

FIFTEEN CENTS

August 24, 1931

# TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*



Volume XVIII

ALBERT HENRY WIGGIN

*The biggest is usually the quietest.  
(See INTERNATIONAL)*

Number 8

The theme song OF APARTMENT HOUSE MANAGERS THE NATION OVER



WHEN MR. STORK makes his *entrance* it is usually the cue for Mr. Apartment House Tenant to make his *exit*. Even our comic supplement artists know that babies and apartment house managers never did get along . . . never will!

But babies and *gardened homes* always did get along . . . always will! Flowers and trees and sun-swept lawns . . . where His Chubby Highness can "go native" and grow husky legs and lusty lungs . . . are the birthright of every child.

Hence, when baby comes it is only natural for Father and Mother (if they are financially able) to desert the congested apartment house districts for a home in the residential and suburban areas. In short—move into the type of *gardened home* into which Better Homes & Gardens is welcomed each month to the tune of 1,400,000 strong!

A scant 4 per cent of this country-spanning circulation finds its way into apartment houses. Fully 85 per cent goes to people who *own their own* homes in city, town and suburb. The remaining 11 per cent goes to those living in rented homes.

Here is a vast food market—not alone because of its numerical strength but because of its child-importance. Mothers and fathers in homes like these pay more-than-ordinary attention to the daily fare and welfare of their children.

They are eager for authentic information on child care and training. Better Homes & Gardens gives it to them. They are hungry for specific menu-guidance for their children. Better Homes & Gardens gives it to them.

Remember, too, that the attention parents pay to the eating habits of their children is reflected in their *own* food choice. Where there are children food is a matter of serious moment. Cooking becomes not a chore but a natural habit. Lunch becomes a real meal—not a snack. *More* meals are eaten at home. *More* care is used in selecting the brands of food to be served.

These are facts freighted with promise and profit to every producer of food and household equipment. Why not put *your brand* into these baby-blessed, garden-caressed homes . . . through the fastest-growing non-fiction monthly in America?

# BETTER HOMES & GARDENS

*The Gardened Home... a Better Market for*  
  
**BETTER FOODS**

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 DES MOINES, IOWA

*An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 180 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.*



MAKING NEW FRIENDS  
AND KEEPING THE OLD

## GOOD CROPS DEPEND ON GOOD SEED

Ambitious farm boys, as they help to till the soil, learn first of all that only selected seed can grow the choicest crop. Much the same thing is true of building a barn, constructing a road, or making an automobile . . . the materials we start with largely govern our success.

We have searched the world over for the right materials for our cars. For instance, we have found that the best material for cylinder blocks is an alloy containing a rare type of iron obtainable only in a remote section of the Province of Oriente on the northeast coast of Cuba. In the original ore—called Mayari ore—nature has combined certain proportions of nickel, chromium, vanadium and titanium which no man has ever been able to duplicate. Using this iron, we are enabled to make cylinder block castings with nearly twice the usual

strength. The ore costs us a great deal more, but with it we can make our cylinder walls of such even texture that they take a glass-like finish. They last much longer, and hold a higher compression all through their life. Thus the motors in Oaklands and Pontiacs gain in both durability and performance.

And so it is with many other materials that go into these cars . . . we get piston electro-plating materials from Malaya; chromium from British South Africa and Portuguese East Africa; cadmium for rust-proofing from Australia and Transylvania; and antimony for Babbitt metal from Bolivia and China.

But if results interest you more than causes, will you drive one of these two fine cars? Learn the extra measure of value they offer through careful choosing of materials.

**OAKLAND 8**

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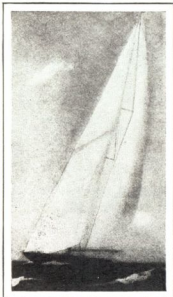
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**PONTIAC 6**

GENERAL MOTORS

Fisher



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## Old Briar TOBACCO

CHARACTER is as definite a reality in OLD BRIAR smoking tobacco as in the smartest racing yacht. If you will try one package of this fine tobacco you will instantly realize its character—not merely by its fragrance, its appetizing taste, its smooth, full mildness, but because the choice tobaccos that combine to give OLD BRIAR these pleasing qualities, have been skilfully blended to produce also a life and sparkle missing from ordinary blends.



UNITED STATES  
TOBACCO COMPANY  
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

## L E T T E R S

### Mrs. Coolidge's Hair

Sirs:

When will Mrs. Calvin Coolidge have her hair bobbed? An INS (International News Service) article reported previous stories as rumors and subsequent denials made. TIME substantiated early reports. Were you correct?

A. M. LUCAS

Syracuse, N. Y.

Sirs:

In your Aug. 10 issue of TIME I was much surprised to see under heading of People on p. 22 the rumor—"Mrs. Calvin Coolidge bobbed her hair"—printed as a fact.

You know, of course, this has been disproved.

GRAHAM ROEIRER

Middletown, Pa.

Sirs:

Over the phone from her Little Point (Seapoint) Summer home this noon, Trust-reader Mrs. Frank W. Stearns, regarded as like a mother to Grace, said:

"Of course Mrs. Coolidge has not bobbed her hair! In the first place, why should she wait

wasn't positive about the fabric—thought it might be silk or silk-and-wool) beret, with a small feather or some other ornamental touch. Her black-hair was tightly folded up under the cap. The resultant smooth hair-line at the neck probably gave careless observers the bob idea."

EDWIN F. COLLINS

Boston, Mass.

TIME was misled by newshawks who beheld Mrs. Coolidge in her beret (*see cut*). Mrs. Coolidge's black hair, streaked with grey, is still long.—Ed.

### Crusaders & Drinking

Sirs:

TIME's headline in the July 27 issue "For Drinking!" captioning story of James Goodwin Hall's record-breaking flight to Cuba is misleading. Famed Crusader Hall neither flew to Cuba to get a drink nor to indicate that the Crusaders favor drinking.

The Crusaders believe in temperance and that it can never be obtained until the 18th Amendment is repealed; they do not advocate the return of liquor or drinking; one has never left the country, the other has never craved.

The 32,000 speakasies in New York make record breaking flights to Cuba to get a drink a foolish pursuit. Even here in the Nation's Capital and right in the shadow of the White House, the Department of Justice, the Prohibition Bureau, and the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Public Morals, thousands—yes, thousands—of speakasies have been raised.

Neither Aviator Hall nor The Crusaders advocate drinking, but TIME's headline writer indicated they do. Let alert TIME Editors give him a thorough-going reprimand.

THE CRUSADERS

(Signed) JOHN F. DRYDEN

Executive Commander

(Signed) RUFUS S. LUSK

Executive Vice-Commander

Washington, D. C.

The instant Crusader Hall alighted at Havana, President William Pawley of Curtiss Aviation Co. of Cuba handed him a Cuban cocktail. After gulping it, Crusader Hall ejaculated, "That alone was worth the trip!" Then he ordered another.—Ed.

### Convict Kyslant

Sirs:

In TIME, AUG. 10, is a cut of Lord Kyslant entitled "Convict Kyslant." A convict in England is one sentenced to penal servitude. Lord Kyslant was sentenced to 12 months in the Second Division, and to call him "convict" is apt to be considered libelous.

In view of the enormous ground covered by TIME its accuracy is so remarkable that we feel all puffed up with pride when we detect an error!

MILINKA WALDEN

Washington, Ind.

The status of a criminal is fixed, not by the kind of sentence which is imposed but



Acme—P. & A.

MRS. COOLIDGE & BERET

Careless observers got the wrong idea.

until she got to Plymouth, if she had any intention of doing so? In the second place, Mrs. Joel T. Boone, who has just ended a three weeks' visit with us here, after a day spent with the Coolidges at Plymouth, assured me there was no truth in the bob-story.

"The Coolidges were our guests here July 3-6 (Fourth being Cal's birthday), before they went up to Plymouth. Mrs. Coolidge then wore the pretty crocheted white lace (note: Mrs. Stearns

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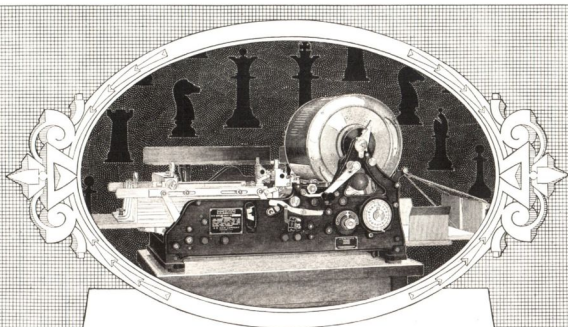
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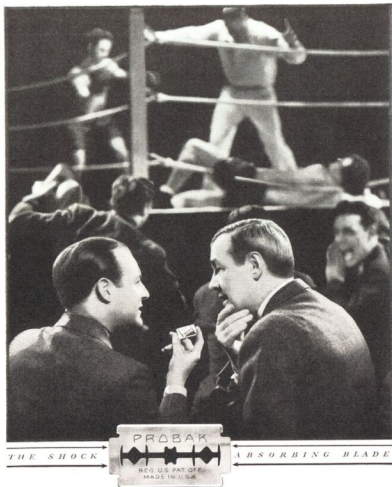


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# M I M E O G R A P H





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**P**ROBAK scored from the clang of the bell—won fans by the million—started men talking. Automatic manufacture plus butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel makes this double-edge blade revolutionary. Buy Probak on our positive guarantee. If every shave isn't quicker, cleaner, cooler—return the package to your dealer and get your money—\$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



# PROBAK BLADES

by the verdict rendered by the court: A convict is "anyone who has been adjudged guilty of a criminal offence by a court of competent jurisdiction" (*Encyclop. Brit.*). Lord Kylsant was convicted of the crime of issuing a false prospectus of his Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.'s debenture stock. His sentence to twelve months in the second division merely excludes him from hard labor. Until the judgment of the court is reversed by another, Lord Kylsant remains a convict.—Ed.

### Limps, Warts, Canary Legs

Sirs:

I was glad to see your Aug. 3 reply to subscriber Richer's criticism *in re* physical characteristics of Messrs. Capone and Chiang. These personal comments (unknown to many of us) treated in your own particular style make *TIME* just a little different from the other periodicals. I hope that I may still rely upon you for my mind pictures of people whose names make news.

This is from a subscriber whose entire weekly reading consists of the morning paper, the evening paper and *TIME*.

JOHN W. F. HOBBS

Somerville, Mass.

Sirs:

We fully agree with the Editor's comment in answer to A. W. Richers, apropos Capone, Chiang, Hearst (Page 2, *TIME*, Aug. 3) when he says: "Physical characteristics are an inevitable concomitant of personality. And personalities are the stuff of which history is made. *TIME*, historian, must continue to notice noses large & small, waists wasp or fat."

And may we add, by way of further comment, that there can be no clear-cut, vivid description of a person in real life or of a character in literature without mention of his dominant physical features. We must know the characteristics that differentiate him from his fellows for then, and only then, can we become interested in him. We must know, for example, that the poet Lord Byron was lame and that his schoolmates were proud to imitate the "Byronic limp." We remember Cyrano de Bergerac all the better by reason of his big nose. And this recalls Chaucer's Miller in the "Prologue" to the *Canterbury Tales* who sported a wart on his nose, and of the wart grew a tuft of red hairs (lines 552 to 556 of the "Prologue"). My pupils ten and 15 years out of school will always remember the Miller by this description of his nose when they may have forgotten that he was an immoral scamp, could steal corn, and take toll three times.

*We'd caude he steien corn and tollen threys.*

Yes, all great literary artists, Chaucer, Shakespeare and all the others have employed clear-cut descriptions of dominant physical features to make their characters living personalities. We know how true this is in our own day and age. We must have all the available facts about the Movie Stars, and if our favorite Prima Donna sings like a bird, we must know if she has legs like a canary. Humorous as this may be, isn't it the truth?

GEORGE W. LYON

Pittsburgh, Pa.

### Whiskers

Sirs:

When you read proof on p. 15 of the Aug. 3 issue, did no one yelp when whiskerless Governor Murray (Oklahoma) was seen in a cut next to "Red River War," in which he was referred to as "be-whiskered?" Or do you construe the possession of a generous mustache (as has Governor Murray) as admitting the appellation "be-whiskered?"

ORRIN T. PIERSON

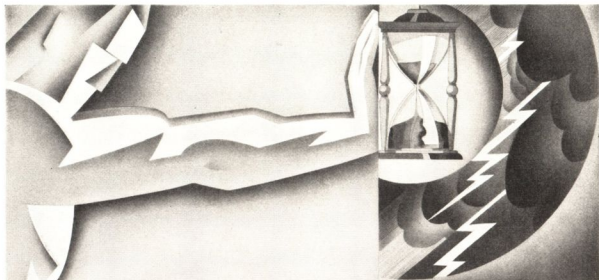
Howells, N. Y.

TO *TIME*, a whisker is a whisker whether it grows out of chin, ear, nostril, facial mole or upper lip.—Ed.

### Big Dick's Feat

Sirs:

Must a headmaster be a contortionist, or is "Big Dick" Richards an exception? *TIME* does not specify, but the description (Aug. 10) is vivid: "Throwing his leg over the arm of his chair and scratching the back of his head. . . ."



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When the new-size ball appeared, murmurs of speculation arose as to whether the

Spalding Ball could continue its amazing record of triumphs. These murmurs have been stilled. The Spalding Ball has proved that, in the new size and weight, it retains all its qualities of greatness—that it still is the last word in controllability, uniformity, and distance. Here is the proof—a few of the Spalding wins since January 1, 1931:

The Miami Open  
The Agua Caliente \$25,000 Open  
The Motion Picture Match Play Open  
The Texas Open  
The International Four-Ball Matches  
The Midwinter Golf Tournament  
The North and South Open  
The Southeastern Championship  
The North and South Ladies' Championship

The Florida Open  
The California Women's State Championship  
The North and South Amateur  
The Long Island Open  
The Southern California Women's Championship  
The Southern California Amateur  
The Western Amateur  
The Metropolitan Open  
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Among these winners are members of Spalding's Field Advisory Staff—a group of

leading professional players retained by Spalding to test equipment in actual play.

# Spalding Golf Balls

EACH 75 CENTS

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Perhaps if the rest of us could do that, ideas would be more plentiful.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

D. G. HARTING

### Hog on Ice

Sirs:

Your correspondent, Mr. Stewart (p. 4 of Aug. 10 issue) displays what we like to call a "British deficiency in humor," branding as unreasonable a plainly fantastic expression.

On the farm, some 70 years ago, and I presume up to now, it was often said of a man that he was "independent as a hog on ice; if he can't stand up he can lie down." The explanatory half of the saying dropped out of use as obvious. TIME might have more pertinently retorted to the gentleman from Indiana.

H. A. SMITH

Buffalo, N. Y.

### Reed Utility

Sirs:

Your recent story concerning the difficulties confronting Oilman Doherty (TIME, July 20) brings to mind the fact that Jim Reed is a brother of the owner of one of the largest utilities in Iowa. John Reed's system operates a short distance from the Missouri line. Perhaps interest in the "peepul" parallels his interest in the Reed family.

R. H. CRANFORD

Indianapolis, Ind.

John A. Reed, brother of onetime Senator Reed, is vice president of Iowa Railway & Light Corp. (\$35,000,000), centering in Cedar Rapids, selling electricity to central Iowa cities, operating a Cedar Rapids trolley system, an interurban line to Iowa City and a statewide bus line. Iowa Railway & Light is, as yet, nowhere in competition with Vice President Reed's brother's foe's Cities Service Co.—Ed.

### Runner Newton

Sirs:

Some kind friend has sent me a copy of your publication of Aug. 4, 1930 wherein is a picture of myself and a really gorgeous column of fiction. No doubt you printed what you thought was right but you have my word for it—for what it is worth—that there is hardly a true statement from top to bottom. . . .

This is what might have been stated. Newton's South African public placed a petition on the Table of the House asking for consideration and redress. [Some Kaffirs had been given holdings closer to Newton's farm than he liked.—Ed.] General Smuts, after a personal interview, took immediate steps to right the matter, but within a few days of his action was thrown out of the Government and replaced by General Hertzog as prime minister. General Hertzog ridiculed the matter in the House and

(Continued on p. 46)

# TIME

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(Orig. U. S. Pub. 504)

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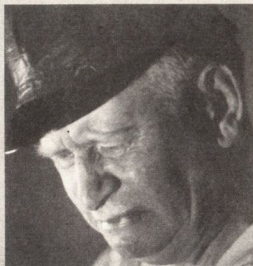
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**Poor lighting  
makes human equipment  
operate in low gear**



Do your employees squint or peer at their work? Do men walk twenty or thirty feet to a window to read a micrometer? Do the faces of your workers look strained while they are on the job? Does the first aid room have frequent calls for treatment? Is spoilage high?

Make a trip through your factory and let your own eyes answer these questions. Affirmative answers to any or all of the questions indicate that human equipment in your plant is operating in low gear. And they suggest definitely that *poor lighting* is responsible for this low efficiency. For the remedy of this condition see the other half of this page.

**Good lighting  
puts production into  
.... high gear**



Good lighting enables human equipment to do its best and fastest work. It often decreases production costs as much as 15%. It cuts down spoilage and "rejects". It helps reduce accidents. It improves morale and offers many other advantages.

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The spirit of the people comprising this organization is also shown in the attitude of the System toward its business. Its policy is to pay a reasonable dividend to stockholders; to use all other earnings to improve and widen the service. There are more than 600,000 American Telephone and Telegraph Company stockholders . . . and no one person owns so much as one per cent of the stock.

The ideals of the Bell System are working in your interest every time you use the telephone. Through them, you get better and better service and constantly growing value for your money.

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# TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 8

The Weekly Newsmagazine

August 24, 1931

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### The Hoover Week

President Hoover last week was spared the embarrassing necessity of saying yes-or-no to the pardon petition of his one-time Cabinet colleague Albert Bacon Fall, now No. 6991 in the New Mexico State Penitentiary. Bribee Fall's plea for executive clemency got no farther than the Department of Justice where Attorney General Mitchell announced that it was automatically denied because it lacked the approval of Trial Judge William Hitz and Prosecutor Atlee Pomerene.

Conference followed White House conference again last week on unemployment. Senator Fess predicted that President Hoover would have a Relief Plan ready before Congress meets in December. Jouett Shouse, official mouthpiece of the Democratic Party, publicly demanded "more positive action and less theoretical investigation."

Half way to his Rapidan camp for the week-end, President Hoover ordered his car stopped for a picnic luncheon. Over a seven-rail fence the President helped his guests, then followed in two steps. Sandwiches and drinks were brought from the trunk rack, spread under big Virginia oaks. Motorists paused along the highway, gaped at their President having fun.

Last week President Hoover received Egyptian Minister Seesstris Sidarouss Pasha (presenting letters of credence). President Walter F. Dexter of Whittier College, Calif. (to discuss his book *President Hoover and American Individualism*). President Richard Waldo of McClure Newspaper Syndicate (to report on business conditions after a 10,000-mi. U. S. trip). Editor John B. Chapple of the Ashland, Wis. *Daily Press* (to denounce the Brothers La Follette as Communists). General Superintendent Ernst Stoltenhoff of Coblenz, Germany (to say "How do you do, Mr. President?").

### ARMY & NAVY

#### Montauk Mancuver

Twenty-seven warships, like large grey mice, crept out of Narragansett Bay early last week and headed southwest into a grey squall. At their head was the new cruiser *Chester* flying the three-starred flag of Vice Admiral George Ralph Marvel. Aboard the 27 ships of the Navy's scouting force were 5,000 officers and men. Also aboard was gloom, for behind them in Newport were their wives and many a sweetheart. Forty miles to Long Island's tip slowly steamed the fleet, to drop anchor in Fort Pond Bay, sheltered by the curve of Montauk Point, where dimly

through fog and rain could be seen the bulk of the Montauk Manor hotel above the cottages of the tiny fishing village of Montauk.

Sponsor of the fleet's visit to Montauk was Congressman Fred Albert Britten of



International

FRED BRITTEN

"Logrolling? Logrolling?"

Illinois, the blocky, florid chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee. Congressman Britten summers at Montauk. He was there to welcome the fleet. So was his good friend Carl Graham Fisher, board chairman of Montauk Beach Development Corp. Mr. Britten had outlined a gay, busy week for the Navy. The hostesses of swank East Hampton and Southampton

nearby would entertain the officers at many a bright party. For the men there would be a carnival at more distant Patchogue, where they could race bicycles, pitch horseshoes, swim, or dance in the street. There would be tennis, golf, swimming, baseball; the Gold Cup race for speedboats, and, dear to the heart of Mr. Britten who was once an able boxer himself, the finals of the scouting force boxing matches. James Joseph Tunney, retired Marine, would referee and give to the heavyweight winner the statue of James J. Corbett which Mr. Britten won as U. S. amateur lightweight champion back in 1894. To Mr. Britten everything looked bright except the weather.

The dirty night the fleet anchored, Seaman Francis Barnes fell overboard from a ship's boat and was drowned. Next day it rained hard. Grumbings began to be heard. The grumbings became open complaints: there was nothing to do in Montauk, nothing to look at but the fishermen's cottages and the hotel, at which prices were too high even for captains; rain kept all but a few sailors from the carnival at Patchogue; it would cost \$5 for a round-trip ticket to New York. The complaints grew louder, settled into an insistent charge of "logrolling."

"Logrolling?" said Mr. Britten. "Logrolling?"

Officers & men and the newspapers put together two—unusual visits to Montauk this year by the *Los Angeles*, the scouting fleet, the U. S. S. *Constitution*—and two—Mr. Britten's friendship for Mr. Fisher and his financial interest in Mr. Fisher's development corporation—and considered the sum self-evident. Mr. Britten denied they made four.

"I own three and a half acres here, and you wouldn't give me a dollar and a half for it right now," he declared.

He said that "politics" had had nothing to do with the fleet's visit, and that no one could have been more surprised than Carl Graham Fisher when he learned that Montauk had been chosen. "Why, Fred Libby, the pacifist, has been paid to come out here on Long Island in the last year and make speeches. I simply suggested to Admiral Pratt that the fleet might pay a visit over here and pointed out what a fine harbor there is here. 'Mr. Britten,' he said, 'I'm surprised that we hadn't thought of that ourselves. When I was a boy we used to operate from Gardiners Bay.' The bringing of the scouting fleet to Montauk is for the good of the Navy. Montauk Harbor will stand on its own bottom."

"I am strongly in favor of having the fleet operate in places where they won't always have sunshine—of sending them to San Francisco instead of to San Diego.

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## National Affairs—(Continued)

If I had my way both the Pacific and Atlantic fleets would be making a tour of South America right now, putting in at various ports and standing out to sea in all kinds of weather for target practice and torpedo practice. It would cost little more than a summer at Newport."

He said he believed in a roving, cruising, operating navy and that separation of officers from their wives and children is one of the hardships of naval life.

In Montauk, A. Robert Snyder, promotion manager for the development corporation, admitted: "If it hadn't been for the fleet and those other things, frankly, I don't know what we would have done with the hotel." Unabashed, Mr. Britten declared he intended to urge Montauk as a permanent summer base. Immediately came loud, vehement protests from Newport's Representative Clark Burdick, Mayor Mortimer Sullivan and the Chamber of Commerce.

Stocky Mr. Britten then turned on Newport's "bejeweled dowagers and debutantes." With a cheerful grin he said: "I see no harm in letting the people of Newport know that, after all, this is the United States Navy and not the Newport Navy. I suppose we have a few butterflys in the Navy, but I wonder what they'd do if we had a war and they had to leave their families for a year instead of a week?" As for the men, "they can engage in sports or go fishing—or else stay in bed."

When the sun finally came out for a while, the sailors, grumbling less, went ashore for their twice delayed athletic tournament. Crowds of them flocked to the bus station, waiting for busses to take them to the fields. No busses came. Finally appeared Promoter Snyder, acting secretary of the bus line, to explain that the line had lost \$1,000 in two days because nobody used it, so the busses rolled out of town. Sailors piled in taxis, paid as high as \$1.25 a mile.

As the week wore on the social columns carried more & more news of teas, dinners, receptions, dances for the officers. Long Island hostesses were pleased—until an enterprising newshawk discovered the fact that so few officers had volunteered to attend the social affairs to which they had been invited that the commanding officers had had to pick out the required number of guests and order them to go.

Early in the century, when speed first became a dominating factor in transatlantic travel, proposals were advanced to dock ocean liners at Montauk Point, in Fort Pond Bay. The Vanderbilt interests, vitally tied up with the New York Central railroad, acquired a 45-mile strip of land through Nassau, Suffolk and Queens Counties which might be used for a railroad if the proposals ever took definite form. Later they built the Motor Parkway, continued to hold it, though the Parkway makes little money. No more was heard of the harbor plan until five years ago when Laurence Russell Wilder, representing New York Shipbuilding Corp., proposed that the Government loan money to construct two four-day liners to dock at Montauk, thereby saving twelve

hours between English Channel ports and New York. This plan provided for construction of two 1,000-foot docks and possibly a breakwater across the entrance to the bay for protection against north-east gales. Nothing came of it, though Montauk continues as leading candidate for a new New York harbor.

### Bombers v. Mt. Shasta

Old and bitter is the feud between the Army and Navy over the aerial defense of the U. S. seacoast. Each service claims this duty by right, insists it can do a better job than the other repelling an offshore enemy from the air. Last week this argument flared up again when the Army Air Corps tried and failed to sink with bombs a target ship off the Virginia Capes.

The Shipping Board had contributed for the occasion the old wartime freighter *Mt. Shasta* which was towed 60 mi. out to sea. In heavy weather an Army bombardment squadron headed out from Langley Field, flew around for four hours and returned to make a forced landing 25 mi. from home. Observers aboard Coast Guard craft near the target declared the Army pilots never even found the *Mt. Shasta*. The bombers retorted they found the freighter all right but did not try to sink her because of bad weather.

Seizing the opportunity to gey the Army for what he considered its unsuccessful invasion of the Navy's domain, Assistant Secretary of the Navy David Sinton Ingalls in charge of aeronautics wrote and published a playful letter to Secretary of War Hurley who at the moment, as Mr. Ingalls well knew, was on the Pacific Manila-bound. "Dear Pat," said the letter, "It will give me and the entire Navy Department the very greatest pleasure to place at the disposal of the Army Air Corps a few of the naval patrol flying boats, for your brother service has viewed with sincere appreciation the difficulties experienced by the Army pilots in flying out of sight of land to discover and bomb the *Mt. Shasta*. . . The Naval Aviation Service will be glad either to guide and convoy the Army bombers to and from the target or, if necessary, even undertake the entire mission of finding and destroying by bombs the old hulk."

Stung by this ridicule, Colonel Roy Kiriland, Langley Field commander, spurned the Navy's assistance. Said he: "The Army taught the Navy how to bomb ships. With any sort of visibility we can locate our target unaided."

Fine weather came three days later when nine Army bombers soared out over the Atlantic for another crack at the *Mt. Shasta*. Fifty bombs of 100 lb. and 300 lb. were dropped from 5,000 ft. around the target. Only two hits were scored which damaged the rusty freighter hardly at all. The *Mt. Shasta* still rode high on a calm sea. Two Coast Guard cutters thereupon went alongside, spent two hours firing one-pounders pointblank into her below the water line. At last she filled with water, sank in 150 fathoms. The Navy's mocking grin at the Army's aerial coast defense was broader than ever.

