moved was in 1868 —a highly immoral escapade across the Hudson with Messrs. Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and "Uncle Dan!" Drew, three most disreputable characters. Commodore Vanderbilt's legal maneuvers had made it too hot for Gould's company in New York, so they packed up the Erie books, boarded a ferry, set up the road's offices in Jersey City's Hotel Taylor. There they held "Fort Taylor," aided by Erie detectives, cannons and an armed fleet of lifeboats commanded by "Admiral" Fisk, until the Commodore came to terms.

Brooklyn Bankrupt

Last week Percy Gilkes, longtime Chief Clerk of Brooklyn's Federal Court, whistled softly as he scanned a petition in bankruptcy. Against \$100 in assets he saw arrayed \$44,462.913 in liabilities. In all his 25 years of service Clerk Gilkes could not recall such enormous liabilities in a bankruptcy case. He looked at the signature of the petitioner—Jeremiah K. Donovan—and scratched his head in perplexity.

Jeremiah K. Donovan is a smallish man who brushes up his hair into an impressive pompadour and who wears ice-cream suits and gay bow ties in the summertime. He works as a clerk in a tiny office in Lawyers Title & Guaranty Co., goes home every night to a furnished room in Brooklyn. When newshawks swooped down on him last week they found him unperturbed by his bankruptcy, and quite sane. It was a real bankruptcy, and his assets were only \$100, and his liabilities were over \$44,000,000—and yet his creditors would lose considerably less than \$100,000 in actual cash. Explanation:

Mr. Donovan used to bolster his slender income by playing dummy in big real



Approximately 1,400,000,000 pounds of coffee are imported yearly for consumption in this country. The great part of it makes its way from manufacturer to consumer in cans and cans. No wonder the coffee industry is one of the best users of packaging machinery.

A third of this tremendous coffee poundage is produced by Automatic Machines. Among the coffee brands in the very branch of the industry is the

Over 1,400,000 pounds of coffee are consumed annually for consumption in this country. This makes its way from manufacturer to consumer in tins and cans. No wonder the coffee industry is one of the largest users of packaging machinery.

Over one-third of this tremendous coffee poundage is packaged by Pneumatic Machines. Among the concerns packaging that poundage are the producers of the largest-selling and best-known coffee brands in the country. Here again, as in practically every branch of the packaging industry, Pneumatic Machinery is the accepted leader.

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estate deals. For a modest fee, he would sign the mortgage bonds on a property and then deed the property to the real buyer. Thus, if the mortgage were foreclosed and if the amount realized by the foreclosure sale were not enough to cover the mortgage, Mr. Donovan alone would be liable for the difference. It is a shrewd method which big real estate operators can only use to limit their legal liability on obligations they assume. So long as Mr. Donovan signed only first mortgage bonds, his career ran along smoothly enough. But of late he has been dabbling in second mortgages as well, and disaster has overtaken him. The holders of one of his second mortgages are suing him for some \$85,000 due them on a foreclosure sale, thus throwing him into bankruptcy. They will probably not get their money, Mr. Donovan's assets being what they are, but none of the other hundreds of Donovan creditors will lose anything. Mr. Donovan takes it all quite calmly. He has gone away on his two-week vacation.

Again, Bank of U. S.

Last week the long-tangled affairs of the late Bank of United States moved eleven bulky volumes closer to a settlement. The volumes were promulgated by New York State Superintendent of Banks Joseph A. Broderick, who stated therein which of the many creditors' claims against the bank he allowed and which he did not. Of a total \$254,639,733.26 of claims and other accounts payable, only \$131,002,495.16 were allowed. Bulk of the rejected category, however, consisted in \$102,000,000 claims against the bank by the receiver for its three bankrupt affiliates. Superintendent Broderick plans to pay a first 30¢ on each dollar of the accepted claims within six weeks. Among claims accepted were the following:

Bernard K. Marcus	
(recently jailed president of the bank).....	\$20,790.88
Saul Singer (recently jailed executive vice president).....	8,853.48
William Fox.....	94,355.00
W. H. Harkness.....	8,210.50
The Salvation Army.....	220,276.17
Amorg Trading Corp.....	33,533.54
Bertha Steuer*.....	45

Corn Squeeze

"Corners," as every one knows, are forbidden on most civilized stock and commodity exchanges. Not so the "squeeze," which approaches a corner without actually turning it. Last week the corn pit of the Chicago Board of Trade, slumbering in the doldrums of depression, was stirred to humming life by a squeeze worthy of the late great Benjamin P. ("Old Hutch") Hutchinson himself. Thomas Montgomery Howell, a wily, taciturn La Salle Street grain broker who

*Wife of slick, shrewd Lawyer Max D. Steuer, who prosecuted the Bank of U. S. officials. She had an account of \$54,117.45 in the bank. The day before the bank closed, she drew this out, but forgot the \$45. Widespread is the story that an official almost talked Mrs. Steuer out of withdrawing her account, that she telephoned her doubts to her husband, who replied: "Listen, Bertha, did you go to the bank to hear conversation or to get out your money?"

Develop Technique

TECHNIQUE is that skilled and refined procedure which harmonizes mind with method and motion. Business that has it, individuals that have it—accomplish more, and do better work with less effort, less time and less waste.

Just as much depends on technique in business as in art or sport. Not long ago Business shied at using a term, or a practice, which had anything to do with Art, or even Sport. Not so now. Modern Accountancy has shown not only that business management is an art, but that its greater success comes with the application of exactly the same factors which produce great Art—and make Sport so universal and so interesting.

In the control of your business, in the method or system of your management, in the endless operations of all material functions—develop technique.

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DAVENPORT	MIAMI	TOLEDO
DAYTON	MILWAUKEE	TULSA
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For instance, the Associated Press uses nothing but Remington No. 12. The speed of a greyhound

and the strength of a truck. It *fits*.

