

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIM

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XVIII

COMMODORE WINTHROP WILLIAMS ALDRICH

... contempt for the wildest blow.
(See SPORT)

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Editorial and Advertising Office



The Daughter of the Industrial Leader

THERE is this essential irony about our education of the *jeune fille* who is one day to become the *grande dame*: that in preparing her for a life of sophistication, the almost universal emphasis should lie on simplicity and the Biblical virtues.

"The daughter of the industrial leader, of the great professional man, must thrive in a complex civilization, a civilization which places little premium upon its women's homelier virtues: meekness and modesty, earnestness and Godliness. Yet such a man must, according to the *mores* of his kind, send his daughter to one of a handful of institutions whose codes rest upon these foundations. No schoolmistress but must realize that the day her charges doff the cotton she prescribed, silk will take its place—literally and figuratively. Rouge, lipstick, powder, things that are sheer, tabooed foods, *verboten* slang all wait on commencement—but no longer. More fundamentally: habits of luxury, a sophisticated approach to life. . . .

"Still greater irony, perhaps, is the fact that, with so indirect an approach, our girls' schools do so good a job. . . .

Thus FORTUNE in its August issue introduces such schools as Foxcroft, Brearley, Miss Chapin's, Spence, Rosemary Hall, Ethel Walker, Farmington, Westover, Miss Hall's, Dobbs, where daughters of the rich live severe lives. Swank girls' schools are still close to the convent tradition. Somber uniforms, early hours, low heels, prayer meetings, combine to keep the sub-débutante as *jeune fille* as possible.

Daughters of poor but proud Boston, wealthy Chicago and conservative Virginia alike wear the green corduroy of Foxcroft, the khaki of Westover, or the fourteen uniforms (all different) of Rosemary Hall. Alike, they submit

to a series of rules as strict as any in an old-fashioned convent. In many schools like ultra-conservative Miss Spence's in New York no boys may call; in others, they call occasionally to sit in glass-walled rooms under the unblinking eye of an assistant headmistress. Candy is almost universally barred in school days; in the old-fashioned finishing school of Miss Hall's, in Pittsfield, Mass., a girl receiving candy from her family must divide it at lunch among the entire school.

FORTUNE's presentation of girls' schools in the August issue is followed by a survey of twelve boys' schools in the September number—Andover, Exeter, Choate, Groton, The Hill, Hotchkiss, Kent, Lawrenceville, Middlesex, St. Mark's, St. Paul's, Taft.

In picturing modern industrial civilization, FORTUNE portrays not only the mines, the factories, the tools with which that civilization is built. FORTUNE presents with equal distinction the men and women by whom these tools are most skillfully used—the homes from which they come, the arts which they enjoy, the sports which they pursue, the schools in which they are trained.

These are stories worth telling, worth knowing, illustrated as only FORTUNE can illustrate them.

◆
Fortune

TIME, Inc., Publishers
205 East 42nd Street, New York

By Subscription Ten Dollars the Year

A FRANK STATEMENT ABOUT YOUR JOB

and your chances of holding it

A LOT OF EXECUTIVES are patting themselves on the back these days because they have managed to hold on to their jobs during the business depression.

This is a dangerous attitude.

Corporate Management has had its eyes opened during the last two years. Scores of men have been let go. Thousands of dollars in salaries have been saved. Yet the necessary work got done just the same because the men who were left worked harder.

This discovery by Management is going to have far-reaching effects in the next few years. Expressed in a few words, here is the situation:

1. Corporations will have to strain every nerve to show a net profit.
2. To show a net profit, overhead must be kept down.
3. Overhead can be kept down by paying nobody \$5,000, let us say, when a \$3,000 man could do the work.

The bubble has burst. The men with nothing but high-sounding titles, good salaries, and years of service to their credit are out of luck.

From now on it won't be enough to be merely a useful cog. Too many useful cogs are going from office to office offering their services at half price.

Today a man must be more than useful. He must be indispensable. He must be so important and so vital that the business would be handicapped without him.

For the last twenty years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has had marked success in making men indispensable. Here are a few samples, selected from hundreds, showing how Institute men automatically step up to the more important positions and salaries:

CASE 1. Works Engineer, salary \$6,000; now Vice President and General Manager, salary \$18,000.

CASE 2. Local Manager at \$5,200; now Regional Manager, salary \$15,000.

CASE 3. Production Manager, salary \$6,000; now President, salary \$21,600.

Recently the Institute announced a new Course and Service expressly designed to meet these new conditions. This Course is new from start to finish, so new that the latter part is barely off the press. Today's foremost leaders have contributed to it. Among them are:

FREDERICK W. PICKARD, *Vice President*, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., THOMAS J. WATSON, *President*, International Business Machines Corporation;

M. H. AYLESWORTH, *President*, National Broadcasting Company; COLBY M. CHESTER, JR., *President*, General Foods Corporation, and JOSEPH H. APPEL, *Executive Head*, John Wanamaker, New York.

The facts are contained in a booklet entitled, "What An Executive Should Know."

This booklet is well worth half an hour of your time.

Many men have said that in 30 minutes it gave them a clearer picture of their business future than they ever had before.

If you want to know how you can make your job secure, send for it.

**A WARNING TO
MEN who want to
be independent five
years from today.**

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
513 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "WHAT AN EXECUTIVE SHOULD KNOW," which I may keep without charge.



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Address _____
Business _____
Position _____

In Canada, Address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

L E T T E R S

WILLA CATHER'S new novel SHADOWS ON THE ROCK

no part of which appeared seri-
ally anywhere, was published on
August 1st at \$2.50

THIS is Miss Cather's first novel since **DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP** which was published in September, 1927, and of which 97,369 copies of the original \$2.50 edition have so far been sold.

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK has the initial backing of *The Book-of-the-Month Club* and *The Catholic Book Club*. Their printings total 51,800 copies. 47,290 copies of **SHADOWS ON THE ROCK** were sold to the bookstores of the United States prior to publication. An edition of 2,500 copies was called for by Canada. 9,590 copies were sold from August 3rd to August 14th inclusive.

619 copies of a signed edition on all rag paper at \$10.00 and 199 signed copies on Imperial Japan Vellum at \$25.00 have also been subscribed for by the booksellers. Readers desiring these special copies should make application to a bookseller at once. None can be supplied by the publisher.

I confidently believe that **SHADOWS ON THE ROCK** will prove to be the outstanding novel of 1931.



ALFRED A. KNOPF, Publisher

Tom Hickman's Shooting

Sirs:

In your August 3 issue of *TIME* I see a note on the Texas-Oklahoma "Bride War" to the effect that Ranger Captain Tom Hickman had "hit 18 out of 20 matches at 50 feet shooting from the hip;" also that Ranger Goss had "cut a playing card at 20 yards with his pistol inverted."

Such accuracy is truly remarkable but is never encountered except in the movies. I fear the reporter on that detail was a bit enthusiastic since the .45 Colt Single Action, pet side arm of Captain Hickman, is not capable of shooting 20 shots at 50 feet inside a circle less than about 1 3/4 inches in diameter even when fired from a machine rest which eliminates all personal errors. Hip shooting also is principally used in the movies and not by the well regulated pistol expert.

I suggest that you ask Captain Hickman for the facts in this case as *TIME* has been misinformed.

CLYDE T. ERVIN
Chief Physician

The Peters Cartridge Co.
Kings Mills, Ohio

TIME placed too much credence in one (a non-Texan) who claimed close acquaintance with Captain Tom Hickman and his pistol prowess.—Ed.

From Captain Tom Hickman this reply:

Sirs:

I have read with much interest the copy of Mr. Clyde T. Ervin's letter which you so kindly enclosed. He is absolutely correct about the correctness of pistols.

The thing that puzzles me is the fact that the publishers of the different newspapers and magazines would use such a story as the shooting yarn without making the least effort to verify it. During the entire dispute over the Red River free and toll bridges, I did not have a pistol in my hand, in fact I am such a poor marksman that I never shoot until the other fellow has shot at me. I have been busy writing letters trying to explain how it could be done. Ranger Bob Goss, a member of my company, can hit a playing card turned edge-wise with his pistol turned upside down. He does this about twice out of every five shots. . . .

TOM R. HICKMAN
Captain

Company B, State Ranger Force
Fort Worth, Texas

Journal-Post & Doherty

Sirs:

As a constant reader of *TIME* since Volume 1, No. 1, I have noticed the article in your issue of Aug. 17 regarding my father, the late Walter S. Dickey, and the argument between Mr. H. L. Doherty, M. B. Sharp and myself.

The present management of the *Journal-Post* has not changed one whit because of this arrangement with Mr. Doherty. He has no representation on the Board of Directors, nor in our employ. We are not, therefore, concerned with the opinions of far-distant newspapers as to this arrangement which is of importance to the people of Kansas City's own territory, many of whom hope it will be the means whereby an unbalanced newspaper situation born of force-majeur will gradually be corrected.

What the public and most newspaper men do not know about this situation or about the fortunes of the *Kansas City Journal-Post* would fill a very large book. Some few of them do know, however, that during the last two years, or since January 1, 1929, under strict management and careful operation the *Journal-Post* has materially reduced operating expenses and has turned the calendar year of 1931 the curves of revenue and expense will cross for the first time in several years.

That will happen and would have happened even if the present arrangement with Mr. Doherty had never been made. We, therefore, suggest that time, rather than *TIME*, be judge of the outcome of this venture.

. . . Kansas City *Star-Times* within the last two months was seriously considering the possibility of purchasing the *Journal-Post* or assisting some one else in so doing; the only barrier being the difficulty of keeping secret their entry into what would have been a newspaper monopoly in a city of this size.

Their switch from satisfaction on our completion of an arrangement for purchase that might have limited the *Journal-Post* management as to funds and sources of revenue (incidentally keeping off other foreign unmeasured competitors) to their present attitude is consistent with the resentment they have always felt whenever a competitive newspaper has shown signs of making progress. An inquiry among unbiased newspaper men anywhere will reveal this to be true.

W. LAURENCE DICKEY
Editor

The *Journal-Post*
Kansas City, Mo.

Doherty & Raymond's

Sirs:

Is a telegram such an event in *TIME*'s editorial office that you must have each wire-letter get in caps? Henry L. Doherty's correspondence in Aug. 10 number looks like a Raymond's ad. Do you really expect us to read half a column of caps without thinking mean things about you? And won't you keep unnecessary caps out of your stories?

HARRY P. GROSSMAN

P. S. In case you don't know or have for gotten, Raymond's, Boston's noted store of the gaspise racks was described in *FORTUNE*, May 1930. Typical Raymondisms: Puttygoods; birl; luggenof; erhelluerverlunch ladies undies; whereblottheht.

Malden, Mass.

When correspondents to *TIME* take the trouble and expense to telegraph their communications, *TIME* will continue to print such communications, if *TIME* worthy, as received.—Ed.

Frogs Eat Ducks?

Sirs:

In your issue of Aug. 10 you mention under "Duck Moratorium?" that some factors contribute to duck mortality are "Turtles, hawk and even large fish. . . . I wish to add an additional factor. Several years ago I shot a large mallard. When preparing the same for the skillet I found a young wild duck in

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ROY E. LARSEN

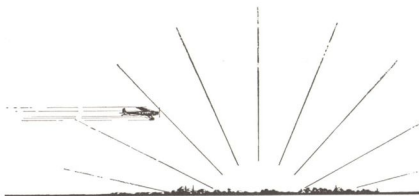
CIRCULATION MANAGER, *TIME*, INC.

350 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for
TIME for one year, and send me
a bill (\$5).

NAME

ADDRESS



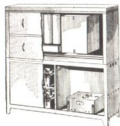
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You will appreciate the practical wisdom of preparing your organization for normal activity (soon to come). An essential part of this preparation is the installation of Strowger P-A-X.

Every day private dial telephone service is becoming more indispensable. There is no substitute for its convenience, quickness and accuracy.

And after you install Strowger P-A-X for your organization, the soundness of your choice becomes even more obvious. You find that your interior communication expense ends and your savings begin. And the more it is used, the greater your savings will be.

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A Strowger P-A-X installation consists of a compact switching unit (above) and various types of dial telephones.

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To our staff of experts, really the most capable organization of its kind in the world, designing and equipping any electrical control circuit for you is easily done. No matter what your line of business is, if your problem involves communication or remote control over wires, we can help you!

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Check on coupon equipment or system in which you are interested.

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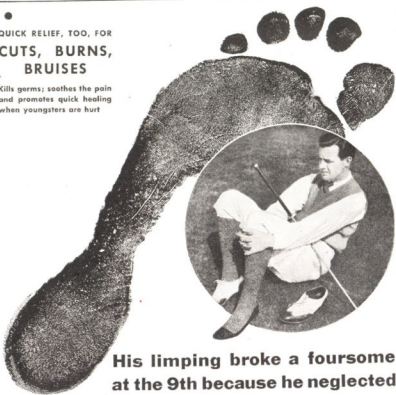
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Address _____

● QUICK RELIEF, TOO, FOR
CUTS, BURNS,
BRUISES

Kills germs; soothes the pain
and promotes quick healing
when youngsters are hurt



His limping broke a foursome
at the 9th because he neglected

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● They had kidded, boasted, planned a week on this foursome. All set for 36 holes, Bill begged off at the 9th and limped into the locker-room.

The skin between his toes was now so red and raw he could hardly bear to keep on shoes. Too long he had neglected the infection called "Athlete's Foot"!

Several weeks ago he noticed only a persistent itching. The skin between his toes now cracked—unwholesomely moist. Not realizing that this infection might become serious, he passed lightly over the symptoms.*

Don't YOU take chances;
this infection preys on millions

Many a vacation, many a week-end outing has been spoiled by a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*. It causes "Athlete's Foot." No one is immune; you may be its next victim.

It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom. And its presence is so widespread that health authorities estimate "at least half the adult population is

"WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF 'ATHLETE'S FOOT'"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

infected at some time."

Absorbine Jr. kills the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You can't wash away the germs of "Athlete's Foot." They thrive on soap and water, strange as it may seem. Bathing can therefore do more harm than good, when nothing else is used. The safe way to combat this infection is the regular application of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it well between the toes. For laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign*, douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep dousing it on, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time. Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like it. You can get it at drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. Take Absorbine Jr. on every outing—use it freely. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 406 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



the frog's stomach. Mr. Bullfrog is not so innocent as he looks.

G. F. SPEER

Milwaukee, Wis.

When preparing "Duck Moratorium?" TIME heard bullfrogs mentioned as occasional eaters of ducklings but, in the absence of specific proof, omitted frogs from the list of duck enemies. Last fortnight a frog was reported as having drowned a robin (TIME, Aug. 24). TIME will welcome news of other frog feats.—Ed.

Charivaris' Bowl

Sirs:

TIME, Aug. 17th, was misinformed with others as to the contents & amount of the silver bowl left by charivaris in the Marengo, Wis. charivari. Witness letter written by victims, appearing in the Ironwood *Daily Globe*, as enclosed. Their liberality was over-estimated by reporters.

Mrs. HARRY RIMSTEIN

Ironwood, Mich.

Explained Mr. & Mrs. Arvo Juoni: "Miss Lillian Kovala placed a bowl on the table and the serenaders or charivaris tossed coins into the bowl. The money was counted and it amounted to 94¢. We wish to thank Miss Kovala and also all the other charivaris for it. Here is the truth. The money totalled to 94¢ and not almost \$30. We want you to please print the truth about this."—Ed.

Strong Hearts

Sirs:

TOO FANTASTICALLY DIRTY TIME AUGUST 17TH TITLE CRIME FAT OILY WOMEN ETC WHY AFFRONT FAIR ITALIAN WOMEN WHO HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO MOST THAT IS FINE IN THIS WORLD STOP POVERTY STRICKEN WOMEN IN SQUALID DOMICILES WHAT STRONG HEARTS THEY MUST HAVE HOW FRIGHTFUL THEIR LOT IN A COUNTRY THAT SQUEEZES SIMPLICITY STOP BE ENDORSEMENT BE MEN.

JEROME DELIST

Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

A masterful piece of work—those two descriptive paragraphs under Crime, p. 14, TIME, Aug. 10.

Let's hear more from the fellow who wrote it. Dickens' dictation—that's what it is to me. What more can be said?

After reading it, I felt like calling TIME and saying—"Hello—Hello—is that you Dickens?"

H. W. JOYCE

Squantum, Mass.

Unafraid Southerner

Sirs:

As a Southern-born white man, I take issue with the statement in TIME, Aug. 17, p. 10, subject "Races": "In the back of every Southern white man's head lies a mortal dread that some crazy black man will lay hands on his wife or daughter, rape her, kill her or both."

In spite of the qualifying adjective, "crazy," I am afraid most readers would make a generic application of the sentence. This would be unjust both to Southern whites and to the millions of self-respecting, law-abiding, industrious Negroes who comprise the major portion of our colored population.

Naturally I cannot speak for every Southern white man. For myself and for my acquaintances, may I say that we do not entertain any more fear of such a calamity than any man, here or elsewhere, entertains of violence at the hands of criminals, white or black.

Villains among Southern Negroes, crazy or otherwise, are in the minority, just as villains are in the minority in the white race.

Residence in the North caused me almost to despair of ever hoping for the Northern whites to understand the attitude of Southern whites toward Negroes. The unfortunate statement referred to tends, in my opinion, to further the misconception.

Some years ago I heard Booker T. Washington speak to an audience of whites and blacks. One of the jokes of his speech fitly typifies the con-

dition of the Negro race. After exhorting the blacks present for misconduct, Washington turned to the white section of the audience. "You white folks have a great responsibility for the Negro," he said. "The Negro is a born imitator; whatever the white man does the Negro will do. We have white cooks and Negro cooks, white doctors, Negro doctors, white lawyers, Negro lawyers. The Negro does whatever the white man does. Why I actually heard of a Negro robbing a bank in Texas the other day!"

W. G. HASTINGS

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

I apprehend and appreciate the distinction made as between a black man and "some CRAZY black man . . . will rape her, kill her, or both." Which distinction, however, I fear the Negro intelligentsia is going to overlook, as its editors upon whom you depend for information about ALL Negroes as "The Negro" begin to strafe TIME for "goin' 'gainst the race" in its comment on the Birmingham assault. They "solve" the race problem for a living; and categorical language means nothing when it will not permit of reasonable race-problem exploitation by them.

However, the paragraph is far-fetched *per se*. For, first, every Southern white man does not carry in the back of his head any mortal fear that his wife or daughter will be raped or killed or both by some black man, crazy or otherwise. Many of him has a forbidding superiority complex; just as every Southern black man does not have mortal fear of some day being lynched, easy recourse of many Southern whites to it to penalize black men even for misdemeanors notwithstanding. And, last, white men's vigilance over their women folk is far more practical, certainly more nearly possible, than is true of "the other way around."

RIENZI B. LEMUS

Grand President

Brotherhood of Dining Car Employees
New York City

Ignorant Reporter

Sirs:

Would not the ignorant insolence of this reporter, removing neither hat nor cigaret when interviewing these stricken parents, bar its reproduction in any publication except the world's greatest newspaper from which it was clipped?

PAULINE M. WETZEL

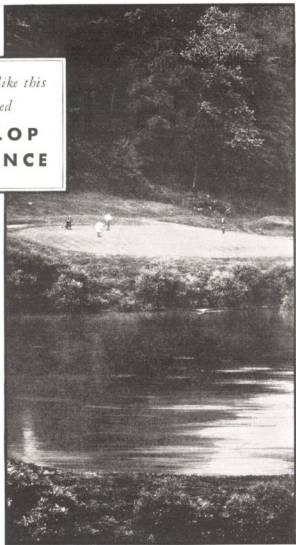
Polo, Ill.

The picture, clipped by Reader Wetzel from the Chicago *Tribune* ("World's Greatest Newspaper"), was taken by Detroit's *Daily Mirror* (gumchewers' sheet-let owned by the *Tribune's* publishers). It showed a round-shouldered, straw-hatted young man with a cigaret hanging from his mouth smirking at Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Gold, interviewing them about their young daughter Vivian and their nephew Harry Lore who had just been murdered and burned with another young couple by three fiends (one a big Negro) in Ypsilanti, Mich. (TIME, Aug. 24).—Ed.

FAMOUS WATERHOLES OF AMERICA

At a hole like this
you need

**DUNLOP
DISTANCE**



10th hole, "Binnickill,"
Shawnee Country Club
Delaware Water Gap,
Penna.



**IMPORTED
DUNLOP**

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MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

WHY do you need Dunlop distance here? This famous "Binnickill" hole is not so long...only 135 yards from tee to pin. Yes, but in between stretches an arm of the Delaware River. You have to hit the ball with confidence, and that's what Dunlop gives you. Every Dunlop ball leaves the club with a click that means full return for every ounce of power. A long ball...accurate in flight...true on the green...Dunlop for distance every time. Think, have you ever heard anyone ask for a better golf ball than a Dunlop? At your pro's.

TIME

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

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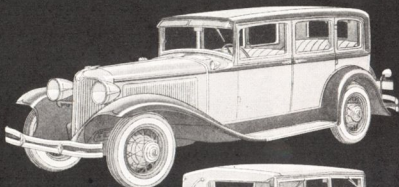
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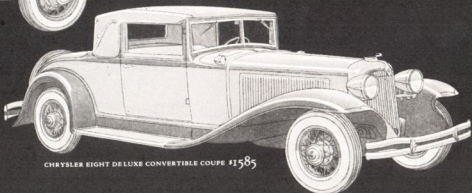


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The genius of Chrysler engineering has made all the difference in the world between a Chrysler and other cars.

Chryslers are so brimful of life and action. They are so instantly responsive. They are so snappy in pick-up. They are so powerful and so silky-smooth. They are so steady and safe at all speeds.

DRIVE a Chrysler Six: A fine, big Six of 116-inch wheelbase; with low center of gravity; with a quiet 78-horsepower engine and quick, easy gear shift; with safety bodies of steel; with self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes—and with Chrysler's highly perfected Free Wheeling optional at slight extra cost.

For those who want a larger, still finer car, there is the new Chrysler Eight De Luxe: A completely *de luxe* car from start to finish—in style, in construction and in performance. Luxurious upholstery and appointments. Smart divided windshield. A 124-inch wheelbase. Low center of gravity. Great stamina and sturdiness. A superbly smooth 95-horsepower straight eight engine with fully counterweighted crankshaft—80 miles an hour if you want it, and as steady as a train on rails.

And for those who want the very finest, there is the Chrysler Imperial Eight—finest, fastest, largest Chrysler ever built. 145-inch wheelbase. 125-horsepower. Winner of twelve official A.A.A. Contest Board speed records.

Both the new De Luxe Eight and the

Imperial Eight have Chrysler's exclusive Dual High gear transmission.

Both cars give you the added driving pleasure of TWO high gears—and you can shift from either high to the other, any car speed, without clashing. One high gear for flashing action in traffic. Another still higher gear gives faster car speeds slower engine speeds.

Own a Chrysler and you'll never want to change to anything else—you'll never be satisfied with any other car. DRIVE a Chrysler and learn the difference.

CHRYSLER SIX \$885 to \$912
CHRYSLER "70" \$1,245 to \$1,275
CHRYSLER EIGHT DE LUXE \$1,525 to \$1,575
(Five wire wheels standard; six wire wheels \$35 extra)
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT \$2,745 to \$3,125
(CUSTOM MODELS \$3,150 to \$3,575)

All prices f. o. b. factory; special equipment extra.

TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 9

The Weekly Newsmagazine

August 31, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Letters

When you write, address and mail a letter to President Herbert Hoover, The White House, Washington, D. C. it goes, not to him, but to Ira Smith. Mr. Smith has a mustache. He sits at a big desk in the outer Executive offices. His title is White House mail clerk. All day long he opens letters from sacks and sacks of mail, scans them through gold-rimmed glasses. If your letter looks very important, he routes it to Private Secretary Theodore Joslin who may put it before the President. If it looks political, it goes to Political Secretary Walter Newton. If it looks personal, it is sent to Detective Secretary Lawrence Richey. If it is none of these, it finds its way to the office of Executive Clerk Rudolph Forster who replies with a stock acknowledgment from the White House form book. After Mail Clerk Smith has sorted the President's mail, Head Messenger Joe Sheehan comes around, scoops it up, distributes it to the other secretaries. The chances are 1,000-to-1 against the President's ever seeing your letter at all.

Last week this White House mail system came under critical fire. Governor Roosevelt had written President Hoover about the St. Lawrence River development and New York's water power plans. Presumably the letter went to Ira Smith and thereafter was reported "lost." None of the secretaries had seen it. When it did finally turn up—with an answer—at the State Department, much explaining was necessary (see p. 12).

Another document temporarily lost at the White House last week was China's inquiry about Farm Board wheat (see p. 11). The State Department said the package had gone to the White House. There a "stated official source"—that is, the Hoover secretariat which has replaced the "White House spokesman" since the President plugged news leaks—denied its receipt. Later the Chinese inquiry turned up, somehow, at the Farm Board.

For weeks President Hoover's press conferences have been few & far between. It was explained that he had no news to give out, that he was absorbed with the unemployment problem. Last week his visitors were limited to Government officials on official business. Finally he emerged from his seclusion to hold his first press conference in a fortnight, to announce the appointment of a generalissimo of relief and an impressive advisory committee (see p. 8), followed this up with a pronouncement on the Nation's health in poverty, which he found better than in wealth (see p. 35).

THE CABINET

Shaky Castle

Last June most newshawks in Washington were surprised and delighted with the extraordinarily free & frank way in which Acting Secretary of State William Richards Castle kept them posted on the diplomatic negotiations which led up to the acceptance of President Hoover's debt moratorium. Last week the State Department's Correspondents' Association presented him with a silver cigaret box to show their appreciation of his candor. Declared Mr. Castle gratefully:

"I said to the President: 'The negotiations are going to be very difficult and pretty technical. With your permission, I would like to keep the Press very fully informed.' The President said: 'Tell them everything. You have carte blanche to keep them fully informed of everything that's going on.'"

"That I tried awfully hard to do and I must say that all that enormously increased my respect for the Press. Many of the things were very technical and I was terribly shaky on them myself. I tried to express what I thought was true but I must admit I read the press reports the next morning to find out what was true, because you took my rather vague words and interpreted them into what was actually true."

Postage Upping

Last week a citizen in Seattle could sit down, write and mail a letter to London, one-third around the world, for a 2¢ stamp. Next week the Seattle letter-writer will have to buy a 5¢ stamp to carry the same correspondence to the same destination.

The U. S. Post Office Department has ordered several rate increases on foreign first class mail as of Sept. 1. To Britain and the Irish Free State letter postage has been upped 3¢ for the first ounce, in an attempt to reduce the postal deficit and bring first-class revenue closer to actual transportation costs. If the Seattlite thought he could beat this letter postage increase by using a postcard, he would find that on it too the rate had been jacked up from 2¢ to 3¢. If his London correspondent journeyed to Spain the man in Seattle could still reach him with a 2¢ U. S. stamp. But for everywhere else in the Eastern Hemisphere the standard letter rate is 5¢.

Spain is a member of the Pan-American Postal Union. Under that international convention U. S. letters carry only 2¢ postage to South and Central American countries. It costs no more to mail a letter from Duluth, Minn., to Punta Arenas, Chile, near Cape Horn than it does from Nogales, Ariz. across the street to Nogales, Mexico. Only South American exceptions to the 2¢ rate are Dutch and French Guiana, which, as non-members of the Pan-American Postal Union, require 5¢ postage.