## HUSBANDRY

### Cotton Crisis

Last week cotton took wheat's place in the press headlines of the land and in the worried mind of the Federal Farm Board. Good growing weather began bringing in the 1931 crop ahead of schedule. On the Shafter, Calif. farm in which President Hoover has a financial stake, the first bale of long staple was produced three weeks earlier than last year. Ginning the South Carolina crop started at Allendale seven days ahead of time. In Washington, Department of Agriculture officials hotly defended as "reasonably accurate" their 15,584,000 bale crop estimate.\* Prices sank to the lowest level since 1899. If they went any lower William Wrigley Jr., who has taken a heavy loss on his bargain to buy cotton with the proceeds of his gum sales in the South (TIME, April 13), threatened to use cotton instead of excelsior to pack his product.

Into the chaos that is cotton the Federal Farm Board, driven to desperation by the failure of its other relief schemes, tossed a startling proposal. It was: Let the South plow under one-third of its cotton crop. The idea was not new. It had been suggested and summarily dismissed at a cotton conference at Austin, Tex. fortnight ago. Stocky little Governor Theodore Gilmore Bilbo of Mississippi had revamped it into a suggestion that planters simply abandon one out of every three rows in the fields. Within 24 hours the Farm Board had filched the Bilbo idea (without credit) and offered it to the Governors of the 14 cotton-growing States as a solution to the cotton problem. Chairman Stone of the Board signed telegrams that went to Montgomery, Phoenix, Little Rock, Sacramento, Tallahassee, Atlanta, Baton Rouge, Jackson, Santa Fe, Raleigh, Oklahoma City, Columbia, Nashville, Austin. Excerpts:

"Government cotton report . . . provides total crop and carryover supply of more than 24,500,000 bales against probable world consumption of American cotton of 13,000,000 or possibly 14,000,000 bales. . . . This condition has already resulted in drastic declines in cotton prices which if allowed to continue may bring direct disaster to cotton-producing States and indirect distress to the nation. . . . Time has now come when cotton producers themselves must be called upon for immediate and drastic action. . . . Board suggests you immediately mobilize every interested and available agency including farmers, bankers, merchants, landowners and all agricultural educational forces to induce immediate plowing under of every third row of cotton now growing. Problem is to secure abandonment which will give farmers better return on remainder. . . . Board recognizes that this suggestion calls for drastic remedy for serious emergency but major operation of this kind now needed."

\*Errors in the Government's past cotton crop estimates: 346,000 bales too high in 1927; 187,000 bales too low in 1928; 715,000 bales too high in 1929; 119,000 bales too high in 1930.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

The South was being asked to destroy about 5,000,000 bales of its cotton on the chance the other 10,000,000 would bring in more money. At \$30 per bale this was equivalent to plowing \$150,000,000 in good money back into the ground. As an inducement Chairman Stone promised that, if ten major cotton States agreed to the plan, the Board would withhold from the market its own 1,300,000 bales and get its co-operatives to withhold their 2,000,000 bales, making a total reduction of 8,000,000 bales in the 1931 market. To be effective, Mr. Stone warned, the plow-under must be complete by Sept. 15.

The South stood aghast at this proposal. The cotton-raising President in the White House immediately disclaimed all responsibility for the Farm Board's suggestion. Chairman Stone soon began backing away from his own proposal by declaring it was now up to the States to solve the problem. No consideration had been given to how 2,000,000 cotton planters could be united in such an enterprise, how the stubborn individualists among them could be coerced. Also the Farm Board had forgotten to arrange for the mortgages held by Government and private banks and plastered on almost every stalk of growing cotton.

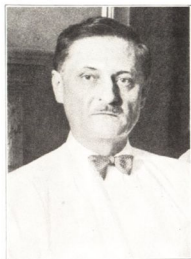
Governor Sterling of Texas, the No. 1 cotton State, declared vaguely that he would be glad to "co-operate." When Chairman Stone construed this as an acceptance of his "one-out-of-three" program, the Texas Governor hastened to explain that he favored no specific plan, that it would be "just as reasonable to ask the Farm Board to burn its cotton up as to ask farmers to destroy their crop."

Governor Miller of Alabama flayed the Farm Board's plan as "unsound, unwise and impractical." Declared Governor Gardner of North Carolina: "I'm opposed to making the Southern cotton farmer the goat. In this State we didn't plant any third row of cotton this year." Governor Blackwood of South Carolina found the plan "utterly impractical" as each planter would want to let the others do the plowing under. Mused Governor Long of Louisiana non-committally: "Sounds pretty good—but damned if I know." Governor Murray of Oklahoma turned the plan down with the suggestion that a four-inch ruffle added to the dress of every Chinese woman would solve the cotton problem. Governor Carlton of Florida counterproposed that the full crop be harvested and one-third of it stored for the States.

The only Governor who championed the Farm Board's proposal was the one from whom the Board had borrowed it—Mississippi's Bilbo. Cried he: "The greatest thing the Farm Board has done for the cotton farmers since saving our market in 1930!" But Governor Bilbo opposed plowing under one row out of three as a "waste of \$1,000,000 in time and labor." He would leave the third row standing unknicked.

"Absurd . . . just damn nonsense . . . preposterous . . . a bluff . . . midsummer madness . . . damn foolishness . . . just so much bunk," were typical of the epithets which Southern newspapers, cot-

ton planters and agricultural officials heaped on the Board's proposal. Most economists figured that crop destruction might help the cotton merchant but not



FARM BOARD CHAIRMAN STONE

*Suggested a Georgian: "Plow under every third member of the Farm Board."*

the planter himself. One Georgia legislator proposed that "we plow under every third member of the Farm Board."

Counter proposals deluged the Board. Congressman Patman of Texas suggested that it destroy its own 1,300,000-bale holdings first as an example to the South. Senator Caraway of Arkansas advised the Board to buy up half of the 1931 crop in return for a pledge that the South will plant no cotton in 1932.

Within 48 hours the Board's "one-out-of-three" scheme was dead on its hands and the Board lapsed into a troubled silence. Meanwhile came two developments which boded ill for the Board's existence after the opening of Congress. Pennsylvania's Senator Reed drafted a bill, supposedly with some form of Administration backing, to abolish the Board altogether. The potent American Farm Bureau Federation announced that, in its opinion, the Farm Board after two years had failed to control surplus production; that therefore the Farm Bureau would resume its fight for the equalization fee.

### Campbell Program

To Washington and the White House last week went tall, wiry Thomas Donald Campbell of Hardin, Mont., to lay before President Hoover a program for solving the wheat problem. Financed by the House of Morgan in 1918, Mr. Campbell applied industrial methods to 95,000 Montana acres, became the largest wheat farmer in the U. S. In 1929 he went to Russia as wheat adviser to the Soviet Government. This year on his Hardin farm, he cut his wheat acreage, substituted flax and beans for grain. As an authority and a supporter of the Farm Board's efforts, he can get the ear of President Hoover whenever he wants it.

In Industrial Farmer Campbell's program the two important points were: 1) tax foreign hedgers 2½¢ (one-half the tariff rate) on every bushel of wheat they sell short in the Chicago market, on the ground that such sales depress prices as much as if the wheat were actually brought into the U. S.; 2) cut in half the tariff rebate (now 40¢) on every bushel of Canadian wheat brought into the U. S. under bond for milling and export, thereby giving U. S. wheat a 22¢ advantage for this trade.

Other Campbell suggestions: 1) require "good milling wheat" for all future contract deliveries; 2) eliminate "on track" deliveries and "bids and offers" in the Chicago market; 3) prohibit Minneapolis trading in four grades of wheat higher in value than the highest grade recognized by the Department of Agriculture; 4) compel short sellers to deliver the same quality of grain as the farmer delivers; 5) declare a six-month debt moratorium for wheat farmers; 6) let the Farm Board pledge no more wheat sales.

Declared Mr. Campbell hopefully: "By use of the present laws and my suggestions the price of wheat on the farm can easily be doubled by Jan. 1."

For cotton he would, if he were President, increase the Tariff on jute, thereby diverting 1,000,000 bales of low-grade cotton into the production of bale bagging. He opposed plowing under one-third of the crop (see col. 1) as "not good economics."

## TRANSPORTATION

### On the High Seas

Three weeks ago when the U. S. freighter *Sundance* docked at Ghent, Seaman Myak Wooker, 6 ft. 6 in. Estonian, defied Chief Mate Leonard C. Adams, refused to work unloading cargo. He hid under his bunk. Mate Adams dragged him out. They fought. Wooker seized a fire axe, Mr. Adams drew his revolver, fired twice at close range, killed the sailor. Belgian authorities cleared Mr. Adams but when the *Sundance* reached Rotterdam he was relieved of his post after the skipper received a petition:

"We, the undersigned members of the crew, are afraid to go to sea with Mr. Adams."

Last week Mr. Adams, a mild-looking man of 39 with a Southern drawl, arrived in Manhattan, was arrested and taken before a U. S. Commissioner. He explained:

"I shot the man because I was in terror—mortal terror, a condition I was never in during the War. I fired one shot and then another not knowing the first had hit him in the head."

Mr. Adams was held without bail on a charge of murder on the high seas.

### Ex Parte 103 (Cont'd)

Candy, coal and chemicals, soap and scrap iron, fertilizer, leather, glass, paper, old rubber and garden truck were some of the things Interstate Commerce Com-

\*Equivalent to "puts and calls" on the Stock Exchange.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

missioners in Washington pondered last week when opponents of the railroads' petition for a 15% freight rate increase began to present their rapid-fire testimony (TIME, July 27, Aug. 3). Shippers and manufacturers popped up and down in the witness stand to oppose *Ex Parte* 103 faster than the Press could keep track of them. The gist of their argument: If rail rates went up they, the rate payers, would divert more & more of their freight traffic to motor trucks and the steam carriers would be heavy losers. To this threat was frequently added another, namely, the removal of factories to tidewater where the producers could throw their transportation business to ship lines.

The regulatory commissions of North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas clubbed together to ask the I. C. C. to dismiss the railroads' petition. They argued that the Federal commission had no legal authority to up freight rates on a mere showing of financial emergency and that, in addition, the roads had offered no evidence that such an increase would improve their revenues and credit. The I. C. C. postponed consideration of this joint request.

Louis John Taber, master of the National Grange, declared a 15% rate increase would complete the ruin of agriculture by taking \$10,000,000 from U. S. farmers. Arthur Hale, chairman of the Coal Exporters' Association, said a 2,000,000-ton-per-year business would cease if coal rates to ocean ports were upped. The Virginia Corporation Commission sent witnesses to Washington who contended that the railroads' complaints about their credit position had done them more damage than the actual drop in their earnings.

But support for the railroads' rate plea finally came last week from the "Big Four" Brotherhoods (Railway Conductors, Locomotive Engineers, Railroad Trainmen, Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen). Mindful of the carriers' threat to cut wages unless they won a rate increase, the presidents of these potent labor organizations jointly declared that they felt "such action will have a beneficial effect on general business conditions."

### FISCAL

#### Million Dollar Certificate

Last week the Treasury prepared to print its biggest negotiable security—a \$1,000,000 certificate. Ordinary currency stops at the \$10,000 bill bearing the portrait of Salmon Portland Chase, Secretary of the Treasury (1861-64), Chief Justice of the U. S. (1864-73). U. S. bonds are not issued for more than \$100,000. About four times the size of a dollar bill and engraved on the same paper stock, the \$1,000,000 certificates—there will be 500 of them—will be used for the Treasury's short term financing of a year or less. On each will appear blanks for the date of issue and the rate of interest. Though they will primarily pass only between the Treasury and the great urban banks subscribing to Government loans, any citizen with \$1,000,000 in cash is

privileged to purchase one. If found on the street, such a certificate could be cashed as easily as a Treasury bond.

Selected to decorate the \$1,000,000 certificate was a portrait of William Harris Crawford who served from 1816 to 1825 as Secretary of the Treasury. Born in



SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY CRAWFORD  
(1816-25)

*His friends: "The greatest since Alexander Hamilton!"*

Virginia in 1772, Crawford moved to Georgia, built a plantation home, "Woodlawn," at Lexington. In 1802 he killed Peter Van Allen in a duel. Four years later in another duel his left wrist was shattered.

The duel was fought at ten paces. His opponent had urged that the combatants be permitted to advance at will up to a distance of five paces and that they continue to exchange shots "until one of them could not stand, kneel or sit." Crawford demurred.

Georgia sent him to the Senate in 1807 where he served Secretary of the Treasury Gallatin in much the same way as Pennsylvania's Senator Reed today serves Secretary Mellon. Despite charges of corruptly favoring certain banks in the 1819 panic his friends hailed him as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton."

In the 1824 election he was President Monroe's candidate for the White House. Against him in the Democratic party were arrayed John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson. Crawford men insisted that a Congressional caucus, as heretofore, should make the Presidential nomination. All others flayed the caucus as undemocratic, refused to participate. In the election Crawford was a poor third and the choice was thrown into the House of Representatives where Adams was elected with 13 States voting for him, Jackson getting seven, Crawford four. Historically the defeat of Crawford marked the end of "King Caucus," the beginning of a slow movement toward the nominating conventions of today.

### LABOR

#### Hoover Dam Strike

Hoover Dam was virtually under martial law last week. A strike was in progress. No work had been done for seven days, since Six Companies, Inc. had paid off 1,300 men and ordered from the reservation 200 who had struck for higher wages, better working conditions.

In the Nevada desert the summer temperature ranges between 100° and 120°. In the diversion tunnels on the canyon floor it averages 10° to 20° higher. Since work began at the dam five men have been killed by accidents, twelve have died from the heat. Workers claimed the water in the tunnels is too hot to drink, while outside they have to drink river water. They complained ventilation is poor in the bunk houses, where they pay \$1.50 per day, that some time ago wages for laborers were reduced from \$5 to \$4 per day.

Fortnight ago some 30 tunnel shovellers whose work had been replaced by machinery were discharged from their \$5 jobs, offered work outside at \$4. They refused. The 130 other tunnel workers walked out in sympathy. The company replied by stopping all work, making 1,100 others idle. Frank Crowe, superintendent of Six Companies, Inc., blamed the oft-blamed I. W. W. Said he: "We are six months ahead of schedule now and we can afford to refuse concessions which would cost \$2,000 daily, or \$3,000,000 during the seven years we are allowed to finish the work."

Facing hunger, seeing hundreds of unemployed waiting around for their jobs, the striking workers modified their demands. U. S. Marshal Jake Fulmer went from Carson City prepared to summon troops if violence threatened.

After seven days Walter Young, construction engineer of the Federal Bureau of Reclamation, notified the contractors to resume work, cleared the reservation of all who did not have passes signed by him. Company officials said no striker would be re-employed, said nothing about restoring old wages to workers on the dam named for the foremost U. S. wage-maintainer.

### CRIME

#### Ypsilanti's Fiends

It was growing dark in Ypsilanti, Mich., one evening last week when Thomas Wheatley, 17, drove up to the house of his friend Harry Lore, 16, jammed on the brakes and blew a long blast on the horn. Out of the house scrambled Lore and two Cleveland girls who were visiting at his home: his cousin, Vivian Gold, 15, and her friend, Anna May Harrison, 16. All piled into the car; Wheatley snapped on the lights, gave the horn another toot, and away they drove through the quiet streets of Ypsilanti to a cinema.

Just before the next dawn a farmer, looking out of his window some ten miles from Ypsilanti, beheld a bright light against the hooded sky. Hurrying across fields to a lonely road he found a car in



## National Affairs—(Continued)

## STATES &amp; CITIES

## Boss on the Stand

Last week John Francis Curry, foxy little boss of Manhattan's Democracy, emerged from Tammany Hall to face the Republican-controlled legislative committee which has been investigating the municipal government. From the outset



Keystone

TAMMANY'S CURRY

His motto: "Glad to Oblige."

Boss Curry had resisted this inquiry as a piece of partisan politics. As a matter of party duty his Tammany henchmen blocked, balked, thwarted and nullified the committee's efforts to probe the scandals of New York to the bottom. Now Boss Curry was summoned to explain and justify his opposition.

As he calmly took the witness stand, applause rang out from his friends packed into the court room. Waiting to question him was large, pontifical Inquisitor Samuel Seabury, the committee's counsel, spearhead of the forces of Reform. The subject of the interrogation was a telephone call made by Boss Curry last month. The committee had got a horse doctor named William Francis Doyle sentenced to jail for contempt because he refused to answer questions affecting Tammany office-holders. Boss Curry had telephoned Appellate Justice Henry L. Sherman, vacationing at Lake Placid, and induced him to hear a petition which resulted in a stay of Dr. Doyle's sentence.

With much sparring by the witness and many a loud gavel rap by the committee chairman, the following colloquy between Inquisitor Seabury and Boss Curry occurred:

**Seabury:** You are interested in Dr. Doyle?

**Curry:** I am interested in any Democrat in the City of New York . . . but in Dr. Doyle not any more than I would be in Brown, Jones or Smith.

**Seabury:** You were willing to aid anybody who would challenge the power of this committee?

**Curry:** Absolutely. . . . This is a crucifixion (*sic*) of the Democratic party of the city. It's nothing but persecution.

**Seabury:** When did you first decide to interest yourself in Dr. Doyle?

**Curry:** When I received a telephone call from a reputable lawyer, Alfred J. Talley, and he told me he would like to secure a judge before whom an application for a stay could be made.

**Seabury:** And did you get busy right away trying to find a judge?

**Curry:** Absolutely.

After Boss Curry described how he telephoned Judge Sherman and arranged for Doyle's counsel to appear next morning at Lake Placid, the questions-answers continued:

**Seabury:** What license did you have to inject yourself into getting a judge for Doyle's lawyer?

**Curry:** Because they were going to test the constitutionality of the committee.

**Seabury:** Did you consider that any part of your political duty?

**Curry:** Yes, a matter of political duty.

**Seabury:** You were glad to oblige?

**Curry:** That has been my motto since I went into politics.

**Seabury:** Don't you think it is a great piece of impertinence for you, simply because you are the leader of Tammany Hall to oblige lawyers about locating a judge for them?

**Curry:** That's the first time I've done such a thing.

Before Boss Curry was examined, Inquisitor Seabury called from jail Horse Doctor Doyle whose contempt case had developed into a test of the committee's powers. Mr. Seabury asked Dr. Doyle the one question the Court of Appeals had ruled he must answer: "Did you bribe any public official?" Replied Dr. Doyle: "No." Mr. Seabury and the Republican Committeemen were astonished by this answer, suspected Horse Doctor Doyle of committing perjury. Though the committee voted he was still in contempt, "Doc" Doyle's lawyers got him out of jail on a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Fortnight ago in the Doyle case the Court of Appeals issued a ruling which severely limited the committee's powers to compel reluctant witnesses to testify with immunity (TIME, Aug. 17). The whole future course of the investigation depended upon broadening the committee's authority to get information under threat of contempt action. Therefore last week the committee petitioned Governor Roosevelt to summon a special session of the Legislature to pass a bigger & better immunity bill for its use. Within 24 hours the Governor as a matter of "clear duty" issued the call for this week.

As an addendum to the committee's petition Inquisitor Seabury expressed publicly for the first time just what he thought the investigation was heading into: "Corruption in the government of New York City is widespread. . . . This corruption could not exist on so large a scale if the sinister forces who are profiting by it were not afforded protection. Their identity must be established if this system is to be broken down. . . . The committee has

flames. In the car were the incinerated bodies of Thomas Wheatley, Harry Lore, Vivian Gold, Anna May Harrison. On the running board, fenders, bumpers of the car were splashes of blood. A bloody wrench lay in the road. Officers who removed the bodies after the fire had died found two bullet holes in the road, discovered the skulls of the other three had been beaten in. All had been gasoline-soaked. Lore's watch had stopped at 3:06.

County officers, State troopers and Ford Motor Co. service men mobilized for a man-hunt. Two Negroes gave them warm clues. One said he had dreamed that three men did the murder. Later he had seen David Blackstone, a strapping Negro hot tamale peddler, and inquired: "How come you cut your hand, Hot Tamale?" whereupon Blackstone had begun to shake from head to foot. The other informer gave the police a pistol, said it had come from Blackstone's landlord. Before day-break Blackstone had been arrested with Fred Smith, white ex-convict. All day they withstood questioning, finally broke down and confessed:

With Frank Oliver, a 19-year-old friend of Smith's, they had held up the car, robbed its occupants. When young Wheatley recognized Smith they had killed all four, driven into Ypsilanti with the bodies to get gasoline. Then they had taken the bodies out on the lonely road, soaked them with the gasoline, set fire to them. Oliver said Blackstone had raped Miss Harrison before the murders.

As police burred in Oliver and wrung a confession from him, the first of four lynchings attempts occurred. Escaping the mob at Ypsilanti, the three were taken to the Ann Arbor jail, where a fresh mob gathered, tore at the prisoners' clothes, clawed their faces, cried for their blood. Reinforced by carloads of men from Ypsilanti, the crowd surged around the insecure jail, shouting: "Lynch them! Burn them!" The three cowering men were rushed into automobiles and whisked to the court house where Judge George W. Sample was waiting. Said Judge Sample: "I feel like I am in the presence of fiends. I don't wonder that the crowd is howling for vengeance. . . . The law must take its course. The people of the State of Michigan have decreed that the penalty for this crime is life imprisonment. We all know that it doesn't make the penalty severe enough."<sup>6</sup> Then he sentenced each of the three to life imprisonment for each of the four murders, the sentences not to run concurrently, thus making parole or pardon next to impossible.

An hour later, with scores of motorcycle policemen and deputies as guards, police issued from the court house with the prisoners, fired over the heads of the crowd, scattered tear gas bombs, and in the confusion herded the men into cars, roared away toward Jackson. Six hours and 40 minutes after their confession, Killers Smith, Oliver and Blackstone were in Jackson prison, to remain until taken to Marquette penitentiary for the rest of their natural lives.

<sup>6</sup>Michigan repealed its death penalty in 1845.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

been met with every obstruction which it has been possible for the beneficiaries of this vicious system to throw in its way."

The Democratic Governor's call for a special session to arm its foes, Tammany construed as an unfriendly and disloyal act. Its leaders cursed him under breath, publicly declared that he was putting himself and his party "into a hole." Tammany's men in the Legislature were prepared to fight the immunity bill to the death, or else turn it against the Republicans by starting investigations of up-State, Republican-run cities. Friends who are managing his presidential candidacy hoped Governor Roosevelt had helped himself outside New York City by showing his independence of Tammany dictation.

### CONSERVATION

#### Texas Tries

Last month bulky Governor Ross Staw Sterling called the Texas Legislature into a 30-day special session to enact a new conservation law to curb the State's wild oil production. For 28 days the Legislature shilly-shallied, got nothing done. Meanwhile in Oklahoma Governor William Henry ("Cocklebur Bill") Murray called out troops to shut in oil wells until the price of oil should reach \$1 per bbl. (TIME, Aug. 17.) Taking cue from his neighbor, Governor Sterling last week roweled his Legislature into action one day before adjournment with a threat of martial law. To show he meant it he sent his adjutant general into the gushing East Texas fields to find quarters for 1,000

orders may be punished in court. No provision was made, however, for holding down production for economic reasons. Some legislators declared the flow of Texas oil could be cut 50% under the new law. Others insisted no reduction whatever was possible.

Declared Governor Sterling of the new law: "It's got teeth in it but I might still slap on martial law if some of these [East Texas] operators get to acting up."

But martial law was no idle threat with Governor Sterling. Many an East Texas producer had begged him to shut in that field by force. After he had perused the new conservation law and received legal advice, he despatched Texas guardsmen under sealed orders to the second richest oil field in the world.\*

After they had taken up their posts through the field Governor Sterling proclaimed martial law, ordered every one of the 1,600 flush wells in the 2,815 sq. mi. of Upshur, Gregg, Rusk and Smith Counties shut down. Last week this field, running wide open, produced an all-time record of 738,000 bbl. This week under the Governor's orders they were to produce not a barrel. Proclaimed Governor Sterling:

"Oil and gas supplies are being unlawfully dissipated and wasted and the land and royalty owners are being robbed by unscrupulous and lawless producers, transporters and operators. . . . An organized and entrenched group of operators are in a state of insurrection against the conservation laws of the State and are in open rebellion against the efforts of the constituted civil authorities to enforce such laws."

As the troopers arrived and the oil wells were shut down, out of the field like rats scuttled a wretched army of leggers, prostitutes, gamblers, dope peddlers, pimps, confidence men and plain bums.

Meanwhile, in Oklahoma, lines held tight in Governor Murray's oil war. After eight days martial law had failed to budge economic law and Oklahoma crude was selling at 52¢ per bbl. Governor Murray announced that two refining companies (Champlin and Cushing) had offered to pay his price of \$1 per bbl. if he would remove guardsmen from their wells. "If I'm convinced the offers were made in good faith, I might allow them to open up," mused he between spits of tobacco juice as he set out for a week-end visit to Texas.

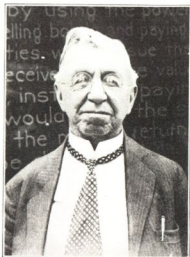
As if to swing in behind Oklahoma and Texas for better oil prices, Kansas, through its Public Service Commissioner, ordered producers to boost crude prices to 60¢ per bbl. or show cause why their wells should not be closed down.

### POLITICAL NOTE

#### Old Man of Massillon

For weeks about the streets of Massillon, Ohio (pop: 26,475) clattered a two-horse buggy in which sat a pucker-faced little old man with wiry grey hair. Whenever his vehicle was stopped by red traffic

lights or his horses veered off to graze at curb grass, the old man would stand up on the buggy seat and exhort passing citizens—workers from the foundries, the machine shops, the glass factories, attendants at the State Insane Asylum, farmers from Stark County—to vote for



Acme-P. & A.

"GENERAL" COXEY

From buggy seat to Mayor's chair?

him as Republican nominee for Mayor. With the fervor of an evangelist promising heaven, the old campaigner in his stand-up collar and wide-brimmed black hat promised Massillon a new municipal water works and reduced water rates if he were elected.

Massillon gave the old gentleman an attentive ear because he was no less a person than Jacob Coxey, 76. It was from Massillon in the Spring of 1894 that "General" Coxey led his rag-tag and bobtailed army of unemployed across the country to the Capitol at Washington to demand relief. That march made its leader famous, though it failed to advance the bizarre economic cause for which he staged it. The Coxey plan for unemployment relief in 1894 and 1931 was to have States and municipalities issue 25-year non-interest bearing bonds to be deposited with the Federal Government which in turn would give the local governments 99¢ on \$1 for public works. Eight times has Mr. Coxey got his bill for the Treasury to issue fiat money introduced in Congress, eight times it has failed of enactment. Declares "General" Coxey: "The American people are still as dumb as beetles."

But last week old Mr. Coxey did not think Massillon Republicans were so dumb. They gave him 2,983 votes and nominated him for Mayor over two rivals, one of them the Republican incumbent. Because Massillon is normally Republican, Nominee Coxey expects to be elected next November, after which he will have his first opportunity to experiment with non-interest bearing bonds for the construction of the new water works.



GOVERNOR STERLING

He clomped down.

troopers. Twelve hours later the Legislature sent him a bill which he promptly signed as "satisfactory."