But Ernst & Ernst handle figures instead of news. They use the Remington No. 30, with its key-set decimal tabulator. It *fits*.

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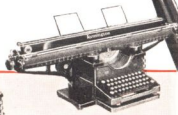
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Remington ULTRA-WIDE (No. 50H) holds paper up to 4 1/2" wide. Yet because of its segment-shift construction, it is as easy to operate as a standard size machine.



is picked by many to fill the big shoes left empty when Arthur William Cutten moved up to Winnipeg (TIME, Jan. 26), was the squeezer. Many a fellow trader, including (according to stoutly denied reports) the Federal Farm Board's brokers, were the squeezees.

It all began several weeks ago when Trader Howell remarked, "If corn isn't worth more than 50 cents a bushel, I'm willing to lose money buying it." He bought, mostly around that price, until early last week he was reported to have 70% of the visible corn supply in his possession (5,000,000 bushels out of a total supply of 6,813,000). By the morning of July 30 deliveries were pouring in to him, and 137 carloads of corn were standing on the tracks consigned to the firm buying for him. The shorts, whose July contracts fell due at midnight of the next day, had already bid up corn to 68¢ the day before, now went on to raise it to 72½¢—a gain of 14¢ in less than two days. At that point Trader Howell, well knowing the distinction between a corner and a squeeze, came to terms in private negotiations and released his corn at 72½¢. The price broke, closed at 68¢. Rose the next day to 72½¢ and stayed there until the end of trading—and of the month.

Trader Howell's profits on his squeeze were estimated at close to \$1,000,000, all of which went into his own pocket, for he works entirely by himself. His reply to a peace overture from another operator is quoted as: "I go along, ask no quarter, and don't give any." He was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was in the advertising busi-

ness in Lincoln, Neb., before he went to Chicago, has been a pit trader since 1915. Neat, almost daintily in appearance (his hands and feet are tiny) he moves restlessly about the floor dressed usually in grey with a dark blue shirt. He has a country place near Chicago where he shoots pheasants, a yacht upon which he winters in Florida. Associates who see much of him but know little expect more Howell news before long. They suspect he also has some bears by the tail in cotton.

Copper's Travail

With copper last week being sold by custom smelters at 7½¢ a pound, another all-time low, the already painful pinch upon U. S. producers became sharper than ever. Therefore last week Quincy Mining Co. shut down its mines for five weeks and Magma Copper Co. shut down for three months. Adding United Verde and United Verde Extension, both of which shut down several weeks ago, this made four copper companies out of business. In 1929, the four supplied 12% of total U. S. production. Should copper fail to rise in the near future, other of the lesser companies are expected to join these four. Such a development is known as Little Fellows Being Squeezed Out after a long period of overproduction. The exit of Quincy and its fellows is less significant than it might be, for all U. S. copper producers are shut down to a greater or less extent at the moment. Present prices are too low to tempt much production activity. Copper men viewed with reluctance the suggestion

made at Washington that they market their product at its present price in Germany on credit (see p. 11).

Cheap copper has no terrors for the great Mid-African mines of the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, world's biggest producer. At the company's annual meeting in Brussels last week, President Jean Jadot stated that his company can make money on 8¢ or even 7½¢ copper. Katanga's 1930 earnings were 270,208,000 Belgian francs (\$7,511,000), only about 6,000,000 francs down from the peak earnings of 1929. Elements in Katanga's strength are: tremendously rich ores; cheap native labor; big production of cobalt and radium (over 82% of world radium supply) on the side; and, most recent, the newly opened Benguela Railway, which connects Katanga with the Atlantic, saves hundreds of rail miles, thousands of sea miles for Katanga copper on its long journey to European markets.

Earnings

Notable among the earnings of U. S. businesses reported last week were:

	1930 first half	1931 first half
	(000's omitted)	
American Chain Co.....	1,185	960d
American Metal Co.....	1,272	102d
Bangor & Aroostook Railroad..	1,300	768
Barnsdall Corp. (oil).....	3,367	1,815d
Childs Co. (restaurants).....	668	612
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific..	1,676	174d
Colorado Fuel & Iron.....	1,619*	616d
Crown Cork & Seal.....	837	570
Curtis Publishing Co.....	12,291	7,718
General Clear Co.....	1,445	913
Libby-Owens-Ford Glass.....	1,697	172d
Missouri Pacific Railroad.....	2,353	971
Norfolk & Western Railway.....	14,747	9,098
J. C. Penney Co.....	3,497	4,310
Phillips Petroleum.....	4,368	2,674d
Prairie Pipe Line.....	10,550	3,708
Royal Baking Powder.....	674	701
Standard Brands.....	7,707	8,460
United Gas Improvement.....	9,550	9,020
Virginian Railway.....	2,076	1,290*
Westinghouse Air Brake.....	4,014	1,953
Worthington Pump & Machinery.....	1,052	209

Transatlantic Cut

No industry has been sunk deeper by Depression than transatlantic shipping. Plumb lines measuring the depth: a 30% to 50% decrease this year in American tourist traffic; a corresponding \$250,000,000 drop in European tourist receipts. Last week, at the insistence of the Britishers, 18 major transatlantic lines met in Paris to take action.

The alternatives confronting the conferees were: 1) to restrict travel by cutting down schedules or 2) to increase travel by cutting down rates. They took the latter course, announced a cut beginning Aug. 17 of from 10% to 30% in first-class rates, of 13% in third-class rates. In shipping circles it was rumored that the cut had been practically forced by the British, who had threatened a rate war against the French and German lines. Oldsters recalled that in 1904 British and German steamship companies competed so bitterly for immigrant trade that one could travel from Great Britain to New York for less than \$10.

