

# TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*



Volume XVIII

**"YOUNG" DINO GRANDI, 35**

*With President Hoover, 57, he will talk peace and wheat.  
(See FOREIGN NEWS)*

Number 20



*Blacksmith Shop in the Ford village of Greenfield, Michigan*

## WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER

THE blacksmith's calm, ruddy face took on an astounded look when the first gas-buggy came to a jerky stop in front of his shop for service! Staring him in the face, was an idea new to the world!

If you or your father owned a Ford, you learned something in those days that did more to speed up the automotive age than anything else, except the automobile itself. You learned that when Ford sold a car to a customer he followed up the sale by going to the best mechanic in town . . . the blacksmith, bicycle-repairman, or plumber . . . and giving him a complete lesson in the mechanics of servicing automobiles! For Ford

not only designed, built and sold automobiles, but he also established the principle that a sale does not complete the transaction between maker and buyer, but creates a new obligation on the maker to see that the car gives good service. Ford's cars were bound to give good service, because he saw to it that there was always a local and well-respected mechanic who would guarantee that the car would do its job.

No estimate has ever been made of the part played by these town mechanics and metal-workers in the development of the automobile industry. Yet it was they who adopted the automobile first . . .

just as it was from their shops that the first airplane took wings! It was they who made possible today's system of service stations.

Many of them, and the young men they trained, are essential elements of the nation-wide community of Ford . . . repairmen, service men, agents, bankers, even business men of prominence, distinguished members of their communities wherever they may be.

Growing with the industry of which they are an integral part, the entire Ford dealer organization has been specially trained and equipped to service all Ford products . . . automobiles, trucks, tractors and airplanes!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



MAKING NEW FRIENDS  
AND KEEPING THE OLD

## FRIENDS IN A COMMON CAUSE . . .

On Armistice Day we celebrate the peace that was gained by friends striving in a common cause.

Meeting old comrades, we re-live other days—we 'win the war' again. . . . And more and more we come to realize that what really carried us through was *teamwork*.

When you come right down to it, doesn't this same friendly teamwork win, too, the victories of peace? Certainly we think so at Oakland-Pontiac.

First of all, teamwork helps us design our cars. From our men, in all positions, come ideas and suggestions to aid our engineers. And when the designs are finally approved, teamwork again becomes important, for nearly 10,000 men build these cars in plants that occupy 231 acres.

We have teamwork in other forms too. Our

factory chief, his 18 superintendents and 219 foremen, meet weekly to discuss their work and seek ways to improve the countless operations that go to make the finished cars.

Because of this teamwork we have been able to produce this year the finest Oakland and Pontiac cars that we ever have built . . . cars of such wide appeal that more of them were sold during eight and one-half months of 1931 than during the entire year of 1930.

When you drive these two fine cars, you will realize that their fleetness and power, their exceptional convenience, their restful comfort and their sturdy reliability can be credited to the efforts of no one man . . . but they result rather from the loyal and careful teamwork of many men, all striving together toward a common ideal of perfection.

OAKLAND 8 PONTIAC 6

P R O D U C T S O F

Bodies by



G E N E R A L M O T O R S

Fisher

# WHY...did this Ad

Find the  
Hidden  
Factor!

Four-color center-spread "A"

EACH burst forth from the same mold. Favored alike by copywriter, art director, engraver, typographer and executive blessing.

Yet one of the twins stopped *five* persons for every *three* who noticed the other. Won readers at less than *half* the other's cost per reader. *Why?* In the interests of your own advertising success—*WHY?*

## The Hidden Factor

Hard times have put advertising on the pan. Copywriters are told to hitch hooks onto their metaphors. Art directors to drop atmosphere for "the goods."

But neither copy nor art can be thanked for the difference in results noted above.

A hidden factor must be taken into account: *the magazine used.*

The more widely seen ad was published in *Liberty*.

The other in another mass weekly.

And the importance of the hidden factor, the magazine, in affecting advertising results is shown clearly by a check of this and 44 other advertisements which appeared in *Liberty* and, in duplicate form, in one or more of the other mass weeklies during last July and the first two weeks of August.

## The Gallup Tests

During those six weeks, 15,000 homes in six cities were visited by Dr. George Gallup, Professor of Journalism and Advertising, Northwestern University, and his staff. Wherever

a reader of a current copy of one of the four mass weeklies was found, he or she was conducted through his or her copy, page by page. Every advertising and editorial item recognized as having been *seen* or *read* was tabulated. (In three of the six cities the Association of National Advertisers acted as official observers.)

Inspired by the need for more accurate facts, this is the first attempt ever made to go beyond editorial judgments, circulation analyses or reader votes to find out comparative reader interest in magazines. It marks the first tabulation ever made of exactly what magazine readers actually *see* and *read*.

## What They Found

Out of all 45 advertisements that had appeared in duplicate in *Liberty* and others of the mass weeklies—

Three-fourths had stopped more readers in *Liberty* than in any of the other weeklies—

Nearly all had stopped more in *Liberty* than in one of the other weeklies.

And the average ad had stopped 15% to 153% more persons in *Liberty*.

## Why LIBERTY Gives Space Buying New Importance

The first "different" mass weekly in many generations . . . paced to war-changed manners, modes and reading tastes . . . *Liberty* is closer to the American Public . . . proves, as in this case, that choice of the right magazine may make a 70%

# Liberty...AMERICA'S Best



# stop 70% more persons than this one?



**IN PONTIAC YOU GET REAL RIDING COMFORT AS WELL AS ECONOMY...**

**riding comfort**

**PONTIAC**  
AN OUTSTANDING GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

**LOW FIRST COST**

## Four-color center-spread "B"

difference in your advertisement's "stopping power". Liberty's fast moving, brief, newsy editorial material, by the best authors and artists...

Made easy to read by its compact size, every-story-complete-in-consecutive-pages-makeup (putting every ad next to live material instead of back-of-the-book runovers)...

Checked by the fact that 99% of its circulation is bought over the counter, copy by copy, 52 times a year, without need for soliciting profitless subscription contracts...

Has logically made Liberty "America's best-read weekly".

As such, Liberty offers 52 opportunities a year to advertisers interested in getting more out of their advertising.

If you are not one of these, a copy of the Gallup report is available without obligation. A note on your letterhead will bring one post-haste via a Liberty representative. Address Liberty, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

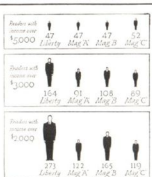
# Read Weekly

## No. 3 in LIBERTY'S Twin-ad Tests

This is the third of 45 cases where the same advertisement appeared in LIBERTY and one or more of the other mass weeklies during the period of the Gallup Tests—and was checked for variation in reader interest in each magazine. Watch for the next one—a week from today

These are some Advertisers who are getting more for their money by using LIBERTY:

AMERICAN FLIER MFG. CO.  
AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.  
AMERICAN TIL & TIL CO.  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
ANTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO.  
B. V. D. CO.  
BARBAROL CO.  
BAUER & BLACK  
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.  
BORDEN CO.  
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CO.  
BRUNSWICK-BALKE-OLLENDER CO.  
BUICK MOTOR CAR CO.  
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE CO.  
CHESBROUGH MFG. CO.  
CHRYSLER MOTOR CO.  
CHL. MIL. ST. P. & PAC. R. R.  
CHRYSLER MOTORS CORP.  
CLUETT-PLEADRY & CO.  
COCA-COLA CO.  
CITY, INC.  
CROSBY RADIO CORP.  
R. B. DAVIS CO.  
JOS. DINON CRUCIBLE CO.  
ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA  
ETHYL GASOLINE CORP.  
EX-LAX, INC.  
FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE  
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., PHOTO-FLASH LAMPS  
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., RADIOS  
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INST.  
HEWES & POTTER  
HINZE AMBROSIA, INC.  
CHAS. E. HIRSH CO.  
HOUGHTON, INC.  
INDIAN REFINING CO.  
INT'L MERCANTILE MARINE  
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS  
JOHNSON & JOHNSON  
KELLOGG CO.  
KLEENEX CO.  
KOLYNOR CO.  
KOTEN CO.  
KRESS & OWEN CO.  
LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO.  
LARUS & BROS. CO.  
LEVER BROS. CO.  
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.  
LIONEL CORP.  
MENNEN CO.  
PHILIP MORRIS & CO.  
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.  
NORWICH PHARMACEUTICAL CO.  
NYAL COMPANY  
PACIFIC MOTOR CAR CO.  
PARKER PEN CO.  
PERPETUO CO.  
RCA VICTOR CORP.  
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
G. WASHINGTON YACHT CO.  
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.  
STANCO, INC.  
A. STEIN & CO.  
STERLING PRODUCTS CO.  
TEXAS CO.  
VELDON COMPANY, INC.  
WANDER CO.  
G. WASHINGTON COFFEE REF. CO.  
L. E. WATKINS CO.  
R. L. WATKINS CO.  
WESTERN CLOCK CO.  
W. F. YOUNG CO.  
ZONITE PRODUCTS CORP.



## Actual READERS-per-page-Advertisement that your dollar will buy:

Fourteen percent of LIBERTY'S circulation is found in the "Over \$5,000" income group (where is only 9% of the country's population). But this is unforced placement. LIBERTY goes there because it's wanted there. It is bought—voluntarily—week after week on a copy-by-copy basis. No surprise, then, that approximately the same number of persons in this group remembered having seen the average page advertisement in LIBERTY as in any of the other mass weeklies which place, largely through solicited subscriptions, from 20% to 30% of their circulation there.

# We're out to SHOW MEN how much 25¢ will buy

## We did it with Listerine Tooth Paste. We're doing it with Listerine SHAVING CREAM

You know the Listerine Tooth Paste success story:

Because of our resources we were able to produce a better tooth paste and price it at 25¢. Millions found by use that it actually was a better tooth paste. It is now a leader.

We're doing the same thing with shaving cream. We're out to show men that here is a really remarkable product at a common-sense price.

The best thing we can say about it is that 99 out of a 100 men stick to it.

Maybe they like the fragrant, soapy lather that it gives even in ice-cold water.

Maybe they like the way it softens the toughest beards so that even the dull razor does a fair job.

Perhaps they welcome that wonderful feeling of coolness and comfort that this cream imparts to the skin.

Again, they may appreciate the big tube and the saving that the 25¢ price permits.

Frankly, we don't know. But we do know that Listerine Shaving Cream is rapidly climbing towards the top. Your druggist has it. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE  
SHAVING  
CREAM**



**25¢**  
the big tube

## L E T T E R S

### State Sterilization

Sirs: In a footnote on p. 36 of your issue of Oct. 3 you state that "in 13 U. S. States sterilization may be ordered for habitual criminals, imbeciles, or insane persons." The fact is that there are 27 States which now have sterilization laws applying to the insane or feebleminded or both. Some of these laws, however, provide only for voluntary sterilization. In every State almost all of the sterilization is virtually voluntary since it is done with the consent and frequently at the instigation of the patient's nearest relatives. The patient himself, being either insane or feebleminded, cannot give a consent which is legally or morally worth much. So far as we know, habitual criminals are not compulsorily sterilized in any State.

As you say, the patient in any case has the full protection of the laws and a right to appeal to the courts if he considers that his personal rights are being invaded. The fact that appeals to the courts are almost non-existent is an indication of the public sentiment back of the law wherever it is understood. In a test case from Virginia in 1927 the Supreme Court of the U. S. upheld the constitutionality of eugenic sterilization.

Sterilization has been practiced in California institutions for 22 years with a total of more than 7,500 operations to date.

E. S. GOSNEY

President

The Human Betterment Foundation  
Pasadena, Calif.

### Tolerably Bright Boy

Sirs: As an easy-going racehorse is my reading of readable TIME until I come to the hurdle of middle names in the reference to more or less well-known public men. It seems to me the designation "Herbert Hoover" for the occupant of the White House is much more satisfactory than "Herbert Clark Hoover."

The average reader of readable TIME is a tolerably bright boy, and he will get your meaning at once if you refer to them as Senator Borah or Senator Norris; and if you further particularize by referring to them as Senator William E. Borah or Senator George Whannoodle Norris while it serves to establish the painstaking exactness of your research department yet, to me, it makes a very awkward break in the flow of easy reading and takes up valuable space.

JAMES ARTAXERXES ("JIM") STORIE  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

TIME is permanently committed to printing middle names, but not to repeating them *ad nauseam*. To J. A. Storie, a bow.—ED.

### Preserved Fish's Grave

Sirs: It may interest your correspondent Fred E. Kerry—whose letter you published in the Oct. 26 issue of TIME—to know that Preserved Fish is buried in one of the old graveyards in New York's lower east side.

Unfortunately I cannot recall the exact location.

KENNETH R. EDWARDS

Rochester, N. Y.

Preserved Fish is in vault No. 75 in the century-old New York City Marble Cemetery at Second St. near Second Ave., wherein lie many of oldtime New York's families: Chesebrough, Lenox, Ogden, Allen Bogardus, Van Allen, Griswold, Kip, Taylor, Stanton, Webb. A marble slab marks "PRESERVED FISH'S VAULT" where five others (only one other Fish, Mary) are buried. On the Fish plot there also rises a marble monument to Captain H. Leslie, a New Bedford fellow-whaler, who is also in vault No. 75.—ED.

### Children's Prayers

Sirs: Shocked beyond my meagre powers of expression was I at the picture (TIME, Oct. 26, Religion) of two children, American, praying to a Heavenly Father who they believe loves them with an infinite love.

I, with other heads of families, inwardly shudder at this picture with its insidious propaganda of love and beauty. How can we train our children to become racketeers if their imaginations are formed daily by such examples? Shame on TIME and book publishers who brazenly adopt such pornographic circulation methods.

If TIME should ever mention St. Francis, who gave his money to the poor, I would be forced to cancel my subscription. Such interference with my duty to instill greed and selfishness in my children shall never be brooked by me.

RICHARD T. LEWIS

Albany, N. Y.

Sirs:

The deleted picture of children praying on p. 22, TIME for Oct. 26 was the subject of discussion yesterday in a group of young parents. What they want to know is this, "Did Mrs. Blaisdel know that your magazine intended to announce her attitude on children's prayers?"

Said one young mother, a former co-ed flapper, "I have not taught my children to say their prayers, but at least I have the grace to be ashamed of it, and I am not married to a Columbia professor either but am the wife of a mere salesman."

"That is just the reason you are ashamed of it," said the father of one young wife. "These college professors are likely to be unbelievers. The products of women's colleges are mostly a faithless, shameless lot too. I ought to know for I sent three daughters to Bryn Mawr or Mt. Holyoke. I am not sure which college he designated. It was one or the other. Perhaps the three daughters distributed themselves. Both colleges were mentioned by the father. My married daughter is not teaching her children their prayers, a vital mistake to my Methodist mind. Probably Mrs. Blaisdel is from Bryn Mawr [or Mt. Holyoke], therefore unashamed, even proud of her infidelity. But life brings folks to their knees. I have noticed. She is young yet," he concluded.

One mother said her little girl visited her grandparents and came home with a prayer taught her by her grandmother, which the mother felt was a merited rebuke. Another said

## "CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE"

—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

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

Please enter my subscription for TIME, for one year, and send me a bill (\$5; Canada, \$8; Foreign, \$6).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## They come with the apartment



Radio entertainment is always on tap, in many an up to date apartment and hotel — among them that most modern of hotels, the Waldorf-Astoria. The

Western Electric radio distribution system makes possible this modern convenience.

All you do is turn a switch, taking your pick of two or more programs. Loud speaker, receiving set, tubes and antenna are all provided.

The receiving and control apparatus are products of the same skill which makes Western Electric broadcasting equipment the choice of leading stations. And behind it all is an experience in producing Bell Telephones which has also made possible the talking picture, aviation radio, and sound amplification.

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# Western Electric

*Makers of your Bell telephone and leaders  
in the development of sound transmission*

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*The Western Electric Radio Distribution System is  
distributed by Graybar Electric Company*





★  
The **MOST EXPENSIVE** hat in the world, courtesy of Korzman, New York. The quiet luxury of its materials is mated with *Made's* genius into a *derrière cri* still too new, too smart for every woman to wear.

## For a Higher Type of Intelligence

In many ways, Pebeco is like a most expensive hat. Its appeal is to the discriminating few. It has something which intelligence alone can appreciate.

That "something" is the expensive ingredient comprising 40% of every tube. Although vital in dental health, this ingredient is in no other dentifrice.

At first Pebeco may seem to have an unfriendly taste. You may not like it, for it is not doctored with pleasant, meaningless flavors or loaded with foamy soap... But soon you will learn to love Pebeco's refreshing tang; soon you will enjoy the "bite" which is its signature. And when you stop to think about it you will realize that all the advertising claims in the world cannot help your teeth—that it is *what is in the tooth paste that counts*.

Wherever people do the intelligent thing naturally—and not at someone else's dictation—you will find Pebeco preferred. Is your choice of a tooth paste the result of your own thinking?

A Product of LEHN & FINK, Inc.

★  
Pebeco is the **MOST EXPENSIVE** tooth paste in the world—to make. But it costs you no more than the average dentifrice.



© 1931, Pebeco, Inc.

*The Toothpaste for Thinking People*

her child learned little prayers and grace at table at the kindergarten or pre-school, which relieved her very much as she wanted her child to pray but had not taught her any prayers because she did not like "Now, I lay me" and thought the *Lord's Prayer* too long and difficult for a child.

While nearly all agreed that to hear and see children praying is touching and sweet, yet no one liked the deleted picture.

A number disliked photographic illustrations of any kind and thought this particular one lacking in both art and appeal.

Some expressed a desire for the complete prayer beginning, "Gentle Jesus meek and mild" used by the children of Publisher Farrar.

AMY V. BROWN

Cleveland, Ohio

The oldtime hymn "Gentle Jesus" has a number of versions. As a prayer, its first verse usually goes:

*Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child.  
Pity my simplicity;  
Suffer me to come to Thee.*

It has now been ascertained that the Farrar children's prayer is the first verse of the hymn "Jesus, Tender Shepherd":

*Jesus tender Shepherd hear me,  
Bless Thy little lamb tonight.  
Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
Keep me safe till morning light.*

Sirs:

Am airmailing this from Mexico City to lose no time in congratulating Mrs. Blaisdell on her censorship of "religion" as an implement of education. Had the minds of Edison, Franklin, Burbank and thousands of other original thinkers been sufficiently crippled by belief in and reliance on "divine power" and "life after death," they would have passed to the limbo of unaccomplishment with the rest of the orthodox millions.

In the Latin countries we have the best opportunities for observing contrasts. Dominated for centuries by the arbitrary dogmas of wealth, church and state, the Latin-American mind gets nowhere, invents nothing and is fearful of every new and original idea and there is a very considerable mental stratum in the U. S. A. that functions on the same plane.

I can name hundreds of "saints of science" whose altruistic devotion to research for *truth's* sake, developed a spirituality—a refined, unselfish morality, that far transcends in sanctity, all egoistic professional martyrs for all time....

The Spaniards of the *Armada* called the English sailors "pagans" because they depended upon efficiency instead of prayers, but efficiency won the fight. An American general exhorting his troops said, "trust in God but keep your powder dry...." Why train children to kid themselves?....

PARKER H. SERCOMBE

Miscoac D. F., Mexico

Sirs:

As for me I take my religion straight and old-fashioned. But perhaps Mrs. Blaisdell (*Time*, Oct. 26) her white ribbon Prohibition of religion may be doing more good. Can't you see this "Blaisdell Act" producing bootleg worship? I can well imagine these children, who are to be so carefully shielded from any reference to a higher power, turning into every church they pass for a surreptitious prayer. Perhaps contraband worship is just what the churches need to make them full of overflowing with this intense younger generation. If this be true, I say more power to Mrs. Blaisdell.

HARRIET EVANS WYCKOFF

Washington, D. C.

Kolo

Sirs:

Ordinarily I'd just hate to contradict *Time*, but this time I just know you're wrong.

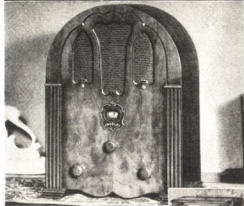
In your issue of Nov. 3, *Army & Navy*, p. 13, we find that "At a banquet of generals General MacArthur joined hands with the others, did the national dance, called *kolo*, which consists of running around the table in one direction then running around the table in the other."

Whether intentionally or not, you hereby give a definition of the *kolo* which places it in a

# CROSLLEY SUPERHETERODYNE RADIO RECEIVERS are the Greatest of ALL Radio Values

**Pentode Output, Variable Mu Full Size Dynamic Speaker SUPERHETERODYNE**

**The Crosley LITFELLA \$36<sup>36</sup>**  
Complete with Tubes



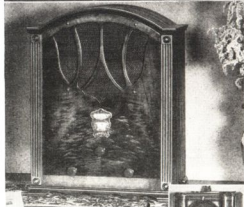
The Crosley LITFELLA (above) is an entirely new and utterly different 5-tube Pentode output, variable Mu Superheterodyne using a full size Crosley full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. Sensationally low priced for such super-performance. The attractive cabinet of beautiful veneers is only 17 inches high.

**The Crosley LITBOY**  
An exquisite lowboy console (right) housing the same chassis and dynamic speaker as The LITFELLA. Front panel is of American black walnut. Posts and stretchers are walnut finish. Sides and top are 5-ply walnut veneer. **\$48<sup>50</sup>**  
Complete with Tubes



**New 10 Tube Push Pull Pentode Output Variable Mu. Dynamic Speaker Automatic Volume Control SUPERHETERODYNE**

**The Crosley TENSTRIKE \$69<sup>50</sup>**  
Complete with 10 Tubes



A compact table model receiver (above) incorporating the new Crosley 10-tube push-pull Pentode output, variable Mu Superheterodyne chassis with meter tuning, automatic volume control and auditorium size Crosley full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. The magnificent all wood cabinet is 29½ inches high.

**The Crosley Happy Hour**  
A magnificent 44-inch side-labeled console (right) incorporating the same chassis and features as The TENSTRIKE and an auditorium size full dynamic speaker. **\$99<sup>50</sup>**  
Complete With 10 Tubes



No matter what comparison you may make, you'll not find as great a value for the dollar in a radio receiver as you'll find in these new Crosley models. From the Crosley LITFELLA, a SUPERHETERODYNE using Pentode and variable Mu tubes and incorporating a full size full floating moving coil dynamic speaker, to the Crosley HAPPY HOUR, a 10-tube push-pull Pentode output, variable Mu SUPERHETERODYNE embodying meter tuning, automatic volume control, and using an auditorium type full floating moving coil dynamic speaker, there is a CROSLLEY to meet every demand for radio reception and to satisfy every purse. Every Crosley receiver shown is a SUPERHETERODYNE—every one under \$100!

**8 Tube Push-Pull Pentode Output Variable Mu. Dynamic Speaker SUPERHETERODYNE**

**The Crosley PLAYBOY \$49<sup>75</sup>**  
Complete with 8 Tubes



An especially designed all wood table or mantel model (above) 17 inches high, 17½ inches wide, 10¼ inches deep. Front panel is of imported Oriental wood finished in two-tone effect. The solid side panels and arch top are of high-lighted walnut finish. Incorporates the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode output, variable Mu Superheterodyne chassis and latest Crosley full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. Embodies all the new Crosley features. Never before such superlative radio performance at so low a price.

**The Crosley ANNOUNCER**

One of the most beautiful door console models (right). Stands 42 inches high. Incorporates the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, variable Mu Superheterodyne chassis plus the new type Crosley auditorium size full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. **\$85<sup>00</sup>**  
Complete With 8 Tubes

**The Crosley CHEERIO**

A magnificent cabinet of rare beauty, full 40 inches high, housing the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, variable Mu Superheterodyne chassis and newest Crosley full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. All new Crosley features are incorporated. **\$65<sup>00</sup>**  
Complete With 8 Tubes



**The Crosley MERRY MAKER**

Another 40-inch console of unusually attractive design and sound construction housing the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, variable Mu Superheterodyne chassis plus the new type Crosley auditorium size full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. **\$75<sup>00</sup>**  
Complete With 8 Tubes



**The Crosley PLAYTIME**

Here it is! A dream come true! A grandiose type A. C. electric hall clock incorporating the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, variable Mu Superheterodyne radio receiver and Crosley auditorium size, full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. The same A. C. house current connection operates both clock and radio. **\$95<sup>00</sup>**  
Complete With 8 Tubes



THE CROSLLEY RADIO CORPORATION  
POWELL CROSLLEY, Jr., President Home of "The Nation's Station"—W.L.W.  
CINCINNATI  
(Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and west, prices slightly higher.)

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLLEY  
**CROSLLEY RADIO**



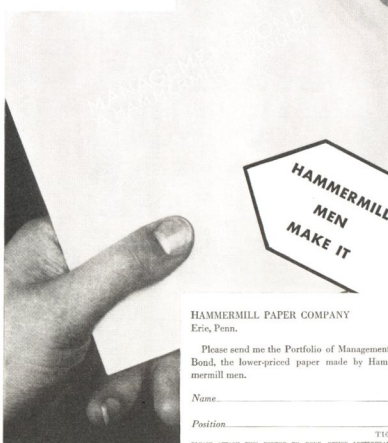
# Stick to Old Friends

**A**BOUT the only thing you need look for in selecting a lower-priced bond paper is the watermark, "MANAGEMENT BOND—A HAMMERMILL PRODUCT." Those five words carry an assurance of dependability far more eloquent than pages of "selling arguments."

"Hammermill men make it"—what better recommendation?

Eight colors and white, in the full range of usual commercial weights. Your printer stocks Management Bond, or can get it for you promptly. Mail coupon now for samples.

Management Bond is made by Hammermill methods, by Hammermill-trained men, at Hoquiam, Wash., and is distributed by Hammermill Agents.



HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY  
Erie, Penn.

Please send me the Portfolio of Management Bond, the lower-priced paper made by Hammermill men.

Name

Position

somewhat ridiculous light. As a Yugoslav, may I say that I rather resent this? The kolo is far from what you seem to think it is in both form and spirit.

In the first place, just because there happened to be a table when the particular dance about which you write was held does not mean that a table is necessary for the kolo. As a matter of fact it is a hindrance in most cases. My mother has danced the kolo off and on for over 70 years and this idea of the table is something entirely new to her. Here in Flint, in Detroit and in Cleveland I've taken part in dancing the kolo together with hundreds of other Yugoslavs but never have we run around the table in one direction and in the other.

The kolo is primarily a folk dance in which from two to hundreds may take part by joining hands, forming a circle as nearly as possible and then going through a series of rather complicated steps in as nearly a perfect union as the ability of the dancers will permit. To say that the kolo simply consists of "running around in one direction and then running around in the other" reveals not only ignorance, which might be excused, but also bad taste and lack of appreciation which is particularly distasteful in Time.

We may hop, skip and jump but we don't just "run around." There isn't just one kolo, but many of them and with a great many variations in steps. In some kolos the dancers go to one side then the other, in some they go back and forth and in others they go in only one direction. Sometimes, too, they go up and down. But only those who don't know better just run around. The beauty of the kolo is that most everyone present takes a part, loosens his spirit and forgets himself in a community of feeling that renders the whole group move as one body and stirs their emotions to the very depths.

MICHAEL W. EVANOFF

Flint, Mich.

## Start of Pleasure

Sirs:

Holstein cattle-breeders among TIME devotees were doubtless given a start of real pleasure to see the picture of the new Holstein National grand champion, Man O' War 10th, with his breeder, Walter Schmidt of Minnesota, at the headtrap, and to read your description of the National Dairy Exposition in the Oct. 26 TIME. Pansy caught your fancy: how about King Bessie Mahel Susie, another well-known young bull of this breed entered at the National but not exhibited?

On p. 12 of the same issue, describing the "Anti-Tammany Com," your repeated incorrect use of "udders," indicating the cow's teats, will amuse farm-raised TIME-readers—perhaps a more numerous section than you suspect. For the benefit of TIME's editors: a cow has but one udder, the gland which secretes milk. The appendages on each quarter, from which the milk is drawn, are correctly known as teats—inlegantly but rather universally pronounced "tits." Mr. Webster to the contrary notwithstanding, I hope no new-born delicacy prompted TIME's lapse from the correct biological description.

M. S. PRESCOTT

Editor

Holstein-Frisian World  
Lacona, N. Y.

# TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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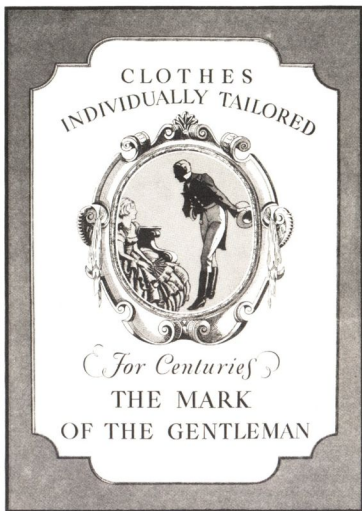
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# TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 20

The Weekly Newsmagazine

November 16, 1931

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### The Hoover Week

Intensive budget-pruning again occupied most of President Hoover's week. To the Press he proudly exhibited a handful of new cuttings he had snipped off the Government's colossal expenditure bush. He had reduced the cash requests of all departments by \$350,000,000. "Every item has been cut," said he. This meant, he explained, that the 1933 Budget would go to Congress next month with a total of \$280,000,000 more or less, below current expenditures of \$33,960,000,000. Where this \$280,000,000 saving would occur President Hoover did not specify but it became known elsewhere that the Navy would take a \$61,000,000 cut, the Army \$44,000,000. But between the President's economy (\$280,000,000) and the estimated deficit (\$1,500,000,000) there still yawned an enormous fiscal abyss which only tax-upping seemed likely to fill.

♣ Last week the National Symphony Orchestra opened its Washington season with a concert at Constitution Hall. Conducting was jolly Hans Kindler, famed



Keystone

HANS KINDLER

He offered to let the President throw a fiddle.

cellist. Mrs. Hoover attended, applauded vigorously, sent Herr Dr. Kindler a big bunch of yellow chrysanthemums. When Conductor Kindler had learned that President Hoover would not attend, he had sighed a great sigh of regret. "Ah, me," said he, "The President can always find time to attend the opening of a World



THE STANFORD TEAM OF 1894\*

... to a huddle in the Lincoln Study.