Because Canada increased its first class postal rate to the U. S. from 2¢ to 3¢ on July 1, the Post Office Department ordered U. S. letter mail to Canada to pay 3¢ instead of 2¢ after Sept. 1.

ARMY & NAVY

A. W. O. L.

When business is good in the business world the U. S. Navy has to advertise with gaudy posters and man its recruiting stations with nattily dressed sailors to tempt the satisfied civilian. Many recruits, once in, get out by the simple expedient of going and staying A. W. O. L. (absent without leave). For long-continued absence-without-leave the Navy has a harsher name: Desertion. The penalty in peacetime may be 30 days bread and water; in wartime it is death. In 1927, 1,092 men deserted the Navy. Since then the number has steadily declined: in 1928 there were 794 desertions; in 1929, 528; in 1930, 398. In the fiscal year 1931 the list of deserters, announced last week, fell to the unprecedented low of 45 out of 82,600 enlisted men—one for every 1,835. The Navy thanked Depression.

"Pacifists, Hell!"

"The General is a very distinguished and gallant officer. If the country gets into trouble again I am sure we can get him back in the service."

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National Affairs—(Continued)

Thus spoke President Hoover last week, leaving no doubt that he would promptly approve the request of Major General Smedley Darlington ("Old Gimlet Eye") Butler for retirement from the Marine Corps Oct. 1. General Butler will live in Philadelphia, is said to be planning to run for the Senate.

Meantime General Butler was effectively squelching any rumors that his retirement from the Marines would mean retirement from the public eye. Addressing the Connecticut convention of the American Legion in New Britain, he was quoted in the local and metropolitan press as saying:

"I am through, but you will hear more from me. I am going to get busy in this Legion business when I get out where I won't get in wrong when I say things. I am going [to Pennsylvania] tomorrow and tell those soldiers if they don't go out and lick that gang in Philadelphia I'll throw this uniform of mine in the mud."

There is no use talking about abolishing war; that's damn foolishness. Pacifists, Hell! I'm a pacifist, but I always have a club behind my back."

Afterwards, as has often happened before with his fiery speeches, he claimed that he had not been correctly quoted.

Robot

An atmosphere of secrecy hung over Norfolk Navy Yard last week. At rest there was the battleship *Utah*, silent, crewless. Aboard her were many workmen, but no hammers resounded, no chips flew as they went silently about their tasks. Electricians and radio experts superintended every move of the delicate operation that will convert the *Utah* into the Navy's greatest experiment in radio-controlled warships. When the work is completed the *Utah* will carry not a man, but will steer herself, steam at slow speeds and fast, maneuver, lay down smoke screens—all directed by a distant destroyer. Only thing she will not do is fire her guns.

Ten years ago John Hays Hammond Jr. perfected a system of radio control for ships, the first ever put into actual use. Directed by his devices, the battleship *Iowa* was used as a target during naval maneuvers off Panama in 1923. Recently the destroyer *Stoddert* was converted into a radio-controlled target, maneuvered off San Diego. The Navy intends similarly to equip the destroyers *Kitty* and *Boggs*.

The control system used on the *Utah* differs somewhat from that perfected by Inventor Hammond, though the principal features are the same and the Navy is using Hammond patents. But on the *Utah* the use of practically standard multiplex telegraph equipment permits single signals to be distributed to various apparatus in different parts of the vessel. Thus a signal for increased speed will open throttle valves, turn electric switches, regulate the supply of oil pouring into the boilers.

When she steams out of Norfolk Navy Yard the *Utah*, ordered scrapped after the London Naval Conference, will be known officially as a target, will maneuver defensively as an enemy ship.

LABOR

Third Winter

"One good old word—work" was President Hoover's first prescription for meeting the Depression which crashed down upon the country in the fall of 1929. On his orders a potent army of industrialists, railmen, motormen, bankers, manufacturers, public utilities and labor leaders marched to the White House where they pledged "business-as-usual." More public works were planned to absorb unemployment. Private companies were urged to go in heavily for new construction. Income taxes were cut 1% to spur economic recovery.

In spite of the President's best efforts, the conservative American Federation of Labor counted 3,700,000 workers out of jobs that first winter of the Depression.

Late last October when business did not bulge as expected, President Hoover started to prepare for a second winter of Unemployment and distress. His relief formula: Each community must rely on local charity and help itself, with not a penny from the Federal Treasury. Though nothing was to come from Washington but advice, sympathy and co-operation, President Hoover held another round of conferences with such notables as Bernard Mannes Baruch, Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr., Charles Hayden. A Cabinet committee was appointed "to formulate plans." From New York City Col. Arthur Woods was summoned to take "a kind of coordinating job" as head of the President's Emergency Committee on Unemployment, to prod local relief agencies and issue cheery reports. The harder. Announced the President: "As a nation we must prevent hunger and cold to our citizens who are in honest difficulties."

In a special January count the Census Bureau estimated that the unemployed of the nation had increased to 6,050,000 the second winter (1930-31) of the Depression.

This year President Hoover did not wait until late autumn before preparing for a hard winter. In June he inaugurated his moratorium plan as a world business stimulant. This he followed up by requesting all Community Chests, through their national organization, to survey joblessness, determine well in advance the "load of distress" they would have to meet. As before, he summoned Big Business to the White House for advice and comfort. Said he reassuringly: "The problem of Unemployment and Relief, whatever it may be, will be met." Before him loomed the A. F. of L.'s prediction for the third winter of the Depression: 7,000,000 jobless.

Last week President Hoover showed further how the problem would be met. He knew it was a third thundering challenge to his national leadership. His political life, he realized, largely depended on what he did this winter. Twice he had tried and failed to hold down Unemployment. This third attempt, he knew, will be

judged at renomination time and sentenced or applauded at the subsequent election. Convinced that his relief formula of local self-help was sound, he set about enlarging its scope, enlisting Big Names



ACME-P. & A.

GENERALISSIMO GIFFORD

"I shall try to be of assistance."

to increase its prestige. No less than the rising tide of joblessness, he was combating a growing Congressional demand for direct Federal aid—for a Dole.

First Big Name to be drafted last week for White House Service was that of blond, hazel-eyed Walter Sherman Gifford, 46-year-old president of American Telephone & Telegraph Co., world's greatest public utility. A "clean desk" executive, Mr. Gifford is essentially an actuary. He enjoys working with statistics, charts and graphs no less than the engineer in the White House. Charity work is his only hobby. On these qualifications President Hoover made him Generalissimo of Unemployment Relief, put at his disposal "the whole force of the Administration." Generalissimo Gifford's job: "To cooperate with the public authorities and to mobilize the National, State and territorial agencies of every kind which will have charge of the activities arising out of unemployment this winter." Declared the President: "The task of proper assistance to the deserving is one which will appeal to the generosity and humanity of our whole people. It is a task which our nation will perform."

Generalissimo Gifford, who will get no Federal salary, have no Federal funds to spend, hurried to Washington, prepared to set up headquarters in the Department of Commerce. Said he rather shyly: "The real cure for unemployment is employment. Whatever the burdens may be, the will be wholeheartedly met. I shall try to be of assistance." Then he went off to the President to the Rapidan for the week end to talk over his new job.

President Hoover realized that Mr. Gifford would need some more Big Name

*The U. S. Census, taken in April 1930, reported 2,508,151 jobless.

National Affairs—(Continued)

to back him up. He therefore announced an advisory committee of 60 men and women, of whom 52 promptly accepted the White House draft. Among them were: Richard Henry Aishton (American Railway Association), Bernard Mannes Baruch, Newton Diehl Baker, James Herbert Case (Community Chests), Martin Henry Carmody (Knights of Columbus—see p. 26), Edward Dickinson Duffield (Prudential Insurance Co.), Pierre du Pont, Homer Lenoir Ferguson (Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co.), Fredrick John Fisher (General Motors), William Green (A. F. of L.), Alexander Legge (International Harvester), John R. Mott (Y. M. C. A.), John Barton Payne (Red Cross), William Cooper Procter (Ivory



Acme-P. & A.

CALLER CLAPP

\$600,000,000 changed a villain into a hero.

Soap), Julius Rosenwald (Sears, Roebuck), John D. Ryan (Anaconda Copper), Matthew Sloan (power), Silas Strawn (U. S. Chamber of Commerce), Myron Taylor (steel), Walter Teagle (oil), Daniel Willard (Baltimore & Ohio), William Allen White (publicity). The presence of such good Democrats as Messrs. Baruch and Baker helps give the committee a non-partisan flavor. Notably absent, however, is Owen D. Young, a White House mainstay in 1929 for combatting Depression.

Other Unemployment and Relief developments of the week:

¶ Of all the big industries which made White House Promises in 1929, only public utilities today are earning enough to press forward with new construction programs. To the White House went short, dapper Paul Spencer Clapp, managing director of the National Electric Light Association, to see President Hoover whom he served in European food relief and later as a special assistant in the Department of Commerce. Two years ago

before the Federal Trade Commission, N. E. L. A. was depicted as a subtle industrial villain who poisoned schools, colleges and Press with "Power Trust" propaganda. It was now as something of an industrial hero that N. E. L. A. in the person of Mr. Clapp reported last week to the President that its members would spend \$600,000,000 this year in new construction.

¶ To the White House Pennsylvania's Governor Gifford Pinchot sent a letter requesting the President to call a special session of Congress for Unemployment relief. Wrote he: "Wages are decreasing. Distress is acute . . . you have yourself asked for appropriations by Congress for relief of the needy in distant parts of the world. It would seem to be most opportune that you should do no less for our own needy here at home." Flaying his Governor for such a demand, Pennsylvania's Senator David Aiken Reed retorted, as an Administration spokesman: "Governors should not and must not evade their responsibility. Why should they send appeals to a harassed President to do for them what they ought to do for themselves? Pennsylvania is solvent, her credit is perfect. To call Congress would only encourage legislative quackery."

¶ From Utah came an ominous rumble when Senator Reed Smoot, no less regularly Republican than Senator Reed, remarked: "We should raise sufficient funds



Kocher

COLLECTOR INSULL

"There's a spiritual side . . ."

to feed the hungry, even if we have to issue bonds to do it."

¶ Loud Congressman Wright Patman of Texas telegraphed hundreds of his colleagues, suggested they appear in Washington Sept. 15, hold a rump meeting of the House, agitate for relief legislation until President Hoover heeds their demands for a special session.

¶ President Hoover asked Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming of the Public Health Service what the health of the nation had been through the hard times. Dr.

Cumming said it was never better (see p. 35).

¶ Governor Roosevelt announced that he would recommend to the special session of the New York Legislature this week "certain definite and necessary measures for the relief of distress and the alleviation of unemployment." Meanwhile New York City was preparing to appropriate \$20,000,000 as a relief starter for the winter.

¶ In Illinois Governor Louis Lincoln Emmerson's unemployment committee which last year raised \$4,956,534 in five months, reorganized and set about collecting \$8,800,000 for this winter. Out of his job as president of Middle West Utilities Co. stepped energetic, 30-year-old Samuel Insull Jr., son of the power tycoon, to direct the drive. In his Otis Building office in Chicago, with his dark hair rumpled and his shirt sleeves rolled up, young Mr. Insull explained: "Accomplishment comes before formality. We want to keep a friendly and informal spirit right along. There's a spiritual side to helping those who must have help this winter. It's an emergency but we haven't lost our grip."

¶ In Detroit Senator James Couzens, onetime Ford partner, offered to contribute \$1,000,000 to the municipal relief fund provided the Mayor's Committee collected \$9,000,000 from other private sources. Visiting his Iron Mountain, Mich. factory, Henry Ford laid down a new rule: "Next year every man with a family who is employed at the plant will be required to have a garden of sufficient size to supply his family with part of its winter vegetables. Those who do not comply with the rule will be discharged."

STATES & CITIES

Up Goes Oil

Crude oil prices in Oklahoma and Texas began to climb last week. Martial law was apparently winning over economic law. The combined production in the two States was cut 60% by close to 1,000,000 bbl. per day. Refiners began to feel the pinch, posted higher offers for their crude supply. Operators held their breath hopefully to see what would happen next in the Mid-Continent Field (see map), that vast tract of flat sandy country stretching from the wheat fields of Kansas to the Rio Grande, from the backwaters of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. In size and wealth it exceeds the California Field with its rich Kettleman Hills, dwarfs the once-important Eastern Field centering in Pennsylvania, and the Rocky Mountain Field (Teapot Dome, Salt Creek, et al.) to the northwest.

In Oklahoma where all flush wells had been closed down three weeks ago by executive order (TIME, Aug. 17), Governor William Henry ("Cocklebur Bill") Murray waited confidently for purchasers to meet his re-opening price—\$1 per bbl. Refiners tried to dicker a compromise out of him at 79¢ but he rejected their pleas, suspected their good faith. He warned the Mid-Continent oil States: "Don't let this thing get away from you when the fields are opened again. We

*Real earnings for 1931 will drop about 30% below 1930, manufacturing industries about 20%, public utilities less than 10%.

National Affairs—(Continued)

can't trust the oil men with it. They'd hog one another."

Texas Co. voluntarily boosted its price to 70¢ per bbl. which three other big purchasing companies promptly met. Phillips Petroleum Co. ran the top price up to \$1, but Governor Murray refused to re-open the wells until all companies

for 10¢ per bbl. operators now held it for 60¢ or 65¢ or sold for 40 cents.

Meanwhile a Mid-Continent oil conference was called for Sept. 11 under the auspices of the Kansas Public Service Commission to devise a uniform reduction plan. Though Kansas' oil production is comparatively small, it itched to join Oklahoma and Texas in the fight against low prices.

The week before the application of martial law, U. S. oil production was:

Field	(Bbl. per day)
Mid-Continent	1,634,904
California	507,000
Gulf Coast	148,368
Eastern	105,000
Rocky Mountain	94,441
Elsewhere	62,094

TOTAL 2,551,807

Mid-Continent Field	Production
Oklahoma	420,835
East Texas	654,246
West Texas (Winkler)	204,953
Panhandle (Borger)	55,020
North Central Texas (Burkburnett, Ranger)	78,149
East Central Texas (Mexico)	50,051
North Louisiana (Oil City)	31,415
Arkansas (El Dorado)	38,305
Kansas	101,930

TOTAL 1,634,904

After one week of martial law, Okla-

homa production fell to 264,500 bbl. per day, after two weeks was estimated below 120,000 bbl., a drop of more than 300,000 bbl.

Only field affected by Governor Sterling's martial law was the East Texas pool where production before closing ran to 738,050 bbl. or almost half of the entire Mid-Continent output. With the field pinched out temporarily and the Oklahoma shut-in, oilmen figured a reduction of 40% in the total domestic supply this week. Governor Sterling was expected to lift martial law after 30 days when the Texas Railroad Commission, under the new conservation law, would prorate Texas oil production at 880,000 bbl. per day.

He Who Gets Taxed

Since the automobile first became an object of taxation, States have spent much of the money derived from motor tax to build and maintain State highways. These highways run through rural districts and avoid the cities, or stop at the outskirts, though more than 50% of motor vehicles are registered in cities or towns of over 10,000 population. Last week the American Automobile Association proposed a new system: that State treat trunk-line thoroughfares in cities as part of the State highway system that these trunk lines through congested areas be built with funds from State motor taxes.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB WOLTERS
... even far off in the pine woods.

agreed to pay and maintain that price. Gasoline prices rose 2¢ per gal. One Tulsa filling station advertised: "Sad but true—Alfa Bill 5¢, Phillips Petroleum Co. 4¢, me 2¢—Total 11¢ per gal." Only the "strippers" (old wells producing less than 25 bbl. per day) continued to operate legally. Capped were the flush wells in the Oklahoma City pool (usual production: 65,000 bbl. per day) and the Seminole pool (usual production: 115,000 bbl. per day), while around Tulsa oil production was virtually at a standstill.

In Texas Brigadier General Jacob Wolters and his 1,000 guardsmen met no resistance in closing in the "sore spot" of the industry, the East Texas pool, as decreed by Governor Boss Shaw Sterling. Ordered General Wolters: "Shut down or go to jail." And down they shut, the wells of Humble Oil & Refining (of which Governor Sterling was once principal owner and president), of Texas Co. (for which General Wolters is attorney), of Sinclair and Gulf and Shell and a host of small independents. Troopers zigzagged through the field, sealing valves, taking no excuses. Only three men were seized for operating their wells far off in the pine woods and they were later released. Here and there incendiary fires broke out. About the boom towns lounged oil workers—10,000 of them—debating whether to "jump a rattler" to another pool or await the lifting of martial law. When a few disgruntled oilmen tried to hold a mass meeting to protest martial law, General Wolters shoed them away, declared such a gathering would be an "affront" to the Governor. Where oil in East Texas sold last month



National Affairs—(Continued)

HUSBANDRY

Wheat for Coffee

Unable to find foreign purchasers for its wheat, the Federal Farm Board last week reverted to an antique form of barter to help reduce its surplus. Into the Brazilian Embassy on 18th Street marched George Milnor, who as general manager of Grain Stabilization Corp. is official custodian for some 200,000,000 bu. of U. S. wheat. There he was greeted by suave, dark Ambassador Rinaldo de Lima e Silva. After exchanging amenities, they sat down together at a table, squiggled their names to a document. When they got up and shook hands, the U. S. had contracted to trade Brazil 25,000,000 bu. of wheat for 1,050,000 bags of Sao Paulo coffee.

Brazil tried and failed to valorize its coffee production long before the U. S. attempted the same thing with wheat and cotton. In dead storage are some 19,000,000 bags of Brazilian coffee for which no market exists. The U. S. agreed to start shipping wheat next month. Brazil would deliver its coffee to Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, N. Y. where it would be handled, graded and stored for the Farm Board which promised to sell none of it for at least a year. After that time the Board would market its coffee at the rate of 62,500 bags per month through "established channels." If coffee prices rise in the next twelve months the Farm Board will be able to show a worthwhile profit on the swap.

The wheat the Farm Board will ship Brazil is worth about 50¢ per bu. at current prices, a total of \$12,500,000. With 132 lb. to the bag, Brazil's coffee weighs 138,600,000 lb. and at a trading price of 8½¢ per lb. is worth \$11,781,000. It amounts to 8% of U. S. coffee consumption. (Last year's imports: 1,728,569,297 lb.)

The discrepancy between the coffee value and the wheat value Brazil made up by agreeing to pay Bush Terminal 225,000 bags of coffee (value at current prices: \$2,524,000) for its services as commission merchant and storage man.

Originators and executors of the barter idea were two New York private bankers of the younger generation—William Henry Hamilton Jr. and his partner H. Charles Winans. Mr. Hamilton is Samuel Vaulchain's widower son-in-law. Mr. Winans' wife is smart Novelist Katharine Brush (*Glitter, Young Man of Manhattan*). Both men used to be with Guaranty Trust Co. Partner Winans knew Brazil through having held a post there for White, Weld & Co. The idea of a direct barter between the U. S. and Brazilian Governments occurred to Banker Hamilton one evening last winter after a meeting of the council of New York University, in which he sits. Many trips to Washington followed, getting the approval of the Farm Board and the President, which was easy; working out with Bush Terminal Co. the innumerable practical details which an idea so simple but so large involved—grading the wheat and coffee,

figuring out most economical means and routes of shipping, planning the care of the cargoes, for seldom has so much U. S. wheat been shipped across the hot Equator.

Partner Winans skillfully conducted the negotiations in Brazil, beginning several



WILLIAM HENRY HAMILTON JR.

Right under the nose of Empire Salesman Wales . . .

months ago. Secrecy was essential. Under the saucy nose of Empire Salesman Edward of Wales, under the noses of Argentines and Russians with mountains of wheat for sale or barter, secrecy was kept, the two partners and their friends communicating in code. At the last moment came a scare: the Russians, having traded wheat for Italian fruit, had the same idea. They would dump the coffee they received into the U. S. market instead of marketing it in an orderly way. U. S. coffee men who had been taken into the secret were worried, but the new Brazilian Government—wealthy conservatives led in this matter by Minister of Finance Jose Maria Whitaker—were true to their U. S. friends. The deal went through, and in it the participants thought they saw significance far beyond the benefits to the Brazilian coffee and U. S. wheat situations: 1) It strengthened the new Brazilian Government, perhaps saved that country's financial structure; 2) it thus saved U. S. investors who hold \$401,424,000 of Brazilian bonds.

China Too? Earlier last week the Farm Board got a nibble at some 15,000,000 bu. or more of its wheat. The Nationalist Government of China inquired through diplomatic channels if the U. S. would consider negotiations whereby Nanking would buy on long-term credit some wheat to relieve Yangtze flood victims (see p. 18). In less than three days the Farm Board responded that it would be delighted to sell to China. Then it waited for the Nationalist Government to make a bid, discuss price and credit terms, show what it would use for money.

No More Cotton?

On the heels of the Farm Board's rejected proposal to plow under every third row of cotton (TIME, Aug. 24), Louisiana's energetic red-headed Governor Huey Pierce Long last week called a conference to consider the cotton situation. To New Orleans flocked hundreds of State officials, factors, planters, millmen and plain farmers. The conference resolved that there should be no cotton planting in 1932, that the Federal Farm Board should buy up 8,000,000 bales of this year's crop to replace next year's. Under the plan Legislatures would prohibit cotton production. Such a prohibition, however, would not be effective until States producing at least 75% of the country's cotton had acted. Governor Long and Governor Ibra Charles Blackwood of South Carolina left the conference talking about calling their Legislatures into special session at once to enact the required legislation.

WOMEN

Two Widows

In her small Washington home fortnight ago Mrs. Belle Case La Follette had to put aside the biography she was writing of her late great husband, Senator Robert Marion La Follette, because of acute abdominal pains. Aged 72, fine-faced, clear-headed, she was taken to Georgetown University Hospital where surgeons ordered an emergency operation for a serious intestinal obstruction. By plane and train from Wisconsin to Washington sped her devoted sons Senator Robert Marion and Governor Philip Fox La Follette. They arrived just in time to get a flickering smile of loving recognition from their mother before she slipped quietly away from them forever. Too late was her daughter Fola, wife of Dramatist George Middleton, hurrying east from Santa Monica. Of all the tributes evoked by the death of Widow La Follette none was more appreciated by her family than the one (not made public) from the outstanding Liberal of the U. S. Supreme Court. Mr. Justice Brandeis who signed himself "Uncle Louis." Mrs. La Follette's body was carried back to Madison, placed as close beside her husband's as she always was in life.

On the campus of the University of Wisconsin in 1879 where they met, loved, became engaged, sensible Belle Case induced Robert La Follette to drop his notion of becoming a Shakespearean actor, turned his career definitely to Law & Politics. They were married in 1881. She became a politician's ideal wife. Into her husband's campaigns she threw herself with all the force of her able intellect. She kept up his faith in himself and his cause through defeat and discouragement. She was, she boasted, more radical than he. As they aged, they even came to look alike. As his silent partner she exercised great influence over Wisconsin politics and he affectionately referred to her as "the counselor," fondly recalled "when we were Governor." She stumped for him during his Presidential canvass of 1924, made many a vote with her sound political

National Affairs—(Continued)

sense. Stateswoman though she was, she would never accept public office. When Senator La Follette died in 1925, she refused Progressive pleadings to take his seat at the Capitol, designated "Young Bob" as his father's successor, continued to serve as an adviser of quiet wisdom.

Robert Marion La Follette founded a Progressive dynasty in Wisconsin. Belle Case La Follette became the matriarch of Wisconsin politics.

To another famed widow of a famed husband Death came last week. Elizabeth Genevieve McEvoy ("Bessie McCoy") Davis expired in a Bayonne, France, hospital after an emergency operation. In 1912, aged 24, Bessie McCoy married Richard Harding Davis, swashbuckling war correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, playwright (*The Dictator*, *Miss Civilization*), author (*Soldiers of Fortune*, *The White Mice*). Witnesses: Actress Ethel Barrymore, Author Gouverneur Morris. Wedding celebration: a Coney Island party for 500 mothers and children out of New York's slums.

Bessie McCoy won stage fame as the Yama-Yama Girl in *The Three Twins* in 1908. Her big song:

*Maybe he's hiding behind the chair,
Ready to spring out at you unaware;
You'd better run to your Mamma,
For here comes the Yama,
The Yama man.*

CRIME

Street Scene

Among the scrubby frame stores and dwellings of East 133rd Street in the vast, tawdry northern sector of New York City which is called The Bronx, sprawls the low brick structure of a fur dyeing factory, broad, ugly, busy. Beside it runs an alley full of old machinery. Into this alley one afternoon last week drove the factory manager with a \$4,619 payroll, guarded by a policeman. Two youths stepped up to the car with drawn automatic pistols. One covered the manager, forced him out of the car, took the payroll. The other sent a bullet through the policeman's shield into his heart.

In the manager's car the two men sped through East 133rd Street to St. Ann's Avenue, turned north, and continued unchallenged, stared at by dwellers of the shabby neighborhood. At 149th Street they abandoned the car, changed to a taxicab, turned into Boston Post Road. At 169th Street a motorcycle policeman opened fire on them. He fell mortally wounded. A fireman picked up the policeman's revolver. He, too, was shot down. Another fireman, out driving with his wife and 4-year-old daughter, came into range. All were wounded, the child fatally. Bullets struck three, the bandits made their way to Park Avenue. By this time policemen in commandeered taxicabs were in pursuit. Shots stopped one, wounding two policemen and the driver. The fleeing taxi crossed the Harlem River into Manhattan and made its way to Riverside Drive, leaving two more wounded pedestrians in

its wake. Up Riverside Drive it roared, pursued by police taxis. At Dyckman Street, twelve miles from the holdup scene, it was stopped by a truck. Policemen riddled it with bullets and flung open the doors. Out tumbled the taxi driver, dead, and inside were two dead bandits.

POLITICAL NOTE

"Dear Frank"

Identify yourself early and firmly with a national issue—Rule No. 4 of "How To Become President."

Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt of New York is seeking the Presidency in accordance with all the rules of the game. The issue he has singled out for his political identification is hydroelectric power. If nominated by the Democrats, he knows that his Republican adversary next year will be Herbert Clark Hoover. Last fortnight Governor Roosevelt sought



Keystone

NEW YORK'S GOVERNOR

The White House: "Roosevelt? Nothing from anyone by that name."

to bring his national issue through sharper focus by taking an early poke at President Hoover. Though he failed to draw the President out into a pre-campaign controversy on water power, he did succeed in winning a small tactical advantage in New York State, thanks to White House bungling of the correspondence.

For ten years the U. S. and Canada have been inconclusively dickering about developing the St. Lawrence as a seaway. Last spring the New York Legislature authorized a \$171,000,000 public power development on this international river in concert with Canada (TIME, April 20). Governor Roosevelt appointed a State Power Authority to execute the project. He wrote President Hoover early in June, asking that a citizen of New York be included on any Federal commission treating with Canada about the river's development. He received a noncommittal acknowledgment of his request from a White House secretary.

Shortly thereafter the new Canadian minister, Major William Duncan Herridge, arrived in Washington and the Press began to report resumption of diplomatic negotiations on the St. Lawrence project. This the State Department feebly denied. Later, however, the New York Power Authority chairman informed his Governor that he had heard from Canadian sources that Washington and Ottawa were secretly at work on a treaty.