*Before Federal Taxes
d=deficit

WE solicit conservative margin accounts based on purchases of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Our facilities, resources and experience, developed over a period of more than forty-three years' service to traders and investors, are placed at the disposal of our clients.

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

ESTABLISHED 1888

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While You Are Waiting for MAGAZINE COSTS to Come DOWN

COMPARE With Any Other Magazine

HOW MUCH?

Liberty averaged 2,401,416 weekly circulation for 1930, 2,501,130 for the first quarter of 1931.

WHO?

Liberty is deliberately edited for both men and women. It is read by 2,750,000 men and 3,000,000 women. Result records have been broken for men's and women's products alike.

80% of all Liberty families above \$2,000 income class, 65.8% U.S. average.

52% own homes 37% U.S. average*

84% have telephones 19% U.S. average

58% have radios 46% U.S. average

50% have vacuum cleaners 37% U.S. average

34% have electric washers 29% U.S. average

12% have mechanical refrigerators 8% U.S. average

*In cities covered by Starch Survey

WHERE?

Liberty concentrates three-quarters of its circulation in cities over 2,000 population. Liberty places more circulation here (where three-quarters of all retail business is done) than any other magazine.

HOW READ?

Liberty is wanted enough by its readers, that 99% of them buy voluntarily week after week. No expensive subscription crews are necessary to sign up readers 6 months or a year or two in advance, 99% single copy circulation is 99% guaranteed-to-be-read circulation.

Then, instead of burying 90% of its advertisements after the start of the last story, Liberty alternates advertisements and story leads throughout the book. Surveys show this nearly doubles readers-per-advertisement.

THE YARDSTICK OF CIRCULATION QUALITY

IT is true that magazine costs, on the average, have decreased but a fraction of a per cent while commodity prices have dropped 30 per cent.

But many publishers have met the situation by increasing the physical value of their magazines. They feel, and perhaps rightly, that conditions for them are already adjusted.

In the Meantime, You Must Make Sales

With appropriations being put on a Post-Depression basis, the problem of increasing dollar coverage becomes acute. For such appropriations Liberty now offers one answer.

Liberty's cost, unlike that of any other magazine, has dropped 35 per cent during the past five years.

And now, like many other magazines, Liberty offers a vastly improved physical product.

Over a Quarter Million More for Better Paper and Editorial Contents

Since Liberty became a Macfadden magazine in April, paper stock improved on two separate occasions. Just closed, now, is a new paper contract, the largest quality paper order ever placed by a single magazine, to take effect beginning January, 1932. This involves an expense of \$160,000 more a year.

In addition, editorial, art and manuscript activities—already successful in building the most-asked-for magazine in America—are being stepped up to the tune of \$100,000 more a year.

What Your 1931-32 Dollar Buys:

Liberty 565 families
Average of 3 Other Weeklies . . . 377 families
Average of 2 Monthlies 391 families
Average of 6 Women's
Magazines 285 families

Think what Liberty's new management throws open to Post-Depression appropriations now:

50 per cent more coverage than in other Weeklies

45 per cent more coverage than in Monthlies

98 per cent more coverage than in Women's Magazines

What Do They Think of It?

Within 60 days of Liberty's purchase announcement carrying the assurance of an improved book plus continued low rates, 92 advertisers and 58 agencies had sent in \$1,521,677 worth of new orders.

A gesture of good will, perhaps, but more likely a reflection of hard pressed appropriations suddenly faced with an opportunity to do 50% to 100% better than elsewhere.

One of them says: "Liberty is giving Advertising a chance to get on the job for Business—now."

Write without obligation for booklet: "To every man with \$1 to spend in advertising." Liberty Magazine, 2709 Graybar Building, New York City.

AMONG ADVERTISERS NOW APPEARING IN LIBERTY

American Safety Razor Corp.

American Tel. & Tel. Co.

American Tobacco Co.

Aston-Fisher Tobacco Co.

B. V. D. Co.

Barbasol Co.

Bauer & Black

Beech-Nut Packing Co.

Borden Co.

Bristol Myers Co.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co.

Cheselbrough Mfg. Co.

Chi., Mil., St. Paul & Pac. R.R.

Chrysler Motors Corp.

Cinet-Peabody & Co.

Coca-Cola Co.

Columbia Pictures Corp.

Crosley Radio Corp.

R. R. Davis Co.

Jos. T. Dixon Crucible Co.

Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc.

Elhof Gasoline Corp.

Florida Citrus Exchange

General Motors Corp.

Gillette Safety Razor Co.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Hewes & Potter

Hinne Androna, Inc.

Chas. E. Hires Co.

Houligant, Inc.

Infant Refining Co.

International Mercantile Marine

Jantzen Knitting Mills

Johnson & Johnson

Kylberg Co.

Kohyos Co.

Kreus & Owen Co.

Landert Pharmaceutical Co.

Larson & Bros. Co.

Lever Bros. Co.

Mennen Co.

Philip Morris & Co.

Northwestern Yeast Co.

Norwich Pharmaceutical Co.

Parker Pen Co.

Peppercorn Co.

Pompeian Co., Inc.

R. C. A. Victor Corp.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Sinclair Refining Co.

A. G. Spaulding & Bros.

Stanco, Inc.

Yeldsen Company, Inc.

Texas Co.

Yapo Cressoline Co.

Walden Company, Inc.

Wander Co.

G. Washington Coffee Co.

L. E. Waterman Co.

R. L. Watkins Co.

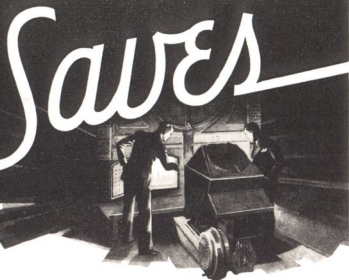
Western Clock Co.

Wm. T. Young Co.

Zonite Products Corp.

