

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



International

Volume XVIII

HARVARD CAPTAIN WOOD

*Even South Boston is cheering...
(See SPORT)*

Number 21

*Let the **SOLDIER** and the **SAILOR** show you how
to make a dollar go a long way*



Lafayette



*French
Line*



De Grasse

How long? Some three thousand miles, to be precise. From the shelter of Pier 57, in Hendrik Hudson's river, to the harbor of Plymouth, England. . . Drake's harbor. . . Bradford's harbor. . . your favorite in England. . . England's own favorite. Then to Havre, with its magnificent covered pier, and the finest train you ever saw to whisk you out of it to Paris in three hours. Let Lafayette the Soldier and De Grasse the Sailor (who bottled up the redcoats at Yorktown) show you how many of the good things of life a big, strong 1931-dollar can buy on the cabin liners that bear their names; of elbow-roomy cabin space, of comfort shoulder-deep, of incredible food, of intelligently chosen vintages—of gayety, companionship with more nice people than you thought lived, and of hospitality such as the French know best. French Liners are like that—which is why they carry more passengers, voyage for voyage, than comparable ships on any ocean. The Soldier and the Sailor (old friends of your family) suggest that you call the French Line or any authorized French Line agent now—you'll never see a dollar work harder!



ILE DE FRANCE

December 11, January 30



PARIS

December 1, January 16



FRANCE

Refurbishing for West
Indies Cruises



LAFAYETTE

West Indies Cruise,
December 19



DE GRASSE

November 25, December 30



ROCHAMBEAU

December 9, January 14

Men who "know it all" are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment.

It is a personal message to the man who realizes that business conditions have radically changed in the last few years, and that there is a whole new set of rules to be mastered. He feels that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.

We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "What an Executive Should Know" and it will be sent without obligation.

It contains the Announcement of the Institute's new Course and Service for men who want to become independent in the next five years. Among the contributors to this new Course are:

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., *President, General Motors Corporation.*

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *President, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.*

HON. WILL H. HAYS, *President, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, formerly U. S. Postmaster General.*

BRUCE BARTON, *Chairman of the Board, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., Advertising Agents.*

DR. JULIUS KLEIN, *The Assistant Secretary, U. S. Department of Commerce.*

JOHN T. MADDEN, *Dean, School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, New York University.*

HUBERT T. PAIRSON, *President, F. W. Woolworth Company.*

DAVID SARNOFF, *President, Radio Corporation of America.*

THOMAS J. WATSON, *President, International Business Machines Corporation.*

DEXTER S. KIMBALL, *Dean, College of Engineering, Cornell University.*

Can any ambitious man fail to get something of value from contact with minds like these? Here are a few examples, selected from many hundreds, showing how this organized knowledge is translated into added earning power:

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

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

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

Send for this Booklet

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job, the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could double their incomes if they believed in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to back up their belief.

Why not investigate *now*? The booklet pictured at the left costs nothing and places you under no obligation.

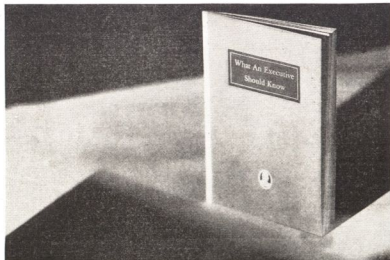
To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 661 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME _____

BUSINESS ADDRESS _____

BUSINESS POSITION _____



For the Man who wants to be Independent in the next 5 years

THE little book pictured above should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years. It explains some of the changes which are taking place in the business world today. It tells

how you can equip yourself to take your place in the new business structure with confidence and increased earning power. It contains the condensed results of 20 years' experience in helping men to forge ahead financially.

Four Tests that Talk a

4 times this summer, Bristol-Myers happened to run duplicate ads in *Liberty* and other weeklies. 4 times the *Liberty* ad stopped more men and women per dollar cost than its duplicates in other weeklies... *stopped up to 182% more persons.*

If you think of copy first and media *second*, these 4 exhibits may shock you.

In each exhibit the ads are alike. Save that they ran in different magazines.

Yet that difference showed . . .

1. A difference of 35 per cent in the effectiveness of the Ipana ad, top left . . .
2. A difference of 40 to 173 per cent in the effectiveness of the first Ingram's Shaving Cream ad, top right.
3. A difference of 36 to 182 per cent in the effectiveness of the second Ingram's Shaving Cream ad, bottom left . . .
4. A difference of 25 per cent in the effectiveness of the Sal Hepatica ad, bottom right . . .

And in every case—4 times in a row—that margin of greater effectiveness was given by *Liberty*, America's best read weekly.

How The Facts Were Found

Last July and August, Dr. George Gallup of Northwestern University, and his staff of investigators, called on 15,000 homes.

Wherever they found a current copy of one of the 4 mass weeklies—in 6 cities, for 6 consecutive issues—they leafed through the magazine with the reader, checking every editorial item that had been (a) *seen* or (b) *read*.

Because this method of magazine evaluation was the first attempt to hurdle editorial judgments, circulation volume or circulation policies—being a tabulation of what readers actually *see* and *read*—the Association of National Advertisers officially observed the work in 3 out of the 6 cities visited.

The findings in each of the 6 cities agree

substantially with the 4 Bristol-Myers results. A summary shows that, unit-for-unit of circulation, the average page ad in *Liberty* was seen and remembered by:

- 23% more persons than in Weekly "X"
- 112% more persons than in Weekly "Y"
- 48% more persons than in Weekly "Z"

And *Liberty's* Post-Depression cost—down with commodity prices, 35% since 1926—makes this greater effectiveness available with *larger* schedules, at no greater expense.