Was New York being snubbed by the Republican Administration in Washington? President Hoover favored private development of water power; Governor Roosevelt, public development. Was Washington, for that reason, going to exclude New York from negotiations with Canada? Governor Roosevelt wrote to the President: "I would greatly appreciate it if you would be good enough to advise me of the status of negotiations between the U. S. and Canada."

The letter went straight to President Hoover. But when a week later newsmen asked at the White House if it had been received, the secretariat stoutly denied that it had. "Roosevelt?" said they. "No, we've had nothing from anyone by that name."

Did the State Department get the letter? Again loud denials.

Governor Roosevelt exhibited annoyance over the mixup. He threatened to make his letter public to prove its existence. Alarmed, the White House suddenly found the letter, admitted that it had been given to Governor Roosevelt's old friend, Acting Secretary of State William Richards Castle, to answer. Mr. Castle had written: "Dear Frank:

"The President referred to me you letter. . . . All that it is possible to say now is that no negotiations of any kind are going on now. When the time comes the interest of New York will not be neglected."

But "Dear Frank" in Albany would not be satisfied with such an informal reply even from his good friend "Bill" Castle. He said that the President owed him at least the courtesy of a formal answer. I made public his original letter.

Net result of this political give-and-take was not favorable to President Hoover and his office staff. New York newspaper editors advised the White House to put its letter system into better order. It happens the President had managed to stay clear of an open dispute on the power issue but his staff's feinting raised doubts even about the authenticity of Mr. Castle's denial of negotiations with Canada. In effort to clear up another "misunderstanding," so frequent in the Hoover regime, Mr. Castle issued an elaborate explanation: "The President in referring Governor's letter to me thought that since the letter was based on a false premise it would be better that I should inform; communicate to the Governor the fact that he had been misinformed since it was on this misinformation that he had based his letter. . . . All foreign relations in the Federal Government. . . . It always been the custom to consult interests in the course of the negotia-

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

"Infernal Machine"

As everyone had expected them to do, the Wiggins Committee, that sober assembly of international bankers meeting in Basle to consider Germany's credit needs, voted to extend all present foreign credits in Germany for six months but stipulated that Germany must release immediately 25% of the foreign cash balances in Reichsmarks held by government order in German banks, must release an additional 15% monthly. Then, just as the sober gentlemen were all packing up to go home, the full report burst on the world. Concluded the Wiggins Committee:

"... The second condition relates to the external obligations of Germany. So long as these obligations, both private and public, are such as to involve either a continuous increase in snowball fashion of the foreign debt of Germany or, alternatively, a disproportion between her exports and imports on such a scale as to threaten economic prosperity of other countries, prospective investors are unlikely to regard the situation as stable.

"The Committee believes it to be essential that before the period of prolongation of credits recommended by the London Conference comes to an end, the Powers represented at the London Conference should give the world confidence in international political relations and the assurance that international payments to be made by Germany will not be such as to imperil the maintenance of her financial stability. ... The world has been endeavoring to pursue contradictory policies in developing a situation where annual payments of large sums have to be made by debtor to creditor countries, while at the same time putting obstacles in the way of the movement of goods with which to make such payments. Financial remedies are powerless to restore economic prosperity unless there is a radical change in this policy."

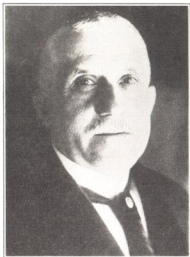
Mystery of M. Moreau. Wall Street bankers immediately realized that the Wiggins Committee had set their names to an Albert Henry Wiggins report. "Al" Wiggins, head of the world's biggest bank, has said before that Reparations and Allied Debts must be reduced before prosperity can return. He has said that tariffs, and the U. S. tariff in particular, are too high (*Time*, Jan. 19 *et seq.*). Here were delegates from ten countries saying the same thing again under his chairmanship. The mystery was how Al Wiggins persuaded France's delegate, hollow-eyed, white-haired Emile Moreau, to sign the report without public protest. It is definitely known that while the report was being prepared Banker Moreau banged the table in his best French manner and swore that he would return to Paris immediately if the question of Reparations was brought up. Yet the spidery signature of Banker Moreau appeared in its due place on the bottom of the report when it was signed. Back in Paris, Banker Moreau was called immediately to confer

with government heads, had nothing to say to the Press beyond remarking plaintively:

"Why keep harping on the sad plight of our neighbor country?"

Reaction. Other Frenchmen had a word to say. Said the *Paris-Midi*:

"The experts' report is a kind of infernal machine which can be directed



Acme-P. & A.

EMILE MOREAU

... had a lot to explain at home.

against Reparations, containing a certain quantity of explosives which, skillfully handled, can make the Young Plan's financial edifice fly to pieces."

Finance Minister Flandin was blunter: "France will never relinquish her rights to Reparations payments from Germany."

There were French Cabinet meetings last week. Never once was it publicly stated that the Wiggins report had been referred to.

Even the Hoover Administration washed their hands of it. Washington's first comment was a sharp reminder that Mr. Wiggins and his battery of Chase vice presidents had gone to Basle as private citizens, that they had no official standing whatever. Obviously the Wiggins Committee which started with Herbert Hoover's blessing had finished by laying considerable responsibility at the door of the Republican Party. It condemned the tariff. It declared, against all Republican tradition, that Allied Debts and Reparations were inseparable. And it asked a none too obedient Congress to ratify debt revision when President Hoover in his original Moratorium announcements had committed himself to the statement that all the postponed debts must ultimately be paid.

If Washington demurred, Wall Street approved.

In Paris, Banker Wiggins took a suite in that diplomats' hostelry, the Hotel George V, and hurried to press his advantage with further interviews with French bankers and politicians.

GREAT BRITAIN

Coalition

Early last Sunday afternoon little knots of people began gathering in front of Buckingham Palace and No. 10 Downing St. The little knots grew until Downing Street had to be cleared by police. The crowds overflowed into Whitehall and down to Trafalgar Square. They were anxious but good-humored. Each Cabinet Minister as he arrived was greeted with shouts: "Good Old Snowden!" "There's Jimmy! Gor Blimey!"

Darkness fell, the crowds stayed, still growing. As tenseness increased an immaculate young man with a monocle in his eye, yellow gloves and tight rolled umbrella firmly gripped in his hand, inspected the crowd with amazement and standing next to a United Press correspondent, hailed a policeman:

"I say! What's it all about?"

What It Was About. The Labor Government of Ramsay MacDonald was faced last week with the almost impossible task of balancing a budget with a deficit of some \$583,000,000* (*Time*, Aug. 24).

There were three ways out:

1) Increased taxation. Britain is already the heaviest taxed nation in the world. The British camel can stand few more straws.

2) A tariff. Britain is the traditional home of free trade. Most of her food must be imported. No government has been able to stand after threatening to increase the nation's food bill.

3) Economy. This was the obvious solution. The MacDonald Cabinet tackled it manfully. As a first step last week the War Office and the Admiralty sent telegrams to all military and naval commanders, the chiefs of the air force, suspending immediately and until further notice all contracts for military works. But here again the Laborites ran against a stone wall. Britain's great extravagance is the Dole. Liberals, Conservatives, businessmen, were demanding that it be cut. Trades union leaders and left-wing Laborites cried just as loudly that if the Dole was cut they would desert the party, kick out the Government. Cabinet meetings went on day after day. On a final Dole vote, right and left Laborites split 12 to 8. Foreign Minister Henderson and First Lord of the Admiralty Alexander leading the Left.

Lombard Street Pressure. British bankers brought on the crisis. Last week the world was told that the £50,000,000 (\$243,000,000) Franco-U. S. credit to the Bank of England, largest credit the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has ever needed, had been nearly exhausted. Moreover, of the credits totaling some \$1,200,000,000 (just about the same as Germany's), many will expire in October and must be renewed if sterling is not to collapse. French and U. S. bankers would

*The U. S. has for the 1931 fiscal year a \$903,000,000 deficit. There is this vital difference: The U. S. debt is internal, can be postponed. Britain's debt is external, must be met.

Foreign News—(Continued)

not renew Britain's credits until they were assured that Britain's budget would balance. A tariff and a cut in the Dole are the only ways the budget can balance, but no single British party is strong enough to enact such measures. Only a Coalition Government could do it. About the time that Lombard Street board rooms were figuring this out, fox-bearded Montagu Collet Norman left Great Britain for Canada with a nervous breakdown. Governor Norman has been in increasing ill favor with a section of the British Press. Editors were recalling the enormous influence he has exerted during the eleven years he has been Governor of the bank. Montagu Norman went to Quebec which is 550 miles from Wall Street by rail, \$2.45 by telephone, and left behind square-jawed Sir Josiah Stamp, long the Bank of England's No. 2 man, little known Sir Ernest Musgrave Harvey as Acting Governor.

The King. King George arrived at Balmoral last week for a three-week holiday. It rained continuously. Suddenly, only two days after arriving, the King Emperor put away his kilts and gave up all thought of vacation. He rode all night to London in a special train. At Euston Station, Sir Josiah Stamp was waiting for him with his hat in his hand. King George emerged from the train, grim-faced in a black bowler, black overcoat. Sir Josiah joined him at once and, as the two walked slowly through the station to the royal limousine, delivered to his sovereign a short, grave report on the state of British finances. All that afternoon and evening leaders of all three British parties were summoned to conferences at Buckingham Palace. Just as in 1917, as in 1914 at the height of the Irish troubles, King George was being the ruler of Britain.

Meanwhile the crowds were gathering in front of the palace and at Downing Street. Scot MacDonald emerged to call on his King. "Any statement, Mr. MacDonald? Any statement?" asked the thronging reporters.

"Yes," said the Prime Minister, "I am . . ."

He changed his mind and stepped into the car. As it drove off Ramsay MacDonald took off his hat and buried his face in his hands.

Coalition. At 5 o'clock the next afternoon the news broke. Ramsay MacDonald had tendered his resignation and that of his Cabinet. It had been accepted. Immediately he was called upon by King George to form a new Coalition Cabinet, including members of all three parties. Scot MacDonald bowed his grey head and kissed King George's hand.

There were more meetings at Downing Street. Slowly the new Government formed. Conservative Stanley Baldwin said that he would take no part in a Coalition Cabinet. He changed his mind last week after he had been interviewed by King George. He entered the emergency Cabinet as a leader of the Government in the House of Commons. Liberal Lloyd George was still sick and Sir Herbert Samuel represented him in the new group. Meanwhile London soothsayers wagered that as soon as the emergency

was passed Stanley Baldwin would become Prime Minister of Great Britain. Philip Snowden as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Margaret Bondfield as Minister of Labor and Lord Sankey as Lord Chancellor were held over among the Laborites. A gaping vacancy was left by "Uncle Arthur" Henderson, the Foreign Minister, who could



SIR JOSIAH STAMP

... met his sovereign at the station.

not bring himself to swallow the projected cut in the Dole.

Montagu Norman remained in quiet Quebec, kept himself from being seen or heard. If he was conferring with Wall Street bankers, if he was borrowing more money for Britain, no word of it leaked to the Press. In the midst of the excitement, Secretary Andrew W. Mellon of the U. S. Treasury reappeared on the international scene by disembarking from the *Conte Biancamano* at New York. A flashlight bulb exploded almost in his face. The 76-year-old Secretary leaped back quickly, suffered only a slight glass cut on his right hand which Captain Cavallini of the *Conte Biancamano* swabbed with alcohol and iodine. Secretary Mellon immediately hurried downtown to confer with Governor George Leslie Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Newshawks watched and waited at New York, Washington, Quebec and London to see how Great Britain's great credit crisis would be passed, who was guiding the events, and how. For the moment Britain's destiny had been taken from the hands of her politicians and lay among the dictators of the international world of money.

"HOORAY! HOORAY! HOORAY!"

British police chiefs studied the annual report of bulldog-jawed Lord Byng of Vimy, commissioner of Metropolitan Police of London. Indictable criminal offenses rose from 17,664 in 1929 to 20,553 in 1930. London's murders increased from

ten to 21 in the same period.* There was a marked increase in crimes of violence. Only last week three unidentified men held up the Clydesdale Bank, at Clydebank, near Glasgow, shot two tellers dead and escaped. Scotch police blamed "Americans."

Even so the Byng report and the Clydesdale holdup were enough for police chiefs to plan a revolutionary move, the arming of London's bobbies. Ever since their organizer, Sir Robert Peel, lent his nickname to the London Police, they have carried nothing more formidable than a short wooden truncheon. Last week the tradition of the incorruptible, unarmed British policeman (like the tradition of the invulnerable Bank of England) trembled in the balance. Twenty-five bobbies were up on charges of accepting bribes from publicans, bookmakers, and tradespeople.

There was one encouraging fact in the Byng report. Lord Byng pointed with pride to the fact that nine of 1930's 21 murderers committed suicide. In the twelve remaining cases ten arrests were made. In only one case could the police make no progress.

But British police were baffled again last week, in the mysterious affair of Lieutenant Chevis and the Manchurian partridge.

Lieutenant Hubert G. Chevis, a dashing artillery officer with wavy black hair and a handsome mustache, was an instructor at Aldershot Training Camp. As a great treat his pretty young wife went up to town and purchased a brace of Manchurian partridge, a little one and a big one, for the lieutenant's dinner. As a dutiful British wife she gave her husband the big one. He took a few mouthfuls complained of the taste and made his wife sample it. The two partridges were taken out to the kitchen and burned. That night Lieutenant Hubert Chevis died in great agony. Mrs. Chevis became violently ill, but recovered. Lieutenant Chevis' stomach was found full of strychnine.

Three days later a modest obituary notice appeared in several papers. The same day Sir William Chevis, the lieutenant's father, received a mysterious telegram from Dublin. It was signed, Hartigan, read: HOORAY HOORAY HOORAY.

Dublin reported that the strange telegram had been put in by a person signed the name of J. Hartigan, giving the Fernhill Hotel as his address. At the hotel no J. Hartigan was known, but a Dublin chemist reported that he had sold strychnine eight weeks earlier to a man whose description tallied with what a telegraph clerk could remember of Hartigan.

In London, experts inspected the remains of the shipment of Manchurian partridges but no more poisoned birds were found. Sportsmen advanced a theory. In Manchuria hunters are in the habit of poisoning the carcasses of p

*New York City averages about 350 murders per annum.

Foreign News—(Continued)

tridges with strychnine and leaving them on the ground as bait to catch rare foxes without spoiling the fur. One of these bait birds might have found its way to Lieut. Chevis' dinner table. But what about the HOORAYS of J. Hartigan?

London reporters went to work on their own account and discovered another fact. Pretty Mrs. Chevis had been married to the lieutenant only six months. Her first husband, the father of her three children, was a stalwart, red-faced horse doctor by the name of Major G. T. T. Jackson of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. Major Jackson was interviewed.

"I consider the sender of that telegram a cad and a blackguard," said the Major, who was very anxious to prove that at the time the fatal meal was eaten he was miles away at Northampton. "The Irish are a passionate people. Chevis was a fascinating man. Women loved him. Men liked him and he was popular. He was so strong he could pick me up in one hand and you in the other. . . . Since the tragedy I have met my former wife on the Eastbourne front [seaside promenade]. Mrs. Chevis was staying at another hotel here and I was taking my bulldog for a walk when I met her. . . . I could see that she did not wish to talk about the affair and I did not discuss it."

Mrs. Chevis was more uncommunicative. She was discovered in a seaside cottage at Hove with her three children and her brown cocker spaniel. Said she:

"I have lost my husband too recently to enjoy a holiday. I want to see the whole thing cleared up. It is terrible not to know and to keep wondering."

The inquest got under way last week, but almost immediately bogged down in a plethora of theories and a scarcity of evidence. The newspapers seized on a theory of Major Jackson. Lieut. Chevis had spent nine months last year on duty in India. Might this be a case of Indian revenge? The idea was popular with Thriller Edgar Wallace's public.

The inquest, which has been dragging on for weeks, finally came to an end following Coroner W. J. Francis's instructions: "There is no evidence on which you can find a definite verdict; therefore I direct you to find an open verdict."

J. H. Ryffel, a chemist of the British Home Office, announced that the partridge could not possibly have eaten the two grains of strychnine found in Lieut. Chevis's stomach. Dublin policemen kept on looking for Mr. Hartigan.

FRANCE

Just Initialed

Newshawks hovered about the Quai d'Orsay last week trying to find an official who would talk. Was there a Franco-Russian neutrality treaty under consideration at the Foreign Office? Had it been signed?

At Moscow, *Izvestia* devoted three Page One columns to a discussion of the treaty. It indicated that an agreement had been reached between the two nations whereby each would maintain a strict neutrality

"in the event the other is attacked without provocation by a third power or group of powers." A similar pact exists between Germany and Russia.

Poland, which mortally hates & fears the U. S. S. R., endorsed the idea heartily. For whereas the Russo-German entente is directed against Poland, an agreement between her ally France and Russia would neutralize the threat.

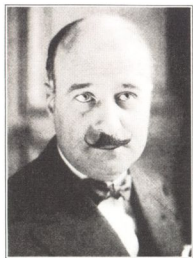
The reason for the canny silence of French politicians was obvious. Foreign Minister Briand knows that it was because of his trips out of the country that the Nationalists kept him out of the Presidency last spring (*TIME*, May 18).

Finally, at the middle of the week, a trickle of news leaked out. The Foreign Ministry admitted that there had been negotiations with Russia. Because of the illness of Brer Briand they had not been signed. They had just been "initialed."

New Berlin Man

The Cabinet of Premier Pierre Laval met last week and nominated a new Ambassador to Berlin, André François-Poncet. Pierre de Margerie, France's present 69-year-old Ambassador to Germany, is retiring, as punishment for not warning his Government of the imminence of Germany's economic crisis four months ago, for not foreseeing the probable results of Chancellor Brüning's historic visit to Ramsay MacDonald at Chequers.

André François-Poncet will be an ornament to Unter den Linden. His shirts, his



Acme-P. & A.

ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS-PONCET

. . . nothing Hoggenheimer about him.

hats, his trousers are always of the latest cry. He has been listed with the smartest author André de Fouquières, wasp-waisted Marquis Boni de Castellane and silk-stocked old E. Berry Wall as one of the four best-dressed men in Paris. His little mustaches that curl gracefully to his nose and his dapper manner remind old U. S. playboys of the late Sam Bernard in *The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer*.

There is nothing Hoggenheimer about dandy François-Poncet's ability as a politician, his suitability as Ambassador to Berlin. Only 44 years old, he has had a rocket career. He became a Deputy only seven years ago. Since then he has won his way into the good graces of Briand, Tardieu and Premier Laval. He took a part in the Laval Government as Under-Secretary of State for National Economy. He speaks German and English with only the slightest trace of an accent, for he was educated in Germany before the War. In 1923 during the Ruhr occupation he served as chief of the French press section at Düsseldorf. Most important, he is one of those who believe thoroughly in the rapprochement of France and Germany. Germans hailed his appointment with gusto.

In Berlin Ambassador François-Poncet's first job will be to prepare for the coming of Foreign Minister Aristide Briand and Premier Laval, first visit of a French Premier to Berlin since Germany became a unified nation 61 years ago. That visit, long in prospect, was still very indefinite last week. First announced at the time of the Brüning-Laval conversations in Paris some six weeks ago (*TIME*, July 27), the matter was dropped when French nationalists roared in protest. As soon as the Brüning Government won the Prussian state plebiscite against the Hitlerites (*TIME*, Aug. 17) the Laval visit came up again. This time it was definitely announced for the end of August. Again there were objections. Again the visit was postponed, this time because of old Brer Briand's health. Latest news on the Laval-Briand visit last week was that it was to take place immediately after the League of Nations Assembly next month.

Meanwhile French editors who had earlier blamed Laval for "going over to the enemy" and only fortnight ago accused him of being in "too great a hurry" last week had a change of heart and blamed Laval for not going to Berlin weeks ago. They raked up André Tardieu's scathing description of Briand's foreign policy. "Messieurs, he does nothing! It is the policy of a dead dog floating down a stream."

Urging immediate personal exchanges between the heads of the French and German Governments, Economist Lucien Romier wrote in *Le Petit Parisien*:

"Peace, that is to say normal relations between peoples, is no longer founded on idealistic sentiments or on abstract definitions of the rights of each. It is founded on an exchange of interests and on the compensation of reciprocal needs."

Bonhomme Tourenq

The Chamber was not in session last week, but French Deputies meeting on the boulevards over long amber goblets of Pernod asked each other who was *ce petit bonhomme Tourenq* who was raising such a riot in the Ministry of Finance. Dist from the Oustic scandal (*TIME*, Dec. 20, 1930) was still in the air. What, if anything, did small Tourenq know?

Sad-eyed Jean Tourenq has been an employee of the Treasury for 28 of his 46

Foreign News—(Continued)

years. During the War he served in the trenches and won two citations for gallantry in action. He also won a new asseritiveness. Out of the trenches, Jean Tourenq was made a tax collector, 12th class. He had political ambitions. Tax-gatherer Jean Tourenq advertised himself as "The Taxpayer's Friend," and every taxpayer who called with a list of complaints found Jean Tourenq eager to join a duet on the evils of the Government. This increased his prestige in the neighborhood but did him no good with the Ministry of Finance. Jean Tourenq was moved from one arrondissement to another, demoted from the 12th to the 13th grade in the department.

Recently Tourenq, the Taxpayer's Friend, wrote to the head of his department and announced that he wished to be arrested for embezzlement. His books were \$200,000 short. The money was concealed in a safe place but Jean Tourenq would never tell where it was until he had been able to "show up the Treasury" at his trial.

What did Jean Tourenq know? Dozens of French politicians worried about the little tax collector last week. Had he really uncovered a new scandal, or was this a clever scheme to bluff the Government out of \$200,000? Important men visited him in his cell last week, pleaded with him to give up the money or tell what he knew. Jean Tourenq hugged his knees and repeated his demand for a public trial.

HUNGARY

Changed Circumstances

"Because of my ill health, and in view of changed circumstances, it has been necessary for the present Government to resign." With this brief announcement Count Stephen Bethlen de Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary, gave up the power he has wielded for ten years and prepared to sun his spare ribs on the shores of Margaret Island, play tennis and polo and otherwise enjoy himself. Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, accepted the resignation and immediately called grey-chinned Count Julius Karolyi to form another Cabinet. The air darkened with rumors.

All editors agreed last week that Hungary's financial plight, the closing of her banks at the time of the German crash, the government's emergency decrees to prevent the exporting of money, were the basis of Count Bethlen's troubles. Matters grew acute some weeks ago when Count Bethlen, faced by a growing opposition among the deputies, appointed, before Parliament adjourned, a committee of 33 to help him govern the country by decree.

Despite denials from Count Bethlen himself, the story persisted in Budapest that he had been forced out by the French. Hungary had just been granted a new \$25,000,000 international loan. The greater part of this came from Paris, and Budapest gossips kept repeating that France was demanding, first 11% on her money; second, the appointment of French

officials as financial supervisors of Hungary; third, the leasing of the state railways; finally the resignation of Count Bethlen who has long been anti-French in policy, whose greatest coup was signing a virtual alliance with Benito Mussolini in 1927.

There was another story. The day after Bethlen's resignation, 18-year-old Archduke Otto of Hungary disappeared from Steenkerkeel Castle in Belgium. All night long excited Hungarian reporters were routing royalists out of bed to learn if Otto was attempting to seize Hungary's vacant throne. They received nothing but spluttering denials. Eventually Otto and his mother, the ex-Empress Zita, were discovered in Switzerland.

Czechoslovak papers, wise to Hungarian diplomacy, suspected trickery in Bethlen's



Wide World

COUNT STEPHEN BETHLEN DE BETHLEN supervised a shadowgraph.

resignation. They know that Bethlen and Karolyi almost invariably see eye to eye. Prime Minister Karolyi scoured the avenues and the alleys but was unable to find a Minister of Finance. Count Bethlen grew highly excited and said that Count Karolyi must succeed in making a Cabinet, at least for a time. Count Karolyi dutifully tried again, finally succeeded by taking the thankless post of Finance Minister himself. Newspapers called his Cabinet a "shadowgraph" of Count Bethlen's Cabinet. Blase Prague expected to see the fluttering brown burgee of Bethlen's mustache leading another Hungarian Cabinet before long.

Stoop-shouldered, near-sighted Julius Karolyi was born in Nyir-Bator 65 years ago. He is a second cousin of stuttering Count Michael Karolyi whose ineffectual Republic was overthrown by the monstrous Bela Kun in 1919, who made U. S. headlines when the State Department denied him a visa to enter the country six years ago as a dangerous radical. Julius Karolyi is a very great noble. Two years ago he was elected one of the two Custodians of the Crown of St. Stephen, an honorary position. In December 1930 he turned in his little gold key to the crown to become Foreign Minister in the Bethlen Cabinet.

While all the bells of Budapest tolled, the right hand of St. Stephen was carried through the streets last week in the great process of St. Stephen's Day. Count Julius Karolyi in a gorgeous fur-trimmed noble's costume, followed it again, not as Custodian of the Crown but as Prime Minister.

CUBA

Gibara

A dingy schooner beat into the small harbor of Gibara in the north of Oriente Province last week and tied up to the fruit dock. Quick as monkeys three dozen Cubans went over the side with a light machine gun and a high angle anti-aircraft gun.

They were well drilled. One party set up the guns, another rushed to the outskirts of the town and cut telephone and telegraph wires. There was no one to oppose them but a few Rural Guards. A burst of machine gun fire sent these scampering. The rest of the men worked feverishly unloading crate after crate of rifles, machine guns, ammunition. Another party of rebels was waiting in Gibara with an ancient wood-burning locomotive and three creaking freight cars. These were run down to a siding and loaded. It was a filibuster to warm the heart of an revolutionist of 1895.

What the Gibara filibusters forgot was that it was occurring in 1931. Machado tough little army is not like "Butcher" Weyler's ill-equipped Spaniards. The railroads in Cuba now, a well-paved 715-mile motor road stiffens its backbone. And Machado's troops are loyal. The ha times and unemployment that have turned 90% of the country against him, in sympathy at least, keeps every one of 1 well-paid, well-fed soldiers toting a mark. Within five hours Federals were moving against Gibara, by land, by sea in the air. The filibusters got their static freight no farther than the stati before five combat planes were ripped over the ground with short bursts of machine gun fire. The anti-aircraft gun barked angrily. One bullet knocked the magnifying glass off Capt. Torres Menier's plane. Two more planes, one piloted by Lieut. Rod Herrera, son of the Cuban Army's Chief of Staff, were shot down. All three landed safely.

The little cruiser *Patria* and the gunboat *Yara* blocked the harbor mouth, exchanging shot for shot with the rebels on shore. Meanwhile Cuban cavalry and infantry were surrounding the town. The intractables backed their little freight train to the railway tunnel under the old Spa fortress of Vigia and held the Federal bay for two more days.

In Havana Federal authorities clamped an iron lid on all news. To test the sorship, the New York *Times* telephoned U. S. bankers in Havana. Their call was answered immediately, but every time revolution was mentioned the connection was abruptly cut. But no censorship stop Cubans from talking. Havana, so the battle of Gibara through the bot

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RED

More than one truck fleet now running is doing its bit for dividends because of Goodyear Truck Balloons.