Liberty . . . a weekly for the whole family
PRICED FOR POST-DEPRESSION

IN 4 MAJOR WAYS IRON FIREMAN



Users save over \$5,000,000 yearly

In 4 Major Ways an Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner saves money and increases heating plant efficiency:

1 Cuts fuel costs. Iron Fireman burns the smaller, cheaper sizes of coal. A nation-wide survey of users shows average yearly fuel savings of 31.62 per cent over other methods of firing, or more than \$5,000,000 yearly.

2 Provides steady automatic heat. Iron Fireman feeds coal to the fire in just the right volume to maintain steady heat or power. Regardless of weather or load conditions Iron Fireman "forced underfiring" maintains uniform temperature or pressure, thus increasing heating plant efficiency.

3 Reduces labor costs. Iron Fireman feeds coal to the fire automatically. Boiler room labor is reduced to a minimum and firemen have ample time for other duties.

4 Eliminates costly smoke nuisance. Iron Fireman feeds coal to the fire from below. As valuable gases are released they pass upward through the intensely hot fire, where they are created into useful heat.

How much will your savings be?

If you now use coal, hand-fired, or costly automatic fuels in your business or home, you will be money ahead by installing Iron Fireman. Get the facts. Write for literature, or ask your Iron Fireman dealer to survey your boiler or furnace room and submit his report. Buy your Iron Fireman by the month. Fuel savings and other economies of operation will go far toward meeting monthly payments. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co., Portland, Oregon. Factories, Portland, Cleveland, Toronto, Canada. Branches and subsidiaries: Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Milwaukee. Dealers everywhere.

IRON FIREMAN

AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

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Please give me full information regarding Iron Fireman

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U.S. PAT. 1,812,000

THE MACHINE THAT MADE COAL AN AUTOMATIC FUEL

P R E S S

For Freedom

A committee composed of an honorary chairman, two vice chairmen, a secretary, 52 honorary vice chairmen and 56 plain committeemen was formed last week to safeguard the Freedom of the Press. It was created under the auspices of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation and made public at a meeting of newsmen and Foundation leaders aboard the *S. S. Ile de France* in dock at Manhattan. By telephone from Chicago, Publisher Robert Rutherford McCormick, whose 51st birthday it was, formally accepted honorary chairmanship. Chairman is Claude Gernade Bowers, editorial writer of Hearst's *New York Journal*, late of the *Evening World*, keynote of the 1928 Democratic national convention. Vice chairmen are Editor Marlen Edwin Pew of *Editor & Publisher* and Editor Frank Parker Stockbridge of the *American Press*. The rest of the committee are newspapermen great & small in all parts of the U. S.

Purpose of the Freedom of the Press Committee, so far as was revealed, is to intensify public sentiment in favor of press-freedom. Speakers at the meeting viewed with alarm the fact that the U. S. Supreme Court voted the Minnesota "rag law" unconstitutional by such a small margin as 5 to 4 (*TIME*, June 8 *et ante*). But the first specific function of the Committee will be a celebration of that vote, on Oct. 20 at Thomas Jefferson's "Monticello" near Charlottesville, Va. One room of "Monticello," maintained by the Jefferson Foundation, is to be designated "Freedom of the Press Room." Sponsors of the idea expressed the hope that newspapermen from all the land would make annual "pious" pilgrimages to the home "to refresh our spirit in the fountain of freedom."

"Erratic, Bohemian"

"The court is well aware that reporters in the City of New York commonly lead an erratic and Bohemian existence, and what might be libelous when said of a merchant or professional man, will not be held libelous when said of one leading such an existence."

Thus, it was learned last week, pleaded counsel for Publishers Doubleday, Doran & Co. in asking dismissal of a \$750,000 libel suit brought in Manhattan by Neil Callahan, onetime reporter for the *New York Sun*. Callahan claimed that he and his wife, whose name was Hester Robinson, were maliciously portrayed as "Ralph Halloran" and "Rebecca Robishkek," leading characters in a book called *Rebecca the Wise* by Josef Israels II, co-defendant.

Submitted the defense: "It appears from the face of the complaint that the plaintiff is a roving reporter, having worked on five different newspapers, having covered East Side courts and having been a ship news reporter. . . . In so far as the alleged libelous matter is not admittedly true, it is submitted that it is not libelous per se, when spoken of a newspaper reporter."

The court refused to dismiss the action.

MUSIC

Buckeye Opera

Cleveland music-lovers and city-boosters looked into the sky one afternoon last week for a portent. Suddenly from the Union Terminal Tower a great white banner with a diagonal red stripe was flung to the breeze. The weather that evening would be fine. The Opera was on!

Behind the banner were months of elaborate and painstaking organization which were to give the city its first out-door opera. It would not be the Metropolitan troupe which Senator Robert Johns Bulkley brings to the city every year through his Northern Ohio Opera Association, but a gigantic al fresco show, home-produced in the month-old Municipal Stadium. Beneficiary of the performance was the Cleveland Press's milk fund. Purpose was to entertain those of the citizenry who like music and those who like spectacles. A further purpose was to illuminate iron-mongering Cleveland's place on the nation's cultural map.

Plans were drawn for the largest opera stage ever constructed; 300 ft. by 125 ft. It was built in three tiers out of lumber left over from the Schmeling-Stribling prize fight which baptized the Stadium (TIME, July 13). Associate stage director, who helped design with simple grandeur the sets used on the six nights, was Laurence Higgins, a 25-year-old native son. Directing his work with the Stadium Grand Opera Co. was Ernst Lert, longtime stage director at La Scala in Milan, dropped from the Metropolitan this year after two seasons. A facile lighting technician, Lert worked for sweeping effects in great patches of contrasted colors. His sister-in-law is Vicki Baum, playwright of famed *Grand Hotel*.