Why Ads MUST Do Better in Liberty

Ads were found more successful in *Liberty* too often to be an accident. And it couldn't have been a question of bulk . . . others of the magazines ran fewer pages than *Liberty* during many of these summer test weeks.

There are 3 definite reasons why ads **MUST** do better in *Liberty*:

1. *Liberty* is the big Post-War weekly . . . the only weekly built to order to fit the changed mental habits and cultural tastes of the people. It selects its famous authors and artists for their ability to hit dramatically concisely, simply, in tune with the times which are as different from Pre-War days as Ford is from Gandhi.
2. This fast-paced editorial matter is offered in a fast-paced mechanical make-up: Compact page size. Every story complete in consecutive pages. Every ad next to live matter, not buried among hidden runovers.

Liberty...

Treasurer's Language!

TEST NUMBER 1

These 2 identical Ipana ads, part of the regular Ipana campaign, happened to run in Liberty and another weekly, while Gallup Reader-Inquiry Testimonials were going on. For every dollar invested in each, the Liberty ad (left) stopped 35 more persons than ad in Magazine X (right).

TEST NUMBER 2

These 3 identical Ingram's ads, part of the regular Ingram's campaign, happened to run during the same period in Liberty and two other weeklies. For every dollar invested in each, the Liberty ad (left) stopped 17% more persons than ad in Magazine Y (center) and 40% more persons than ad in Magazine Z (right).

TEST NUMBER 3

These 4 identical Ingram's ads also happened to run during the test period, in Liberty and three other weeklies. For every dollar invested in each, the Liberty ad (left) stopped 102% more persons than ad in Magazine Y (left center) and 36% more persons than ad in Magazine Z (right).

TEST NUMBER 4

These 2 identical Sal Hepatica ads, a part of the regular Sal Hepatica campaign happened to run in Liberty and another weekly during the Gallup Test period. For every dollar invested in each, the Liberty ad (left) stopped 25% more persons than ad in Magazine X (right).

3. Desirability of this new publishing formula is proved by more men and women asking for "Liberty" every week than any other magazine in America. Liberty needs no expensive subscription activities to get circulation...99 per cent of its circulation is copy-by-copy purchase...When 99 per cent of your ads enter homes which bought that issue to read it right away...is it any wonder that you get greater value than when only 15%, perhaps, enter with the same welcome?

Write For The Gallup Report

Many of the country's leading business executives have already seen full details of the 6

Gallup tests. Entire merchandising and advertising departments have had group meetings to discuss them. Tradition-free Treasurers, Presidents and General Managers, primarily concerned with new routes to profits, have taken sudden interest in their advertising plans, acted with dollars-and-cents contracts on these *First Facts* in the sea of advertising sentimentalities and generalities.

You, too, are invited to write for your copy. It will be presented by a Liberty representative. Address Liberty, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

AMERICA'S Best Read Weekly



No guesswork
here!

Johnston offers

*..freshness
you can see*
AN CANDIES FOR HOME...FOR GIFTS...FOR ENTERTAINING

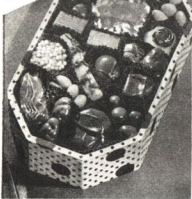


TABLEAU by Johnston is a totally new idea in candy packaging! Wherever you live, you now can buy candy from a famous maker—and be sure of perfect, glowing freshness every time!

The package is smart, sparkling, modern. A package you can give with pride... but amazingly uncostly. And there's an assortment for every taste and purpose!

For gifts, for personal enjoyment, why risk inferior candies ever? ... now that Johnston offers freshness you can see.

Johnston's

"My 3 Nicest Parties" is a fascinating booklet compiled by the Johnston Party Bureau, for women who like to entertain charmingly. The booklet is free—write for it.



ROBERT A. JOHNSTON CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

3-12-7

Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

On the March

Sirs: After I read your list of commendatory letters Nov. 2 on "the March of Time, I thought you might not mind hearing from me, who am one of your more regular letter-writers.

I have heard only four of your programs, and so you may say now that I am not a fair judge of their merit.

However, as a cover-to-cover reader of *TIME* for years and years and a violently enthusiastic adorer of *TIME*, I think I may say—fairly, at least—that the March of Time doesn't come up to the news-magazine.

Of course, the program is pretty good. Your copy is good: "It's brief... every word counts," "Discover *TIME*," and your musical interludes are splendid.

Of course, it may be that radio isn't a medium good enough for the superior article that *TIME* is. But the March of Time, unlike *TIME*, never contains phrases that make one roll on the floor with laughter at your smartness and delight in your boldness.

Of course, I know you will say the radio pro-

say, "I'm Pep," "I'm Vim," "I'm Vine." Your: "It's brief," etc., seems very reminiscent of that rather juvenile attempt to be "different." Please don't; it makes my backbone bristle.

MRS. WILLARD SPORLEDER
Calumet City, Ill.

Sirs:

We consider The March of Time the most interesting offering of the entire radio program. If you extend guest privileges for the broadcasting of same it would be a sincere pleasure to be present.

ISABEL L. WEBSTER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

TIME graciously obliged a fellow-employee-subscriber-Timethusiast with a pair of passes for *TIME*'s brilliant March of Time.

Can *TIME* repeat, re-oblige?

I. MAGED

New York City

TIME, on request, will gladly send studio



"THE MARCH OF TIME"

... passes issued on request.

gram is merely supplementary. I know that. But still, I insist, it is not the unique thing; *TIME* is.

Perhaps you think I should have sent this to your radio promotion department; but I prefer to consider it a commendation for *TIME*, rather than a condemnation of the March of Time.

M. ELIZABETH TOBIN

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

Your March of Time is so excellent that one must see a misanthrope to find fault, but there is one small part which in an intelligent organization of your high calibre seems to fall down. The Tasty Yeast Jesters, and Wheaties, etc.,

passes for March of Time broadcast.