Precisely what the new law would do not even its sponsors knew. Broadly it empowered the Texas Railroad Commission to pro-rate oil and gas production in the different pools and prevent "physical waste." Violators of the Commission's

\*The richest: Kettleman Hills, Calif.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## INTERNATIONAL

### Nothing Resounding

(See front cover)

For hours at a time a lot of important international bankers locked themselves in a room in Basle last week. Eventually they would emerge, saying nothing, and repeat the process on the following day. They were:

Dr. Karl Melchior, of the Warburg banking firm (Germany).

Alfredo Beneduce, President of the Consortium on Public Works Credit (Italy).

Emile Francqui, Vice-Governor of Société Générale de Belgique.

Dr. R. G. Brindschedlar of the Crédit Suisse (Switzerland).

T. Tanaka, London representative of the Bank of Japan.

O. Rydbeck of the Svenska Bankföreningen (Sweden).

C. E. ter Meulen, Financial Committee of the League of Nations (Holland).

Sir Walter Thomas Layton, editor of *The Economist* (Great Britain).

Emile Moreau, former Governor of the Bank of France.

And the President of the Committee.

Albert Henry Wiggin, Chairman of the Governing Board of Chase National Bank (U. S. A.).

Quickly reporters began calling this assemblage the Wiggin Committee. What the Wiggin Committee was supposed to be doing was investigating, under the auspices of the Bank for International Settlement, 1) Germany's credit needs and 2) the likelihood of changing Germany's present short-term credits into long-term ones. On the first point, the Committee approached agreement that what Germany needed was renewal for six months of 5,000,000,000 marks (\$1,187,500,000) which she already owed her creditor nations. It was soon seen that there was little likelihood of the committee doing much about the second point.

The Wiggin Committee seemed satisfied with trying to arrange what German editors called a "Stillstand Consortium," a formal agreement to leave all present foreign credits untouched in Germany for six months. France as usual objected. She thought three months was long enough, said French law does not permit a six months extension, but since France owns only about 5% of the foreign credits in Germany her objections this time did not carry the weight that they usually do. France finally agreed to a special formula for a three months renewable prolongation.

**Stillstand Moves.** First step was to listen to a long elaborate explanation of Germany's present financial position from Dr. Karl Melchior. This led to a few hard words, for Dr. Melchior either did not know or would not say just what assets Germany holds abroad. Moreover, the political situation in Germany was so improved (TIME, Aug. 17) that everyone felt more free to handle the Germans

firmly. There was much criticism of German domestic extravagance. From the Wall Street point of view no financial diplomat could better express the hard truth which Germany had yet to be told than Banker Wiggin. As head of the Committee he could say these things privately or call as he did upon other speakers. Sir Walter Layton was loud in demanding German fiscal reform; he pointed proudly to the drastic economies that Britain is considering (see p. 16).

Next move was to invite representatives of twelve creditor nations to appear before the committee. Most important of these gentlemen was, of course, the U. S. representative, the Committee's president, Mr. Wiggin, who was empowered to act not only for Chase National, but for all New York banks.

**Wall Street's Al.** It is part of a Wall Street runner's ABC that Albert Henry Wiggin is the head of the biggest bank in the world and that he is known as Al, "the man with a million friends." Innumerable people "Al" Mr. Wiggin.

Tall, heavy, slightly pop-eyed Mr. Wiggin belongs to many clubs, has a modest collection of etchings, a wife who sculps from time to time in a MacDougall Alley studio. He is jovial with acquaintances. He plays excellent poker with fierce intensity. As a golfer, he is never more dangerous to his opponent than when behind. He has a large collection of locker-room anecdotes.

But as the biggest banker in the U. S. he is usually the quietest. He makes few

and amortization payments on their debts to us and to buy our exports in adequate volume. From the middle of 1924 to 1929 we delayed the adverse effect of our high tariffs upon our exports by heavy buying of foreign bonds. . . . Our alternative today is therefore either a reduction of our tariffs, or readjustment to our greatly reduced volume of exports.

"Cancellation or reduction of the interallied debts has been increasingly discussed throughout the world. . . . I am firmly convinced it would be good business to initiate a reduction of these debts at this time."

The attack on the tariff did Mr. Wiggin no good with the Hoover Administration. Since his remarks on the War debts, France has viewed him with suspicion as a probable believer in revision of the Treaty of Versailles.

Banking has always been Al Wiggin's trade. The son of a Unitarian minister in Massachusetts, he went to work in the local bank at 17. At 26 he could really call himself a banker; he was made assistant cashier. In 1899 he went to New York and became vice president of National Park Bank. In 1904 he went to the Chase as a vice president, became its president seven years later.

The panic of 1907 showed his mettle. In those steep days the elder J. P. Morgan discovered two young bankers on whom he could rely: Henry Pomeroy Davison and Albert Henry Wiggin. Morgan's friend, old George Fisher Baker, agreed that they were mighty useful fellows. Davison, as the world knows, was received into the Morgan fold. Wiggin acquired a rarer distinction. True or false, legend in New York calls him the only man who ever refused a Morgan partnership.

In Basle last week several U. S. bankers assisted him, but they were Chase men, not Morgan men.\* Two of Chase's 79 vice presidents, James H. Gannon and Joseph C. Rosensky, traveled to Basle with him. Shepard Morgan, another Chase vice president and an expert on Reparations (he was Seymour Parker Gilbert's assistant during the operation of the Dawes Plan) was in Germany, reporting to Mr. Wiggin separately.

In addition, heavy-set Gates W. McGarrath, president of the Bank for International Settlements, is one of Mr. Wiggin's old friends. Often have they dined, motored, played golf together. Together they present the perfect embodiment of a pair of U. S. bankers as an anti-capitalist cartoonist would draw them. But about their minds, of course, there is nothing cartoonish. Nor are they hereditary exponents of Capitalism, but self-made representatives and leaders of a system in



B. I. S. PRESIDENT MCGARRATH

. . . was given a Swedish bellweather.

pronunciamentos. When he does speak as a banker his words carry world weight.

Banker Wiggin's address to Chase stockholders last January was front-page news round the world. Said he:

"The most serious of the adverse factors affecting business is the inability of foreign countries to obtain dollars in amounts sufficient both to make interest

\*Wall Streeters gave two reasons last week why Banker Wiggin and not a Morgan Partner was sent to represent the U. S. at the Basle conference. 1) The Chase, world's biggest bank, is also the biggest U. S. holder of German bonds, with an estimated investment of \$170,000,000 in Germany. 2) Ever since the War, the House of Morgan has been France's banker in the U. S. French banks have enormous deposits with Morgan, could make things very awkward for a Morgan Partner who opposed their wishes.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

which all their countrymen have a stake.

**Per Jacobsson.** When the Wiggins Committee reached a tentative agreement on freezing foreign credit in Germany last week, it was promptly rejected by the German delegates for various reasons, the most important being that it left out of consideration the reichsmark balances in cash of foreign firms in Germany. This item totals nearly \$140,000,000. If these balances were suddenly withdrawn, Germans believe they would be as badly off as ever. This point remained unsettled last week. The Wiggins went back into their huddle. In the meantime the B. I. S. made an important move. Per Jacobsson, Swedish economist and budgetary expert, was given a job new to international banking. He was made Economic Adviser to the B. I. S.—an international financial bellwether, to study the statements of the central banks of various countries from month to month in an effort to spot future crises long before they can occur.

**French Maneuvers.** All this time Emile Moreau of the Bank of France sat at his end of the table smiling amiably, saying very little. But Wall Street suddenly perceived a curious maneuver which the Bank of France has been executing in New York. Ever since June 20 when the Hoover Moratorium was announced, the Bank of France has been converting its holdings of U. S. commercial bills into cash, holding the cash on deposit in the Federal Reserve Bank. Between June 17 and last week foreign bill holdings dropped from \$378,717,000 to \$220,174,000; foreign bank deposits swelled from \$5,676,000 to \$180,483,000. The Federal Reserve announced last week that gold earmarked for foreign account since June 29 increased \$61,700,000. All of these changes have been attributed to the Bank of France.

Was France preparing a grandstand play to show the power of the French franc by causing a great withdrawal of gold from New York? Unlike the drain on the Bank of England it could be nothing but a grandstand play for the U. S. has still twice as much gold in its vaults as France. Still, the moral effect of the move would be great.

A few Wall Street bankers suggested a more charitable explanation. At the time the French franc was in danger the French Government passed an emergency law putting a tax of 1% on cash balances held outside France. The law is still in effect though the reason for it has passed. Conversion of the bills into cash and the cash into gold (which does not pay the tax) might just possibly be part of a move to have this old law annulled.

**Sick Norman.** One person not available for the conferences of the Wiggins Committee last week was grey-bearded Montagu Collet Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. Since Britain's crisis his star has been in the descent in London. There was talk of forcing his resignation fortnight ago. Last week he quietly slipped on board the *Duchess of York* and sailed for Canada.

"I feel I want a rest," said he, "because

I have had a very hard time lately." Loyal subordinates at the Bank amplified this with a bulletin:

"The Governor of the Bank of England has been indisposed as a result of the exceptional strain to which he has been subjected in recent months. . . . He is assured a period of complete quiet and entire freedom from work which should be sufficient to enable him to resume his full normal duties at the bank."

### GREAT BRITAIN *King's Son's Father-in-Law*

The Clans gathered at Glamis last week. Campbells, Rosses, Fergusons, MacDonalds, MacNeills and the rest all sent delegations to attend the 50th wedding anniversary of

won the hearts of the assembled clansmen by treading a Highland reel with an ancient gaffer in kilts and sporran, the oldest tenant of the Strathmore estates.

The Earl of Strathmore bit his drooping mustache and regarded the celebration somewhat sourly. To reporters the King's Son's Father-in-Law made almost as gloomy an announcement as a man could on his wedding anniversary:

"Taxation, local and imperial, absorbs 80 of every hundred pounds I receive and now comes the new land tax. I fear I may no longer be able to remain in the residence."\*

### "Critics Must Face Facts"

The Big Five of the Labor Cabinet met at No. 10 Downing St. last week wryly determined to swallow a bitter pill. They were Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden, Foreign Secretary Arthur Henderson, Secretary of State for the Dominions James Thomas, President of the Board of Trade William Graham. Their bitter pill was the report on national economy presented more than three weeks ago by Sir George Ernest May.

Britain's budget next year may be top-heavy to the extent of some \$583,000,000 if drastic economies are not put into force. Congress has prepared to assume a \$903,000,000 deficit for the U. S. this year, but Britain does things differently. It is one of Britain's greatest traditions that the budget must balance.

If Sir George May was a politician he would know that this is a poor year to talk to British voters of budget retrenchments. But he is no vote-monger; he is an able financier, an insurance man. In the report which his committee presented was the blunt warning: "The nation cannot go on borrowing to meet its current requirements." He urged a budget slash of \$460,370,000. Labor's Big Five studied the May report sourly last week, looking for some economies which could be put in force without costing political necks.

Opposition leaders were willing to help. Liberal David Lloyd George was still sick abed, but exact reports of what went on at the Labor councils were carried to his bedside. Conservative Leader Stanley Baldwin left Aix-les-Bains, rushed back from vacation to confer mightily with Scot MacDonald.

No formal announcements were made, but the London grapevine carried fairly reliable accounts of what the Labor leaders were proposing. The May report suggested, among other things, a drastic trimming of military, school and police salary.

\*Hugh Cecil Lowther, Lord Lonsdale, 74, of the elaborate sidelburns, impeccable tailcoats, long black clogs and big buttonhole flowers, announced last week that his financial condition "has become one of considerable difficulty." What with taxes, farm problems and an accident in one of his Cumberland mines which reduced that part of his income from \$600,000 to \$100,000 yearly, his Lordship said he must leave the shooting at Lowther Castle. Worse, he must sell nearly all his racchorses, for a generation among Britain's finest.

Also last week, the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston (grave Elvina Hinds of Alabama) went into bankruptcy in London.



14TH EARL OF STRATHMORE &  
KINGSHORNE

. . . gloomed on his golden day.

His Lordship Claude George Bowes-Lyon, 14th Earl of Strathmore and Kingshorne.

For over 250 of its 800 years, Glamis Castle has been the property of the Bowes-Lyon family. Here by tradition Macbeth did murder Duncan (and sleep). Here Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon married King George's son, the Duke of York (TIME, May 5, 1923). Here their second child was born, the Princess Margaret Rose of York (TIME, Sept. 1, 1930). The Duke & Duchess were much in evidence at the Golden Wedding last week. Her Grace



## Foreign News—(Continued)

budgets, and a 20% reduction in the Dole. Any tinkering of the Dole would be suicide for the Laborites, more than for the Conservatives could tackle. Commented Economist John Maynard Keynes in *The New Statesman & Nation*:

"Salary and dole reductions would merely aggravate the present situation by adding between 250,000 and 400,000 to the total of unemployed, and would produce a net reduction of only £50,000,000 instead of the estimated £120,000,000 deficit in the budget."

Next suggestion was a program of Equal Sacrifices for All. All fixed income-bearing investments including municipal bonds were to be taxed 1%. As a "patriotic loan" the 5% Government War loan bonds were to be converted to 4% or 4½%. The total thus saved would be matched by an equivalent cut in Government salaries.

There was another rumor. Scot MacDonald had an important conference with King George's assistant private secretary, Sir Clive Wigram. It was rumored that a cut in King George's privy purse allowance, which has remained at some \$550,000 per year since 1910, was being considered.\* Other reported cuts: \$2,375,000 from the grant to the British Broadcasting Co.; \$30,000,000 by halting road-building.

Leaving London, Prime Minister MacDonald went to resume his interrupted vacation in Lissiemouth. Secretary of State Stimson was also in Scotland last week, theoretically shooting grouse at Rogart. British papers refused to believe that the two were not planning secret conferences on the subject of war debt reductions. From Lissiemouth word came that Prime Minister MacDonald was planning an emergency session of Parliament to rush through economy bills. To reporters he had only this to say:

"My message to the nation is, to be steady and don't listen to panicky talk. . . . There must be cuts in the national expenditure, supplemented by extra burdens for those best able to bear them. But both the cuts and the burdens will be reduced to the barest possible minimum consistent with balancing the budget. . . ."

"I ask the members of the Labor party to remember that we are grappling with the situation with all our ideals unaltered. . . . Of course there will be critics and we already know the speeches they will deliver, but critics like everybody else must face facts. . . ."

### IRISH FREE STATE Hurlers at Cotehill

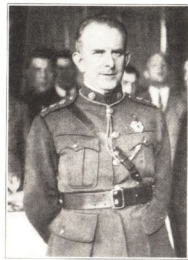
Word spread through Catholic Ireland last week that Orangemen in the north of the Free State were going to hold a big demonstration. The Royal Black Preceptories, an Orangemen's Association, had rented a hall in Cotehill to celebrate the 222nd anniversary of the lifting of the

siege of Derry by Orangemen in the rebellion of "The '89."

In Cotehill, all over County Cavan, mysterious posters appeared:

"Headquarters Cavan Brigade.

"An imperialist-led Orange Demonstration has been arranged for Cotehill tomorrow. Its organizers are imperialist



Keystone

GENERAL OWEN O'DUFFY

. . . knows all about hurling.

agents of Britain whose purpose is to perpetuate the sectarian division of the mass of common people in this area. . . .

"There is conflict between the Irish Republic and British imperialism and imperialist displays won't be tolerated. . . ."

Worried police officers telephoned word of the posters to Dublin. Not only were the Orangemen gathering, but the "Irish Republican Army," that die-hard minority which has never accepted the Free State government of President Cosgrave, was taking a hand.

Things looked so serious to Dublin that a detachment of grey-green Free State troops was sent to Cotehill. Speaking nothing but Gaelic, they were considered safe from the propaganda of Orangemen and Republicans both. General Owen O'Duffy, head of the Irish Army and Chief Commissioner of the Civic Guard, rushed north to take charge at Cotehill in person.

The Republicans got there first. Some 800 of them, scowling young men from the hills of Leitrim and neighboring counties, came into town with slouch hats pinned up on one side and formidable tape-wound hurleys in their hands. They went systematically about the business of keeping the Orangemen out of Cotehill. One squad wrecked the meeting hall. Others tore up the railway lines between Cotehill and Ballybay, and near Clones. Telephone and telegraph wires were cut, barricades of felled trees laid, trenches dug across the roads. When General O'Duffy and his faithful troops arrived (hopping the ditches), they found the Irish Repub-

licans in command of the town, marching and countermarching in the streets, directing traffic with a flourish of their hurleys.\* Inspector Neville of the Civic Guards chased out the Republicans with a baton charge.

General O'Duffy was at home in the North. He was born in County Monaghan. In 1919 between guerrilla skirmishes with the British, he varied his military career with the prosaic duties of an auctioneer and valuator. More important, he can handle a hurley with the best of the Republican Army. Hurlers consider his monograph, "The Ethics of Hurling," a standard authority.

Morning after the baton charge, the General telegraphed Dublin: EASIER ALTHOUGH A TENSE FEELING PREVAILS.

Dublin did not feel easier; neither did the Royal Black Preceptories who were kept out of Cotehill. In the south Irish Minister of Justice Fitzgerald-Kenney spoke earnestly at Ballyhaunis. In his pocket were details of a number of terrorist crimes by Irish Republicans. Said he:

"The Government knows of a body of men engaged in drilling, calling themselves the Irish Republican Army, who are determined to establish by means of gun rule a small minority over the great majority."

"Recent history of the Free State is blackened by murders as bad as ever blackened the history of any country, but the Government is determined to hold the murder gang in check. . . . It is likely that provision will be made for the establishment of a special tribunal to try certain cases, this body to be vested with powers to impose a capital sentence."

The Orangemen were not long in waiting for their revenge for Cotehill. Saturday the Ancient Order of Hibernians (Catholic) were to meet at Armagh. This time it was the Orangemen who felled trees, pulled up rails. Henry Bell, engineer of a freight train, was stopped by sullen gunmen, made to wreck his locomotive at an open gap in the rails. At Portadown, County Armagh, Orangemen and Republicans fought in the streets for two days with stones and bottles of Guinness's Stout. Orangemen rallied to the tune of "Dolly's Brae" and "Derry's Walls," and attempted to batter down the gates of a convent with an old pushcart for a battering ram. A well-flung whiskey bottle laid out the chief constable.

"Hurling is Ireland's ancient version of Hockey. Hurling sticks (Hurleys) are shorter and thicker than hockey sticks, with flat bottomed blades as in ice hockey. There are 15 men on a team, seven backs, eight forwards. The field is 140 yards long with a cross-barred goal at each end. A shot over the bar counts 1 point or ½ of a goal. A goal is a shot beneath the bar. An official game consists of two periods of 30 minutes each. Of hurling says W. P. Clifford, President of the Gaelic Athletic Association:

"Dareddevil pluck, ultra rapidity of thought and movement, cool calculation and reckless abandon, honor blended with determination—these are some of the demands and features of the great, clean national game. Through the long Dark Ages of serfdom, hurling remained with us as a bulwark second only to our national language in preserving our subdued and suppressed individuality."

\*It is impossible to report King George's exact income. Besides the privy purse income he receives about \$500,000 yearly in revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster. There are in addition his private investments, said to include much New York real estate.



## Foreign News—(Continued)

### INDIA

#### "If It Be War—"

Two little milch goats stood on a pier at Bombay, last week, bleating in a melancholy rain. Over the edge of the tossing Arabian Sea a boat was dropping out of sight, headed into the teeth of a monsoon. Aboard the boat were 27 discouraged Indian delegates bound for the Federal Structures Committee meeting—a preliminary to the second Round Table conference on Indian Affairs—to be held in distant London on Sept. 5. What dampened the spirits of the delegates more thoroughly than the dripping sky was the fact that the two little goats, and their owner who had planned to drink their milk in England, were not among their company. At the eleventh hour, strange, quibblesome little Mahatma Gandhi, who rules the largest (Nationalist) party in India and without whose support it will be virtually impossible for the London conference to effect its aims, had refused to sail. Another monsoon threatened the political jungle of India.

St. Gandhi's latest grievance against the British *Raj* was this: In return for the Nationalists dropping their civil disobedience campaign, one of the things retired Viceroy Baron Irwin promised was that the Government would not coerce impoverished natives to pay taxes, would force no evictions (TIME, March 2 *et seq.*). When the Mahatma learned that there had been coercive tax collections in the district of Gujarat, he protested. Viceroy Lord Willingdon had two pat answers: 1) that there had been no coercion on the part of Government agents; 2) that 95% of the Gujarat revenue had already been collected, proving that Gujarat was able to pay its tax bill. Lord Willingdon saw no way of acceding to St. Gandhi's demand that the Government refund the disputed taxes, but he strongly urged that St. Gandhi "would not allow any disputes over present details to prevent your serving India by participating in the momentous discussion of the future constitution which may determine the destiny of the country."

Once more cast in the rôle of peacemaker, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the intermediary in the Gandhi-Irwin discussions who distinguished himself at the last Round Table conference, rushed to Bombay. He shook the little brown man awake from his mattress, argued with him all night. It was no use. When the ship sailed two days later for London, St. Gandhi had already departed for Ahmadabad where he declared he would remain "until the Government puts me in prison." There, addressing his followers, he sounded an ominous note: "Do not expect anything from London. If it be peace, do not disturb it. If it be war, the people will not be slow to respond." Apprehensive of a return of the civil disobedience campaign and boycott on British goods, shares and commodities dipped responsibly in Indian markets. At Cawnpore on the eve of the Viceroy's visit, four men with an automobile full of bombs and fire-

arms were arrested, suspected of plotting the Viceroy's assassination.

Last week it appeared that the only way the British could get St. Gandhi to London would be to promise him that during his absence no Indian tenant will be made to pay his tax arrears or be evicted for default in land revenue or rent. Observers thought this too much to expect from Lord Willingdon if he intends to keep the country running. Reassuming his mildest manner, with a slightly *babu* turn of phrase St. Gandhi promised: "Indian Nationalists wear their hearts upon their sleeves. They have nothing to conceal. . . . I will dash to London the moment the Government makes it clear for me."

### CUBA

#### War for Machado

The members of the Havana Yacht Club, the waiters, cooks and hall porters eyed each other bitterly last week.

"Judas!" they hissed at each other. "Judas!"

The Yacht Club has been a hotbed of anti-Machado intrigue ever since a member of Dictator Machado's Cabinet was

mon slipped ashore to sidetrack the pursuers. They were promptly arrested and clapped into Cabana fortress. The *Coral* disappeared in the direction of Cuba's western tip, Pinar del Rio. Three days later the puffing gunboat *Baire* found the yacht loafing along the coast. It was captured without a shot. A crew of three sailors were on board who knew nothing, had seen nothing. They were brought back as prisoners in high good humor.

Wherever the two leaders were, revolution did not wait for them. From Pinar del Rio to Oriente violence broke out all over the island. There was skirmishing outside Santiago de Cuba (centre of U. S. action in the Spanish-American War, see map), at Artemisa, Sancti Spiritus, Sierra Morena. The Machado Government issued a slightly contradictory bulletin to say that the situation was well in hand but that fighting had broken out at 49 points.

At Tacomino just outside Havana, insurgents swooped down, burned the telephone station, killed ten soldiers, kidnapped 15 more.

At Ceja del Negro, Government troops accounted for 15 of the enemy.

At Artemisa in Pinar del Rio eight young student insurgents were ambushed by Government troops.

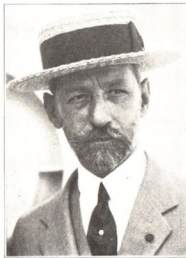
Rebels made a grand raid on Santa Clara city, seized food and stores, killed 30 men, then withdrew to the mountains. Santa Clara is the heart of the sugar district. With sugar at 2¢ a pound it is now the heart of unemployment and hunger. The province gave the anti-Machado leaders their fiercest recruits. President Machado rushed there from Havana to take charge of operations and keep an eye on his own generals to be sure that none of them went over to the rebels.

Nesbitt E. Allen, U. S. citizen, rancher of Santa Clara province, put in the first claim for damages. Insurrectos had swept down on him, seized his horses, provisions and a stock of dynamite he kept for stone quarrying. Nesbitt E. Allen added it all up and forwarded a bill to President Machado for \$5,257.

At Yateras, Oriente Province, a band of insurrectos galloped into town, raided a café, stole all the liquor and provisions, smashed the crockery, rode away.

Oldtime newshawks grinned reminiscently as the week progressed. Day by day the revolution seemed to be following the "Cuba Libre" insurrection of 1895 which led to the blowing up of the *Maine* and U. S. intervention. Last week, as in 1895, the insurrectos were split up into dozens of little bands, raiding, ambushing, running away to raid again somewhere else. Last week as in 1895 a stiff press censorship was clamped down on war news. Foreign correspondents were not allowed to leave Havana and spent their time like the late Richard Harding Davis collecting news from café tables on O'Reilly St.

In the U. S., of the great figures of the Spanish-American War only William Randolph Hearst, who headlined the country into war, and the Lindbergh of 1898, Richmond Pearson Hobson who sank the *Merrimac* in the mouth of Santiago har-



Keystone

MARIO GARCIA MENOCAL

There was no hint of the shark chute, but . . .

snubbed by a Yacht Club member last December and President Gerardo Machado, *El Gallo* ("The Rooster"), padlocked the clubhouse in retaliation. Fortnight ago Julio Cadena's yacht *Coral* slipped away from the yacht club pier with Cuba's onetime President, bearded Mario García Menocal on board, also Colonel Carlos Mendieta and a shipload of other insurgents. Their plan was to go down the coast, land, take charge of revolutionary forces that had already taken the field, sweep into Havana in triumph. There was some traitor in the club. The *Coral* was scarcely free of the pier before Cuban gunboats started in pursuit. Seventeen men, including onetime President Menocal's two brothers Fausto and Guat-

## Foreign News—(Continued)

bor, are alive (Hero Hobson is now a Prohibition and anti-narcotic lecturer—*TIME*, March 2). All the others—Roosevelt, Dewey, Shafter, Leonard Wood, Sampson, Schley, even Col. William Jennings Bryan of the Nebraska Volunteers—have died. Cuban revolutionists live longer. President Machado, General Menocal and Colonel Mendieta are all veterans of Cuba's War of Independence. Even Cosme de la Torre, Cuba's grave member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, suddenly remembered his youth as an officer under García and wrote violent articles last week, throwing his lot in with the new insurgents.

**Death of a Warrior.** It was a last revolution for one old fighter, General Francisco Peraza. Even 1895 was no novelty for intrepid General Peraza, who was then 44 years old. He was a 17-year-old "Colonel" in the first war for independence in 1868. He fought through the Spanish-American War as a General. In 1917 he buckled on his ancient horse pistol and went out as a rebel against President Menocal. For this revolution he had made peace with Menocal and joined his forces, partly through a mutual hatred of Machado the Rooster, and partly because—*Que Diabla!*—a good revolution doesn't come every day.

Federal troops cornered the white-haired old warrior near Los Palacios in Pinar del Rio. He escaped to the hills on horseback with 22 followers. Again there was a traitor. The Federals followed to Peraza's secret camp on Toro Hill. Ten were shot where they lay, ten were captured, two escaped. The old man reached

for his rifle and fell with three bullets in him. So rough was the trail that it took 18 hours to carry the old fighter's body five miles to the nearest village. Up and down the length of Cuba went another story. General Peraza, veteran of four wars, had been killed by one of his own men.