Since the end of May, Cleveland had been canvassed for a native chorus and ballet. Rita De Leporte, the Metropolitan's *première danseuse*, whipped together an able troupe of 100. Giacomo Spadoni, assistant conductor and choral master of the Chicago Civic and Ravinia opera companies, selected 300 voices. For *Aida* was provided a special Negro chorus led by a colored preacher. For Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*—"Czech national opera"—was provided the Cleveland United Czech Singing Society. A group of Welshmen were to sing specially in *Die Meistersinger*.

In charge of the whole production was Director Guy Golterman, the man who founded the St. Louis Municipal Open Air Theatre with a week of *Aida* in 1917. At Cleveland he planned to give three *Aidas*. Sandwiched in between were three "prize packages" from *La Gioconda*, *Carmen*, *Die Meistersinger*, *The Bartered Bride* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Director Golterman gathered a goodly company of principals: Soprano Alida Vane (La Scala); Soprano Anne Roselle (Metropolitan); Contraltos Coe Glade and Constance Eberhart (Chicago); Tenor Paul Althouse (Metropolitan); Pasquale Amato, oldtime Metropolitan Baritone trying for a comeback; Contralto Dreda Aves (Metropolitan) for whom a horticulturist in her hometown of Norwalk, Ohio, has named a giant yellow snapdragon.

LOST: ONE SHIRT



BY A MOTORIST WHO THOUGHT ALL MOTOR OILS WERE ALIKE

Don't raise your eyebrows. It takes just one filling of poor oil to put a crimp in a bankroll—to run up a repair bill that will take your breath away!

So why take chances? It's easy to get the finest lubrication a motor can have—by insisting on oils made 100% from Pennsylvania Grade Crude.

Pennsylvania Grade Crude is the best raw material in the world for motor oils! Why? You'll have to ask Nature. When she created it she played favorites. She gave it greater oiliness, greater freedom from impurities. She gave it a headstart over every other crude oil known.

And the refineries which turn this great crude into finished oils have been refining

oil longer than any of the others. In the Pennsylvania field you will find the industry's most modern refining equipment. No wonder, then, that Pennsylvania motor oils stand up when other oils quit. No wonder that they have demonstrated their longer life and greater resistance to heat while performing the toughest lubricating jobs: in automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motorboats; in locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines.

Many brands of finished motor oils wear the emblem shown below. Each is made 100% from Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude. Each is bonded to protect you. Buy whichever brand you prefer—and get a sweeter, longer life for your motor.

© 1931, P. G. & G. A.

This emblem appears on many different brands of motor oil. It guarantees that the oil which displays it is made 100% from



Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product.

PENNSYLVANIA
GRADE CRUDE OIL

from which the world's finest motor oils are made

THE NEWSMAGAZINE IDEA

6. TIME is Edited for Intelligence

IN every community there are people whose contacts reach out beyond the railroad depot. They require more than the average-man's newspaper. For them TIME came into being.

Neither their clothes nor their speech is antiquated: they will not read old-fashioned publications. Because of their enthusiasm for the Newsmagazine Idea, TIME is already the principal informant of intelligent, active Americans.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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AN ESSENTIAL FUNCTION IN THE MODERN WORLD

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Please enter my subscription to TIME.
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While hiring his talent in Manhattan, Director Golterman came across the most newsworthy member of his troupe—Helen Gahagan, who played the part of the hard-to-awaken operatress in David Belasco's last production, *Tonight or Never* and married Melvyn Douglas, her leading man (TIME, April 12). On the evening her play closed she met Director Golterman, expressed a wish to make her U. S. debut in his company. In 15 min. a contract was drawn up and she announced: "I am happy to make my American debut in Ohio because my grandmother and her people came from the Buckeye State."

Svelte, brunette, born at Boonton, N. J. in 1900, Helen Gahagan took up singing after theatrical successes in *Young Woodley* and *Diplomacy*. In Germany and Czechoslovakia she sang in *Tosca* and the part of free-&-easy Santuzza in *Cavalleria*



HELEN GAHAGAN

She was happy to sing in Ohio.

Rusticana, which was her rôle the fifth night in Cleveland last week.

First-night audiences had already been bowled over by the sheer bulk of the production. In the pit was Conductor Cesare Sodero (formerly with La Scala, now opera conductor of NBC) surrounded by an orchestra of 90 men, most of them from the Cleveland Orchestra. Three operators regulated a \$25,000 amplification system which used horns six ft. long.* Anne Roselle was Aida, Paul Althouse, Rhadames, Pasquale Amato was Amonasro. Critics credited them with "signal ability . . . abundant breadth and vigor . . . impressive operatic authority."

The crashing climax of Director Golterman's *Aida* came with the triumph of the Egyptian king at the Act II finale. Eight hundred voices (including the Aframerican chorus) filled the wide night air, 100 dancing girls disported before the monarch and on the lawn in front of the mammoth stage were massed Egyptians on real camels† and a troop of the Cleve-

*Because people absorb sound, four times more amplification was needed when the stadium was full (20,000 capacity) than when it was empty.

†The same camels were used last month in Cleveland for the Shriners' Convention.

land mounted Police disguised as Bedouins.

The second night it rained, but the third night Governor George White—escorted by the Cleveland Grays—attended. Throughout the week Cleveland was in raptures. Eighteen thousand spectators attended almost every night, the "largest number of spectators ever to view open-air opera."

The glory of Egypt in Ohio was again unfolded on the last evening. In the closing moments, when the tense lovers were being buried alive, there came a hush. An impassive moon shone down and from not far away came a gentle hooting. Industrial Cleveland could take its culture in huge doses, but still there remained the reminding murmur of nearby switch engines, the low moan of homing ore boats.