Cut shows studio scene during recent broadcast.—Ed.

Junior League & Gladstone

Sirs:

... The Junior League Magazine poll [on Prohibition—*TIME*, Nov. 2] recalled to mind Gladstone's statement, that in the 50 years that he had been in public life, the leisured, cultivated and academic classes had been on the wrong side of the great movements. It is true, the few rich fought democracy, anti-slavery, abolition of chimney-sweeps and now Prohibition. 'Twas ever thus, but progress marches on, despite the favored classes, who are not usually

There is
only one
Newsmagazine
and the yearly
subscription
price is
\$5

ROY E. LARSEN

CIRCULATION MANAGER, *TIME*, INC.

350 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



THE UPWARD DRIVE

One outstanding indication that America is buckling down to real business is the fact that the Mimeograph is now being used as never before. Here is one tool that is working overtime. In record volume the Mimeograph is turning out its grist of letters, forms, bulletins, reports, charts, solicitations, market reports, etc., by the hourly thousands, privately, and at low cost. It is an important force in the upward drive. Let us demonstrate how it can save time and money for you. » » Address A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or consult classified 'phone directory.

MIMEOGRAPH



DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

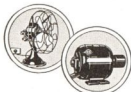
THE CONTRACTOR calls it "tuck-pointing," but to us it seems more like drilling out a cavity 521 miles long and filling it with nice new cement. . . . Dampness was creeping through the mortar in the brick walls of one of the world's biggest buildings (somewhere in the Middle West)—marrying the fine interior so fast that the owners feared the worst unless they could get speed and more speed in sealing the crevices. But cleaning the grooves between the bricks came first. Hand labor was tried. Hopeless! Then the canny contractor rallied a battery of sixty rotary grooving saws powered by R&M Motors . . . and now the drilling and filling of the 521-mile cavity is speeding to a happy ending—at a saving expected to reach a useful \$74,000.

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

Robbins & Myers, Inc.

Springfield, Ohio

Brantford, Ontario



1878

1931

FANS, MOTORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

suffering particularly from any great social wrong. . . .

E. TILTON
Chairman

Woman's National Committee for
Education against Alcohol
Washington, D. C.

Knew de Bosio

Sirs:

I am moved by your story of de Bosio (*TIME*, Oct. 26).

I knew de Bosio and I can well envisage him flying to his death for a cause he espoused. He was of the quiet type that does things like that.

Italy's problems are matters for her own Nationals to solve. Of more importance to humanity at large is that youth continues willing to die gloriously, joyously, for its convictions. German aviators buried with honors a gallant young enemy, Quentin Roosevelt, who crashed over their lines.

Italy honors the fearless spirit of youth by naming her National organization of boys after the youth Bailla, who is reputed to have opened fire on the enemy invading his native village with the only weapon at his command, a rock, while all about him stood helpless in the paralysis of fear. He gave his life to kindle the fighting spirit in his fellow townsmen and lives forever in the lives and activities of the boys of Italy. It is not likely that the established order in Italy will do honor even in death (if indeed he is lost) to one who gave his life in an effort to destroy that order—yet the spirit of de Bosio will continue to soar even if his body has crashed to earth in the wreckage of *Pegasus*.

I last saw de Bosio some five years ago in his studio in the old wall of Rome. He had inherited the studio from Sir Moses Ezekiel, an American sculptor. Sir Moses, he told me, had been a second father to him after the death of his own sire, who was a well-known Italian poet.

Sir Moses, as a very young cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, had fought against the established order. In the Battle of New Market he had borne arms, a rifle rather taller than himself, against the flag that both North and South revere today. He had seen his young comrades die around him with the fine fearlessness of youth and with equal gallantry he would have died himself for the cause in which he believed. Today his masterpiece "Virginia Mourning Her Dead" broods over the "Hill" at V. M. I. . . .

L. R. GIGNILLIAT

Culver Military Academy
Culver, Ind.

Last fortnight, aged 94, died Mrs. Eliza Clinedinst Crim, "Mother of the V. M. I. Cadets," friend of Sculptor Ezekiel who, during the Battle of New Market, carried a dying comrade into her house to be nursed. Her description of the battle:

"I saw the terrible shells explode, right in front of the line of cadets, as they charged down Shirley's Hill. The deadly fire cut gaps in their line, but they closed up and without faltering they moved to victory and to death."—Ed.

Why O'Neill Was Fired

Sirs:

In the third column, p. 36, of your issue of Nov. 2, you repeat the old but inaccurate story of Eugene O'Neill's "dismissal from Princeton in 1907 for hi-jinks."

Dismissal at Princeton is action taken by the Committee on Discipline. Mr. O'Neill was not dismissed. He was dropped from his class by action of the Committee on Examinations and Standing, for failure in the final examination of his freshman year.

V. LANSING COLLINS
Secretary

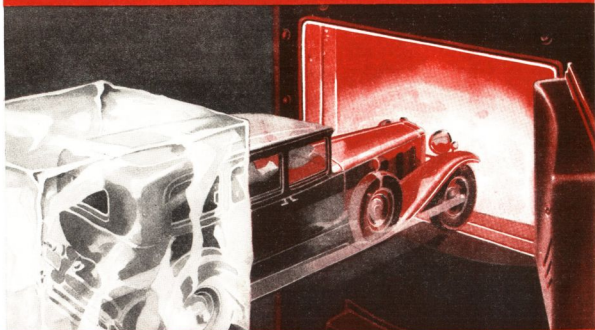
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.