Series and throw out the first ball. Tell His Excellency that if he will come to our opening, I will give him a fiddle to throw out."

♣ Leland Stanford University had a great football team in 1894. It was Western champion that year. Paul Downing (now vice president and general manager of Pacific Gas & Electric) captained it at right tackle. He never lost a minute with time out all season. Judge B. Frankenhimer (now a San Francisco physician) at left half did a shift that delighted Coach Walter Camp. Jackson Eli Reynolds (now president of First National

Bank of the City of New York) played the other half while William Harrelson (now vice president of Bank of America) barked signals at quarter. Charles Maroon Fickert (prosecutor in the famed Mooney-Billings case) and Joel Yancy Field (now ranching in Texas) as guards held an impregnable line. The "treasurer" of that 1894 team was a young fellow named "Bert" Hoover who managed to clear expenses with enough over to buy the team new uniforms. This week the same "Bert" Hoover invited his old teammates to hold their annual reunion in the Lincoln Study of the White House. Judge Abraham Lewis (substitute) was coming all the way from Honolulu and Martin Herbert Kennedy (full back) from his post as commercial attaché at the U. S. Embassy in London. An absentee: Stewart Walker Cotton, left end, former engineer in the Philippines, now dead.

♣ Last week President Hoover issued his Thanksgiving Day proclamation. In hard times he found these "causes for gratitude": "Abundant harvests . . . [no] pestilence and calamities . . . knowledge has multiplied . . . education has advanced . . . peace."

\*Front row: Banker Lewis (centre), Banker Reynolds (right).

Second row: Dr. Frankenhimer (second from left), Utilitarian Downing (third).

Back row: Attaché Kennedy (second from left), Rancher Field (third), President Hoover (sixth), Lawyer Fickert (eighth), Banker Harrelson (right).

♣ Crop overproduction is being fought by the Farm Board and Department of Agriculture.

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## National Affairs—(Continued)

### THE CONGRESS

#### Death of Caraway

Long had Senator Thaddeus Horatius\* Caraway of Arkansas been bothered with a stone in the kidney. Fortnight ago he entered St. Vincent's Infirmary at Little Rock to have it cut out. Last week he was convalescing comfortably after the operation when an old friend, with a jug of cider, called on him at the hospital.

"Come in! Come in!" cried the Senator. "The doctor says what I need is someone to cuss the cussedness out of me and you're just the man to do it. So cut loose. I'm to get up next week, doctor or no doctor."

The friend came in. They talked and laughed. A half hour later Senator Caraway lay dead in his bed. A sudden blood clot in the coronary artery had killed him.

Thus did the Senate lose its foremost sarcastic, the Democrat whose tongue was like the lash of an Arkansas snake whip. The Caraway manner belied the Caraway mind. He used to slouch indolently in his Senate seat or pace the centre gangway and back aisles, hands dug deep in pockets, shoulders humped, bald head bent. Suddenly he would straighten up to cut in on a debate. Never a maker of long formal speeches he drewled out words that stung his adversaries, bitter words that left scars. Not soon will Truman Newberry or Albert Bacon Fall or Harry Micalajah Daugherty or William Scott Vare or Frank Leslie Smith, Republicans all, forget the things that the narrow-eyed junior Senator from Arkansas said to them and about them. Less nimble-witted Republicans used to call him a common scold.

Last year Senator Caraway slashed and cut at President Hoover until he won a thumping big relief fund for Arkansas drought sufferers. That came close to being his only constructive piece of legislation during his ten years in the Senate.

Caraway was born in Missouri 60 years ago. His father, a Confederate veteran, was murdered in a back-country feud. Young Thad did farm work at 7, sweated as a railroad section hand, sold patent medicines, taught school. Later he studied law. In 1912 he was elected to the House of Representatives where he served three quiet, inconspicuous terms. Not until he came to the Senate did his quality as a political gadfly on the broad complacent back of the G. O. P. elephant become apparent. A friendly, amiable man out of politics, he shunned Washington Society, put two sons through West Point.

Unlike Senator Morrow, who lived 38 hours beyond an important deadline (TIME, Oct. 12), Senator Caraway died two days too soon to help his party. By law the Governor of Arkansas may not now appoint his successor but must order a special election between 60 and 120 days after his death. The empty Caraway seat insures Republican control of the Senate when it sits.

\*Zealously did Senator Caraway conceal his middle-name. Once he discharged a secretary for divulging it.

#### Democratic House

The closely balanced 72nd House of Representatives had no sooner been elected a year ago than Death began racing the 435 members-elect. In a twelve-month it overtook 13 Congressmen, left



International

#### REPUBLICAN HOLLISTER (& WIFE)

He saved the Speaker's District but . . .

their Capitol seats vacant. Up until last week special elections had filled six of these vacancies with new men and left the House standing:

Democrats—214  
Republicans—213  
Farmer-Laborite—1  
Vacancies—7

Coincident with State and municipal elections throughout the land last week (see p. 15), five more Congressmen were chosen to help fill up the House ranks. When the votes were counted, the House lined up:

Democrats—217  
Republicans—215  
Farmer-Laborite—1  
Vacancies—2

Thus was Democracy put within real striking distance of electing a Speaker and organizing the 73rd House which first sits Dec. 7. Three days later a Republican death in Texas seemed to clinch Democratic Congressional control—on paper. For the first time in a dozen years Democrats prepared to taste legislative authority and accept, none too willingly, legislative responsibility.

Of last week's Congressional elections three were routine—the 7th New York (Brooklyn) and 20th Ohio (Cleveland) to Democrats, the 2nd Pennsylvania (Philadelphia) to a Republican. The results in the other two made important news.

The 1st Ohio (Cincinnati) was the district which the late great Nicholas Longworth held for many a happy year. Speaker Longworth used to carry it effortlessly by 20,000 Republican votes. Last year, hard pressed by an aggressive young

Democrat, he humped himself energetically, squeaked through with only 3,500 votes to spare. To succeed him and maintain the honor of "the Speaker's district" Cincinnati Republicans nominated John Baker Hollister. Like Speaker Longworth, Nominee Hollister is a shining socialite of



International

#### DEMOCRAT HART

. . . he carried the House.

good old family, a Harvardman, a cultured and urbane gentleman. His law partners are the sons of President Taft, his home is in the Indian Hill section and his golf is played at the best clubs. He went into the campaign as a lashing, slashing Wet. He declared that he always got all the liquor he wanted and that he intended to keep on drinking whenever he chose. He pleaded for votes to support President Hoover in the House, said the eyes of the nation were on his district. Confident of beating such a newcomer to politics, the Democrats put up a State Senator named David Lorbach. Nominee Lorbach, also a Wet, discredited his campaign by unnecessarily vicious attacks on President Hoover as the originator of Depression. Result: the election of Mr. Hollister by a vote so large as to have pleased even the popular Nicholas Longworth in his political prime. Great was the jubilation in G. O. P. Washington at the Hollister victory, acclaimed as a vindication of President Hoover and a posthumous honor to the late Speaker of the House.

The 8th Michigan has been a faithfully Republican district since 1808 when Joseph Warren ("Old Joe") Fordney, co-author of the 1922 Tariff Act, took it away from Ferdinand Brucker, Democratic father of Michigan's present Republican Governor. Year ago the late Bird J. Vincent, thin, greyish Republican Representative, defeated a big, blond, slow-moving Democrat named Michael J. ("Mike") Hart by 20,000 votes. This year Mr. Hart, a bean jobber of Saginaw who runs an 800-acre farm, was again nominated, this time against Republican Foss O. Eldred of Ionia. Nominee Hart declared



## National Affairs—(Continued)

Wet, had the support of the Crusaders who rained 250,000 leaflets ("Take a moratorium from your political affiliations and vote and work only for candidates who stand for Repeal") for him down in the district from an airplane, went hobnobbing around among bean-growing farmers. Nominee Eldred, supported by Governor Brucker and organized Husbandry, weaseled on Prohibition, won Dry backing, talked about "upholding Hoover's hands." Result: election of Democrat Hart by 5,000 votes and a direct gain of one seat in the House for his party.

**Death in Texas.** A lone Republican from the Lone Star State was Representative Harry McLeary Wurzbach. Immense personal popularity in Guadalupe County kept him in the House despite the opposition of the local Republican machine. Last week Congressman Wurzbach underwent an appendectomy, died suddenly. Thirty days after executive proclamation a special election will be held to fill his empty seat but Democrats were confident that they could replace him with one of their own, thereby adding another much-needed vote to their House strength. If they did, they would have a clean 218 majority.

**Other Vacancies.** To help out harassed Republican leaders in the House, the Republican New Jersey Legislature met extraordinarily last month, ordained a special election in the 5th Congressional district on Dec. 1—in time for the victor to speed to Washington and participate in House organization. Last week's Democratic sweep in New Jersey (see p. 15) dampened G. O. P. hopes that a Republican Congressman would succeed to the Republican vacancy.

New Hampshire could give the national G. O. P. no such assistance to fill a Republican vacancy in its 1st district. A special Congressional election was set for Jan. 5, almost a month too late to influence House control.

**Wet Upping.** All five Congressmen elected last week were avowed enemies of Prohibition. Wets were happily excited at what they claimed was evidence of a growing tide against the 18th Amendment. The chairman of the House's Wet bloc jubilated: "When the 73rd Congress meets we'll have enough strength to vote the repeal of the Amendment." More realistic and practical, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment counted what looked like Wet noses in Congress, announced big gains, named names. A. A. P. A. calculation of members who would vote to submit the 18th Amendment to State Conventions or Legislatures: Senate, 27; House, 170.\*

**House Organization.** On paper the Democrats had a bare majority with which to organize the 72nd House. Even if Republicans won in New Jersey they would still be two votes shy of control. Farmer Laborite Paul John Kvale, slick-haired young Congressman from Minnesota, might join with the G. O. P. for organization purposes but his vote would

no longer be the balance of power. Democratic chances were also enhanced by mutterings from Wisconsin where eight "Progressive" Republicans, under the leadership of cross-eyed, frock-coated little John Mandt Nelson, announced they would ditch their party on the organization vote unless G. O. P. leaders promised to relax the "gag rule" of debate and allow floor votes on pet insurgent measures. Even long-legged, grinning John Quillin Tilson, last year's Republican floor leader and now a candidate for the G. O. P. Speakership, began to talk about "cooperation" between the parties in the next House "for the good of the country." The final result, however, depended on two imponderables: 1) possible deaths in the next three weeks; 2) absent members whose vote could not be cancelled out with a "pair."

## ARMY & NAVY

### Whiter White House

The White House war on the Navy League and its bold President William Howard ("Admiral") Gardiner, was last week brought to what President Hoover hoped was a successful conclusion. All President Hoover lacked to complete his sense of victory was a public apology from Mr. Gardiner for calling him "abysmally ignorant" (TIME, Nov. 9).

The war began with a meeting of the Navy League's executive committee to ponder its president's charge that President Hoover was "restricting, reducing and starving" the U. S. fleet, subordinating its strength to foreign powers, nullifying authorized construction programs with economy. After due deliberation the committee voted 7-to-1 in support of Mr. Gardiner, affirming "its faith in the statement issued." Only dissenter was Democrat Henry Breckinridge, onetime Assistant Secretary of War, who took exception to Mr. Gardiner's "unseemly and unjustified language concerning the President of the United States." After posing for photographs the whole committee went marching up to the exclusive Metropolitan Club for a thumping big luncheon.

In the same club and at the same time President Hoover's hand-picked committee of inquiry into the Gardiner charges was holding its first meeting. Bold old John Hays Hammond was the last to arrive. The committee's other four members—Admiral Hugh Rodman (retired), Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahneke, Undersecretary of State Castle and Eliot Wadsworth—elected him chairman. The five White House investigators, closeted in a private room, drank "Black Cows" (dark ginger ale and cream) as they pored over documents and records brought from the State & Navy Departments. President Hoover had limited their field of investigation, for they were only "to examine the accuracy of fact" in the Gardiner statement and not go "into his opinions or conclusions nor into budgetary or general policies of the Navy."

For the better part of two days the Hoover Committee continued its secret

sessions. No witnesses were called, no testimony was taken. Finally a report—"a damned good one," Admiral Rodman called it—was prepared and on the morning of the third day the committee sent it to the White House. The President read the 10,000-word document with satisfaction for, as all the world expected, it found that he was right and Mr. Gardiner wrong.

Against each assertion by Mr. Gardiner the committee set an answer drawn from Government records. The total of these answers made up the best argument extant for the Hoover Naval policy. The gist of important comparisons:

#### NAVY LEAGUE

Economy is seriously threatening naval construction.

The Japanese Navy before 1930 held a 6-12 ratio to the U. S. fleet.

In July 1929, President Hoover held up the building of five cruisers, a "gesture not commensurately copied" by other powers.

President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald concluded secret agreements on the Kaptikan. The Senate was never permitted to see the full record of their naval negotiations.

At London U. S. delegates surrendered to Britain in the matter of cruiser gun sizes.

The proposed one-year naval building treaty, by suspending all construction (\$7,500,000) would serve only to "widen the gap" between the U. S. fleet and other powers.

By proposing to immunize food ships in war time, President Hoover exhibits an "abysmal ignorance" of naval usage. By blocking against an enemy's food supply, wars are curtailed and blood conserved. A free flow of food would make for "bigger and bloodier wars."

Concluded the report, which left the White House looking whiter: "The Committee finds that in its entirety Mr. Gardiner's statement contains many inaccuracies, false assertions and erroneous conclusions and that his assumption as to the President's attitude toward the Navy is wholly unwarranted."

#### HOOVER COMMITTEE

Budget cuts will not interfere with the building of seven cruisers, one aircraft carrier, three submarines, five destroyers. Only the construction of six destroyers has been temporarily postponed. The U. S. has larger naval tonnage now under construction than any other power.

Only on capital ships and aircraft carriers was the U. S.-Japanese naval ratio 12-6 before 1930.

President Hoover delayed the construction of three cruisers only after Britain announced that she would suspend work on two cruisers, cancel a submarine test ship and two submarines.

"There were no secret agreements." A full record of the London naval parity was turned over to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Publicity alone was barred.

Naval opinion ("far from unanimous") as to whether 6-in. or 8-in. gun cruisers are better suited to U. S. needs.

The proposed holiday would not affect construction already started or contracted for. Only new building would be halted. This would preserve the status quo.

A statement of opinion and conclusion, not of fact and therefore outside the committee's range of inquiry.

\*In fact, 169 due to the death of Representative Wurzbach.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

### STATES & CITIES

#### Off-Year Votes

Citizens of many a State and city went to the polls last week to record in off-year elections their respective sovereign wills. Most significant results:

**New Jersey.** A vigilance committee of 250 Democratic lawyers went to bawdy Camden to see that their party got full justice at the polls. Among 30 vigilantes who were arrested and cuffed were James A. and John E. Tumulty, nephews of President Wilson's private secretary. There were disorders in Jersey City, Weehawken, Atlantic City, Hoboken, Paterson. A harried judge of Common Pleas Court called it "a Mexican election." Outcome was a whopping victory for Arthur Harry Moore, 53. Democratic nominee for Governor. He was the third man in the State's long history to be twice elected Governor. He ran up the biggest majority for the governorship ever recorded there. Amassing 740,605 votes, he carried all but four of 21 counties. His Republican opponent, bald, chunky David Baird Jr., onetime Senator (by appointment), polled 501,226 votes, despite the fact that Ambassador Walter Evans Edge came home from France to flap his elbows on the stump for the party nominee, plead for a "Hoover victory." For the first time since 1913, when Thomas Woodrow Wilson became President, the Assembly went Democratic. With tears in his eyes, Governor-elect Moore responded to the cheers of several thousand Jersey City friends who set off fireworks. Beside themselves with enthusiasm, the mob then rushed Governor-elect Moore, broke in the derby hat of "Boss" Frank Hague, ruler of Jersey's Democracy. Heavy-jowled Boss Hague looked pleased.

**Kentucky.** Circuit Judge Ruby Lafoon of Madisonville, old-line politician, whipped his Republican rival, Mayor William B. Harrison of Louisville, for the Governorship. Candidate Lafoon polled a 71,523 majority. At Bowling Green, election furor precipitated a shooting: a G. O. P. worker named W. K. Dent sent five slugs in the general direction of one-time Lieutenant Governor Henry H. Denhardt, Democrat. One bullet pierced Mr. Denhardt's lung. Worker Dent said a friend of Denhardt's had taken a shot at him the day before, that he was saved only by a pack of election cards in his pocket.

**Mississippi** automatically replaced suspicious, pecan-growing Democratic Governor Theodore Gilmore Bilbo with Democratic Martin Sennett ("Sure Mike") Conner, a Seminary businessman and one-time speaker of the State's House of Representatives (TIME, Sept. 7).

**New York** citizens, in spite of a year-long muck-raking inquiry into the city government, which is Tammany Hall, swept the Hall into complete municipal control once more. The Democratic State organization had hoped to elect a majority to the Assembly and thereby emasculate the Legislature's investigation of New York City officialdom, but when the

vote was counted the Assembly was still Republican by a working majority of 5. The investigation will continue.

So thoroughly did New York City voice its confidence in Tammany, however, that



UNIQUE ALDERMAN BALDWIN

*Motionless, he is always out of order.*

for the first time in Tammany history there was but one Republican returned to the Board of Aldermen—Joseph Clark Baldwin III, young, earnest and rich. Usually there are at least four or five G. O. P. aldermen. Sending Mr. Baldwin alone to the Board was tantamount to sending him to political Coventry. He is the board's minority leader and automatically a member of 13 committees. But he can introduce no measures, having no one to second them. If he rises to a point of order he will be snowed under by 64 Tammany votes. If he tries to speak anyway he can be held out of order and suspended from the chamber.

**Philadelphia** is as stanchly Republican as New York is Democratic. On the crest of the largest plurality (330,999) ever cast in the city's mayoralty elections, Joseph Hampton Moore rolled into the City Hall. No Philadelphia Mayor may be a candidate to succeed himself. There is no law against his trying for the office subsequently, but for 50 years no ex-Mayor had won a second term. Mayor Moore had served in 1920-23, had previously been a Congressman for 13 years.

**Detroit** re-elected its red-haired Mayor Frank Murphy. Last year idealistic Mayor Murphy almost bankrupted the city with his drole system of unemployment relief, got in bad odor with almost everybody in town except the poor people who helped him last week. Frank Couzens, 29-year-old son of rich and rugged Senator James Couzens, headed the councilmanic ticket, was elected, automatically became president of the city council.

**Cleveland** voted out its city manager-plan after eight turbulent years. Candidates for the reinstated office of mayor included City Manager Daniel E.

Morgan and ousted City Manager William Rowland Hopkins.

**Reading, Pa.,** for the first time since the War, fused its Republicans and Democrats, discarded by a decisive margin its four-year-old Socialist régime headed by Mayor John Henry Stump.

In **Madison, N. J.,** Mrs. Marcellus Hartley Dodge, wife of the board chairman of Remington Arms Co., let it be understood that if Democratic Frank Cook were elected mayor she would give Madison a new municipal building. Candidate Cook was elected.

**Dearborn, Mich.** re-elected Mayor Clyde M. Ford (nephew).

Aged 76, "General" Jacob Sechler Coxey, who led an army of unemployed on Washington 37 years ago, was elected Republican mayor of **Massillon, Ohio.** Many times a candidate, this was the General's first political victory.

The three largest Connecticut cities—**Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport**—elected Democratic mayors.

**Worcester, Mass. and Manchester, N. H.,** homes of rock-ribbed Republicanism, elected Democratic mayors.

#### Conspicuous

Two members of the Massachusetts General Court last week demanded that the State Adjutant General discover at once who was responsible for an inscription, on a new War memorial in the golden-domed State House, containing the words "conspicuously" and "intrepidity."

#### RACES

##### "Being an Indian . . ."

Some oil-rich Indians ride in expensive motors. Some hardy Indians become great footballers (Carlisle's Jim Thorpe). Some decadent ones wear Pullman blankets instead of tribal robes. But all Indians are taciturn. Last summer Henrietta Schmerler, 23, Columbia University graduate student in ethnology who had gone West to study red men *in situ*, was found mangled and dead in a ravine on the White River (Ariz.) Indian Reservation (TIME, Aug. 3). Clad in squaw's dress and beads, she had set out a few days earlier for a dance at Fort Apache. It was known that an Apache buck had accompanied her. It was later learned that an Apache buck had made unwelcome advances to her. Several young tribesmen were held for questioning. All were characteristically mute. None was indicted for the girl's death. No Apache seemed to know anything about the Schmerler case.

October is round-up time for the Indians. As the Apaches drove in their herds from the summer grazing, a white cattle-buyer appeared on the reservation. He sat around small fires with them at night, gossiped with the herdsmen in English, kept an ear tuned for mutterings in the native tongue which he gave no indication of understanding. Having heard all he wanted, last week Federal Agent J. A. Street doffed his disguise, went to one Golney Seymour, 21-year-old tribesman,

## National Affairs—(Continued)

accused him of the murder. Retaining the traditional calm of his fathers, Apache Seymour confessed that he had started out with Miss Schmerler to the dance, said that when he had offered her affection she had started throwing rocks at him. Then he raped her, stabbed her, choked her, struck her with a stone, left her dead.

"He displayed no signs of emotion," said Agent Street, "not the slightest remorse, which of course, being an Indian, he wouldn't do. . . . I talked with the boy's father and mother. They shrugged their shoulders. If they felt any emotion or any concern they certainly did not show it. . . . A lot of Indians on that reservation knew who killed that girl, but of course they wouldn't tell."

### PROHIBITION

#### Old Vine-Glo in New Bottles

How many angels can dance on the head of a pin? How can a prosecutor prove intent to violate the Prohibition Amendment? Dancing on a legal pinhead for the past four years have been the manufacturers of fermentable grape concentrates. Federal agents have been able to count them, but not until last month were they able to threaten them.

Wearied of ambiguities, Federal Judge Merrill E. Otis ruled in his Kansas City, Mo. court that Ukiah Grape Products Co., although its juices were unfermented when sold to a customer, incriminated itself in fact because its agents not only assured purchasers that "the product would come up to the standard of any pre-war wine," but went around to the customer's house to "service" or bottle the inevitably intoxicating after-product. Judge Otis went backward from result to cause to prove intent.

In its sumptuous Washington offices, Fruit Industries, Ltd., potent California grape-growers co-operative which has borrowed more than \$2,500,000 from the Federal Farm Board, pondered the Ukiah decision last week and took warning. Fruit Industries, said Managing Director Donald D. Conn, will no longer sell or "service" Vine-Glo grape concentrate. Instead the company's other concentrates—Virginia Dare, Wine-Haven, Guasti—will be sold unserviced "for soft drinks as usual." If anyone still wants to let Virginia Dare, Wine-Haven or Guasti sit 60 days and ferment like Vine-Glo into wine, Fruit Industries will not and does not want to know anything about it.

### HUSBANDRY

#### Dollar Wheat!

To G. O. Politicians of the Harding-Coolidge era (1921-29) the phrase "Dollar Wheat" was the sorriest raven-croak of agricultural depression. It suggested unpaid mortgages, political revolts, elections lost. When in July, 1923, wheat dropped to 96½¢ per bu, there was something akin to panic in Republican Washington, with wild talk that a Republican could not be elected President the following year.

Today "Dollar Wheat" is as the caroling

of seraphim to Republican ears. Should wheat touch that bright and gilded level before the next presidential election, Republicans will be more confident of holding the White House than they have been all this long dreary year.

Last week the wheat market continued its upward surge in such a way as to make "Dollar Wheat" a distinct possibility. In fact "Dollar Wheat" was an actuality in the highest grades of grain. Montana Dark was taken for \$1.01 in the Seattle pit. A fine hard variety brought \$1 at Boise. The Pillsbury Flour Mills at Minneapolis paid \$1.03 per bu. for No. 1 amber durum.

On the Chicago Board of Trade wheat prices rose and fell and rose again, bounding up 1¢, 2¢, 3¢ per day. Sweating brokers within the paneled walls of their La Salle Street skyscraper were swamped with buy orders. They yelled and screamed their floor jargon: *Give 30 Dec 63! Sold! Sold! Sold! 30 March 67! Give 30 July 70! Sold! Sold! Give 30 Dec 64! 70 Dec 65! Sold! Sold!*

In five and one-half trading days December wheat rose from 61¢ to 76¢ per bu, a rate of climb which, if maintained, would bring "Dollar Wheat" by Christmas. All of next year's futures crossed the 70¢ line and went beyond. La Salle Street's air throbbed with bullish rumor: Russia was definitely out of the export market; the Manchurian situation meant war and war meant a wheat shortage; U. S. farmers will cut their 1932 acreage drastically; nearly one-third of Germany's crop was ruined by wet weather.

The rally in wheat, it was believed, was started by professional traders. But last week the public swooped into the market and whirled it up and out of control with buy-orders. Oldtime operators implored amateur speculators to be cautious, recalled that in 1896 on a shortage scare in India wheat climbed almost perpendicularly from 53¢ to 94¢, only to scale down again. "The advance is too rapid to be sound," they kept repeating to a public that did not want to hear. For was not the Farm Board bulling the market and Arthur Cullen predicting "Dollar Wheat"?

Most famed of wheat speculators, Bull Cullen was supposed to have started buying last August, to have amassed no-belle knew how many million bushels of wheat for a rise, and to have attracted Stock Speculator Jesse Livermore into the wheat pit. Last week Mr. Cullen, lean and quiet, was found in a La Salle Street grain office, feet cocked up on a table, eyes on the quotation board. Said he to newsmen: "The market is fundamentally sound. There's a demand for wheat or it wouldn't be going up. Of course I can't be quoted or make any comment but don't believe half of what they tell you about me."

From Farm Board members came a chorus of statements, all calculated to run up wheat prices. Excerpts: "The worst is over. . . . Surpluses will disappear. . . . We can only hope the market rise will continue. . . . The price of wheat was too low. . . . Purchase of wheat at even higher prices would appear a good investment."

### CAMPAIGN

#### Straightaway

Last week's elections cleared the way for next year's presidential campaign. Twelve solid months of national politics stretched ahead without break or turn. Down the perspective of time stood the following major political events in sequence: 1) meetings of the two national committees this winter to select next year's convention cities;\* 2) preferential primaries in 20 States, beginning early next spring to instruct delegations to national conventions for this or that presidential candidate; 3) covert and continuous scrambles in all States to control convention delegations; 4) a Republican national convention in mid-June at which Herbert Clark Hoover will almost certainly be renominated for the Presidency and John Doe for the Vice-Presidency; 5) a Democratic national convention a week later at which Richard Roe will be nominated for the Presidency and William Blank for the Vice-Presidency; 6) the steady, if somewhat reduced, flow of cash into "the parties" respective campaign chests; 7) the noisy advancement of Senatorial candidacies in 32 or more States, of Congressional candidacies in all 48; 8) the creation of nation-wide issues amidst the pulsing roar of partisan oratory; 9) the march of some 37,000,000 citizens on Nov. 8 to the polls to elect the 32nd President of the U. S. and the 73rd Congress.†

**1931 into 1932.** What occurred in last week's elections was widely projected forward, in & out of the Press, in an attempt to illuminate the future and read the writing on the 1932 wall. Most unbiased observers agreed that the immediate outlook was better for the Democrats than the Republicans. The nipping wind of disapproval that started blowing against the White House in 1930 elections had not abated. The Hoover Administration, a tacit issue even in local contests, had regained none of its lost popularity. In 1928 President Hoover carried New Jersey by 309,000 votes. Last week New Jersey went Democratic by a 232,000-vote plurality. Even the Republicans there attributed their defeat to the disfavor of the national administration. In 1928 Kentucky was President Hoover's with 177,000 votes to spare. Last week it was lost to a Republican nominee for Governor by 71,523 votes. A spectacular overturn in a hide-bound Republican district in Michigan turned the House of Representatives Democratic. Connecticut, carried by President Hoover by 44,574 votes three years ago, saw its two largest cities swing into the Democratic column. When Mr. Hoover entered the White House, his party had 56 Senators, 267 Congressmen and 30 Governors in power. Last week it had 47 Senators, 214 Representatives, 20 Governors.

**Certain Choice.** Regardless of the

\*Last week Republican Committeemen were asked to be in Washington Dec. 15 to perform this duty.

†If Herbert Hoover is re-elected, he will remain the 31st President of the U. S.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

temper of the people as indicated by last year's or last week's election, the renomination of Herbert Hoover is almost as good as accomplished. Against him is only one formal and forlorn candidacy—Dr. Joseph Irwin France of Maryland (TIME, April 30). Dwight Whitney Morrow, on whom Wets pinned dreamy hopes, is dead. A vague stirring of Liberals for William Edgar Borah, with talk of cash support, received no encouragement from the Idaho Senator. The rank & file of the Republican Party may not be enthusiastic about their national leader but they have little choice about putting him again at the head of their ticket.

**Wanted: A Chairman.** The first Hoover duty after renomination will be to find a new G. O. P. chairman to pilot his candidacy through the campaign. Bad luck or poor judgment characterized the President's first two choices for this prime political post. Claudius Hart Huston had to retire in near-disgrace. Fussbudget little Senator Fess of Ohio, present incumbent, is widely rated a party liability. Last week the Wet Eastern wing of the G. O. P. renewed its cries for his removal. William Scott ("Boss") Vare, Pennsylvania's Senator-reject who plumping for Herbert Hoover at Kansas City in 1928 gave him the nomination on the first ballot, declared: "The people are tired of Prohibition . . . the re-election of President Hoover is extremely doubtful. . . . Unless the policies of the party are changed, I doubt that 1932 will be a Republican year."

**Ingalls for Governor.** What was generally assumed to be a preliminary move in the Hoover campaign occurred last week when in Washington Assistant Secretary of the Navy David Sinton Ingalls, Taft grandnephew and War ace, announced his intention to run for Governor of Ohio. He will, with the backing of National Committeeman Maurice Maschke and the Cleveland machine, seek the Republican nomination in the May primaries against two or more strong rivals. If successful there, he will go into the November election against popular Democratic Governor George White. President Hoover gave the Ingalls candidacy his blessing, on the theory that a member of his Administration campaigning vigorously in Ohio will help his own chances of carrying that State.