Because they're cool-running — because they are easy-rolling — because they stand up under the fastest or roughest hauling conditions — they save far more than truck tire costs.

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Foreign News—(Continued)

of innumerable beer glasses, received a far more colorful picture: not three dozen Cubans but a foreign legion of 500 Cubans, French, Germans, Japanese and U. S. citizens had landed under command of a mysterious U. S. Colonel.* The streets ran with blood! There was bayonet fighting from house to house! Half of Gibara was destroyed!

In cold truth, the Federal troops rushed the mouth of the railway tunnel the next morning. It was deserted. The Gibara rebels had slipped through the swamps during the night but they left behind them almost all their new landed arms: 70 machine guns, 2,500 rifles, 2,500,000 rounds of ammunition. Among the Federals one officer and five men were killed, eight wounded. There were seven known rebels dead, 16 wounded.

Near the city of Cienfuegos a Federal patrol swooped on a little drugstore and dragged out one more leader of the revolution from his burrow beneath the counter. He was Col. Aurelio Hevia, a successor to the imprisoned General Mario Menocal. U. S. Ambassador Harry Frank Guggenheim notified the State Department, perhaps a little prematurely, that with the failure of the Gibara filibuster and the capture of the most prominent leaders of the revolution, President Machado's troubles were as good as over.

Biltmore Junta. In Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel, at least, the revolution went on bravely. As in 1895 the revolutionists established propaganda headquarters in New York to drum up U. S. sympathy, collect U. S. dollars. Head of the Biltmore junta was an elderly, pachydermal gentleman named Dr. Domingo Menéndez Capote, who blushing denied reports that if & when the revolution was successful he might possibly be chosen President of Cuba. The Capote family and the other members of the Biltmore junta were not downhearted. To a steady accompaniment of ringing telephones and banging doors they stayed at their posts, denouncing Machado the Tyrant, issuing clarions for Cuba Libre, pouring tea for the Press.

The Porra. Early one morning firing broke out in Havana itself. Havana householders and U. S. reporters stayed prudently in their beds. It was difficult to learn just what had happened. Most reliable reports said that a group of revolutionary sympathizers had been waylaid by a gang of the "Porra" and shot. Only one body was found. The "Porra" ranks high among the various things for which Cubans curse Gerardo Machado. It is a band of criminals who have been pardoned, let out of jail and armed to help put down the revolution. Cubans spoke of the "Porra" last week as Irishmen spoke of the Black & Tans in 1920.

Machado's Return. By the week's end warfare had quieted enough for Gerardo Machado to return to Havana with his chief of staff and right-hand man General Alberto Herrera, the man who more than any other squashed the rebellion. Havana police were on their toes to prevent an outbreak from rebellious students in



DR. DOMINGO MENÉNDEZ CAPOTE

... fought the battle of the Biltmore.

Havana. Crowds were forbidden. Anyone who "gossiped against the Government" was liable to 15 days in jail, a \$50 fine, as was anyone who appeared in the streets bareheaded and wearing a beard. Police had discovered that a bristling beard and a bare head were being adopted by young Cubans as badge of revolutionary sympathy.

ECUADOR

Boo-ed out

President Isidro Ayora of Ecuador, as is the general custom of Latin American rulers, last week asked not his Congress, but his Army for an expression of confidence. Minister of War Colonel Carlos Guerrero relayed President Ayora's query to minions. Officers of the Chimborazo battalion of engineers answered that they would like to revolt. Officers of the Bolívar battalion of artillery said they would like to participate in such a shindig. It was an effective boo. President Ayora ordered Congress convened to consider his "integrity." Congress decided his integrity was none of their business. Thereupon President Ayora proffered his resignation. Congress, unanimous except for President Manuel Navarro of the Chamber of Deputies, snatched the resignation. Left to preside over Ecuador was Colonel Luis Larrea Alba, newly made Minister of Government.

CHINA

After Deluge, Famine

Broiling sun beat down on Hankow, China last week. It was nearly 100°. On the roofs of their rickety houses, Chinese hoisted scraps of cloth for shade and gazed glumly at muddy water, five to 15 feet deep, that rolled through the streets, stretched as far as they could see. On rafts made of doors, on treasured family coffins, on crude inflated goat-skin life-preservers, on junks and sampans, refugees

from outlying districts were cruising aimlessly. An Associated Press man went about in a sampan to see what he could see. At one point his boatman nosed up to an aged couple, up to their armpits in dirty, pestilential water, told them to move aside. They signalled him to run them down. Suicide is hateful to Chinese, but everywhere one saw them hopelessly apathetically killing themselves.

As the waters of the Yangtze, swollen by last month's rains, rose to 53.4 ft., ten feet above flood level, and continued going higher, relief agencies were mobilizing for a task that looked impossible. Of China's great central plain, an area some 1,000 miles was affected by the floods not only of the Yangtze but of the Hwa River to the north. Homeless were 30,000,000 people; 10,000,000 were utterly destitute, with hundreds dying daily. Eventually, it was estimated, the death toll would reach 2,000,000. Pestilence was abroad, was to become worse. Hanko (pop. some 800,000) and its sister city Huaiyang and Wuchang were doomed to destruction; houses were collapsing everywhere, mud walls on which refugees perched were slowly sinking into the flood waters. The three cities had enough cereals for three weeks. A little meat, a few vegetables, no rice. The power plants were in danger.

The National Flood Relief Commission under able Minister of Finance T. Soong, worked busily. The National Government, already harassed by rebellion in the south, disaffected in the far west and money troubles of its own, arranged to float a \$15,000,000 bond issue, provide \$600,000 in ready cash. From the U. S. Red Cross came \$100,000. The League of Nations Public Health Service cash an offer of epidemiologists and supplies from stations in India, Indo-China, Dutch East Indies and Japan. Emperor Hirohito of Japan sent \$27,000. The Asiatic fleet of the U. S. Navy was mobilized for emergency work and to 1 after U. S. citizens (the New York Times counted 896 in the district, all safe, n of the women leaving for mountain sorts, the men remaining to watch t property). The Navy helped out by k ing Hankow in touch with Shang China telegraph lines were virtually less. A plan was under consideration mobilize all foreign navies in Chi waters. Also, an international river pi will be formed when the waters begi subside.

First thing to do was arrange for t portation of food. At least 5,000,00 of grain per month will be needed fo next six months. Waters will recede several months, but slowly, for the of the Yangtze at Hankow is little than one inch per mile. The Hwai empties into the Yangtze by way of eral lakes and the Grand Canal, v ordinarily sufficient to empty it, w it flooded for many a month. Crop year are already ruined; soon cold w will freeze the water lying over the plain, and planting will be impossib spring. Then there will be some famine.

*Later, a "Colonel" H. D. Blake was reported leading guerrillas in Santa Clara.



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"When I had Pyorrhea—"

"Don't worry. The day Dr. Blank told me I had pyorrhea I was scared. I thought it was some kind of incurable disease which meant the loss of all my teeth. But I didn't lose one and the pyorrhea is cured."

MOST people instinctively dread pyorrhea. They know that it is an unpleasant disease of the gums and bony sockets of the teeth—a disease that causes the gums to recede and the teeth to loosen and fall out.

But they may not know that even more serious than the loss of their teeth is the menace to health and even life which may follow the absorption into the blood of the poison of pyorrhea.

There are several causes of pyorrhea. Overfeeding and improper diet are responsible for the majority of cases. A diet lacking milk, green vegetables, fruit and sufficient hard food to chew upon so as to bring a free circulation of blood through the gums, may lessen the resistance of the tissues to attacks by mouth bacteria.

Several other conditions cause pyorrhea. It may come from injury to the gum by the careless use of toothbrush or dental floss. An accumulation of tartar at the gum-line may be partly responsible. Crooked or missing teeth, ill-fitting crowns or

bridgework that cause extra strain and pressure on certain teeth may bring on pyorrhea.

Bleeding and tenderness of the gums are usually the first signs of pyorrhea and call for prompt action. But in some cases these warnings are absent and only X-rays can detect the destruction of the bony socket in which the teeth are held—a destruction that may proceed painlessly and relentlessly until the teeth are lost and invalidism results.

In its early stages pyorrhea can be cured by expert treatment, and can often be checked even when further developed. But if the disease has progressed too far for cure, the affected teeth should be removed in the interests of health.

Visit your dentist regularly and have your teeth X-rayed if he advises it, so that in case pyorrhea is developing it may be treated before becoming serious.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, without charge, the booklet "Good Teeth—How to get them and keep them." Ask for Booklet 931-Q.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

Pardon Us (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is the first full-length comedy made by Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. Hopelessly ineffectual in all their doings, they are particularly and painfully inefficient in this picture. First shown planning to manufacture home-brew, they are next seen being sentenced to prison because of their



STANLEY LAUREL, OLIVER HARDY
"Ham & Eggs, Salt & Pepper . . . united we stand—divided we flop."

clumsiness. Added to the basic handicap of the Laurel face—blank, ugly, absurd—is the handicap in *Pardon Us* of a loose tooth which causes him to punctuate all his sentences with a vulgar and sarcastic noise. These noises, perpetrated at inopportune moments, cause Laurel and Hardy to be persecuted by their jailers and fellow prisoners. When they escape from prison and, wearing black-face, take to working in a cottonfield, Laurel's impolite articulations cause their disguises to be penetrated. Returned to jail, Laurel & Hardy attempt to take part in a jail-break. But so muddled are their efforts that they aid the authorities more than the inmates and are rewarded by a pardon.

Screen comedians reach a crisis when they graduate from two-reel comedies to six-reel feature films. Funnymen Laurel & Hardy emerge from the crisis as funny as ever but no funnier. Their incapacities, hilarious in earlier and briefer studies, seem protracted in *Pardon Us*; they have added nothing to their formula except vulgarity. Funny shots: Laurel & Hardy making friends with the bloodhounds which have been sent to trail them; singing "Good morning, dear teacher," in the prison school; going to bed in the same cot so awkwardly that they break the cot.

Stanley Laurel and Oliver Hardy use their own names for the characters whom they impersonate in their pictures. Funnymen Laurel was understudy to Charlie Chaplin when they both belonged to Fred Carno's London comedy company. When

Mack Sennett saw Charlie Chaplin and Chaplin left the company to go into cinema, Laurel considered him "a fool for leaving." In 1917, playing a vaudeville engagement in Los Angeles, Stanley Laurel met Chaplin again, was persuaded to try a movie contract himself.

Oliver Hardy's father was an Atlanta, Ga. politician. Oliver was graduated from the University of Georgia Law School but preferred to sing for his living. He went into cinema from vaudeville, joined the Hal Roach (*Our Gang*) company in 1926. In 1927, he stopped using the nickname "Babe," changed to Oliver for numerical reasons. In 1927, also, he met Stan Laurel. They formed an immediate partnership, now have a song about it: "Ham & Eggs, Salt & Pepper, Bread & Butter, Laurel & Hardy, United we stand—divided we flop."

An expert golfer, Funnymen Hardy has won 24 cups and two gold medals; nonetheless, he is fat and soft-looking. Laurel is thin and pale, speaks with a low-grade London accent. Funnymen Laurel seems to be the more stupid of the two, but not by very much. In *Pardon Us*, the teacher in the prison school asks him how many times 3 goes into 9. Laurel's answer: "Three times—and two left over." Hardy's answer: "He's wrong—there's only one left over."

The Last Flight (First National) is about four aviators and a girl whose full name, so far as it is revealed to the audience, is Nikki (Helen Chandler). The time is just after the Armistice, the scene is Paris, later Lisbon. The aviators, in a state of nervous disorder produced by their experiences in the War, are trying to regain their composure by conducting a light-headed patrol of Paris bar-rooms. They are so engaged when they come upon Nikki near the door of a crowded saloon holding, with a furtive expression, as though it were a chalice, a cocktail glass containing a set of false teeth. In company with

Nikki the aviators continue their attempts to improve their states of minds by antics with cab-horses, hotel elevators, the furniture in Nikki's apartment. Their final and most disastrous escapade is a trip to Lisbon. Here one of the aviators jumps into a bull ring and is gored to death by the bull. Another shoots a disagreeable reporter and runs away after the shooting. A third, accidentally hit by a bullet, expires in theatrical fashion, seated in a horse-cab. The fourth aviator (Richard Barthelmess) is left with Nikki.

At times it becomes apparent that there is the material for a good, possibly a fine picture in *The Last Flight* but such moments only make it the more painfully clear that it is not a fine, not even a good picture. Derived from a novel by John Monk Saunders, the mood of the picture even more than the book seems to have been induced by an author who was trying to imitate Ernest Hemingway with one hand and Philip Barry with both feet. The comedy is only laughable in spots—as when Nikki changing her slippers, explains why by saying: "On account of can run faster in red shoes." Sophisticated audiences may be pleased to detect some thing unusual—a subtle and difficult theme—in the film but they will sympathize with other cinemaddicts who are likely to criticize it by laughing at the wrong place

Daughter of the Dragon (Paramount) shows the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu (Warner Oland) far less insidious than he seemed in the stories of Sax Rohmer engaged in homicide on an ambitious scale but in a manner too placid to be awful. Brought to his death-bed early in the picture, he charges his daughter (Anna May Wong) to continue his program of extermination. This she attempts to do, in the case of a British aristocrat and his son who falls in love with her. She is hindered by the ministrations of a Chinese detective, who loves her also but does a permit affection to interfere with professional obligations. The picture, lacking the thickly gruesome atmosphere contrived by Author Sax Rohmer, is further handicapped by poor dialog and ineffect



OLAND, WONG & HAYAKAWA
In Sax Rohmer the grue was thicker.

acting; the blood that is spilled in it seems scarcely as thick as water. Ablest members of the cast are the orientals—Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa, who has not made a picture in Hollywood since 1921. After disbanding the company he had formed to make pictures featuring himself, Cinemactor Hayakawa acted in English and French cinemas, wrote a novel, played a brief dramatization of it in vaudeville. For the last year he has been acting in Japan—an unprecedented feat since Japanese stage tradition required that an actor come from a family of actors, and the father of Sessue Hayakawa was a provincial governor. His repertory in Tokyo included *Honorable Mr. Wong*, in Japanese costume; *Seventh Heaven*, in Japanese language, European clothes; and his own translation of *The Three Musketeers*.

A R T

Party by Fisher

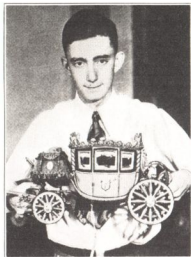
Oldtimers insist that there are still carriages on the streets of Norwalk, Ohio, built by Andrew Fisher. Andrew begat Lawrence, also a wheelwright, and Lawrence begat seven sons. They were named William Andrew, Frederic John, Alfred Joseph, Charles Thomas, Edward Francis, Lawrence Peter, Howard. William Andrew was the lazy one. He would cock his hat over his eye, pretend not to see his father beckoning him into the blacksmith shop. But ultimately he and all the rest except Howard industriously followed their father's and grandfather's trade. After the turn of the century the six Brothers Fisher started Fisher Body Corp. William Andrew became president. General Motors took them in and today they are the most numerous, most affluent guild-family in the world. Partly to advertise Fisher Bodies, and partly because they relish good craftsmanship, last week they had a party.

To the Fisher party, held in the auditorium of the GM building in Detroit, went 104 boys from 48 States and the District of Columbia. They were all either junior (12 to 16) or senior (16 to 19) members of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild. Each had constructed a model of the Napoleonic coach which is the Fisher Body trademark. Some 1,350 other U. S. boys had built models too, but these 104 were the best. In the pocket of his Sunday suit, each boy had some part of \$50 which General Motors had given him for spending money during his visit to Detroit. While Graham McNamee gushed a description of the setting over a national hookup on the General Motors Family Party radio hour, each boy wondered if he was going to be one of the four to receive a \$5,000 four-year scholarship at college.

Formed last August, the Guild had sent its members specifications for the coach. Technicians had examined hundreds of models, alike to the lay observer as two peas in a pod. The judges included President Thomas Stockham Baker of Carnegie Institute of Technology; Board Chairman Robert Andrews Millikan of California Institute of Technology; Board Chairman

Samuel Wesley Stratton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dean Dexter Simpson Kimball of Cornell's College of Engineering and eight other engineering deans and professors. Also there was Daniel Carter Beard, national Boy Scout commissioner, who served as honorary president of the Guild, of which William Andrew Fisher is president.

President Fisher, who wanted to see what the nation's boys could do with plane, chisel, glue and mould, had sounded



DONALD BURNHAM & HANDWORK

When the ice cream plates were cleared away . . .

the Guild's keynote last year: "It is our endeavor to foster . . . that spirit of fine workmanship which permeated the craft guilds of bygone centuries. . . . There was a pride in workmanship which kept alive a competitive spirit among Guild workers, and there was a healthy rivalry between Guilds in the same industry. . . . Regardless of the advancement in machinery, there is today and will continue to be a need for real artisans and craftsmen."

Hushed was the hall when the ice cream plates were cleared away. Impressively the winners were announced. One of the senior Guildsmen had won on his home ground—Raymond S. Doerr of Battle Creek, Mich. Graduated from high school in February, he was encouraged by his father—a pattern maker for a plumbing manufacturer—to build a coach instead of looking for work. He set up a workshop in the family's basement. The other senior winner was a boy named Albert Fischer from Waukegan, Ill. He was let out of his draftsman's job, spent 1,200 hours on his coach.

Howard Jennings, one of the junior scholarship winners, came from Denver, Colo., used the machinery at the printing shop where his father is a steel engraver. Donald Burnham of West Lafayette, Ind., worked at home in a little basement. An old hand at modelling, he once got a trip to Europe for making a miniature airplane.

When they have finished their college courses all the winners will be offered General Motors jobs.



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AMONG all electric clocks one name stands out markedly as possessing the distinguished character which insures instant recognition among people who know and appreciate fine things. Herman Miller has proven that price has little to do with true character in electric clocks.

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THE PRESS

In Canada

Unless Premier Richard Bedford Bennett backs down at the last moment, as few U. S. publishers think but all hope he will, on Sept. 1 Canada's new tariff schedule on U. S. periodicals will go into effect (TIME, June 15, *et seq.*). The duty on magazines with more than 20% advertising would be 2¢ a copy; on magazines with 30% advertising, 5¢ a copy. Unsold copies are included. Exempt would be educational, scientific, religious journals if they contain less than 20% advertising. Last week two periodicals took steps. They were Bernarr Macfadden's *Love Story* and *Western Story*. They made arrangements to have their Canadian editions printed in Toronto, thus avoiding the tariff. No big U. S. publications were expected to follow suit. If and when the tariff is levied, TIME will cost Canadians 20¢. On the cover will be printed "Reason: tariff."

Bigger Chicagoan

More and more does Chicago become conscious of its obligations to itself as a great city. With an eye to the World's Fair of 1933 it is learning to wear a silk

age, reported the local drama, sport, social goings-on with a *ton* which was cheerful if derivative. It also carried little comic stories by Chicago writers, jokes illustrated in the manner of Peter Arno. Suddenly and surprisingly last week, those Chicagoans who buy the magazine found a new kind of *Chicagoan* on their newsstands. This time Publisher Quigley had *Vanity Fair* in the back of his mind. Henceforth *The Chicagoan* (circulation: 23,000), enlarged to the page-size of *The Spur*, will cost 50¢ the copy, will appear only once a month.

The first big issue contained an article by Editor Peter Vischer of *Polo* (which Publisher Quigley used to own) on Chicago's exciting fortnight of international polo at Onwentsia (TIME, July 20). Other contributors were talent mustered from around the town. Arthur Meeker Jr., arty son of one of the best families, wrote rather harshly about having to stay in Illinois in the summertime. William C. Boyden, Harvardman, literary lawyer, did a comic piece about actors and actresses he had known. He used to be theatre critic for the earlier *Chicagoan*. Another old contributor—Durand Smith, Oxonian, Lake Forest socialite—sent in some travel notes from Italy. Helen Young wrote a page of tittle-tattle. She is society editor of *Hearst's Herald & Examiner*. William Randolph Weaver, younger brother of Poet John Van Alstyn Weaver (*In American*) and the magazine's editor, wrote about soap models. C. J. Bulliet, theatre critic and art editor of the *Evening Post*, gave an elementary lecture on modern art. There were two pages in four colors, several pages of photographs in the modern manner, eight pages of illustrations in blue ink. All was put together with a finish and flair worthy of a national publication, to make a magazine worthy of bigger & better Chicago.



Piric McDonald

MARTIN QUIGLEY

... helped his city to a top hat.

hat and carry a gold-headed stick. Last week was added a new note of Chicago elegance.

Created in the image of *The New Yorker*, five years ago *The Chicagoan* first appeared, drawing its inspiration from the East, its pocket money from the West. Publisher was Martin Quigley, a hard-working, red-headed newspaper man who had made enough money out of cinema trade magazines (*Motion Picture Almanac*, *Herald* and *Daily*, *Better Theatres*, *Hollywood Herald*) to take up polo. First issue reminded readers not so much of *The New Yorker* as of an imitation of a college funnypaper imitating *The New Yorker*. But the magazine improved with

Popular No More

Many a magazine lives a generation, few live two. Last week, having completed 28 years of usefulness, *Popular Magazine* appeared for the last time. Street & Smith, largest producers of pulp-paper thrillers, merged (and buried) *Popular Magazine* with another of its 15 periodicals—*Complete Stories*. The end of *Popular*, like the end of *Everybody's*, rang the knell of another semi-pretentious sheet which could not compete with the innumerable sporadic, cheap magazines which frankly pander yarns about gunmen, speakeasies, dope. *Popular-Complete Stories*, beginning with the December issue, will be smaller than *Popular*, will sell for 15¢ instead of 25¢.

The history of *Popular Magazine* is the story of Editor Charles Agnew MacLean's life. Editor MacLean was born in Ireland in 1880. Aged five, he was taken to the U. S. His father was a newspaperman who scraped enough money together for Son Charles to go to college. Charles demurred, made his parents move into a better house in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. Fired from the *New York Sun*, freed from the *Times*, in 1903 Charles Agnew Mac-

Lean went to work for Street & Smith. Year after he was put in charge of *Smith's Ainslie's* and the newly-founded *Popular Magazine*. One of his first assistants was Theodore Dreiser. He did not like Dreiser. Nobody did. But for \$500 he bought the plates of *Sister Carrie* which had been shelved by Doubleday, Page & Co. He later sold them to another publisher, gave the proceeds to Author Dreiser.

The number of famed and near-famed writers whom Editor MacLean raised from oblivion is astonishing. He lifted the late H. C. Witwer from a \$30-a-week copy reader's job on the *Sun*. He helped Albert Payson Terhune with his first work. He "discovered" Zane Grey, Louis Joseph Vance, Charles E. Van Loan. Of his output he said: "Much of it is not literature. Little of it is great literature. It comes so straight and fresh from the loom of life that it may well be imperfect in spots and lacking that finish which a more meticulous taste might provide."

Editor MacLean knew a good glass of wine, a good cigar, but spent most of his money for Scotch whiskey. It killed him in 1928. *Popular* was never the same afterward.

Odds, Ends

The Dayton (Ohio) *Daily News* is owned by James Middleton Cox, three-time Governor of the State, onetime



Acme-P. & A.

PUBLISHER COX OF DAYTON

... offered free porridge.

(1920) Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Last week Mr. Cox's *Daily News* announced an experiment, charitable, interest-making, reader-getting. The paper had discovered that in the nearby Miami valley "there are thousands of bushels of wheat selling at such a low price that a great deal of it will be fed to farm animals this winter . . . a plenty of supplies, and yet want involving more families than have ever gone hungry in the history of this country." The *Daily News* said it would buy some of the wheat, give it to needy folk endorsed by the Dayton Family Welfare Association. If the family had a coffee grinder it could make whole wheat muffins, cakes.

bread, or else soak the wheat for 48 hours and make porridge. The *Daily News* hoped: "If this method can be demonstrated, then it may spread all over the country."

✶ Writers on the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* used to chalk up on a blackboard each silly question that one staff member asked another. High man for the week was supposed to stand his contemporaries a drink or drinks. No living man ever scored highest, however. High score for silly talk was always given to the late great Stephen Decatur, whose Our-Country-Right-Or-Wrong speech runs in the *Tribune's* massed-head as its slogan. When Col. Robert Rutherford McCormick, publisher of the *Tribune*, made his annual inspection visit, someone was told off to stand in front of the score board. Last week Publisher McCormick, inspecting his Paris branch, had other things to think of beside blackboards. He learned that his European paper had been wizened to its winter size (eight and twelve pages) all summer, that the competing U. S. daily, the *Paris Herald*, had been light too but was distributing 34,000 net paid copies to the *Tribune's* padded 14,000. Publisher McCormick was reported planning a shakeup.

✶ After 91 years in business, last week the London *Sunday News* collapsed. Although it had a circulation of 1,000,000, the paper's fate had been sealed since the disappearance of its associated journal, the *Daily Chronicle*, a year ago. David Lloyd George was once financially interested in the *Sunday News*. Six months ago prolific Author-Playwright Edgar Wallace acquired control, wrote theatrical criticism in it, gave horse-race tips, scattered his name and the name of his multifarious works throughout the paper. The *Sunday News* will be incorporated with the *Sunday Graphic*, a tabloid picture paper.

✶ Founded in 1889 by Drygoodsman John Wanamaker, bought and made into one of the first great crusading journals 17 years later by Butterick Publishing Co., discontinued in January 1930, last week *Everybody's* was revived as a cheap true-story vehicle. It will be published as "the magazine of real life stories" by Publisher Alfred Cohen (*Screenland*, *Silver Screen*, etc.). Cost: 10¢.

✶ Many a high-class Negro feels that the nightly radio clowning of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll ("Amos 'n' Andy") is an insult to the colored race. Leader of a movement to have the program discontinued is the Pittsburgh *Courier*, Negro weekly. Indignant was the *Courier* last week to learn that the *Chicago Defender*, also a race weekly (there are no Negro dailies), not only made light of the *Courier's* campaign but took a crowd of 6,000 pickaninnies out to a picnic where Messrs. Gosden & Correll appeared in person to entertain them. "Little did the Great *Defender* realize," said the *Courier*, "that the white comedians were making fun of the kiddies instead of making fun for them." A cartoon on the Pittsburgh paper's Page One represented Amos & Andy altering the *Defender's* title to THE CHICAGO SURRENDER, "World's Greatest Weekly." "Ain' dis sump'n?" squeaked Amos. "Sho! Sho!" mumbled Andy.

DON'T TAKE MR. WATER-THIN HE SIMPLY CAN'T STAND HEAT!



● Mr. Water-thin passes out under heat. He vaporizes in no time. But don't feel sorry for him. Spare that sympathy for the motor he should protect—the motor he walks out on.

● For Mr. Water-thin is a thin, waste oil so lacking in body, so low in heat resistance that it is utterly valueless in a motor. Ordinary refining leaves a quart or more of it in every gallon of motor oil. But not Quaker State! For Quaker State engineers have dubbed this stuff "water-thin". And they throw it out!

● The processes by which ordinary motor oils are refined can't remove "water-thin". But Quaker State's more careful and skillful refining gets it out—out to stay. For Quaker State employs, in every one of its refineries, the *most modern equipment in the industry*. Quaker State has developed a special process that has but one purpose—the removal of "water-thin".