Wrong Maytag

Sirs:

Knowing your yearning for absolute accuracy, beg your permission to advise that you announced the death of the wrong Maytag in your Milestones department in your issue of Oct. 19. The item should have stated that Theodore Henry Maytag, age 67, had died and not Elmer Henry Maytag. Elmer Henry Maytag is a son of Frederick Louis Maytag, is

QUICK START below zero -



FULL PROTECTION at 400°F !

That's why it's the Biggest-selling Winter Oil



2 A. M. Dance over. Left car parked in freezing cold. Oil in crankcase stiff. Starter dies trying to spin engine. "No more of this!" they decide. "We'll change to Mobiloil Arctic!"

Let temperatures go down to freezing! To zero! Below zero!

With "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic in your crankcase you'll get quick starting. Your starter won't have to grind and groan, draining your battery as it tries to turn over your engine.

On cold days Mobiloil Arctic does not lag behind, cold-stiffened in your crankcase. It circulates immediately. Result, even below zero—Mobiloil Arctic gives you instant oil circulation and a quick start.

Yet just a few minutes after you start, your oil must face

another test. It must stand up under severe heat! Engine temperatures may soar to 400° F.! That's when many so-called "winter oils" thin out. They don't stand up under heat.

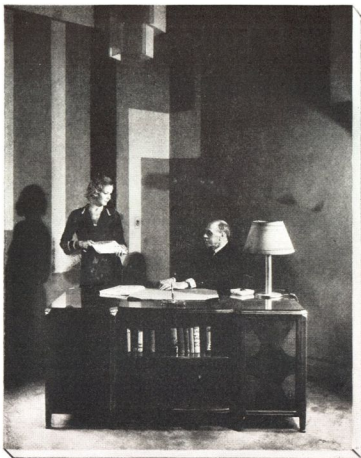
But Mobiloil Arctic does stand up! It stands up because it is a "double-range" winter oil. You get easy starting for your cold engine — and — full protection when your engine gets hot.

Ask your Mobiloil dealer to prepare your car for winter—change your oil to Mobiloil Arctic. For easy shifting, ask for Mobiloil "CW" in your gears.

Mobiloil Arctic



VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.



CRANE'S BOND

TRADING UP • Opportunism in Business produced quantities of cheap merchandise to meet a situation of declining quality. Price cutting thrived. Values were slashed. Standards suffered.

Now the tide has turned and the depression has run its course. We are fed up on substandard goods. Quality is again in the ascendant. Standards are being re-established.

The quality of the stationery a business uses is an effective expression of its attitude. The distinction of your business letters written on Crane's Bond is a constant evidence of your confidence in the future . . . and an invitation to all your business contacts to rely upon your good taste, your discriminating judgment, and your financial stability.

CRANE & CO., INC. DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS

president of the Maytag Co. here and very much alive in his late 40's. He is also a member, by appointment of the President, of the Unemployment Committee which is chairmanned by Mr. Gilford.

JAMES R. RHODES
President & Publisher

News Printing Co.
Newton, Iowa

The Mr. Looney

Sirs:
In a recent article (TIME, Oct. 12) concerning the opening of the new Ringling Art School, you referred to me as "a Mr. Looney."

What a pity it was for your ordinarily exact (even if at times flippant) magazine, if you had to use an article, not to have printed "The Mr. Looney."

Or better still, why not get accustomed to printing it

BEN EARL LOONEY

Sarasota, Fla.

Beer Sign

Sirs:
Let Florida match Manhattan's wholesome disregard for the Prohibition Law.

Sign displayed in front of a filling station just outside of Pensacola:

NEAR BEER FOR SALE HERE. REAL BEER FOR SALE NEAR HERE.

PHILIP MACK

Jacksonville, Fla.

Flying Bull

Sirs:
Two years ago last April a tri-motored Ford made a smart three-point landing at the little town of Schulenburg, Texas. Down the gang plank wobbled a pint-size pedigreed Holstein bull calf. The calf snorted at six brass bands, one railroad president, two college heads, 14 mayors, and 22 Rotary and Kiwanis officials—and strolled over to nibble grass at the feet of Governor Dan Moody.

The youngster's name, officially registered in the herd book of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, was Carnation Badger Aero Lone Star. His pedigree was three yards long. Popularity shortened his name to the "Flying Bull." He was the gift of the Carnation Co., of "Contented Cows" fame, to Texas dairymen; and his arrival by chartered plane (cash fare, Oconomowoc, Wis., to Schulenburg, Texas, \$2,500) highspotted the opening of a new Carnation condenser at Schulenburg.

This leads up to a mild suggestion that Carnation was perhaps entitled to mention, as long as you were naming other evaporated-milk producers in your article on "Husbandry" (Oct. 26), as having aided the development of dairymen in the South. . . .

CHAS. S. LEWIS JR.

Erwin, Wasey & Co., Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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Correspondence pertaining to editorial content should be sent to 205 East 42nd Street, New York. (20 issues and index) are available to subscribers at \$3 each post-paid. The index is sent regularly as issued to all binder owners.

Bound Volumes: A limited number of copies of each volume with index are bound and are available to subscribers at \$3 each. A few bound copies of Volumes VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, XIV, XV, XVI and XVII are now available.

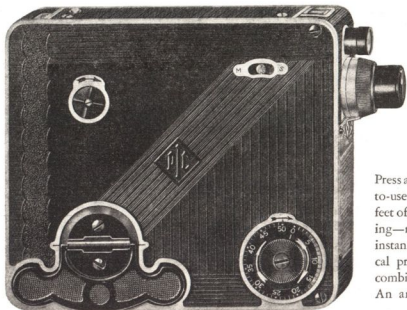
Subscription rates: One year in the U. S. and possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South America, \$5.00; Canada, \$5.00; elsewhere, \$6.00.