But well aware was 32-year-old Candidate Ingalls that he has an uphill grind before him, that his chances of success are none too large. Said he frankly: "I know it will be a hard fight but I'll be in there to win." What will probably help him most is the engaging friendliness of his public manner. When he answers his telephone at the Navy Department, he says simply: "Hello—Dave Ingalls." His immediate superior booms out: "Hello! This is Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary, United States Navy, speaking."

**Roosevelt v. Smith.** In the popular mind, last week's elections added a cubit or so to the stature of Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt of New York as Democracy's lead candidate for the Presidency. Still across his availability fell

the uncertain shadow of Alfred Emanuel Smith. Last month Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Smith got into a squabble over what otherwise would have been viewed as a political triviality on the New York State ballot. Submitted to the people was a proposal to amend the Constitution so that the State might spend some \$20,000,000 over a period of years buying up



Acme-P. & A.

DAVID SINTON INGALLS  
Ohio for Hoover & him?

abandoned farms and denuded lands adjoining State parks, and proceed to reforest them. Governor Roosevelt, Tammany Hall and all New York Republicans supported the proposal on a non-partisan basis. Mr. Smith startled his party by a slashing and repeated attack on the Amendment as a "gold brick" designed only to benefit the lumber and pulp companies which had cut over the now-barren territory. He also objected to the proposal's mandatory expenditure each year.

The reforestation amendment was carried by an ample majority over the Smith objections. Interpreters rushed forward to claim this result as a personal triumph for Governor Roosevelt over Mr. Smith. "Oh, get out!" joshed the Governor at this suggestion. Small though the reforestation issue was, however, it did serve to remind people that Mr. Smith had yet to endorse the Roosevelt candidacy. The best guess was that Mr. Smith was dissatisfied with Governor Roosevelt's Prohibition stand, even suspected the latter of playing both ends against the middle to win Wet and Dry favor. Mr. Smith has vowed that the next Democratic nominee must be as Wet as he is. While Governor Roosevelt was last week getting the backing of Senator Clarence C. Dill of Washington, Mayor Cermak of Chicago was in New York hobnobbing with Tammany leaders and Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, presumably developing a tri-State Wet Democratic alliance.

**Favorite Sons.** No. 2 Democratic candidate of the moment is Governor Albert

Cabell Ritchie of Maryland. His out-&-out Wetness led observers to believe that the Smith-Raskob wing of Democracy would favor him for the nomination if Governor Roosevelt persists in weasling. **Newton Diehl Baker** of Cleveland continued as a passive candidate. The name of **Owen D. Young** faded more & more out of Democratic Presidential speculation, due largely to his refusal to countenance his own candidacy. Favorite sons included **Senator Joseph Taylor Robinson** of Arkansas, **Senator James Hamilton Lewis** of Illinois, **Governor-Elect Arthur Harry Moore** of New Jersey, **Governor William Henry Murray** of Oklahoma. To get out of the "favorite son" category, "Cocklebur Bill" Murray prepared to run in the Maryland preferential Primaries next May, take a licking from Governor Ritchie.

**Needed: Luck.** An expression of opinion frequently heard among politicians last week: "Well, if Hoover was running for re-election today, he would be badly beaten." Even in California his friends were sorrowfully telling one another that the President probably could not now carry his own State. But the election was still 363 days off, in which time the whole political scene can and may change. Two major things may occur to improve President Hoover's chances of success: 1) a turn for the better in the economic tide, with rising prices and increased trade, which would substantially dampen the "protest vote" now rampant; 2) Democratic blunders in managing the next House (see p. 12), followed by another Wet & Dry schism after the Democratic nomination.

## POLITICAL NOTE

### Unmarried, Undamaged

In Toledo Federal Court last week the pot's objection to being called black by the kettle was denied. Nan Britton, unmarried mother of a 12-year-old girl who she says is the offspring of the late President Warren Gamaliel Harding, was suing Charles Augustus Klunk, hotel proprietor of Marion, Ohio and friend of the 29th President, for selling a book called *The Answer to 'The President's Daughter'* (TIME, Nov. 9). The *Answer* described Miss Britton as a "degenerate," gave the lie to her account of extra-marital adventures with President Harding set down in her book *The President's Daughter* four years ago. Miss Britton wanted \$50,000 damages from Hotelman Klunk. Judge John Milton Killits, 73, who is retired but is still privileged to hear cases, first expelled the public and newshawks from the trial, later re-admitted the newshawks. At this point either he or the reporters garbled a judicial announcement which said that Miss Britton was certainly damaged, that the only thing left to prove was extent of publication. After deliberating one hour, last week a jury which included two women returned a verdict of "no cause for action." Obviously the jury felt that *The Answer* was libelous *per se* but maligned Miss Britton's character no more than her own writings.



## FOREIGN NEWS

## INTERNATIONAL

## Grandi to Hoover

(See front cover)

Just now small, bustling Italy is the world's busiest builder of war boats for everybody. Her clients include Argentina, Brazil, Turkey, Greece, Rumania and Soviet Russia for which Italians make on the quiet submarine parts later noisily assembled by Red shipwrights at Nicolaiev. Italy has been having a "naval race" with France. She launched 20,325 more naval tons in 1930 than her neighbor. Thus when Italian Foreign Minister Dino Grandi set out from Rome last week to talk to President Hoover primarily about Peace he had something thoroughly concrete to talk about.

While handsome Signor Grandi and svelte Donna Grandi were preparing to leave Rome, *Il Duce* and other prominent Fascists were hard at their dramatic labors. Prince Boncompagni-Ludovisi, Governor of Rome, proclaimed a Five-Year Begetting Competition to begin Jan. 1, 1932.\* To President Hoover, who recently received the Premier of birth-controlling France (*TIME*, Nov. 2), Signor Grandi must expound the exuberant viewpoint of a nation which employs begetting as an instrument of national policy and hopes to burst its frontiers by sheer "population pressure."

Beautiful Donna Antonietta Grandi never interferes. She is one of those quiet Italian women who somehow manage to have only two children, a boy and a girl. At the London Naval Conference, Donna Grandi effaced herself completely while Mrs. Stimson and Mrs. Morrow talked even to Will Rogers (*TIME*, Feb. 3, 1930). On the train to Naples last week, when Signor Grandi abruptly exclaimed, "Let's go to Pompei! I find we shall have just time to see the new excavations before our boat sails. What do you say?" Donna Grandi replied with sparkling eyes and a rapturous smile, "Oh si!"

*Il Duce* thrills at excavations of Imperial Rome, constantly orders more digging. Dino Grandi, stalking jerkily around crumbling ruins while modern Pompeians admired his square-cut, purplish-black beard, knew that Benito Mussolini would highly approve. When there was just barely time to dash for the boat, the Grandi dashed, sailed from Naples in a sudden thunderstorm at 4 p. m. on the "Big Count," the liner *Conte Grande*.

\*Curious and complex, the conditions of this contest provide that each competing couple must have had at least three children in the four years prior to Jan. 1, 1932; must have been registered as Roman citizens "with good moral, civic and political records" for the past ten years; and must have an average income not exceeding \$1,000 per year.

When the contest closes, competing fathers, mothers & children must all be in good health. In awarding prizes preference will frankly be shown to competitors belonging to the Fascist Party. Major prizes will be "apartment dwellings of not less than four rooms." A winning family will live rent free in their apartment, must live in exemplary fashion as man and wife for 30 years, at the expiration of which time the apartment will become their absolute property.

## "When the House Is Burning . . ."

Italians, who like to get fat, eat and import huge quantities of wheat, despite *Il Duce's* annual "Battle of the Grain," when he takes the plow and leads the national harvest (*TIME*, May 16, 1927). Therefore Foreign Minister Grandi, like Premier Laval before him, will mention wheat to President Hoover and send an expert from his entourage to dicker with the Farm Board—as a French expert, left behind by M. Laval, continued last week to dicker. Italy bought only 12,669,245 bu. of wheat from the U. S. in 1930, bought 40,567,265 bu. from Canada, Russia and



DONNA GRANDI

No talker she.

Argentina. She may shift some of her big orders later if Farm Board terms prove tempting. But on the *Conte Grande* last week Dino Grandi left no doubt that what he most wants right now is action in the cause of Peace. "When the house is burning," he declared, "there is no time to argue where the furniture should be placed! The world is in the midst of a crisis. Whole-hearted co-operation is necessary!"

President Hoover is perpetually discovering that the house is burning and that there is no time to argue. In that spirit the President and Signor Grandi have already whole-heartedly co-operated twice:

1) When the President was trying to jam through his One-Year Moratorium; when France wanted to argue; when the house of world finance was furiously burning and no one knew whether the furniture could be got out or not; then in Rome bold Dino Grandi cried: "So far as the Italian Government is concerned, the Hoover Plan is already in force" (*TIME*, July 20).

2) When Statesman Grandi proposed a one-year naval holiday for all countries under League of Nations auspices (*TIME*, Sept. 21); when the League received

favorable replies from 38 countries last fortnight; but when doubt arose whether the Grandi One-Year Naval Truce is now binding upon any nation; when at Washington a State Department spokesman declared: "So far as the United States is concerned, the one-year arms truce went into effect today."

"**Drastic Disarmament.**" Kindred spirits in the matter of flaming houses though Host Hoover and Guest Grandi thus are, they must argue and try to decide this week where to place certain pieces of heavy diplomatic furniture. The Grandi One-Year Naval Truce, praised by Germans, is sneered at by Frenchmen and their numerous allies. Italy, they remark, has been building war boats furiously, has pushed her competitive building slightly ahead of France, has overstrained the Italian budget in this process, has therefore asked a "truce" so as to hold her proportional gains until the League of Nations' World Disarmament Conference next February. Because most countries have curtailed their naval programs this year anyway, for economy's sake, 38 countries have patted Signor Grandi on the back and endorsed his truce. But almost all have reserved the right to resume naval building during the truce if "threatened."

What Mr. Hoover has to achieve, if he wishes to speed Disarmament, is what Statesman Stimson and the late Ambassador Morrow failed to achieve at London: to convince Benito Mussolini through Dino Grandi that Italy should abate her proud claim to "naval parity" with France and join France in adhering to the Hoover-MacDonald London Naval Pact on a basis commensurate with the actual MIGHT of Italy relative to France.

Since chances of thus persuading *Il Duce* seem minute, Mr. Hoover has the alternative of espousing some such formula as Signor Grandi offered from the high seas last week: *Italy is prepared for drastic disarmament on condition that all nations disarm equally.*

The President can easily go as far as that.

"**Complete Openness.**" On his part Signor Grandi must seemingly fail to win Hoover support for a second thesis which he offered from the *Conte Grande* last week: *Italy favors a peaceful revision or modification of the post-War treaties, including the Treaty of Versailles, particularly in regard to frontier lines.*

This thesis is Germany's and Senator Borah's. Senator and Signor should get on well. The President, when entertaining Premier Laval, sufficiently indicated that he will not embarrass France by coming out for treaty revision. This Signor Grandi well knows. His Borahesque blast was merely a gesture of friendship—Italy and Germany now being friends. While Pierre Laval was in Washington, Dino Grandi was in Berlin. He will tell Herbert Hoover of his talk with Heinrich Brüning at the close of which the German and the Italian announced: "We have discussed all the great political and economic problems . . . with the most complete openness."



## Foreign News—(Continued)

"To Bed, or Not to Bed?" On only one subject closely touching Peace did Guest Grandi see eye to eye last week with Guest Laval. Signor Grandi announced that *Italy favors reduction or cancellation of German Reparations and Allied War Debts*—this to be accomplished of course through the complex and as yet incomplete mechanism set in motion by Premier Laval and President Hoover who contrived that Germany shall officially "take the initiative."

In preparing to receive Guest Grandi, youngest Foreign Minister in Europe, the U. S. State Department intimated to Mayor James John Walker that it would be most deplorable if anti-Fascist elements in New York should mob or slay the Nation's Guest as he rode up Broadway.

Cheerful Jimmy Walker, according to his friends, pooh-poohed the State Department's fears, but nervous Statesman Stimson remained nervous. He urged that Signor Grandi should not ride up Broadway, should speed by automobile from his ship to Manhattan's Pennsylvania Station—providing all seemed quiet on the anti-Fascist front. Should great danger threaten at the last moment, Mr. Stimson held in reserve a plan to take Signor and Donna Grandi off the *Conte Grande* in a small boat and spirit them to Jersey City where they would entrain for Washington.

In Washington the President will not bed the Grandi in the White House as he bedded the Lavals and the MacDonalds. He will tender them a White House banquet. President Hoover, the State Department logically explained, has never officially bedded a foreigner below the rank of Premier.

Statesman Stimson will bed the Grandi for two nights at "Woodley," his sylvan retreat.

"You can't imagine the cordiality of feeling my wife and I have for Mr. & Mrs. Stimson!" exclaimed Guest Grandi last week. "I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hoover [in Washington in 1925 during the Italo-U. S. debt parley] and I was deeply impressed with his high nobility of purpose when judging world problems."

**Bonds Firm.** Italian external bonds, bought by thousands of small U. S. investors on their bankers' optimistic estimates of *Fascismo*, have not, Wall Street noted last week, declined to any alarming extent. German Government 7's offered at 92 in 1924, have scraped as low as 55 this year, closed at 69½ last week. But Kingdom of Italy 7's, offered at 94½ in 1925, have dipped no lower than 79 this year, closed last week at 90—or within 4½ of the price original buyers paid.

In general Italian issues held in the U. S. have received unusually strong support. The Italian Government continued successfully last week vigorous efforts to keep the lira officially on a gold basis. Short selling of the lira is banned in Italy, speculation against securities considered market leaders is strongly repressed. For the second consecutive year the Italian Budget shows a deficit, but the bold fiscal generalship of *Il Duce* continues to sprout new ideas.

Example: The Banca Commerciale Itali-

ana, largest bank in Italy with more than 100 branches at home and others throughout the World, was quietly overhauled last week at the Dictator's instance. A consortium backed by Italian industrialists and another backed by Italian real estate men took over \$260,000,000 of Banca Commerciale's industrial and real estate holdings. This move, as suave Bank President Ettore Conti put it, was "partly the result of the world crisis, and partly intended to mobilize capital." Fascist editors truthfully boasted that "Italy's largest bank has been much strengthened by being relieved of its big industrial loans."

President Hoover, facing Signor Grandi and Dictator Mussolini, faces a nation under stress but one in which things have been made shipshape, screwed down tight.

**Dino Grandi** was born, June 4, 1895, in tiny Morando near Bologna. Just 19



Keystone

MR. JUSTICE AVORY

... sent a Napoleon to prison.

(See col. 3)

when Italy entered the War, he followed his hobby of mountain climbing into an Alpine regiment, enlisted as a private. Twice wounded, Soldier Grandi fought through the bloody engagements of Monte Altissimo, Val LaGarina and the Altipiani Val Brenta, emerged from the decisive battle of the Piave a Captain holding the Silver Medal For Valor, the bronze medal and three lesser war crosses, aged 23.

After the War, Hero Grandi studied and tried to practice law, found that Italy had become a peninsula unfit for heroes, full of squawking Socialists and howling Communists. The jabbering of a mob outside his window one night, so the story goes, kept Lawyer Grandi awake until he vowed to join Poet-Patriot Gabriele D'Annunzio. Soon afterward, when Benito Mussolini raised the *fascas* of *Fascismo*,\* Dino Grandi joined up, became editor of Bologna's fiery Fascist sheet *L'Assalto* ("The Charge").

\*To see *fascier* look on the "tails" side of any recently issued U. S. dime.

Just before the "March to Rome" Editor Grandi was equipped with a glittering title, "Chief of Staff." He ably helped stage-manage the march. Thenceforward his rise was sure and rapid but unobtrusive. Behind the scenes of the Mussolini Cabinet smart Dino Grandi made himself indispensable. Since Foreign Minister Benito Mussolini never traveled, fearing assassins, Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs Dino Grandi began to travel a great deal, became known as "The Eyes of Mussolini."

Foreign diplomats credit Statesman Grandi with exerting for the past five years a deferential yet telling pressure on Dictator Mussolini, a pressure directed toward peace. When *Il Duce* shouts war (TIME, May 26, 1930, *et seq.*) it is always Signor Grandi who diplomatically explains (without saying so directly) that after all *Il Duce* must have his fun and bark, but does not mean to bite. *Vital fact*: Italy is too poor today to stage a modern war and Italy knows it.

On Sept. 12, 1929 Italy's "One-Man Cabinet" relinquished seven major Cabinet posts, one to Dino Grandi, who has since been Foreign Minister. Thus far the chief triumph scored by Minister Grandi has been negative: at the London Naval Conference he upheld Italy's claim to parity with France with so much tact, adroit logic and personal charm that other delegates never grew personally angry at *Soft-Soaper* Grandi, accepted as inevitable the disagreement between Italy and France. This quarrel caused both nations to refuse to be bound by the Hoover-MacDonald Naval Treaty's chief provisos, thus making it a three instead of a five-power pact. By retaining world goodwill, by keeping France in the ungracious position of demanding a larger Navy than Italy, Dino Grandi has deserved well of his country and his Great Britain. In Rome he is flatteringly called "less of a yes-man than any of Premier Mussolini's other yes-men."

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Kylsant to Wormwood Scrubs

Sir John Simon, the British Empire's august new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (see p. 19) toiled most of last week at the congenial task of earning \$125,000 by his efforts to win an appeal in the case of famed Baron Kylsant of Carmarthen, sentenced to one year's imprisonment for sponsoring a misleading stock prospectus (TIME, Aug. 10, *et ante*).

Sir John, arguing for Lord Kylsant before Mr. Justice Avory of the Court of Criminal Appeal, lightly brushed aside the fact that some thousands of small investors bought British Royal Mail stock on the basis of the offending prospectus and lost most of their investment. "Surely it is a sad thing," cried Sir John, "if something economical in its information [the prospectus] is to be declared a falsehood. . . . Every word, every figure in the prospectus was accurate. . . . The average of ten years earnings by the Royal Mail which it contained was absolutely correct!"

## Foreign News—(Continued)

In & out of Court, as the appeal proceeded, stalked Lord Kysant, the appellant, one of the most impressive peers in Britain, a man more than six and a half feet tall, broad in proportion and faultlessly garbed in cutaway and silk hat. Several times the Baron arrived at Court and departed from it in his twinkling limousine. But when the time came for Mr. Justice Avory to deliver his verdict on the appeal Lord Kysant stalked to a cell, bent his massive head to enter and seated his great frame on the small cell chair to wait.

In Court the Baron's son-in-law, the Earl of Coventry, fidgeted and fumed while Justice Avory delivered his 55-minute verdict in the iciest tradition of the British bar. For fully 40 minutes it was impossible to tell whether he was granting the appeal or denying it. But at last Mr. Justice Avory came to his passionless point: "In the opinion of this Court there is ample evidence . . . that this prospectus was false in material, particularly if it conveyed a false impression.

"The falsity in this case consists in putting before intending investors, as material upon which they can exercise judgment as to the existing position of the company, figures which apparently disclose the existing position but in fact conceal it.

"The implication arises particularly from the statement that dividends had been paid regularly over a term of years, although times had been bad—a statement which was entirely misleading [since] the fact that they were not paid out of current earnings but out of earnings in the abnormal War period is omitted. . . .

"This appeal is therefore denied."

Up jumped the Earl of Coventry, rushed to his father-in-law's cell and acquainted Lord Kysant with the failure of his appeal. Lady Kysant arrived sobbing. She and the huge man who had been called "Napoleon of the Seas" when he dominated the White Star, Royal Mail and numerous other lines (TIME, Feb. 23) had a last embrace. Then Lord Kysant said to two warders who were hovering nearby, "My good men, I am ready to go with you."

This time no Kysant limousine waited. The two warders, dwarfed in size by their charge, cried: "Taxi! Hi, taxi!" When the cab drew up Lord Kysant entered and sat down with a crunch. Asked the taxi driver, "Where to?"

Barked one of the warders, "Wormwood Scrubs!"

In Wormwood Scrubs Prison, a soot-blacked pile in western London overlooking railway yards and a bleak, 20-acre common, Baron Kysant and Sir John Simon pondered their next move. A final appeal was possible to Lord Kysant's peers, the House of Lords, highest British court. On the other hand, by accepting his sentence of one year in jail and serving it meritoriously, Lord Kysant could win a reduction of two months for "good behavior," might be a free man again as early as next September.

Even without an appeal to the House of Lords, the Kysant case has already cost

\$200,000—\$125,000 to Sir John Simon; \$25,000 to solicitors who collected evidence and \$50,000 for the expenses of the Attorney General's office. In Wormwood Scrubs, Lord Kysant had a clean cell eight feet by ten, a bed, two sheets, two blankets, a stool, a table, a shelf for Bible & photographs. He could and did have all his meals sent in from a first-class caterer.

### King's Questions, Mahatma's Answers

The same frayed sandals that carried St. Gandhi on his illegal salt march through India 19 months ago carried him last week up the crimson-carpeted stair of Buckingham Palace. Flunkies in scarlet & gold bowed the small, unrepentant law-breaker



MARY, QUEEN & EMPRESS  
... saw nothing unseemly.

into the Picture Gallery. There at the head of the receiving line stood George V in striped trousers and morning coat, Queen Mary in a shimmering silver tea gown and Edward of Wales (who had flown down especially from Liverpool) dressed like his father. The Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Cromer, advanced through a horde of 500 tea guests, some of them Maharajas wearing pearls as big as butterballs.

"Mahatma Gandhi!" announced the Lord Chamberlain. George V at once looked up. The sandals carried the Saint to His Majesty who stretched out a royal hand. Mr. Gandhi took it firmly, shook it warmly. He then placed his own hands palm to palm, bowed to Their Majesties as a Hindu priest bows when imparting benediction.

Queen Mary smiled approvingly. Mr. Gandhi was not in "morning dress" as the royal invitation had requested (TIME, Nov. 9) but he was wearing a loincloth wider by a thumb's breadth than usual,

and a shawl of homespun. Queen Mary saw nothing unseemly, betrayed the merest flicker of interest as she espied the Mahatma's dangling dollar watch.

King George drew Guest Gandhi into the royal study. There the King-Empress took a dish of tea, the Mahatma sucked in a bowl of goat's milk sent up from the palace kitchen.

Among buzzing guests in the Picture Gallery several startled the rest by recalling that this was not the first Gandhi-George V meeting. In 1901 the Indian community of Durban, South Africa welcomed the then Duke & Duchess of York, now Their Majesties, with a reception at which Lawyer M. K. Gandhi made the principal address. In 1907 impotent Addresser Gandhi was bedighted in the latest British fashion. Last week potent St. Gandhi created a sensation by leaving the royal teaparty before no other guest. "Personally I have very little time for social functions," said he. "Both Their Majesties were charming. I also liked the Prince of Wales."

British Reporter: Did the King give any encouragement to your hope for Indian independence?

St. Gandhi: Only God gives encouragement, not Kings.

Badgered by correspondents to tell what his host had talked about, Guest Gandhi replied, "It would not be dignified for me to tell you what the King said," and explained why.

"Our conversation consisted mostly of pleasantries. There were questions and answers about the weather and its effect on a man so recently come from India as myself."

Shortly from Bombay the Mahatma received a cable signed by leading spirits of his Indian National Congress. They begged him to quit the Indian Round Table Conference in London because it has shown no sign of recommending independence for India. Promptly St. Gandhi announced: "I will sail for Bombay from Genoa on the 29th. . . . I feel that I'm wasting my time here, but I'm willing to stay in London until the end of the Conference, which I expect will be in a fortnight. Then nobody can accuse me of impatience."

### New Parliament, Throne Speech

First work of the new House of Commons last week was to obey a Royal command to elect their Speaker. George V's command was given by proxy in the neighboring House of Lords. Until the Speaker is elected, the Commons cannot sit as the House (with the Mace on the table) but only in committee (with the Mace under the table). In symbolic dumb show Clerk of the House Sir Horace Christian Dawkins began the time-honored mummery by taking his stand (not seat) in front of the empty Speaker's chair. The Clerk asked nomination of a Speaker by pointing silently to a Conservative on a Government bench, Sir George Courthorne.

Sir George, having no choice, nominated for re-election the previous Speaker (who

## Foreign News—(Continued)

is always re-nominated) aristocratic Captain Rt. Hon. Edward Algeron Fitzroy. He, by another custom, sat in compulsory "modesty" on an obscure Government back bench last week. Next the Clerk, still silent, swung his extended arm from Government to Opposition, pointed to Laborite Will Thorne who promptly seconded the stereotyped nomination. It then became the duty of Nominator Sir George and Second Mr. Thorne to advance upon the modest Speaker designate and "drag him to the Chair."

Some Speakers have put up a good fight, have actually been dragged scuffling and kicking to the exalted Chair. But Captain Fitzroy is of the blood royal, proud of his bastard descent from a Stuart King When Sir George and Mr. Thorne made as though to lay hands on him, Speaker Fitzroy waved them back once, then walked between them while the whole House cheered to his presiding seat. From under the Speaker's Table, Sergeant-at-Arms Admiral Sir Colin Keppel produced the mighty, gleaming Mace and laid it thereon. Right glad was Sir Colin, who failed to prevent a dastard Laborite from laying hands on the sacred Mace last year (TIME, July 28, 1930), that in the General Election this naughty varlet (Laborite John Beckett) lost his seat.

**New Cabinet.** At Speaker Fitzroy's bidding the Lord President of the Council, Stanley Baldwin, led the House in orderly procession to sign the Roll (equivalent to swearing in). By the time 615 autographs had been affixed, the House was ready to adjourn. Parliament came to an abrupt standstill for several days while Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald put finishing touches to his revised National Government and wrote the Speech from the Throne later delivered by George V.

Because of the unprecedented Government majority of 493 in a House of 615, Government M. P.'s overflowed from their side of the House onto back benches opposite, held ordinarily by His Majesty's Loyal Opposition.

In state on the Opposition front bench last week sat old George Lansbury, former First Commissioner of Works, the sole Laborite of Cabinet rank not to lose his Parliamentary seat in the election landslide. No Laborite looks to bumbling "Old George" as the Party's real leader, but there was no one else who could be made its floor leader in the House last week. Meeting in caucus outside the House, Laborites re-elected as Party Leader "Uncle Arthur" Henderson who has lost his seat. For the time being Uncle Arthur is in the same boat as "Handsome Adolf" Hitler, leader of the German Opposition who cannot enter the Reichstag because he is an Austrian.

The new Cabinet, admirably "National" since it contains eleven Conservative, five National Liberal and four National Labor members:

**Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury,** Ramsay MacDonald, National Laborite.

**Lord President of the Council,** Stanley Baldwin, Conservative.

**Lord High Chancellor,** Lord Sankey, National Laborite.

**Lord Privy Seal,** Philip Snowden, National Laborite.

**Chancellor of the Exchequer,** Neville Chamberlain, Conservative.

**Secretary of State for Home Affairs,** Sir Herbert Samuel, National Liberal.

**Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,** Sir John Simon, National Liberal.

**Secretary of State for the Dominions,** J. H. Thomas, National Laborite.

**Secretary of State for the Colonies,** Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Conservative.

**Secretary of State for War,** Viscount Hailsham, Conservative.

**Secretary of State for India,** Sir Samuel Hoare, Conservative.

**Secretary of State for Scotland,** Sir Archibald Sinclair, National Liberal.



International

OLD GEORGE LANSBURY & FRIENDS

*His boat is better than "Uncle Arthur's."*

**Secretary of State for Air,** Marquess of Londonderry, Conservative.

**First Lord of the Admiralty,** Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, Conservative.

**President of the Board of Trade,** Walter Runciman, National Liberal.

**Minister of Health,** Sir Hilton Young, Conservative.

**President Board of Education,** Sir Donald Maclean, National Liberal.

**Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries,** Sir John Gilmour, Conservative.

**Minister of Labor,** Sir Henry Betterton, Conservative.

**First Commissioner of Works,** Rt. Hon. William Ormsby-Gore, Conservative.

**Throne Speech.** In his gilded coach & six George V clattered to Parliament, wrapped himself in regal robes, clapped on the Empire's sparkling crown, grasped his sceptre and seated himself on Britain's Throne in the House of Lords. Standing in a subway crush behind the bar of the House of Lords, eager M. P.'s squashed each other in their efforts to hear His Majesty read a speech written by Scot MacDonald: "My Lords, Members of the House of Commons. . . My Government is giving particularly close attention to . . . the approaching Disarmament Conference. . ."

"At the General Election . . . my ministers . . . received a clear and em-

phatic mandate . . . to pursue a policy designed to re-establish . . . confidence in our financial stability and . . . to frame plans for ensuring a favorable balance of trade." Carefully the speech avoided saying that these "plans" would include tariff. His Majesty also announced that last year's abortive economic conference of all British Dominion delegates at London will be resumed next year at Ottawa, added a pious allusion to the deadlocked Indian Round Table Conference: "It is my earnest prayer that the deliberations . . . may be crowned with success. . ."

"My Lords, and Members of the House of Commons . . . I pray the blessing of Almighty God may rest on your deliberations."

**Tariffs & Stickling.** Neville Chamberlain, with his dark and feverish eyes, his husky voice and his cold, consuming passion for Empire, loomed last week as a Chancellor of the Exchequer not much less striking than crippled Philip Snowden, who as Lord Privy Seal now holds a mere sinecure. Mr. Chamberlain affects neither the icy monocle of his Peace-Prizing half-brother, Sir Austen, nor the blatant orchid boutonniere of their late, great father "Old Joe." Neville used to be Lord Mayor of Birmingham, the Chamberlain family bailiwick. Once before he was Chancellor of the Exchequer but so briefly that he never brought in a budget (TIME, April 13). Recently, as Conservative campaign strategist, he rolled up the greatest party majority in British history, won his right to demand the Exchequer as his Cabinet plum. Prime Minister MacDonald, a life-long free trader, knows that Chancellor Chamberlain will buckle a tariff belt of some sort around Mother Britain, cannot stop this unwelcome belief.