● By removing "water-thin" Quaker State gives you that much more rich, heat-fighting lubricant. Quaker State

gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon, instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. So you really get an extra quart of lubrication. And that's the reason why Quaker State is the largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!

● And Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● Every fourth dealer sells Quaker State Motor Oil—and proudly displays the familiar green and white service station sign. Drive up—fill up. Quaker State costs 35¢ per quart—a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West—and it saves you money every mile you drive your car. For in every gallon there's an extra quart of lubrication that means more mileage from your oil, more service from every working part of your motor!

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

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QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL



Redbook is edited with the thought of modern living constantly in mind . . . it provides that escape from stress and turmoil which is most acceptable to modern people—to the modern tempo. Its pages tell how men and women of today are living—fiction in form generally, and pointed toward achievements and happiness, but based on an intimate knowledge of what confronts us all today.

Redbook is at once humorous and serious, frivolous and instructive. It provides absorbing entertainment for all tastes . . . Undoubtedly it is because of this wide appeal that the circulation of the new Redbook is 25%

GREATER THAN IT WAS A YEAR AGO.

"..SO IN AL

Isaac Barrow, the famous mathematician, wrote to the effect that one who loved reading would never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful comforter. "By study, by reading, by thinking," he went on, "one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

The italics are ours . . . and emphasize one great need at this time . . . that of being taken out of ourselves, away from our business and personal tribulations. It is a fact that in times of stress the need is great for diversion—for complete withdrawal for a while from all that irritates and

REDBOOK

FORTUNES."

troubles. No escape from all this is more readily obtained than that offered by reading; no escape is so inexpensive; and finally, no escape is more complete or satisfying.

Modern reading is in a large measure *magazine* reading. Modern inclination leans heavily toward things of today... to those matters concerned with contemporary life. We—all of us—want to know how modern people meet modern problems... how they find love, adventure, happiness and success. It is natural to turn to the type of magazine that best interprets these matters to us.



MAGAZINE

RELIGION

K. of C.'s 49th

Before a hillside altar at French Lick, Ind. last week, kneeling while Bishop John A. Floersch of Louisville celebrated a solemn pontifical field Mass, were 550 delegates to the 49th annual convention of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus. Representing 61 State councils, 2,565 subordinate councils and more than 600,000 members, the Supreme Council meets annually, reports on the year's work. Ever proud of its charitable doings, it told how it had maintained an employment bureau in its home city, New Haven, Conn., recording 43,128 placements during the last year. In three drought-ridden areas—Kentucky, Missouri, Montana—it had aided both members and non-members. Biennially the convention elects Supreme officers; last week it re-elected the entire Supreme Council, including (for the third successive term) Supreme Knight Martin Henry Carmody, 59, a lawyer of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Founded with eleven members in New Haven in 1882, K. of C. calls itself a "fraternal benefit society." Any good Catholic may join. Most famed members: Alfred Emanuel Smith, John Jacob Raskob, Senators Thomas James Walsh of Montana and David Ignatius Walsh of Massachusetts, Manhattan Contractor William F. Kenny, great & good friend of "Al" Smith. Insurance at low rates is available to every Knight. The order has an elaborate system of initiations, demands a certain secrecy "unless the interests of State or Church demand" otherwise. Because of this, many ignorant people hate and fear the K. of C. as a subversive organization, believe implicitly in a famed, tingling "great and fake oath" which, they think, binds the Knights to battle Protestantism. In reality the order is mild and charitable: its meetings, with baseball games, dancing, parades, are no more noxious than those of any other U. S. fraternal order.

Pre-eminent American. Next year's convention will be held in Washington, D. C. to celebrate K. of C.'s 50th anniversary. How to give color to such a ceremony? Always a good way is to unveil something. K. of C. has already aided in putting up a memorial to Christopher Columbus in Washington (as well as getting his birthday observed). On its Golden Anniversary, announced Supreme Knight Carmody last week, K. of C. will honor, because of his "pre-eminent as a great American," the late great James Cardinal Gibbons. In the Manhattan Studio of Sculptor Leo Lentelli now stands a model of a projected statue of the Cardinal, first public monument to be made of him.

Unquestionably the greatest of U. S. churchmen, Cardinal Gibbons was a Renaissance scholar-statesman-priest in a U. S. pioneer background. Born in Baltimore in 1834, he was chaplain to Federal troops during the Civil War. In 1868 he was appointed Missionary Bishop to the new Vicariate Apostolic of North Carolina, never forgot his welcome in Wilmington: a torchlight procession of drunken negroes, exulting in their new

freedom. Youngest Bishop in his church at the Vatican Council of 1870, he became Archbishop of Baltimore in 1877, Cardinal in 1886.

An extraordinary mixture of serenity and forcefulness, Cardinal Gibbons became known as a defender of things purely American. His first address as Cardinal (in Rome) was in praise of the U. S. separation of Church and State. He defeated proposals to obtain control, under European leadership, of immigrants to the U. S. He began the movement to canonize Mother Seton, first U. S. candidate for sainthood (TIME, Aug. 3), was a co-founder and first chancellor and board president of the Catholic University of America in Washington. Politically sagacious, he helped adjust the status of his church in Porto Rico and Cuba after the Spanish-American War. During the World



THE LATE JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS
"... who never made a mistake."

War he organized the National Catholic War Council and the National Catholic Welfare Council (now Conference).

Revered almost as a Church Father during the last of his 87 years, Cardinal Gibbons kept himself a public figure until he died in 1921. Stories circulated about him: He visited the Pope, who called him "Gibbons" (TIME, April 13). He was called "the man who never made a mistake." He was the last living American to remember seeing Andrew Jackson (last U. S. general to beat a British army) in the streets of Baltimore. In voluminous garments he used to bathe at Atlantic City with the late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. Once an on-looker said: "What a very handsome man [the Archbishop] but what a poor, sickly wife he got!"

Boy Bishop

Febrile, high-powered, insouciant is Reno, Nevada, divorce capital of the U. S. With rare abandon it orders its life, welcoming all comers: moody socialites, glittering cinemactresses, minor celebrities

who will bring front-page space as did Cartoonist Peter Arno and Author Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. when they quarreled boyishly (TIME, June 29). Loving to be unique, Reno was pleased last week when there arrived in town Dr. Thomas Kiley Gorman, 38, first Roman Catholic Bishop of the new diocese of Reno, Nevada (TIME, Aug. 3). For Bishop Gorman is no run-of-the-mill prelate such as another State might get: he is a golfer, joke-teller, smoker of big black cigars, and the youngest Catholic Bishop in the U. S.

Consecrated five weeks ago in Los Angeles, Bishop Gorman arrived last week in Reno bringing with him his own publicity man, Fred V. Williams. Day after his arrival he was formally installed in old brick St. Thomas Aquinas Church, which is now elevated to the rank of Cathedral (congregation: 1,100 families). From its porch he could look across the street to El Cortez Hotel, where lives many a divorce-seeker. Five blocks away is "Gamblers' Row"—Douglas Alley and Center St. Eight blocks away is the Reno Court House, where Monday "wash-days" are held.

After his installation Bishop Gorman banqueted with priests and assisting bishops. (In his diocese of some 10,000 souls are 33 churches, 14 priests, one parochial school, one Catholic hospital.) At the State Building next evening he was given a public banquet. Said he: "It is already becoming embarrassing to be pointed out as Reno's 'boy bishop.' Parents have always warned their children that they should be seen but not heard." He busied himself meeting and talking with his well-comers. Among them were Nevada's Governor Fredrick Bennett Balzar, California's Governor James ("Sunny Jim") Rolph Jr., Reno's Mayor Edward Ewing Roberts, Justice Edward Ducker of the Nevada Supreme Court, onetime District Attorney William Boyle, Divorce Lawyer Patrick McHarran.

Less reluctant to discuss moral questions in his new home than he had been in California, Bishop Gorman commented, after a tour of the town: "Before we can save the world, we must save ourselves. No crusades are intended."

To the United Press he issued a signed article: "Naturally my position on divorce is that of the Catholic Church. Marriage is a permanent relation of lifelong duration, and separation for grave cause may be permitted, but without freedom to remarry. As a question of principle, the problem of divorce in Nevada is no different for the Bishop of Reno than for any other Catholic Bishop. Nevada isn't unique. . . . What does make Nevada the divorce mecca is the absolute freedom for immediate remarriage. . . . Only one more step remains to reach a state of promiscuity prevailing in the barnyard or jungle. . . ."

"Gambling, in a strict sense of the word—I do not mean the laying of small wagers for fun—is a vice which can wreck men and families just as quickly as other vices. Communities and families where the gambling fever obtains cannot long continue sound either economically or socially."

Optimistically the golfing Bishop later added: "I'm seriously considering building golf courses as a substitute for gambling."

M I L E S T O N E S

Engaged. Miss Hortense Henry, granddaughter of Packer Edward Foster Swift of Chicago; and Gordon Phelps Kelley, sporting son of William Vallandigham Kelley (1905-12 president of American Steel Foundries, board chairman of Miehle Printing Press & Mfg. Co.).

Married. Miss Rosamond W. Thomas, Boston socialite, cousin of U. S. Ambassador to Italy John Work Garrett; and Count Edward Oppersdorff of Germany; at San Michele, Isle of Capri.

Married. Norville Williams, 86, and Mrs. Emma Martin, 80; in Chicago. They were married in 1868, divorced in 1897. Both remarried, were widowed. Grandchildren re-united them.

Married. Miss Sarah Booth Thacher, daughter of U. S. Solicitor General Thomas Day Thacher; and George L. Storm of Greenwich, Conn.; at Watch Hill, R. I.

Married. Paul Whiteman, 41, bandmaster; and Margaret Livingston, 29, cinematress; at Morrison, Colo. Jazzman Whiteman, who upon his divorce from wife No. 3, Dancer Vanda Hoff, declared: "Marriage is for the middle class, not for artists" (TIME, Feb. 9), posed with wife No. 4, beside a wedding gift—a pensive, plebeian pig.

Married. Charles Barker Wheeler, 79, referee and former Justice of the Supreme Court of New York; and Miss Ruth Gunther Winant, Manhattan socialite; in St. George's Church, London.

Divorced. Lady June Inverclyde, London music hall artist, from John Alan Burns, Lord Inverclyde (Cunard Steamship Co.); in Reno. Lady Inverclyde testified her husband insulted her friends, "was never entirely sober," said she would marry Lothar Mendes, cinema director. Lord Inverclyde remained in Scotland, shooting grouse.

Divorced. Louis ("Bull") Montana (real name: Luzia Montagna), 44, wrestler and cinematographer; by Mary Poulson Montana; in Los Angeles. Mr. Montana admits his face frightens women and children. Mrs. Montana said she was afraid to live with him.

Elected. Martin Henry Carmody, lawyer, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; to be Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, for his third consecutive term; by the Supreme Council of the K. of C.; at French Lick, Ind. (see p. 26).

Birthdays. Baron Edmond de Rothschild (86); Raymond Poincaré (71); Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming (62); Orville Wright (60); American Red Cross (50); Princess Margaret Rose of Great Britain (1).

Died. H. MacKnight Black, 34, poet (*Machinery*); of appendicitis; in Philadelphia.

Died. A'Lelia Walker Robinson, 46, daughter of the late "Madame" Walker of Indianapolis and Manhattan who made millions selling hair straightening ("anti-kink") lotion; of apoplexy caused by over-eating; at Asbury Park, N. J. Her last words: "Mamie, I can't see; get me some ice."

Died. Arthur Lyulph Stanley, fifth Baron of Alderley, 55, onetime (1914-20) Governor of Victoria, Australia, who recently resigned from the Liberal party; after a lingering illness; in London.

Died. Dr. John Dill Robertson, 60, for seven years Chicago's health commissioner under Mayor William Hale Thompson and later his bitter foe in the 1927 mayoralty election; of angina pectoris; at Fontana, Wis.

Died. Dr. Aristides Agramonte, 62, medical researcher; of a heart attack; in New Orleans. In 1929 he received a Congressional Medal of Honor for work with the Gorgas-Finlay yellow fever commission in 1901. He was president of the Pan-American Medical Association, recently made head of the department of tropical diseases of the Louisiana State University Medical School.

Died. Charles F. Fischer, 65, president of the Columbus, Ohio, *Citizen* (Scripps-Howard), which is engaged in a circulation war with its rivals, the *Ohio State Journal* and the *Dispatch* (TIME, Aug. 24); of injuries sustained in an automobile accident; in Columbus.

Died. Dr. John William Dickson, 68, president of Upper Iowa University; of heart disease; in Fayette, Ia.

Died. Enrique C. Creel, 77, former Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations and Ambassador to the U. S.; of a lingering illness; in Mexico City. Son of a Kentuckian, at 17 he borrowed \$3,000 to start a mercantile business, later established Banco Minero in Chihuahua, lost \$7,000,000, the greater part of his fortune, in the Carranza revolution.

Died. John Joseph Albright, 83, philanthropist (Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; Scranton, Pa., Public Library), water power pioneer, president of Marine National Bank of Buffalo, director of the American Academy in Rome; after an intestinal operation; in Buffalo.

Died. Col. Charles Stewart Stobie, 86, oldtime Indian fighter; in Chicago. As "Mountain Charlie" he campaigned with William Frederick ("Buffalo Bill") Cody and "Wild Bill" Hickok, later was adopted as a White Ute, retired to paint Indians. To his death he wore his hair long, carried a scar across his back, inflicted by Indians as he lay beleaguered in a buffalo wallow.



even TEDDY BEARS stay with us!

● We could, in a dull, statistical sort of way, tell you how many children a day play in our sunny Teddy Bear Cave on our top floor... how many hours they spend there, tenderly watched over by our Play Lady... how often mothers leave their little tots with us while they go shopping... how often nurses take them out walking or driving... or how many little meals, with special children's food, we serve every day in our nursery. But it would all just add up to this: we try to remember what an unhappy time of it children usually have when they visit hotels with their grown-ups. Come and see how hard we try to be different from most hotels.

THE ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street—New York

Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director





Mr. Chas. Roberts, Sales Manager of American Bakeries Co., of Atlanta, Ga., standing by his new Pierce-Arrow car equipped with Seiberling Air Cooled Triple Tread Tires. Left to right—Mr. W. H. Wilson, Manager of American Bakeries, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mr. Roberts.

Air

Brings Greater Comfort, Greater Safety Plus Continuous Anti-Skid

Tire experts have long known that one serious obstacle to long tire life was the devitalizing heat set up by internal friction.

Even normal driving will produce internal tire temperatures so high that they are readily apparent to the touch. You can prove this for yourself with any solid tread tire.

Now Seiberling has applied scientific *air cooling* to the finest tire ever built—the Seiberling Triple Tread Tire.

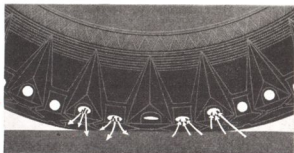
By introducing more than 100 transverse holes—each going clear through the tread—a constant *air cooling* system has been provided.

It is easy to understand how this system operates. As the tire is cushioned against the road, it compresses the holes, expelling heat. As the holes expand, they draw in cooling air.

And in addition these hundred odd holes create air cushioning—adding greater buoyancy which in turn means greater riding comfort.

This great advance in Seiberling tire construction is engineered into a *triple tread* design which provides the safety of anti-skid tire action throughout the entire life of the tire.

Never in the history of tire manufacturing has there been so perfect a product.



A CONSTANT COOLING SYSTEM

The arrows show how heat is expelled as the tire cushions against the road compressing the holes—and cool air is drawn in as these holes expand.*

Here is a tire which not only gives easier riding—easier steering—the greatest protection against blow-outs or punctures—but averages twice the total mileage and four times the anti-skid mileage of the most expensive solid tread tires.

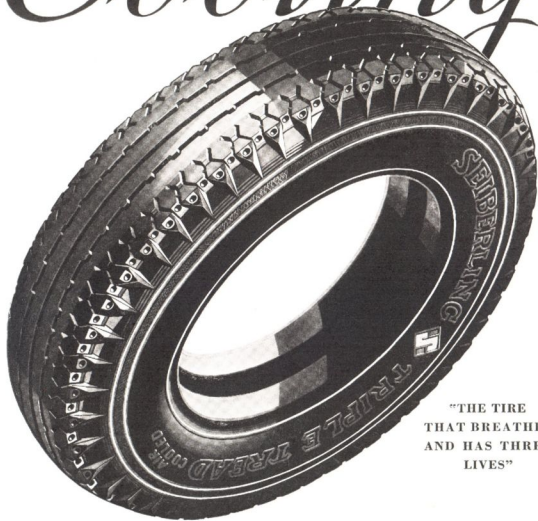
Go to your local, independent Seiberling dealer and ask him to show you, without any obligation, the marvelous construction of this new patented Seiberling *air cooled Triple Tread Tire*. He will show you its many exclusive features. You will then understand why we speak of it as "the tire that breathes and has three lives."

Send for free descriptive booklet.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.

Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

Cooling



"THE TIRE
THAT BREATHES
AND HAS THREE
LIVES"

Seiberling Tires

TRIPLE TREAD

AIR COOLED • AIR CUSHIONED



JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE

ONCE upon a time you couldn't go to the movies without having the screen go blank at the most critical moment. There you sat in agonizing suspense—"just a minute please"—for many minutes while the lights were adjusted. But doubtless you have forgotten that, for the Robbins & Myers arc control motor has been keeping the movies moving—steady, unflickering—for lo, these many years. This R & M Motor is a little thing of half-a-finger power, but a regular Horatius at the bridge when it comes to keeping the carbons in projectors at their proper distance—automatically adjusting them to maintain an arc of correct intensity for a flood of constant, even light. A small job, this; but one that has added immeasurably to the enjoyment of millions—its uncanny perfection another example of that dependability for which R & M Motors have become famous on a thousand and one tasks.

If you have a problem in electrical-motored machinery, come to Robbins & Myers. We offer you the facilities of a completely modern plant and the experience of 33 years' precision manufacture in designing, building and applying electric motors, generators, fans and electrical appliances

Robbins & Myers, Inc.

Springfield, Ohio

Brantford, Ontario

1878



1931

FANS, MOTORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Alphabet

In Bowman, Ga., Mr. & Mrs. John R. Ginn named their sixteenth child Quaver Ginn. Other Ginn children: Brodie, Corbin, Dorcas, Elmira, Fezzan, Gregor, Hassie, Ithmar, Jessie, Kester, Lisbon, Manson, Nelson, Ornice, Pascal.

Asylum

In Fergus Falls, Minn., one Maurice Larson while being shown through an insane asylum became violent, was put in a straight-jacket, kept there.

Bricks

In Boston hundreds of Bostonians bought wine bricks, dissolved them in water, tended them carefully, made strawberry pop.

Dance

In Wildwood, N. J., John Birch, 28, danced eight weeks in a dance marathon, danced into the ocean, was drowned.

Elder

In Amite, La., Thomas F. Higgenbotham, church elder, learned his son was a bootlegger, killed him. Said Elder Higgenbotham: "For years I have been an informer against bootleggers. I served justice by killing David."

Necklace

In the Styrian Alps in Austria, lightning struck a woman wearing a gold necklace, melted the necklace, gave the woman a slight shock.

Shame

In Tokyo, Todome Yonekura, a groom, saw his officer's horse fall dead. Promptly Todome Yonekura leaped under a train, was killed.

Suit

At Rockaway Beach, N. Y., Ray Martin, a Negro, sold liquor under the boardwalk, wore nothing but a one-piece bathing suit of light, bright green. Police raided Ray Martin's bar, arrested Ray Martin, clapped him into jail. For 26 days Ray Martin languished in jail with no other clothing than his light, bright green bathing suit. On the 27th day he borrowed a duster, went to court, pleaded guilty, was fined \$1.

Widow

In Pittsburg, Ill., Rose Haskins married Jim Moorehead. Jim Moorehead died. Widow Moorehead married his brother, Leo Moorehead. Leo Moorehead died. Twice-a-Widow Moorehead Moorehead married brother Joe Moorehead.

Zeus

In Brooklyn police found a moldy, ornate coffin in a vacant lot. Inside the coffin was a card. On the card: "Spindel Zeus, No. 202, expired 5:40 p. m., 10/24/-28."

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Oil Gets Together

The Government made a *beau geste* to business when it did not appeal the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis permitting Standard Oil Co. of New York and Vacuum Oil Co. of New York to merge (TIME, June 15). Straightway every oil merger rumor of the last three years came to life. Last week a gusher of oil news spouted on the front page of every newspaper. Of greatest magnitude was the announcement that



Keystone

HARRY FORD SINCLAIR

Militia impeded his monument.

Walter Clark Teagle, president of Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, and Kenneth Raleigh Kingsbury, president of Standard Oil of California, had kept a rendezvous at Lake Tahoe, Calif., each with his corps of clerks and lawyers and were "resuming discussions tentatively initiated more than two years ago." Should they come to terms, a \$2,381,000,000 combination might result, largest oil unit in the world.

Full-blown and final, but later reduced again to uncertainty, was the week's next biggest oil story: that Harry Ford Sinclair had finally succeeded in putting together his company with Tide Water, the Prairie interests and Rio Grande into a billion-dollar structure.

Skelly Oil Co. furnished a third story by having its name mentioned in connection first with Texas Corp., then with the Sinclair group.

Men have attributed many ambitions to Harry Ford Sinclair: to clear his name of the Teapot Dome charges; to own another horse like his famed Zev; but mostly to build a billion-dollar oil company, an ambition worthy of his luck and judgment. Last week's report that Sinclair had succeeded, pictured a merger of the following:

Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp., assets \$404,000,000.

Tide Water Associated Oil Co., assets \$248,000,000.

Prairie Oil & Gas Co., assets \$195,000,000.

Prairie Pipe Line Co., assets \$178,000,000.

Rio Grande Oil Co., assets \$53,000,000. Combined assets: \$1,078,000,000.

The reported plan called for the formation of a new company to be known as Commonwealth Petroleum Corp. with 25,000,000 shares of common stock outstanding, and no preferred. Common stockholders of Sinclair and Prairie Oil & Gas would receive one share of the new company's stock for each share now held. Tide Water stockholders were to get eight new shares for ten old. Prairie Pipe Line ten for 14. The terms for Rio Grande were not estimated but at current prices of the "scratch" securities and Rio common it looked as though holders of the latter would be offered ten Commonwealth shares for 25 Rio Grande. Sinclair preferred, of which there were 141,290 shares outstanding, was to be retired at the call price, \$110. What disposition would be made of Tide Water preferred was not suggested.

Back of the enterprise stood other figures besides cheerful, energetic Harry Sinclair. In all his schemes he has had the loyal backing of Blair & Co. and the succeeding firm, Bancamerica-Blair. Although other banks, notably Chase National of New York, have representatives on Sinclair's board, his company and the Prairie concerns are considered particularly the interest of Bancamerica-Blair. Tide Water Associated presents another aspect. On its board are two representatives of First National Bank of New York, Jackson Eli Reynolds, its president, and Henry S. Sturgis, a vice president. There is a Blair man too, but this company is First National territory and as such its stockholders have had much confidence that whenever a merger was accomplished their interests would be amply protected by the astute gentlemen who serve both them and First National Bank.

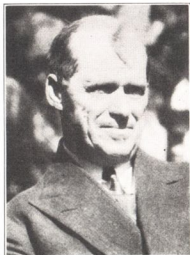
In 1928 this merger was first discussed with only Sinclair and the Prairie Companies mentioned. Rumors of consummation and official denials followed one another in bewildering succession. Then came Depression and each man looked to his own balance sheet, forgot about mergers. But in 1930 Harry Sinclair took a big step. He sold his half interest in Sinclair Pipe Line Co. and Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Co. to Standard Oil Co. of Indiana. A check was written for \$72,500,000; Sinclair Consolidated's profit was \$28,000,000, a welcome sight on any statement in 1930. It made the company's net \$12,000,000 for the year, left it with \$35,000,000 in cash on hand. It put Mr. Sinclair in a fine position to go merger-making.

Publication of the Sinclair plan swiftly revealed its unfinished parts. Rio Grande stockholders were dissatisfied with the ratio offered them; they wanted one share of the new stock for two of Rio Grande common. Some stockholders of the Prairie companies were petitioning John Davison Rockefeller Jr., reputed one of Prairie's largest stockholders, to fight the merger. Unfair share exchange was their cry, too,

plus a moralizing note, stubborn aftermath of the unhappy Teapot Dome affair.* These seemed to be matters which tact and patience could straighten out. But as the days went by something much more fundamental was happening to throw the great Sinclair merger out of gear. With Oklahoma and Texas getting out their militia to halt production (see p. 9), the price of crude oil started to rise. Prairie Oil & Gas Co., key to the Sinclair merger, has an inventory of about 55,000,000 barrels of crude. The company began to grow more valuable, by millions of dollars, than it was a week ago. New merger terms might be necessary, stockholders' consent more difficult to obtain.

When Harry Ford Sinclair was a druggist in Independence, Kan., he was not a success as a businessman. That was during the last years of the 19th Century when Sinclair was a youth and had taken over the store left him by his father. His store finally taken from him, the young man idled about the town and one day went rabbit hunting. He shot himself in the foot accidentally and was maimed for life, slightly. But this accident was really his first piece of luck for it provided him with \$5,000 cash, the payment on an insurance policy. Brought up by his father on strict principles of economy, he paid his doctor's bills but departed forever from the narrow, commercial confines of Kansas.

He and a friend pooled their resources and invested them in Oklahoma oil lands.



EARLE WESTWOOD SINCLAIR

... stood by, carries on.

This first venture, at Kiowa, was lucky. It netted Sinclair \$100,000, a nice sum but nothing in comparison to what was coming. By 1909 with luck and judgment he made a million buying, developing and re-selling oil lands. Independent, working mostly alone he continued on this line until 1926 when he consolidated seven small companies into Sinclair Oil & Refining Corp. The company grew and prospered apace. Fleets of tankers roamed the seas carrying the name Sinclair. This

*Last week in France died James E. O'Neil, one of the key witnesses in the Teapot Dome suits who fled the U. S. in 1924, lived in affluent exile (see p. 27).

alert, grinning, hard-headed man's influence was felt in Moscow, Lisbon, Africa, while his company became integrated, rivalled some Standard Oil units.

Then came a break in Harry Sinclair's luck, a mistake in judgment. His Teapot Dome lease made in 1922 provoked a scandal which came to light in 1923. For five years a complicated battle raged in the courts. Harry Sinclair faced the bar of a Federal Court five times in those years, always smiling, debonair, sure of himself. His mood changed to dejection one night in May 1929 when he entered the District of Columbia jail to serve six and one-half months for contempt of the Senate and for jury shadowing, charges arising out of his long battle to escape the more serious accusation of bribery.

Through the long years when his liberty was at stake Harry Sinclair never neglected his company. He travelled with a staff of secretaries and assistants; received reports, laid plans, dreamed probably as much about developing Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp. as he did about keeping out of jail. Beside his brother through these humiliating times stood Earle Westwood Sinclair, president of Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp. since 1921. Trained as a banker in the Southwest where oil is the basis of most wealth, Old Brother Earle came to know the petroleum business as well as his own. While Brother Harry was packing pills in the Washington jail, he carried on, the company prospered. He still administers many of the company's affairs with vigor while Brother Harry travels, negotiates, tries to build his career's monument.