**Machado & Menocal.** U. S. liberals were perfectly willing to believe the worst about President Machado. The stories of political assassination, university closings, press gagging, lack of personal liberty have been repeated too often and with too much circumstance to be denied. Then there is the shark chute of Cabana fortress. A cement garbage slide exists in the old fort leading to the waters of the harbor. Ever since Spanish times political prisoners are supposed to have been thrown down this slide, fed to the sharks of the harbor. Only one case ever approached verification. Two years ago Labor Leader Claude Bruzon was a political prisoner in the fortress and disappeared. When a fisherman in the harbor found an arm identified later as Bruzon's, inside a shark, the Machado Government forbade all shark fishing in the harbor (*TIME*, March 11, 1929).

These things may be true, but on the other hand President Machado has run the finances of his troubled country with apparent honesty and he has performed one great national service: he has built a motor road 715 miles long from one end of the island to the other, a road that was one of his strongest weapons in fighting revolution last week.

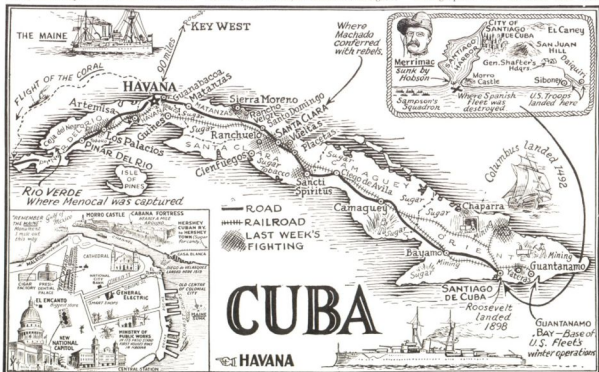
There is nothing to show that bearded General Menocal would be any better. Affable, cultivated, an aristocrat and great

sugar planter, he was Cuba's President during the War, during her years of greatest prosperity. In his time he was accused of all the things he charges against Gerardo Machado. A revolution against him was put down only when the U. S. threatened intervention.

Rebel Miguel Mariano Gomez is even more of a broken reed. He was a loyal Machadan and Mayor of Havana until Machado abolished the Mayoralty six months ago by making Havana a Federal district. Shortly thereafter someone attempted to drop a bomb into President Machado's bathroom. There was plenty of evidence pointing to ex-Mayor Gomez as the instigator.

**Capture.** At the week's end came a story to blight the exuberance of the revolutionists. Menocal & Mendieta had indeed been captured. They had landed from the yacht *Coral* near the tip of Pinar del Rio. Federals were in the district. Airplanes zoomed overhead. For days they hid in the swamps along the riverbeds while loyal troops came closer and closer. Lieutenant Urrutia of the gunboat *Fernandez Quevedo* was searching the dense shores of Guadiana Bay in a launch. Suddenly round a bend he came on an old charcoal barge. On it were General Menocal, Colonel Mendieta, Julio Cadena, owner of the *Coral* and a few followers. Senor Cadena leaped in front of his chief with drawn revolver, but the bearded General brushed him aside. "Put up your revolver, amigo, it's no use."

This was foxy Machado's greatest victory, and he brought back his prisoners in triumph. The *Fernandez Quevedo* came into Havana harbor early in the morning. Photographers and newsreel men were



there on orders to take the prisoners' pictures, broadcast them to the villages where the insurgents still held out. There was no hint of the shark slide for the captured leaders. On the contrary a great show of courtesy was made—the duration of which would doubtless match the duration of the revolt. Havana regarded Machado's triumph sourly. There were no cheers, there were no crowds. General Menocal stepped ashore first, gaunt, his beard (which makes him look so much like Brig-Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt) untrimmed, his clothes torn and soiled. Yet he held his shoulders square, marched with head high past the clicking cameras. Fat old Carlos Mendietta, one eye swollen shut, slumped behind him, a dirty yellow slicker drooping from his shoulders, a shapeseel felt hat squashed on his head. Just as he approached the waiting automobile he looked up with bleary eyes and delivered himself of one complete, soul-satisfying expletive.

"Cor-rr-ajol!" swore Colonel Mendietta and drove off to jail.

## CHINA

### Deluge

It rained and rained in the mountains of Tibet last month and last fortnight floods swept China. Flood waters of the Yangtze reached a new high level—52 ft. 9 in. Villages were swept away. Yellow waters spread out to cover 12% of the arable land in the valley. A stark report came from the stricken district to Nanking: **THE AUTUMN CROP IS RUINED. 23 MILLIONS ARE HOMELESS.**

Hankow was near the center of the flood area. Thousands of frightened, bedraggled peasants poured into the native city that sank lower and lower beneath the Yangtze waters. With the streets waist-deep in the swirling, dirty flood, fire broke out. There was no way to fight it. A few brave watermen pushed their little sampans from house to house trying to rescue trapped families, but scores died. There was danger of pestilence. Foreign correspondents were less interested in the millions of homeless and thousands of dead than in two U. S. citizens, Mrs. Webb and a Mrs. Fielding, who were attacked by a mob of hysterical coolies in Hankow's former German concession, had their dresses torn off, were badly frightened.

The Nationalist Government moved promptly for relief. A committee was organized at Shanghai with the ablest man in Chiang Kai-shek's Cabinet at its head, Finance Minister T. V. Soong, Harvard man, scion of the great "Soong Dynasty" of Shanghai bankers, and President Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law. Minister Soong adjusted his glasses, went to work.

"The catastrophe," said he, "is of such gigantic proportions that the Government cannot, as in the case of previous disasters, appropriate small sums of money and

"Chinese used to say that floods on the Yangtze-kiang augured the fall of the imperial dynasty." Engineer Herbert Clark Hoover, who has fought floods in China as well as in Mississippi and New England, explains that this Chinese saying makes excellent sense. The levees of the Yangtze are protected by willows. Vigilant police are required to keep the peasants from cutting the willows for firewood. When a dynasty degenerated, so did its police, the willows were cut, the river left its banks,

leave relief principally to local private enterprises.

"The Yangtze basin is the most prosperous and economically the most important part of China. It is a matter of preeminent national necessity that our efforts be designed not merely to save the unfortunate inhabitants but also to restore the productivity of the region."

His first move was to send Chinese planes out over the district to make an accurate report of the extent of the damage. His second was to appoint John Earl Baker, U. S. adviser to the Chinese Ministry of Railways, an associate of the National Flood Relief Commission. Railman Baker has already had much experience in flood relief work. The Standard Oil, the British-American Tobacco Co. Ltd., the Bank of China, the Millers' Association offered to co-operate, helped with preliminary plans. From the Vatican Pope Pius XI sent some \$13,000.

✚ In four days nearly five feet of rain fell in Manila last week, almost a record even for the Philippines. The rain, plus the edge of a China Sea typhoon, plus the highest tide of the year flooded two-thirds of the city, rendered 3,000 homeless. Police and native canoes evacuated the drowned inhabitants.

✚ London reported the wettest day of the wettest summer in 40 years last week. The Thames was up. The London fire brigade received hourly calls to pump out flooded houses. At Silverdale, near Stoke-upon-Trent, the whole town took to the upper stories. Streets, fields, and lower stories were awash.

✚ Spain was dry. Into dusty Lorca in southern Murcia marched a raggle-taggle



FINANCE MINISTER SOONG

"The catastrophe is of gigantic proportions."

collection of 2,000 farm laborers from the mountain villages of Abiles, Dona Ines, La Paca. Some came in carts, some swung their brown heels against the moldy sides of sad-eyed donkeys, but most were on foot, faint from hunger. They had come to Lorca to live. Not for seven years, said the spokesman, had a drop of rain fallen on Abiles, Dona Ines, or La Paca.

## PEOPLE

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

**Roy T. Yates**, 35-year-old New Jersey State Senator, married, father of three, sat down and started drinking gin with a Miss Ruth Jayne Cranmer, whom he was maintaining in a Manhattan apartment. After their fourth bottle of gin, they fell to quarreling about Miss Cranmer's allowance and apartment rent which seemed too expensive to Senator Yates. Later still Senator Yates was shot in the abdomen. Taken to a hospital, his condition was so serious that police were unable to question him. Miss Cranmer was arrested, said she was not sure who fired the shot. When checks were found in her possession showing that she was on New Jersey's pay-roll, a movement was launched to impeach the wounded politician. Declared Mrs. Yates: "I know it was only a temporary affair, just as a bad little boy strays from the home hearth. . . ."

**John Rockefeller Prentice**, the grandson of John Davison Rockefeller who worked his way through Yale as a telephone operator and is now a student at Yale's law school, wanted a swim. He and a caddy who works for an undertaker went to Maltby Lake Reservoir, near West Haven, Conn., took off their clothes, jumped in. A policeman caught them. A judge fined them each \$5 & costs.

Speaking before a Knights of Pythias convention at Cincinnati, Senator **James John Davis** of Pennsylvania advised "everyone to join some organization in order to express oneself." Senator Davis is a Moose, Mason, member of the Mystic Shrine and the Grotto, Knight of Pythias, Odd Fellow, Elk, Eagle, Forester, and a member of "many other fraternal orders." He also belongs to Chevy Chase, National Press, Congressional Country and Burning Tree clubs in Washington, and to the Americus Republican, Dequesne and Atlantic clubs of Pittsburgh.

Word came that Norman Selby ("Kid McCoy"), eccentric fistificutor who was imprisoned six years ago for killing a woman, would be paroled from San Quentin (Calif.) penitentiary in December 1932. Ford Motor Co. of Detroit agreed to be responsible for him for the next six years, will give him a job.

On a yachting cruise, **Infantas Beatriz** and **Maria Christina**, daughters of one-time **King Alfonso XIII** of Spain, landed at the little Irish village of Portaferry. Astonished townsfolk whispered to each other, giggled, pointed to the Infantas' flannel yachting trousers. Infanta Beatriz blushed, tried to hide behind her fiancé, **Don Alvaro Antonio D'Oriens**.

**John Edison Sloane**, 12-year-old grandson of Inventor Thomas Alva Edison, found a 24-oz. meteor near his camp in Maine, said he would present it to Harvard University.

## C I N E M A

## The New Pictures

**Bad Girl** (Fox) tells a humble story humbly. A radio salesman, responding less to his own inclination than to her advances, makes friends with a pretty girl, seduces her with pleasure tinged by pessimism, marries her with love but some reluctance when her brother turns her out



JAMES DUNN &amp; SALLY EILERS

She: "Gee, but you're a funny guy!"

for coming home late. The picture, derived from Viña Delmar's best seller in 1928, might have been chilled by the sententious attitude with which cinema often apologizes for its attempts at realism. Instead, it is as intimate as the gossip on a fire-escape, as interesting as a secret. Director Frank Borzage (*Seventh Heaven*) gave the story just the treatment it needed to make its developments seem as important as though they had happened to people whom you know—as, in outline, they must have happened to some acquaintance of almost every cinemaddict in the U. S.

*Bad Girl* is flippantly human, sad without being solemn or more than pardonably sentimental. When the girl (Sally Eilers) falls in love with the salesman, she reveals the state of her emotions by saying "Gee, but you're a funny guy!" Other good shots: Sally Eilers, feeling so guilty because she is going to have a baby that she cannot get excited over a new apartment; James Dunn, also feeling guilty about the baby, trying to persuade an expensive doctor to attend his wife.

Florenz Ziegfeld once called Sally Eilers the most beautiful brunette in Hollywood. She had her real wedding dress copied for her rôle in *Bad Girl*; like the girl in the picture, she lived in Manhattan until, after being in the *Follies*, she became a cinematress. She likes giving dinner parties, driving the three airplanes which belong to her husband, Cowboy-Actor Hoot Gibson. Like James Dunn, who used to be a salesman of portable lunch wagons, played a small part in *Sweet Adeline*, and has a clause in his contract saying he must weigh less than 157 lbs., she is likely, on

the strength of her performance in *Bad Girl*, to be a star in her next picture.

**Bought** (Warner) will be particularly pleasing to admirers of the Bennett family. Father Richard Bennett, altered by a monstrous Gothic nose, plays the part of a ladies' apparel buyer who makes friends with a model and finds, as his friendship progresses, that she is his illegitimate daughter. Daughter Constance Bennett plays the part of the model. She is rude to her old and platonic admirer. She prefers circulating in a socialite environment, notably at Newport where she is "untrue to herself" with the assistance of a cub socialite. Penitent, she breaks her engagement with him, promises to be true to a level-headed young writer, and recognizes, for no very good reason, the old cloak & suit buyer as her father. Well-mounted, directed and acted, *Bought* is acceptable though severely commonplace entertainment. Silly shot: a cross-section of the model's bookshelf, intended to indicate that she loves good books, showing adjacent volumes by Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Galsworthy, Michael Arlen.

**Silence** (Paramount) is an old-fashioned melodrama, packed with episodes of a kind which are usually called "good theatre" to indicate that they have small resemblance to life. A crook (Clive Brook) on the point of being executed for murder, confesses to a priest. His confession, which constitutes the main portion of the picture, shows that, though innocent, he is maintaining a pretense of guilt to shield his daughter (Peggy Shannon). Good shot: a kitten playing with the ball of wool under which the crook has cached a roll of stolen money.

**Men Are Like That** (Columbia) is a distressing but feeble commentary on situations of social discord in an outlying Army post. Jilted by a dashing lieutenant (John Wayne), the girl (Laura La Plante) marries his friend, who is a colonel. Later, to preserve the morals of her young sister, she compromises the lieutenant so seriously that he nearly loses his commission. Based on Augustus Thomas' play *Arizona*, which was produced in 1899, *Men Are Like That* seems a needless survival of an insignificant intrigue. A typically trite shot is the one with which the picture starts: an Army-Navy football game which the hero wins by kicking a field goal.

**Sporting Blood** (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) has to do with a racehorse named Tommy Boy. Bred on a Kentucky farm, he is sold successively to a pot-bellied stable owner, a spendthrift with a petulant wife, a gambler who dopes him to win a race. When the gambler is murdered after a misunderstanding with his confères, his mistress inherits the horse, winters him on the farm where he was bred, enters him in the Kentucky Derby. Gamblers try to fix this race also; but Tommy Boy's owner has a stable boy cut a notch in the reins so that, when the jockey tries to hold him back, Tommy

Boy breaks the reins, wins the race.

Most race-track pictures sentimentalize both horses and humans even more than this one, which is, on the whole, exciting, interesting, occasionally authentic. Subsidiary stories about humans surround the chronicle of Tommy Boy. His last owner, the gambler's mistress, is deeply attached both to Tommy Boy and to a young gambler who, regenerate in the last reel, informs her stable-hands of the plot which he has helped to formulate. Shots of Elmdorf, Joseph E. Widener's farm near Lexington, Ky.; the 1931 Derby at Churchill Downs; of Vice President Curtis (a onetime jockey) marching down the clubhouse steps; and the sounds of a radio announcer mingling the names of real Derby horses (Spanish Play, Sweep All) with fictitious ones (Tommy Boy, Bar Sinister), help make the atmosphere of *Sporting Blood* less spurious than is customary. So does the performance of Clark Gable, who impersonates the young gambler with that air of reckless, good-humored depravity which has made him an overnight favorite among female cinemadicts.

Born in Cadiz, Ohio 30 years ago, Cinemactor Gable got his first stage experience as prop-boy in a stock company. He got his broad shoulders at a lumber camp after the stock company disbanded at Portland, Ore. An impressively ugly stage performance as Killer Mears in *The Last Mile* caused Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to select him for subordinate rôles in half a dozen gangster pictures. In *A Free Soul* he was the gangster whose rude but persuasive gallantries caused Norma Shearer to violate the Producer's Code.\*



CLARK GABLE &amp; COLLEAGUES

He is regenerate in the last reel.

Nicknamed "Dutchy," Actor Gable receives more letters than any other male star in Hollywood, hopes to retire in ten years, likes horses. A salad named after him is made of lettuce, grapefruit, cottage cheese.

\*Stating the moral requirements and restrictions governing U. S. cinema productions and theoretically adhered to by the (Hays) Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Inc.



## THE PRESS

## New Face For Chicago

On the sixth floor of the Chicago *Daily News* building, in the office from which the late Publisher Walter Ansel Strong used to look out across the Chicago River, a new occupant, big, sandy-haired and florid, made himself at home last week. Beaming with pride, he alternately jumped to the telephone, plugging one ear against the shriek of tugboat whistles to catch words of congratulation in the other, and strode happily through the flower-decked reception room, the Victor F. Lawson Memorial board room, with its walls and fireplace transplanted from the founder's home. He was Col. William Franklin ("Frank") Knox, president of the thriving Manchester (N. H.) *Union & Leader*, until last winter general manager of Hearst publications (TIME, Dec. 29). He was proud because he had just become president & publisher of the potent and respected *Daily News*, succeeding Publisher Strong who died three months ago (TIME, May 18).

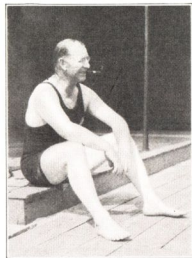
First floral offering to be delivered to Col. Knox was a large basket of chrysanthemums—about \$25 worth. Who could have sent it? His good friends Senator George Higgins Moses or Col. Hanford MacNider? Publisher McCormick of the *Tribune*? William Wrigley, Jr.? Adman Albert Davis Lasker? Or even "W. R." (Hearst) himself? The Colonel grumbled eagerly through the bouquet for a card, found none. Then he became aware of a sly smile on the face of a rotund, grey-haired man standing near. Boomed the Colonel: "You old son-of-a-gun! I knew it was you!" and the other man waddled off contentedly.

The "son-of-a-gun" was Theodore T. ("Ted") Ellis, onetime publisher of the Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram & Gazette*, partner of Col. Knox in buying control of the *Daily News* from the Strong estate for (reportedly) \$2,500,000. It was understood that Mr. Ellis supplied most of the cash (from a fortune estimated near \$3,000,000). Knox & Ellis had the support of Rufus Cutler Dawes (brother of the Ambassador) and Chairman Joseph Edward Otis of the Dawes-controlled Central Republic Bank & Trust Co., both of whom were named directors of the *News* last week.

Observers foresee a long, hard pull for the owners of the *News*. When Publisher Lawson died in 1925, his wife's nephew Walter Strong and 36 associates bought the paper (against 23 bidders) for \$13,500,000. It was re-capitalized for \$19,000,000. The new \$13,000,000 plant, built over the C. & N. W. railway tracks, which it now occupies was leased for 20 years at a yearly rental of \$450,000. To earn 5% on its debt, and meet sinking funds and amortization charges, the paper should earn at least \$1,450,000 a year. Last year the corporation (including the building and radio station WMAQ) earned \$989,002.<sup>\*</sup>

But if the financial burdens of the *News* increased during Publisher Strong's regime,

so did its editorial vigor. The paper lost none of its integrity or decency, but did become much brighter than in the days of the ultra-conservative Lawson. Horse race results, forbidden by Publisher Lawson, blossomed on the front page. A mid-week magazine, edited by dapper, energetic Charles Robert Douglas Hardy Andrews, was added to the Wednesday editions. A vigorous campaign against gangsters resulted in the closing of racketeer-owned dog tracks. Its enviable reputation for foreign correspondence was heightened with an expenditure of some \$250,000 a year on that feature alone. In circulation (400,136) it is surpassed by its rival in the evening field, Hearst's blatant *American*; but the *News*



International

COL. WILLIAM FRANKLIN KNOX

The chrysanthemums were not from W. R. Hearst.

goes after and gets a higher class of reader.

One of the first things done by Publisher Knox after taking office was to call a staff meeting and deny that he proposed to "Hearstify" the *News*. White-haired Charles Henry Dennis, who looks and acts like a Roman senator, and who has been on the *News* for 40 years, will continue to closet himself with the editorial page, attacking and revising editorials on a large board laid across his knees. Conservative, sentimental, Editor Dennis personifies the *News*, a relic of the days of Founder Lawson, the days of Writers Eugene Field, Finley Peter Dunne, George Ade, Keith Preston and Dramacritic Amy Leslie (TIME, Sept. 8). Managing Editor Henry Justin Smith, lean, droop-mustached, with a stride like a camelopard, will continue to run the news staff as he has done for 30 years. He is often visited by his onetime Reporters Carl Sandburg (who still writes a column) and Ben Hecht or Critic Hughes, either in his office or at Schlogle's "literary" restaurant where he lunches each Saturday, orders a glass of wine as his concession to being-a-good-fellow, drinks half of it.

Publisher Knox also told his staff that William Randolph Hearst had no financial interest in the purchase of the *News*. That was not surprising. In the *News*'s full page of congratulatory messages to the new publisher there were greetings from nearly every famed publisher in the U. S., even a telegram from President Hoover, but no word from Mr. Hearst. Even more eloquent was a comparison of news accounts in Manhattan dailies. The *Times* printed a column-and-a-half story and an editorial on the Knox purchase. The *Herald Tribune* and *Sun* gave more than half a column each. Both mentioned prominently the Colonel's former high position with Hearst. But Hearst's *American* trimmed the A. P. dispatch to five sentences under a small headline: NEW ENGLAND MEN BUY CHICAGO DAILY NEWS. All reference to Hearst was omitted.

Few persons outside the Hearst organization know exactly why Col. Knox and Publisher Hearst parted after three years association, but those who know the Colonel attribute it to bewilderment and positiveness—bewilderment at the problems of big-city publishing; positiveness that he is always right. The story is that he first won The Chief's pleasure by his economy tactics, lost it when he carried the scheme to the point of firing high-up oldtimers. Col. Knox is exceedingly affable, forceful, dynamic, "Pelmanic." From the days when he rode with the Roughriders in Cuba, Theodore Roosevelt has been his idol. He has a physical examination twice a year, is careful about his diet, drinks cautiously, plays indifferent golf, likes best to ride a Morgan horse. He likes to make speeches, does not speak well; loves jokes of all varieties. His chief interest outside of journalism is his service on the Board of Indian Commissioners (since 1911 when President Taft appointed him). In 1924 he ran for the Republican nomination for Governor of New Hampshire, openly aspired to become U. S. Senator, was disillusioned.

In New England, where his Manchester *Union* thrives, Col. Knox is a celebrity. His neighbors suspect that he could not bear the prospect of remaining there after his brief but spectacular career in the great world, that his pride demanded that he work into metropolitan publishing again.

## "To Get Votes"

Day after day last week a perspiring crowd milled about the eighth floor of Los Angeles' dingy Hall of Justice. They bought ice cream bricks from concessionaires, waited for hours in hope of admittance to a stuffy courtroom which held only 65 spectators. Inside the courtroom a prosecutor conducted the tedious business of proving what practically everybody assumed to be true: That former Deputy District Attorney David Harris Clark was the man who fled the Hollywood office of Political Boss Charles H. Crawford just after Crawford and Journalist Herbert F. Spencer were shot to death (TIME, June 1). But what the crowd, and all of southern California, wanted to hear was: What occurred in the office? What political mess underlay the affair? What part was played by the "liberal" magazine,

\*Earnings for 1928, \$1,880,704; 1929, \$1,277,409.



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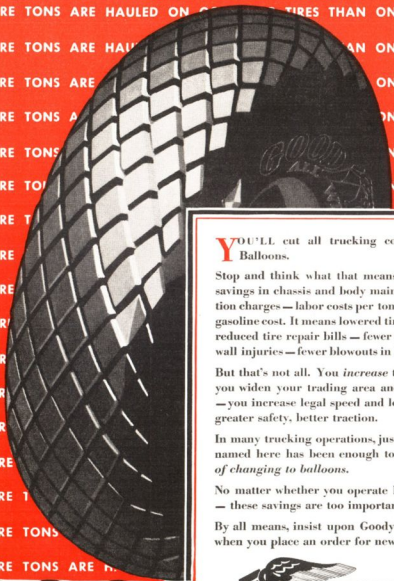
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By all means, insist upon Goodyear Truck Balloons when you place an order for new trucks.

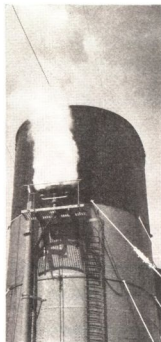
# GOOD YEAR

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## A SIGNAL FOR

# EMANCIPATION



ILE DE FRANCE .

Sept. 11, Oct. 2



PARIS . . . . .

Sept. 2, Sept. 19



FRANCE . . . . .

Sept. 8, Sept. 26



LAFAYETTE . . . .

Sept. 10, Oct. 7



DE GRASSE . . . .

Sept. 22, Oct. 24



ROCHAMBEAU .

Sept. 28, Nov. 11

THE parting whistle blows. You're moving. You scream good-byes, instructions. No one hears. No one cares. Everyone screams. Nobody hears anybody. Blurry people wave. Your innards vibrate. A victory-plume of triumphant white steam flies aloft into the Indian-summer blue. By these signs you declare yourself free—emancipated! For, eleven steps from Pier 57 you landed in France. French Liners are France.

For the next week's-worth of your time (what is time, indeed?) you will do as you damn please not. You will sleep late, up to the eyes in the inexpressible comfort of a French Line cabin. You will eat when you like, where you like, what you like—and far, far better than that old palate ever dreamed: you will eat the magic of the hotels-de-luxe of France, for French Line chefs train there. You will relax as wholly as you would on the Biarritz plage—for the atmosphere of a French Line sun-deck is the atmosphere of the smart beach-sands of France. Anon you will crook first a finger, then an elbow . . . for the vineyards of France on board await your beck, your call, your most intelligent selection.

From time to time diversions will divert you—appearing unhurried from nowhere to a schedule planned by the ship's staff so skilfully that you thought it was arranged impromptu for your happiness alone. Agaydance. Or a brilliant concert, with the unusual artists performing who are forever crossing in French Liners. Perhaps only a spontaneous circle of laughter in a card-room, or the verandah of the smoke-room . . . nice people, amusing talk. Every where some member of the crew is just out of sight within instant call, to do your most fantastic bidding. French-Line stewards-got-springs.

What has it cost you—this emancipation from the devils of home-soil worry? There is no extra charge on French Liners for the absolute genius of the staff to make you enjoy the crossing more than you ever enjoyed another. Wise, smart travellers know this—which is why French Liners carried (ship-for-ship) for the last eighteen months, more first-class and cabin passengers from New York to Channel Ports than any other ships afloat.

The first step toward emancipation is to call any authorized French Line agent, or the French Line, at 19 State Street, New York.

*The Critic of Critics*, of which Spencer was managing editor?

Defendant Clark, who knew the answers, had uttered not a word since he surrendered for arrest three months ago, few days before the election in which he was a candidate for municipal judge. (In that election, while he sat behind bars, 67,000 Los Angeles voted for him. He was not elected.) Now, at last, he took the stand. Calm but deathly white, he came quickly to his point: He shot Crawford & Spencer in self defense. Said he:

"Crawford told me he wanted me to take Roy Steckel, the chief of police, my friend, out to a place and frame him. I told Crawford, 'You damn dirty dog! You low down skunk! I'm going to . . . preach to the world over the radio everything that's happened in this room.' Crawford told me 'No ——— can talk to me that way.' He reached for his gun. I shot him. Crawford yelled 'Get him, Herb!' I saw Spencer coming from behind me, reaching for his gun. I shot him too."