Stadium Men

Out of New York City's Lewisohn Stadium last week went hollow-eyed Willem Van Hoogstraten, having conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra there for three weeks. After a program of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Bach and Brahms (apparently his favorite composer), he was given tokens of esteem in recognition of his ten-year association with the Stadium concerts, set out for Philadelphia to direct the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts in Robin Hood Dell Park. Next he will go to Europe, return in the autumn to conduct his seventh season in Portland, Ore.

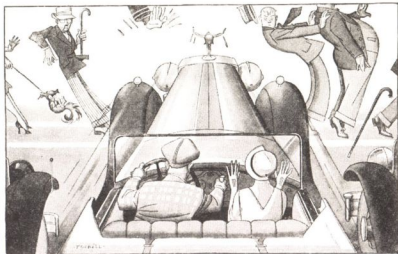
Almost from pier to podium popped busy, plump little Conductor Fritz Reiner. He had just stepped off the boat from Italy the day before his first Stadium concert. Gustily he spoke of his summer doings. He had conducted in Milan, Naples, had tried to reduce at Marienbad, had peered about Venice for antiques and lace. With five cameras (two cinema) he and his wife had photographed each other climbing up the Jungfrau, standing in front of Dr. Axel Munthe's San Michele on Capri.

Usually classified as a modernist, Conductor Reiner gave in his first Stadium concert a program mostly classical. However, he told interviewers of an interest in such modern Americans as John Alden Carpenter, Aaron Copland, Roger H. Sessions and George Gershwin, who, he says, is "the only U. S. composer to have a popular following in Europe." And in his fourth concert, Conductor Reiner—who once studied for the Hungarian bar—gave a program composed of the works of four living musicians (Stravinsky, Kodaly, Ravel, Henry Hadley), two dead within the century (Debussy, Goldmark).

After two weeks at the Stadium, he will go to Philadelphia where he, too, will conduct a week at Robin Hood Dell.

When Reiner leaves the Stadium, in will go Conductor Albert Coates, fresh from his Italian villa on Lake Maggiore. He spent the winter with the Moscow Grand Opera, made gramophone records in England this spring, brings to the U. S. a new Russian work—a suite from music to the comedy *The Flea*. It will be played at the Stadium along with his own suite from music to *The Taming of the Shrew*, intended for Max Reinhardt's forthcoming Berlin production.

Will Your Brakes Always Hold?



WILL your brakes *always* hold . . . or will they some day only hold you responsible for a *damage suit*? Even the best of brakes can't perform miracles. Besides—it isn't always a question of "Can you stop?"—but, "Can the *other fellow* stop—in time?"

The new Aetna Comprehensive Automobile Liability Policy is not a substitute for good brakes. But it is protection against "unlucky breaks!"

Originated by Aetna primarily to meet the requirements of the fast-spreading Financial Responsibility Laws, it has many unique features to commend it to every motorist.

Not only you yourself but the various members of your family may be included in its extremely broad provisions against financial loss or penalties under the "safety responsibility" laws.

Ask your local Aetna-izer to explain the "drive-other-cars" feature, the ten-day automatic coverage and the other exclusive features of this unusual, up-to-the-minute "contract of protection."

ÆTNA-IZE

25,000 Aetna Representatives from Coast to Coast to give you friendly, personal service.



The Aetna Casualty & Surety Company, The Aetna Life Insurance Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut write practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds.

TOURING?

Then clip and mail the coupon below for a fascinating 48-page

Book of Motor Tours
"Seeing America with Aetna"

22 tours. Each illustrated with a large 2-color map. Each adaptable to the length of your vacation and the limits of your budget. A unique guide to America's most beautiful scenery and most interesting historic points! Your name and address on the coupon, plus 12¢ will bring your copy by return mail. (If you live in Canada send 22¢.)



MAIL THIS TODAY

The Aetna Casualty & Surety Co., Hartford, Conn. Gentlemen: Send me your 48-page Tour Book, "Seeing America with Aetna", I enclose 12¢. (If you live in Canada send 22¢).

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Address _____



Guard the Vital Zone

It's one of the greatest sports in the world—swimming. But don't forget, it's exercise. *Strenuous* exercise. If you want to put everything into it and get everything out of it, follow the trained athlete's invariable rule and wear a good supporter to guard you against sudden crippling twist or strain. *Also*, wear it for appearance's sake—as a requisite of proper dress.

A good supporter. That certainly describes **PAL**, favorite of college and big-league athletes. There is *de luxe* quality in **PAL**—exclusive features like the stout, rubber-cored ribs reinforcing its soft knitted pouch—the utmost in safety, comfort, and long-service economy. In three styles at two prices, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Another good one is **BIKE**—a less expensive type but sturdily serviceable; for 56 years America's best-known and most widely used supporter. Wears long and costs little, 50 cents to \$1.00. Sold by druggists and sporting goods dealers everywhere, any Bauer & Black supporter is the best you can buy at its price.

PAL

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DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Toronto

"Guard the Vital Zone" is an interesting, new survey of important but little-known facts about the need and functions of supporters. For a free copy write to Bauer & Black, 2594 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Legless

In Pittsburgh, Pa., Ralph Okane and Fred Keith, legless peddlers on wheeled carriers, lunged at each other ferociously in a street fight. A crowd gathered, watched them swing their fists, wield sticks, bite each other.

Bed

In Denver, Mr. & Mrs. Warren E. McLean lay on their folding bed listening to a radio program. The bed snapped shut, killed Warren E. McLean.

Installment

In Chicago, Mrs. John Los indignantly exhibited in court a contract signed by her husband and a friend: "Mr. John Los is agreeable to selling his wife, Anna, to Mr. Steve Labinovich for \$100. Paid, \$25."

Trap

At New Hope, Pa., Dr. Raley Husted Bell was killed by a spring gun he had attached to a closet door to trap burglars.

Change

At Haven, Kan., Oscar Fishburn paid a bushel of wheat for admission to a baseball game, received half a bushel of oats in change.