News that legally brilliant Sir John Simon had been made Foreign Secretary struck even his Liberal friends last week with some surprise. Sir John, in his great rôle as Chairman of the Indian Statutory Commission two years ago, made a hair-splitting, legalistic report on India which deliberately ignored St. Gandhi and the whole Indian National Congress. This report "missed the boat," as Britons say, became obsolete before it was published. Last week the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* said of Liberal Sir John: "Foreign affairs require no less insight than Indian affairs. Qualities which make a great Foreign Secretary are not purely, perhaps not even chiefly, intellectual."

Sir John's appointment was widely considered "too high pay" for his feat in leading some 30 Liberals away from Lloyd George and into the National Government (TIME, Oct. 19).

Sir Herbert Samuel, who led an equally large bloc of Liberals to Scot MacDonald, was rewarded last week with the Home Office. His Liberal bloc met in caucus during the week, elected him leader of what hereafter will be the Liberal Party. David Lloyd George, from whom all but four Liberal M. P.'s have bolted, sourly announced on the eve of Leader Sir Her-

\*Himself, his daughter, his son and his son's brother-in-law.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

bert's election that he, Mr. Lloyd George, was "not a candidate."

Studying the entire Cabinet, observers noted that every key post is held by an experienced, middle-of-the-road politician. Right and Left extremists have been excluded. In finance the new National Government's line is clearly Protection in foreign affairs. In Indian affairs Scot MacDonald maintained the *status quo* (an Anglo-Indian deadlock) by appointing as Secretary of State for India, Sir Samuel Hoare, already British representative at the deadlocked Indian Round Table Conference.

## CANADA

## Sergeant Leonard

Eleven years ago in the Regina headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, big-nosed, big-eared Sergeant John Leonard clicked his spurs in his Inspector's office and was given an extraordinary order. Sergeant Leonard went home thoughtfully, put away his uniform. For several days he did not shave, did not wash. Then, calling himself "E. W. Esselwein," he appeared at the Communist headquarters in Regina and swore his devotion to the Red cause.

He ran errands, distributed pamphlets, drummed up recruits among the factories. Communists trusted E. W. Esselwein. He did not trust his memory but wrote everything down. Later he was chosen secretary of the Regina branch of the Communist party and had the job of handling the code messages of the secret Z branch of the party.

Last week nine Communists were on trial in Toronto charged with "unlawful conspiracy and sedition." They jumped in their seats when their old friend "E. W. Esselwein" entered to give testimony, once more clean shaven and buttoned into the scarlet tunic of Sergeant Leonard.

Firmly gripping the rail of the witness stand Sergeant Leonard testified that the secret Z branch of the Communist party had been voluntarily given up in 1927. At the beginning Canadian Communists were subsidized from Moscow. To spread Soviet propaganda Moscow sent them \$3,000 (little more than a U. S. manufacturer would spend for one full-page advertisement in the New York Sunday Times). When Canada reported a membership of 5,000, Moscow replied that the organization ought to be self-supporting in future and promptly scolded the Canadian comrades "for deficiency in boxing and stone throwing," suggested morning and evening practice with brickbats at a target 35 ft. away. The sergeant explained that his career as a Communist was cut short three years ago, when Tim Buck, president of the party in Canada suspected his sincerity.

Commented the Scripps-Howard World Telegram:

"Sergeant Leonard did his job well. . . . Yet there is something more precious than freedom from sedition and that is freedom from mistrust in human relationships."

## SPAIN

## Terrible Decision

"Examine my daughters!" commanded Alfonso XIII, moody Last of the Bourbons, recently in London. Since his flight from Spain the ex-King has been thinking

cated in his son's favor which might perhaps have saved the dynasty.

Only males can suffer haemophilia. Only females can transmit it. Mysterious and incurable,\* this rare disease blighted the last of the Romanovs as it blights the last of the Bourbons. Tsar Nicholas II



INFANTA BEATRIZ &amp; PRINCE ALVARO

Her father would not countenance her alternative.

furiously about family matters, resembling in that respect fabled King Lear.

First the Harley Street specialist examined Daughter Beatriz, 22, recently engaged to her handsome cousin Prince Alvaro d'Orléans. Next the specialist examined Daughter Maria Christina, 19, not engaged to anybody. When their ordeal was finally over the two young Infantas, tearful and clinging to one another, returned from London to Paris, rushed to the consoling arms of their beautiful mother.

Grimly ex-King Alfonso studied the specialists' reports. They confirmed what everyone has assumed. Daughters Beatriz and Maria Christina are like their mother. They are "carriers" of the dread blood disease haemophilia. When he had read the reports, Alfonso XIII as Head of the House of Bourbon issued this edict: *Neither of his daughters may ever marry.* Amid tremendous sensation the engagement of the Infanta Beatriz was broken last week. With her own hands she had made most of her wedding gown, was to have been married with semi-royal pomp at Fontainebleau.

When a haemophile receives the slightest scratch he begins to bleed profusely and the wound heals so slowly that the haemophile may easily bleed to death. Well ex-King Alfonso knows that ex-Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain transmitted haemophilia to their sickly son. Spain's ex-her, Alfonso, Prince of Asturias. That the poor boy has lived all these years is a miracle of science and a tragedy. Had the Crown Prince been stronger, unpopular King Alfonso might have abdi-

discovered too late that Tsarina Alexandra was a "carrier," that their son the Tsarevitch Alexis was a haemophile. The frantic mother's efforts to find a cure for her son brought her under the sway of Rasputin, the "Black Monk," who seemed for a time to be able to stop the Tsarevitch's bleeding and promised a cure. Monk Rasputin's ascendancy over Tsar & Tsarina was a major factor in the House of Romanov's fall. There were those last week who sympathized with ex-King Alfonso in his terrible decision.

Ex-Queen Victoria Eugénie did not sympathize. Reliable reports revealed the Spanish Infantas' mother as their champion. She is not, like his Most Catholic Majesty, unalterably opposed to birth control or sterilization. In Paris last week she was understood to have urged her husband strongly to consider all alternatives. Her daughters could enjoy no small degree of happiness as wives with very small chance of giving birth to a haemophile.

Tempted by these suggestions, tempted by a father's love, ex-King Alfonso rose eventually superior to temptation, was said to have voiced his "horror." Pious, he registered a vow to prevent the marriage of either of his daughters by every means within his power.

\*Because males alone are heir to haemophilia, Dr. Carroll Collins LaFleur Birch, associate in internal medicine at University of Illinois Medical School, reasoned that some peculiar female property suppressed the disease in women and girls. Most obvious difference between males & females is the sexual apparatus. Therefore Dr. Birch prepared an ovarian extract, injected it into a boy who came of a family of bleeders, dispelled all symptoms of the malady for eleven months (TIME, July 6).



## Foreign News—(Continued)

### JUGOSLAVIA

#### No Changes

Restored to constitutional government after nearly three years of dictatorship by spectacled King Alexander, Yugoslavia had an election day last week. Results were certain. The Government took no chances. All opponents of the Government refused to have anything to do with the election. Candidates of the Government party only were allowed to appear on the voting list. Voting was not by secret ballot but orally, before a scowling election board. Since it is against the law to refuse to vote in Yugoslavia, the Government was returned to power almost unanimously. Even so, members of the opposition thought of a way to register a protest. Election day was Sunday. They refused to go to church.

### JAPAN-RUSSIA

#### Two War Lords

Fear lest Japan and Russia shoot it out over Manchuria focused the world's eye on Moscow one day last week. Mist shrouded the Red Square. Through wisps of white the pointed towers of the Kremlin looked down like medieval alchemists in tall, peaked hats; at one corner of the flat-topped red granite tomb of LENIN stood Dictator Joseph Stalin, the Red War Lord—if he should choose to declare war.

For five dramatic hours fully 1,000,000 Russians striding 75 abreast surged like a broad, human river past Stalin. Of the marchers 40,000 were picked Red Army troops. They marched and wheeled in perfect parade formation to a crunching accompaniment of fast Red Army caterpillar tanks, some mounting 2-in. guns. Leading the parade on a prancing cavalry charger rode red-faced, ham-fisted War Commissar Klimentiy ("Klim") Voroshilov, bowing and grinning, cheered as loudly on this day as the Red Dictator himself.

Marching workers carried papier-mâché figures of "Japanese Imperialists" strangling "Chinese Comrades." In a military order of the day, Klim Voroshilov declared: "On this 14th anniversary of the Revolution we are ready to defend ourselves." To cheering throngs in the Red Square he roared: "Our workers and peasants have proved by their strenuous labor that they can win victory in war as in the peaceful battles of industrialization!" Meanwhile the famed Third International, Moscow's bureau of world propaganda, clariioned: "Japan's war against the working masses of China is a war against us and a step toward war against the Soviet Republic! Organize mass revolutionary barriers against that war for a united, independent Soviet China!"

**"Not a Soldier, Not a Gun."** So much for Red fireworks. But in his quiet office, seated behind his paper-strewn desk, Klim Voroshilov gave an interview, his first to the foreign Press.

"All reports of transfer of Red soldiers to the Manchurian border or to anywhere in Siberia are nonsense," said Klim. "Not a soldier, not a gun has been shifted to

that region. Our future policy toward Japan will depend entirely upon the sincerity of Japan's desire to maintain neighborly relations with us."

In the Red Opera House, with Dictator Stalin silent as usual on the platform, Red Premier Vyacheslav Molotov cried: "Completion of the Five-Year Plan in four years is already before thoughts of war! The Plan is already 75% fulfilled."

In Doorn, Holland, last week, Germany's whilom All Highest War Lord, Wilhelm II, spread staff maps of Manchuria on long tables and had fun sticking



International

W. HOHENZOLLERN

*With map & pushpins, it seemed like old times.*

them with colored pushpins. It was like old times.

Sources close to the leading munition makers of Central Europe expressed conviction last week that Russia was not placing orders for munitions. Japan continued to buy cereals, began to buy nitrates in large quantities, and continued to build up her gold balance abroad (available for war purchases) by shipping a total of \$22,500,000 in gold into the U. S. last week.

In Washington the President and Statesman Stimson talked Manchuria for a solid hour, after Japanese Ambassador Debuchi had explained to the State Department that last week's principal armed clash in Manchuria (a three-hour battle in which 135 were killed) was "due to a misunderstanding."

**The Clash.** Japanese investors, who hold what amounts to a mortgage on the Nonni River bridge near Tsitsihar in northwestern Manchuria, were sorely vexed some weeks ago when it was blown up.

The Japanese General Staff determined to repair the bridge. Last week a Japanese repair crew, guarded by 800 Japanese soldiers, went briskly to work. Nearly by 2,000 Chinese troops under anti-Japanese General Ma Chan-shan. As to how the battle began there were indeed "misunderstandings." Each side charged

the other with opening fire without provocation. For three hours there was a battle, but of the peculiar Manchurian kind. Only 15 Japanese were reported killed as their comrades slew 120 Chinese, advanced and drove General Ma's remaining troops flying before them toward Tsitsihar. Later General Ma returned to the attack with a much larger force, dislodged Japanese from their advance positions but did not recapture the bridge, which Japanese continued to repair.

Swelling with pride General Ma, who represents only his own army, net declared "war" on Japan "in the name of the Chinese people." When Wall Street heard Ma say "war" stocks rose in price an average of \$3 each.

In Geneva pained League of Nations statesmen talked of invoking Article XV of the League Covenant, began a juridical investigation to see just what can be done under Article XV. Possibly League States can be asked to withdraw their Ambassadors and Ministers from Tokyo in a body, but Geneva was not sure.

Japanese occupation of Manchuria continued unchallenged by any Great Power. In Mukden, Capital of Manchuria, a puppet "Chinese Government" protected by Japan and headed by Chinese General Yuan Chin-kai last week proclaimed "severance of relations" between the three Manchurian provinces and the rest of China. Last Japan set up the ex-Emperor of China as a puppet ruler of Manchuria, a Chinese patriot sent "Emperor" Henry Pu Yi a basket of fruit containing a bomb. Henry took the basket, thanked his Heavenly Ancestors for their protection when the bomb did not explode.

**"Minor Disorders."** Manchuria lies outside China proper, outside the Great Wall. Last week Japan carried the rattle of her machine guns and the boom of her field pieces inside the Great Wall.

At Tientsin, second largest Chinese port, a Chinese mob of 2,000 clashed with Chinese police near the borderline between the Chinese City and the Japanese Concession. Arrested mobsmen swore later that they had been paid \$40 Mex. (\$10) each by Japanese agents provocateurs. However this might be the Japanese garrison commander repulsed rioters from the vicinity of the Japanese concession with a warning burst of machine gun fire, then unlimbered his field pieces and dropped 40 small explosive shells in the Chinese quarter of Tientsin.

In the Occidental quarter of Tientsin the U. S. business community was well guarded last week by 500 U. S. soldiers of the 15th Infantry. Their commander, Col. James D. Taylor, declared a War Department spokesman, "is a man of enough experience not to be upset by minor disorders."

From Washington to Tokyo a secret note was sent by Secretary of State Stimson. Japanese sent a secret reply, also charged publicly that a League of Nations representative in Shanghai has spent \$120,000 Mex. (\$30,000) in the past few weeks cabling the Chinese Government's point of view to the detriment of Japan.



## C I N E M A

## The New Pictures

**Strictly Dishonorable** (Universal). Between the necessities of being naughty to please the audience and nice to please the censors, lies a great void. Into this void fell most of Hollywood's attempts to be sophisticated. Universal Pictures made a valiant try to sidestep the flopping process in this production by sidestepping sophistication. When Preston Sturges wrote the play he invented a heroine who spent a good deal of time during the story trying to be seduced, but the movies, true to their glorious traditions of U. S. womanhood, calmly purified her.

The narrative fades in with the young person enroute to a Manhattan speakeasy with her fiancé. Drinking therein are an Italian tenor and a courtly ex-judge. Before many reels have elapsed the fiancé gets himself jailed for badgering a cop and the young person finds herself in the tenor's rooms for the night. So childlike and pure is she that he puts her to bed with a huge teddy bear and goes to sleep on the sofa. He surprises her and probably himself the next morning by proposing marriage. Since she has fallen dripping in love with him the only obstacle to be disposed of is the fiancé who arrives hot-foot from jail. They send him out to wait in a taxi and forget all about him.

The loudest laughs went, as they did in the play, to the Irish policeman, ably acted by Sidney Toler. Messrs. Paul Lukas and Lewis Stone were the tenor and the judge with their usual suave excellence. Mr. Lukas did not sing. Sidney Fox played the young woman and would have been very good indeed if she had not been so cutesy-cute. Characteristic shot: Miss Fox lying on the bed thrashing arms & legs and wailing, "I'm not a baby!"

**Once a Lady** (Paramount). While her son is reaching his majority in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, Helen Hayes changes from a blooming peasant girl into a shrunken harriard, withered and stringy with age (TIME, Nov. 9). In *Once a Lady*, Ruth Chatterton survives the years which it takes her daughter to grow up without developing a single wrinkle. Both heroines pass the intervening period in more or less persistent prostitution. The fact that dissipation has a less damaging effect upon Ruth Chatterton may be regarded as a tribute to the durability of the First Lady of the Cinema. The picture is a tribute to her in no other respect.

The plot is in the same pattern as *Madame X* and *Madelon Claudet*. Promising an estranged husband (Geoffrey Kerr) to support a fortuitous rumor that she is dead, Miss Chatterton disappears into the Parisian *demi-monde*. Years later she threatens to reveal that she is still alive and resentful when he refuses to let their grown-up daughter marry. Cinemas in which the climax arrives only with the maturity of the heroine's off-spring are likely to be long drawn out. This one, though Ruth Chatterton acts well and ably affects a Russian accent, seems as long as two ordinary cinemas and twice as ordinary.

## RKO &amp; Selznick

Last week the cinema industry was adjusting itself to two momentous shifts in personnel. At a meeting of Paramount's directorate, three new directors had been added to the board. One of them, John Hertz (Yellow Cabs, race horses) became chairman of the finance committee. The others were William Wrigley Jr. (gum) and Albert Davis Lasker (advertising). Also last fortnight, President Hiram K. Brown of RKO-Radio and RKO-Pathé



DAVID OLIVER SELZNICK & WIFE  
Radio returned to the nobility.

announced a merger of the production facilities of both companies, announced that David Oliver Selznick had been named vice president-in-charge-of-production of RKO-Radio and vice president of RKO-Pathé.

As to the consequences of the first shift, Hollywood last week was still uncertain. The consequences of the second shift were not uncertain at all. It was the end of a chapter in the history of Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corp., a chapter which corresponded to an exciting and seemingly parlorous period in the cinema industry.

Hollywood producers were frankly frightened in 1929, when Radio Corp. of America entered the cinema industry by buying 118 Keith-Albee and Orpheum theatres, the producing facilities of Film Booking Corp., and organizing RKO. Their consternation seemed to have a reasonable basis. The new company had a directorate sufficiently powerful to rock any industry. David Sarnoff, head of Radio Corp., was chairman; other directors were General Electric's Owen D. Young, Publicist Herbert Bayard Swope, Bankers Arthur Lehman and Elisha Walker, President Merlin H. Aylesworth of National Broadcasting Co., Maj. General James G. Harbord, retired, Drygoods Tycoon Cornelius M. Bliss. President Hiram Brown was head of U. S. Leather Co. RKO was capitalized for \$20,000,000. Behind it were all the resources of Radio

Corp. of America, all Radio's affiliated companies for producing mechanical amusement—National Broadcasting Co., R. C. A. Photophone, R. C. A. Victor, R. C. A. Radiotrons, Radio Music Publishing Co.

From the era of the nickelodeon, the cinema industry has been created by the craft and extraordinary methods of one-time fur peddlers, garment dealers, second-hand jewelers—mostly Jews—who were, all-importantly, great and daring showmen. These individuals had an embarrassing presentiment that "big business" might discover methods in the cinema industry far more efficient than their own. They had padded their payrolls with relatives, produced pictures at immense cost, settled their biggest deals over all-night poker games, entertained each other at parties decorated by the most expensive actresses in the world. They discussed the new force which RKO represented in "picture business" with awe-stricken whispers and comic strip dialect. For a time, the chief slogan of the industry was: "Vait till ve see vat Radio vill do."

RKO began by securing William LeBaron, long with Paramount, for production manager. LeBaron brought in two Paramount stars—Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels—augmented the list later with Ina Claire, Betty Compton, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Evelyn Brent, Lily Damita. RKO installed RCA sound apparatus in its circuit of theatres, enlarged the U. S. circuit to 202 by buying the F. F. Proctor chain, the Pantages circuit on the West Coast, the Inter-state circuit in the South, and the Libson-Heidingsfeld-Harris chain in the Middle West. In January 1930, RKO acquired Pathé and four stars of Pathé's "personality group"—Constance Bennett, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, William Boyd. By last December, RKO's total current assets were \$15,200,615, almost twice what they had been the year before. Nonetheless, by last year, Hollywood producers were definitely less frightened by the potentialities of the new company. RKO had failed to produce a single new star of its own, an obvious symptom of extemporaneous methods in the production staff. The company had had three hits—*Cimarron*, *Rio Rita*, *Amos & Andy*—but these were hardly sufficient to balance the average of mediocre and definitely unsuccessful pictures. RKO had foolishly tried to push the vogue for musical comedies after other producers had dropped it. It had turned out a string of clumsy program pictures which showed a lack of unified efficiency. But if RKO had not justified the apprehensions of Hollywood, the company at least made money in its first two years—\$1,669,564 in 1929, \$3,385,628 in 1930. Last week, in its third year, the idea of RKO as a menace to other producers had become almost farcical. The company's earnings for the first nine months of 1931 showed a deficit for the last two quarters, a net profit of \$622. Recent RKO pictures—for example, *The Woman Between* (TIME, Nov. 2)—have shown a dearth of producing, writing, directorial and acting talent.

The move which RKO made last week to extricate itself from a humiliating and costly situation, while it may again make

## ANIMALS

RKO an important factor in Hollywood, must have greatly tickled the producers who were most worried two years ago. For RKO's savior-elect, David Selznick, son of Lewis J. Selznick, the jeweler who stamped the cinema from 1916 to 1919, is definitely a scion of the peculiar hierarchy which always has controlled the cinema industry and, it now begins to seem, always will. Son-in-law of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Louis B. Mayer, David Selznick is doubly a member of Hollywood's highest, smallest, most ridiculed caste. Nonetheless, when he gave up a \$2,000-a-week job as assistant to Paramount's Production Manager B. P. Schulberg to venture with independent production (TIME, Aug. 3), it became clear that David Selznick had more radical ideas than the other members of Hollywood's nobility. Dissatisfied with Paramount's methods, he wanted to try making pictures in a way of his own. He set out with Director Lewis Milestone to get backing for an independent company which would not employ factory production methods or stars at exorbitant salaries. When he broached his scheme to them, Hiram Brown and David Sarnoff liked it so much that instead of giving him backing for a small unit of his own, they offered him a job which amounts to reorganizing, according to his own ideas for independent production, the most impressively backed organization in Hollywood. Two months after he arrived in Manhattan with a precarious scheme for earning his livelihood, young David Oliver Selznick returned to Hollywood last week with an importance in the industry more than comparable to that of his father (whose enemies he has thus far avoided), with a contract far more profitable than his connection with Paramount, which will make him one of the five Hollywood executives under 35 who earn more than \$200,000 a year.\*

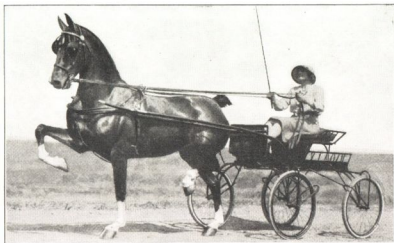
As executive vice president of RKO-Radio, David Selznick's first task will be to improve the functioning of the Radio production staff. Pathe's vice president-in-charge-of-production, Charles G. Rogers, now also a vice president of RKO-Radio, will continue to be responsible for Pathe productions. Hollywood gossip however lost no time in concluding that the controlling figure in RKO-Radio and RKO-Pathe would be David Selznick, that his policies would determine the management of both companies. In general, Radio pictures will, for the future, be made at a lower than average (for Hollywood) cost. The Selznick idea is to develop stars rather than buy them ready made; to recruit acting and directorial talent from the Manhattan stage; to hold down production costs by avoiding some of the most flagrant waste motion common and to some extent unavoidable in cinemamaking. Knowing observers last week suspected that the competition from RKO which Hollywood had foreseen with so much consternation two years ago, might now be forthcoming, not from a directorate of bankers but from a clever member of Hollywood's own inner, more odd than vicious, circle.

## Show Horses

The animals exhibited in the 46th Annual National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden last week were valued at \$1,000,000. The prizes for which they competed were worth \$100,000.

Every year the horse show differs in some respects from preceding shows. Last week the promenade, where spectators might walk around the outside of the judging ring, had been restored. Restored also was Hunt Night, when spectators were

the Cohasset, L. I. show last summer she won her 50th championship. Fifteen hands high, she holds her plump neck punctiliously arched, lifts her hoofs in a gait which is higher, slower and shorter in stride than that of a standard bred horse. She has four white stockings, a white star on her forehead and a white snip on her nose. Her black tail is cropped; on her black mane, in the show ring, are knots of red wool to accent the curve of her neck. In her stall she shows traces of the nervous-



Hoot, New York

SEATON PIPPIN &amp; OWNER

... 18½ blue ribbons and a wire muzzle.

pink or green coats to watch the judging of hunter classes. There were 30 fewer classes than last year, but most of the best U. S. show horses—with a few notable exceptions, like William DuPont's grey hunters Quarryman and Quarrymaster, Mrs. William P. Roth's five-gaited saddler, Chief of Longview—were entered. Young horses, such as Mountain Pippin, a three-gaited saddle horse owned by Jane's Place; Lieutenant W. M. Cleland's six-year-old Irish hunter Margot; H. Hollon Crowell's hunter Sir Conrad—won more than their usual share of blues. In the harness classes, there was a seasoned show-horse which no comparatively new competitor could hope to displace. This was Mr. & Mrs. Paul Moore's aging bay harness mare, Seaton Pippin. On the opening night she won her 18½ blue ribbon.

Seaton Pippin, by Marlboro, out of Phosphate, by Polonius, holds the world's record as a hackney. She has won more championships than any other horse in her class, has never been defeated in single harness nor in hand. Named (like the Moore stables, Seaton Hackney Farm at Morristown, N. J.) for Lady Seaton, international hackney champion who was retired in 1917, she was foaled eleven years ago and shown for the first time three years later. At five, she won the reserve championship. Since then, she has won the \$2,000 harness horse stake at the National Horse Show four times in a row. She won it for the fifth time last week. In

ness which is noticeable in all progeny of her mother. She regards all small objects as likely to be edible and wears a wire muzzle to prevent her chewing her blanket off. The wide margin of Seaton Pippin's superiority was not approached in other classes at last week's show. For the last few years judges at American horse shows have awarded most of the saddle class prizes to Kentucky-bred horses, a procedure that stirs lively opposition in devotees of the British thoroughbred strain, which used to win. Thoroughbreds are built for racing and hunting as well as show. Slightly crossed with standard-bred horses, they make excellent saddlers. Kentucky-bred horses have been fined down to a mettlesome nervousness highly impressive in the ring but unsuited, so their critics claim, to harder exercise. Judges last week overlooked Antonio P. Fachini's imported thoroughbred Rosewater, gave the Biltmore Challenge Cup, for three-gaited saddle horses suitable for park riding, to Jane Bancroft's Kentucky-bred mare, Likely Lady.

The same question—practicability v. appearance in the ring—arises among hunters but it is more amicably settled. Hunters may be judged for example 60% for jumping, 40% for appearance; or 50% conformation, 25% performance, 25% for way of going and manners. Among outstanding hunters this year was Mrs. Simon Patterson's bay gelding Prince H. which won the John R. Townsend Memorial Cup for both green and qualified hunters.

\*Irving Thalberg (MGM).....\$520,000  
Carl Laemmle Jr. (Universal).....\$260,000  
Darryl Zanuck (Warner).....\$189,000  
Howard Hughes (United Artists).....\$120,000



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## A R T

### He Painters

Boys who play football at Stanford are seldom seen in or near the University's art gallery. But last week the entire Stanford football squad could have entered the gallery in a body, unashamed. It was an occasion. The two great football coaches Glenn Scobie Warner of Stanford and Robert Carl Zuppke of Illinois—known to the public respectively as Pop & Zup—were having a joint exhibition, not of new play diagrams or designs for uniforms, but of paintings they themselves had done. On view were landscapes, watercolors, pencil sketches actually executed by two famed he-men.

Best known to the art world are the *opera* of Illinois' chunky, spluttering Germanic Zup. Coach Zuppke was a painter

Artist Zuppke takes his painting very seriously, is eager to assure people that it is not an effeminate occupation.

"I lose more weight when painting steadily than I do when coaching," he says. "After a couple of weeks of continuous painting I become hollow-eyed. . . . They tell me my work is too brutal sometimes, especially when I do forests. . . . Why should I not paint the forests as they are: is not nature often brutal? I go hunting in the Rockies in Colorado. The trees scratch me, scrape me, their roots trip me. . . and I am expected to come back and paint a park scene!"

Glenn Scobie ("Pop") Warner takes his painting less seriously. One of the oldest football coaches in the industry, he is credited with the invention of the



Acme-P. & A.

ZUP

"They tell me my work is too brutal. . . ."

before he was a football coach. In 1905 he arrived in New York with \$4 in his pockets and earned a precarious living as a sign painter (once he was overcome with dizziness while painting an enormous cigar sign high over Broadway). Somehow he obtained the post of history instructor and football coach for the Muskegon (Mich.) High School. For the past 18 years he has coached at the University of Illinois. But he never gave up art. He has exhibited many times at the Chicago Art Institute and with private dealers. He makes trips to the Rockies and to Switzerland to paint forests and mountains. Intensely superstitious, he puts five thin rings on his index finger at the beginning of each football season, keeps them in that order until the team loses a game, shifts them from finger to finger in various combinations until the team wins again. Year ago he wrote a book on football coaching containing innumerable detailed schedules and diagrams (drawn by himself). At the end of each chapter were groups of Zuppke maxims containing such constructive thoughts as: "Get to the scoring zone as quickly as possible." "The linesman should not be taught to punish the face of an opponent."



International

POP

"No smock for me!"

crouching start for linesmen. He gained his greatest fame in 1911 as coach of the Carlisle Indians when the great Thorpe used to tear down the field snorting through his noseguard. Pop's only art instruction came from a village sign painter. Fond also of carpentry, he manufactures all his golf clubs. Said he last week:

"Bob Zuppke, they tell me, wears a smock or a duster or something like that, but not for me. I'm a painter, not an artist."

### Photograph Gallery

For many years critics have realized that Journalism's hard-worked handmaiden, Photography, is a fine art in its own right. Art galleries have exhibited photographers' prints between painting shows. For the first time last week an art gallery opened in New York to make the exhibition and sale of photographs its main object.

First presentation of the Julien Levy Gallery was entitled "A Retrospective Exhibition of American Photography." Actually about half of the show was devoted to the prints of a group of modern photog-



# After 102 Years



(Above) Unretouched photograph of 102-year-old cast iron pipe still serving City of Lynchburg, Virginia. (Group—left to right) Mr. John Victor, grandson of John Victor, Esq., who conceived the water works project; Mr. R. W. B. Hart, City Manager; Hon. J. Tanner Kinnier, Mayor; Mr. Richard F. Wagner, Director of Public Safety.

**F**OUR weeks ago the Water Department of Lynchburg, Virginia, uncovered for inspection a 7-inch cast iron water main that has been in service for over 102 years. It is probably the world's first high pressure water line installation.

This venerable yet still vigorous cast iron pipe went into service on July 13, 1829, and was used as a pumping main until 1882 when it was replaced by the 12-inch cast iron main shown alongside in the above unretouched photograph. Since that time it has been used as part of the distribution system and has never given any trouble.

After more than a century of continuous service, this historic cast iron main was inspected, found in good condition, the earth thrown back . . . and it continues to serve, for how long no man can say.

Serving today in many of our older

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

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

\* \* \*

Every taxpayer should take an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid, or to be laid, in his community. For

further information write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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



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

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Diamond Head sticks down into the sea like a giant, nicked knife-blade cutting off the work-a-day world. Within, the magic of Hawaii's night. The cool, soft breeze whispers of oleanders, ginger blossoms.