Defendant Clark also told of threats by Crawford & Spencer that "something would happen to him" if, in his campaign speeches for judgeship, he did not "lay off" his charges that an organized gambling ring and a vice syndicate controlled the city's politics. He pictured Spencer not as a martyred news-crusher but as a political blackmailer; not a Mellett but a sort of Lingle. Under cross-examination, however, Defendant Clark made a remark which made the whole case seem futile and tragic. Asked Prosecutor Joseph Ford: "You didn't believe your talks against the 'underworld' would incur the hostility of anyone, or hurt anyone?"

"Well, I don't know. I was just talking to get votes."

## Squabbles & Streetsales

Newspaper circulation wars broke out last week in two cities.

In **Columbus, Ohio** the evening *Dispatch* cut its price from 2¢ to 1¢ without announcing its reason which was, obviously, to harass its only evening competitor, the Scripps-Howard *Citizen*. The *Citizen* did not meet the reduction, instead accused the *Dispatch* of striking out not for economic reasons but because of a political feud between the two. The *Citizen* had begun a campaign for removal of Probate Judge Homer C. Bostwick, whose good friend is Publisher Harry Preston Wolfe of the *Dispatch* and the morning *Ohio State Journal*. It offered evidence that the judge had forced a young woman to return a diamond ring he had given her on threat of prosecution. When the *Citizen's* first story appeared the *Dispatch* notified the *Citizen* that edition agreements were off, followed with the price cut.

In **Philadelphia** newsboys wore large placards with the legends: "Buy the Record . . . Help Break the Monopoly . . . Protect the Newsboy." Reason: newsboys were told that if they persisted in carrying the bulldog (early) editions of the lusty *Record*, they would not be served with *Curtis-Martin Ledgers* (morning, evening & Sunday) and *Inquirer*. *Curtis-Martin's* reason: the *Record* was bringing its bulldog out too early.

# Good as New after 101 Years



(Above) Section of cast iron water main recently inspected and found in perfect condition after serving the City of Richmond, Virginia, for 101 years. (Inset) Director of Public Utilities, G. H. Whitfield (left), and William Lawson, Jr., Engineer, Gas and Water Distribution, examining length of the pipe removed for inspection purposes.

**A**WAY BACK IN 1830 the City of Richmond laid a line of 10-inch cast iron water pipe. After 88 years of service, this pipe was taken up in 1918 to be replaced by a larger line of cast iron pipe. Inspection showed it was in perfect condition; so instead of buying new pipe for an installation in another part of the city, the old pipe was re-laid.

In July 1931, after 101 years of satisfactory service, this rugged old cast iron pipe was again checked up, and a length removed for inspection purposes. Officials of the Department of Public Utilities report that it is still in excellent condition and good for many more years of service.

Is it any wonder that the City of Richmond uses nothing but cast iron pipe for water and gas mains? Three generations of her citizens had bathed, cooked and slaked their thirst with water brought by this cast iron main to the service pipes of their homes. Then, after 88 years, this old pipe, which had long since paid for itself, was salvaged, re-laid elsewhere, is still serv-

ing, and gives promise of functioning indefinitely.

Serving today in many of our older cities are cast iron gas and water mains that were laid 90 to 100 and more years ago. These long-lived cast iron mains are probably the only example of century-old engineering material which is still giving satisfaction under the radically changed conditions of today. Cast iron pipe's long life has saved millions of dollars to taxpayers.

The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains for rust will not destroy it.

Every taxpayer should take an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid, or to be laid, in his community. For further information write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas

F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trademark is obtainable from the following leading pipe foundries: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Ennau, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York.



Look for the "Q-check" symbol as shown above. It is the registered trademark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

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## CAST IRON PIPE

## RELIGION

### Church of the Air

Fortnight ago Columbia Broadcasting System Inc. announced a change of policy in its religious programs. No longer would Columbia sell time to religious bodies or individuals. Instead, Columbia would put on a Sunday schedule of its own, to be known as "Church of the Air," beginning Sept. 13. Two half-hour services would be broadcast nationally: one for Protestants at 10 a. m., one for Catholics and Jews on alternate Sundays at 2:30 p. m. Superintended by religious leaders co-operating with Columbia, the services would approximate church or synagogue devotions as closely as possible. The Rt. Rev. Irving Peake Johnson will open for the Protestant period, Cardinal O'Connell for the Catholic, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise for the Jewish.

Columbia's black-haired young President William S. Paley gave as his reason



International

REV. CHARLES E. COUGHLIN  
His zeal was embarrassing.

for the change, which will deprive Columbia of revenue estimated at more than \$10,000 per week, the desire to avoid "responsibility . . . of allotting time on a commercial basis to different religions and different preachers." But another reason was imputed to Columbia last week by Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, Roman Catholic priest of the Diocese of Detroit, whose weekly talk over a 16-station hook-up was a Columbia religious feature last year.

Father Coughlin several years ago began to be heard over the radio on time bought with money given him by worshippers at his Royal Oak, Mich. shrine to Ste. Therese, the Little Flower of Jesus. Contributions from wealthy Detroit Catholics later enabled him to buy an hour a week from Columbia. He used this time at first to praise Ste. Therese, later to denounce Communism, unemployment, employers and finally specific employers. Embarrassed by his zeal, which offended many listeners-in, Columbia remonstrated with Father Coughlin. Last week, when informed that a change of policy would

make it impossible for him to go on broadcasting over a Columbia hook-up, Father Coughlin angrily charged that Columbia's real reason for its new policy was to avoid leasing time to him. He complained of being censored, barred, throttled. Said he:

"I also wonder why all this has happened. Is it because of the so-called 'inflammatory bomb' which I incorporated in my discourses of last year which the Columbia Broadcasting System wanted me to omit from the 'Prosperity Sermon.' . . . I wonder if any outside pressure has been brought to bear upon the Columbia Broadcasting System by a few bigots whose minority organization figures to bulldoze the people of America and who now hope to tamper with free speech? . . . The fact still remains that they will not accept my money or my contract. . . ." Father Coughlin announced that he would continue to broadcast from Detroit over an independent hook-up, thus far comprising eleven stations.

While the Coughlin incident may well have illustrated to Columbia officials the difficulties to be encountered in selling time for religious broadcasting, their new policy closely corresponds to the one followed by National Broadcasting Co. since its formation in 1926. NBC donates about 32 hours a week to religious broadcasts. The Federal Council of Churches selects the speakers in programs intended for Protestant audiences, notably Dr. Samuel Parkes Cadman. The Laymen's Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council selects Catholic speakers, notably Rev. John A. McCorey, who conducts Sunday services at 6 p. m. followed by questions & answers by Dr. Edward L. Curran. An NBC program for Jews is now under consideration.

### Living Church

By last May, *The Living Church*, high church Episcopal weekly with a circulation currently estimated at 8,700, had acquired a deficit of nearly \$9,000. Last fortnight's *Living Church* contained an editorial which asked again for a \$250,000 endowment, predicted the speedy demise of the publication unless its friends gave help. Last week's *Living Church* revealed the progress of the week's drive—\$80 had been received.

Editor Frederic Cook Morehouse blamed the plight of *The Living Church* on advertisers' preference for secular magazines of larger circulation, on increased costs of publication since the war, and on financial losses to Morehouse Publishing Co. (Milwaukee) which had previously been able to pay *Living Church* deficits out of profits from the sale of religious books. Several years ago, the *Living Church* asked its high church friends to subscribe at higher than regular rates. In 1928 was launched, for the first time, its drive for a \$250,000 endowment—which paused at \$4,719.

### Gasoline

In Bellaire, Ohio, the 500 members of the congregation of the South Bellaire Methodist Church promised to patronize a gasoline station owned by the church and operated, every day except Sunday, by its pastor, Rev. Joseph B. Edie, assisted by an elder.

## MUSIC

### Orchestral Radio

Conductor Albert Coates, who arrived in Manhattan fortnight ago to direct the Lewisohn Stadium concerts (TIME, Aug. 19), has broadcast many a radio program in England, the U. S., the U. S. S. R. Last week it became evident that he had listened to many a radio broadcast as well. Having conferred with Columbia Broadcasting System's wireless engineers and having experimented on his own in England, he had some observations and predictions to make about radio.

"Most of us are apt to think," said he, "that the battle has been won when it is possible for the broadcasters to eliminate extraneous noise and present our music against a background of silence. Admittedly, that is a very great step forward since the early days of radio, but it is very far from being all.

"The outstanding shortcoming of radio



ALBERT COATES



A background of silence is not enough.

today in my opinion is that it presents a flat picture, without much perspective, and certainly with little or no depth. . . . In broadcasting we have neither sight nor memory to suggest where sounds originate, and it must be obvious that the blend of, say, woodwind and strings immediately in front of the microphone is very different from the combined tone if they are placed 20 ft. from each other and from the microphone."

Glad was Conductor Coates to learn that another ear may soon be furnished to listeners to orchestral broadcasts, by the development of multiple impulses on radio carrier waves, worked out on the principle already perfected in wired telephony. In the future, orchestras may play for many microphones, scattered through the studio or auditorium to best acoustical advantage. The sum of the sounds they pick up should compare to present radio as a stereopticon view compares to a snapshot.

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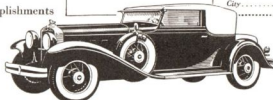
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### Hambletonian

Harness racing is a sport identified with an era when everyone owned horses, when a farmer or two in every township had a fast trotting horse in his barn. Most of the racing, but not all of it, was done in the fall of the year, when farmers had time to go to the races, and had money to bet. Sometimes two lively farmers might make a bet on their horses, race them down the main street while the townsfolk gaped at the speed, the dust, the men leaning forward on the seats of their sulkies, swinging their light whips. But if its popularity has become polarized, the honest traditions of harness racing have strongly survived. One hundred and twenty-five miles south of Saratoga, where "tamperers" were last week busy injecting dope in the necks of race-horses, 10,000 farmers, socialites and horsemen gathered at the spry town of Goshen, N. Y. to see the sixth running of the \$50,921 Hambletonian Stake, richest U. S. harness race.

The favorite was Nedda Guy, a bay filly owned by W. H. Cane's Good Time Farm, on whose three-corner, one-mile track the three heats of the Hambletonian were run after two postponements for bad weather. If anything happened to Nedda Guy, there was Keno—a big bay colt owned by John M. Berry of Rome, Ga. A third choice, 5-to-1 in the auction pool just before the horses skimmed onto the track for the first heat, was William M. Wright's bay, Calumet Butler. William M. Wright was at his home in Lexington, Ky., too ill to be conscious; Calumet Butler was driven by his trainer, Richard McMahon.

Beaten regularly this season by Nedda Guy and Keno, it looked as though Calumet Butler would be beaten again when he finished third to Keno and Calumet Belricka in the first heat with Nedda Guy, unaccountably off-form, a slow fifth. Calumet Butler won the next heat and Nedda Guy, who finished second, pulled up lame and was withdrawn. In the last heat, the horses got away smoothly on the first start. McMahon kept Calumet Butler ahead around the first two turns, with Calumet Belricka breaking the wind for Keno behind her. Keno came on just before the last turn and the two raced head & head down the straightaway. Calumet Butler was still a nose ahead as they slid, their heads low, backs flat and steady, under the wire.

Grizzled and taciturn, like many a harness driver and many a farmer who saw the race, 62-year-old Richard McMahon, dressed in blue and crimson silk, was hailed to a microphone to voice an opinion on his victory. Said he: "It was my life's ambition to win this race. My only regret is that Mr. Wright will never know it."

### Bows and Arrows

Versed in archery's polite rather than practical aspects, most U. S. archers might find it difficult to transfix rabbits with their points but they are familiar with the graceful phraseology, the wayward ceremony of their sport. If someone were to

shout "He! He!" they would answer in kind this time-honored hail of one toxophilite to another. Their bows are made of lemon-wood, their arrows of cedar or pine. Last week, 150 of the foremost U. S. toxophilites gathered at Canandaigua, N. Y., for the 51st annual championship of the National Archery Association.

Contrary to legend, bow-strings give out a hard, flat sound, not a twang; arrows hiss rather than whistle in their flight. The loudest sound on an archery range is the thump of arrows when they reach the thick straw target. Into the gold bull's-eye of the 48-in. target at Canandaigua last week the arrows loosed by a lanky toxophilite from Coldwater, Mich., thumped most consistently. He, Russell Hoogerhyde, won the men's championship



Keystone

**TOXOPHILITE CUMMINGS**  
"He! He!"

for the second time in succession, maintained a record of winning every tournament he has entered. His score—2,476—was 37 less than his winning score at Chicago last year, but he sealed his victory with an American Round (90 arrows at distances of 60, 50, and 40 yd.) of 698, surpassing his own world's record of 673 and including 15 bull's-eyes in a row at 40 yd. Second to Champion Hoogerhyde was Andrew L. Brush, a professional of Cos Cob, Conn. who scored 2,262.

Since 1919 when she won the women's championship for the first time, Mrs. Dorothy Smith Cummings has been the foremost U. S. lady archer. When she won again last week it was her seventh championship. Small, thin and wiry, she had 70 hits for a world's record score of 426 in the first National Round. Mrs. Cummings became a toxophilite at the age of

nine; now in her late 20's, she shoots with placid abandon from an orthodox position with her heels at right angles to a line drawn from the gold. Observers were somewhat surprised to find that Mrs. Cummings had a close rival last week—pretty 17-year-old Dorothy Duggan of Greenwich, Conn., who set a world's record for the Columbia Round, lost the championship to Mrs. Cummings by 22 points.

Another and startling record was set by Homer Prouty, formidable heavy-bow expert from Portland, Ore. An arrow loosed by Archer Prouty went 436 yd., 2 ft., 8 in., 12 yd. better than last year's world's record, but 30 yd. short of a mark he set in a recent Pacific Coast tournament. National Archery Association championships are held by turns in the East, Far West and Middle West. Next year's tournament will be at Seattle.

### Who Won

♣ C. Ross ("Sandy") Somerville, quiet-spoken golfer from London, Ont.; the Canadian Amateur Golf Champion; beating ponderous Arthur ("Ducky") Yates of Rochester, N. Y. 3 & 2 in the final at Montreal.

♣ Danour, three-year-old horse who had never before won a race: the Saranac Handicap at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. A. C. Bostwick's Mate, so-called three-year-old champion, finished sixth.

♣ Hotsy Totsy, sleek, brown speed boat owned by Victor Kleisrath: the Gold Cup race, at Montauk, L. I.; at an average speed of 53:59 m. p. h., slightly faster than her winning time last year.

## A R T

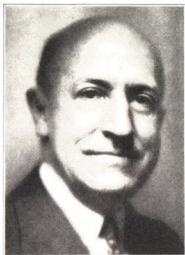
### School Builder

Proud were the friends and admirers of Architect James O. Betelle of Newark, N. J., last week and proud was Architect Betelle. He had just sent out the plans for Newark's new Weequahic High School. With that building up, Architect Betelle could say that his firm had designed and supervised the erection of \$100,000,000 worth of U. S. educational structures, an all-time world record.

The story behind his success is one which bald, smiling School Builder Betelle, eschewing the characteristic reticence of most successful architects, takes pleasure in reciting. Born to a disadvantaged family in Wilmington, Del. 52 years ago, he got his early training in a Philadelphia drafting room. In 1900 he went to Manhattan to work for famed Cass Gilbert. He saved his money, worked hard, went abroad in 1905. Five years later he formed a partnership with Ernest F. Guilbert, moved to a small office in Newark. They plugged along until 1916, when Mr. Guilbert died. Builder Betelle went to War as a captain in the sanitary corps. Demobilized, he set out to make a fresh start.

If businessmen prosper by making contacts, boosting, frankly publicizing themselves, why should not architects? Reasoning thus, Builder Betelle associated himself with civic movements, built the

Newark Chamber of Commerce Building, was twice elected the Chamber's president. In 1919, Pierre S. du Pont of Wilmington retired from the gunpowder business, prepared to give Delaware a peerless school system. For him Builder Betelle put up 125 schools. He also planned the normal school at New Britain, Conn., the new State Teachers' College at Trenton, N. J., nine others elsewhere. Among his 56 high schools are those of Greenwich (Conn.), Newark, Great Neck (L. I.), New Rochelle (N. Y.), the George Fisher Baker Memorial High School at Tuxedo Park, N. Y. He has also built eleven junior high schools, six vocational schools, one reformatory. Builder Betelle does not claim to have made striking innovations in educational plant design, but if a town



Pierre MacDonald

JAMES O. BETELLE

*"One cannot play hard a greater part of the night . . ."*

wants a school built his firm has plenty of experience with which to recommend itself.

From a man who has earned commissions (usually 6%) on \$100,000,000 worth of school buildings in 20 years, James O. Betelle's advice to young architects may carry some weight.

"I only know," says he, "when I was a lad about 17, getting \$2 a week. I worked day and night. Many a time I longed to eat ice cream and bought milk instead, because I was saving my nickels and dimes."

"If these youths . . . adapted themselves to their work, honestly did their part and a little bit more, paying less attention to the office clock, I am certain their employers would take notice of them."

One cannot play hard a greater part of the night, and then go to business next morning and work efficiently."

### Sert at the Waldorf

When King Alfonso XIII of Spain passed through Paris on his way back to Madrid last March he dropped in to visit his good friend Jose Maria Sert. On view at Senor Sert's studio were the great murals he had just painted for the Duke of Alba's elaborate Palacio de Liria. Wrought chiefly in tones of gold, the



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\*Bottles are filled at the central plant and delivered sealed to your local station. The seal is destroyed when opened. It cannot be re-used.



World's Largest Makers of Bottle Caps and  
Closures for Glass Containers

paintings represented the history of the Alba family, several of whom are saints, since the 14th Century. By the time Alfonso XIII got home, abdicated and got back to Paris, Artist Sert was well along with his next batch of murals. Designed for the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in Manhattan, these paintings were to be seen in the Sert studio during July. Last week workmen were gluing the 20 canvases to the walls of the Waldorf-Astoria's swankiest dining room, the Sert Room which looks out on 50th Street and Park Avenue.

Subject of the paintings is the marriage of Quiteria from *Don Quixote*. Forced into narrow, high panels, the kicking, squealing characters of Artist Sert literally stand on each other's heads to fill the space. Celebrants at the wedding feast include leaping acrobats, hoary strong men, bull tamers, jugglers, drunkards, surrounded by great billows of silver and claret-colored drapery. Other than those which Artist Sert has painted into his compositions, there will be no hangings in the Waldorf's Sert Room. Paris critics credited the paintings with "the potency of a Michelangelo . . . daring of a Goya . . . more than one reminiscence of the great Venetian colorists like Veronese and Tiepolo."

Smart Artist Sert contracted to do the Waldorf job year ago, received approximately \$100,000 for it. He is full of honor in his own land: his work hangs in Spanish cathedrals, in the Royal Palace at Madrid, in Barcelona's municipal building. He did the murals for the Joshua Cosden mansion at Palm Beach, now the home of Mrs. Hugh Dillman.

Artist Sert's first wife was a great-grandniece of Composer Franz Liszt. She accompanied Stylist Gabrielle Chanel to Hollywood last spring. The present Senora Sert was once Princess Mdivani of the much-married Mdivanis of Georgia (South Russia). (Brother David married Cinemactress Mae Murray; Brother Serge married Cinemactress Pola Negri, then Soprano Mary McCormic; Brother Alexis married Socialite Louise Astor Van Alen.)

### Price Cutters' Show

Past the two bronze lions and up the steps of Chicago's Art Institute last week filed a brave little band of Chicago intellectuals to have a look at the museum's latest one-man show. Actually the show

was an exhibition of the work of two men—Martin & George Baer—but artistically they are Siamese twins. Their paintings are as undistinguishable as the scriverings of the Brothers Goncourt.

There are several reasons for Chicago's taking the Brothers Baer seriously. In the first place, they are Chicagoans. Second, they are capable artists. Best known fact about the Brothers Baer, however, is that they sell their paintings cheaply. Brother George, shepherding the collection while Brother Martin is in Paris, earnestly declared:

"We don't want money. All we want is the wages of workmen. . . . We want enough money to go on painting without worry about our food and our housing. . . . The last time we had an exhibition in Chicago several school teachers coming to the Art Institute wanted our pictures and offered to pay for them on the installment plan. My brother and I cut the prices for them because we believed that: they really appreciated our work and understood it."

The Baers studied in Germany and France, went to Africa four years ago to paint Moroccans. Chicagoans viewing their present show were impressed with their brilliant coloring, not so impressed with their apparently hurried technique. If they have a god it is El Greco.

Among those to take advantage of Baer bargains are the curators of eight U. S. art museums, a curator of the Louvre, and Prefect Jean Chiappe of the Paris police. Baer prices: \$125 to \$375.

George Baer is 38, Martin one year older. Aged 13 and 14 they were graduated from Chicago grammar schools. Then they went to the Art Institute. Temporarily their art studies were obstructed when it was discovered that Illinois has a law prohibiting children under 18 from attending life classes where they are apt to see someone without any clothes on. Eventually the Art Institute's directors got around this by hiring the small Baers as janitors. Whenever inspectors appeared, the boys dropped their brushes, picked up brooms, started sweeping.

The Baers left Paris "to get the hell out of civilization." They joined a Berber caravan, traveled for several years around the desert. George became enamored of three Berber sisters to whom he intends to return next year. Asked which one he will marry, cries he: "Hell, all three!"



Fluxmann

GEORGE & MARTIN BAER

For Brother George, three Berber girls.

# ANIMALS

## The Twelfth

First there were reports that early summer rains had killed off the young grouse on the Scotch, English and Welsh moors. Then there were reports that the grouse had survived the wet, were as plentiful as usual. As The Twelfth, the historic August opening of Britain's grouse season approached, the reports turned dismal again. "Grouse disease" had thinned out the coveys. Day before The Twelfth the moors were reported soggy, dank. Consequently Scotsmen anxiously assembled at the Edinburgh and Glasgow railroad stations to note how many rich Englishmen and Americans were coming up from London for that most decorous of outdoor sports, grouse shooting from butts.

Scotland, where the sport is best organized, has some 3,000 heather-covered, grouse-infested moors for rent. In prosperous years the gross income from rents has run to \$7,500,000. Payments to lodge keepers, beaters and handy men total about the same. An average sized moor costs a hunter all told about \$5,000 a month for the season. That is, in Scotland. If he merely wants grouse and is willing to forego social éclat, he may go on to the Orkneys. There he may rent a stand for as little as \$300 cash or its equivalent in bottled whiskey or tobacco.

Scarcely half the grouse moors were rented this year, and comparatively few of those were occupied on The Twelfth. King George, an excellent shot, whose favorite stand is Galloway moors near Balmoral Castle, remained in London. But he received by express a box of the first day's kill on the royal moors.

Princess Mary and the Duke & Duchess of York, however, were in the North; and many a Lord.

Rich Americans on the moors The Twelfth, or ready to go there, included as usual, John Pierpont Morgan, Clarence Hungerford Mackay & wife, Bernard Mannes Baruch, Herbert Pulitzer, Grayson Mallet, Prevost Murphy.

Secretary of State Henry Lewis Stimson and his aide, Capt. Eugene Regnier, rented a small farmhouse for the balance of August. Ambassador Walter Evans Edge invited a large party to his place in Forfarshire. Ambassador Charles Gates Dawes was invited to the Duke of Montrose's estate, which an engagement with General John Joseph Pershing, also a keen visitor to the moors, prevented his accepting. The General and the Ambassador were inspecting War battlefields.

For lack of bags to report last week, newsgatherers reported on field costumes. Gillies, who could get no work from the rich visitors, and moor owners, who could get no renters, went grouseing on their own. Grouse they killed were selling last week in Edinburgh at \$5 per brace, in Glasgow at \$7.50. Those were remarkably low prices for early in the season. Late in November, prices come down. It is then, just before the grouse season closes and after the rich renters have killed the female and young grouse, and gone away, that the patient Scotsmen go afield. They know that the old cock grouse have been

hiding all autumn in the hills, will come down for plentiful feeding, easy killing.

## Litter Registration

The American Kennel Club has decided to register all pure bred dogs born in the U. S. on and after next Jan. 1, by litters. The owners of the whelping dam must furnish information on the breed, number of pups, their sex, markings, whether dam fed or foster-mothered. If litter registration is not fulfilled, the pups are ineligible for later individual registration. The litter record will be added to the bitch's register. Fees: \$1 within 60 days after the throw, \$2 thereafter; or for members of the constituent A.K.C. clubs, nothing for the first 60 days, \$1 thereafter.

If litter requirements are fulfilled, individual pups must, nonetheless, be registered as heretofore (\$2 each within 18 mos. after birth, \$4 thereafter). The dam's owner may make the individual registrations as "first owner," or the pup purchaser as the "second owner." No one else may register a dog.

Another proposed A. K. C. rule is to forbid "any dog whelped after January 1933, whose ears have been cropped or cut in any way," entrée to an official dog show.

The A. K. C. is now advising "owners of stud dogs or brood bitches, furnishing stud services or leasing, as the case may be, for the consideration of a puppy, as either a stud fee or a leasing fee, to have such agreements placed in the form of a written contract, so that there can be no possible misunderstanding after the whelping. In fact, it is advisable to have all business transactions relating to dogs placed in writing for the mutual protection of all concerned."

## Frog & Robin

Wesley Gilliam, park patrolman at Lynchburg, Va., said he saw a robin pounce on a bullfrog, try to carry him away. The frog was too heavy for the bird, plopped back into the water. The stubborn robin tried again & again, until the bullfrog got a clumsy hold on the bird, pulled it under water, drowned it.

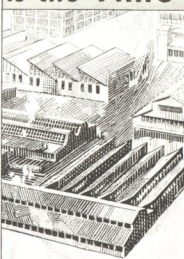
## Mule Bite

At Decatur, Ala., Lewis J. Sandlin, 15, angered a mule. The mule lunged at the boy, caught a leg with his teeth, would not let go. In desperation the boy's father cut the mule's throat, could not open the dead jaws until he smashed them.

## Beaver

At Arieletta Game Preserve in northern New York, a keeper tied a clothes line to a black cherry tree. A beaver wanted the tree for a dam, chewed it close to the ground, dragged it as far as the line permitted. Then, instead of biting off the line, as it could have done with one chop of its four big flat front teeth, the beaver gnawed through the tree twice more, once just above the rope girdle, then just below; carried the two tree sections away, left the tethered bit behind.

# NOW is the Time-



-to Build at Lower Cost with

## TRUSCON STANDARDIZED BUILDINGS

TODAY is a most favorable time to undertake new construction. Especially is this true of Truscon Standardized Buildings, for their low cost at the factory combines with economy and speed of erection to give the greatest building value. Truscon Buildings are combinations of standardized fireproof units, with steel windows, steel doors and insulated Steeldeck roofs. Buildings may be any type, size or arrangement to meet individual needs.

### FERROCAL INSULATION

for wall panels is now available for all Truscon Buildings. This modern, scientific wall construction consists of 1-inch insulation sealed between galvanized steel sheets equal in insulation value to a 12-inch brick wall.