Shaver

At Gilgah, near Ballymena, Ireland, William Surgenor was fined for refusing to send his ten-year-old son to school. He said that the boy had to be shaved four times a week, that schoolmates annoyed him by joking about his beard.

Well

At Gadsden, Ala., three members of a Negro baseball team were killed when the truck in which they were riding hit a porch, turned over, spilled them into a well.

Reunion

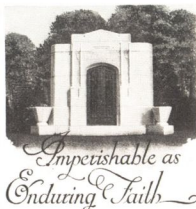
In the Pennsylvania Station, New York City, Sophie Skrupka, a Polish immigrant, sought directions for traveling west. To act as interpreter, a compatriot was summoned from a track repair gang, proved to be the brother of Sophie Skrupka.

Family

Near Dozier, Ala., lived a family of three, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Mitchell and their son, Love. In one day, the father died of a paralytic stroke, the son was struck by lightning and killed, the mother, shocked by the double tragedy, collapsed and died.

Alarm

At Fort Smith, Ark., two fire companies, summoned to extinguish an early morning blaze, were unable to find it. When the sun rose, the appearance of flame at the northern end of town vanished; firemen went home. A local meteorologist explained it as "the reflection of the rising sun on rain clouds and rain."



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BOOKS

Good Gosse*

THE LIFE & LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE—Evan Charteris—Harper (\$5).†

Only old England could have produced him. In no other country could Sir Edmund William Gosse (1849-1928) have been at the same time so respectable and so successful. And few men even in England have added knighthood** to their grey hairs by pursuing to the end such a hog-calling as a literary critic's. Evan Charteris's biography, which lets Gosse's own letters do most of the work, gives a fair picture of this peripatetic, ponderous but proficient policeman of Parnassus.

For nine years (1919-28) Gosse made the London *Times Literary Supplement* portentous and powerful by his often anonymous but always well-known presence; but he had many a row to hoe before he became head gardener. Son of an almost violently religious naturalist, he was teetotal on doctrine but never got nearer the kingdom of heaven on earth than working a brief, unhappy while in one of Dr. Barnardo's London orphanages. A timid and touchy man, Gosse was not cut out to be a good mixer with the masses. He got a job in the cataloguing section of the British Museum, became successively London agent for U. S. Publisher Scribner, lecturer at Cambridge, Librarian of the House of Lords. Gosse, who loved the peerage, liked being its Librarian; was desolated when he was retired in 1914. Pedantic but not a first-rate scholar, Gosse once published a book (*From Shakespeare to Pope*) which was full of detectable howlers; they were detected. Gosse, wounded, quivering, became even more of a mimesis.

At times a caustic but never a savage critic, Gosse made his reputation by discriminating paeans in praise of established figures, but he wrote appreciatively of such contemporaries as Algernon Charles Swinburne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Andrew Lang, Thomas Hardy, George Moore and many a younger man. It was to Gosse that Swinburne divulged his famed outburst against Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose reported remarks had offended Swinburne. When Gosse learned that Swinburne had written to Emerson, he said: "I hope you said nothing rash." "Oh, no." "But what did you say?" "I kept my temper. I preserved my equanimity." "Yes, but what did you say?" "I called him," replied Swinburne in his chanting voice, "a wrinkled and toothless baboon who, first boasted into notoriety on the shoulders of Carlyle, now spits and sputters on a filthier platform of his own finding and fouling."

Gosse was fond of correcting his friends' grammar. Once he remonstrated with George Moore for his use of the

phrase "more than you think for." Moore replied: "Shakespeare uses it and my parlormaid uses it, and an idiom which Shakespeare and my parlormaid use is good enough for me. . . . Your own writing, my dear Gosse, would be improved by idiom." Says Biographer Charteris: "Gosse . . . was deeply offended, and



GOSSES AT BREAKFAST

Swinburne told him what he had called Emerson ("toothless baboon").

many explanations were necessary to avert the danger which menaced a friendship of forty years." An admirer of Walt Whitman, Gosse visited the U. S. to lecture, called at Camden, N. J., and spent a friendly hour with the barbaric yawper.

Though Gosse once strongly objected to the "modern fashion" of making an unmarried mother heroine of a novel, he later became a great friend & admirer of André Gide, French champion of homosexuality. During the War Gosse was one of the distinguished visitors to the Front—"with what object," says Biographer Charteris, "is now not very apparent."

A slight man with weak eyes, a bulging forehead, downcast shoulders, a drooping mustache, Gosse was a splendid specimen of the bibliophile, as such was often caricatured by his inimitable young friend Max Beerbohm. Gosse's wife, whose jaw was stronger than Gosse's, took good care of him, presented him with one son, a brace of daughters. Biographer Charteris reproduces a photograph of the Gosse family at breakfast (see cut) which gives at a glance the atmosphere of domestic respectability, successful endeavor, solid comfort to which Gosse's temporal self attained. But the picture does him less than justice.

For by the time Death came to him in his 80th quiet year, Edmund Gosse had fulfilled the unperformed promise of many a chorister in the critical choir by becoming Dean.

Job Redivivus

THE PASTOR OF POGGS—Gustav Frenssen—Houghton Mifflin (\$2.50).*

Adam Barfoot was as sturdy as his name. Son of a Holstein village carpenter, he grew up to be as rugged as his father, and, hoping there was something significant in his parentage, determined to be a parson. But he was so interested in people and such a good mixer he had a hard time passing his examinations. No parson

of doubtful sex, when he got married it was to a girl with fire in her.

His cynical old Bishop laughed at Adam, sent him to an appropriate, hard-drinking, earthy parish. Adam did well, but never in an earthly way; he couldn't get out of debt because he couldn't resist helping people. Still he was so comfortable he thought the world was progressing. Then the War came. His two sons were killed, his favorite daughter died of exposure. His parishioners turned against him, suspected him of stealing the church treasure, of burning the rectory to cover his tracks. His wife grew old, went nearly demented from grief and hard times. Gradually, painfully, things got better. Adam, a modern Job, won through like his famed prototype.