Suddenly you feel the crowd about you. White linen suits, Dinner jackets. Sun-

bronzed shoulders... evening dresses. The insinuating beat of the Hula floors with the rhythm of the night...

The strum of ukuleles dies. Lights dim to the moon. Your recent days drift past... The driver in Kona who pulled to the side of the road to sing to the sunset. The lot of twenty dewy gardenias you bought for a half dollar before the dance. The days in a sampan trolling for tuna, and swordfish. Flame trees. Cruising to the islands, Kauai, Maui. The gracious friendliness. The fear that you will not remember that which you know you'll never forget. Hawaii...

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## HAWAII

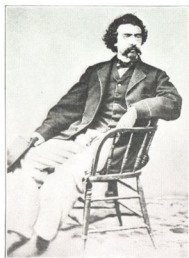


The ceres, whose white petals open only to the night



Diving boys, outriggers... symbols of Honolulu harbor

raphers, now famed and successful, who more than 25 years ago self-consciously called themselves the Photosecessionists and started the magazine *Camera Work* under amazing, pugnacious Alfred Stieglitz. Beside Photographer Stieglitz, they were: Edward Steichen (now photographer-in-chief to the Condé Nast publications), Gertrude Käsebier and the late Clarence White. Also included in last week's exhibition were prints by the younger Paul Strand, Charles Sheeler, Edward Weston. The work of these photographers has often been shown, always been



THE LATE MATHEW B. BRADY

*... had to cope with collodion and a chicken coop.*

praised. Prints on view last week were admirable, priced at from \$20 for the work of modest Edward Weston to the \$1,000 which didactic Alfred Stieglitz thought his prints were worth.

Many critics paused longer in the first part of the exhibition which really attempted to show the development of photography in the U. S. Here were some stiff and dingy daguerreotypes, some stereopticon pictures from old Bowers peep shows, old theatrical "cabinet prints," and in particular a few prints by a man who could hold his head up with any Photosecessionist, whose prints were not only of considerable artistic merit but invaluable historic documents: Brady, the Civil War photographer.

Mathew B. Brady (he did not know what the B. stood for) was born in upper New York in about 1823. As a young man he met Samuel Finley Breese Morse, an able painter best known as the inventor of the telegraph. Through him Brady became interested in Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre's invention\* and in the photographic experiments which Morse and Professor J. W. Draper were making. About 1842 Mathew Brady opened a

\*To make a daguerreotype, a silver-plated copper plate, scrupulously clean, was subjected to the vapor from iodine until it turned a golden orange color. With the subject's neck held rigidly in an iron clamp the plate was exposed in a camera for from three to 10 minutes, developed by holding it over a cup of hot mercury, fixed by dipping in a mixture of hyposulphite of soda and gold chloride. Finger marks and heat ruin the image of a daguerreotype.

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# MIAMI

SUN-SHRINE OF AMERICA

studio at Broadway & Fulton Street to take the likenesses of the Quality. He was immediately successful, made numerous improvements in the process. Tinted Brady daguerreotypes on ivory won a gold medal at the London World's Fair of 1851. About 1855 successful Photographer Brady imported from Britain one Alexander Gardner, an expert in the wet plate process invented by Frederick Scott Archer, which used glass plates dipped in collodion, permitted almost instantaneous exposures. Brady & Gardner later opened another studio in Washington. Almost every eminent U. S. citizen felt it necessary to sit for Brady & Gardner.

At the beginning of the Civil War Mathew Brady, rich and famed, with luxuriant whiskers and curly black locks, went to Abraham Lincoln and Allan Pinkerton, head of the U. S. Secret Service, and begged to be allowed to accompany the Union Army, record its deeds in action. The first news photographer gave up his comfortable studio, built a little black wagon for a traveling dark room (nicknamed the "What-is-it?" by inquisitive soldiers), and took the field in his own uniform, a floppy straw hat and a long linen duster.

Photographers who admire the work of Dr. Erich ("Candid Camera") Salomon (TIME, Nov. 9), realize with what enormous handicaps silky-whiskered Mathew Brady had to contend. In his jolting little wagon, with his enormous chicken coop of a camera, he had to coat his plates with collodion, expose and develop them before they had time to dry. Minié balls crashed through his little developing wagon, his horses were killed, hundreds of plates were smashed, yet he took troops in action, dead soldiers sprawled in the breastworks. He took Lincoln, Grant, most of the Federal generals of the war, and made a collection of more than 7,000 pictures, 2,000 of which the Government was glad to buy for \$25,000. Today they are one of the chief treasures of the War College.

## S P O R T

### Football

Like his confreres in the Northwestern backfield (Meenan, Potter, Olson, Russell), big, blond Ernest ("Pugger") Rentner affects a nonchalance which sometimes discourages Coach Dick Hanley. He lounges about the field at practice, bestirring himself less when he carries the ball than when he has a chance to perform a chore many footballers hate—blocking. After practice, he jumps a high wire fence at one end of the practice field at Evanston, a feat so precarious that Coach Hanley has considered making it impossible by topping the fence with barbed wire. On the field, his number—23—is blazoned on a jersey that has usually escaped out of his trousers. On the campus, he appears in yellow corduroys, a virile sweater. Twenty years old, one-time star athlete of the Joliet (Ill.) High School, he belongs to Sigma Nu, studies in the School of Education, plans to make dentistry his hobby, because he enjoys pulling teeth.

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*Send for interesting pamphlet "Cuba", Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba, or Room 1807, 18 East 10th St., New York City.*

**C U B A**  
Year-Round Playground of the Americas

Photo credit: Philip Walker

In important games, Rentner loses his elaborate carelessness, tries furiously to justify the pseudonym he likes best: "Flying Dutchman." Last year he was noted mainly as a passer. This year his open field running against Ohio State and Illinois made him star of the best backfield in the Big Ten, perhaps the best in the country. His favorite play is a sweeping left end run. He follows his interference closely till he passes the line of scrimmage, pauses to elude tacklers in the secondary defense, then breaks away in a burst of the unexpected speed which has won many a game for Northwestern and which, against Minnesota last week, helped clinch Northwestern's Big Ten championship.

Minnesota, leading 14 to 0 in the first half, was still ahead, 14 to 7, when the half ended. Rentner caught the kick-off on his 5-yd. line, streaked the length of the field for a touchdown that did not quite tie the score. The second play of the fourth period, a lateral pass to Sullivan, was good for 40 yd. and another touchdown. Minnesota's defense, strong for three periods, crumbled suddenly. Oliver Olson, who punted a water-soaked ball 70 yd. in the Notre Dame game, intercepted a pass, scuttled 55 yd. for a touchdown. Then Rentner got his huge hands on a Minnesota punt and made Northwestern's last long touchdown run, making the score 32 to 14, making spectators feel sure that in its remaining games against Iowa and Indiana, Northwestern could score almost at will or at the whim of its capricious, brilliant backs.

A half-million people watched the dozen biggest games of the week. Largest crowd of the year—100,000—saw Southern California's Mohler, Shaver, Pinkert and Musick, the best backfield on the Pacific Coast, smother Stanford at Los Angeles, 19 to 0.

With 43 min. left to play, Harvard's Phi Beta Kappa Quarterback Barry Wood, who had been playing dunderhead football all afternoon, threw a 40-yd. pass to a point 4 yd. from the Dartmouth goal line. Harvard's Hageman and Dartmouth's Morton both jumped for the ball. Hageman caught it. Wood kicked the goal that gave Harvard the game, 7 to 6.

Hugh Rhea, Nebraska's All-American tackle, received a letter signed "Heifer Bovine" offering him "big money" to let Iowa's halfback Hickman through the line for a touchdown. Hugh Rhea snorted indignantly. A 62-yd. march in the third quarter gave Nebraska a touchdown and the game, 7 to 0.

Intersectional games are unreasonably expensive, often meaningless, frequently unpopular. There have been more of them than ever this season. With more traditions than most such contests, N. Y. U. v. Georgia last week drew 65,000 spectators, ended much the same way as last year's game and by the same score (7 to 6) after Mott had run back the second-half kickoff for a touchdown and after Vernon ("Catfish") Smith had placed the winning point and made the

tackle, on fourth down with a few minutes to play, stopping N. Y. U.'s Bill Abbee a foot from Georgia's goal line.

Penn's unbeaten team went to South Bend to play an intersectional game against Notre Dame, came back bruised, beaten and bewildered, 49 to 0.

Princetonians, who are unlikely this year to have an opportunity to tear up any goal posts, considered tearing up the team (see p. 52) after it had lost, 19 to 7, to Lehigh. Princeton's 150-lb. team was soundly thrashed by some Choate school-boys, 46 to 0.

Florida, heavily penalized for unnecessary roughness in the second quarter, took



"PUGGER" RENTNER

. . . likes to jump fences, pull teeth.

an unnecessarily rough beating from Alabama, 41 to 0.

The Hill School, drilled by Princeton's longtime coach, Councilman William Winton ("Bill") Roper, ran up five touchdowns in the second half to beat Gilman, 32 to 0.

Tulsa beat Mexico City 89 to 0. Mexico City's coach, Fred Linehan, Yale guard in 1930, explained the mishap: "The Mexican linemen would not think of trying to hit an opponent hard. They're just too darned polite. They're great boys, and smart, but I must not let them get into a huddle. If I do, they get so excited everything goes wrong."

## Who Won

❖ Christopher ("Bat") Battalino: a Chicago fight in which he risked his world's featherweight championship against Earl Mastro; by a decision, after ten rounds.

❖ Top Flight, dark brown two-year-old filly owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney and ridden by Jockey "Sonny" Workman: the Pimlico Futurity, her seventh race this season; raising the total of her cash winnings to \$219,000, more than any other mare or any two-year-old has ever won before, more than any other race horse has won this year.



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"SAFETY FIRST," captions the cartoon of a fat man with a safety pin doubling for a suspender. "This pin will relieve you of worry and bother, too," the letter explains, "if you use it to pin a check to this letter and mail it back in our return envelope."

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in pictures, brings checks home in one store's return envelopes.

FOR SENSITIVE PEOPLE a printed form, with a filled-in amount, mailed with a return envelope, is a more effective reminder than a personal letter, one tactful retailer reports.

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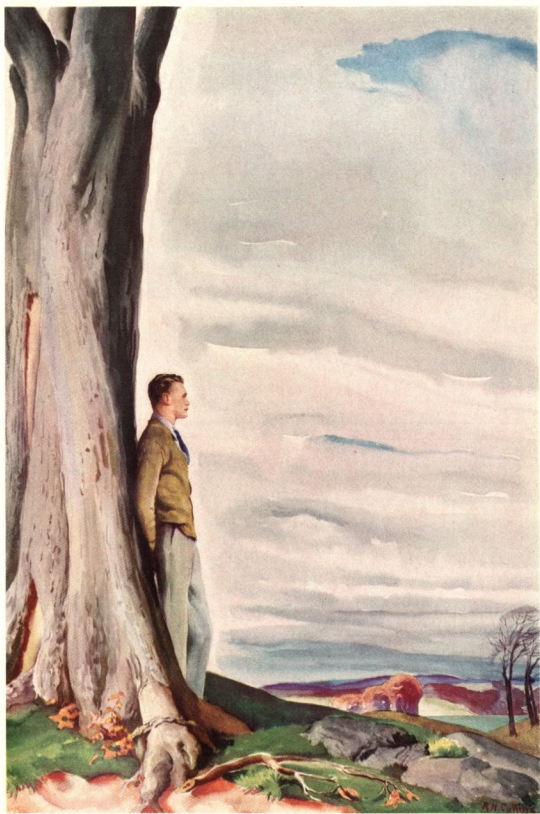
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## AT SUMMER'S END



It is not recorded that November was particularly cold in 1906. Frosty mornings gave way to sunny noons. But on a mid-month Saturday, many a man left his work a bit more promptly than usual. After all, winter could not be far away and yesterday's drive had been through a raw wind. Soon snow would fly.

And so one hurried home, took a hasty lunch, slipped into his oldest clothes and entered the building which served as a garage. For a moment he stood in wistful contemplation of the faithful car before him. Then, with a sigh of regret, he set the brakes, adjusted the jack, raised the wheels off the floor, placed strong blocks under the axles, and began the process that prepared a car for its long winter rest. By night, if one worked fast and well, everything was done. Canvas or cheesecloth was in place to guard against dust and dampness, the padlock clicked upon the door and the motoring season was officially at an end.

✦   ✦   ✦

THERE were not so many automobiles in those days as now, but wherever they were, their owners were enacting scenes like this. Resigned to the seasonal limitations of the motor car, they did not

know that in that very year a little group of young men had begun the work that was to end this annual hibernation. These young men believed that year-round motoring was feasible, that closed bodies for automobiles could be made practical. Day after day, month after month, they had planned and built and tested and rebuilt. And so began Bodies by Fisher.

The world moves fast and there are many things to think of. It is not strange, therefore, that we seldom stop to look back and rarely pause to consider the significance of certain events in the past. The coming of Fisher Bodies may hardly have seemed of great importance, yet it pioneered for the kind of car in which we drive today . . . so fashioned that we need not be concerned with summer's end.

It is interesting to consider how different things would be without the modern all-year car. Social and family life would revolve upon an entirely different plane. Human activity would be compressed almost to its former narrow horizons.

But as a matter of fact the thoughts of both science and industry are still devoted to raising the plane and widening the horizons. And in this effort the Fisher Body Corporation is determined to play its part, now and in the future, just as in the past.



*Photograph by Captain Alfred G. Buckham, taken over Pan American Airways*

LONG before he won his fame as the world's foremost aerial photographer, Alfred G. Buckham, then a painter, once visited London's National Gallery, sat silent before the pictures of Turner. At home that night, he considered long and earnestly his artistic prospects, arose next morning and made a bright bonfire of all his canvases. From that date he turned landscape photographer, within two years had won thirty-three awards.

Last summer, Captain Buckham flew southward over the Caribbean, beginning an aerial tour of South America, taking for FORTUNE the airplane photographs he learned to take during the War. In FORTUNE's October issue appeared the first portfolio of photographs taken on this tour, portraying the islands in the Caribbean.

In the November issue, Captain Buckham's camera looks down on

the coast of Brazil, depicts jungle plantations of Paramaribo, the cities of Belem (on the Equator), Natal (whose future is linked with aviation), Sao Salvador (black diamonds, tobacco, Negroes), Victoria (whose lazy, tropic charm may yet be exploited by Industry).

Trained as an artist, Captain Buckham betrays in each photograph his strong feeling for clouds, for light and shadow, for composition.

FORTUNE discovered Captain Buckham's aerial photographs last year, reproduced in April, 1930, one of his war pictures and some of his views of Edinburgh, The Tower of London, The Rhone, The Forth. FORTUNE will print in the December issue, as only FORTUNE can print, a portfolio of Buckham photographs of Rio de Janeiro, will continue thereafter to print other photographs taken on Captain Buckham's tour.



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# Fortune

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# T H E T H E A T R E

## Shakespeare by Geddes

In no small part was the enthusiastic reception of last year's *Lysistrata* due to the setting executed by Norman Bel Geddes. In Manhattan last week he turned his attention to staging and directing another revival, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. The Geddes production lops a good-sized chunk off the original script, a move which will offend none but the most iconoclastic purist. Director Geddes has also provided an adequate cast. Raymond Massey, a cadaverous young man who brings from London fame as an actor-director-manager (*The Man in Possession*, *Topaze*, *Grand Hotel*) simultaneously makes his U. S. and Shakespearean debut in the title rôle. Stout Colin Keith-Johnston (*Journey's End*) of the husky voice is Laertes. Friends of Leon Quartermaine who remember his eminently sympathetic treatment of "Uncle" in *Journey's End*, regretted that he had a part no larger than Horatio's.

Director Geddes has telescoped 20 scenes into 13. These are all played on one huge set, a cunningly fashioned array of forestage, tiers and jutting elevations. There are 14 ways for the actors to get on and off quickly. For effects of grandeur and to isolate the various spheres of activity, Producer Geddes has resorted to a battery of large colored spotlights. Give Mr. Geddes a set of spotlights and you are very likely to disregard the play. No one pays much attention to Ophelia's mad scene because just then Mr. Geddes displays a most extraordinary lighting trick: bathed in saffron light, the actors cast bottle-green shadows.

## New Plays in Manhattan

**Counselor-at-Law.** Playwright Elmer Rice (born Reizenstein), was once a lawyer. He has now written a drama about a successful legal light named George Simon (Paul Muni). Mr. Simon, when the play begins, is sitting on top of the world but it so happens that he has a stain on his otherwise unblemished past. A kind man, he once framed testimony on behalf of a young fourth offender who would otherwise have gotten a life sentence in prison. An enemy of Lawyer Simon discovers this lapse, comes so close to ruining Lawyer Simon that Lawyer Simon is about to jump out of his window. In the meantime Mrs. Simon, a high born lady, has deserted her husband. Fortunately Lawyer Simon's amiable secretary gets back from the ladies' room in time, saves her employer from suicide. Also in the nick of time a millionaire's son kills Mrs. Simon, the erring wife. Lawyer Simon gets renewed faith in life and no little budding interest in his faithful secretary. Actor Muni turns in an extraordinary characterization. More than 20 mummies do their best. But *Counselor-at-Law* remains prolix, unsifted, the work of a painstaking realist who refuses to trade significance for well-observed irrelevances.

**Here Goes the Bride.** Cartoonist Peter Arno of *The New Yorker* had an

exciting time in Reno last summer. There will never be other than various accounts of the procedure, but at some time during his residence, scrawny Cornelius ("Neely") Vanderbilt Jr. chased Mr. Arno across the landscape with an unloaded revolver. Mr. Arno included no incident quite so funny in his *Here Goes the Bride*, which perhaps accounted for the fact that the show went into oblivion after seven performances, together, it was understood, with a sizeable amount of money amounting to six figures belonging



Mitchell Studios

CLARK & McCULLOUGH

Arno & Vanderbilt were funnier.

to John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, Long Island sportsman.

That the show was a failure was no fault of Bobby Clark & Paul McCullough, two droll fellows who make many spectators scream with laughter. Funnyman Clark did his best to discard Mr. Arno's inane libretto, inject into the proceedings his own particular brand of insanity. The simple burlesque business that Mr. Clark knows best consists chiefly in man-handling a cigar, shooting people with a trick cane equipped with a rubber-tube to blow smoke through, ogling all pretty girls through spectacles painted on his face, ranging rapidly about the stage at a half-crouch. All this Mr. Clark has done many times before with success. Bad press notices and the lack of any outstanding talent other than Clark & McCullough put *Here Goes the Bride* into the past tense. But you will still hear dance bands playing some of the show's earful music: "Hello, My Lover, Goodbye," "Music in My Fingers."

**The Laugh Parade** is produced, staged, largely written by and for Ed Wynn. It presents the usual Wynnsmo monkeyshines, Comedienne Jeanne Aubert's thin little voice and chipmunk smile, and Cinemactor Lawrence Gray, behaving like a perfect little Hollywood gentleman. Indeed handsome Mr. Gray affords the only note of restraint to the

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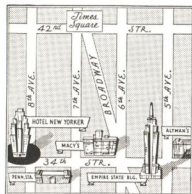
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## HOTEL NEW YORKER

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show. Unconsciously he betrays an apprehension that someone in the cast may take advantage of his being a motion picture actor, start making fun of him. Otherwise *The Laugh Parade* goes its merry way without benefit of libretto or commonsense.

At one point particularly does Mr. Wynn, almost the only Jewish comedian who refrains from capitalizing his race, rise to appreciable heights. This is when he imitates a juggler of the Tony Pastor era, complete with silk tights and handlebar mustache. For incidental music he requests the orchestra to play "something in a jocular vein."

The divertimento also offers a perusable chorus and the usual handful of Albertina Rasch girls sheathed in silk who do jerky things with their middles, wildly shake their long bobs. There is good music: "Ooh, That Kiss," "You're My Everything."

**Caught Wet.** The young people of Rachel Crothers' comedy-melodrama are marooned at a very stuffy houseparty in a storm-bound mansion on the Hudson. Owner of the mansion, a priggish young man named Vanderstyle, offers no other cheer than food and the privilege of admiring the ancestral treasures. Someone suggests stealing the \$250,000 Vanderstyle pearls, returning them after the host has become properly exercised. Unhappily the pearls actually disappear. Everyone is suspected. The police are telephoned. But *Caught Wet* never really reaches a very high pitch of interest. To satisfy a melodrama audience nowadays you at least have to have a maniac or a ghoul about the house. And Miss Crothers' thief owns the pearls anyhow.

## RELIGION

### Traditionary

Carnivals devour them; lions and tigers pounce upon them, claw and maul them to bits. They elbow their way through dense jungles, visiting and converting little pygmies and big black bucks. They fall ill of dread and curious diseases. From home they receive boxes of worn-out dresses, aprons, old hats, old pants for the natives. Chieftains salute them; witch-doctors harry them. Thus, traditionally, missionaries.

Faithful to the oldtime tradition is the life of 78-year-old Dr. John Kelly Giffen,\* oldest missionary in point of service in the United Presbyterian Church. From New York last week he sailed for Africa to begin his 51st year in the Egyptian Sudan. White-haired, bearded, grey-eyed, he was cosily reminiscent upon departing. He recalled his first trip in 1881, when the Mahdists were stirring up revolt against Egypt. Fanatic Mussulmen killed General Charles George ("Chinese") Gordon in 1885; the late great Lord Horatio Herbert Kitchener subdued them, captured the city of Omdurman. Young Dr. Giffen

\*Not to be confused with his nephew, President James Kelly Giffen of Knoxville College (Tenn.).

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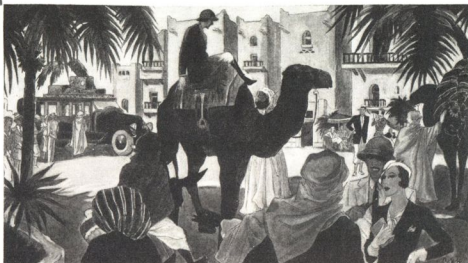


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sail direct home by Majorca, Gibraltar and the Azores—or by train to Paris and Havre and the *Ile de France*, as you prefer. The *Paris*, on her first Mediterranean Cruises, proposes to take a company of nice people who know best how to defeat winter—who have the smart world's curiosity about North Africa and Cannes and Majorca—who cherish gayety and detest organized whoopee—and who (like most nice people) know how to make each dollar buy its utmost luxury. Old General Depression will not be allowed up the gangplank; these cruises are planned to make Time (which all the economists say is the cure) really go to work for you!

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## The ROOSEVELT

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was there. After pacifying the country, the British temporarily barred missionaries. Dr. Giffen and his wife left Omdurman, found a tribe 400 mi. to the south called the Shullaks. "They were all over six feet, and the only people I ever had to look up to, always. We had considerable difficulties with the language at first. . . . Tribal custom called for the removal of the four front teeth of all adults. Consequently, they lisped almost everything they say." Soon, nevertheless, Dr. Giffen erected a mission, organized a school, translated two gospels and baptized 600 lisping Shullaks.

African missionaries may propagate the Faith today with very little fear of animals or natives. Tropical disease is now less to be feared than overwork and climate. Average length of service: 12 to 20 years. But Missionary Giffen and his wife recall that seven years was the average in their time. And that was a generous estimate; Mrs. Giffen could think of many men who had been unable to endure—Dr. Scott, Dr. Tidrick. "But it isn't quite fair to count Dr. Tidrick," said Missionary Giffen. "Dr. Tidrick was killed by a lion."\*

Only four times has Dr. Giffen visited the U. S. since he settled in the Sudan. In 1922 he was elected moderator of his church's general assembly. So unused had he become to the ways of U. S. Presbyterians that once, at a mission conference in Pittsburgh, he arose to give the benediction, got half-way through it before he realized he was speaking Arabic.

### Watch Fires

A good Congregationalist is Grace Anna Goodhue Coolidge, wife of Calvin. She is also a versifier of parts. Last week Maury Madison, composer, who made a popular song of Mrs. Coolidge's *The Quest* (TIME, July 7, 1930), appeared in Washington. He plans to hunt and set to music lyrics written by wives of U. S. Presidents, such as Mrs. Herbert Hoover's free verse "interpretative of the discarded pine rafters of the White House," which she carved into gifts. Composer Madison had with him a religious song in which Washington's First Congregational Church became interested. There, where President & Mrs. Coolidge worshipped, a Miss Ruby Smithstahl will arise this month or next and sing:

### WATCH FIRES

By Grace Coolidge

*Love was not given the human heart  
For careless dealing;  
Its spark was lit that man might know  
Divine revealing.*

*Heaped up with sacrificial brands,  
The flame in mounting  
Enkindles other hearts with love  
Beyond the counting.*

*Reflecting back into each life,  
These vast fires glowing  
Do then become perfect love  
Of Christ's bestowing.*

\*In South Africa last September, Missionary Myron Taylor was killed by a lion (TIME, Sept. 28). Rev. John Walter Vinson, Presbyterian missionary in China since 1907, was last week kidnapped, stabbed, decapitated by bandits who had looted his chapel and burned part of the town of Wangjagieh (see p. 22).

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## PEOPLE

"Names make news." Last week these names made this news:

Newsmen have acquired a curious habit of writing about **Charles Francis Adams**, Secretary of the Navy, as having "tears in his eyes." When they filed into his office last week to ask if he had resigned in a quarrel with the President over Navy policy (see p. 13), the dry-eyed Secretary said: "I have not resigned."

*A disappointed newshawk:* Can we say you banged the desk with your fists when you denied these resignation rumors?

*The Secretary:* Yes—you can say I banged my desk—and you can also say there were tears in my eyes.

X-ray photographs revealed that the heart of **Paavo Nurmi**, Finnish distance runner, is three times normal size\* which, in an ordinary person, would indicate grave disease. The Nurmi heart requires



PAAVO NURMI  
*He is big-hearted.*

so much room to work in that it makes a quarter turn each time the diaphragm pushes up in respiration.

To help fight Unemployment **Henry Ford** put 650 men to work on his farm at \$5 a day to dig 100,000 bu. of carrots with ordinary hoes. Said he in an interview: "Money is like an arm or a leg—use it or lose it."

In an automobile crash near her husband's Roslyn, L. I., estate caused when her chauffeur swerved to avoid another car, **Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay**, the former **Anna Case**, opera singer, was cut on the face and hand, severely bruised.

\*Average size of heart in normal male: 5 in. long, 3½ in. wide, 2½ in. thick; weight, 9 oz.

# Winter Cruises

## LLOYD SABAUDO



### Conte GRANDE CHRISTMAS CRUISE to the WEST INDIES

12 Days \$175.00 up  
Nassau, Kingston, Havana  
Dec. 23 to Jan. 4

Christmas at sea, New Year's in Havana! . . . and a whole daylight day at Nassau (Bahamas) and Kingston (Jamaica). The palatial "Conte GRANDE" is at your command throughout, with full Transatlantic service. Midnight sailing two days before Christmas—return Monday, losing only about four business days.



### 2 WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES

of the  
S.S. "Conte GRANDE"  
Feb. 3 and Feb. 22  
16 Days . . . \$215 up

Around the Caribbean—still mysterious, untamed, still darkly romantic—beginning with Porto Rico, two calls in South America and a day at the Panama Canal. Then Kingston—the British tropical colony at its best—and two nights and days in Havana, where Old Spain, young Cuba and blasé New York have produced the most amazing city in the hemisphere.

### MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

34 Days 10 Calls \$575 up  
S.S. "Conte  
BIANCAMANO"  
February 25th

A comprehensive exploration-trip in the Mediterranean—the true cradle of civilization—with 4½ days at Alexandria for a real visit in Egypt! Rhodes, for centuries the embattled outpost of Christendom. Naples, the city with a sunny heart. Athens and the Acropolis . . . Palestine . . . the French Riviera, Genoa, Gibraltar . . . truly a challenging experience for eager pulses.

Also regular service to Gibraltar, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Nice, with stop-over privilege in all ports. Write for illustrated booklet to Lloyd Sabaudo, 3 State St., New York, or any Authorized Agent.

## M U S I C



## CAMELOT

A GAME BY GEORGE S. PARKER

*Beg, Borrow, or Buy  
Camelot, but be Sure to  
Play Camelot!*

Do not delay the enjoyment of this new pleasure,  
**the Fun is in Playing it!**

Great is the thrill where victory or defeat  
hangs on the next few moves! For the most in-  
teresting situations from actual play we offer

### \$1000 in Prizes

First Prize, \$200; two Prizes of \$100;  
eight of \$25; twenty of \$10; forty of \$5.

**Contest Rules:** As you play Camelot you will always  
reach situations which offer amusing problems in choice  
of play. Write down the position of the pieces, with the  
next few ensuing moves as played, or, your comments on  
what should have been done. Mail this with your name  
and address to **Camelot Editor**, Parker Brothers, Salem,  
Mass. Entries must be received within two weeks after  
Christmas, i.e., by January 8. Prize winners will be an-  
nounced in the Literary Digest at an early date thereafter.  
Anyone (except employees of Parker Brothers) may com-  
pete, and may send in not exceeding five situations. No  
special forms are required, but if you will write to Parker  
Brothers, they will forward you helpful suggestions and  
diagrams for recording your play.

### CASTLE SET

The New \$5 Set with Ivoroid Pieces



The Red and White Ivoroid Pieces  
are a delight to handle, and **double  
the fun** of playing! Until now,  
they have been obtainable only in  
\$10 and higher priced sets. This is  
the set smart hostesses are using  
at parties. Ask for the new Five Dollar Set  
with Ivoroid Pieces. . . . Price **\$5.00**

**TOURNAMENT Edition:** with Large Squares and  
Large Weighted and Felted Playing Pieces, cloth bd. **\$7.50**

**POPULAR Edition:** Red Bound. . . . **\$1.50**

Other Editions, \$3 to \$50. Send for complete list.

At DEALERS or by mail

### What Experts Say of Camelot

Milton C. Work says—"It is a brilliant game  
of extraordinary fascination. Camelot is one  
of the few really great games."