### Write for Catalog and Prices

Suggestions and quotations will be furnished without obligation. **TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY**  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO  
ENGINEERING AND SALES OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

## RETURN COUPON for USEFUL FACTS

Truscon Steel Company, Youngstown, Ohio  
Send free information on building  
\_\_\_\_\_ ft. long \_\_\_\_\_ ft. wide \_\_\_\_\_ ft. high  
to be used for \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ T-25-21-21



## MEDICINE

### For Looking at Kidneys

Preoccupied with research and dreading lay notice, young Dr. Moses Swick last week hid in the laboratory recesses of Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital. He had developed a method of making the kidneys visible to x-ray photography. The method is so original, reliable and useful that urologists dignify it with the name Swick Method. The shadow material is called *Iopax* in the U. S., *Uroselectan* in Germany. Its development was the result of chance, curiosity and an inference.

Dr. Swick, 27, finished his internship at Mount Sinai three years ago. He is a tall, muscular young man, with a ruddy complexion, bushy reddish brown hair, blue-grey eyes. He was studious, willing to work nights on an *Arbeit* (research



DR. MOSES SWICK

... got rid of the methyl radical.

problem). Dr. Emanuel Libman, always eager to help talent, gave young Dr. Swick funds to study urology in Germany.

First he worked under Professor Leopold Lichtwitz in the State Hospital at Altona, later under Professor Alexander von Lichtenberg at St. Hedwig Hospital, Berlin. To Altona, Professor Arthur H. Binz, organic chemist, sent an iodine compound which he wanted Professor Lichtwitz to use on cows infected with streptococci. The compound was *N-methyl-5-iodo-2-pyridon*.

Dr. Swick, inquisitive, knew about all the scientific work going on at Altona. With a retentive memory, he knew that Dr. Leonard George Krowntree of the Mayo Clinic in 1923 had illuminated the kidneys & ureters faintly with sodium iodide. The iodine created the opacity. Dr. Swick asked permission to try the Binz preparation on rabbits, secured the first sharp roentgenograms of kidneys.

Germans, like Austrians, are less squeamish than Americans in trying new processes on human beings. Promptly Dr. Swick got some human urological cases, injected the drug in their veins, got excellent pictures of their urinary systems. But the patients almost went blind.

Whenever vision is suddenly affected by a drug there probably is a methyl radical ( $\text{CH}_3$ ) involved. Professor Binz's compound had such a methyl radical. Not worried, he offered to synthesize a more tolerable iodine preparation, soon furnished *5-iodo-2-pyridon-N-acetate of sodium*, which he calls *Uroselectan* and U. S. urologists *Iopax*. Injected in the veins it rapidly collects in the kidneys and shows by means of x-rays the shape of those organs and any stones or malformations there or in the ureters (leading from the kidneys to the bladder).

### New Osler Biography

"On the day his sister was born little Willie was tethered to a tree along with a calf, and there was a pail of milk close at hand, for which they both struggled, and into which he tumbled and was nearly drowned."

Thus Mrs. Edith Gittings Reid, wife of Harry Fielding Reid, Johns Hopkins professor of dynamic geology & geography, begins *The Great Physician: A Life of Sir William Osler*, published last fortnight.\* Her book is briefer (293 pp.) than Harvey Williams Cushing's two-volume year-by-year life (1,413 pp.). Yet she gives a full picture of "the greatest physician in history."

She quotes Dr. William Henry Welch, who brought Osler to help found Johns Hopkins Medical School in 1889, on Osler's "two greatest contributions to medicine, the most important being the first medical clinic [Johns Hopkins] worthy of the name in any English-speaking country, and the other the publication in 1892 of his text-book [*Practice of Medicine*] presenting with rare literary skill and unexampled success the principles and practice of medicine adequately and completely for the first time in English after the great revolutionary changes brought about by modern bacteriology."

But it was for his joviality, learning, stimulation and insight that his every patient, student and colleague revered Sir William Osler as a demi-god.

For more than a decade (he died in 1919 at Oxford) which he had gone from Johns Hopkins, Medicine has agreed that there never was a staid, teaching practitioner like him. A request for a list of living U. S. doctors who approach Osler in knowledge, expertise and teaching last week brought answers from a jury representative of the profession. Out of 36 different names suggested as great in the U. S., the jury agreed only on the Brothers Mayo—Dr. William James, 70, and Dr. Charles Horace, 66, of the Mayo Clinic.

Less complete were agreements on Drs. George Edmund de Schweinitz (ophthalmology), Chevalier Jackson (bronchocopy), William Williams Keen (surgery), all of Philadelphia; Drs. Howard Atwood Kelly (gynecology), another Johns Hopkins founder, and William Holland Wilmer (ophthalmology), both of Johns Hopkins; Dr. William Hallock Park, Manhattan immunologist.

Of the 19 living past presidents of the American Medical Association, nine were absent from all the jury's lists of "great doctors."

\*Oxford (\$3.50).

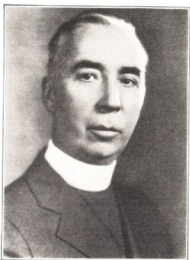
## SCIENCE

### Angle Trisected?

**Given:** Any angle whatever. **Required:** to divide any angle into three equal parts, using only straight lines and circles in the construction.

Thousands of mathematicians have sought to solve that problem. It is comparatively easy of solution with a peculiarly linked chain or by means of complex curves which no compass can draw on a flat surface; but impossible, mathematicians generally agree, with the simple tools of straightedge and compass.

Last week the new, bland, stiff-collared president of Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, Very Rev. Jeremiah Joseph Callahan,\* declared "the problem can easily be solved by plane geometry." He said he had done it in less than two months after



Keystone

DUQUESNE'S CALLAHAN

... can go Euclid one better?

the June semester closed. His mathematical reputation (his book *Euclid or Einstein?* on parallelism is to be published next month) gives prestige to his statement.

The Callahan trisection depends "on the geometry of a plane figure that is not treated in Euclid, or in those modern works that are based on Euclid. When certain theorems concerning this figure are demonstrated, the problem of the trisection of the angle is quite simple."

But what the figure is and what the theorems, President Callahan, like the Bostonian trisectors, would not disclose last week. He too wanted copyright first.

He was at Chippewa Falls, Wis. for the 75th anniversary celebration of Notre Dame Church, where once he preached. A friendly rider when he has time & opportunity, he was amused at the excitement over his statement. Said he: "Trisection has no special practical applications. . . . It is a matter of pure science or, rather, pure mathematics."

\*President, 1916-31, Holy Ghost College, Norwell Heights, Pa.



# ANNOUNCING

*the return to the air*  
*of*  
**“The MARCH of TIME”**



CRITICS pricked up their ears, sharpened their pencils, jaded listeners moved closer to loud speakers last Spring when a new kind of radio entertainment came over the Columbia Broadcasting System to radio listeners. Here was thrilling entertainment and authentic up-to-the minute information. TIME, the weekly newsmagazine, was on the air with “The MARCH of TIME”—the re-enacting of memorable scenes from the news of the week.

Wrote Walter Winchell in his Broadway column, “The mag TIME’S broadcast is a thrill.” Exclaimed Variety, hardened critic of the amusement world, “The apex in radio showmanship.” Radio Editor Jack Foster of the Scripps-Howard newspapers described “The MARCH of TIME” as “creating vividly in words the tales which stood beneath headlines—caught with amazing clarity the reflection of fact and the under-rippling drive of destiny.”

***Because of the tremendous success of this new kind of radio, TIME now announces the return to the air of “The MARCH of TIME” in a new series of weekly broadcasts, beginning Friday, September 11th.***

---

WATCH FOR

**“The MARCH of TIME”**

**Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network**

**FRIDAYS—8.30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.)**

You asked it of your landlord . . . You asked it  
of your grocer . . . You asked it of your tailor

*and got it!*

# NOW, if you ask it of YOUR MAGAZINES...

You'll find that Liberty has already given it!

## COMPARE With Any Other Magazine

### HOW MUCH?

Liberty averaged 2,401,416 weekly circulation for 1930, 2,411,000 for the first half of 1931.

### WHO?

Liberty is deliberately edited for both men and women. It is read by 2,750,000 men and 1,609,000 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

39% 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

15% have mechanical refrigerators

8% U. S. average

\*In cities covered by Starch Survey

### WHERE?

Liberty concentrates three-quarters of its circulation in cities over 25,000 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

YOU are supposed to be living for 30 per cent less money than you did five years ago. And you're supposed to be getting 30 per cent less for your product.

Now comes Liberty to give you magazine coverage at 35 per cent less cost.

### What Has Happened?

Many publishers have answered the question of rising magazine costs in the face of a declining commodity market by increasing the physical attractiveness of their properties.

Liberty, on the other hand, since its acquisition by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, has embarked on a progressive plan of improvement—with advertising costs 35 per cent below 1926.

Editorial quality is being stepped up to the tune of \$100,000 a year.

Two steps of paper stock improvement have already occurred. The third, involving the biggest quality paper contract ever placed by a single magazine—and an expenditure of \$160,000 more a year—comes into effect with the issue of January 2nd, 1932.

And Liberty's advertising cost will still remain 35 per cent below Pre-Depression levels.

### What Your Dollar Buys Today

Liberty . . . . .	565 families
Average of 3 Weeklies . . . . .	377 families
Average of 2 Monthlies . . . . .	391 families
Average of 6 Women's Magazines . . . . .	286 families

Project this on the basis of your Post-Depression appropriation and you find that Liberty will spread your coverage:

50 per cent more than other Weeklies
45 per cent more than Monthlies
98 per cent more than Women's Magazines

### They're Asking It of Liberty!

92 advertisers and 38 agencies have asked Liberty to help find profit in present conditions.

Within 60 days of the announcement of new management, they had placed \$1,521,677 in new orders.

And as 1931 Fall and 1932 Spring lists come up in increasing numbers, contracts pour in to Liberty at a constantly accelerating rate.

Present conditions demand more than passive interest in this new advertising opportunity . . . more than a "request for rate card."

Today, you are warranted in writing: "Put me under the obligation of having requested a representative to call."

The address is 420 Lexington Avenue, Room 2719, New York City.

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

# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## Back to Beds

If companies were human beings, Simmons Co. might well jump into a comfortable *Simmons Bed*, bounce on a *Beautyrest* mattress, hide its venerable head at the memory of what it did in 1929 when there was madness in the air. During that year the company left its field of iron beds and accessories, branched into general furniture lines. Although sales increased monthly over the preceding year, most of the gains were because of new purchases. But the public overlooked this fact and the pool in Simmons headed by Chicago Bull Arthur W. Cutten put it to \$188, the high when it started the long coast to this year's low of \$104. While a few canyons concerns (notably United States Steel Corp.) were reducing their funded debts, Simmons issued \$15,100,000 worth of 5% notes that year.

The next year showed the price of this expansion. Simmons Co. earned \$1,600,000. But Simmons Co. and subsidiaries lost \$1,195,550. Last week Simmons Co. started an attempt to undo 1929's folly.

One of the important buys during 1929 was Berkey & Gay, a Grand Rapids company making high class general furniture. The concern was one of the oldest in Grand Rapids and its \$9,000,000-a-year sales volume made it one of the biggest. It was not operating at a profit because the furniture business then, as now, was confused and upset. Zalmon Gilbert Simmons, president of Simmons Co., planned not only to make his company potent in furniture but to bring stability and prosperity to the entire industry. In great advertisements in the Grand Rapids press he stated: "It is my desire to build this furniture business up, not down. It is my desire to see lights burning in every one of these Berkey & Gay plants at night as well as in the daytime."

Unfortunately, Mr. Simmons never had his desire satisfied. In the furniture field his company trod on many ancient toes, no stability came. Berkey & Gay refused to make money. Recently the lights had to be shut off during the daytime as well as at night. And when last week Simmons Co. reported its July sales (down 17.3% from last year) an important footnote was appended. Since Berkey & Gay no longer operates, Simmons Co. has written its entire investment off the books. The exact price of this investment has not been revealed, but in 1928 Berkey & Gay had \$4,251,000 in plants and equipment alone.

Thus does Simmons Co. now advance by going backward. The company is in a strong cash position, having ended last year with \$6,682,000 in the banks, none owed them, with \$21,000,000 current assets against \$2,228,000 current liabilities. Its beds and mattresses (*Beautyrest*, *Deepsleep*, *Slumber King*, *Ace*) are still leaders. An ace-in-the-hole which it has long threatened to play on the industry is *Zalmitite*, a synthetic compound whose chief ingredients are said to be peanut shells, burlap & other waste materials. *Zalmitite* was of course named for President Zalmon Gilbert Simmons. Although early in 1930 President Simmons was so shattered by the rude turn of events that

a statement had to be issued that his health was "not permanently impaired," he no longer shows any signs of sulking. He is a husky, keen-eyed man whose tanned face makes a pleasant contrast to his silvery hair. No optimist on general business, he has always had great faith in his own bedworks. Secretary, treasurer, director, member of the executive committee, vice president of the company is his son Grant G. Simmons, likewise husky & healthy, reported to have "cleaned up" on the bear side of the market. Although the company's home office is in Kenosha, Wis., father & son work in the Manhattan office.

Another son is Zalmon Gilbert Simmons Jr., once an executive in the company. In 1929 he resigned from all positions except as a member of the finance committee (formed that year, abolished the next), and last year he retired completely.



PHILIP ALBRIGHT SMALL FRANKLIN

*He made no effort to correct . . .*

Extremely hard of hearing, he is as ruddy as his brother, a jolly vivacious, an expert shot. The following tale has been told. Early in 1930 when John Pope, brilliant young member of the Stock Exchange, made an exhaustive study of Simmons Co. and found its immediate prospects none too good, and when heavy sales poured into the stock, President Simmons decided to support it to the last ditch. After all his millions failed to hold it he gave up. Son "Zammie" then approached him (according to the tale) and said something to this effect: "Dad, I knew you were wrong in trying to hold the stock up. I hope you won't be sore when I tell you I've been selling it short the whole time and want to pay you back every cent you lost."

## Salvo or Salvage?

An air of expectancy pervaded the offices of the U. S. Shipping Board in Manhattan last week. Chairman Thomas Ventry O'Connor was awaiting bids to

settle the destiny of the great, long-troubled U. S. Lines (TIME, Aug. 17). On Thursday the 13th two bids were received, and after they were examined it was apparent there was no use waiting until deadline of the 15th at midnight, for all competent U. S. shipping interests were mobilized on opposite sides of those two bids.

On one side stood Philip Albright Small Franklin and his International Mercantile Marine combination. On the other side stood Paul Wadsworth Chapman, present head of U. S. Lines, now evidently aided by Pacific coast shippers headed by Robert Stanley Dollar. Optimistic Philip Franklin offered \$3,000,000 in liquidation of existing indebtedness and otherwise complied with all the conditions laid down by the Board. Tenacious Mr. Chapman offered \$3,170,900 but dodged the problem of operating the *Leviathan*, heaviest money-loser of the fleet. Let the Shipping Board take title to the *Leviathan*, suggested Mr. Chapman, and he would operate her at his expense on a minimum



PAUL WADSWORTH CHAPMAN

*. . . an error of 1929.*

schedule of five trips a year for five years. Mr. Franklin was willing to keep this floating elephant and send her on seven circuits a year to Southampton for five years. Both offers provided for continuing work on the two new vessels a-building at Camden, N. J. and for their eventual operation in transatlantic service under the U. S. flag.

From Mr. Dollar and from Kenneth D. Dawson, Seattle's potent shipmaster, the Chapman interests got assurance of fresh capital to salvage their enterprise by a private loan. The arrangement made to secure it was not made public.

The Franklin offer involved forming a new company with a capitalization of 600,000 shares of 7% preferred stock and 2,400,000 shares of common. The new capital needed would be raised by sale of 350,000 of the preference shares at \$10, purchasers to get a handsome bonus of new common. The present unfortunate owners of U. S. Lines, Inc. preference stock are offered a share-for-share exchange of the new company's common;

## when your LETTER ... sits in CONFERENCE



**I**T HAPPENS in the best of regulated businesses . . . A letter written casually in the due course of affairs is called upon to represent you at an important conference . . . Unforeseen . . . no chance for explanation . . . your message . . . your vital sales story must be given "by proxy" . . . A sheet of paper becomes your spokesman.

In emergencies like these, executives appreciate the far-sighted policy of using Artesian Bond . . . No. 1 U. S. Business Paper . . . for all correspondence . . . It carries through with the same force, dignity and character that they themselves would present . . . It is a fine sheet of paper.

Artesian Bond is liberal in rag content . . . and spotlessly clean. It looks and feels like a far more expensive sheet than it actually is. As a matter of fact, Artesian Bond is so economical that any successful company can well afford its atmosphere of confidence and quality.

May we send you samples? We would like the opportunity of proving to you that there is a definite, noticeable difference in bond papers.

WHITTING-PLOVER PAPER CO.  
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN



no provision at all was suggested for the U. S. Lines common stockholders. This stock is entirely owned by Mr. Chapman and a small group of friends. If the Franklin proposal should be accepted the equity of these men in the company would be wiped out.

Admitted by the Shipping Board is the fact that Banker Chapman paid too much for the Lines in 1929. This will weigh with them during their conferences this week in Washington. The Franklin offer makes no effort to correct this, could not be expected to, but Steamship Row was betting that when the decision came, U. S. Lines, Inc., bulwarked by Pacific Dollars, would continue to operate the ships.

In other harbors the U. S. merchant marine progressed with less difficulty last week:

■ Henry Ford, whose experiments on the water have not always been successful, prepared to send his new S. S. *Edgewater* on her maiden voyage from River Rouge, Mich., to Edgewater, N. J. Forerunner of a big fleet of cargo carriers, S. S. *Edgewater* is no ordinary ship. Tidewater tars would not recognize her as she passes, propelled by silent turbines, under the low bridges of the New York State waterway. Her pilot houses drop into shaft-like wells, smoke stacks fall flush to the deck, masts are hinged and lowered by hand—all extraordinary sights on a vessel 300 ft. long, with 43 ft. beam, cargo space of 145,000 cu. ft.

■ New Jersey's Governor Morgan Foster Larson did manual labor when he journeyed to Kearny, drove the first rivet in a new Grace Line ship. This was the second step in an ambitious building program of this prosperous, family-owned company. Four ships will be built. \$17,000,000 spent, employment given 2,000 men.

■ Mrs. Hoover, a seasoned christener, had a new experience last week at busy Newport News, Va. when she sponsored twin ships within an hour. The ships, S. S. *Talamanca* and S. S. *Scgovia*, were baptized with water from the southern seas they will sail. United Fruit Co., the owners, will build four more fine fruit boats, operate all six under the U. S. flag, be paid for carrying the U. S. mails.

■ While Mrs. Hoover was busy in Virginia, President Hoover was being remembered in his native Iowa. At Dubuque there was great ceremony as the world's largest twin-screw towboat was named *Herbert Hoover* by Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, wife of the head of Inland Waterways Corp., the Government-owned barge line. Driven by Diesel motors, the vessel will be able to move a 10,000-ton tow 4 m. p. h. upstream. After trials the *Herbert Hoover* will go to New Orleans, its home port, and ply between there and St. Louis.

### Fine Feathers

Seven long, lean years have depressed the U. S. feather industry. So low did prices sink that even ostrich feathers, an aristocrat of the group, were being stuffed into pillows and mattresses. During the last few months, however, a great revival has been started by the feather-capped Empress Eugénie hats (TIME, Aug. 3). Raw ostrich which recently brought \$15 a

pound last week fetched \$50 to \$60. Lesser feathers showed equally heartening gains, except for the duck division. So overproduced are duck feathers that last week a Long Island dealer in them asked the State Department if a sale to Germany could not be arranged on terms similar to those proposed for overproduced



MARIE EUGÉNIE IGNACE AUGUSTINE\*

*Ostrich men are glad of her.*

U. S. wheat, cotton, copper. To feather-men throughout the world this was cause for great rejoicing; to ostrich farmers in South Africa who have not killed their birds it was a vindication, although they still recall the high of \$175 a pound reached in the boom days of 1910-1912.

The ostrich reaches his prime in three years. During his period of immaturity he is delicate, must be kept out of the

\*Marie Eugénie Ignace Augustine, last Empress of the French, was born during an earthquake in a tent in her father's garden at Granada, Spain. From her mother, daughter of William Kirkpatrick, U. S. Consul at Malaga, she inherited her beauty: white sloping shoulders, well modeled features framed in copper-colored hair. Her youth, which nearly ended tragically, was spent between Paris and Madrid, depending on the political fortunes of the man whom she supposed (but was never sure) was her father, Count de Montijo, grandee of Spain. Eugénie's first serious love was the Duke of Alba who chose, however, to marry her sister, Paola. In rage and disappointment, Eugénie tried to poison herself. After this phase came several years dotted with escapades which set all Europe talking. She rode muckap with the Spanish courtiers, a cigar clenched in her little white teeth. Her midnight walks with one of the pages got her expelled from court. But when Eugénie put her mind to acquiring a husband she did a good job. In November 1852 when she was 26 she was invited to Fontainebleau by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of France. Events were moving rapidly. In December the Second Empire was proclaimed, on Jan. 27 the new Emperor announced his engagement, on Jan. 30 they were married with great splendor at Notre Dame in Paris. Her beauty and charm helped make the Empire memorable instead of foolish. Although she played her part in politics, her contribution came mainly in the world of fashion and society, where she was acknowledged leader. Despite her extravagant youth, Eugénie, later in life an exile in England, found a faithful friend in round, proper old Queen Victoria.

# "OLD CRUNCHER"

gets a \$500  
toothache



**COPPER & BRASS**  
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

25 Broadway, New York

**F**AITHFUL "Old Cruncher," veteran pulp press in a California sugar factory, gave one great groan—and stopped. A dozen men came running. A dozen questions—"What happened? . . . What's wrong? . . . Something give 'way'?"

Something did "give 'way"—quite a something. One of "Old Cruncher's" great teeth—a huge, 3,000-pound bevel gear—had broken. Without that the big machine was useless.

A few minutes later the factory foreman was wiring a distant manufacturer—wanted to know how much a new gear would cost, how long it would take to get it. And the answer came back—"New gear will cost \$500. Probably take two weeks."

A lot of money, a lot of time—too much of both, the foreman thought. He'd try something else first. An acetylene welder was called in. He looked at the broken gear. Sure—he could fix it. He'd use Bronze—Bronze-weld it, make it as good as new.

He started. For five hours he worked, cutting "vees" in both sides of the cracks on the gear. Five hours more and the welding was completed—not a temporary repair, but a permanent one! And the cost?—less than one-fifth of \$500!

• • •

This case is not exceptional; it's typical. Every year, Copper, Brass and Bronze save American manufacturers millions of dollars—not only in the cost of making repairs, but in the cost of making products.

The ductility of these enduring metals, the ease with which they may be worked, the high salvage value of their scrap, often make them far more economical to use than metals whose per-pound cost is less.

Once Copper, Brass and Bronze were thought unsuited to certain uses. But new Copper alloys have been developed which have increased corrosion resistance, great tensile strength, and can be readily welded.

If you have a problem regarding the use of metals in the manufacture of your products, tell us about it. We will gladly cooperate with you in the application of Copper, Brass or Bronze to your specific needs.

CENTURIES OF SERVICE PROVE THE DURABILITY OF COPPER AND ITS ALLOYS



rain. The mature bird likes alfalfa, builds large nests. Every nine months its feathers are clipped, a process which the tame bird learns to relish. Wing feathers from a male are ivory-white, known as *Whites*, or spotted, known as *Byocks*; the drab-wing feathers from his mate are known as *Feminas* and *Greys*. Tail feathers are *Boos*. A prime bird will yield about 20 oz. of feathers at each clipping. When not being clipped he is apt to roam about, find sport (not supposed escape from danger) in burrowing his head into sand and pebbles. Generations and generations of ostriches have passed on the information that pebbles are essential to their digestion. When approached or frightened during such relaxation he will make off at great speed. Most of the feathers now being used are from the harvest of bygone years, for the feathers will keep from 30 to 40 years if placed in camphor.

Best ostrich territory is the Cape of Good Hope. In 1925 there were 1,000,000 birds being grown there; now there are only about 25,000. (This of course does not include the strong-legged, ferocious wild ostrich often found herding with zebras and antelopes.) There are also ostrich farms in Egypt, Algeria, the French Riviera and the U. S. Largest U. S. farms (Jacksonville, Los Angeles) are run chiefly for tourists. One near Los Angeles used to buy plumes in Manhattan, paste them onto the birds' tails, sell them at 50¢ each, freshly clipped. Biggest Cape of Good Hope farm belongs to Sir Lewis Richardson, supports 1,000 birds. London is the prime market, but the regular monthly

auctions have been abandoned. Big U. S. feather firms buy direct from Cape farms, smaller ones go to importers.

Most other feathers are also imported. China furnishes plumage from swans and peacocks. Pheasant and partridge feathers, the only ones from wild birds which may be imported to the U. S., come from Great Britain. Guinea hen feathers are imported from Italy, barnyard feathers from Czechoslovakia. Thanks to Empress Eugénie, the industry is confident of a good demand until October.\*

### Gugle v. Eaton

In the happy summer of 1929, Cyrus Stephen Eaton was a director of 19 companies. In three directorates he was on the executive committee, in four chairman of the board. The companies ranged over



Baker Art Gallery

GEORGE GUGLE

... came charging out of retirement.

a wide field, from Bowman-Biltmore Hotels Corp. to National Refining Co., included steel, rubber, paints and power.

Through his Cleveland Trust Co. and Otis & Co., then a member of the New York Stock Exchange, this "man who never lost a battle" brought his power to bear as brilliantly in the financial world as he had in manufacturing power and light. Cleveland, city of his adoption, had come to look upon him as its most aggressive financier and some midwestern steel interests fancied him their champion against the East. Last December when he broke the proposed merger between Bethlehem Steel Corp. and Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. by one of the bitterest and most expensive lawsuits in history, the whole nation looked on and Cyrus Eaton stood at the height of his fame. But it proved a Pyrrhic victory, which left the conqueror too weak to continue the fight. Reverses came thick and fast. In April, Continental Shares, Inc. announced the retirement of Mr. Eaton from its chairmanship and the severance of its connection with Otis & Co. (TIME, May 4, 1931).

\*Another beneficiary of Empress Eugénie is the hairnet industry, for hair is now much exposed, must be kept neat. Hairnetters reported July sales up 30%.

The same week, expansive E. A. Pierce & Co. took over the commission business of Otis, and with a wholesale resignation of partners Otis retired from the New York Stock Exchange.

Last week added another enemy, brought another fight for Cyrus Eaton. "Your company is not yet insolvent, but dangerously near so," advised Lawyer George Linville Gugle, of Columbus, Ohio, in an appeal to the stockholders of Continental Shares, Inc., one of the largest investment trusts in the country and the former Eaton stronghold. Here entered the lists against Cyrus Eaton an adversary of note, a man of accomplishment.

Except for the first three weeks, which he spent in Monmouth, Ill., George Gugle has lived all his 57 years in Columbus. His law degree is from Ohio State University (1896); he married a Columbus girl (Zoa B. Baldwin) in 1904. Lawyer, banker and retired man of affairs in 1926, he had fought successfully to have the State constitution amended to provide a new method of property classification for taxation. The State Supreme Court ruled the amendment out on technicalities, but the reason for the ruling is a story still untold. When he sold out his Columbus Guarantee Title & Trust Co. in 1926, he went into Continental Shares, then in its infancy. Smoking made-to-order cigars, strolling on his 150-acre estate opposite the Columbus Country Club, showing off his 20 acres of bent grass lawn, Mr. Gugle must have been well pleased with his investment in Continental Shares which grew and grew.