Florida's Helper

When about two and a half years ago Florida's banking structure was toppling, a Strong Man came to save it. He was Alfred Irénée du Pont, stormiest of the



Wide World

ALFRED IRÉNÉE DU PONT

In Jacksonville, Miami, Orlando, St. Petersburg, Bartow, Lakeland . . .

great Wilmington family. Last week he was still continuing Florida's financial salvage.

Alfred Irénée du Pont is 67, has one

eye and an irascible nature. His 500-acre estate ("Nemours") near Wilmington is guarded by a high, barbaric wall. Firmly cemented in its top are great jagged pieces of glass. The gates are made of iron grillwork backed with steel sheeting. No unwelcome eye may look at "Nemours," no unwelcome feet tread its lawns.

In 1902 when the du Pont company was celebrating its centennial, the death of Eugene du Pont had left the family's holdings at their lowest ebb. Alfred brought together his cousins Senator Thomas Coleman du Pont and Pierre Samuel du Pont, acquired \$12,000,000 worth of stock and a good grip on the company. In 1915 Senator du Pont wished to get out, sold his stock (then worth \$56,000,000) to Pierre Samuel du Pont & associates. Alfred, not one of the associates, declared war. There followed a cousinly battle of giants, du Pont against du Pont for great E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. The war had banking ramifications, Alfred obtaining control of Delaware Trust Co. and with it great power in Wilmington. It had its political aspects, Alfred fighting the late Colonel Henry Algernon du Pont in State politics and Senator Thomas Coleman du Pont fighting Alfred. It had its ramifications in the company, where Alfred, William and Francis du Pont were ousted from executive positions by a 55% vote of stock. It even was carried on socially, for Alfred divorced his wife (a cousin), tried to say her youngest child was not his, brought upon himself du Pont wrath. Later he married the former wife of an employee, increased the family ire.

Aging Alfred now spends most of his time in Florida. He became a newsworthy figure again last year when he started a pension fund for Delaware's deserving aged. He is an able engineer, has invented many a powder machine. He is an able musician, likes a violin. Once he organized and conducted a band at the powderworks, composed stirring marches. The Marine Band recently tried to get copies of them but found he has given up music, destroyed his manuscripts. His hobby now is his yacht *Alizia* (named for his second wife), designed by him; his pet is a much pampered mongrel dog.

To Florida he brought new, sound banks, all with the name Florida National. Last week in Miami the newest one of these began business with \$1,350,000 deposited, a good half million more than any other bank in the State has ever received on its first day. Other du Pont banks (all controlled by his Almourts Corp.) are in Jacksonville, Orlando, St. Petersburg, Bartow, Lakeland. Applications are pending for Daytona, De Land and Tampa.

Cigarets: Fewer & Cheaper

When 119,624,909,917 cigarettes were produced last year against 119,038,841,560 in 1929 tobacco men hailed it as an indication of their industry's ability to withstand Depression. Last week, however, this stout business suffered a reversal. It was announced that July production was 10,708,532,520 cigarettes, a decrease of 9.7% from July 1930. One reason for the sharpness of the decline was that during June the wholesale price was upped, retailers given a period of grace during which they stocked up. Also, July 1930

SPONSORSHIP ... is important



OTHER things equal, there is substantial advantage to the investor in choosing the shares of a fixed trust sponsored by an organization of long experience in the trust field; which knows the practical needs of shareholders and how to provide for them; which is actively creating wider markets and reputation for the shares.

The organization which sponsors Corporate Trust Shares is a pioneer in its field and is one of the largest devoted exclusively to the creation and distribution of investment trusts of the fixed type.

Ask your Investment House or Bank about

CORPORATE TRUST SHARES

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ADMINISTRATIVE AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
120 WALL STREET • NEW YORK



was the industry's best month ever. Nevertheless the decrease was so large that 1931's cigaret record, until now ahead of last year, shows a 1.06% drop from the first seven months of 1931.

That price may have a big bearing on cigarets during Depression was illustrated last week by the case of Philip Morris & Co., Ltd. For a long time this company has had the sales rights and, through an affiliated holding company, controlled the production of several prominent cigarets (*Marlboro*, *English Ovals*, *Dunhill*, *Play-ers*) and pipe tobaccos (*Revelation*, *Barking Dog*). For about two years it has turned out a *Paul Jones* cigaret selling at 10¢ for a standard package of 20. By not advertising it, the company has saved nearly 5¢ a package on *Paul Jones*, kept quality up. Last week more & more retailers were asking for *Paul Jones*, new machinery was being installed in the Richmond factory, production was increased to 14 hours a day. The present production of 15,000,000 a week goes mostly to New England, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan. A few United Cigar and Schulte stores handle *Paul Jones* in Manhattan and it is to this area that the increased production is expected to go, with other big cities to be added later. Although *Paul Jones* may be featured in window displays Philip Morris & Co. still does not expect to advertise, hopes to prove the 10¢ price alone will reap its reward.

Open on Saturdays

Since 1914 Saturday has been a full holiday to members of the London Stock Exchange. Last week, however, the Committee for General Purposes held a long meeting, gravely considered "the situation of the country" and "the desirability of affording facilities for dealing," decided that on and after Sept. 19 business should be transacted on Saturdays.

London dispatches said that older members were pleased by this return to the former routine, that younger members could not see for the life of them why long weekends had to be broken up. Observers thought that the chief reason for the move was not the financial crisis in London but that "Change hates to see Saturday's business in the U. S. shares going to London branches of U. S. houses. Promptly the Birmingham and Newcastle markets followed London's lead.

The London Stock Exchange occupies a triangular area between Throgmorton Street, Bartholomew Lane and Old Broad Street. It is drabish outside, domed above, spacious within. The Stock Exchange is a private corporation with some 2,700 shareholders, nearly all of whom are among the 4,000 members. The membership is divided between brokers proper, acting as agents on a commission basis, and jobbers who buy and sell, trade on their own account. One man cannot be both.

Accounts are settled fortnightly in London, in contrast to New York's daily clearance and settlement by 2:15 of the following day. Purchasers may buy a stock on the account's opening day, advance no money until settlement time. However, during this period they must pay an interest rate or "contango." Contango

is in general based on prevailing rates, but stocks with a large bull account command a higher contango, very speculative shares cannot be contangoed at all. There is no contango when a large bear interest exists but bears must pay a premium known in London as "backwardation."

Although the New York Stock Exchange is now thought to lead the world in the volume of business done, there is no securities market with so great a range in issues as London's 'Change.

The London list includes some U. S. issues (most of the prime rails, also U. S. Steel), many Colonial shares and bonds, some stocks from almost every nation. British bonds are traded in directly in front of the World War Memorial. The best known of these bonds are of course Consols, or Consolidated Annuities. They were first issued in 1751 with interest paid at current rates, but successive reductions brought the rate to 2½% in 1888, 2½% in 1902. There is also a 4% issue of Consols, sold in 1927. These bonds have no maturity date. A favorite section is "Home Rails," including, of course, Great Western, London, Midland & Scottish, Southern, and Metropolitan ("Mets"). Foreign rails include Antofagasta-Bolivia Railroad ("Fags"), Canadian Pacific, and Costa Rican. The bank division lists the British banks, also Chartered Bank of India, Bank of Hongkong, National Bank of Egypt and others. Imperial Chemical heads the chemical group while the textiles include Celanese, Coats and Courtaulds. Industrials include Vickers (steel), De Havilland Aircraft, Imperial Airways, Cunard, Dunlop, Krueger & Toll, Unilever, Swedish Match, British-American Tobacco ("Bats") and Imperial Tobacco ("Imps"). Favorite of the land shares is Sudan Plantations, great Government-subsidized cotton farms. Guinness and Allsopp lead the breweries.

The rubbers, teas and mining shares help give 'Change its international flavor. A broker receiving an order in rubbers may have to rush out and buy some Bah Lias, Gula Kalump, or Linggi, while in teas he must know Budla Beta, Chargola, Jokai, Pabjongan. The mining list includes famed De Beers Diamond Mines, the Rand (gold), Johannesburg Consolidated Investments ("Johnnies"), Rio Tinto ("The Tinto"), Roan Antelope, Katanga, Mount Isa, Siamense Tin.

This year has been one of declining prices on 'Change as illustrated by the following representative table:

	Jan. 1 Prices	Recent Prices
Alliance Insurance. £20	3¼	19 1¼
Anglo-Persian Oil.	2 2½/32	1 19/32
Brazilian Traction.	21 2½/8	18 9/16
British-American Tobacco	5 3/32	3 15/32
British Celanese.	7 7/6*	4 4-32
De Beers.	4 2/4	3 2/4
Hudson's Bay.	1 1¼	20 1/8
Imperial Chemical.	18 1/2*	11 10/8*
Lloyd's Bank A.	£3/6	£2/-
London, Midland & Scottish.	33 1/4	13 1/2
Midland Bank £1.	3 19/32	3 7/4
Unilever.	1 3/4	1 3/4
Vickers.	7-1/8*	6 3/8*

*These quotations are in shillings and pence. One pound (£) = 20 shillings. One shilling (s) = 12 pence (d).



THE Morley

EMINENTLY fitting—all ways. A shoe which has that magic combination of advanced style, with perfect ease and poise afoot. Built on an exclusive last, its distinguished personality is apparent at first glance.

The Morley is fashioned of the finest calfskin, brown or black, and is made according to the highest standard of craftsmanship. From the workbench of Stacy-Adams Company, Brockton, Massachusetts.

In standard welt construction, Stacy-Adams shoes sell at prices of \$12.50 and up. A few of the most exclusive stores sell Stacy-Adams "Bench-Made" shoes (hand-made throughout) at \$25.00 and \$35.00 the pair.



Custom Grade Shoes for Men

STACY ADAMS



Who Holds GM

Last week some figures appeared about General Motors stock ownership, were promptly denied by the company. It was true, said the company, that they have 285,615 shareholders; one in three is a woman; 44% own ten shares or less; they live in more than 70 different countries. But the published holdings of officers and directors were inaccurate. Nevertheless the report came from an authoritative source, made impressive reading.

Executives and directors were listed for 1,823,682 shares of the company's stock, or 4.1% in their own names. Some of the holdings:

	Preferred	Common
<i>Chairman of the Board</i>		
Lammot du Pont	34,250
<i>President</i>		
Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr.	160,000
<i>Vice Presidents</i>		
Charles T. Fisher	139,250
Fred J. Fisher	4,000
William A. Fisher
Lawrence P. Fisher	83,750
R. H. Grant	77	580
Charles F. Kettering	22	2,958
James D. Mooney	100	1,089
Charles S. Mott	649,518
<i>Directors not included above</i>		
<i>George Fisher</i>		
Baker Jr.	175,000
Henry F. du Pont	453	92,125
Irénée S. du Pont	200
Pierre S. du Pont	10,025	73,513
Louis G. Kaufman	1	64,935
Seward Prosser	15,585
John Jacob Raskob	22,567
Owen D. Young	98

In addition to these shares, many officers have holdings in General Motors Securities Co., owner of about 13,000,000 GM shares. Securities stock is exchangeable share for share for GM stock.

Charles Stewart Mott leads all others by a margin so great as to stir the imagination. At the current market his 649,518 shares would be worth over \$23,000,000, a vast sum for one man to have in one enterprise. Next in line come George Fisher Baker Jr. with over \$6,000,000 worth of stock and Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr. with \$5,700,000. In most companies any man who owned over half a million shares of voting stock could be pointed out as a controlling factor, but not so in General Motors. The company has 43,500,000 common shares outstanding; Mr. Mott's staggering block represents only about 1½% of the total.

Mass Credit

A large school of economic thought scoffed instalment buying in 1928, blamed it for the catastrophe of 1929, foretold its speedy annihilation. But no annihilation has come about; instalment selling has withstood Depression well. Although purchases of all goods, especially those which may be bought "on time," have dropped, and although the price per unit is less, the National Association of Credit Companies

reports that the industry has shown surprising stability except for radio sets and mechanical refrigerators, both of which, however, have made steady gains. Four hundred and two automobile finance companies did a \$547,000,000 business in the first half of this year against \$683,000,000 in the same period of last year, \$844,000,000 in the first half of 1929, \$585,000,000 in the first half of 1928. The percentage of defaults remained at 2.8% in 1928 and 1929, jumped to 3.6% last year. Figures



ALEXANDER EDWARD DUNCAN

... can testify to U. S. honesty.

for the first half of this year are not yet available but the association expects no serious increase, finds the U. S. consumer anxious to meet his obligations.

Two biggest independent companies in the field are Commercial Investment Trust Corp. and Commercial Credit Co. Commercial Credit has \$168,000,000 in assets (furniture & fixtures: \$7); Commercial Investment has \$152,000,000 (furniture & fixtures: \$8). Both are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. During the first half of the year Commercial Investment bought \$195,000,000 worth of bills and accounts, earned \$2,601,000 on the common while Commercial Credit purchased \$152,000,000 worth of receivables, earned \$1,056,000 on its common.

Chairman of Commercial Credit is Alexander Edward Duncan, 53, canny Kentuckian of Scotch descent. With only a high-school education he started his first credit company in 1907, organized Commercial Credit in 1912 with \$300,000 capital. He foresaw the motorcar as a great opportunity and his company now has 62% of its business in that field. Chief of his motor customers is Chrysler Corp. He likes fishing and horse-races, is more of a home man than a clubfellow. He lives in Baltimore where the company began, still maintains its home office although it is represented in 191 cities. The directorate over which he presides includes James Bruce, president of Baltimore Trust Co. and brother of David K. Este Bruce, Secretary Mellon's son-in-law; Waddill Catchings; Ambassador to Japan William Cameron Forbes; Banker David R. Forgan of Chicago; Druggan Louis K. Liggett of Boston; Howard LaVerne Wyne-

gar, president of the company. Last week chief President Wynegar saw no reason why the instalment business should not continue prosperous.

Said he: "People who have analyzed the relation of finance companies to general business will see how largely they have contributed to lessen the Depression. They have made available larger amounts of consumer credit to support industry operating on the mass production basis. Mass production calls for mass credit."

Pipes Completed

From the Hugoton gasfield of Kansas and from the neighboring Amarillo field of the Texas Panhandle to Rockville, Ind. is about 805 miles as the plane flies. In 1928 a young promoter by the name of Frank Preston Parish formed Missouri-Kansas Pipe Line Co. to run a natural gas line over this distance. In June 1930, it became apparent that Mr. Parish needed more funds. Three months later potent Morgan-affiliated Columbia Gas & Electric Corp., in order to avert a rapid descent of the entire gas balloon, and to avert what might have turned out to be unwelcome competition, bought a half interest in Mr. Parish's company (TIME, Sept. 26). Work went ahead; last week the final sections of pipe were joined, tests begun. Within the fortnight the line is expected to be in actual operation and within three months the link to Columbia Gas's big eastern network will be completed. This will mark the completion of the longest natural gas "super-system," furnishing fuel from many sources. Feasible in theory, the project is not favored by many natural gas men who devoutly wish Mr. Parish had never started his line.

Last week tests were still being made on the 24-inch pipe running from the Texas Panhandle field to Chicago, covering 950 miles, expected to be in operation by the end of the year. Backed by the strong Insull interests together with Texas Corp., Cities Service Co., Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey and other big companies, this line is thought to have an auspicious future, especially since the gas will be sold on heat units instead of cubic feet (natural gas has nearly twice as many B. t. u. as manufactured gas). Apparently most sure of its success is Continental Construction Corp., the builder, for last week this concern announced that by the end of 1932 it will build a parallel line with 30-inch pipe, shoot natural gas from the South east Chicago, into New England.

Last fortnight the first gasoline flowed from several big Oklahoma refineries directly into St. Paul-Minneapolis. This line is backed by Barnsdall Corp., Continental Oil Co., Mid-Continent Petroleum Corp., Skelly Oil Co., Pure Oil Co., and Phillips Petroleum Co., is the longest gasoline pipeline (1,500 mi.).

Despite these culminations of the great pipe dreams of 1929 and early 1930, last week there was by no means the same interest in pipelines. The public seemed inclined to await results before it increases its stakes in the industry. And no more was heard about such wondrous projects as a pipeline to carry grain, another to transport pulverized coal, a third to gush milk into big cities.

*In some cases holdings might be larger: an executive might have a personal investment company in which to carry his GM shares. In other cases the holdings might be smaller, for sometimes an officer of a company wants to sell his stock, thinks it unwise to get his name off the list, therefore quietly takes a short position against his holdings.

MEDICINE

Health in Poverty

President Hoover, attempting to estimate the national charity which will be needed next winter (see p. 8), last week announced: "There is a test, and a very positive test by which the success of [relief] can be determined. That is, the effect of distress upon public health. I have some years of experience in dealing with problems of distress and relief, and we have always tested the efficacy of relief by the reflex in public health."

He had called on the chief of the nation's health army, Surgeon General Hugh Smith Cumming, for the health figures of 1928, when jobs were plenty, for comparison with the health figures of the two Depression years. Surgeon General Cumming promptly replied with batteries of comparable statistics and with comments.

With a practiced eye that knew what it was going to find (the Surgeon General reported the nation unusually healthy last winter—*TIME*, Dec. 15, 1930), the President scanned Dr. Cumming's data and with no delay consoled the nation thus: "In brief [the Cumming report] shows that the general mortality, the infant mortality, the sickness in the country was less in the winter of 1931 than the winters of full employment in 1928 and 1929. The public health has apparently never been better than it has been over the past six months. It is a most creditable showing of the effort which the country made last winter and one for which the voluntary organizations and local officials are entitled to a very great deal of credit."

As the Germans have noted since the War, poverty forces frugality. Frugality prevents over-eating, stimulates healthy exertion, resistance to disease. The current flare-up of infantile paralysis in & around New York City is seasonal, local, was dying down last week.

Parade Flayed

Prelude to the 40th National Baby Parade at Asbury Park, N. J. next week was an angry, flaying editorial in *Parents' Magazine*. On orders of Publisher George Joseph Hecht, Editor Clara Savage Littledale berated the promoters: "Have you seen the hundreds of children who wait for hours in the broiling sun dressed in fantastic, uncomfortable costumes in order to march more hours in the heat before thousands of adults who should be more humane than to come to see them? Many of the children are very tiny things, the younger the better because the 'cuter' in the eyes of the judges. Weariness, over-excitement, nerve strain and perhaps contagious disease are deliberately courted for these children."

The editorial in no way daunted the promoters of the Asbury Park baby display. The parades have been held longer than Mr. Hecht (35) and exactly as long as Miss Littledale (40) have lived. Commented Parade Director Arthur Cottrell last week: "As far as the city is concerned the parade is primarily a publicity stunt."

THE NEWSMAGAZINE IDEA

7. TIME Stands Alone

There are thousands of Periodicals.
There are hundreds of Magazines.
There are dozens of Journals of Opinion.
There are several Weekly Reviews.
There is just *one* Newsmagazine.

TIME is the one and only complete record of the swift-changing civilization in which and through which we live. It tells the world's weekly story accurately, quickly. TIME makes it possible for the busy American who takes the whole world of progress for his province to read the story of his life-time as he lives the story of his life.

TIME

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AN ESSENTIAL FUNCTION IN THE MODERN WORLD

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He'd like to put on *to "hear himself think"*

NOISE... NOISE... NOISE... it nearly drove him mad—until Johns-Manville Methods of Sound Control made the office absolutely QUIET!

NOON coming up! 10:55 by the clock. Report to write... very important. Deadline in an hour. Manager's waiting. Must start it now... at once. Get going... do something. Think hard... concentrate... get your mind on it, man—think!!

"After visiting 33 dealers on my recent trip—"
(rat-tat-click—tat-tat).

Keep at it, old man. Try again. How would this do?—"Our field investigation quite definitely proves—" (bang-tap, tap—ding-a-ling—thump—"boy-boy"!—buzz, buzz) Disturbance... Excitement... Irritability... loss of temper, nervousness. NOISE!!—It nearly drove him mad.

Noise interferes very seriously with the efficiency of any worker. Noise makes incompetence. Noise makes impatience. Noise makes ERRORS. And noise does other things that you cannot readily detect. Important things. Like using up 19% more energy if you are a stenographer—23% more energy if you are an

executive trying to think. Noise even makes you partly deaf. Noise is a business ENEMY.

When your office is too cold, you turn on the heat. When it is too dark, you turn on the lights. Now Johns-Manville makes it possible to turn off NOISE—and the EFFECTS of noise—just as positively.

Through 18 years, Johns-Manville has been the recognized authority in the development of Acoustical Materials which, applied to the ceilings or walls of offices, stores, restaurants, hospitals, factories, absorb noise as a blotter absorbs ink, or a sponge absorbs water.

In churches, theatres and other places of assembly, these same materials are used to guide wanted sounds to the ears of listeners, quell reverberation, and correct faulty hearing conditions. Not one material for every use, but a group of materials varying in cost, appearance and efficiency to fit the case.

There are countless ways in which either noise *quieting* or acoustical *correction* helps businesses of all kinds. The subject is covered very fully in a new book called—"Solving the Growing Problem of Noise." Write to Johns-Manville, Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City for a free copy.



Nothing short of a book would permit a complete listing of buildings treated acoustically by Johns-Manville since this work began. Here appear a few of the important J-M installations in 1930 alone:

Offices

American Can Co., Newark, Chicago
Bechtel-Nut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N.Y.
Canadian Pacific Railways, Toronto
Crane Co., Milwaukee, Chicago
Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago
Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.
Ford Motor Co., Administration Bldg., Detroit
General Electric Co., Schenectady, Nela Park, Cleveland
Gulf Refining Co., Atlanta
Beaver Falls, Pa.
International Harvester Co., New Orleans
W. W. Kellogg & Co., Battle Creek
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., San Francisco
New York Central Railroad, New York
New York Life Insurance Co., New York
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana, Baton Rouge, La.
Shell Oil Co., San Francisco
E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
Union Carbide & Carbon Corp., Chicago
Van Swearingen Co., Shaker Heights, Ohio
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., East

Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Lester, Pa., San Francisco
Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., Tacoma
Western Electric Co., Cleveland, New York



"200,000 telegrams a day with accuracy and dispatch. *Main Operating Dept., Postal Telegraph & Cable Co., Chicago—quieted by Johns-Manville.*"

Clubs and Fraternal Orders

American Woman's Club, New York
Masonic Temple, Cincinnati
Minneapolis Athletic Club, Minneapolis
Uptown Club, New York

Telephone and Telegraph Companies

American Telephone & Telegraph Co., New York
New York Telephone Co., New York
Ohio Bell Telephone Co., Cincinnati
Toldeo, Cleveland, Dayton, Columbus
Postal Telegraph & Cable Co., Philadelphia, Cleveland, Utica, N. Y., Baltimore, Boston
Western Union Telegraph Co., New York, Boston, Tampa, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Ore.

Hospitals and Sanitariums

Billings Memorial Hospital, Chicago
Children's Hospital, Cincinnati

Leila Y. Post Montgomery Hospital, Battle Creek
Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York
Presbyterian Hospital, New York
Allegheny Gen. Hospital, Pittsburgh
St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, Ore.
University Hospital, Cleveland

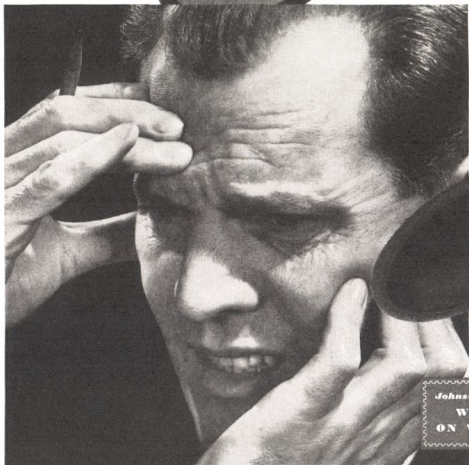


"Both harmony and quiet—J-M acoustical ceiling adds to the modern charm of Biemark Trill & Co., department store, New York City."

Hotels, Restaurants and Cafeterias

Broadmoor Restaurant, New York
Biemark Hotel, Chicago

Ear Muffs



Johns-Manville
WARS
ON WASTE

Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo
Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B. C.
Fred Harvey Restaurant, Cleveland
Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans
John R. Thompson Co., St. Louis, Chicago,
New York, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh
Wahkoff-Astoria Hotel, New York

Schools, Colleges and Universities

Cleveland Board of Education, Cleveland
Eastern Senior High School, Lynn, Mass.
Evanson Township High School,
Evanston, Ill.
Grand College, Philadelphia
Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Syracuse University, Forestry Bldg.,
Syracuse
University of Minnesota, St. Paul

University of Texas, Chemistry Bldg.,
Austin, Texas
University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.

Stores

Bonwit Teller & Co., New York
Bullock's Warehouse, Los Angeles
The Higbee Co., Cleveland
Kaufmann Department Stores, Inc.,
Pittsburgh
Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago
R. H. Macy & Co., New York
Rike-Kumler Co., Dayton
Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago

Banks

Bank of New York & Trust Co., New York
Bank of America, Los Angeles
Chase National Bank, New York

Continental Illinois Bank, Chicago
First National Bank, Minneapolis
First National Bank, Atlanta
Federal Reserve Bank, Portland, Ore.
Guardian Detroit Co., Detroit
Marshall's National Bank, Boston
J. P. Morgan & Co., New York
Morris Plan Bank, San Francisco
Union Trust Co., Detroit

Newspaper Plants and Offices

Associated Press, New York,
San Francisco, Washington, D. C.
Chicago Daily News, Chicago
Chicago Tribune, Chicago
Herald-Traveler, Boston
New York Herald Tribune, New York
Oklahoma Publishing Co., Oklahoma City
San Francisco News, San Francisco



"Decorative motifs blend with J-M Acoustical Material used in ceiling panels—Mellon National Bank, Pittsburgh."

Johns-Manville



Controls

HEAT, COLD, SOUND

Protects against

FIRE AND WEATHER

AERONAUTICS

Good Half

Combined sales of military and commercial aircraft in the first six months of 1931 gained \$85,703 over sales in the first six months of 1930, the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce reported last week. Planes and engines valued at \$19,618,843 were sold by manufacturers in the first half of 1931 as compared to \$19,537,340 in the same period last year. Sales of commercial aircraft declined sharply but a 57.8% increase in sales of military aircraft more than made up the difference. Production of commercial planes slumped even lower than sales in the first six months of 1931—42.9% lower than last year.

Schneider Prelude

At Calshot, England, where British speed pilots were preparing for the Schneider Cup races against Italy and France on Sept. 12, a young lieutenant last week climbed into the cockpit of the Supermarine S-6, which won the Schneider Cup two years ago. He was Lieut. Gerald Lewis Brinton, 26, youngest member of the British Schneider Cup team. It was his first flight in the S-6.

The plane slid along the surface of the Solent until it was going about 200 m. p. h. It cleared the water for a second and then dropped back to it. A tower of spray shot up. The S-6 bounced 40 feet in the air and then plunged down into the Solent, nose first. When Lieut. Brinton's fellow officers reached the ship in a speed-boat, it had risen again, upside down, with wings and tail torn off. The wreckage was towed ashore and the dead body of Lieut. Brinton removed from the tail of the fuselage, where the shock had wedged it. He was the eighth Schneider Cup pilot to be killed in Schneider Cup trials and elsewhere.*

The S-6 was not one of the planes which the British Schneider Cup team planned to race this year. Two new planes have been built, powered by Rolls-Royce motors, which are believed to be capable of achieving 400 m. p. h. In external design, they resemble the planes which won the Cup for England in 1929. The Italian planes, Macchi-designed, are intended to do better than 400 m. p. h.; each has two 1,500 h. p. Fiat motors, two propellers set in tandem. About the French planes, little is known except that they have been reported as surpassing 400 m. p. h. in secret trials. A British victory this year would give England permanent possession of the Schneider Cup.