Change of address: Two weeks notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please give both the new address and the old address.

Address all correspondence regarding subscription, index, binders, bound volumes, to the Circulation Manager, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill.

Startlingly New! Supremely Simple!

A movie camera that loads like lightning!



Press a button...insert the ready-to-use magazine containing 50 feet of Eastman film. No threading—no fuss and bother—ready instantly! And with its mechanical precision and accuracy are combined smartness and beauty. An amazing achievement at

\$35

WITH the Simplex Pockette all problems of the home movie maker vanish. Its mechanical precision is guaranteed by the reputation of its sponsors...the largest manufacturers of motion picture projectors in the world.

Among its exclusive features is its remarkable loading and operating simplicity. The bothersome business of threading is abolished. Instead you simply insert the film magazine...just as it comes out of the package...and you are ready to shoot! No delay...no torn or wasted film! Even though your fingers are all thumbs, you can load it in a twinkling.

The smallest and lightest camera of its type available...yet its performance equals that of others far more costly.

As a practical side partner, we have perfected the Simplex Cassette projector...the only 16 millimeter projector built into a portable case...ready for use at a moment's notice.

This remarkable movie outfit is the product of years of research, specifically designed to enable you to compile, inexpensively, a permanent film diary of imperishable living portraits of family and friends. With it you can take pictures with the serene confidence of an expert.



Simplex Pockette Magazines containing 50 feet of Eastman film are available throughout the world. The cost of the magazine includes cost of developing—the first cost is the last cost!

Simplex Pockette
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Sponsored by

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Professional Motion Picture Projectors

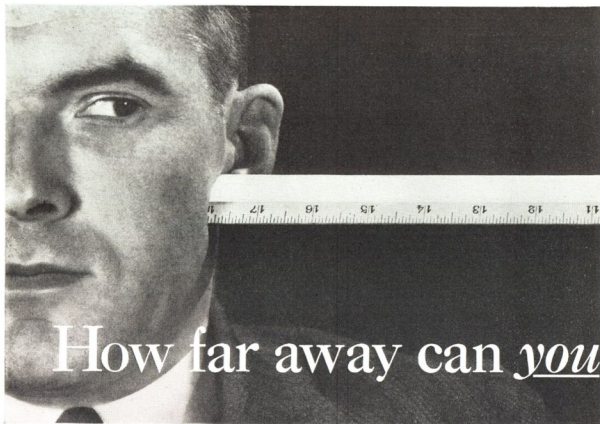
INTERNATIONAL PROJECTOR CORP'N [Division of Gen'l Theatres Equipment, Inc.]
96 Gold Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me Free Booklets on
Simplex Pockette and Simplex Cassette Projector.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



*If you can't hear it at least 18 inches
from your ear—you may be suffering from
"Office Acoustics" in an advanced stage*

Rat...tat...tat...ding-a-ling...
"Hello-Hello"...buzz...buzz...buzz.

"Just listen to that," glared Jones across the desk. "They call this a quiet office but I can't hear myself think. Why, actually I can't even hear this watch, a foot from my ear." He held up his watch.

"Forget it," laughed Moore, as he transferred an incorrect total to the statement of a fussy customer. "You've got a case of NERVES."

But it wasn't nerves. It was NOISE. Without exception, all over the office, noise was taking its toll in disturbance...incompetence...inaccuracy...in ERRORS. And the manager thought he had provided ideal working conditions.

Progressive business organizations today are not only recognizing the costly effects of noise, but are taking immediate steps to stamp it out. In Cleveland, the busy Western Union office resorted to Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment, reduced errors 42%, realized a saving of more than 3% in the handling of each message.

In Dayton, Ohio, the Rike-Kumler Co.—a prominent department store—decreased the noise of 72 labor-saving machines about 83%—cut errors 24.5%—after Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment was installed.

In New York...Chicago...San Francisco, all over the country, similar results are being found in offices where surveys are made.

Make a check of your own office. Just how noisy is it? To what extent are efficiency impaired, work hampered, inaccuracy bred by the constant humdrum of noise? Try the simple watch test. During the peak hours—with activity at its height

—how far away can you hear the crisp "tick, tick, tick" of any average watch?... If it can't be heard at least 18 INCHES from your ear, you can be sure that a noise condition is present that is dangerously affecting the standard of work and even the health of the workers.

Johns-Manville makes not one acoustical material for every use, but a group of materials varying in cost, appearance and efficiency to fit the case.

Ask to have a J-M Acoustical Engineer call. And write for the new 32-page booklet, "Solving the Growing Problem of NOISE." Address Johns-Manville, 292 Madison Ave., New York City.



Ushering in Low-Cost QUIET

In their modern research laboratories, Johns-Manville has not only worked to develop acoustical materials and efficiency, Johns-Manville has also reduced the cost of Acoustical Treatment.

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Try this simple hearing test

Take an ordinary watch. Station yourself any place in your office. Hold the watch about 18 inches from your ear. Can you hear that sure, regular "tick, tick, tick"? If not, your personnel is suffering from "Office Acoustics," perhaps in an acute stage. It is worth attention.

hear the **TICK
TICK
TICK** of a watch?



"Then all the bookkeepers got telephones..."

The Bookkeeping Dept. at the First Citizen's Trust Co., Columbus, O., needed telephones for constant communication with the tellers and other departments. But how to hear, with the competition of 14 bookkeeping machines, 6 adding machines and 23 employees was a problem. J-M Acoustical Materials were installed. Everyone is surprised to find that now the *use of telephones proved practical*. There are 17 in the room. Noise has been greatly reduced, the chances of errors decreased.

"More cylinders per day per phonographer..."