E. V. Shepard calls it "A masterpiece in games  
—a new delight!"

Other Famous PARKER GAMES: *Pegity,  
Ping-Pong, Rook, Fit, Touring, Lady,  
Halma, Five Wise-Birds, Derby-Day,  
Pastime Picture Puzzles, etc.*

"The Standard of Excellence in Games"

**PARKER BROTHERS, INC.**  
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON

### Conductor Made

The good fortune which 32 years ago  
smiled on an obscure Hungarian dentist  
smiled again on his son last week, left him  
overnight an established orchestral con-  
ductor. The Hungarian dentist had been  
to hear famed Jenő Hubay, decided that  
he wanted a son named Jenő who would  
also play the violin. The son was born  
with a prodigious talent for music, at 4  
was able to correct an experienced virtuoso  
for playing an F sharp instead of an F  
natural, at 7 was playing in public.

Eugene (English for Jenő) Ormandy  
arrived in the U. S. ten years ago for a  
concert tour, but his manager failed him  
and he took the only job he could find—  
violinist in Manhattan's Capitol Theatre  
orchestra. One day the conductor was  
taken suddenly ill and the pale young  
Hungarian led the orchestra without a  
score on a few hours' notice. Another ail-  
ing conductor gave Eugene Ormandy his  
big chance last week: Arturo Toscanini  
was unable to keep his engagements with  
the Philadelphia Orchestra because of arm  
neuritis. Illustrious conductors are diffi-  
cult to obtain on short notice. The man-  
agement thought of Ormandy, his good  
stewardship in radio (Dutch Masters,  
Jack Frost hours), his occasional successes  
at summer concerts in Philadelphia and  
Manhattan. A bit bewildered by his good  
fortune, Ormandy set out for Philadelphia,  
conducted so expertly that even Stok-  
owski addicts were enthusiastic. Minne-  
apolis, hearing of his achievement, im-  
mediately summoned him to substitute  
this week for Belgian Henri Verbruggen,  
also ailing. Minneapolis will find him as  
Philadelphia did, a diligent, painstaking  
musician, free from mannerisms. His thin,  
blond hair and light blue eyes are perfect  
counterparts of a self-effacing personality.  
But Conductor Ormandy is no longer pale.  
He uses a sun-ray lamp diligently, wears a  
becoming all-year tan.

### New Leonora

Three years ago a young Italian girl  
went unannounced to the Manhattan  
apartment of Tenor Giovanni Martinelli,  
rang the bell and asked for a ticket for  
that night's performance of *La Juive*.  
Signora Martinelli was sympathetic, asked  
the girl why she thought she should have  
one. She got the very positive answer  
that it was because the girl intended to  
sing the rôle herself some day. Signora  
Martinelli asked her to come in and sing,  
was so impressed that she immediately  
proceeded to round up backers for the  
girl's study abroad.

In Chicago one morning last week,  
Serafina di Leo lay abed in a clutter of  
flowers, telegrams and Sunday papers. A  
great deal had happened to her in three  
years. She had studied diligently in Italy,  
learned to speak pure Italian instead of  
the dialect on which she had been raised.  
She had sung at the Scala and in Genoa.  
With lips vermilion-red and finger nails  
to match, she returned to the U. S. this  
autumn to find herself good copy because  
she was a New Jersey laborer's daughter  
and at 19 had a five-year contract with

the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Her  
father had died while she was away.

In bed last week, Serafina di Leo read  
and re-read her congratulatory telegrams.  
The newspapers told her what she already



Acme-P. & A.

SERAFINA DI LEO

... rang Martinelli's bell.

knew, that her début as Leonora (*Il  
Trovatore*) the night before had been suc-  
cessful if not sensational, that she had  
deported herself with accustomed con-  
fidence, displayed a powerful voice, bril-  
liant if sometimes hard. . . . Lazily she  
stretched out, turned to the comic strips.

### Best-Selling Schwanda

In an old Bohemian fairy-tale,  
Schwanda, a bagpipe player, was a perfect  
antidote for boredom. He melted Queen  
Ice-Heart who would have married him  
if his wife Dorota had not appeared with  
her carpet bag, demanding explanations.  
He put new life into the Devil who, be-  
fore Schwanda visited him, was reduced  
to playing solitaire and reading Hell's  
tabloids. . . .

In Manhattan the opera *Schwanda der  
Dudelsackpfeifer* (Bagpipe-player) made  
a Metropolitan Opera audience forget last  
week how bored it had become with the  
idea of new operas, few of which survive  
more than one or two seasons. Not even  
a middle-aged Wagnerian (Baritone  
Friedrich Schorr), who endeavored to im-  
personate swaggering Schwanda by oc-  
casionally skipping across the stage,  
seemed to dim the happy effect that  
Czech Composer Jaromir Weinberger got  
with his sophisticated scoring of a theme  
song on life and barnyard noises, a rollick-  
ing polka, a noisy, oldtime finale. In  
Europe *Schwanda* is the best-selling  
modern opera. It has had over 1,000 per-  
formances, been translated into 14 lan-  
guages. For the U. S. première last week  
Scenic Artist Joseph Urban designed a  
flaming Hell equipped with sewing-  
machine, typewriter, electric switchboard  
and elevator up to earth.



## The New Buick Eight . . . introducing

# the Wizard control

## Greatest Achievement since the Self-Starter

Four Brilliant New Eights (26 Models) at new low prices . . . Newly-Styled, Newly-Beautified Bodies by Fisher . . . **THE WIZARD CONTROL**, resulting from New Automatic Clutch, New Free Wheeling and New Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . . New Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine (High Compression optional without extra cost) . . . New Ride Regulator . . . plus many other important improvements

**T**HE YEAR 1931-32 is destined to be the most significant in Buick's twenty-eight year history of building outstandingly better automobiles and giving outstandingly greater value.

For the new Buick Eight—successor to the fine Buick which has won *four to one sales leadership over all Eights* in its price range—marks the widest advance Buick has ever achieved in beauty, luxury and performance during a single year.

All of the skill and experience of Buick and General Motors, all of their combined resources, have been mobilized to increase still further Buick leadership.

### *The Wizard Control—Major Automotive Development for 1932*

The outstanding feature of the new creations is an entirely new system of car operation and management—*Wizard Control*. The new Buicks not only have Conventional Drive. . . They not only have new and advanced Free Wheeling. . . They not only have new Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission. . . They have still another vitally important engineering development—the Automatic Clutch—making possible smooth shifting of *all* gears without use of the clutch pedal, as well as instantaneous change from Free Wheeling to Con-

ventional Drive or vice versa at the driver's will.

This remarkable new Wizard Control, embodying principles never before employed in automotive engineering, brings entirely new comfort—new convenience—new pleasure and exhilaration to motoring.

And yet, important as is this new system of control, it forms but one of many vital advancements in this finest of all Buick creations.

### *New Beauty—New Performance Leadership—New Comfort and Convenience*

A still longer wheelbase; newly-styled Bodies by Fisher achieving an entirely new effect of length, lowness, luxury; a fleet, slim front featuring newly-designed radiator, lamps, fenders and hood doors—all combine to lend surpassing smartness and modernity of appearance.

An even greater Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine—with optional high compression head, improved fuel system and improved engine

oil temperature regulator—places this new Buick still farther ahead of any car at or near its price in fleet, virile performance.

New Ride Regulator, permitting such *precise* adjustment of shock absorbers that you virtually design your springs as you ride! (Available on models 32-56 and 32-57 at extra cost.) A new, more artistic instrument board with complete visibility for all instruments and an attractive built-in convenience compartment! New electric gas gauge; new vacuum pump assuring positive windshield wiper action at all engine speeds; new and improved starting and cooling! These are but a few of many other improvements in a Buick which provides the new maximum of comfort and convenience as well as beauty and performance.

### *See These Great New Eights at Your Buick Dealer's*

All of these advancements, all of these striking new motor car developments, are soundly and skillfully *built into* the sturdy Buick foundation chassis, and add still further to Buick's traditional staunchness and reliability.

We cordially invite you to see and drive the new Buick Eight, and thereby obtain renewed confirmation of the Buick pledge: *When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them.*

## \$50,000 IN AWARDS

### For the Best Answers to This Question:

*"Why does the new Buick Eight, at its new low prices, again confirm the Buick pledge: 'When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them'?"*

First Prize, \$25,000

Second Prize \$10,000

Third Prize \$5,000

Forty-six other prizes ranging from \$1500 to \$100. Contest ends Midnight, Monday, Dec. 14th. See your Buick Dealer for literature containing full information on the new Buick Eight, as well as complete rules of the contest.

*The*  
**OUTSTANDING**

# BUICK

**OF ALL TIME**

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



## HANG UP YOUR GOLF BAG

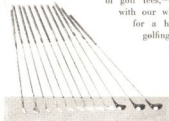
for Santa Claus!

... and ask him to fill it with  
**D & M GREYSTONE CLUBS**

Lots of people have *not* been getting golf clubs for Christmas — for the simplest of reasons. How can Santa Claus leave golf clubs in a sock? He's no fool! He only leaves fine golf clubs where they're wanted.

Now, here is how you can get some fine clubs—the finest in fact,—D & M Greystone Matched Woods and Matched Irons. Have a quick reply ready when someone says "What do you want for Christmas?" Just so your answer won't be too forward, let us send you the special D & M Golf Booklet, "18 Holes in Par". Look it over, read the interesting descriptions of Greystone Clubs and study the helpful hints on golf technique. Then, keep the book handy and modestly pass it over, opened to the Greystone page, when someone springs the vital question. So "diplomatic" a method is sure to bring results!

Take this step—send us the Merry Christmas coupon—it's none too early. We will send you the booklet, as well as our Christmas gift to you, a handy book of golf tees,—both with our wishes for a happy golfing new year.



## The DRAPER-MAYNARD COMPANY

Dept. T-11 Plymouth, N. H.

### Merry Christmas coupon

The Draper-Maynard Co.

Dept. T-11, Plymouth, N. H.

Gentlemen:

Please send me without charge the D & M golf booklet and the D & M Handy Book of Golf Tees.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Dealer's Name .....



## M E D I C I N E

### Goat Glands & Sunshine

"We want to broadcast sunshine. Give Dr. Brinkley your medical problems. He will tell you the truth even if it makes you mad. I discharge my obligation to society when I urge you to have an examination every six months. Ninety-nine out of 100 won't, but I'm after that hundredth. Before you have your prostate gland removed send 25¢ to the Brinkley Hospital for booklets."

The merchants of Del Rio, Tex., chuckled and rubbed their hands together. Kansas politicians shook with apprehension. Quack-baiting Editor Morris Fishbein of the American Medical Association's *Journal* cursed through his teeth.



JOHN R. ("GOAT GLAND") BRINKLEY

... outside the U. S. pale.

Goat-bearded, goat-gland-grafting Dr. John Richard Brinkley was at it again last week.

Long has Dr. Brinkley been a thorn in the side of the A. M. A. More recently he gave Kansas politicians the scare of their lives. Soon after the War he appeared in the crossroads village of Milford, Kan. and set himself up as a physician after obtaining a license by reciprocity from Arkansas. (His Arkansas license had been granted on the strength of a diploma from the Kansas City Eclectic Medical University, since exposed as a "diploma mill.") Dr. Brinkley built a radio station, KFKB, broadcast jazz music interrupted by lectures on rejuvenation. Soon he had transformed the lectures into a clinic, prescribing medicine by radio to patients whom he had never seen but who had written to him describing their ailments. The prescriptions were identified by code numbers; patients were told where to purchase the medicines. Kansas druggists, who had suffered because many Kansas physicians filled their own prescriptions, soon found that Dr. Brinkley's prescriptions paid the rent. His Milford Drug Co. made up the prescriptions.

Dr. Brinkley prospered, Milford



# C O R D

**FRONT DRIVE**  
greatest fine  
car value

**\$2395**

f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana

Equipment other than standard at extra cost  
Prices Subject to Change without Notice



AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, INDIANA

DON'T GAMBLE WITH WEATHER...USE EVEREADY PRESTONE



# Winter Wins

when you gamble  
with an anti-freeze  
that's apt to  
*boil away*



GAMBLING with makeshift anti-freezes is a dangerous game. You can't outguess Old Man Winter. But there's one thing you can be sure of. There will be mild days this winter, and there will be cold ones. If you use an anti-freeze that's apt to boil away on the mild days, you're risking a frozen automobile—and a heavy bill for engine repairs—when the cold snaps come!

There's one anti-freeze that won't boil away. That's Eveready Prestone, the product that was scientifically developed to keep automobile-engines from freezing. It flows freely at zero, yet it will not overheat your engine. It does not decompose at high engine-temperatures, and gum up your cooling-system. It has less tendency to leak than water.

Always supreme, Eveready Prestone is this year still further improved. It actually forms a protective film over the rough metals of your radiator, retards the formation of rust, and keeps the whole cooling-system unclogged and free-flowing. It is accepted by leading car manufacturers and automotive engineers. Last year more than a million and a half motorists used it to end winter-worry!

Consider the cost per season, not per gallon, and you will know why Eveready Prestone is economical. It is concentrated, and only a relatively small quantity is needed.

With it there is no worrying, no constant testing, no danger of a frozen engine. Don't gamble

with makeshift products. Don't wait for winter to pounce on your car. Have your radiator cleaned, tightened and filled with the proper amount of Eveready Prestone.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.  
General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Unit of  
Union Carbide and Carbon  
Corporation

## 9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection.
2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
4. Will not heat-up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable and odorless.
8. Prevents formation of rust in cooling-system.
9. Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

# EVEREADY



# PRESTONE

NOTE: When you drain your cooling-system of Eveready Prestone in the spring, put in Eveready RUSTONE, for all-summer protection against rust, clogging and overheating. Then your car will always be free of rust.

boomed. The broadcasting business was augmented by a hospital, where Dr. Brinkley or one of his corps of assistants would transplant goat gonads into senile patients for \$750-to-\$1,500 per operation. From his station he would advertise his hospital, which grew & grew, soon was using 60 goats a month. Milford got a second-class postoffice as a result of Dr. Brinkley's 3,000-letters-a-day mail. The doctor built a \$100,000 sanatorium, bought four new automobiles, planned apartment houses and bungalows for employees, a \$50,000 "Brinkley Methodist Memorial Church," with chimes and a "Brinkley Memorial Organ" and a tablet that read:

"Erected to God and His Son, Jesus, in appreciation of many blessings conferred upon me: J. R. Brinkley."

By then Kansas physicians were up in arms. The State Medical Board moved to revoke his license. Dr. Brinkley produced dozens of ex-patients who swore they had obtained their money's worth. He got affidavits from 500 more. He invited the board members to his hospital to watch the operations on both men and goats. The doctors watched him transplant goat glands into two patients and promptly revoked his license. Dr. Brinkley countered by running for Governor. He entered the race too late to have his name put on the ballot, could not get newspapers to print his advertisements, had to instruct voters how to vote for him by radio. But his broadcast battery was "Let's pasture the goats on the State House lawn!"—and he polled 188,339 votes, only 28,862 less than Successful

Candidate Harry Woodring. Dr. Brinkley said he would run again in 1932. Last year readers of *Radio Digest* voted Station KFKB the "most popular in the world." Kansas politicians did not breathe easily until the Federal Radio Commission had refused to renew Dr. Brinkley's license on grounds of "obscenity." Then they thought they had heard the last of him.

Not so. Dr. Brinkley went to Del Rio, Tex. and began practice under a license which he had in that State.\* Across the border in Villa Acuna, Mexico, he built a \$350,000 station, obtained a license from the Mexican Government.

Last month Station XER, operating on 735 kilocycles with 75,000-watt power, "the world's largest broadcasting station"† opened. It was a great day for Del Rio. The six-page Del Rio *Evening News* published a 24-page supplement full of advertisements all welcoming Dr. Brinkley and XER. Full-page advertisers were headed by the Del Rio Chamber of Commerce, which blurted: "We have the utmost faith & confidence in Dr. & Mrs. J. R. Brinkley and those who made this great station possible." Cinema theatres advertised "XER Gala Week" featured by the Four Marx Brothers in *Monkey Business*. Dr. Brinkley and XER filled seven of the eight columns on the *News's* front page. The whole city went on a three-day jubilee, featured by a banquet in honor of Dr. Brinkley. Dr. Brinkley was not there. His plane from Wichita had been

\*Last week the Texas Board was seeking to revoke his license.

†Largest in North America. Warsaw, Poland has the world's largest, 138,000 watts.

forced down and he did not arrive until the next day.

In his first broadcast he announced that his old Milford medical question box would be on the air daily. Last week he conducted his radio clinic, sending patients to Milford Drug Co. for prescriptions, inviting them to Brinkley Hospital in Milford for diagnosis. Mexican & U. S. medical authorities scratched their heads, puzzled over a ruse by which clever Grand Grafter Brinkley had apparently removed himself from the jurisdiction of either.

For though his programs were broadcast from Mexico, Dr. Brinkley had not crossed the border. He did his broadcasting by remote control from a hotel room in Del Rio. He said he could broadcast from Milford by the same method, explained: "The Milford program would be merely a telephone conversation in the United States and not broadcast until it is in Mexico." The Mexican Department of Communications last week decided that the Villa Acuna station belonged to "a group composed entirely of Mexicans," that its erection was in compliance with the law, left the Department of Health to act if it saw fit.

### Teletactor

In the pit of a grey-walled amphitheatre on Northwestern University's McKinlock (downtown Chicago) Campus last week a short, stocky, professor with a twinkle in his eye told how the deaf may hear through their fingers by means of an invention he had perfected. The professor: Dr. Robert Harvey Gault, 57, for 22 years professor of psychology at Northwestern. The invention: the Gault Teletactor.

Eight years ago Dr. Gault began pondering the sensitiveness of man's hands & fingers. After experimenting with an ordinary acousticon, he found that it was possible to discern the difference between vowels and consonants. He got a four-year leave of absence from Northwestern so that he could continue experiments in Washington.

Not long last week was Dr. Gault's Teletactor. An imperfect one was in use for several years at a school for the blind in Chicago. But three weeks ago Dr. Gault completed his new Teletactor, an entirely rebuilt instrument which has greater power, greater sensitivity.

In principle, the Teletactor is very much like a combination of the telephone and the radio. The speaker talks into a microphone. By wires the voice is transmitted to the receiver, much more powerful and sensitive than the telephone receiver, topped by an aluminum plate, which vibrates with each tone of the voice. On this plate the deaf places his fingers, feels the sound of the voice.

Dr. Gault admitted that his instrument is not now intended to take the place of lip-reading—probably, he said, it never will. Says he: "For every 100 words that are recognized by the method of lip-reading alone, 120 are recognized in what I call lip-touch-reading or in the condition of dual stimulation."

Dr. Gault's objective: to perfect a Teletactor small and compact that may, some day, be carried on the person.



After the theatre make White Rock a part of the party.

If you enjoy ginger ale, you will be pleased with White Rock Ginger Ale—the only ginger ale made with this leading mineral water.



**White Rock**  
The leading mineral water

# The Greatest Bargain... is Frigidaire's Extra Value!



If you are ever tempted to choose a refrigerator merely because of "low price," it will pay you to stop for a minute and ask yourself these questions:

Does it have a *power* unit that approaches Frigidaire's in all-weather efficiency and all-time operating economy?

Does it have a finish that can compare with the healthful cleanliness, the enduring beauty of *lifetime* porcelain inside and out? Does it have an acid-resisting Porcelain-on-steel food compartment?

Does it have conveniences equal to Frigidaire's famous Cold Control . . . and Quickube Tray for easy removal of ice cubes . . . its stainless metal trays? Will it keep vegetables as fresh and crisp as the patented Frigidaire Hydrator?

In fairness to yourself . . . check these questions *before* you buy! Only Frigidaire answers all of them in the way you want them answered. And only Frigidaire is backed by a 3-year General Motors guarantee. You'll find that after all—the *greatest bargain* is Frigidaire's *extra value*.

**NEW  
LOW PRICES**  
ON ALL MODELS  
*Now in effect*

**FREE**—Our beautifully illustrated new magazine, *Modern Era*. It is filled with entertaining stories by professional authors and contains many pages of helpful household and kitchen information.

Just send us your name and address. Write to Dept. G-76, Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

# FRIGIDAIRE



*Guaranteed 3 Years*



# Sir!



## Shed never do it!

"Never!" Women have said, "If I had to shave every day, I'd want a better way. I'd rather bide my skin under whiskers than irritate it as you do!"

You, sir—still submitting to old methods every morning? Don't Try Frostilla Brushless Shave. Save your face—save your time.

A new formula, this cream ends old-fashioned bother, trouble, effort. No brush. No soapy lather. Just spread a thin layer on your wet face. Shave it off in thirty seconds. Your razor zips through—cuts off every hair closely, easily, without drag or pull—without nicks or irritation. A secret ingredient conditions your skin; actually makes your face cool, refreshed, instead of tight and hot—and without after-lotions!

Forget your past prejudices. Send for a Free tube—bring your shaving up-to-date.

### TRY IT . . . AND LEARN!

1 Use the coupon for FREE 10¢ travel-size tube.

2 Buy a tube, 5¢, at all drug stores or direct by mail from the Frostilla Co., Inc. often enough to satisfy your curiosity. Then your money back if you're not 100% pleased.

3 If you like it (and you will!) you'll never want your brush again. Send it to us and we'll send you, free in exchange, a 5¢ giant tube.



# FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

This offer expires Nov. 30, 1932

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. (Dept. T-11-16)

(In Canada, address: 250 Richmond St., W., Toronto)

I'm modern minded. Send me, free, a week or more of better shaves in your 10¢ travel-size tube.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N.Y.C. & Toronto

## SCIENCE

### \$90 Lightning

Not often do you find an eminent young scientist shopping at the ribbon counter of a 5¢ and 10¢ store. Yet it was there that 30-year-old Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff, a Princeton graduate student (on a National Research Council fellowship) purchased the chief sinew of an invention, demonstrated publicly for the first time last week, of which President Karl Taylor Compton of M. I. T. says: "[It] opens up the possibilities of transmutation of the elements on a commercial scale."

Alchemy's new keys to transmutation are the alpha particles of electricity which unstable atoms emit and which unsettle other atoms upon collision. Radium emits alpha particles naturally (also betas and gammas, the latter helpful in cancer). Artificial streams of alpha particles have been produced from vacuum tubes carrying as high as 650,000 volts. But the production of such voltages is expensive. The significance of Dr. Van de Graaff's purchase at the 5¢ and 10¢ store ribbon counter was that he had discovered how to produce a current of electricity with lightning-like force at a cost (for a small 1,500,000-volt machine) of \$90.

The cheap silk ribbon is used as conveyor belts from two small electric generators to two 2-ft. copper spheres mounted on glass rods. The ribbons pass into the spheres through slits and over pulleys on cams within the spheres. At the generators, from copper brushes, the ribbons pick up small charges of electricity, one ribbon positive, the other negative. Entering the copper balls, the electric charges are taken from the ribbon (silk is a less good conductor than copper) and stored on the balls' copper surfaces. Large voltages accumulate quickly as the ribbons whiz through their slits, silent as the belt on a dentist's flexible drill arm.

As Dr. Van de Graaff demonstrated his machine last week in a dark laboratory at Princeton, a soft crackling sound was heard, electricity "spilling" from the copper balls in a "corona" effect. Before spilling, each ball had stored 750,000 volts from the whizzing ribbons. The hair of everyone in the room slowly rose and stood on end in the galvanized atmosphere. Then came a sharp report and the spectators' hair fell back into place as a bright 1,500,000-volt shaft of lightning shot from one ball to the other, the overflowing positive and negative charges rushing together. Significance was that this was a steady potential, available until Dr. Van de Graaff turned off his little generators and let the whizzing ribbons come to rest. Surge (alternating) potentials had been made before in great voltages, but at a cost of many thousands of dollars.

Dr. Van de Graaff turned up the lights and smiled into a circle of marveling faces. A few nights later he was to demonstrate his \$90 lightning to the American Institute of Physics in Manhattan. After that he was to build a bigger, 10,000,000-volt model of his ribbon-&-copperball generator at M. I. T. He believes 50,000,000 volts may be possible.



Applied in the morning, Vapex keeps its strength many hours

## Colds INSTANT RELIEF

It's EASY to catch colds. It's usually easy to relieve them if you use Vapex—the delightful inhalant—at the first sneeze or sniffle.

Quickly Vapex relieves distress, clears your head, opens up your nose. Just by the simple process of sprinkling it on your handkerchief or pillow and breathing the refreshing vapor.

Vapex was discovered by chance in England during the war. Then it kept workers in a laboratory free from influenza. Now it is used everywhere.

Sold at all druggists. In \$1 bottles containing 100 applications. Be sure to ask for V-A-P-E-X. E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc., New York, Distributors of Medicinal Products Since 1849.

A few drops on your handkerchief

# VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away



Vapex on the pillow at night fights your cold while you sleep



Fleetwood, (below) another famous Gruen Quadrant with 17-jewel rectangular movement; finished in combination white and natural coin gold; leather strap; \$62.50



Arlington, (left) celebrated Gruen Quadrant with 17-jewel rectangular movement; the Guild's newest watch, occasionally designed with a superior link band; finished in combination white and natural coin gold, \$67.50. And ask your jeweler to show you the Carlton—finished entirely in natural coin gold with the ultimate timekeeping features of 21 genuine ruby jewels, \$92.50

## Wear on your own wrist the watch that won observatory awards



**S**LIP a Gruen Quadrant on your wrist. Trust it as you would a fine pocket watch. For the rectangular movement of the Quadrant has set a world's record for wrist watch accuracy!

Two hundred Quadrants were submitted for official observatory tests in Switzerland. They were stock models—just like those your Gruen Jeweler is showing. Every one of these two hundred watches was awarded an observatory certificate for timekeeping excellence!

This, we are confident, is the nearest approach to pocket-watch accuracy ever put on the wrist!

Ask your Gruen Jeweler to show you the watches shown here, and many other Gruen Watches from \$29.75, representing value far beyond their moderate prices.

Gruen Watch Makers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati. Branches in various parts of the world. Largest manufacturers of fine watches exclusively—engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century.



*The Old Way*  
Instead of a round movement in a square space, as shown at the left (the old way), all of the space in the Quadrant's rectangular case is used for larger and stronger parts... higher accuracy!

*The QUADRANT Way*



Gruen Pentagon Ultra Veri-Thin, (left) "The Cross de Guerre for American Achievement," 17-jewel PRECISION movement, \$100. Other Gruen pocket watches from \$37.50 to \$250



Ostende, (right) Gruen 17-jewel timekeeping Baguette; 14-kt. solid white or natural coin gold case, with mesh cord straplet, \$85

### Before you buy any watch, compare it with a GRUEN!

Weigh these points of VALUE:

1. **UNCANNY ACCURACY** as proved by official observatory tests, and by actual timekeeping service among thousands of men and women.
2. **INNER QUALITY.** Fine craftsmanship handed down from the old guild masters. No Gruen Watch therefore, is ever cheapened to meet a price.
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that masquerades as white gold. 4. **HONESTLY PRICED** to give you the greatest watch value your money can buy.

5. **RECOMMENDED BY THE FINER STORES**—professional jewelers who put quality and honest prices above "get-rich-quick" profits. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Emblem below.

### PRECISION

The Guild mark placed only on watches of higher accuracy, finer quality. For the finest of watches, look for the Gruen mark PRECISION on the dial.



# GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

## HIGH SHOES... AND WHY NOT?

How well they look—and how suitable for the drafty season, with a swirl of snow in the air. Yes, a goodly company of sensible men still wear high shoes, and we feel that still more would wear them if they only knew how well their feet would look—and feel—in the Madison. It's a shoe of rugged construction, on a last renowned for its trim lines and fine fitting qualities.



In standard welt construction, Stacy Adams shoes retail at prices of \$12.50 and up. Our *bench-made* shoes (hand-sewed throughout) find general acceptance as the ultimate in fine footwear. You find them in exclusive stores at \$25.00 to \$35.00 the pair. Stacy Adams Company, Brockton, Mass.

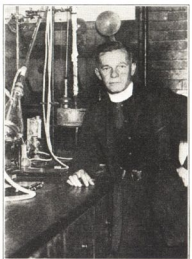


Custom Grade Shoes for Men

**STACY  
ADAMS**  
★

### Duprene

Captain Christopher Columbus peered through the South American underbrush and was astonished to see a pair of natives bouncing a rubber ball. Three centuries later Poet Percy Bysshe Shelley could make his erasures with a new-fangled device called a rubber. Two generations after that a Mr. Farris was collecting rubber seeds from Brazil to plant in Ceylon, East India and Polynesia, and Chemist Greville Williams had just discovered that rubber and isoprene were



Acme-P. & A.

REV. JULIUS ARTHUR NIEUWLAND, C.S.C.  
... brought progress out of polymers.

polymers. Then a Frenchman and an American made the plant almost indispensable and the War set half a dozen nations to work trying to find a way to produce rubber within their boundaries. Thomas Edison boiled up native U. S. weeds, found goldenrod promising. And last week was written a new chapter in rubber's polysyllabic history.

Three enthusiastic young chemists of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. arose and addressed the Rubber Division of the American Chemical Society at Akron to describe the following experiment: By catalytic polymerization of acetylene they had produced mono-vinylacetylene. This they had treated with hydrogen chloride to obtain chloroprene. Polymerization of the chloroprene had resulted in a substance similar to the product obtained by vulcanizing rubber with sulphur. Stopping the polymerization at an intermediate point gave them—Rubber. In short, they had produced synthetic rubber from acetylene (product of coal and limestone), salt and water. While the rubber chemists cheered, the three young du Ponters—W. H. Carothers, F. B. Downing, Ira Williams—generously gave most of the credit to a 53-year-old Catholic priest, Rev. Julius Arthur Nieuwland, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University.

Father Nieuwland, born a Belgian, attended Notre Dame and later settled down in South Bend to a life of avowed poverty and chemical research. In 1906 he passed some acetylene into a copper salt mixture and obtained therefrom a



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Wrist Watch Band  
is just what he wants  
for Christmas!**



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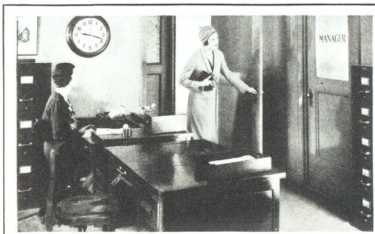
strange and terrific stench. Father Nieuwland, holding his nose, decided that if he could separate the derivative responsible for the stench, he might have something interesting. Fifteen years later he succeeded: By use of a more highly concentrated mixture he produced a liquid which he called divinylacetylene. Father Nieuwland shook his head, decided it might be good for drying oil or possibly sheep dip.