Flights of the Week

Lindberghs. The legend of Lindbergh's infallibility has withstood minor shocks but never a shock like the one it endured last week. After crossing the Bering Sea

without mishap and effecting a comparatively happy landing at Petropavlovsk, near the tip of the Kamchatka Peninsula, the Lindberghs troubles began. They continued for four days while headlines describing the oriental odyssey in accidental newspapers grew wide with astonishment.

First a heavy fog, "white darkness," delayed the Lindberghs' take-off from Petropavlovsk for the dangerous 897-mile hop over the Kurile Islands to Nemuro (pop. 5,000) at the northwest extremity of Hokkaido. While the Lindberghs waited, Nemuro made ready for the ceremony which was to herald their arrival. An influx of newshawks, cameramen and inquisitive Japanese left only two hotel rooms vacant in the town. These were reserved for the flyers. Volunteers from the Young Men's Christian Association planned to stay up, all night if need be, till the plane was reported passing Ytorofu Island. Then rockets would be sent up to welcome the flyers into the harbor. Places were reserved for 3,000 school children to sing to them from Nemuro beach; a green arch had been erected for them to walk under. Nemuro's geisha girls were ready to dance in their honor and a Banzai band had rehearsed, for their amazement, "The Star Spangled Banner." Finally, the fog lifted and the Lindberghs took off from Petropavlovsk, a day behind schedule.

A few minutes after the take-off minor motor trouble developed. The plane paused for two hours at Avatcha Bay while Col. Lindbergh made repairs, took off again for Nemuro. This time the plane stayed up for half the distance to Nemuro when a radio message from Anne Lindbergh was picked up by the Ochisaki radio station. It said: "Unknown where we are because of fog" and asked what was the best place to come down. "Muroton Bay" (where Japanese Aviator Seiji Yoshihara recently cached gasoline while trying to fly to the U. S.) was the answer. The Lindberghs looped back but failed to reach Muroton Bay and landed instead on the lee side of Ketoi, a volcanic, sparsely vegetated dot among inhospitable Kurile Islands. The Kuriles are inhabited mainly by a people known as hairy Ainu who live in caves, hunt and fish with primitive weapons.

Messages from the Lindberghs insisted that they were in no danger and intended to spend the night in their plane which has broad leather seats at the rear of both cockpits but no room to stand up or lie down full length. Nonetheless, the Japanese Government steamer *Shimushiro Maru* was on hand off Ketoi next morning. The Lindberghs were glad to go on board; the Colonel described the previous night as "the most uneasy in my experience."

There was fog in the morning and he planned to taxi the 15 miles to Muroton, wait there for clearer weather. When he tried to start, he found carburetor trouble, tied the plane to the *Shimushiro* and tried to repair it. His efforts were unsuccessful. Finally it was necessary to tie the plane to the ship and tow it. Even this was a failure. The tow-line broke, the plane was saved only by the agile efforts of the

Colonel and the *Shimushiro's* crew who were described as being animated by "the indomitable spirit of the flyer himself." At Muroton, the Colonel worked on his motor till late in the evening, spent the rest of the night on a government fox farm whose three guards are the only inhabitants of Shimushiro Island. In the morning the Lindberghs rose at 5 o'clock, finally got the motor going and took off from the quiet cliff-enclosed harbor, for Nemuro.

Fog promptly forced them down again, first at Eturup Island, where they stayed at a village inn; next day at Lake Anoro, where they spent another night in the plane and where the inhabitants lit fires on the lake shore to frighten away bears. Next day the Lindberghs flew the last 50 miles to Nemuro. From the balcony of the Nibiki Ryokan, where their beds had awaited them for four nights, Col. Lindbergh addressed the cheering populace. "We are glad to be in Nemuro," said he.

Laggard. The *DO-X*, largest flying boat, last week resumed her laggard ninety-month journey from Switzerland. Proceeding by easy stages from Belem, Brazil, where two motors had been replaced, she paused at San Juan to pick up a passenger. He was George Washington Crouse, Syracuse, N. Y. grocer, onetime passenger on the *Graf Zeppelin*. So eager was he to extend his accomplishments that he had waited two weeks for the arrival of the *DO-X*. After a stop at Cuba, the *DO-X* settled comfortably at Miami. Rigger at anchor in Biscayne Bay, she was inspected by hordes of curious Miamians and by big brown pelicans which flapped overhead, stared down curiously at her twelve engines, set in tiers of six. After the stop at Miami, the *DO-X* planned to amble up the coast to New York.

"Infancy"

At 10 a. m., Oct. 7, 1929, the Miami-Biltmore Hotel in Miami was sold at auction. One Alfred J. Richey, Manhattan real estate dealer, wished to attend the sale. He contracted to pay \$650 for airplane transport from Roosevelt Field, L. I. to Miami. The plane landed at Jacksonville and Alfred J. Richey reached Miami by train five hours late. He thereupon stopped payment on a \$500 check which he had given Roosevelt Flying Corp.

Roosevelt Field, Inc. sued him. He filed a counter-suit for the \$900,000 which he claimed to have lost by not reaching the sale promptly. In his suit, he charged that the plane had been forced down at Jacksonville owing to a defective compass, an inexperienced pilot, and that, even without these handicaps, it would have been incapable of flying to Miami in 14 hours. Roosevelt Field, Inc. last week asked the court for permission to change the name of the defendant in Passenger Richey's suit to Roosevelt Flying Corp. which operated his plane; claimed that Roosevelt Field, Inc. had been released from all liability in connection with the trip; and that "aviation, being in its infancy, is subject to various delays, including adverse weather, and subject to many acts of God which cannot be controlled." The court reserved decision.

*The others: Giovanni Monti, killed three weeks ago at Lake Garda; Henry Richard Danvers Washburn, died of injuries after a test flight crash last May; Tomaso Dal Molin, killed testing a plane in 1930; Lieut. Bonnet killed training for the races in 1929; Capt. Giuseppe Motta, killed testing a plane for the 1929 races; Lieut. F. R. Buse whose plane crashed on the Potomac in 1928; Lieut. Kinkaid who crashed on the Solent in 1928.

A new realm of possibilities FOR THE

PRIVATE OWNER-FLYER



THE Autogiro removes limitations which have been the chief obstacles to popular adoption of air travel.

As one writer has expressed it:

"It (the airplane) lands too fast and it requires a thorough expert at the wheel. Even this expert . . . has entirely too much work to do. The strain upon his concentration . . . is much too intense." By contrast Autogiro travel is confident, relaxed travel even for the novice.

Bruce Gould described it in the *New York Evening Post*:

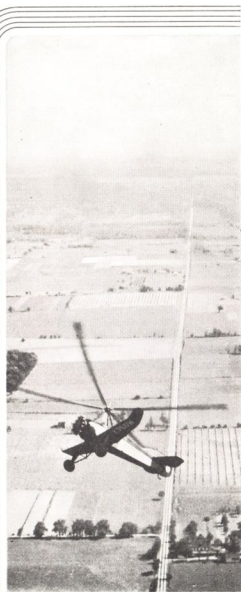
"To discover at first hand just how easily the Autogiro flies, I went aloft in the latest model at the Willow Grove Field, near Philadelphia . . . "While the rotors above your head gather momentum—thereby gaining lifting power—the Autogiro remains stationary upon the ground. Presently you open the throttle and the Autogiro moves slowly forward. Almost before you are aware it is off the ground and climbing steeply. In a minute you are a thousand feet in the air.

"Then, just to test out this strange new plane, you begin doing things to the controls which you wouldn't dare do in a normal plane. You wallow the Autogiro back and forth through the air, paying little attention to the correlation of the aileron and rudder. You marvel to see how steadily it behaves. Suddenly you shut off the power and hold the stick back, a sure way to spin in the normal airplane. All that the Autogiro does is stop going forward and begin to settle gradually.

"It is all very uncanny, and gives you a great feeling of confidence . . . "Presently your Autogiro lands on the ground with a slight bump."

An aircraft that the average man or woman can operate with security opens up new vistas for the future of aviation.

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Characteristics

The Autogiro differs basically from all other heavier-than-air craft in the source of its lifting capacity. This lift is given primarily by four rotating blades which take the place of the familiar wings of an airplane. There is no time when this supporting rotation of the blades can be stopped while the machine is in the air, as their motion is produced solely by wind pressure caused by the movement of the Autogiro in any direction, climbing, level flight, gliding or descending vertically. The supporting rotation of the blades is entirely independent of the engine, whose sole function is to propel the Autogiro.

S P O R T

At Forest Hills

Since Helen Wills Moody was entered in the Women's National Singles Championship at Forest Hills last week, there was no doubt that she would win. It was merely a question of whom she would beat and how badly.

In the first round, her opponent was able Edith Sigourney of Boston. Mrs. Moody won 6-0, 6-0.

In the second round she played Mary Greef of Kansas City, who made her work a little harder. The score was 6-2, 6-3.

Joan Ridley, an English player but not a member of the Wightman Cup team, got as far as 3-6 in the first set the next day,



International

Mrs. MOODY

It was merely a question . . .

when a storm interrupted the matches and drenched 2,500 spectators. Mrs. Moody won the next nine games and the match 6-3, 6-0.

Dorothy Weisel, a hard-hitting California girl against whom Mrs. Moody has no grudge as she has against Californian Helen Jacobs, was next. She covered her court well, made Mrs. Moody run her hardest, lost 6-1, 6-2.

In the semi-finals, the Moody adversary was Phyllis Mudford, smallest member of the British Wightman Cup team, who had beaten Sarah Palfrey of Boston in the third round. Wearing an eye-shade and an expression of appealing determination, she looked so eagerly incompetent that Mrs. Moody neglected to put customary pace on her shots after winning the first five games. Little Miss Mudford then played as tigerishly as she could, ran the score to 6-2, 6-4.

In the finals, Mrs. Moody's opponent was Eileen Bennett Whittingstall. Before her marriage to Painter Edmund Fearnley Whittingstall, Eileen Bennett defeated Mrs. Molla Mallory in the 1928 Wightman Cup Matches. Still the prettiest and best-dressed of woman tennis players, her game has improved brilliantly this year. But while Mrs. Moody was sweeping

through the upper half of the draw almost as easily as in 1929, Mrs. Whittingstall was having a hard time of it in the lower half. In the quarter-finals she played a great match against Helen Jacobs, considered second best woman player in the U. S. After reaching 3-1 in the first set, she won only four points in the next five games, then came back to win two sets and the match 3-6, 6-3, 8-6. In the semi-finals, she played Betty Nuthall, defending champion and No. 1 on the British Wightman Cup team. Mrs. Whittingstall had beaten Betty Nuthall once before this year and did it again last week 6-2, 3-6, 6-4.

When they started their match, Mrs. Moody won the first three games, the last on a line decision which spectators questioned. Mrs. Whittingstall lost only two points in the next three games, but she weakened when the score was tied at four-all and lost the set. Obviously fatigued by two three-set matches on preceding days, she won only one game in the second set. The match was over in 35 minutes, 6-4, 6-1.

Mrs. Moody, who has not lost a set in singles competition since 1927, received the Championship Cup, which she had not tried for last year, for the seventh time, denied renewed rumors that she would turn professional. Next day, Eileen Bennett Whittingstall, paired with Betty Nuthall, won the U. S. Women's Doubles Championship by beating Dorothy Round and Helen Jacobs 6-2, 6-4.

Who Won

♣ Jack Dempsey: his first fight in four years, an exhibition bout against one Jack Beasley; at Reno, by a knockout in the second round. Overtime (1919-26) Heavyweight Champion Dempsey weighed 199 lb., announced a tour of exhibition bouts at the conclusion of which, next March, he might decide to try another "big" fight.

♣ Clyde Mitchell, Milwaukee professional trap-shooter: the World's Open Championship, at Vandalia, Ohio. In the final, Champion Mitchell and runner-up Joe Heistand, state singles champion of Ohio, each broke 199 out of 200 birds. In the shoot-off, Champion Mitchell broke 50, Runner-up Heistand 49.

♣ The New York Yankees: a game against the St. Louis Browns, 11-7, in which George Herman ("Babe") Ruth hit his 35th home-run of the season, the 600th of his big-league career, and was later ejected from the game for arguing with the umpire.

♣ A U. S. team of track & field athletes: a meet against the combined teams of South African and Transvaal Universities, at Johannesburg, South Africa; by winning ten out of twelve events, in four of which (discus, pole-vault, shot-put, javelin-throw) Pennsylvania's Bernard ("Barney") Berlinger made new South African records.

♣ Reginald Weir of New York: the National Colored Tennis Championship, beating Defending Champion Douglas Turner of Illinois 6-1, 6-4, 3-6, 4-6, 8-6, in the final at Tuskegee, Ala. New colored woman champion: Ora Washington of Philadelphia.

McLarnin v. Petrolle

Whenever he wins a fight, Welterweight Jimmy ("Baby Face") McLarnin turns a handspring in his corner of the ring before he makes the conventional gesture of clapping his hands and shaking them over his head. The trick is significant; it seems to be the expression of Celtic characteristics which have endeared him to a public which likes its pugilists Irish. Bill ("Fargo Express") Petrolle is another kind of fighter. Three years older than McLarnin—26—his face is scarred and flattened by the beatings he has received in the course of a long and intermittently successful career. When they were matched in New York City last week it was their third fight. Petrolle won the first, in Manhattan last winter, by banging his right hand into the face of a McLarnin who had come into the ring poised,



Acme-P. & A.

Mrs. WHITTINGSTALL

. . . of how badly.

apparently, for one hard punch to precede his triumphant handspring. Their next fight was less exciting; McLarnin, who had seemed heroic in his defeat, dismayed his admirers by retreating around the ring and outpointing Petrolle with a cautious left jab.

Although neither one is a champion, or likely to be one soon, 15,000 people came to the third fight last week. Petrolle, as usual, rushed in with chin and shoulders low, peering up at McLarnin from beneath eyebrows that look bushy because they are raised by scars. He won the first round, held McLarnin almost even in the next three, won the fifth. But McLarnin had thought up a new way of dealing with Petrolle. Standing up straight, like the barroom pictures of oldtime fighters, he let Petrolle lead and kept him off balance by stepping in close instead of backing away when Petrolle came in. Just as in their first fight it had been amazing to see how little defense McLarnin had against Petrolle's right, it was amazing last week to see how seldom Petrolle managed to duck McLarnin's left. McLarnin nearly knocked him out in the sixth round, nearly did it again in the seventh and eighth, hammered Petrolle when he caught him

in a corner in the ninth. At the end of the tenth round Petrolle, still savage, landed two hard rights on McLarin's face, but they were too late to do any harm. McLarin did not wait for the referee to tell him he had won before turning his hand-spring.

Yachts & Yachtsmen

(See front cover)

Admonished through calm foggy days by a soft choir of fog-horns, harbor whistles and bell buoys; winked at on clear evenings by shore-lights and light-houses, 50 of the finest U. S. sailing ships set out last fortnight on the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club, principal U. S. yachting event of any summer when there is no racing for the America's Cup. Riding at anchor in Newport before the first day's run was *Wetctamoe*, which Frederick H. Prince of Boston had purchased from the members of the *Wetctamoe* Syndicate and which had won three races the week before the cruise. Riding near was *Resolute*, which defended the America's Cup in 1920, and Gerard B. Lambert's *Vantie*, *Resolute's* rival in the 1920 trials. There were half a dozen Class M sloops—Walter Keith Shaw's *Andiamo*, sluggish in races the week before the cruise till her captain removed from her keel 100 ft. of lobster line and two lobster pots; Harold Vanderbilt's *Prestige*, Floyd Leslie Carlisle's *Avator*, and Commodore of the New York Yacht Club Winthrop Williams Aldrich's *Valiant*, all with shiny new duralumin masts; and Chandler Hovey's wooden-masted *Istalena*.^{*} There were four 40-footers, five 10-metre boats, two Seawanhaka schooners, and six schooners in a special cruising class never before included on a New York Yacht Club cruise.

Observers noted that though the racing fleet was as numerous as usual the accompanying fleet was smaller than it has been for 30 years. A few big auxiliaries—Cornelius Crane's *Ilyria*, Gerard Lambert's three-master *Atlantic*, Floyd Leslie Carlisle's *Michabo*—were ready to follow the races, but of the customary squadron of large steam yachts there were only two: Hiram Edward Manville's *Hi-Esmaro* and George Fisher Baker's *Viking*. On board the *Viking*, because his own flagship *Valiant* was too small, Commodore Aldrich held a meeting of all captains the night before the cruise began.

Wetctamoe beat *Vantie* and *Resolute* on the first day's run from Brenton's Cove Light Ship to West Chop on Martha's Vineyard. *Andiamo* beat the other M-boats, when *Prestige*, after leading half the way, dropped back to finish last in her class. The second day was so foggy the race committee considered calling off the longest leg of the cruise, 73 miles around Cape Cod to Provincetown. When the fog finally lifted, there was almost no wind; the boats drifted along the rough elbow of the Cape till dark. Word came that *Michabo* had run aground on Shovelful Shoal off the upper tip of Long Island; then that H. G. Leslie's 40-footer *Ty-*

phoon, mistaking the headlights of cars for harbor lights, had run aground on the ocean shore across the Cape from Provincetown. *Valiant*, *Valiant* and many another were towed into Provincetown harbor; the rest, tacking slowly against a light head wind, made port late that night or the next day, when no races were scheduled.

Encouraged by the shouts, cheery or derisive, of Provincetown's Portuguese fishermen, the fleet then set out across Massachusetts Bay for Marblehead, for the first formal gaieties of the cruise. It was a day of light, following airs; *Andiamo*, lifting and gliding under her great spinnaker, made the most startling run of the cruise and reached Marblehead more than an hour ahead of the rest. After a day's racing at Marblehead the weather was calm again; the fleet had itself towed through the canal at the base of Cape Cod to Buzzard's Bay. There was a fresh breeze for the last day of the cruise but it chopped, changed, and finally almost faded away while *Wetctamoe* led the fleet home to Newport.

Two days of racing off Newport ended the cruise. Twenty-two year old Elizabeth ("Sis") Hovey, sailing her father's *Istalena*, beat Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams (called "Chick" by fellow yachtsmen) in the *Vantie* to win the Astor Cup for sloops; Rowe B. Metcalf's *Sachsen* won the Astor Cup for schooners. Next day, in a fine fresh breeze, *Wetctamoe* won the cup presented by King George V, beating *Valiant* by one second over the 30-mile triangular course.

Though dull weather made the New York Yacht Club cruise, like several regattas this year, slightly disappointing, U. S. yachtsmen have enjoyed a lively summer. Instead of racing for the America's Cup, there was the transatlantic race, won by Olin J. Stephens' yawl *Dorade* which, still in British waters last week, also won the Cowes-Fastnet-Plymouth race. Gales made a majority of the boats in the Fastnet race seek port before the finish; they caused the second death of the year in British yachting when Col. C. H. Hudson, joint owner of *Maitenes II* was swept overboard and drowned.^{*}

New York Yacht Club members talked last week as though the club had already received its challenge, expected within a fortnight, from barnacle-bearded Sir Thomas Lipton to race for the America's Cup in 1932. America's Cup racing next year will be done according to new and stricter specifications forbidding such oddities as the *Enterprise's* light and springy duralumin mast, or the winches below decks which made her easier to handle. Woodenmasted *Wetctamoe*, slightly remodelled, might well be the 1932 defender.

Depression's influence on sailing this summer has been slight: on steam and power yachts more noticeable, though with notable exceptions. The new Morgan *Corsair*, launched in 1930, has crossed the Atlantic six times, once in record time (for steam yachts) to Southampton (7 days, 7 hr.). A dozen or more new yachts

have been placed in commission this year; the biggest is Mrs. Richard M. Cadwalader's 407-ft. 10-in. *Savarna*, built in Germany at an estimated cost of \$5,000,000. Now being built for Edward F. Hutton at Kiel is a square-rigger, 322-ft. four-master. Cost: \$1,250,000.

Depression has been a gloomy sunset gun for many U. S. yacht-owners but it has in no way curtailed Commodore Winthrop Williams Aldrich's enjoyment of his favorite sport. If the *Walloping Windowblind* was a capital ship for an ocean trip, so is Chase National Bank, world's largest, of which Mr. Aldrich became president when it merged with Equitable Trust, whose counsel he had been for many years and of which he had become president in 1929. Son of Rhode Island's Senator Nelson Wilmard Aldrich, he did his first sailing off Warwick, R. I. in a mainsail-rigged dory, his first cruising on his father's steam yacht. He graduated from Harvard in 1907, was admitted to the bar in New York five years later. As representative of the Rockefellers (his sister Abby married John Davison Rockefeller Jr.), he led the fight to oust Robert Wright Stewart from Standard Oil of Indiana. It was partly the family connection that made him head of the Rockefeller-controlled Equitable Trust. It is not probable that, like the crew of the *Walloping Windowblind*, Commodore Aldrich will ever be compelled to dine on the bark of the Rug-Bug tree or to traffic with a Chinese junk. A member of 18 clubs and seven directorates, including the board of American Telephone & Telegraph Co., he can have contempt for the wildest blow on shore as he sails.

When a man is elected Rear-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, it is clear that, in the normal course of events, he will hold the office for three years, then become successively Vice-Commodore and Commodore. Commodore Aldrich succeeds Vincent Astor (who succeeded Harold Sterling ["Mike"] Vanderbilt) and will probably be succeeded, year after next, by Junius Spencer Morgan Jr. His fellow members have been pleased and amused by the crisp, business-like manner in which Commodore Aldrich conducts even such informal meetings as last fortnight's aboard the *Viking*.

Head of the syndicate which built and raced the cup-winning *Enterprise* last year, Skipper Aldrich was her navigator in the trials. He thinks her run against *Yankee* off Martha's Vineyard was "the greatest race of its kind ever sailed." In her races against *Shamrock V*, Skipper Vanderbilt sailed *Enterprise* but the Aldrich pennant, blue border and blue anchor on a white field, flew from her \$40,000 mast. A better sailor than ex-Commodore Astor, Commodore Aldrich maintains no lavish steam yacht like the *Nourmahad*; his *Wayfarer* is a smaller but serviceable boat. Like ex-Commodore Vanderbilt, his favorite sport ashore is tennis. One of his brothers, William T. Aldrich, is Commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club at Boston. The New York Yacht Club's Commodore is an affable and patrician boatman, a lively but retiring enthusiast. His bitterest disdain is windless weather because it makes yachting "not very enjoyable."

^{*}Chartered from stout-hearted George Mallory Pynchon whose Wall Street Firm of Pynchon & Co. (faded last April). The Pynchon steam yacht *Vasanta* is now owned by Clayton W. Morse Jr., who renamed her *Clador*.

^{*}In the Cowes Regatta, three weeks ago, Second Mate Friend of King George's cutter *Britannia* was drowned (TIME, Aug. 17).

ANIMALS

Big Ones

After being reported missing off the coast of Maine on his 110-ft. yacht *Ajax*, Jabish Holmes Jr. of New York, grandson of the late Charles Fleischmann (yeast), turned up safely. His story: fishing seven miles off shore he and his friends had



International

JABISH HOLMES JR.

If fishes tell . . .

hooked a "700-lb." horse mackerel (tuna) which towed them far to sea, kept them up all night, then got away.

If fishes tell about the big ones they get away from, Jabish Holmes's tuna could truthfully tell a tall story. Jabish ("Horse Mackerel") Holmes Jr., onetime Harvard footballer and hockey goalguard, is six feet in length, has attained a size some four feet around the middle, would weigh easily 250 lb. on his own fish scales.

Brisbane's Mouse

Baldish, button-chinned Arthur Brisbane leads a quiet life consisting mostly of reading, writing and real estate. But lately he had an experience which moved him deeply. In the pantry of his house he came upon a mouse caught in a trap. Next day he made eight paragraphs out of the incident, some of the best he ever wrote, for his Hearst column. Arthur Brisbane's mouse story:

"The fight against death, the intense will to live, in so-called lower animals, is impressive. Under the pantry sink is a small piece of board, and on it, a trigger with cheese attached, and a strong spring that brings down violently a piece of wire running crosswise of the mousetrap.

"The trap has been sprung, a mouse is caught, the wire pressing with cruel force across its backbone, just above the hind legs. The front legs, neck, head and shoulders are free.

"When light is turned on, the helpless creature that has been struggling desperately, perhaps for hours, becomes quiet,

no sign of life except the brightness of its eyes.

"It cannot be left to suffer all night, until some servant shall dispose of it. You lift the trap and the creature, back broken, raises on its fore legs, biting in all directions, seeking to reach the hand that would end its misery. Placed, with the trap on a whisk broom, for convenient carrying, its little teeth bite fiercely at the broom.

"Its greatest show of courage and resistance comes when it is placed in a pail of water, and held down, beneath the narrow wooden board.

"It whirls and turns, struggles with its free fore feet, forces its angry head above the water time and again. No human being, no Crillon or Du Guesclin,* could offer equal resistance to inevitable fate.

"And when you think the end has come and the formidable task of destroying a mouse has been accomplished, the struggle begins again as desperately as before, until at last death takes back the determined little life that nature has created.

"No Marmion,† with his 'Charge, Chester, charge; on, Stanley, on,' could die more bravely than that fragment of mouse 'consciousness.'"

The Brisbanian moral:

"If it is so difficult, psychologically to kill a helpless mouse, how do those natives



Fred Hess & Son

ARTHUR BRISBANE

No Crillon or Du Guesclin . . . no Marmion . . . could die more bravely.

of northern India and other savages of similar kind, kill their girl babies? . . . etc. etc. etc."

*Louis Balbis de Berton de Crillon (1343-1613) French soldier, called by Henry IV "the bravest of the brave." He served under Henry II, Francis II, Charles IX as well as Henrys III and IV. He was not present at and strongly condemned the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day (1572), which was instigated by King Charles's mother, Catherine de' Medici. The famed Paris hotel on La Place de la Concorde was named for him.

Bertrand Du Guesclin (1320-1380), constable of France, was the most famed French warrior of his age. He fought in the wars between France and England, was made a lord, a count, was ransomed for 120,000 crowns following the battle of Auray; died on the field of battle.

†Hero of Sir Walter Scott's poem "Marmion" (1808), valiant English battler against the Scots on Flodden Field (1503).

EDUCATION

Dialect Atlas

What does your husband call you—my wife, the missus or my woman? What do you say—a dingle, dale, gulch, dell, vale or gully? Father, pa, pop, popper, pappy, dad or daddy? Has a cherry a seed, stone or pit? These things you may be asked if you live in New England and if during the next 15 months you do not deliberately snub or elude the inquisitive gentleman who represents the American Council of Learned Societies. Armed with a list of 1,000 questions, he will be combing the countryside, quizzing housewives, laborers, farmers, bankers, fisherfolk. To compile a mighty Linguistic Atlas of the U. S., first of its kind,* he and six other field workers left their base of operations at Yale University, New Haven, Conn. last week. First region whose dialects will be studied and charted on detailed maps, comprises the States of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut.