The Correspondence Dept. in the Newark, N. J., office of the Prudential Insurance Co. had "office acoustics." It contained 208 typewriters, 208 operators. Noise was showing its effect upon everybody, especially on the 148 phonographers who must work with headsets, and pay strict attention to the voice recorded on the cylinders.

Efficiency was reduced. Girls felt tired. Absentees due to illness, after necessary overtime work, were high.

Here again J-M Sound Control Treatment solved the problem. Today work is done more rapidly. Noise has been reduced to a minimum—nervous strain removed. With it, there are "more cylinders per day per phonographer."



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Cleveland

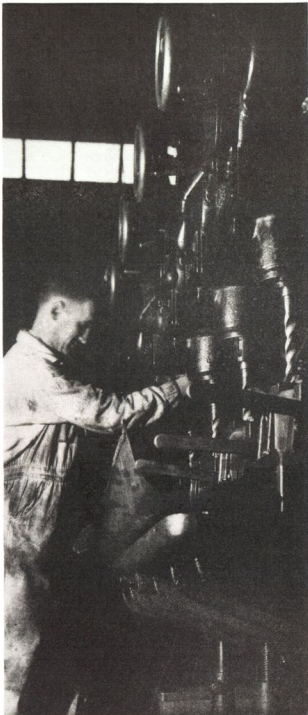
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Photo, Courtesy, Vichrek Tool Company



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

The Largest National Bank in Ohio

TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 21

The Weekly Newsmagazine

November 23, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Eye to Eye

"Excellency!"
"Excellency!"

The two men eyeing each other in the Blue Room of the White House really had little more than that to say to each other, little more to do than eye each other and feel that they knew each other better. For President Hoover it was a chance to see at close range and in virile, bristling reality the neat little black beard which is the international tag of Italy's young Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dino Grandi. The latter, in turn, could study at close range the greying hair, chubby cheeks and pleasant squint of the man to whom Europe's statesmen have been coming in procession with their plans and problems. Italy was joining that procession merely to create goodwill and keep her place in the international sun. She, more than any other European power, sees eye to eye with the U. S. on most current questions. Said her emissary:

"The scope of my visit here is to offer the Italian contribution to the common work for the common good." Washington officials expected practically no concrete results to spring from Minister Grandi's three-day visit at the Capital.

All day the State Department had been panicky lest anti-Fascist demonstrations mar Signor Grandi's reception. A plan to have him flown from New York harbor by Pilot Charles Augustus Lindbergh was canceled because of bad weather. In clothes grey as the encircling fog, Minister Grandi & party were taken off the *S. S. Conte Grande* at Quarantine in a tug, hustled over to a Pennsylvania R. R. pier in Jersey City to a special train. Everywhere were armed guards, special agents, railroad detectives to suppress any hostility. None occurred.

President Hoover retired to the Lincoln Study, spread a mass of notes on the desk, began to write his "State-of-the-Union" message to Congress. Cabinet officers who have contributed ideas declared it would be one of the most important economic documents ever to go from the White House to the Capitol. G. O. Politicians were inclined to view it as preliminary platform building for the 1932 campaign.

President Hoover inspected the *U. S. S. Constitution* when that famed old frigate tied up at Washington Navy Yard. He went poking down into her bilge where officers had to use flashlights, emerged with his grey felt hat battered out of shape by low beams. In the centre of the gun-deck President Hoover stopped to

gaze at a brass-bound barrel marked: GROG TUB. Commander Louis Gulliver explained that from it used to come the sailors' daily ration of a half-pint of strong drink. The President nodded, passed on silently.

The Stanford football team of 1894 of which Herbert Hoover was treasurer

'94. Then he went back to his office—"probably to count the gate receipts," jibed one old footballer. Because he was a good Hoover friend and biographer and onetime Stanford cheer leader, Will Irwin was invited to the reunion. He waved his arms excitedly while the teammates rah-rahed mildly for Stanford. Then on the



STANFORD TEAM OF 1894

Music: "A Bicycle Built for Two." Fun: lantern slides.

assembled at the White House last week for a reunion (TIME, Nov. 16). After greeting his old teammates the President led them out to the rear posing ground for pictures. In his soft hat he gingerly balanced a brand new football, marked

lawn the players crouched in their oldtime positions and, with "Bill" Harrelson calling the half-forgotten signals at quarter, went through several phantom formations. One drop-kick sailed over the hedge and Halfback Jackson Eli Reynolds, president of the First National Bank of the City of New York, went scrambling after it. That evening 14 Stanford men sat down to dinner with the President in the State dining room. Because Lawyer Charles Fickert, flying East, was delayed by a snow storm, Representative Arthur Monroe Free of California (Stanford 1901) was hurriedly summoned to fill in. Softly the Marine Band played "A Bicycle Built for Two." There was quiet, reminiscent talk but no songs, no cheers, no collegiate informality. Despite their friendship for the President, no member of the team could screw his courage up to calling him "Bert." Coffee and cigars were followed by a lantern slide show of undergraduate days. When the reunion broke up before midnight, President Hoover said to his guests: "Come back tomorrow morning for medicine ball." Some of them did, and the next night, without the President, they ate another reunion dinner. A tour of the Gettysburg battlefield completed Stanford '94's celebration.

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National Affairs—(Continued)

THE CONGRESS

Lady from Arkansas

Inheritance of office, common in the House, was unknown in the Senate until last week. To fill the vacancy left by the death of Senator Thaddeus Horatius Caraway of Arkansas, Governor Harvey Parnell announced simply: "I have appointed Mrs. Caraway . . . because I feel she is entitled to the office held by her distinguished husband, who was my friend. . . . Mrs. Caraway is a most estimable woman, thoroughly capable and her service in the Senate will be an honor to the State."