Far from discouraged, he lectured on his experiments. One day a scout for the du Pont Co. heard him, immediately enlisted his aid. Du Pont was seeking a means of producing synthetic rubber, thought Father Nieuwland might be on the right track. Two years later Father Nieuwland's divinylacetylene was treated with a vulcanizing agent and there was produced a material somewhat resembling rubber. It bounced.

Experiments continued at the du Pont Co.'s Jackson Laboratories and in Father Nieuwland's laboratory at Notre Dame. The chemists gave up working on divinylacetylene and concentrated on the more homely mono-vinylacetylene. They treated it with hydrogen chloride and first thing they knew they had a fine pot of chloroprene. Chloroprene differs from rubber's polymer, isoprene, only in that a chlorine atom replaces the methyl group, so after that the going was fairly easy. They had only to polymerize the chloroprene to the right point, and all of them were experienced polymerizers. When they finished they put a piece of their rubber into a bottle of kerosene, left it 72 hr. When it came out it was still rubber, retained more than half its original strength. (A piece of real rubber immersed 72 hr. in kerosene comes out acting like a piece of chewing gum.)

The enthusiastic du Pont Co. immediately christened their product Duprene, ordered a plant built at Deepwater, N. J., to manufacture it commercially. Since it needs only acetylene, salt and water, it will not be expensive to make. Duprene looks like natural rubber, shows the same molecular makeup in x-ray, but is denser, more resistant to water absorption, to attacks by ozone, oxygen and other chemicals, to swelling by gasoline & kerosene. It is vulcanized by heat alone, without sulphur. At high temperatures it hardens slowly. Its powers of resistance are expected to give it many commercial uses now denied to rubber, but so far it has not been produced in a form sufficiently pliable for use in automobile tires. Du Pont officials believed that in spite of the present low price of rubber (about 5¢ per lb.) Duprene would have enough uses to warrant its production on a large scale, could be developed to replace natural rubber entirely in case the U. S. supply were shut off. In addition to Duprene, an artificial latex (mother liquid of rubber) was also produced from chloroprene which can impregnate porous materials that real latex cannot penetrate.

Last week our Father Nieuwland, undisturbed by publicity, paused in his work only long enough to say that he would give all the money he gets from the discovery to the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Then he went back to his laboratory, the door of which he opens with a foot pedal because his arms are usually full of retorts, bottles and discoveries.



The businesslike, wall-type Telechron Clock, illustrated above, has a metal case finished in Statuary Bronze. In various sizes, it is priced from \$16 to \$75

## "Better get a Telechron Clock, Jean"

WISE office managers notice that lateness decreases with the advent of Telechron electric time. There are fewer calls "on the carpet." Fewer salaries docked. Fewer general memos pointing out that business hours begin at nine o'clock. Vice-presidents and clerks are quick to secure for their own homes self-starting Telechron Clocks like those that govern office activities.

Telechron's modern, uncanny accuracy begins in power houses. Telechron Master Clocks check generator speeds, assure even impulses of current at electric outlets in homes and offices. Plugged in, each Telechron Clock translates regulated current

into true time-of-day. No other clock can give you Telechron service in your home.

There are interesting Telechron models for every room in your home. Some with chimes, with alarms, with illuminated dials. All displayed by a dealer near you. (Listed under "Telechron" in the classified telephone directory.)

Current interruptions are rare today. Because of this, self-starting clocks render satisfactory service under normal conditions. For remote localities, where interruptions sometimes occur, there are special model Telechron Clocks which will run right through such interruptions.

Telechron prices range reasonably from \$7.50 to \$55. The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures distinguished strike and chime clocks with distinguished Telechron motors, priced from \$22.75 to \$650.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY  
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS  
THE REVERE CLOCK COMPANY  
CINCINNATI, OHIO

*Telechron*

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Telalarm—Pleasant alarm bell. Illuminated dial \$9.95. Model 715—Same case without illumination, \$8.50



Loyal—Mahogany case. With hour and half-hour strike, \$22.75. With Westminster chimes, \$29.75



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Nothing is too good for your teeth! Tek bristles are laboratory-selected from world markets. The finest bristles for specific tooth brush use. Even from these bristles, Tek uses only the small choice section near the base. And this best part of the best bristles is used unblended in Tek. Strong, springy, sterilized, Tek's super-bristles are scientifically spaced and shaped. No extra cost for this extra cleaning service. Tek is sterilized, Cellophane-sealed and guaranteed. A product of *Johnson & Johnson*

NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



the modern  
**TOOTH BRUSH**

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To U. S. Senator Robert Marion La Follette Jr. and Mrs. Rachel Young La Follette; a daughter who died six hours later; in Washington, D. C.

**Engaged.** Joyce Wethered, four-time British Women's golf champion, now retired from major competition; and Major C. K. Hutchinson, able Scottish amateur golfer.

**Married.** George McGill, U. S. Senator from Kansas; and a Mrs. Virginia Parker of Oklahoma City; in Wichita, Kan.

**Re-married.** Gloria Swanson, 31, cinematress; and Michael Farmer, 29, Irish sportsman; at Yuma, Ariz. They were illegally married last August at the Greenburgh, N. Y., summer home of Lawyer Dudley Field Malone, before Cinematress Swanson's divorce from her third husband, Henri, Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudray, became final.

**Resigning.** Dr. John Raleigh Mott, 66; as general secretary of the International Committee of Y. M. C. A.'s of the U. S. and Canada, a position he has held since 1915; to devote more of his time to the World's Alliance of Y. M. C. A.'s, of which he has been president since 1926, and the International Missionary Council (national councils in some 35 countries) of which he is chairman.

**Birthdays.** Dr. Henry Van Dyke, 79; John Philip Sousa, 77; Ida Minerva Tarbell, 74; Leopold, Duke of Brabant, Belgium's heir, 30.

**Died.** Rev. John Walter Vinson, 50, Presbyterian missionary in China since 1907, brother of President Robert Ernest Vinson of Western Reserve University; stabbed and decapitated by bandits who had kidnapped him after looting the mission and the town of Wangjiagieh.

**Died.** Robert Harris Ripley, 55, vice president since 1905, senior vice president since 1929 of American Steel Foundries, successor in 1929 to U. S. Secretary of Commerce Robert Patterson Lamont as president of General Steel Castings Corp.; after two weeks' illness; in Evanston, Ill.

**Died.** Ole Edvard Rolvaag, 55, retired head of the department of Norwegian Language & Literature at St. Olaf College (Northfield, Minn.), author of *Giants in the Earth*, *Peder Victorious*, *Their Fathers' God*, best-selling novels of pioneer Norwegian life in the West, written in Norwegian and translated into English; of heart disease; in Northfield.

**Died.** Dr. Carl Joachim Stimming, 55, general director of North German Lloyd; of an embolism after a fall in which he suffered concussion of the brain and kidney injuries; in Hamburg. Prior to the World War Dr. Stimming was employed by the Imperial Naval Office at Kiel and in the Naval Ministry. Member of the Norddeutscher Lloyd board at the end of



## Same as FUZZ to Mennen

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

Mennen contains specially processed tristearin ( $C_{18}H_{35}O_2$ )<sub>3</sub> C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>. That ingredient builds up a unique—a "tough beard" lather.

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

### A 2 FOR 1 BARGAIN

FREE with Mennen Shaving Cream—a travel-size bottle of Mennen Skin Bracer. It's a new type after-shave lotion—stimulating—styptic—antiseptic! And its subtle odor captivates women!





the War, he saw the fleet reduced to a handful of small, obsolete ships. For Dr. Stimming, who succeeded Philip Heineken as director in 1921, was the colossal task of rebuilding the line. In 1927 he succeeded in raising a \$20,000,000 loan in the U. S., sold \$9,000,000 in Norddeutscher Lloyd shares. By the time of his death, Dr. Stimming had accumulated 942,162 tons of ships, restored the pre-War service of one express liner and one cabin ship a week between New York and Germany, built the *S. S. Columbus*, *Bremen* and *Europa*, fastest liner afloat. Pudgy, shaven-poll, Herr Direktor Stimming was loved & feared by his employees. He traveled always across the Atlantic on ships of competing lines so that he might watch their methods. To rationalize German shipping, he arranged mergers of small lines, finally concluded a pooling agreement with the Hamburg-American Line.

**Died.** Harry McLeary Wurbach, 57, U. S. Representative from the 14th Texas District; after an appendectomy; in San Antonio, Tex. (see p. 13).

**Died.** Mrs. Eleanor Herron More, wife of Dean Louis Trenchard More of the Graduate School of the University of Cincinnati, sister of Mrs. Helen (William Howard) Taft, for whom she substituted more than once as the Land's First Lady; after long illness; in Cincinnati.

**Died.** Richard Teller Crane Jr., 58, president since 1914 of The Crane Co. of Chicago (plumbing fixtures), brother of onetime Minister to China Charles Richard Crane; of heart disease after a nervous breakdown; on his 58th birthday; in Manhattan. A philanthropist, giver of \$10,000,000 worth of Crane stock to his employees, President Crane with a reputed fortune of \$50,000,000 was rated Chicago's second richest man (next to Board Chairman Julius Rosenwald of Sears, Roebuck & Co.).

**Died.** Thaddeus Horatius Caraway, 60, U. S. Senator from Arkansas; of coronary occlusion (constriction of heart arteries), after an operation for kidney stone; in Little Rock, Ark. (see p. 12).

**Died.** Charles A. Greathouse, 62, Democratic National Committeeman from Indiana, secretary of the National Committee since 1924, president and treasurer of Bookwalter-Ball-Greathouse Printing Co.; after an operation; in Indianapolis, Ind.

**Died.** Dr. Lewis Taylor Robinson, 63, engineer in charge of General Electric Co.'s general engineering laboratory; of heart disease; in Schenectady, N. Y. Head of General Electric's standardizing laboratory since 1896, he became engineer-in-charge when it was merged in 1910 with the consulting laboratory which the late great Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz founded. Under Dr. Robinson's direction were brought out the oscillograph, the mercury arc rectifier, the photophone.

**Died.** Colonel Isaac Newton Lewis, 73, inventor of the Lewis machine gun of which more than 100,000 were used by the Allies in the War; in a railroad station near his Montclair, N. J. home; of heart disease.



## Man Talk put PROBAK over

PROBAK owes its amazing popularity to the priceless praise of millions of men. This shock-absorbing double-edge blade, specially built for heavy beards, won the immediate approval of men everywhere. In clubroom and office, Pullman and hotel, word flashed from lip to lip, "Here's a blade that's real". Shock-absorber construction disperses bending strains and prevents edge distortion. Automatic machine manufacture assures absolutely uniform quality.

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Send for instructive booklet, "Sunshine and Health". Section L9211, Merchandise Dept., General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

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## AERONAUTICS

### London-to-Cape

When a man & woman make a spectacular flight together two things happen: 1) the woman gets most of the publicity, and 2) whether or not she did her share of the work she is flayed for getting most of the publicity. So it was last week with Peggy Salaman, 19, attractive London debutante, and Pilot Gordon Store who set Miss Salaman's Puss Moth monoplane *Good Hope* down upon the new Municipal Airfield at Cape Town, South Africa, five and one half days after leaving Lympne, Kent, England. The flight (7,000 mi.) beat by more than a day the record set last April by the late Lieut. Commander George Pearson Glen Kidston. Pilot Store found it necessary to refute assertions in the London press that Miss Salaman (whose baggage consisted of a revolver and an evening dress) was too inexperienced to be useful. He said: "She did 50-50 flying with me for the 64 hours. . . . My job was navigator." In London Peggy's mother, Mrs. Elkin Salaman, native of Albany, N. Y., attributed the flight's success to her daughter's belief in Christian Science: "I think Peggy instilled Store with her wonderful enthusiasm and driving force."

### Ludington's First

The Law of Averages, which allowed planes of the Ludington Line to fly 10,000 trips between New York, Philadelphia and Washington without accident, balanced the score with fearful vengeance one day last week. A fast Lockheed Orion of the line crashed and burned at Camden, N. J. killing all occupants, the pilot & four passengers.

Pilot Floyd C. Cox took off from Newark Airport for what ordinarily would have been a 68-min. express flight to Washington. This time a special stop was to be made at Camden to discharge one of the passengers, Francis R. Ehle, president of International Resistance Co. Besides two other paying passengers Pilot Vernon Lucas was deadheading on the plane to get home early.

Functioning apparently perfectly the ship circled the airport at Camden with landing lights on. Pilot Cox had throttled down to land, when, for no reason that observers could see, the ship lost flying speed and dived straight down upon a golf course adjoining the field. To all within the cabin, Death came instantaneously.

The fast express service had to be suspended until the company could put another Lockheed into service this week. But on the regular Ludington plane-per-hour service next day planes were filled to capacity on three flights.

A pathetic memento was left by Pilot Cox. Earlier in the week he had borrowed \$20 from the Camden passenger terminal. He left a note in the cashdrawer: "I O U \$20. If I crack up, present this to my wife for collection." Just before taking off from Newark on his last flight he sent a message over the company's teletype: "I have the \$20. Have a bodyguard meet my plane."

## Mapleine Syrup

costs less than 20¢ a quart

Mapleine gives simple sugar syrup the truly remarkable flavor and a wonderful color. To make one quart add four cups of sugar to two cups of boiling water and flavor with one teaspoon of Mapleine. Cost, less than 20 cents. Pure and delicious, Mapleine, a pure vegetable flavoring, is a most popular flavor for cake icings, cakes, frozen desserts, fudge. As a savor for meats and gravies it has a tang all its own. A 16-recipe folder with every bottle—at your grocers—and a 200-recipe book FREE on request to us, Crescent Mfg. Co., Department 80, Seattle, U.S.A.

## MAPLEINE

Syrup Maker • Flavoring • Meat Savor

**Constant Coughing strains the HEART**

**LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS**

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**Quickest Relief from Coughing**

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# Of course WE CAN DO IT!

- We dug the Panama Canal, didn't we? And they said we couldn't do that.
- We put an army in France four months after we entered the World War, didn't we? And surprised the world.
- Now we've got a tough one to crack right here in our own back yard.

Men are out of work. Our men. Our neighbors. Our citizens. Honest, hard-working folk.

They want jobs. They're eager to work. But there aren't jobs enough to go 'round. Somebody's got to tide them over.

Who's going to do it? The people who dug that ditch. The people who went to France, or bought Liberty Bonds, or went without sugar—Mr. and Mrs. John K. American.

That means you—and *you*—and **YOU!**—every one of us who is lucky enough to have a job.

We're going to share our luck with the folks out of work, aren't we? Remember—there's no National fund they can turn to for relief. It's up to us! And we've got to dig deeper than we did last winter.

But if we all dig deep enough, we can keep a roof over every head, food in every pantry, fuel on every fire, and warm clothing on every needy man, woman and child in America.

That will beat Old Man Depression and lead the way

to better days. Can we do it? Of course we can do it. Give . . . and give generously.

**WHERE TO GIVE:** There is no National Agency through which you may contribute. The way for you to give is through your *local* welfare and relief organizations, through your Community Chest or through your emergency unemployment committee if you have one.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

*Walter S. Gifford* Director  
(WALTER S. GIFFORD)

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES

*Owen D. Young* Chairman  
(OWEN D. YOUNG)

● The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political, and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.



and shaved only once a week, when the name of Princeton ranked high in the athletic world, but how many of them would give us a job if we walked into their offices dressed that way? Most of us are preparing a cultural background to stand us in good stead during a life of business, and there is no reason why we should not begin behaving like gentlemen before we graduate. The popularity of squash, tennis and golf has become so great at Princeton that measures have been taken to keep down the number of people playing these games. Should we be criticized for not wishing black eyes, broken limbs and worn-out bodies for the glory of Old Nassau? . . . When you meet a Princeton man in years to come he will be wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key in preference to a varsity 'P'."

In the midst of this curious controversy, from the peace of his porticoed yellow mansion "Avalon" in Princeton's Bayard Lane, emerged 79-year-old Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the community's resident Grand Old Man, minister, Wartime Navy chaplain, litterateur (*Fisherman's Luck, The Man Behind the Book*). He came not to comment on the alleged "smoothie complex" but he had heard that the town council was thinking of routing intercity busses down his and other residential streets. He came to protest. He appealed for the preservation of "the beauty, tranquility and safety of Princeton, the most beautiful college town in America, as beautiful as any in England. . . . Why not stiffen our backs and protest. . . ? We want this old town kept as an example of what an American college town may be!"

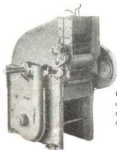
### Pre-Freshmen

"It is believed that boys of outstanding scholastic promise will greatly benefit by being assured of admission to college a full year in advance." So saying, Dartmouth last week accepted for admission next autumn 20 pre-freshmen, giving them to understand that in their last school year they were free to follow their own scholastic interests instead of cramming for dread College Board examinations. Thus, also, was Dartmouth somewhat assured that at least 20 promising Dartmouth men would not change their minds and go off with classmates to some other college.

### Home v. School

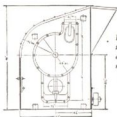
That children should be sent to school—nursery school or kindergarten—as early as the fourth or fifth year, is a theory held by many U. S. educators. Dissent came last week from Dr. David Snedden, professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia University. The ninth or tenth year, said he, is soon enough, save for children from economically and socially unsuitable homes. For children on farms, in villages and suburbs, in all but the largest cities, there is environment favorable to natural, wholesome growth. Let such children play until they are 10; intellectual and social development can come later. This view Dr. Snedden bases upon experience with his six children (one adopted) whom he sent to school around their eighth year; and upon his work as an educator (superintendent of schools in Paso Robles, Calif., Massachusetts Commissioner of Education).

## LET US MAKE PROFITS FOR YOU AS WE MADE PROFITS FOR THE MAN WHO BUILDS GRINDERS



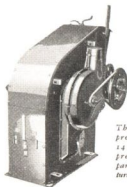
1

Old style 13" machine with many parts made of castings.



2

Redesign (with the help of YPS engineers) of new lower cost 10" machine.



3

The finished product using 14 different pressed steel parts manufactured by YPS.

### RESULTS

Increased sales due to a definite reduction in costs. Lower shipping and handling costs from greatly reduced weight. "Eye-value" increased through the sleek, clean-cut lines of pressed steel.

### WRITE

May we do for you what we have done for many, many others? A survey costs you nothing. Does not obligate you in the slightest. Write for free booklet, "Adventures in Redesign"—it tells the story.



"Press it from Steel Instead"

The

**YOUNGSTOWN PRESSED STEEL**  
Company

615 UNIVERSITY ROAD

WARREN, OHIO

A COMPLETE ENGINEERING AND MANUFACTURING SERVICE





## They have a *New Car* ...and their Savings, too!

**T**HE DEPRESSION SPELL caused the Doe family, like thousands of others, to drive the old automobile past the point of utility. No longer a pleasure to drive, the ever mounting cost of repairs made it imperative to buy a new one.

The Doe family have more than sufficient savings to pay for a new car. But would it have been wise to deplete this reserve they had so soundly created for emergencies? They knew from experience that cash once withdrawn from the family nest-egg was difficult at best to replace.

Fortunately, the dealer who sold the Doe family their new car knew his business. Said he:

"The time price of this new car

is less than seven per cent in excess of the cash price and that includes fire and theft insurance.

"You will find it easier to budget your income and pay a fixed sum each month for the car than to repay your savings account if you use it to pay cash. Human nature has proved that fact time and time again.

"Keep your savings—buy the car on Commercial Credit terms and at the end of a year you will have your car and your savings, too!"

So the Doe family bought their new car on a Commercial Credit plan and will be the richer always for having reached this conservative decision.

## COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY



COMMERCIAL BANKERS

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER \$50,000,000

HEADQUARTERS - BALTIMORE

WHEREVER YOU ARE • WHATEVER YOU MAKE, SELL OR BUY • INVESTIGATE COMMERCIAL CREDIT SERVICE

# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## Index

Rising wheat prices rang the speculative tocsin loudly and fiercely last week. Other commodities became buoyant. Good cheer spread to Wall Street.

Although the report that Russia would export no wheat for two years was denied, wheat surged upward. On every recession, buying by the public became more apparent. Seats on the Board of Trade jumped from \$6,500 to \$12,000. Arthur W. Cutten, greatest of living wheat bulls, became almost a national hero; telegrams poured in upon him asking how high wheat would go. He merely said he was bullish, named no prices. But in the public imagination "Dollar Wheat" became something to be achieved, in some places already achieved (see p. 15).

"Dollar Silver" was another speculative slogan last week, but more far-fetched than "Dollar Wheat." Shorts covering and the general commodity rise sent the metal to 35¢ an ounce against the year's low of 25¢. For the first time silver trading on the National Metal Exchange, Manhattan, became clamorous, wild. Public buying was attracted because silver can be bought on a 6% margin. Companies with stakes in silver-currency nations were in demand, shares of mining companies were widely bought. Copper remained at 7¢ but it was reported that consumers were taking all offerings. Manchurian war talk aided bullishness in copper, but the strongest copper shares were those with big silver interests.

With British mills more active, consumption in October running 69,383 bales higher than a year ago, it was natural that cotton should join the movement, that last week's price of \$33.50 per bale should be 22% higher than the year's low. Although the crop is large, unfilled orders for cotton cloth jumped 51.7% during October.

Other commodities to share in the jubilation included rubber, coffee, cocoa, wool tops, hides. Sugar failed to advance, however, and hogs continued in a rut. Mid-Continent oil prices rose 15¢ a barrel to 85¢; in many sections of the country gasoline was upped.

Despite the whirl in commodities, important indices of trade failed to reveal any fundamental change-of-trend last week. But since business has usually revived after a rise in commodities, many a businessman was cheerful, prone to look ahead a month or so rather than to express dismay over current figures. Iron Age reported steel operations up to 35% of capacity after being at 29% capacity the week before. Steelmen were encouraged by the prospects of a busy automobile industry for the rest of the year, anxiously awaited the results of the year-end rail buying by the railroads. Buying by farm implement makers was expected to follow the wheat rise. During October, steel ingot production averaged 58,077 tons a day, the lowest since 1921.

Shipping statistics showed that on Nov. 1, 24 yards were at work on 93 hulls representing 303,000 tons, against 31

yards, 124 hulls, 354,000 tons two months ago.

The Stockmarket's proximity to being on a cash basis was revealed by the report of members' borrowings on security collateral. On Nov. 1 such loans were at a new low of 2.33% of market value of all listed stocks against 3.23% the month before. On Nov. 1 there were 1,284 stock issues listed on the Exchange, aggregating 1,318,586,000 shares with a total value of \$34,246,649,000 or an average value of \$25.97 a share.

Dividend payments of 924 companies during October were off 25% from the same month last year. Thirty-three extra dividends were declared, seven rates were increased, one company resumed payments, 16 declared dividends for the first time. But 90 reduced, 138 passed their payments.

Automobile production during October (as estimated by Automobile Chamber of Commerce) was 86,328 cars and trucks



Acme-P. & A.

DR. EDWIN WALTER KEMMERER

"Have our bankers enough knowledge, experience, vision? . . ."

(See below)

against 138,942 the same month last year. The month's last week was at the phenomenal low of 10,171 units, but the end of November is expected to find Ford and Chevrolet back in high production schedules.

Carloadings for the week ending Oct. 24 showed a slight gain, rising to 769,673 cars from 762,719 the week before, but still a decline of 190,000 from the same week last year.

Building permits for October in 562 cities declined to \$96,258,000 from \$111,474,000 in September, compared with \$166,680,000 a year ago.

## Doctor Looks at Dollars

Respect has mingled with curiosity as, through the years since the War, the U. S. public has watched a round-headed little Princeton professor with thick spectacles

travel hither & yon through the world as physician to sick money systems. Princeton has loaned him freely to various nations since 1912, but long before (in 1903), he helped the U. S. Philippine Commission start the islands off on the gold standard. Since then he has probed the problems of Egypt, Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Union of South Africa, Chile, Poland, Ecuador, Bolivia, China, Panama and Peru. In 1925 he analyzed the economic ills of the great nations of Europe, serving as the expert on currency and banking for the Dawes Committee. So sound and fruitful have been his labors that the name of Edwin Walter Kemmerer, Ph.D. stands topmost in the realm of fiscal theory and practice. Last week Money Man Kemmerer arose to make a pronouncement upon a currency which few people would ever have thought needed his attention. Yet the U. S. public as well as the Advertising Club (Manhattan), his luncheon host, seemed glad to hear Dr. Kemmerer speak as follows of the U. S. Dollar:

"We in America still have the largest supply of monetary gold of any country in the world. . . . We have recently lost \$700,000,000 of this gold, but this amount is only about 14% of our September maximum holdings and merely puts us back to about the figure we had in January of this year.

"The gold standard in the United States today is strong—very strong—and the fears entertained . . . of the possible breakdown of the American gold standard, have no justification whatever in the cold facts of the situation.

"I can imagine few things more foolish than for anyone actually to hoard gold in a country with such a large gold supply as the United States and with such a strong credit position in relation to the rest of the world. The hoarding of paper money in the United States is likewise foolish. All of our American paper money, in addition to the other assets back of it, enjoys the guarantee of the United States Government itself and our national Government meets its obligations."

Observing that New York is by way of becoming the financial centre of the world, Dr. Kemmerer concluded: "The all important question is: Have our bankers enough knowledge of international finance, enough experience, enough vision and enough financial leadership to take the position that London is now passing over to us? It is our opportunity and our responsibility."

## End of an Era

Some day some student of economics will surround himself with charts, books and newspaper files and bravely undertake to write a complete account of what will then be remembered as *The Depression of the Thirties*. Some of his chapter headings may be guessed now: "The 1929 Market Decline," "Tariff Walls," "The Soviet Government as a Factor in World Trade," "Germany's Breakdown," "France's Smart Jockeying," "England to the Wall" and "Artificial Relief Measures Attempted in the U. S." An important sub-section will be on U. S. railroads. Whether or not it will be headed "The Collapse of the Railroads" or "How the Railroads Met a



## NO NEED TO LOSE MONEY

A window is silently opened . . . the beam of a flashlight locates the bureau drawer . . . rings, pins, and a thick wallet tumble into a pocket . . . as stealthily as he came the house-breaker goes . . .

The jewelry is insured; the money is gone forever.

There is no need to lose money. A. B. A. Cheques do not tempt thieves. They know this *insured* money is useless to anyone but the owner. If your A. B. A. Cheques are stolen, your money is still safe—every cent will be refunded. Keep A. B. A. Cheques in the house instead of cash.



## A.B.A. CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF  
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

Crisis" depends upon many factors still indeterminate: the attitude of Labor, the outcome of the rate question, the duration of Depression, the condition of the securities markets when a half-billion dollars' worth of railroad securities mature during the next few years.

If any individual is the most gravely concerned with these questions it is probably not some hard-pressed railroad president or his worried banker but the man who is reputed to own more railroad securities than anyone else: bush-bearded Arthur Curtiss James. Last week, however, Investor James cast worry from his mind, entered the festive spirit that surrounds an oldtime tradition—the driving-of-the-golden-spike.\* With a few blows he drove the spike into a specially-prepared tie, linked his pet road, the Western Pacific, to the Great Northern system.

Railroad men realized that Mr. James's hammer blows brought an end to an epoch that was slow in closing—the Building Period. Next year when trains run over Great Northern-Western Pacific's new 200-mi. link, no other important construction will be underway. Some 249,000 mi. of track serve the U. S. well, perhaps too well. Future changes will be in the construction of systems rather than lines—construction through financial liaisons; links completed with the signing of checks and the endorsement of stock certificates rather than the pounding of spikes.

The two periods—Building and Consolidating—have of course overlapped each other by years. The present trunk lines represent such consolidations; the Van Sweringen Brothers were the best example of super-consolidators. Lately a new catalyst has appeared in the railroad crucible. While Arthur Curtiss James was experiencing the novel sensation of swinging a sledge hammer, a new figure (once a day laborer) was experiencing the novel sensation of being a railroad president in his own right—President Patrick H. Joyce of Chicago Great Western.

When Mr. Joyce became interested in Great Western it had a terrific accumulation of unpaid dividends on its preferred. Mr. Joyce obtained the support of big shippers, saw that more & more freight was routed *via* Great Western. He became chairman of the road, handling its financial policies. President Victor Vincent Boatner continued in charge of operations.

This year the road has made a bright streak in the black railroad picture by earning more money than in 1930. Although a recent report that it had resumed common dividends was erroneous, it has paid \$2.00 on the cumulative preferred—first payments since 1919. A large part of its success has been due to the new shippers, but another part has been due to Mr. Joyce's feeling that "the trouble is too damn many men wearing the seats of their pants shiny." When last July President Boatner had to resign because of ill health (he went on a round-the-world cruise with his sister) it was natural that

energetic Mr. Joyce should become acting president. Railroadmen noted with interest last week that he had assumed the position permanently, will be operating head as well as financial guide.

Another change in Great Western last week was the election of Arthur W. Cutten, famed grain and stock speculator, to the executive committee. The meeting at which the election took place was in Omaha, western terminus of the road. Formerly, Great Western's directors always met in Manhattan, but one of Mr. Joyce's new policies has been that the meetings should be held at various places along the right-of-way, developing new contacts and goodwill. Under his régime



DuBois

PATRICK H. JOYCE

*He curses shiny pant seats.*

the road has junked much old equipment, bought new. It has rebuilt 40 bridges, strengthened six others, laid heavier rails and installed additional ties. It has concentrated five operating divisions into two.