Then came Depression; dividends on Continental Shares ceased; Mr. Gugle spent more time at his law office. Finally he launched his attack in the name of minority stockholders. The meeting came to order last week in the Deshler Hotel, Columbus, with owners of about 10% of Continental's common and preferred shares casting their lot with Gugle. Said he, addressing the meeting on the situation in October, 1930: "The Chase National Bank of New York, the country's largest banking institution, had funds of Continental Shares totaling \$38,701,555." He made the claim that \$38,364,285 of this was disbursed by the bank on credit memoranda to the Cleveland banks, largely for Otis & Co. and for Foreign Utilities, Ltd., Mr. Eaton's family-owned investment trust.

"While the banks in the above transaction," said Mr. Gugle, "may be perfectly free from suspicion, if it should develop that Mr. Eaton was using the funds of Continental Shares for the payment of indebtedness of Otis & Co. and of Eaton . . . and that the banks did not have knowledge thereof, then it would seem as though your company could recover the sums as borrowed from the banks." Then the Gugle charges became personal, more serious. He continued: "As of December 31st, 1930 and on up to January 30th, 1931, Cyrus Eaton had \$37,500,000 of the company's money, which was \$2,500,000 more than the company had agreed to pay in cash for the securities sold by the company by Foreign Utilities, Ltd."

"However, Mr. Eaton had failed to deliver \$12,000,000 worth of the stocks sold because they were already hypothecated with banks for a \$5,100,000 loan."



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# 20<sup>th</sup> CENTURY

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George Gule was comfortably retired. He has three children, one grandchild, two saddle horses (Bill and Bess) and is proud of his flowers and shrubbery. But now his one ambition is to "pursue restitution for stockholders of Continental Shares from Eaton and his associates."

The next meeting of Continental's beligerent, dissatisfied stockholders will be at the Hotel Hollenden, Cleveland, Sept. 21.

## More Bank Trouble

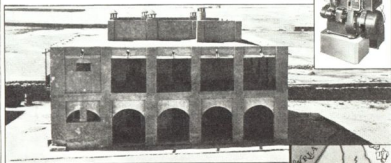
Two months ago Security-Home Trust Co. (deposits \$27,000,000) collapsed in Toledo, Ohio, frightened bankers. Officials of three other big institutions put restrictions on withdrawals for 60 days. The time was up on Monday, Aug. 17. Last week, 48 hours before the time was up, the same officials said the three big banks, though still solvent, would not open Monday. Solvent in normal times, they feared there would be ruinous runs at the reopening, as business conditions have not improved in the last two months.

The closings brought to Toledo as grave a financial crisis as could possibly overtake a large U. S. industrial community. For last week only one of the city's great banking institutions could pay depositors; 70% of the city's banking deposits were frozen; eleven building-&-loan associations halted payments on their \$50,000,000 deposits. The banks closed: Ohio Savings Bank & Trust Co. (deposits \$45,526,000); Commerce Guardian Savings Bank & Trust Co. (deposits \$21,328,000); Commercial Savings Bank & Trust Co. (deposits \$13,069,000). They dragged along with them American Bank (deposits \$1,509,000).

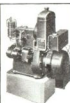
With his city's financial apparatus toppling about him, one veteran banker stood out. He was President Henry Lawrence Thompson of Toledo Trust Co., with \$44,401,000 in deposits and "The Strongest Bank in Northwestern Ohio" for a slogan. He announced that his institution had \$25,513,000 in absolutely liquid assets, would remain open and keep paying until everyone was satisfied. To show that he meant business, trucks from the Cleveland Federal Reserve Bank drew up to his doors laden with \$11,000,000 in crisp new currency. At the end of the day four other Toledo banks were still keeping their heads above water. Two were industrial banks; two were smaller concerns.

Elsewhere in the city there was unrest and panic. Retail business was at a standstill. A few smaller firms did not open. Police were recalled from vacations and the 148th Infantry held ready. The Inverness Golf Club, scene of the recent National Open tournament, was closed by its board of directors, all help was dismissed except two greenkeepers. Ira Fulton, superintendent of Ohio Banks, called together more than 100 frightened country bankers who were hit by the trouble, tried to calm them. From neighboring States, 100 bank examiners set out to help straighten Toledo's muddle. Brokers widely discussed the possible effect on control of Toledo's Willis-Overland Co., many of whose shares were held as collateral by the closed banks. As usual, assurances

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*Kohler Electric Plants have proved themselves as faithful under the blistering sun of Arabia as in the frigid temperatures of the Antarctic.*



## Where the sun comes up like thunder...

FOUR HUNDRED MILES south of Bagdad, at Koweit, in Arabia, the desert shines nightly with more than starlight. Light from standard electric current comes to the American hospital as well as to a number of residences, including the palace of Shaikh Sir Ahmad.

Koweit obtains its electricity from Kohler Electric Plants. Two plants serve the hospital with its twenty rooms, also the surrounding buildings. A separate plant serves the palace of the Shaikh.

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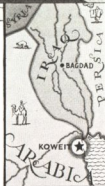
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## AERONAUTICS

were made that there would be speedy reorganizations.

¶ Many nearby country banks snapped the 60-day restriction upon withdrawals. In Akron and nearby Cuyahoga Falls twelve building & loan associations suspended payments.

¶ In Omaha small Union State Bank failed, started runs on the city's three largest banks. The Federal Reserve Bank at Kansas City rushed \$3,000,000 by airplane and stopped the panic. But six small country banks found the excitement too much, failed to open.

¶ In Nebraska, six small banks closed their doors.

¶ In Hopewell (Va.) Bank & Trust Co. failed.

### Still Bigger Atlas

Only a fortnight ago Atlas Utilities Corp., investment trust headed by astute Floyd Bostwick Odlum, 39, set Wall Street talking by its sudden acquisition of \$9,000,000 Ungerleider Financial Corp. and \$20,000,000 Sterling Securities Corp. (TIME, Aug. 17). Last week Atlas made its twelfth purchase since June last year, one bigger than any of the others. This buy was control of Chatham Phenix Allied Corp., formed in September 1929, by the securities affiliate of \$326,000,000-in-resources Chatham Phenix National Bank & Trust Co., Manhattan.

Chatham Phenix Allied was started as an investment trust with the power to do almost anything and \$50,000,000 to do it with. It had only about \$16,000,000 (a large part in common stocks) in its coffers when it changed hands last week, but this brought to around \$75,000,000 the assets of the investment structure controlled by expanding Atlas. Atlas promptly changed Allied's name to Securities Allied Corp. At present the most prominent investment trust which remains directly affiliated with a bank is the \$64,000,000 Continental Chicago Corp., identified with big Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co.

### Segal v. Gillette

Once again last week were attorneys for Gillette Safety Razor Co. busy looking up law, preparing briefs. A \$1,500,000 damage suit was filed against the company by Segal Lock & Hardware Co. of Manhattan, loud in its charges that Gillette has violated anti-trust laws. And Gillette filed a suit against Segal charging infringement of blade patents.

Last Gillette suit was the action & counter action with United Cigar Stores, settled out of court by a \$1,900,000 payment to United (TIME, Aug. 3). Most famous Gillette suit was that brought by AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., resulting in a merger of the two companies (TIME, Oct. 27). Still pending is the suit of minority shareholders against the Gillette directors (TIME, July 20). Last week President Louis Segal remained serene. "I do not attach much importance to the action which has been taken by Gillette Co.," said he. Representing Segal is one-time Federal Judge Hugh Martin Morris who was counsel for United Cigar Stores against Gillette.

### Flights of the Week

**The Lindberghs.** From Point Barrow, where they had their first dogsled ride and where, in the schoolhouse the Colonel made a speech to the populace of eight whites and several hundred Eskimos, the Lindberghs headed south to Nome. Mrs. Lindbergh radioed ahead asking that flares and bonfires be prepared for their landing, but 100 mi. short of Nome they ran into soupy fog, sat down at Shishmaref southwest of Kotzebue Sound to wait for clear weather. (LINDYS LOST IN ARCTIC SEA headlined the catchpenny New York *Evening Graphic*.) Several hours later they reached Nome, put their ship down on Safety Bay, 21 mi. away, instead of in the Nome River. There they dined on reindeer meat with Territorial Senator



Keystone

LINDBERGH

She is a good ham.

Alfred Julian Lomen; witnessed an Eskimo "wolf dance," performed for the second time in 20 years; heard oldtime wireless operators pay tribute to Mrs. Lindbergh as "a good ham [amateur operator]. Her signals were clear and nice." Colonel Lindbergh announced casually that from the Orient he and Mrs. Lindbergh would fly on across Asia to Europe, fly home across the Atlantic via the Azores.

Reports on the Lindberghs became rare and perfumery as they left Alaska and headed out over the Bering Sea to Siberia. Radio messages stated that they had paused at their fuel cache on Karagin Island off the Kamchatka Peninsula, then flown down to Petropavlovsk near the southernmost tip of the peninsula. Next they would traverse the storm-ridden Kurile Islands to Tokyo where elaborate greetings awaited them.

**Northeast Passage (Cont'd).** Pilot Parker ("Shorty") Cramer and Radioman Oliver Paquette had just started the motor of their Bellanca seaplane and were taxiing across the little harbor of Lerwick, Shetland Islands, when a messenger

came running down the waterfront, waving a yellow paper. It was a warning of gales on the course east to Copenhagen, where the flyers were about to complete their survey of a subarctic air mail route from the U. S. (TIME, Aug. 17). Officials signaled frantically to Cramer & Paquette but the former mistook the gestures for farewells, circled the town, flew away over the ocean. The storm broke, a hurricane, driving surface craft to cover. A Swedish radio station heard a faint "Hello, hello, hello" in English, but the plane was not seen again. Days later the crew of a trawler sighted the body of a man clad in life belt and what looked like aviator's clothing floating upright in the North Sea. In Cleveland President Edwin G. Thompson of Transamerica Airlines, sponsor of the projected air route, declared that Pilot Edward Preston would soon take off on a similar testflight.

With the same general purpose as Cramer's, and practically the same route, Capt. Wolfgang von Gronau last week was making his second flight from Germany to the U. S. He flew a Dornier Wal flying boat and was accompanied by the same three youths who, as students, made up his crew last year when he astonished everyone by pressing on from Iceland (his supposed destination) to New York Harbor (TIME, Sept. 8). This year he had hoped to be the first airman to cross the Greenland ice cap, but Cramer accomplished that feat last fortnight on his way east. After several weeks exploration of Greenland von Gronau planned to fly via Baffin Island, Hudson Bay, Ontario to Chicago.

**Out of Bounds (Cont'd).** The case of Hugh Herndon Jr. and Clyde Pangborn who flew over Japan without permission and took motion pictures (TIME, Aug. 17) went to the public prosecutor in Tokyo. Suspicious questioning began anew, continued for days. In vain the flyers protested that they had not intended to photograph forbidden areas. Their developed film, said the authorities, showed pictures of Hakodate fortifications which were too good to be snapped by accident, and Pangborn used to be a U. S. Army flyer. Besides, the law was the law. The Black Dragon Society (Japan's Ku Klux Klan) and the reactionary Great Japan Production Party clamored for prison sentences, circulated reports that the flyers had intended selling their pictures "to a certain Power." . . . At length the prosecutor presented his case to a district court. The judge fined each flyer \$1,025—\$1,000 for violating Japan's civil laws (flying over the country without a permit), but only \$25 for photographing the forts. Also there were rumblings that Herndon & Pangborn would be forbidden to fly again over Japan although they were planning a flight from Tokyo to Seattle which would mean traversing some Japanese soil.

**Pertinacious Honduran (Cont'd).** About 16 mi. off Cape Lookout, N. C. the third officer of the S.S. *Biboca* was astonished to sight the tail of a red airplane sticking up out of the choppy sea. Cling-

ing to the tail, waving desperately, was the bedraggled figure of a man. Flyer and wreckage were hauled aboard, found to be Capt. Lisando Garay of Honduras and what remained of the Bellanca monoplane *Lempira* in which he had furtively slipped away from New York for a nonstop flight to Tegucigalpa (TIME, Aug. 17). The flyer needed medical attention. His jaw was broken, he was covered with cuts & bruises, he had been tossed about in a rough sea without food or drink for 36 hours. At Savannah, where the *Bibico* landed him, he explained that he had deliberately landed his ship in the sea upon concluding that bad weather would prevent his reaching his goal. Friends of Capt. Garay hoped that his bravery would soften the heart of the Honduran Government, which supposedly wishes to court-martial him for his failure to return home last spring and serve against the revolutionists.

### Eggs from the Sky

Down out of the sky upon Central Airport at Moscow plunked a bewildered hen and a dozen eggs. Neither the hen nor any of the eggs was damaged. Their fall, from an airplane 3,300 ft. high, was a demonstration of a new parachute designed by Soviet experts. Developed to support only small loads, the chute was of conventional design, but with a rubber hood inflated over its basket. The hood fills with air and expands in descent, decreasing the rate of fall to about 16.4 ft. per sec. (Ordinary rate of fall of U. S.-made parachutes with a man of average weight: 18 to 20 ft. per sec. Force of landing is equivalent to a free jump from 6 or 7 ft.)

Although it is expected that the express-chute will be useful in delivering perishable cargo wherever there is no airfield, its invention was brought about directly by the needs of the Moscow newspaper *Pravda* ("Truth"). *Pravda* prints local editions in Leningrad, Kharkov, Tiflis and Novo-Sibirsk by delivering matrices by airplane and dropping them by parachute. With ordinary parachutes the matrices frequently were smashed.

### Becalmed Elmira

Of the few places in the U. S. suitable for soaring and gliding, Elmira, N. Y., is one of the best.\* High hills on three sides of a valley assure the necessary upcurrents whenever a reasonably brisk breeze blows. Perversely, except for an occasional gusty storm, the wind failed to blow for nearly all of 14 days of the National Glider Association's second annual meet which ended last week. Nearly 30 gliding and soaring craft (20 of them the famed Franklin type) were assembled for the meet. For ten days the pilots tried with little success to make sustained flights. Then came a breeze worthy of the name. J. H. ("Bud") Stickler of Manhattan, who had won his license only the week before, took off from South Mountain and did not return for 7 hr. 28 min. Later Albert S. Hastings, last year's record holder, beat Stickler's time by more than a minute to win the Edward S. Evans trophy a second time.

\*Other good places: Warwick, N. Y., Point Loma, Calif., South Wellfleet, Cape Cod.



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Huntington, Ind., Jay Paul Motor Co., "Heating bills 50 per cent less with Iron Fireman." . . . Richmond, Va., Sears, Roebuck & Co., "Year's fuel saving \$1,152.20." . . . Milwaukee, Wis., Liberty Baking Co., "Over 50 per cent fuel saving." . . . Savannah, Ga., John

Wesley Hotel, "Monthly fuel bill cut from \$62.00 to \$17.60." . . . Denver, Colo., Jack C. Miles, Furrier, "Season's fuel costs cut from \$550.00 to \$162.30."

### What will your savings be?

**Get the facts.** Check your present fuel costs. Then ask an Iron Fireman engineer to make a survey of your business or home heating plant and submit a report on the money you can save with Iron Fireman. Buy your Iron Fireman by the month. Fuel savings will go far toward meeting the monthly payments. Iron Fireman Mfg. Co., Portland, Ore. Factories: Portland, Ore., Cleveland, Ohio, Toronto, Canada. Branches or subsidiaries: Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Milwaukee. Dealers everywhere.



St. Clair Hotel, 102 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. "In a recent test it was conclusively proved that Iron Fireman produced the desired heat at the St. Clair Hotel at an actual net saving of 25 per cent or better as compared to the cost of producing the same heat with the oil burner."

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(PLEASE ATTACH YOUR BUSINESS LETTERHEAD)

**Born.** To the ninth Earl of Bessborough, Governor-General of Canada; a son (he has been married since 1912, has two other children); in Montreal. The child is the first to be born to a Governor-General of Canada since the present Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava gave birth to a son in 1875. From George V came a request that he might be the boy's godfather.

**Born.** To Arthur W. Smith, son of Alfred Emanuel Smith; a son; in Manhattan. Name: Alfred Emanuel Smith III.

**Engaged.** Paul Whiteman, jazz band leader; and Margaret Livingston, cinematress. In February Mr. Whiteman was divorced from Vanda Hoff, dancer (TIME, Feb. 9).

**Married.** Byrnes Macfadden, 19, of Englewood, N. J., daughter of Publisher Bernarr Macfadden (*Physical Culture Magazine*, *True Story*, *New York Evening Graphic*); and one Louis Ignatius Muckerman of St. Louis.

**Married.** Philip Young, 21, third son of Owen D. Young; and Miss Faith Adams, 24, socialite of Washington, D. C.; in Manhattan.

**Married.** Florence Julia Loew, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. William Goadby Loew, granddaughter of the late Banker George Fisher Baker; and Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr. of Philadelphia, international poloist; at Newport, R. I.

**Birthdays.** Julius Rosenwald (69); Ames Alonzo Stagg (69); Gifford Pinchot (66); Mary Roberts Rinehart (55); Nathalia Crane (18).

**Died.** C. J. Haskell, 35, son of Charles Nathaniel Haskell, Oklahoma's first Governor; by his own hand (shooting); in San Antonio, Tex.

**Died.** John Wesley Masury, 59, president since 1906 of John W. Masury & Son (paint); of heart disease; in Center Moriches, L. I. When, at 25, he succeeded his father as president of the company he was reputed the youngest important corporation head in the U. S.

**Died.** Gitanillo, famed gypsy bullfighter; of spinal meningitis caused by a wound sustained in the arena; in Madrid.

**Died.** Rev. Latta Griswold, 55, of Lenex, Mass., author (*Deering of Deal*, *Deering at Princeton*, *The Winds of Deal*, *Values of Catholic Faith*); of paralysis; in Edinburgh.

**Died.** Alexander O'Grady, 59, San Francisco attorney and politician; of a heart attack; in the Santa Cruz Mountains, Calif. Son of an engineer employed by owners of the famed "Big Bonanza" mine, he was an intimate boyhood friend of Clarence Hungerford Mackay. The late Mrs. John William Mackay, widow

of the Comstock Lode tycoon, was his godmother.

**Died.** Casper Mayer, 59, famed sculptor of Indians; of heart disease; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Lester Loneragan, 62, actor (*Brass Ankle*) who staged *Abraham Lincoln*, *The Command to Love*; of heart failure while sitting on a porch with his wife at Lynn, Mass., discussing Eugene O'Neill's new trilogy, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, in which he was to have played.

**Died.** Rev. Peter Joseph O'Callaghan, 65, president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; of acute indigestion; at Torrington, Conn. where he had gone to attend the Union's convention.

**Died.** Alva Clymer Dinkey, 65, one-time president (1903-15) of Carnegie Steel Co., president of the Midvale Co.; after three months illness; at Wynnewood, Pa. Brother-in-law of Charles Michael Schwab who married Emma Eurana, one of his three surviving sisters, he started as a water boy in the Carnegie-owned Edgar Thomson Steel Works.

**Died.** Uzal Haggerty McCarter, 70, president of Fidelity Union Trust Co. of Newark (New Jersey's largest bank), brother of President Thomas Nesbitt McCarter of Public Service Corp. of New Jersey; of pneumonia; at Red Bank, N. J.

**Died.** Judge George B. Gardner, 70, chairman of the Board of Appeals, Department of the Interior; of fractured skull; at Sharon, Conn.

**Died.** Thomas W. Cunningham, 72, sheriff of Philadelphia, treasurer of the Republican State Committee; of heart disease; in Atlantic City, N. J. In 1926 Cunningham was arrested on contempt charges for refusing to tell a Senate investigating committee the source of \$50,000 he contributed to the campaign fund of Senator-reject William Scott Vare.

**Died.** Mrs. Emma Mattoon Thomas, 74, mother of the Socialist leader and one-time Presidential Candidate Norman Thomas; after long illness; in Baltimore.

**Died.** Damianos Kassiotis, 82, Patriarch of Jerusalem since 1897; after long illness; on the Mount of Olives.

**Died.** Dr. John Pixley Munn, 83, board chairman of United States Life Insurance Co.; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Brigadier-General John Isaac Rodgers, retired, 92; of pneumonia and heart disease; in San Francisco. Second oldest graduate of U. S. Military Academy, he fought in the Civil War, was chief of artillery in the Spanish-American War.



## EDUCATION

### Sod-Turning

Plans for Bennington College, an institution to release promising young women from strict curricular bondage, began to be realities last week. In the ancient, green-hilled Vermont town of Bennington, famed for its historic white homesteads and its annual production of 500,000 Kiddie-Kars, gathered many a distinguished well-wisher for the ground-breaking exercises. Robert Devore Leigh, 40, onetime Williams professor, president of the new college, led the ceremony. The audience eyed him appraisingly, a pink-checked, bespectacled scholar who is expected to infuse Bennington with the same stirring liberalism he had shown at Williams. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Vermont novelist and trustee of the college, made an address. Other speeches were



Keystone

ROBERT DEVORE LEIGH

... for talented girls only.

made by President William Allan Neilson of Smith College, Director William E. Rappard of the Geneva School for Higher International Studies, Governor Stanley Caleb Wilson, Dr. Vincent Ravi-Booth of Bennington turned the sod, first step in the building of four semi-permanent wooden structures to be clustered about the nuclear structure, a large, remodeled barn.

Designed to educate girls of exceptional talent without forcing them to undergo un congenial group requirements, Bennington will pose no entrance examinations. Girls will be chosen on the findings of scholastic aptitude tests, examination of their school records. Especially proud are Bennington's founders of the fact that vocational and cultural courses will be combined, that fine arts will be recognized as one of the four major fields of concentration. During her last two years a student will be given credit for non-resident work. Every girl will be encouraged to give free rein to her individual tastes.

Although \$1,265,000 has been raised, Bennington will have no faculty endowment. Tuition charges will be flexible, will

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Every stroke of this jack is a stroke of good luck for some motor. For it pumps from the earth the finest known raw material for motor oil—Pennsylvania Grade Crude.

Why does Pennsylvania Grade Crude make better motor oils? Ask Nature! When she made this marvelous Crude she gave it greater oiliness, greater freedom from impurities.

Motor oils refined from this great crude save you money—give you more miles per quart of oil, better piston seal—which means you get more power and use less gasoline. Such oils give you the most dependable protection against repairs caused by poor lubrication!

Pennsylvania lubricating oils have greater resistance to heat. They stand up when

other oils quit. That's why you will find them chosen for the toughest jobs—in automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motorboats; in locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines.

And when it comes to refining, look for leadership in the Pennsylvania field! In this field, refiners have the longest background of refining experience—generations of it!

The emblem shown below appears on many brands of finished motor oil. Each is made 100% from Pure Pennsylvania.

FREE! Send for copy of one of the most interesting oil booklets ever written. Address Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Dept. D-9, Oil City, Pa.

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This emblem guarantees the quality of the 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

## Twenty-eight of the Country's BETTER PRIVATE SCHOOLS

are faithfully characterized below. From among them you may wisely choose a school in almost any part of the country. All are favorably known for their faculty, equipment, and varied program of sports.

### FOR GIRLS—

#### ABBOTT ACADEMY

Entering its thirty-third year. Rich in traditions. Modern in equipment and spirit. High in standards. Excellent faculty. Modern, comprehensive Art, Music, Literature, and Dramatics. 120 girls. Tuition, \$1000.  
Bertha Bailey, Principal, Box L, Andover, Mass.

#### BRADFORD

An accredited Junior College with twenty-year liberal arts course. Music, Art, Speech, Home Economics. Separate two-year Senior Preparatory School, 120th year. 32 miles from Boston. 184 resident girls. Tuition, \$1300.  
Katherine M. Densworth, Ph.D., Pres., Box 15, Bradford, Mass.

#### CASTILLEJA SCHOOL

In the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, a mile from Stanford University. Prepares for Eastern and Western colleges. General course. Music, Art, Dramatics, Household Arts, Swimming Pool. Week-end camps in the Santa Clara Mts.  
Mary I. Lenker, Principal, Fish Mills, Calif.

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An Episcopal school for girls in Northern Virginia. Est. 1882. Courses. College, high school, and preparatory. General, Art, Music and Household Arts. Tuition, \$850. Enrollment limited to 100. Excellent equipment. Golf, Swimming, Riding. Address the Rector, Chatham, Va.

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Established 1881.  
Fresco—For girls from ten to fifteen years.  
Dana Hall—College preparation and general course.  
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Liberal arts courses of Junior College grade for girls of exceptional talent. College, high school, and preparatory for special study in the Arts, Social Service, and Oriental Studies. Tuition, \$1200. Hingham.  
Eugenia E. McCricket, 120 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

#### FERRY HALL

A two-year Junior College, preparing for the universities. A Preparatory school that has sent 400 girls to college in ten years. New buildings on twelve-acre campus. One hour from Chicago.  
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#### MISS HARRIS' FLORIDA SCHOOL

Miami. Healthful climate and invigorating outdoor life all winter for girls preparing for Northern colleges. Swimming, tennis, riding. All year of shorter enrollment. Separate buildings for younger girls. Tuition, \$1200.  
Julia Feltner Harris, The Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

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A country school near Boston for 80 girls. College preparation. Art, Music, Household Arts, Secretarial training. Riding the featured sport. Tuition, \$1250. 7118; 11514-120.  
Gertrude E. Cornish, A.M., Box 35, Norton, Mass.

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An endowed Member school of the American Society of nearly 200 years. Thoroughly modern course and equipment. Limited to 125 girls senior and preparatory schools. 15 miles from Philadelphia. Tuition, \$600.  
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Exclusively for College Preparation. Excellent record preparing for Smith and other colleges. Regular four-year course. One-year intensive course. Outdoor sports. 67 students. Tuition, \$1500-\$1800. Dorothy M. Bennett Sarah B. Whitaker, Box J, Northampton, Mass.

#### WALNUT HILL

A preparatory school for girls. Excellent record with leading colleges. Eighty miles from Boston. 10 miles from Wellesley College. Seventeen miles from Boston. Fifty-acre campus. 120 students. Tuition, \$1200.  
Florence Bigelow, Principal, Box F, Natick, Mass.

#### WARD-BELMONT

Accredited Junior College—Two-thirds of those graduating enter universities to continue. Four-year college preparatory school. High curriculum. Eleven modern buildings on 40-acre estate.  
John W. Barton, LL.D., Vice-President, Nashville, Tenn.

#### MISS WRIGHT'S SCHOOL

Founded primarily for Bryn Mawr preparation, but sends girls to all leading colleges. General and pregraduate courses. Ten-acre campus. Limited residential group. Supervised athletics. Miss W. Wright, Director.  
Elizabeth A. Andrews, Academic Head, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Write any of these principals carefully about the educational needs of your son or daughter. If further help is needed in the selection of a school, write  
Porter Sargent, Educational Adviser, 11 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

### FOR BOYS—

#### ASHEVILLE SCHOOL

College Board standards in a climate considered the most favorable of the Rockies. Excellent faculty record. National clientele. Prepares for the leading colleges. 70 boys. 20 teachers. Tuition, \$1000.  
Howard Bennett, Litt.D., Head Master, Asheville, N. C.