Leaders in the work are Professor Hans Kurath (German, Linguistics) of Ohio State University and Professor Miles Lawrence Hahn (English) of the University of Wisconsin, also a linguistic worker is Professor William Cabell Greet (English) of Barnard College and Columbia University, who has made many a phonographic recording to preserve in handy form the essential characteristics of U. S. dialects (TIME, Aug. 13, 1928).

Ouster Ousted

One hot day last week in Dayton, Tenn., in the same court room where John Thomas Scopes was tried six summers ago for teaching Evolution, one of his prosecutors was fighting to keep from being ousted: Walter White,† superintendent of Rhea County Schools. Nervously Walter White snapped his red suspenders, jerked at his white wash tie—same kind he wore during the "Monkey Trial."

Whip-wielder for many a year in local politics, onetime State Representative and Senator, Superintendent White had held his office for twelve years. In 1926 he was Republican nominee for Governor, was beaten by the late Governor Austin Peay. He had been influential with the County Court and the School Board. But things changed. A special committee of the County Court had a look at school conditions, found that budgets had been exceeded, money spent wastefully and illegally. Charges were brought: "culpable misconduct, misbehavior in office, inefficiency." After a long day's trial last week he was ordered removed by a vote of 12 to three. Cried he: "A damnable factional conspiracy!" He filed a plea denying the court's right to try him, appealed the case. Circuit Court meets in December. Should it grant another appeal, he could muddle the case along until September 1932 when his term of office would die a natural death.

*The American Language of Henry Louis Mencken is informative and entertaining, but admittedly far from comprehensive.

†Not to be confused with Walter Francis White, Negro author, assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Tommy Arkle

A tall, spare, white-haired man with a bushy white mustache was carried into a Chicago hospital last November to undergo a serious operation. Flowers, letters, telegrams began arriving for him. "Who is this guy?" asked an attendant. Replied another: "Guess he's a gangster."

No gangster, Thomas Arkle Clark held until last week a job he invented and



Underwood & Underwood

DEAN THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

... tired of waiting for new alibis.

made famous: dean of men at the University of Illinois (Urbana-Champaign, Ill.). Graduate of Illinois (1890), one-time professor of rhetoric, onetime acting dean of the College of Literature & Arts, he became in 1909 the first U. S. dean of men: chastener of delinquents, soother of parents, information bureau, helper of the needy, social and moral adviser. A year ago he reached 67, age limit for university officials, was asked to stay on until the University's new president, Harry Woodburn Chase, was installed. Also, they wished him to break in his successor, Fred H. Turner. This April he announced his retirement at a meeting of U. S. deans of men in Gatlinburg, Tenn. Last week he closed up his desk and said: "I'm not tired of the job. I just grew tired of waiting for students to think up new alibis and excuses for cutting classes."

Well-beloved, well-hated, "Tommy Arkle" wore garish clothes, bag rings, liked to be told that he was the best dressed man on the campus, glowered quizzically over his spectacles as he talked with his students. Quietly, firmly he made his impress upon Illinois, abolishing naughty fraternities (Kappa Beta Phi, Theta Nu Epsilon), fraternity "hell week," freshman hazing, student ownership of automobiles. He is fond of proper fraternity life, interested especially in his own Alpha Tau Omega. Like Edward, Prince of Wales an accomplished fancy-worker, he knit sweaters for soldiers during the World War, has lately turned his attention to tatting and crocheting. He gave Alpha Phi Sorority a fine tat-edged luncheon cloth, crocheted this spring a rag rug for Kappa Delta.

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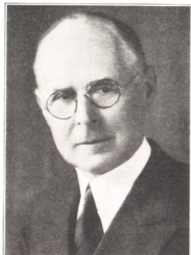
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SCIENCE

Prizemen

U. S. chemists last week placed \$1,000 on Professor Linus Carl Pauling as a sure place-winner in their profession and a possible winner of a Nobel Prize. Professor Pauling was 32 last February. At Oregon State Agricultural College where he won his B.S. degree at 21 (no early age) he was a promising, gangling youth



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CARBORUNDUM'S TONE

... pure scientist, plant engineer, business administrator.

always browsing in the chemistry and physics laboratories. Three years later he was a California Institute of Technology Ph.D., no easy distinction under the strict driving of Professor Arthur Amos Noyes, director of Caltech's Gates Chemical Laboratory. Director Noyes kept the brilliant young man at Caltech another year under a National Research Fellowship, then sent him on a John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship to Europe for a look at physical chemistry there. Back went the scholar to Caltech and an assistant professorship. A workout in that position, then an associate professorship; then this year, at 30, a full professorship of theoretical chemistry.

As the 82nd annual meeting of the American Chemical Society approached next week (at Buffalo), Professor Pauling's career and accomplishments were objects of many secret discussions. U. S. Chemistry has had two great rewards for its doers: the William H. Nichols Medal and the Josiah Willard Gibbs Medal.

This year Jacob Fred Schoellkopf, Buffalo power and dye tycoon, contributed a gold medal, named for his late father, to honor important industrial research. First Schoellkopf medalist, named last week, is President Frank Jerome Tone, 63, of Carborundum Co., who helped develop that and other synthetic abrasives, who originated the first commercial process for producing silicon metal (used in electrical transformers, alloys, hydrogen manufacture), who possesses "to an unusual degree

the rare combination of the qualities of the pure scientist, the plant engineer, and the successful business administrator." Graduates of Hill School and Cornell of six or seven years ago wondered if President Tone is any relation to popular, broadshouldered Jerry Tone who used to catch on the Cornell baseball team. They are father & son. Jeremiah Tone now



Keystone

CALTECH'S PAULING

The most promising young man . . .

works as one of his father's salesmen. Another son is Franchot Jerome Tone, actor (*Pagan Lady*, *Green Grow the Lilacs*).

Also this year for the first time Dr. Arthur Comings Langmuir, rich Hastings-on-Hudson authority & manufacturer of shellac and glycerine, elder brother and early teacher of General Electric's famed Dr. Irving Langmuir, offered a \$1,000 prize for "accomplishment, in America, of outstanding chemical research by a young man or woman preferably working in a college or university." Caltech's young Professor Pauling is the first Langmuir Prize winner.

Professor Pauling has published some 50 reports of his research on the structure and electronic activity of atoms, molecules and crystals. The scientific goal of his search is to learn and explain the bonds which hold elements together. He has demonstrated that the union of elements is an inter-atomic electrical phenomenon. For benzene, mother of a multitude of useful organic products, he has been able to diagram the binding process. A molecule of benzene contains six carbon atoms and six hydrogen atoms. The carbon atoms he figures at the apices of a hexagon, the benzene "ring." Racing in an ellipse around each adjacent pair of carbon atoms on the hexagon's perimeter are a pair of electrons. Racing in longer ellipses across the hexagon and around pairs of diametrically opposite carbon atoms are three more pairs of binding electrons. Thus the carbon atoms are held tightly within the benzene ring.

The six hydrogen atoms must still be accounted for. One hydrogen atom pairs with each of the six carbon atoms. In an ellipse around each carbon atom and its companion hydrogen atom races still another brace of binding electrons. Thus each hydrogen atom is held by one pair of electrons, each carbon atom by three pairs of electrons. This is called the Pauling Structure. It makes the various chemical behaviors of benzene more understandable.

Director Noyes of Caltech calls Professor Pauling "the most promising young man with whom I have ever come in contact in my own [44] years of teaching."

Dr. Langmuir calls him "a rising star, who may yet win the Nobel Prize."

Smell v. Barnacles

A little fact precious to ship operators was reported last week by Western Reserve University's Professor John Paul Visscher upon his return to Cleveland from two months among the Tortugas: barnacles, shellfish which attach themselves to ship hulls and thereby impede speed, have a sense akin to the sense of smell which makes them recoil from certain chemicals. Professor Visscher's intention is to mix a chemical of disagreeable, repellent smell into the hull paint, thus prevent barnacles clinging at all.

Kanchenjunga Couloir

Death slipped up on a German party climbing Himalayan Mount Kanchenjunga last week, struck twice, causing anguish which when transcribed became one of the finest bits of journalistic writing this summer.

Two years ago Dr. Paul Bauer took Bavarian mountain climbers to scale 28,146-ft. Kanchenjunga on the India-Thibet frontier. Blizzards and avalanches thwarted the party. Last year another German group under Professor Günther O. Dyhrenfurth tried, failed, turned to and surmounted neighboring Jongsong Peak, altitude 24,340 ft. This summer Dr. Bauer again essayed Kanchenjunga.

Last week his men—Germans, Indians and Thibetans—were high up the Zemu Glacier. They had rounded its crumbling snout the previous fortnight. The party had been cheery. Now they were plodding on, apathetic from the sight of double dealing Death.

The episode, which Dr. Bauer reported to the *London Times* and the *New York Times*, was this:

"The larger party was on its way to pitch Camp Eight. At 2 p. m. we attained the place where two years ago a temporary camp called the Little Camp, was established. Both sides of the ridge fall with terrific steepness.

"This year the route for 120 feet was through the flank and then for a rope's length [80 ft.] through an ice couloir. After that one stood on a wide rib leading in a few minutes, rather easily, to the terrace of Camp Eight.

"Hans Hartmann and Dr. Karl Wien passed the spot, which was by no means too difficult for skilled mountaineers. Hermann Schaller was just about to ascend the steep couloir, and I watched him from near by; for my rope team, consisting of Hans Prischer, myself and a porter, was to follow at once.

M U S I C

"Quietly and surely Schaller cleared the steps formerly cut. Passing, the second man on the rope, elderly and reliable, followed for a few metres, and a third man, Tsain Narboo, stood on the boulder at the beginning of the couloir and managed the rope.

"Suddenly Passang's body shot downward, followed immediately by Schaller,



Underwood & Underwood

DR. PAUL BAUER

He felt an uncanny desire.

who in a high curve shot over him through the air into the snow-filled couloir.

"For a fraction of a second I hoped the rope might break the fall, though at once I was aware that no rope could halt this double fall. The bodies flew down the terrifically steep couloir. The porter of my rope team screamed with horror and looked as if he were going to throw himself down the abyss. We all felt an uncanny desire to follow them.

"Dulled with terror, we realized the terrible disaster. With a rope we fixed the porter to the rock over which the rest of the rope was double slung. We proceeded to Camp Eight, where we recalled Hartmann and Dr. Wien, for the whole party to descend and search for our poor friends. Six in all passed the night on an ice ledge a metre wide on the range of the couloir. Next day almost the entire expedition gathered in the highest basin of the Zemu Glacier.

"[Two days later] we found both at the base of the couloir and it was evident they had been killed at once. The couloir breaks sheer for several hundred metres.

"Next day we brought the dead down through the soft snow to an island of rock emerging from the sea of ice and surrounded by an incomparable mountain circus. There we buried them today, not trying to hide our tears, and joined all our forces to build a tomb worthy of the man who gave his life for a great cause.

"The grave was planted over and over with green flowers. From a height of 5,400 metres it looks out over the Zemu Glacier and behind rise the ruddy sheer walls of Kanchenjunga. At the head we have erected a gigantic cairn."

Longer & Better

Tristan the Hero, wounded by Traitor Melo's sword thrust, was dying one night last week on the stage of the *Festspielhaus* at Bayreuth, Germany. As Kurwenal, his faithful manservant, stood by him, Tristan sang feverishly, sometimes shouting, sometimes sinking into exhausted murmurs. Patiently the audience attended his efforts. But a larger audience, more excited, spread all over the world, listened to *Tristan and Isolde* through loud-speakers. It was a tradition-breaking radio broadcast: first one to come from Bayreuth. To insure its excellence, all other broadcasting in Germany had been hushed. The Reichs Rundfunk Gesellschaft sent it out to all of Europe on a short wave; British Broadcasting Co. relayed the third act to National Broadcasting Co. for its U. S. hook-up.

For 40 minutes, while Tristan raved, U. S. listeners waited. From their radios came substitute music. Atmospheric conditions were not yet right. Then, amid buzzings and squawks, came Tristan's voice and the shepherd's pings which tell him that Isolde's ship is in sight. Although the orchestra (under Conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler) was less clear than the singers, reception improved during the last 20 minutes. Best voice was that of Basso Josef Manowarda (King Mark). Others: Tenor Gotthelf Pistor (Tristan), Soprano Nanny Larsen-Todsen (Isolde), Baritone Rudolph Bockelmann (Kurwenal).

NBC's *Tristan* bit was followed three days later by an hour-and-a-quarter program from the Mozart Festival at Salzburg, Austria: the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Conductor Bruno Walter (who will conduct Manhattan's Philharmonic-Symphony next winter) in an all-Mozart program; and part of a promenade concert at Queen's Hall, London, under Conductor Sir Henry Joseph Wood. Clearer than NBC's first program, this one was not relayed but picked up by short-wave and re-transmitted. Symphonically-minded radiolists were pleased. Heretofore radio policy had been to keep programs short: 15 or 30 minutes. Now competition between NBC and the Columbia system was making things look up.

First to change its mind had been Columbia. Recently it announced a series of six concerts during the winter by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Conductor Leopold Stokowski: one hour and three-quarters each. Then, last month, it put on the air the first international festival re-broadcast. From the *Festspielhaus* at Salzburg, with some degree of success, came the first act of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*.^{*} This month CBS scheduled a one-hour performance of Mozart's mighty *Requiem* from the Salzburg Cathedral. After half an hour of howling and squawking (thunderstorms) it was taken from the air. NBC got the idea, planned a coup with its Bayreuth broadcast.

^{*}Reason for including it in a Mozart Festival: its libretto, like that of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, is based on one of the pair of comedies by Pierre-Augustin Car de Beaumarchais.

Museum Piece

In the grimy British Museum in London last week assembled a small group of excited British savants. It was a momentous occasion, they felt: they were



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ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

"Oojee boojee! Oojee boojee."

to unseal the first of a great collection of historical gramophone cylinders, recorded years ago for the benefit of posterity. They were to hear first the voice of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England, on the 50th anniversary of its recording, in a reading of his own works.

Reverently an official inserted a needle, adjusted the record on an oldtime gramophone. He turned it on. From the old trumpet came a little sound: that was probably the Bard clearing his throat. Then came his voice, dismally wailing: "Oojee boojee! Oojee boojee!"

This was puzzling. They speeded up the instrument. Lord Tennyson roared angrily. They tried another adjustment. Firmly he repeated his wail: "Oojee boojee! Oojee boojee!"

Dismayed, the savants called off the meeting, began hunting for someone who knew about 50-year-old gramophones.

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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.)

B O O K S

Prize Novel

BROTHERS IN THE WEST—Robert Raynolds—Harper (\$2.50).

Every two years since 1922 Publisher Harper has held a \$10,000 Prize Novel Contest. Last winner was Expatriate Julian Green's *The Dark Journey*, a well-written bad seller. This time Publisher Harper, twice shy, has given his prize-money for a book that should not make his ledgers see red. *Brothers in the West* will not appeal to the precious few but should be read, wept over, thoroughly enjoyed by the common-or-garden reader.

Author Raynolds' tale is of two brothers, men of stature and sinew, who roam together through the Western U. S. forests and are devoted to each other. The indeterminate time is laid somewhere in the 19th Century, well before civilization had made romance an undesirable alien. But Author Raynolds, though he is at some pains to set a convincing forest-&-wilderness scene, is not concerned with being historically accurate. The Brothers talk sometimes like minor prophets and sometimes like sophomores; but you don't mind; it is all a kind of legend, with a good enough yarn to carry it.

Men marked by prowess but by no particular ambition, David and Charles live hard but enjoyably in the wilderness, go on great sprees when they come to town, feel no need of a change. Then one day in the forest they run into measly little Grosjean and his desirable woman Karin. Both the brothers want Karin but David wants her most, so Charles helps him tie up Grosjean, kidnap the girl. Grosjean pursues them, somehow manages to catch up, shoots Charles. It is a shrewd blow, but Charles recovers. Such is Grosjean's remorse that he is allowed to join the brothers' ménage. They drift to Mexico, collect more horses, women, children, a priest. Karin, tired of wandering, wants a house, so they decide to marry their women and settle down. Their community is settled, thriving, increasing, when aging Karin dies. The brothers leave all the rest, take to the trail once more, wander till they are feeble old men. On top of a mountain Death comes for them together.

The Author. Robert Raynolds had reached the age of 28 without getting one of his stories published. Born in Santa Fe, N. Mex., in the room in the Governor's Palace where the late Author Lew Wallace is supposed to have worked on *Ben Hur*, he toiled in coal mines, a cement mill, a silver mine, on a trade magazine; but kept his literary ambitions. Though a graduate of Lafayette he spent two earlier years at Princeton, where the *Nassau Literary Magazine* encouraged him by accepting a sonnet, a sketch. A year ago he left his editorial job, took his wife, two children and many rejected manuscripts to Georgetown, Conn., set himself to write his prize-winning *Brothers in the West*.

Black Bunyan

JOHN HENRY—Roark Bradford—Harper (\$2.50).

After Author Roark Bradford gained fame with his negroid Bible stories, *Of*

Man Adam an' His Chillun (on which Playwright Marc Connelly based his Pulitzer Prize play, *The Green Pastures*), he failed to add to it with *This Side of*



JOHN HENRY

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

... got the all-overs, the down-yonders.

Jordan, an unpleasantly realistic, unpleasantly tragic novel of Negro life. Now he is back again on the side of the angels with a rambling, episodic legend of the big black buck John Henry, who is to the Cotton Belt what Paul Bunyan is to the North Woods.

John Henry came from the Black River Country, "whar all de good rousterbouts comes f'm, an' de sun don't never shine." His birth was Gargantuan: he weighed 44 pounds, and as soon as he opened his mouth he called for lashings of victuals. He talked brash and he acted uppity, but he got things done. He could lift 500 pounds of cotton at one lick and with one smack sink a nine-inch spike in a white-oak tie. With women, too, his ways were winning, till he encountered his fatal Julie Anne. Her chronic faithlessness gave John Henry bad attacks of the all-overs, the down-yonders, even made him ponder the meaning of existence.

Once he took his troubles to an old white woman. She gave him good advice: "You got to weary yo' life along, 'cause dat's de way hit turns out. You work and yo' back gits tired; you lay round hyar in de sun and shade and yo' soul gits twice as weary. Take a job er work, and you wear cawns in yo' hands. Th'ow yo' shoes under some woman's bed, and cawns come on yo' weary soul. Quit yo' work, and you gits de all-overs. Quit yo' woman, and you gits de down-yonders. Hit's all one and de same, John Henry. So git yo' hat and keep amovin', son, 'cause hit ain't no rest for de weary."

The Author. Roark Bradford, born on a plantation near the Mississippi River,

grew up with Negroes, had one for nurse, many for playmates, went to their homes, churches, picnics, funerals. He received a degree from the University of California in 1917; when the War broke out he went soldiering, stayed in the Army till 1920. Then he worked on newspapers in Atlanta, New Orleans. Four years ago he quit

work to write. His second published story, *Child of God*, won the O. Henry Memorial Award for 1927.

After the Vestris

S. S. SAN PEDRO—James Gould Cozzens—Harcourt, Brace (\$1.50).

On Friday morning, June 7, the 17,000-ton turbine liner *San Pedro* lay at her Hoboken pier. Within her steel fatness lay a million dollars in gold for the Argentine, automobiles for Montevideo, shirts, toys, plows and a consignment of machine guns for Paraguay. She also carried passengers and crew to the number of 400 souls. One of the last to leave the ship before she sailed was a horrid looking man with a skinless skull and grey cotton gloves, Captain Clendening's physician. He was the one who first noticed the ship was listing.

The list grew from a thing of no importance to an inexplicable, spiteful terror as the *San Pedro* pounded into a blow off the Virginia coast. Thereafter the *San Pedro* became not a machine of wood and metal but a personification, headstrong and invincible, created to kill 400 people. She bucked and danced and cracked. She reduced her passengers to impotent lumps of frightened flesh. She crushed from the firm officers who commanded her all energy and initiative, leaving behind the hulls of men who only knew that they must obey Captain Clendening. She made of able Captain Clendening a man sick and puzzled and afraid. She fountered.

A Cunarder turned south from her North Atlantic line; the Japanese

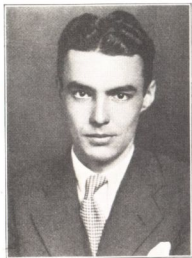
PEOPLE

freighter *Toledo Maru* came heavily about to go to the rescue; just over the horizon a Cuban sugar tramp crawled patiently on, having no wireless.

The men in the *San Pedro's* wireless room joked at each other with wistful gallantry. Morris offered the first operator a ham sandwich, salvaged from the flooded kitchens. "Do take some more caviar, kount. It will only be thrown out. . . . All together now: American Marconi Company, I love you!"

Paralyzed, Captain Clendening held on to the rail of his bridge, thought not of getting his passengers off, thought only of death by drowning. With a final rattle and hiss the *San Pedro* slid to a fathomless resting place.

Author James Gould Cozzens undoubtedly had in mind the end of Lampart & Holt Line's *Vestris* which, commanded by a seaman whose brain had been replaced



JAMES GOULD COZZENS

. . . writing since Kent School.

by a fearful vacillation which caused him to delay some six hours before sending out an SOS, dragged 110 people to death three years ago (TIME, Nov. 26 et seq.).

It is not surprising that Author Cozzens should be able to do a good job of writing. He is 28, has been scrivining since he published an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on student government at Kent School while he was a student there. His first novel was *Confusion* published in his Sophomore year at Harvard. *Saturday Evening Post*, *Pictorial Review*, *Woman's Home Companion* buy his short stories. Other books: *Michael Scarlett*, *Cockpit*, *Son of Perdition*. Last year S. S. *San Pedro* appeared in *Scribner's* Magazine, has been selected as one of two books by the Book-of-the-Month Club for September.*

*Other Book-of-the-Month: SUSAN SPRAY—Sheila Kaye-Smith—*Harper* (\$2.50). It is the story of a woman evangelist, born of poor farmer tenants in rural England. At the age of four she sees God in a fiery bush, runs home screaming to her mother; for the rest of her life she continues to embroider on the tale, sincerely coming to believe it herself. Through the course of her life she marries three times, manages to combine the flesh & the spirit so charmingly, so successfully that she becomes famed.

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

Anita, 22-year-old daughter of Joseph Clark Grew, U. S. Ambassador to Turkey, swam the length of the Bosphorus (18 mi.) in five hours, while her father fed her chocolate, cheered her with phonograph music from a small boat.

When the *Belgenland* reached Fire Island, N. Y., on her return from a six-day cruise to Halifax, it was 1 a. m. At a sweepstakes party were Hisashi Fujimura, rich Japanese importer (Asahi Corp.), and his mistress—svelte, blonde, beautiful Mrs. Mary Dale von Reissner, onetime showgirl. She was travelling with him in the guise of governess to his seven-year-old daughter Toshika. During the voyage there had been some stateroom resentment over their affair. At 1 a. m., Importer Fujimura left the party. Except for the testimony of a staff officer and a stewardess who thought that they saw him two hours later, dressed, that was presumably the last time Hisashi Fujimura has been seen. The British, U. S. and Japanese Governments were investigating. At Norwalk, Conn., on the Fujimura estate Mrs. Fujimura was burying her third child, giving birth to her fourth.

John Davison Rockefeller Jr. has found that Tammany Hall was holding up him and the other builders of Manhattan's Radio City, for the granting of privileges for entrances and garages. He threatened to withdraw the project, threatened to tell Samuel Seabury, inquisitor of the city's municipal scandals. Tammany Hall, scowled, pondered.

Albert Einstein's sartorial negligence still drives his wife to tears. Her latest wail: Under pretense of being a guest at tea, a friendly tailor measured the professor's size by sight, made him a suit. When the tailor presented the finished suit and explained the ruse, the professor lost his temper (a rare event), chased the tailor from the Einstein's Berlin apartment, refused to wear the suit. He gives his clothes money to charity. Last week he was vacationing at Caputh near Potsdam, wearing white linen pajamas, no socks, no shoes.

George, 12-year-old son of Comedian Cliff Edwards ("Ukulele Ike"), fell under a freight train near Chicago, had to have both legs amputated.

Explorer Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History, barred from further excavations in Mongolia by the Chinese Commission for the Preservation of Antiquities, stopped for a polo game at Peiping on his way home, fell off his pony, broke his collarbone.

Near Fontainebleau, France, onetime King Alfonso XIII of Spain saw a chateau for sale at \$800,000, opened negotiations for it with an offer of \$700,000.

Rolling up from Rio, the Munson liner *Southern Cross* neared New York. It was 4:30 a. m. when William Henry Murray Jr., son of Governor "Cocklebur Bill" Murray of Oklahoma, an unidentified woman and the ship's third officer left the cabin of Assistant Purser Joseph Apud. Next morning Assistant Purser Apud was found dead, shot through the head with a bullet from the revolver he clutched in his hand. The revolver was identified as belonging to young Murray. Assistant Purser Apud had left a farewell note. His death was announced as a suicide, but Apud's mother met the boat at Brooklyn, demanded an investigation. In Oklahoma City, Governor Murray said that his son had been teaching natives in Bolivia and Argentina to drive oil trucks. "I didn't



Keystone

WILLIAM HENRY MURRAY JR.

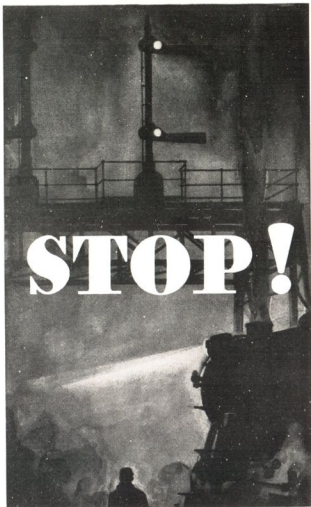
His father: "I talk a lot, but he isn't that way."

know he was coming," continued the Governor. "I guess he intended it as a surprise. . . . He's just like that; he won't tell them much up in New York. I talk a lot, but he isn't that way. You watch."

George Vanderbilt, rich Manhattan sportsman, returned from a trip to islands in the Pacific with 120 animals, 25,000 ft. of moving picture film, a story of having hooked a young whale.

A lover of fine horses, President Paul Doumer of France was last week offered three pairs of thoroughbreds by the Breeders' Association of France. Gratiified, because horses are not only more chic but cheaper than an auto, President Doumer was forced to decline the offer because he had no stable. The stables of the Elysée Palace were long since turned into a garage.

At Ketchikan, Alaska, customs officers boarded the yacht of General William Wallace Atterbury, president of Pennsylvania R. R., seized his supply of rye whiskey and champagne. General Atterbury fumed.



High over the tracks, against the black curtain of night, flashes a red signal light: "Stop"—and the speeding train comes to a grinding halt. One hundred, two hundred, perhaps three hundred passengers in the comfortable coaches behind that powerful locomotive little know how much their safety depended on the *redness* of the lens in that signal light. It must be an *unmistakable* red, a standard shade of red that cannot be mistaken for anything but a railroad signal light. It must be easily identified at a distance as well as close at hand. It is only through long experience and meticulous care in manufacturing that

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LISTEN

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