A few weeks ago a possible big revision in the railroad map was forecast when Great Western bought a 35% interest in Kansas City Southern, thereby forming the nucleus of what could be welded into a new Chicago-Gulf route (TIME, Oct. 26). Although the deal came as a surprise, nobody thought it inconsistent with President Joyce's nature. He is aggressive from head to foot, fist to jaw. Chicago-born ("back of the yards") 52 years ago, he began work when he left grammar

## "Is Bear Market Over?"

Write for this  
report—gratis

## Babson's Reports

and the famous

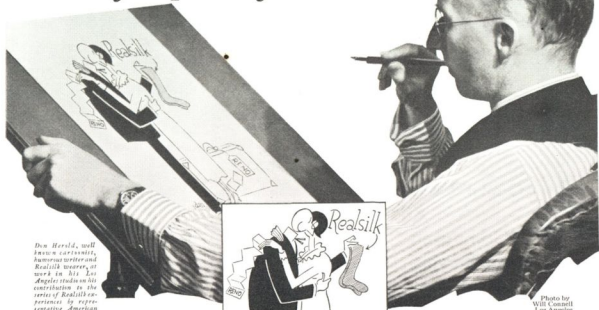
BABSON CHART

Div. 69-100 Babson Park, Mass.

\*A notable exception occurred in 1883 when the builders of the Canadian Pacific decided that a golden spike would be absurd after the way they had worked to save money, that a good iron spike for the last would do as well as one did for the first.

# Saved From RENO

## by a pair of SOCKS



Don Herold, well known cartoonist, humorous writer and Realsilk wearer, at work in his Los Angeles studio on his contribution to the series of Realsilk experiences by representative American authors

Photo by  
Will Connell  
Los Angeles

Mrs. Herold has made several starts for Reno to get a divorce from me on the ground of *socks*.

At one time it seemed as though the House of Herold were doomed. I cracked. Mrs. Herold cracked. Even the stucco on the side porch cracked. One evening, in fact, Mrs. Herold had a time table out and was getting prices on a one-way ticket to that Great American Divide.

Let me explain that the mean disposition I have had for almost forty years is not my real nature—it has been due to leaks and lumps in my hosiery. Next to a cinder in your eye, there is nothing that sours your soul like a sock with bumps or cavities in it. The nerve connection is direct.

Mrs. Herold seems to have no hosiery trouble or disposition trouble of her own and one day I asked her: "How's it happen you aren't pestered with runs, rips and wrinkles like other women—and like me?"

"I stick to Realsilk," she answered.

"Well, what's socks for the goose ought to be socks for the gander," I said. "I'm going to start wearing Realsilk myself!"

So she phoned for a Realsilk salesman who came and went over the



ground foot by foot.

His company, he told me, knows about socks direct from the wearers themselves, because its representatives go right into a man's home or office to sell them. That's how they know how and where to thicken the tread and puncture-proof the toes.

He was a true sockologist. In five minutes he got at the root of my sock complex with its lumps and cavities. In five minutes more I ordered my first box of Realsilk socks.

The result is, I no longer look at life through holes in my socks—and we are saved from Reno.

I have discovered that when the Realsilk man rings your doorbell or sends in his card he is doing your feet a favor.

And it certainly solves the parking problem in sock shopping.

### IN NO OTHER SOCKS AT ANY PRICE

**1 Six-Ply Toe**—instead of four or less—the best wearing toe ever built. (Patent pending.)

**2 High-Spliced Heel**—two-ply—a wall of protection where the back of the shoe rubs.

**3 Double-Layer Sole**—two-ply—double wear.

**4 More Compact Weave**—9% more closely woven—firmer fabric—better appearance.

**5 Longer Silk Leg**—graduated lengths increase with foot sizes.

**6 Double-Thick Garter Bands**—made to fit the leg—another feature of comfort and wear.

**7 Triple-Fast Hygienic Dyes**—fast to light, washing, and perspiration. No color can harm the feet.

Realsilk products sold only by representatives:

Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, U.S.A. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. Branches in 250 cities

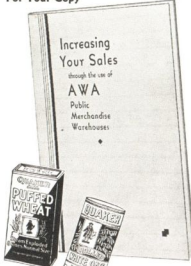


To Women—Realsilk also makes a complete line of women's hosiery—with seven features found in no other stockings; also a line of fine lingerie; and sold the "Shop-at-Home" way.

## REALSILK

THE SOCKS WITH 7 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES  
SOLD ONLY IN OFFICE AND HOME

**This Book Is FREE! Write Today  
For Your Copy**



**Quaker Oats  
Uses AWA  
Warehouses**

**to Give Better Service  
—and so can you!**

IN 126 cities of the United States, Canada, Cuba and Hawaii, member warehouses of the American Warehousemen's Association can do everything for you that your own branch house could do in the physical distribution of your goods. And they can do it for less money than it would cost you to operate a branch in any of those cities!

The manufacturers who are most successfully weathering the depression are those who distribute their goods efficiently and economically through public merchandise warehouses. They give their trade immediate delivery from strategically placed spot stocks. "We use public warehouses to a considerable extent in the larger distributing centers of the country," says C. A. Bowman, vice-president in charge of cereal sales for The Quaker Oats Company. "This warehousing is done not alone with the idea of saving money—but in all cases to give better service in the distribution of our products, where emergency needs are required by the distributors."

To make money these days, manufacturers must successfully maintain closer contacts with their retail trade. Dealers everywhere have been forced to hold store stocks to a minimum, relying on prompt delivery from the manufacturer's organization to supply needed goods. If the manufacturer can't deliver... the business goes to a competitor. The solution is to distribute your merchandise—raw materials, manufactured articles and service parts of every kind—through strategically-located AWA Warehouses.

#### ✓ WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

Full details of the AWA Plan of Distribution are described in our 12-page booklet "Increasing Your Sales Through the Use of AWA Warehouses." Have your secretary write today for your copy.



**AMERICAN  
WAREHOUSEMEN'S  
ASSOCIATION**

1961 Adams-Franklin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

school, pushing a wheelbarrow in a brick-yard. He rose until he was president of the Mellon-controlled Standard Steel Car Co., now a part of Pullman. He plays golf only as a concession to friends, does not like the theatre, hates formal entertaining. But he never misses a good prize-fight. At stag parties his songs start early, are famed & frequent. Just as many a tycoon seeks relaxation in reading, playing a violin, constructing ship models or painting, Mr. Joyce has his escape mechanism. When he wants to be alone he buys a couple of apples, rides for an hour or so on the back platform of a streetcar. His handshake has a vertical range of three feet. Nobody dares guess the range of his plans for Great Western.

#### Cans in France

Far & away the biggest maker of tin-plate and tin cans in France is J. J. Carnaud & Forges des Basse-Indre. Last week Continental Can Co. Inc. announced that it had granted this company its patents on canning and canning machinery, will receive royalties in future. Prior to the arrangement, Continental disposed of its stock interest in Compagnie Franco-Continentale de Boîtes Métalliques, acquired last year. In England, Continental has a minority interest in Metal Box Co. Ltd. Continental's bigger rival, American Can Co., has a substantial interest in British Can Co. Ltd., maker of 25% of the tin cans in the British Isles. The smaller part of Continental's output (30%) is in "general line cans" used for drugs, oils, paints and tobacco. Greater part of American's output (55%) is in "packers' cans" used for edibles.

#### Personnel

Last week the following were news:

*Patrick H. Joyce*, chairman and acting president of **Chicago Great Western Rd.**, was made its president (see above).

*Adolph F. Stone*, former chairman of **F. & W. Grand-Silver Stores, Inc.**, was made president, succeeding his brother, *Harold F. Stone*, who became vice president and treasurer. Among other changes,

*Edward J. Quintal*, vice president of **Chase National Bank**, was elected a director. Chase last year bought \$8,000,000 worth of Grand-Silver bonds, has not as yet offered them to the public. Recently the company (163 S-10-25¢ and \$1 stores in the U. S. and \$2 in Canada) passed its dividend, gave no explanation.

*Clarence M. Brown*, vice president, was elected chairman of **Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.**, succeeding the late *William Lewis Clause*. *Harold F. Pittcairn*, autogriemaker, was added to the directorate. The company is the largest U. S. maker of plate glass, is expanding into chemicals.

*Albert Spalding*, nephew of *Albert G. Spalding*, and *Golfier Robert Tyre Jones Jr.* were elected to the directorate of **A. G. Spalding & Brothers**. Mr. Spalding's election follows closely upon the death of his father, *James Walter Spalding*, chairman of the board. *Golfier Jones*, who acquired a block of Spalding stock with his Spalding contract this summer, will be "directly connected with Spalding's research laboratories at Chicopee, Mass., where golf implements are devised." *Albert Spalding* is celebrated as a violinist.

## Take a Letterhead, Miss Jones



THE average business man, when dictating a letter, thinks primarily of what he has to say and how he is going to say it. That's as it should be. The message is the important part of any letter... but the next consideration is the paper upon which that message is registered.

Don't you think that if every once in a while, busy executives asked their secretaries to take a "letterhead" instead of a letter, there would be fewer important documents sent out on "factory form" paper?

Try it... Examine your company letterhead... Look at the paper carefully... See if it truly represents the standing of your company. If you are disappointed, call in your printer or lithographer and ask for samples of Artesian Bond, No. 1 U. S. Business Paper.

You will find Artesian Bond has enough rag content to give it quality and prestige... yet its price is reasonable. It is the cleanest, spot-free bond paper it is possible to produce... Made with sparkling, clear spring water... brilliant and true in color... and strong in texture.

Will you ask your Miss Jones or whatever her name may be to "take a letterhead"?

**WHITING-POLOVER PAPER CO.**  
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN

**ARTESIAN BOND**





## P R E S S

## Hullabaloo

When the incredible magazine which is now *Ballyhoo* was in preparation, Publisher George T. Delacorte Jr. wondered what to call it. He and Editor Norman Hume Anthony favored *Hullabaloo* for a title but were afraid it might infringe on the rights of Cartoonist Peter Arno whose book of last year bore that name. So they agreed on *Ballyhoo*. Discovering later that there was no objection to the use of *Hullabaloo*, Publisher Delacorte decided to have another magazine with that name before someone else could start competition to the astonishingly successful *Ballyhoo* (current issue: 1,750,000 copies).



Keystone

PUBLISHER DELACORTE

"Paula Pushova, the star, couldn't say Noah."

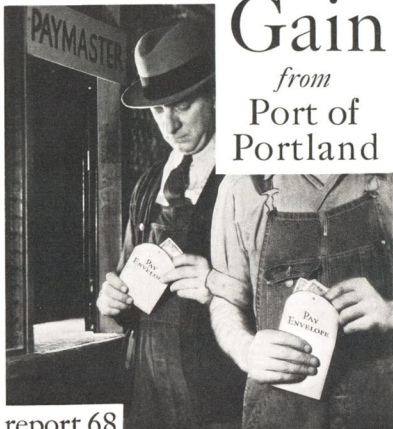
Following the basic idea of *Ballyhoo*, which makes fun of advertising, advertisers and the press at large, *Hullabaloo* would make fun of the cinema. First issue of *Hullabaloo* appeared in Manhattan last week, about a fortnight earlier than scheduled.

Publisher Delacorte had been having trouble with Publisher Bernard Macfadden because four months ago he brought out *My Story*, an unsuccessful 10¢ confession magazine patterned closely after Macfadden's successful 25¢ *True Story*. Macfadden sued. When the fight was at its hottest Publisher Delacorte heard that Publisher Macfadden was plotting to rush into circulation a magazine called *Hullabaloo* in order to wrest from Delacorte (by publication) the copyright to the title. The suit was settled out of court last week with Publisher Delacorte withdrawing *My Story*. Ostensibly, hostilities were over; but to make sure, Publisher Delacorte released *Hullabaloo* earlier than he had planned. (Afterward Publisher Macfadden denied that the name *Hullabaloo* was ever under consideration. Harold Hersey, who publishes three magazines for Macfadden, revealed that he will bring out a 15¢ humorous monthly next month.)

The first issue of *Hullabaloo*, edited by

# Foreign Shipments Gain

from  
Port of  
Portland



## report 68 shipping lines

The current report of a 50% decline in U. S. foreign shipments hardly applies to Portland. During September the 68 shipping lines serving this port moved cargo equaling in tonnage exports of the same month a year ago and valued at 74% more than August, 1931, shipments.★

And what cargoes! Enough to build pantries for millions and supply them for the winter... 39,600 boxes of fresh apples, 45,000 boxes of fresh pears, 42,600 barrels of flour, 2,480,000 bushels of

wheat, 21,528,000 board feet of lumber.

Portland is the first port of the Pacific Northwest, the third on the Pacific coast. Two thousand ships handle ten million tons of cargo annually... an increase of 150% in the last 15 years. Shippers alone spend \$18,000,000 a year here, \$60 for every resident.

Portland is a busy, prosperous city. Sell it through *The JOURNAL*... afternoon newspaper with the largest daily circulation of all Portland papers—a circulation concentrated among the 450,000 people of Portland and its immediate trading area.

*The* **JOURNAL**  
AFTERNOON  
SUNDAY  
PORTLAND, OREGON

★ The report covers private shipments only and does not include any of the 4,500,000 bushels of Chinese government relief wheat scheduled to leave Portland within the next five months.

FRESH  
FROMTHE  
FARMLet the Jones Family supply  
your Thanksgiving Breakfast of

## JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

But won't you please place your order early with the Jones Dealer as Holiday Sausages always tax the capacity of the Farm to make all the sausage wanted and we don't like to have our friends disappointed.

**JONES DAIRY FARM, Fort Atkinson, Wis.**  
In Wisconsin's great dairy center—owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.

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Lester Grady who also edits *Delacorte's Film Fun*, did not seem to warrant the hullabaloo which it caused. As a caricature of the cinema and of cloying movie-fan magazines it scarcely transcended the unconscious absurdity of the fan magazines themselves. Plainly Publisher Delacorte did not want to be too rough with the industry which supports three of his publications—*Film Fun*, *Screen Romances*, *Modern Screen*—the last the second most successful (after *Ballyhoo*) of his string of fourteen. Some features of *Hullabaloo*'s first issue:

❶ A page of burlesque cinema reviews. Sample:

"MOPEY DICK—Another gang picture. Don Juan Barrymore and profile in the leads. Remainder of cast could be arrested for non-support."

❷ A page of silly questions and answers by "Uncle Ned, the Answer Man."

❸ An announcement of the "Louisiest Picture of the Year" ballot.

❹ A page of "news flashes," thus: "Production on *Noah's Ark* . . . was halted yesterday when it was discovered that Paula Pushova, the star, couldn't say *Noah*."

❺ A composite of "Greta Garbo's Dream Man" showing Cinemart Conrad Nagel's hair, a set of teeth allegedly George Bancroft's, and Jimmy Durante's "schnozzle."

❻ A superb burlesque of the usual rotogravure portrait section with pictures which might have been taken from a penny arcade; a fashion section suggestive of the 1913 Sears Roebuck catalog.

❼ Sample joke: "Don't you agree that the movies should be kept clean?" "Absolutely! Something should be done about these people who throw candy boxes and peanut shells on the floor!"

*Hullabaloo* is planned as a monthly. But those who are familiar with Publisher Delacorte's methods know that if the first issue of 300,000 copies at 15¢ proves not popular, a second will never appear. His investment in the magazine is small; even the covers are of the lot which is printed for the current *Modern Screen*, and therefore carry the same advertisements, but without charge. Otherwise *Hullabaloo*, like *Ballyhoo*, was adless.

Publisher Delacorte, 38, has amassed a fortune from cheap publications. He was the second of ten children of Lawyer George T. Delacorte. His mother was also a lawyer, as were both of her parents. Publisher Delacorte attended Harvard, married in his sophomore year, failed to make a place on the *Lampoon* staff, made \$5,000 by gathering signatures at 10¢ each on petitions for the Presidential nomination of Woodrow Wilson. He was graduated from Columbia in 1913, worked as a free lance advertising solicitor, made money in the War by soliciting advertising for all of the military camp papers in the East. Afterward he organized an agency to handle circulation for *Current Opinion*, *Le Bon Ton*, *Popular Radio*. Ten years ago, with the late crippled Author William Andrew Johnston (*Limpy*), longtime editor of the New York *Sunday World*, he started Dell Publishing Co. Their first publications were 10¢ pamphlets on "character analysis," meaning of birthdays, horoscopes, etc., etc. First Dell magazine was *Sweetheart Stories*, which the house

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still publishes. Next was *War Stories* which Publisher Delacorte claims opened that particular field in which 22 competitors appeared in two years. In the next ten years Publisher Delacorte started and discarded about 20 magazines besides the 14 which now comprise his list.\* *Modern Screen* and *Modern Romances* he publishes for sale in Kresge & Kress chain-stores and on newsstands in towns without those stores.

Not all other publishers like Publisher Delacorte. He travels strictly alone in the business. He is inclined to be boastful, but all credit him with shrewdness. His success is largely due to three practices: severest economy (his magazines are published in an old office building where about \$50 a month rent is chargeable to each), payment in cash, willingness to take a quick loss rather than nurse a lame publication.

Publisher Delacorte has three daughters and two sons, one a sophomore at Princeton. His only game is Kelly pool; his favorite diversion, playing the flute, was taught him by famed Georges Barrère. Because the first office building that housed his company had doors which swung open in a peculiar manner, he has chosen buildings with similar doors for succeeding sites.

## Odds, Ends

The tabloid New York *Daily News* last month suddenly became conservative. Keyhole-peeping gossip of marital infidelity and philandering was ruled out. Divorce stories, when subjects of court record, were ordered reported without frills. No reason for the change was announced, but *News*-hawks heard that Publisher Joseph Medill Patterson made the decision, after witnessing the film of *Five Star Final*, in the belief that neighborhood movie-goers would accept the atrocities committed by the tabloid in the play as typical tabloid practice. Last week the *News* took another step away from ordinary tabloid practice. Apparently as an experiment, it copied the style of *TIME*'s picture captions on three of its pages. Samples:

### Admiral Hugh Rodman

... says Hoover's Navy policy is O. K.

### Francis Riley

... saved his sister from closet prison.

### Rudy Vallee

... "young couples dance close, married couples carelessly."

¶ The Kansas Supreme Court upheld the acquittal of a Herington, Kan. news-dealer of charges that he had violated the State's "blue laws" against unessential labor on Sunday. His "offense": selling the Sunday edition of the *Kansas City Star*. Opined the court: "From the small boy, whose first thought on arising Sunday morning is the comic section, to the son grown older who turns eagerly to the sport page; the young daughter, who peruses the society columns, and father and mother, who turn their attention to the more serious pages, the Sunday paper is looked upon and has grown to be a necessity."

\**Film*—*Fun*, *Screen Romances*, *Modern Romances*, *Modern Screen*, *War Stories*, *War Birds*, *War Aces*, *Western Romances*, *All Western Stories*, *Sweetheart Stories*, *Cupid's Diary*, *I Confess*, *Ballyhoo*, *Hullabaloo*.

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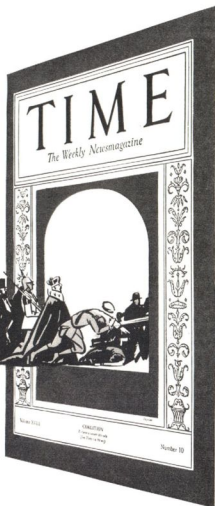
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# TIME *marches on!*

## B O O K S \*

## New Galsworthy

MAID IN WAITING—John Galsworthy—Scribner (\$2.50).

Not by right of seniority (Herbert George Wells is a year older, George Moore 15 years older) but by popular acclamation John Galsworthy, 64, fronts a waning British Empire as its foremost novelist. Strong in the two famous British virtues of muddling through and stick-to-it-iveness, with a heart that beats



JOHN GALSWORTHY

"One might like to please her of whom one was fond."

athletically in the right place, Author Galsworthy has climbed earnestly, steadily to the top of the heap. His Forsyte family, fathered like many children almost by accident, have become solid citizens of literary England. A man of strong family feeling, Progenitor Galsworthy has found it hard to leave the Forsytes, says now he is through with them. But he has not gone very far away. *Maid in Waiting*, his first novel in three years, takes over the Forsyte cousins, and now & then Fleur and Michael appear briefly in its pages.

Young Hubert Charwell (pronounced Cherrell) was in trouble, and the family rallied to his help. Keen professional soldier, hating inactivity, when he was ordered on sick leave and had a chance of joining a scientific expedition in Bolivia, he took it. Head of the expedition was Hallorsen, U. S. professor. Hubert and Hallorsen got along badly. When Hubert was left in charge of the camp he had a half-caste flogged for maltreating a mule. The man came at him with a knife; Hubert shot him. Most of the muleteers deserted, the expedition was a failure. Hallorsen wrote a book about it blaming Hubert. A Question was asked about it in Parliament; things looked black for Hubert's career.

Dinny, Hubert's clever and attractive sister, ached to help him. When she accidentally met Hallorsen in London her impulse was to fly at him, but he was unexpectedly nice. Moreover, he fell in love with her at sight. He became convinced he had done Hubert an injustice, wrote a letter of explanation to the *Times*, promised to correct the second edition of his book. But in the meantime things began to assume proportions. Bolivia wanted to extradite Hubert, try him for the murder of a citizen. To get Hubert's mind off the situation Dinny maneuvered him into falling in love with capable Jean Tasburgh (pronounced Tasboro). Brother Alan, capable naval officer, fell in love with Dinny, but she was too occupied to pay much attention. Her Uncle Adrian was patiently waiting for Diana Ferse's husband to die. Instead of dying he came home. Dinny went to live with them, to protect his wife.

At Hubert's trial false Bolivian testimony forced the magistrate to remand Hubert without bail. Nothing could save him then but the Home Secretary. Jean and Alan planned a last-minute rescue, went off to Belgium to buy a plane, practice flying. When Dinny found that Hallorsen too was in on the plot her heart warmed to him. But it was Dinny herself in an interview with the Home Secretary who turned the trick. And in the meantime Ferse had committed suicide, left the road open for Uncle Adrian. Hallorsen went nobly off on another expedition; Alan would soon get a probably favorable answer from Dinny.

**The Significance.** John Galsworthy, serious elderly citizen of a seriously elderly nation, views England's situation with courageous alarm. His heroes are strong servants of tradition, aristocrats of action; his heroines, even when they are, like Dinny, light-hearted, superficially flippant, are fundamentally of the same stuff. Like Republican Romans in a decadent age they serve the State, going calmly about their thankless jobs in spite of the ungratefully ignorant rabble, even though they see the barbarians massing on the frontiers. Too politely civilized to call Americans barbarians, Author Galsworthy apparently believes (in spite of his U. S. sales) that England and the U. S. not only speak but read a different language. Hallorsen, a Galsworthy example of the fine flower of U. S. culture, is a noble savage. But Author Galsworthy means it kindly, has not consciously intended a caricature. Like many another British writer, Galsworthy has begun to take a benevolent interest in the U. S. at a time when U. S. writers have ceased to take any interest in England.

**The Author.** Though he looks his 64 years, John Galsworthy looks as if he had spent them well. At school he captained the football team, also jumped, ran. Son of a successful London attorney, Har-

rowed, Oxfordized (at New College), Galsworthy tried to follow his father's path, was called to the bar but never answered with alacrity. After two years of traveling he married; his wife persuaded him to take up writing. Says Galsworthy: "If one has been brought up at an English public school and university, is addicted to sport and travel, has a small independent income, and is a briefless barrister, one will not take literature seriously, but one might like to please her of whom one was fond. I began. In two years I wrote nine tales. They had every fault." But he kept at it, plugged away, got there. As a playwright (*Justice*, *The Skin Game*, *Loyalties*, *Old English*) he has been equally successful. In England he lives in a new house in Sussex with his wife, nephew, cats, dogs. He travels when he feels like it, which he often does. *Maid in Waiting* was completed last year in Arizona.

## Laureate Speaking

MINNIE MAYLOW'S STORY AND OTHER TALES AND SCENES—John Masefield—Macmillan (\$2.50).

Being Poet Laureate of England made little difference to the late Robert Bridges' muse, except, if anything, to make her visits more infrequent. No law demands that the Laureate write poems to order, but public opinion thought Poet Bridges might have done a little better than he did. In Laureate Masefield's incumbency so far no national event has taken place



JOHN MASEFIELD

"Wepe, Adam, wepe, thy wyf has lost hir sense. . . ."

that would be the better for rhyme, but at least his office has not tied his tongue; he is still hardest-working poet in England.

*Minnie Maylow's Story and Other Tales and Scenes*, Masefield's first book of verse since he became Poet Laureate, increases his widening shelf by about one inch, shallows his diffusing reputation imperceptibly. By nature a patriot poet, Masefield plays usually with English themes or with those classical ones which an imperializing scholarship has almost Anglicized. He has had increasingly less to say about "the dirt and dross, the dust

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



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and scum of the earth." The passage of years civilizes even poets. Here are no "closely puts" or "bloody liars," no widows in the bye street, no shivering sailor wretches. Now that the fire is dying, Beauty, apparently, is with Masefield all the time.

In dignified language, plain but laureate-like, Masefield tells how Dick Whittington made a fortune with his cat; how a Trojan prince came with his cat; how a British princess in a chariot race; how Isolt, for a song, finally left Marc for Tristan. He passes in review the wives of Henry VIII, tells again the oft-told tale of Odysseus' homecoming. The title poem, "Minnie Maylow's Story," is a joke in verse: an English king offered his daughter in marriage to any man who could tell an endless story; unsuccessful contenders would be killed. The winner told a tale of locusts which discovered an enormous granary with a tiny chink at the top, came one by one to carry away the grain. The king finally stopped him, gave him his daughter, said: "Girl, never let him tell that tale again!"

Following Alexander Pope's example, and like Pope, with his tongue in his cheek, Laureate Masefield includes an imitation of Chaucer.\* One stanza:

*O sely Eva, moder of us al,  
Thou wast to nice and grene, ye, God  
wool,  
The rede apple round as is a bal  
Goth down the splendore golet of thy  
throot;  
Thou ettest it when thou was tolde  
noot  
Wepe, Adam, wepe, thy wyf has lost hir  
sense,  
Seweth thy napron, farwel innocence.*

### Country Daniel

HILLS WERE HIGHER THEN—Hugh MacNair Kahler—Farrar & Rinehart (\$2).

"My grandfather," hero of these tales, was a fine figure of an old farmer, white-bearded, long of limb, near-Biblical of speech. Dominant figure of his hilly farming country, he was famed as a hard but just master, shrewd at trading, a kindly creditor. As you get to know the old man better it dawns on you that for a farmer he was a pretty good detective. When burly Enoch Radley was found lying on the dusty roadside with his head bashed in, Mart Slater, just out of jail, might have swung for it had not "my grandfather" been passing that way and seen some marks in the dust nobody else saw. When miserly John Boyer died his housekeeper produced a marriage license and nearly diddled his daughter out of the property; but "my grandfather" had guessed John Boyer's illiteracy.

Matt Bruce's barn had not been insured, and he had just beaten up and discharged a surly hand; when the barn was burned and the hired man was caught nearby, it looked like a clear case of arson. Mean old Simon Gandy owed "my grandfather" a debt, transferred all his property to his wife to keep from paying it. These and other tangles "my grandfather" made short work of. If you

think the old man might not really have been so uniformly successful as his grandson remembers, you can remind yourself that, as Author Kahler says, hills were higher then.

### If You Are Very Young

TWO PEOPLE—A. A. Milne—Dutton (\$2.50)\*

Alan Alexander Milne made a ten-strike with his children's verses (*When We Were Very Young, Now We Are Six*). Quite natural he then wanted to set them up in another alley, for another bowler's mark. As a playwright (*Mr. Pim Passes By*), as a detectionist (*The Red House Mystery*), as a humorist (on London's *Punch*) he had made fair scores. *Two People*, his first serious novel, may



ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE  
Every adolescent knows. . .

please extremely Milne-minded readers. If you are not one, you will find it too full of bathetic Barriresqueness.

Reginald Wellard, after a drab and poverty-pinched youth, had inherited enough money to live on, had found a perfect little place in the country and had married Sylvia, whose beauty made everybody gasp. Reginald, who loved gardening and adored Sylvia, was almost perfectly happy. Only flaw in his firmament was the unfaced suspicion that Sylvia lacked intelligence, humor. For no particular reason Reginald, in his plentiful spare time, wrote a novel. To his pleased amazement it was accepted, proved a best seller, made him famous. Just for a change Reginald and Sylvia went to London for the winter. They had a good and interesting time but Sylvia attracted too much attention for Reginald's peace of mind. He was glad when they moved back to the country again, where he had Sylvia, his garden, his thoughts to himself.

On this thin thread of story Author Milne has hung more or less incongruous clusters of digression—some humorous, some satiric, most sentimental. The book is really a poem to Sylvia, the Milne-ized Perfect Woman whom every adolescent knows but of whom not many would speak, at least in broad daylight.

\*Published Oct. 9

\*Pope's imitation of Chaucer, considered obscene, is omitted from many editions.

# Budweiser



## *Going strong in 1870 and ever since*

Good sport and good company, good food and good drink—these are just matters of good taste.

¶ Because it always fitted so easily and naturally into the scheme of good living, BUDWEISER was known for generations as the king of bottled beers.

¶ Discriminating appetites today choose BUDWEISER with meals, because they know that nothing makes a dish more appetizing or heightens its flavors better than this delicious brew. ¶ Whether it be with a ham sandwich or a full course dinner, BUDWEISER tastes better with food and food tastes better with BUDWEISER.

*Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world*

ANHEUSER

BUSCH • ST. LOUIS



*And when you want ginger ale... BUSCH EXTRA DRY, America's finest ginger ale, fits every occasion—in the home, at the club, for dancing and dining, for old and young of both sexes.*

# Square this

with what you *hear*  
... what you *read*  
... what you *believe*

NOWADAYS you read and hear every kind of thing about cigarettes. But when you try to square some of it with your own common-sense and experience, a lot of it just doesn't "square"!

What smokers want to know about a cigarette is, "How good is it?"

And when it comes to that, cigarettes are just as good and just as pure as the materials from which they're made.

In making Chesterfield, we use only riper, milder, sweeter-tasting tobaccos—the best that money can buy—and pure cigarette paper—the purest that can be made. Our chemists rigidly test for cleanliness and purity all materials used in the manufacture of Chesterfield. In our factories even the air is washed, and changed every 4½ minutes.

Everything that goes into Chesterfield is the best that money can buy or that science knows about.

"Good . . . they've got to be good," we say about CHESTERFIELD—and we mean it! And that's something you can square with everything you've ever read, or heard—or know—about this good cigarette!



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