#### FRANKLIN & MARSHALL Academy

A widely recognized, modernized preparatory school. About 1800 boys prepared for college in the 34 years of the present administration. Wide range of extracurricular life and activities. Junior School, 200 students. Tuition, \$600.  
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#### LAKE FOREST ACADEMY

A leading non-sectarian, college preparatory school for boys of exceptional ability. Wide-spread atmosphere. Healthful location. Fine surroundings. Fine athletic and modern equipment. All athletic sports, horseback riding, Camp Chicago. Tuition, \$1200.  
John Wayne Richards, A.M., Head, Box Lake Forest, Ill.

#### MITCHELL SCHOOL

Specializing in the education of boys under 16. Specially trained staff. 20 miles from Chicago. Wide-spread atmosphere. Healthful location. Fine surroundings. Fine athletic and modern equipment. All athletic sports, horseback riding, Camp Chicago. Tuition, \$1200.  
A. M. Mitchell, Director, Box F, Ellettsville, Mass.

#### MOSES BROWN

A liberally endowed, historic Friends school with a 25-acre landscaped campus. Est. 1754. Wide-spread atmosphere in preparing boys for leading Eastern colleges. 95 resident students. Separate Junior School. Tuition, \$1000.  
L. Ralston Thomas, Head, 203 Hope St., Providence, R. I.

#### RIVERDALE

A country school for boys near New York City. Exceptionally high College Board record. Separate music department. Excellent equipment. Resident students. Tuition, \$1000. Boys prepared for leading colleges. 100 boys under experienced masters. Tuition, \$1200.  
Frank S. Hackett, Headmaster, Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

#### ROXBURY

Pioneering, efficient preparation for college. Emphasis on character education in small groups. Modified English individual advancement. Well supervised extra-curricular activities. Tuition, \$1125.  
Arthur N. Sherff, M.A., Yale, Head Master, Cheshire, Conn.

#### STONY BROOK SCHOOL

Character education in small groups. Modified English individual advancement. Well supervised extra-curricular activities. Tuition, \$1125.  
Arthur N. Sherff, M.A., Yale, Head Master, Cheshire, Conn.

#### TOME SCHOOL

College Board standards for all academic work. One master to eight boys. Graduate in all the best Eastern colleges. Unsurpassed equipment. Midway between Philadelphia and Baltimore. 120 resident boys.  
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#### VERMONT ACADEMY

College Preparation in small classes. Modified English Tutorial System. Also intensive course for H.S. graduates. In Northern Vermont, easily accessible from Boston and New York. Tuition, \$1000. Boys, \$725.  
John B. Cook, LL.D., Principal, Station River, Vt.

#### WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

Meets the growing demand for the small school. Limited to 100 boys in the Senior School. 60 boys in the Junior School. 14 students in the Preparatory. Yale and other Eastern universities. 14 miles from Hartford.  
Raymond Richards McOmred, Head Master, Simsbury, Conn.

#### WILLISTON ACADEMY

Preparatory school for boys. 100-1000 preparation in 90 years. Excellent college record. Separate Junior School. In the Catskill Valley, near Northampton. Modern equipment. 120 students. Tuition, \$200-\$1000.  
Archibald W. Galbraith, Box M, Easthampton, Mass.

#### WORCESTER ACADEMY

Where 220 boys are preparing for college with the constant, friendly help of experienced masters. 11-acre landscaped fields. Pool. Gym. Theatre. Tuition, \$1000-\$1150. Sumner F. Hulmes, Head Master. Address: George T. Owen, Director of Admissions, Worcester, Mass.

### SPECIAL SCHOOLS—

#### DEVEREUX TUTORING SCHOOLS

Four separate schools for younger and older boys and girls who are not making sufficient progress in academic work or are maladjusted to environment. Unconventional hours. Scientific methods. General supervision. Address: Helena Devereux Fenners, Director, Box 25, Bryn Mawr, Penna.

be fitted to all costs. That such a scheme may be expensive need not terrify indigent girls of talent. Full scholarships will be available for one-fourth of the student body.

In September 1932, Bennington will open its doors to 80 freshmen. The class will be separated into four equal groups which will remain together throughout the course.

### Young to the Young

In a chapel not far from the spot where a few months prior he had laid the cornerstone of a \$600,000 men's dormitory, Owen D. Young, president of the St. Lawrence University corporation, bestowed degrees on 25 graduates of the summer school, including his affianced son, Philip, last week. Partly because he attended St. Lawrence, partly also because he had in mind some more of his occasional observations on the spirit and needs of his day, Mr. Young accompanied the degrees with a speech in which he was obviously at pains to get away from the standard thing in Advice to Young People. Instead of maxims about hard work and ambition, he propounded a self-education designed to encourage the students to "go on with the great business of developing yourselves."

The Young examination:

"1) Have you enlarged your knowledge of obligations and increased your capacity to perform them?

"2) Have you developed your intuitions and made more sensitive your emotions?

"3) Have you discovered your mental aptitude?

"4) Have you learned enough about the machinery of society and its history to enable you to apply your gifts effectively?

"5) Have you acquired adequate skill in communication with others?"

Comments by Examiner Young:  
"Failure on the first question means failure altogether. If you have not developed your understanding . . . of obligation . . . then your intuitions . . . your aptitudes, your knowledge of institutions, your language will not save you from failure. . . . I mean (by intuitions) that whole area which underlies our ordinary mental machinery."

"Sensitiveness outside of the field of the mental operation is a magnificent substratum . . . on which to build a developed mind. Have you been engaged in that most important job of research . . . the discovery of what you are best fitted to do? If you fail to put your course . . . one day you will be wrecked and cast ashore. If your gift lies in the field of sciences, have you learned enough about the fundamentals of mathematics and physics? . . . As one enlarges his capacity to make himself understood . . . he opens up to that extent his opportunity for usefulness."

"Let us speak of public obligations. . . . Political parties throughout the world have a habit of treating lightly the obligations . . . entered into by their government."

"Whether a person or country should undertake obligations is debatable. Whether they should perform them . . . is not."

# Statistics

## Seeing Yourselves as Automobile Manufacturers See You

To Readers of The Newsmagazine:

**T**HIS year, according to one of TIME's investigations, 32.5% of you plan to buy new automobiles, for which you plan to pay a total of \$153,600,000. Statistically, this volume would support any one large manufacturer such as Studebaker, including Pierce-Arrow. Actually, you provide the backbone of the market for all manufacturers (hence, for those who sell equipment to the manufacturers), to say nothing of providing substantial support for your local automobile dealers.

ALREADY your 350,000 families own a total of 472,000 automobiles.

THE quality of your market is as impressive as the volume: you are good customers for Ford, good customers for Buick and you own one in every six Packards on the road. Furthermore, 36% of you own two or more cars. And, as TIME's survey shows, you replace your cars regularly, for you are, typically, a steady-spending group, year in, year out.

IS IT any wonder that automobile advertisers have singled you out as a *primary market*? Among the scores of U. S. magazines, many of which have circulations running into the millions, TIME ranks second in number of passenger car advertisers, second in pages of tire advertising, fourth in pages of automotive advertising. In the pages of TIME this year you will find the following automotive advertisements:

American Cable	Ethyl Gasoline
Auburn	Ferodo &
Buick	Asbestos
Chrysler	Firestone Tires
Cord	Fisher Body
Delco Products	General Motors
De Vaux	Truck
Dodge	General Tires
Dodge Truck	Goodrich Tires
Dunlop Tires	Goodyear Tires
Essex	Hudson

International Truck	Quaker State Oil
Kelly-Springfield Tires	Reo
Liberty Foundries	Rolls-Royce
Lincoln	Seiberling Tires
Macbeth Glass	Studebaker-
Marmon	Pierce-Arrow
Oakland	Truck
Packard	Stutz
Pennsylvania	Texas Oil
Grade Oil	Tung Sol Lamps
Pierce-Arrow	Twin Disc Clutch
Pontiac	Vacuum Oil
	Willys-Overland
	Truck



YOU, readers of TIME, are the largest strictly quality market in the U. S. TIME's advertisers are those who most confidently believe that they can match your taste, your tests. So, this year more than ever, TIME points with pride to its advertising as a potent supplement to its news.



# TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

205 East 42nd St.

New York City



Made for Men

### —and EVERY Man Needs it

AFTER THE SHAVE: Mennen Talcum for Men protects your skin, removes face shine, makes you look and feel clean all day long. Doesn't show... Great after a bath, too. Slightly deodorant. Large size tin, 25c.



"They that will not be counseled can not be helped."

was the philosophy of  
THE ROSICRUCIAN

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**

Scientist • Inventor • Statesman

As an ardent Rosicrucian, Franklin LEARNED TO LIVE — he recognized the most in the early Egyptian teachings, and showed them to guide him on a true life course. These ancient truths are still available to all in the teachings of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. IF YOU are interested in improving YOUR LIFE, and are not merely curious, send for this free booklet, "The Light of Egypt." Address a letter (not postpaid) to LIBRARIAN E. F.

**ROSIKRUCIAN COLLEGE**

San Jose • (AMORC) • California

## WANTED

Representatives to sell TIME and FORTUNE subscriptions. Commission and bonus.

For details write to John Sargent  
TIME, Inc.  
350 East 22nd Street  
Chicago, Illinois

## LETTERS

(Continued from p. 6)

was backed solidly by all the Backveldt. Recognizing the government as corrupt I left South Africa and was welcomed in Rhodesia, whose citizens subsequently subscribed and sent me to England to break running records there. After this the South African public, led by the *Advertiser* of Durban, subscribed in shillings a sum of some \$6,000 as compensation. I am still in close touch with all the principal papers in South Africa and am happy to know that the public there have by no means forgotten me.

I ran as a young man of 24-26, not for racing but only for healthy exercise. Then came the War. After the War, at the age of 39 I decided to put up world's records in order that I might make sure that other settlers should get to learn what was awaiting them in the Union of South Africa. I knew that while the Backveldt was in power I, as an Englishman, had no hope whatever of any compensation for the loss of my farm; but I was, and still am, anxious to make the affair so public that in future the government there will find it discreet to act more wisely with others: I fight for others, not myself.

I never ran round the farm: roads suited me better. I used science and a trained mind to accomplish my ends. I intended to write a book on the subject and, if everyone knew who I was, they would as likely as not read it. The book is now completed and I shall shortly be looking for a publisher. I never ran in farm clothes: athletes would not do so. I did not wear leather socks. I did not drink the mixture stated—sometimes I drank ordinary tea.

Oh well! My best respects to Tux and its Sports Editor; perhaps if I am lucky I may manage to run across him some day and work a different impression on him to the one the article must have made.

ARTHUR F. H. NEWTON

Montreal, Canada

To Runner Newton all thanks for christening his legend. Last fortnight, teamed with Peter Gavuzzi, he won the \$3,000 first prize in a relay race from Montreal to Quebec and return.—Ed.

### Van Loon Offsprings

Sirs:

You like accuracy so please get this straight. In one of your last issues, I have forgotten which, as I find them lying around my mother's apartment here, a week or more old, and read the wise-cracks without looking at the dates, you copied an article in the division called "People" from the *Herald Tribune* to the effect that Hendrik van Loon, Hendrik Willem van Loon to be exact, had arrived in America and groaned at the prospect of his son's becoming an interpretative dancer (TIME, July 20). And that son you called Hendrik Willem van Loon Jr. That's all very well except for two mistakes, first of all Hendrik van Loon is not at all displeased at his son's conduct and secondly that son is not Hendrik Willem Jr. In fact a Jr. in this family does not exist, my parents being neither of them unoriginal have never been at a loss to find brand new names for their off-springs and my older brother and I have gotten sick of seeing ourselves Hendrik-van-Loon-Jr'd so I hope you won't mind my putting this straight. My brother, in America, is Henry Bowditch van Loon and I am Willem Gerard van Loon. On the dancing stage I leave off the van Loon as I don't believe in family parties. As to the tragic parental groan and the reference to the great and understanding liberty Otto Kahn granted his son, that is all a lot of booby. In America still so puritanical that a dancer is held as something inferior to a painter, a sculptor or even an historian? I don't see the difference. An historian merely tells old stories in new words and an interpretative dancer expresses already existing music in movements suitable to his body, which, as every body is different must naturally become new movements. Or is there something disgraceful in a free and healthy body?

I don't know what my father said or did at the dock when confronted with the question of what I was up to but in any case it must have been greatly magnified by gossip-mongers, but I only wish that my parent would desist in future from giving rise to such rotten and unhelpful publicity.

Also I wish many smug writers my waistline.

WILLEM GERARD VAN LOON  
Paris, France

### 16-Year-Old Bankers

Sirs:

I am very interested in finance and have been reading the financial section of TIME for about a year. You would be surprised to know how much a 16-year-old boy can learn about banking, stocks, etc., just from reading that section. I am 16, so I know.

At present I hold the position of president of Purcell Dexter & Co. We make loans to the fellows at school and do a little investing in The New York Stock Exchange. Now, I was wondering if you would suggest anything we could do along the lines of banking. We are rather handicapped because nobody in the company is over the age of 16. Our authorized capital stock is 25 shares of common stock at twenty-five cents (\$2.50) par value and 120 shares of preferred stock at one dollar (\$1.00) par value. The dividend on the preferred is 12% per annum. The market value of the common at present is eighty cents (\$3.50). We have two offices in Seattle and one in Victoria, B. C. . . .

HUGH D. PURCELL

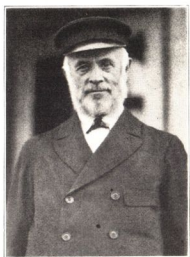
Seattle, Wash.

Let wiser banking heads than TIME's suggest stunts for able Purcell Dexter & Co.—Ed.

### How Amory Looks

Sirs:

The picture of Mr. Copley Amory which you printed with your report of the Canadian Biological Conference is very old (TIME, Aug. 16).



COPLEY AMORY

. . . as his guests knew him.

Here is a picture of Mr. Amory as his biologist guests knew him. It was taken at the conference by Dr. Alfred O. Gross of Bowdoin College.

HUNT HOLLY

Matamek, Canada

### Butler's Remark

Sirs:

Your issue of Aug. 10, has been shown me. On p. 11, Army and Navy column, you make a direct quotation of language supposedly used by me. I did not make that remark, nor anything even remotely like it. If you are desirous of being fair, you will give this denial as much prominence as you did your misquotation of my remarks.

S. D. BUTLER

U. S. Marines, Marine Barracks  
Quantico, Va.

General Butler was reported by Universal Service to have declared at Quantico: "The Army banished its Mitchell; the Navy throttled its Magruder; but nobody can keep Butler from talking." TIME gladly gives this space to General Butler's denial.—Ed.

## BOOKS

## Another Outline

MAN'S OWN SHOW: CIVILIZATION—George A. Dorsey—Harper (\$5).

Less than two hours after receiving the final revision of the MS of this book Author George Amos Dorsey died (TIME, April 6). Publisher Harper says Dorsey had been working intensively on *Man's Own Show* for four years, implies that overwork hastened his end. If Scientist Dorsey's excitement over *Why We Behave Like Human Beings* excited you, you will probably want to read his hard-wrought *magnum opus*.

Says Dorsey: "I have attempted to . . . discuss human beings and civilization as objectively as though I were neither human nor civilized, but nevertheless had retained my human right to be curious about everything, my acquired interest in anything or anybody, and my constitutional privilege to speak my mind about anything I am taxed to support. On the other hand, I have not tried to prove something or improve anybody; exploit somebody or expound anything; point a moral or point with pride; sound a warning or forecast the future." In short, Dorsey wanted to get his mind Clear About Things. In the course of reading this 958-page digression you may not always agree that he has fulfilled his promises; his continued excitement may even at times have the opposite effect on you; but you will certainly find *Man's Own Show: Civilization* a respectable book.

Dorsey has divided his book into three parts: 1) As It Was in the Beginning, or



GEORGE AMOS DORSEY

... was even prouder to be a human being.

Man's Natural Endowment; 2) Our Cultural Inheritance, or How We Came by Our Civilization; 3) What Shall We do to Be Saved? His conclusion: "Man has built a great civilization, and this nation is the greatest force in the world today. I am glad I am alive and I am proud to be an American. But I am even prouder to be a human being; and our nationalism to-

day, it seems to me, is humanity's great enemy, civilization's greatest threat."

The Author. Anthropologist Dorsey was 63 when he died, still as interested in man as he was when Harvard gave him his first doctor's degree in Anthropology (1894). For over 30 years he worked at his job all over the world, which every anthropologist must take as his province, went on many an expedition organized by Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History. When he wrote *Why We Behave Like Human Beings* (1925) it caught the crowd. Author Sinclair Lewis wrote a bad but enthusiastic sentence in praise of it: "As a layman with a vast curiosity about life, but no scientific knowledge, I find that Dorsey answers better than any one book all my questions."

## Hero, Post-War Model

THE HERO—Alfred Neumann—Knopf (\$2.50).

You frequently hear post-war literature criticized for being ugly, brutal, bereft of nobility. Many a novel of contemporary Germany can be tarred with this stick. But Herr Neumann's psychological epic, his portrait of a modern hero, while it is compact of journalistic realism, is neither ugly, brutal, nor ignoble. Neumann has translated old virtues into modern terms, but their values remain.

Neumann's hero is a political assassin. Hoff, former German officer, since the Revolution a professional dancer in a Berlin cabaret, is leader of an extreme group in an anti-Government party. This group decides to precipitate a counter-revolution by killing the Prime Minister; as leader, Hoff assumes sole responsibility for the job. He has everything figured out; all preparations made. Evening before the attempt, between dances at the cabaret, Hoff has a conversation with a man who looks so much like Hoff he might be his brother. They go home, spend the evening together. The man turns out to be David Hertz, once a front-page figure when he was acquitted for the murder of his wife. They understand each other; Hertz almost confesses what he has done, Hoff what he is about to do.

But Hoff is a soldier: he goes through with his plan. There are no hitches. He shoots the Prime Minister, makes a clean getaway, but decides not to escape to Switzerland, to stay in Berlin instead. Then his frozen will begins to thaw. To his horror he begins to realize he has murdered a man who was not his enemy, who should have been his friend. Hertz, made of weaker stuff than Hoff, tries to persuade him to do as he himself has done: to compromise, to live with unaided ghosts. When Hertz sees that Hoff is determined to give himself up, he shoots himself. By the time Hoff gets to the police his brain has begun to give way; he will implicate nobody, and when the only witness fails to recognize him the police take him for a harmless madman. Hoff's frenzy increases; they take him to an asylum. There he goes through hell: Herr Neumann calls it "katakonic excitement." Just as he is dying Hoff manages to make what he thinks is a convincing

confession. The doctor pretends to believe him, and he dies happy.

The Author. Alfred Neumann is one of that generation which the War matured fast. The trenches turned his literary aim from poetry to history; his famed novel on Louis XI and his barber, *The Devil*, won him Germany's Kleist prize, an



E. Wassow, Munich Photographs

ALFRED NEUMANN

His hero suffers katatonic excitement.

international audience. Many a U. S. cinema-goer has seen *The Patriot*, made from Neumann's short story and three-act play. Other books (translated): *The Rebels*, *Guerra*, *King Haber* and *Other Stories*.

## Cross-Section

NIGHT IN THE HOTEL—Elliot Crawshaw-Williams—Liveright (\$2).\*

The *Hôtel des Anjes* et d'Albion, its arresting title notwithstanding, was a second-rate hotel overlooking a second-rate Riviera town. Its 22 guests were a fair cross-section of upper-middle-class England (except for three who were French). When you first see them gathered in the dining room for their skimpy *déjeuner* they look a pretty average, not to say mediocre lot; but when Author Crawshaw-Williams lets you follow them into their separate sanctums, shows them quarreling, soliloquizing, making love, they cease to be typical specimens, become (in most cases) strikingly individual. The fact that it duplicates the idea of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel* overshadows but does not invalidate the book.

Only perfectly popular person in the hotel was middle-aged Widow Sarah Selbourne. Always bouncingly, sensibly cheery, she seemed to be without a care in the world. In the privacy of her bedroom you see her writing a letter to her daughter, with the news that the doctor has given her two months to live.

Sour and furtive Spinster Ella Lining suspected the relationship between Eleanor Steel and Mary Hewson; nobody else did. But Spinster Lining was right.

Bad man of the hotel was Ralph Hunter; Marion Latimer was bad girl. The hotel hoped they would get together; somehow they did not. At last they did.

\*Published June 15.



While Colin Winthrop was making a fourth at bridge his wife was reading a letter from his mistress which he had carelessly left on the table. There would have been a divorce if the draft from the window had not made him sneeze when he tried to spend the night on the sofa.

If 50-year-old James Dowson had played his cards better he might have won Pamela Baynes, beautiful young widow. As it was he went back to his bottle; and Pamela, after being seduced by the hotel had man, committed suicide.

Though you might suspect Author Crawshaw-Williams' motive in inviting you to peek through the keyholes of all these bedrooms, the sights he shows you are less salacious than salutary; they are by turns humorous, pathetic, depressing, always recognizably human scenes.

**The Author.** Lieut.-Colonel Eliot Crawshaw-Williams (retired), Etone, Oxfordized, twice divorced, served his country as an army officer in India, served one-time Chancellor of the Exchequer David Lloyd George as Parliamentary Private Secretary; in the War served his country again in Egypt, Palestine. Many a book of plays, essays, stories bears his name. *Night in the Hotel* is his first U. S. importation.

### Hechtic Tales

THE CHAMPION FROM FAR AWAY—Ben Hecht—Covici, Friede (\$2.50).

Once considered a radical, Ben Hecht has now been made safe for readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. These 13 short stories are the kind any editor of a successful fiction magazine would print, but they would not stand a chance of being accepted by the kind of agitated left-wingers Hecht played with in his youth.

Some of them: A Herculean Russian old starves his way to the U. S., falls into the clutches of a crooked wrestling manager, tastes glory briefly.

A horrible little girl cinema-makes a monkey out of Cinema Tycoon Herman Gersky (Carl Laemmle?).

A ventriloquist goes crazy, gets jealous of his dummy, "murders" him.

A get-rich-quick promoter backs a play which turns out to be a flop; he sees red and continues to back it. (Manhattan playgoers will be reminded of *The Ladder*, a flop similarly bolstered.)

**The Author.** In the days when Chicago was having a literary renaissance Ben Hecht was one of the better-known in a group that included Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters. Called variously iconoclast, intellectual mountebank, "insincere fiddler," "Pagliacci of the Fire Escape," Hecht was famed for his conversational; "his subtle innuendoes, his philosophical observations, his penetrating irony, his vehement indignation, his gentle persuasiveness, his dubious facts." Once a collaborator with Maxwell Bodenheim, Hecht soon quarreled with him; the quarrel is still going on.\* Mustachioed, with rumpled hair, pouchy eyes, Ben Hecht looks like what he is: a metropolitan, a journalist.

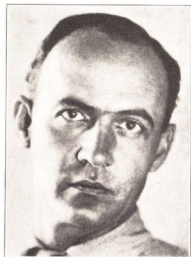
\*Hecht's *A Jew in Love* (TIME, Jan. 26) was said to represent Bodenheim; Bodenheim's *Duke Herring* is known to be an attack on Hecht.

### Having Eaten

EDEN TREE—Witter Bynner—Knopf (\$2.50).

In the U. S. a poet's lot is not a happy one. Exception: Edgar Albert Guest, whom most of his fellow poets do not regard as a poet at all. Typical modern U. S. poetry does not sell for a good reason: misnamed "lyric," it is actually introspective, exhibitionist, an effort on the poet's part to escape from intellectual nightmare. Witter Bynner's poetic cosmos is top-heavy with intellect but more objective than most; he does not get hysterical about it. His poems are not great but they are masculine. At 34 he summed up, in *The New World*, what he thought about life; at 50 he has written the sequel, *Eden Tree*.

"Celia," his early love, is dead; the Poet (he sometimes calls himself Adam) tries to keep faithful to her memory. But Lilaith often makes him change his mind. He finds other distractions, too, "in the



WITTER BYNNER

"There are always mornings and only some of them are good."

impersonal roundness of a bottle of whiskey or gin." Finally experience, wisdom, old age or lassitude rescues him from the bonds of the flesh; he is lonely but free. Cynical cinema-going readers may not be so sure.

*Eden Tree* is written in uneven rhymed lines that look jerky on the page but read easily. A parabolic narrative, its language stripped of ornament, it has few memorable lines (one of them: "There are always mornings and only some of them are good") but its cumulative effect is one of honesty, shrewdness, controlled emotion. It is better than most novels, which is more than can be said for most long poems.

**The Author.** In 1916 "Emanuel Morgan" and "Anne Knish" published *Spectra*, a little book of free verse so cleverly written it fooled many a critic into serious praise. "Anne Knish" was Arthur Davidson Ficke; "Emanuel Morgan" was Witter Bynner. A Harvardman, tall and dark, with a high, shining forehead, Bynner has been through the literary mill: as

assistant editor of *McClure's Magazine*, advisory editor to publishers, instructor of English, lecturer on poetry. His two side-lines are poetry and American-Indian and Chinese art. With Kiang Kang-hu he translated a Chinese anthology, *Jade Mountain*. He lives in Santa Fe, N. Mex., in the midst of Chinese jade, Mexican *serapes*, Navajo rugs. He likes to play the piano, laugh and sing. Other books: *Young Harvard*, *Grenstone Poems*, *The Beloved Stranger*, *A Canticle of Pen, Caravan*.

When the Phi Beta Kappa Society met this year at Amherst, Phi Beta Kappas heard and applauded Member Bynner's *Eden Tree*.

### Men in Peace

SEVEN DAYS—Andreas Latzko—Viking (\$2.50).\*

Andreas Latzko's *Men in War* was one of the first realistic War books to make a considerable sensation. Since then post-War upheaval has sent Latzko, like many a German and Austrian author, to sociological school. In *Seven Days* he measures the German social disorder with a top-to-toe glance.

When Karl Abt, poor workman, saw his old enemy Baron Mangien sneaking into somebody else's Berlin house on Christmas Eve, he smelled a rat, hoped he could trap it. Sure enough he caught the Baron with another man's wife, blackmailed him into changing clothes and pocketbooks for 48 hours. Revenge for social injustice was all Abt wanted, but somehow the Baron's fur coat and well-lined purse made life more complicated than ever. All his puzzling problems were solved when the lady's husband shot him. The Baron thanked his stars for his lucky escape and tried to be a better husband, a better capitalist. Within a week, however, he found himself as puzzled, outraged, helpless as poor Karl Abt.

### Hell-Fire Sermon

MARRIAGE IN BLUE—A. E. Fisher—Cosmopolitan (\$2).

Most good Americans nowadays do not wait till they die to go to Paris; many of them get there before they are grown up. Author Fisher's little blue book shows the cavortings of much the same kind of expatriate crowd Ernest Hemingway exhibited in *The Sun Also Rises*; but Author Fisher has nothing so concentrated to say. He says it cleverly, but by the time *Marriage in Blue* lets up you are more than ready for it.

Dion was a young man of fatal charm, fortunately (for him) married to a wife who loved him. He was supposed to be a sculptor, so he wasted most of his days and nights with similarly supposititious bohemians. His wife was apparently unfitted for motherhood; not so Adrienne. Then Rosette annexed him for a while. The Countess d'Ys, though unnatural, tried him and found him wanting. When he rejoined his wife on the Riviera much the same sort of thing went on. *Marriage in Blue* makes the same impression on you as a hell-fire sermon on the Seven Deadly Sins, fills you with a nausea of such rioting and drunkenness.

\*Published July 17.

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