This might have been taken as pure chivalry, like the gesture that put 87-year-old Rebecca Latimer Felton, "Grand Old Lady of Georgia" into a Senate seat for 24 hours in November 1922. But Governor Parnell went further. Decreeing a special election Jan. 12 to fill Senator Caraway's place permanently, he recommended Widow Caraway for the Democratic nomination, promised to vote for her.

If Widow Caraway behaves as her husband did in the Senate, she will seldom sit down in her seat. Instead she will clasp her hands behind her back and pace, shoulders hunched, up & down the aisles, back & forth in front of the lounges along the Chamber's rear wall. She will purse her lips, frown as though deep in thought, halt now & then to fix some speaking Senator with a sharp, doubtful glance. From time to time she will address the Chair to interject some comment, acid-humorous in intent—for her husband was the Senate's conscientious sarsaparilla. Then she will resume her soft pacing through the aisles, around the back, shoulders hunched, pondering profoundly, a little bitterly. . . .

Being a sensible woman, however, estimable-capable Widow Caraway will doubtless sit quietly where she belongs and listen politely—when she enters the Chamber at all. For who better than she should know the alarm with which women are viewed by the members of the Greatest Club in the World? She better than most people could feel last week the polite frigidity which permeated the Senate's stag atmosphere at news of her appointment. Her presence will restrain the free-&-easy language of the Democratic cloak-room. It may necessitate the construction of a private lavatory. Some Senators may feel shy about spitting their tobacco juice in a lady's presence. The Greatest Club will be changed. . . .

Last week the new Lady from Arkansas sat quietly in her small Jonesboro home, surrounded by her three sons and flowers left over from the funeral. Short, maternal, with brown wavy hair and blue eyes, she has, after 29 years of married life, grown to resemble her husband, especially about the small tucked-in mouth, the narrow eyes. She and Thaddeus Caraway met at Dixon College, Tenn. They both taught school in rural Arkansas. For a honeymoon they went to New Orleans. While her Washington friends were last week proclaiming her witty and wise, she with

tears in her eyes was disclaiming all political pretensions. Said she:

"I'm 53. The Senator said a woman who will tell her age will tell anything. . . . I will try and follow the program of the



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SENATOR HATTIE CARAWAY

Spitting Senators may feel shy . . .

Senator. . . . Everyone has been so lovely. . . . This is only the second time I've ever been interviewed and I've never made a political speech in my life. When the Senator came home at night, we didn't talk politics. He came home to rest. He wasn't one of those husbands who called their wives when they made a speech and told them to get their friends to come and listen in the gallery. I had one warning that he was going to speak. That was when he made his Drought speech [Feb. 2, 1931] and then I didn't go and all my friends were angry with me. . . .

"Oh, yes—I made a hole in par once."

ARMY & NAVY

Ships & Savings

With the Navy League growling behind him and jingoes in Congress snarling ahead, President Hoover last week whipped his Navy budget into final shape. Its total: \$343,000,000. (This year's expenditure: \$360,000,000.) Secretary Adams had first carried to the White House naval estimates totaling \$401,000,000. Where and how the President proposed to effect \$17,000,000 economies remained a secret which, as a matter of governmental courtesy, he had to save for Congress next month.

President Hoover had been swamped with economy suggestions. The Navy's proposal to lay up the *U. S. S. Constitution* and do away with bands and music he suspected as being designed to start a "backfire" against the White House. The idea of closing the yards at Boston and Charleston, while favored by the Navy, brought angry politicians protesting to the President. Decommissioning a large slice

of the fleet to save fuel and maintenance costs was another suggestion. The Navy countered with a proposition to rotate vessels at their docks in what it called "reserve commission." Last week the President announced:

"This budget does not decrease the personnel of the Navy below its present status [79,700 men] by a single man. It does not decommission any fighting ships although the rotation plan will be continued. It does not propose to abandon any of the Navy Yards. . . . The budget provides for . . . the frigate *Constitution* and . . . the Navy bands."

Prime item of interest in the Hoover budget was new construction. This was fixed by the President at \$57,000,000, as compared with \$53,000,000 this year, \$38,000,000 the year before. Declared President Hoover: "The budget provides for the continued construction of every one of the treaty ships authorized by Congress, except six destroyers. . . . The tonnage of combatant ships actually in construction by the United States today is nearly double that of Great Britain."

INDUSTRY

Homebuilding Hooverized

Last summer Senator Simeon Davison Fess of Ohio, chairman of the Republican National Committee, decided that the time was ripe for him to build a new home at Yellow Springs. He had savings tucked away in three building & loan associations which would serve as a starter. He went to a banker friend and asked him for a \$6,000 mortgage loan. Throwing up his hands in horror the banker declared: "Oh, Senator, we can't make any more loans at present. While we're sound, we must remain in a liquid condition." Senator Fess, disappointed, went to the building & loan associations to draw his cash. At each he was told he could not have it because the institution was too overloaded on real estate to make the advance. Woefully declared the G. O. P. chairman: "That case is typical throughout the U. S. That spells Depression" (TIME, Sept. 14).

New Plan. Last week President Hoover, close to whose heart are the U. S. Home & Family, moved in a large way to supply the Yellow Springs banker with \$6,000 to lend Senator Fess, to ease the strain on the three building & loan associations sufficiently for the G. O. P. chairman to withdraw his savings, to put jobless men to work on a new Fess home, and on perhaps 100,000 other homes. The President's purpose was to thaw out the frozen mortgage market on small homes so that people could start new building and thereby contribute to an industrial revival. Three months of conference with bankers, large & small, with real estate men, with building & loan officials, with Government experts preceded the announcement of his newest economic plan.