The Author. Gustav Frenssen, himself a one-time parson, son of a carpenter, resigned his pastorate, but not his profession, in 1902 to write homiletic novels. His manner of writing may seem at first simple-minded, but its energy and innocence grow on you: *The Pastor of Poggs* is as good as good bread. Discriminating U. S. readers know Frenssen particularly by one other (translated) book: *Jörn Uhl*.

Murder in the Air

THE BROADCAST MURDERERS—Fred Smith—Day (\$2).

When Danny McGlone, songwriter and radio program expert, got the job of putting on the Monarch Radio hour in Manhattan he was glad & proud. The first program went off as nicely as you please. Later that night his announcer and his star singer were murdered. In the crowded

†Published July 22.

**Also conferred by Norway, Sweden, Denmark for services to Scandinavian literature.

*New books are news. Unless otherwise designated, all books reviewed in TIME were published within the fortnight. TIME readers may obtain any book of any U. S. publisher by sending check or money-order to cover regular retail price (\$5 if price is unknown, change to be remitted) to Ben Boswell of TIME, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

*Published July 15.

hours that followed, Danny was in at several more deaths, just missed his own more than once; but kept his head, his appointments and his job, plumb the racket that was causing the trouble, rounded up the crooks and married the girl.

These alarms and excursions Author Smith relates in a style that owes something (but not too much) to hair-raising Dashiell Hammett (*The Glass Key*; TIME, April 27). Well above the average of detective story fiction, *The Broadcast Murders* reads as if its author was an old hand at the game, though it is his first attempt. But Fred Smith is an old hand at another game: radio. Having served his apprenticeship as a lumberjack in California, a schoolteacher in Indiana, a sailor on the north Atlantic, a government employe in Spain, an importer in Brussels, he became director of WLW, Cincinnati, in 1922; next year wrote and produced the first radio drama. With TIME since 1928 as manager of its radio department, he achieved national recognition among radio men as director of the March of Time program.

Mexico & Middletown

MEXICO: A STUDY OF TWO AMERICAS—Stuart Chase—Macmillan (\$3).

Latest fad of the intelligentsia is Mexico. One by one they go, see and are conquered; come back to the U. S. to spread their tidings. Stuart Chase, one-time accountant turned journalist of economics, went to Mexico with his wife because a friend told him the Indians had no time-sense and that they ought to see the murals of Diego Rivera. Chase's re-

port is as lyrical as most, more arrestingly factual than many.

The Chases liked Mexico, spent altogether about five months there. They kept away from the border states and Mexico City, concentrated on agricultural central and southern Mexico. They traveled by train, plane, motor car, motor boat, horse, burro, Shanks' mare. A lover of comparative statistics, Chase found plenty of Mexican facts & figures to contrast with U. S. opposite numbers. He found one town in particular (Tepoztlan) which he says is typical; compares it with U. S. "Middletown" (Muncie, Ind.). "By and large, in dramatic contrast with Middletown [Tepoztlan] is not a cog in the wheel, but an economically independent community. . . . If you ask a Tepoztecán shortly after high noon, what time a given fiesta dance will start, he is likely to reply: 'It will take place right now at about three or five o'clock' . . . On roughly one day in three, the year around, Tepoztecans are celebrating a major or minor festival. . . . A hundred days of playtime, more or less. . . ."

"Our clothes make us abnormally uncomfortable; our food abnormally constipated; our apartments and our cities abnormally compressed and deafened; our recreations abnormally weary. . . . We are cluttered up with things essentially meaningless, and, being human, we flounder, puzzled and perplexed, trying to find the values which will give meaning back to life. Tepoztlan has never lost these values. It works, plays, worships, attires itself, composes its dwellings in the normal rhythm of *homo sapiens* upon this

planet, without abnormal effort, without waste. It knows what life is for because every move it makes contributes to a legitimate function of living." Wistful, Author Chase sighs: "If we could but take the manifest assets of Tepoztlan and



© Keystone

STUART CHASE
"Be yourself, hombre."

the manifest assets of Middletown, and combine them. . . ."

Like many a serious traveler he thinks he sees the country more steadily and whole than his resident compatriots do. He says: "I am not proud of what I have seen, or the reports I have had, of the American colony in Mexico." By the same token he thinks Dwight Whitney Morrow did a good job as ambassador. "I was able to find hardly a Mexican who distrusted him, or an American business man who had a good word for him—thus establishing beyond cavil his point of view." In conclusion he gives Mexicans some "advice from a parvenu cousin"; urges them not to turn their cities into "a second-rate Memphis, Tennessee." Says he to Mexico: "Be yourself, hombre."

The Author. Stuart Chase, 43, a moody-looking, brown-skinned, snub-nosed man with strong opinions and a flair for eye-catching phraseology, comes from New England but talks more like a Southerner. A Harvardman, he went from college to his father's Boston accounting office. But he did not like accounting; after the War he went to Manhattan and began to write magazine articles, mostly about economic waste. Even before the Depression he made a hit with *The Tragedy of Waste*. He is the only U. S. author to make three book clubs: *Your Money's Worth* (with F. J. Schlink) was a Book-of-the-Month; *Prosperity, Fact or Myth?* was a Paper Book; the Literary Guild has chosen *Mexico* for August. He has been twice married (divorced from Margaret Hatfield in 1929), lives in Redding, Conn. and goes to Manhattan once a week to work at the Labor Bureau (without pay), and at the one accounting job he has kept (which pays well).

Mexican Muralist Diego Rivera has illustrated *Mexico* with 15 black & white drawings, a colored frontispiece.

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