H. L. D. B. The President proposed that Congress set up another Federal agency operating at first on Federal funds. In each of the twelve Federal Reserve Bank districts would be established a Home Loan Discount Bank, supervised by

National Affairs—(Continued)

a Federal Home Loan Board in Washington. Each Home Loan Discount Bank would have an initial capital of from \$5,000,000 to \$30,000,000, with the total capital of all twelve limited to \$150,000,000. Building & loan associations, savings and deposit banks, farm loan banks and the like would subscribe to H. L. D. B. capital stock. What they failed to contribute the U. S. Treasury would make up. Each H. L. D. B. would rediscount prime first mortgages of \$15,000 or less on urban or rural homes. The subscribing members of each H. L. D. B. would turn in real estate paper and get back from the H. L. D. B. 50% of each short-term mortgage, 60% of each long-term one. Such rediscount loans would be limited to 25% and 30% of the "sound appraisal" of each home property covered. The H. L. D. B. would make no original mortgage loans to individual home-seekers, nor would it touch commercial property or apartment houses. For additional working capital each H. L. D. B. would be authorized to issue bonds, secured by the rediscounted mortgages it held, at a 12-to-1 ratio on its capital stock, or \$1,800,000,000 for the whole H. L. D. B. system. Banks could use these bonds as surety for Federal deposits. The money they thus secured from the H. L. D. B. loan associations and private banks would be expected to distribute on mortgages to prospective home builders, thus pumping new life and credit into the real estate market and building industries.

Mr. Home's House. When perfected, the system would work thus: John Home has \$15,000 in cash and a desire to build a new \$30,000 house. He goes to his bank or loan company, borrows the other \$15,000 on a mortgage. John Home's mortgage the bank or loan company promptly takes to the H. L. D. B., where it gets \$7,500 on it for the next home-seeker in line. By advancing \$7,500 the H. L. D. B. has in effect released \$30,000 in new money fanwise to industry.

Purpose. Among the reasons the President gave for his plan, the all-compelling one seemed to be to relieve "the financial strains upon sound building & loan associations, savings banks, deposit banks and farm loan banks . . . [and] thereby to relieve pressures upon home and farm owners. . . ."

Huddling. Day after day for months the plight of small banks frozen up with real estate loans has been borne into the White House. Their business was at a standstill, they were all but broke. By National Credit Corp., with which the H. L. D. B. has nothing to do, the President sought to have the banks help themselves privately out of their frozen security loans. With his Home Loan Discount bank system he sought to do the same thing for the makers of non-commercial real estate loans. The prime difference: N. C. C. is a private organization; H. L. D. B. calls for Federal backing and control.

Between 20 and 30 billion dollars, the President estimated, is tied up in mortgages on defaulted U. S. real estate. New credit of \$1,800,000,000, he believed,

would loosen up this sluggish mass of assets, help industry. Where some 200,000 homes are built each year in normal times with an expenditure, including initial furnishings, of \$2,000,000,000, now hardly half that number are going up. Of the fanwise effects of his plan the President said:

"A considerable part of our unemployment is due to stagnation in residential construction. There has been some overbuilding in certain localities in the boom years. But even in these localities the inevitable need is obscured by the tendency of the population to huddle temporarily due to unemployment. . . . The revival of residential construction would provide for employment in the most vital way."

Inflation? "There is," continued President Hoover, "no element of inflation in the plan, but simply a better organization of credit." On this point few impartial economists were ready to agree with their President. They argued that, without any change in real estate values, the Hoover plan did create new credit where credit has ceased to exist. In the case of John Home: \$7,500 in bonds issued by the H. L. D. B. would pry loose the \$15,000 mortgage from John Home's bank. And the mortgage would pry loose John Home's \$15,000 cash which he had been saving to build with. Moreover, against tens of thousands of John Home mortgages which it had rediscounted, H. L. D. B. would put out hundreds of millions worth of bonds which did not exist before. By "no inflation," all that the President could have meant was that home real estate had been unduly deflated—a flat tire which he was trying to pump up to normal rather than a full tire pumped up to the popping point.

Treasury into Business? President Hoover did not anticipate that the loan associations and banks, already strapped, would be able to subscribe fully for H. L. D. B. stock. Therefore the U. S. would make up the difference from the Treasury. It was this fiscal fact that compelled President Hoover to take his plan to Congress for authority. Most G. O. P. Senators and Congressmen, conscious of many would-be home owners in their States who might be benefited, gave the Hoover plan their qualified endorsement. Even House Democrats admitted it had "possibilities of constructive service." From Virginia's Senator Carter Glass, who has combated every move to squeeze mortgages into his pet Federal Reserve System, came the only menacing growl: "I can't see that the Government should be particularly eager to take the money of American taxpayers with which to embark in the real estate business."

Happy Fess. Within 24 hours after his announcement the President received no less than 32 long and expensive telegrams, enthusiastically endorsing his scheme. Paul Shoup, Southern Pacific Co. president, sent: "Heartly congratulations. . . . Happiest of all, however, was sandy-haired little Senator Fess. Exclaimed this would-be home-builder: "I strongly approve. . . . I heartily favor . . . a most wholesome influence!"

HEROES

Almost Ahab

Peerless hero of U. S. mariners is Captain Ahab, the vindictive old salt who sailed the southern oceans screaming for more canvas, cursing tired crews, laughing wildly into the gale as he hunted the Great White Whale, Moby Dick, who had cost him a leg. Last week U. S. mariners heard a voice reminiscent of the great mad Ahab—almost.

Captain H. E. Raabe, 73, an oldtime slave-&-ebony trader in the Solomon Islands, who once skippered a ship with Author Jack London in the crew, had set out by himself in the 40-ft. powered yawl *Spindrift* from Port Washington, L. I., bound for the South Sea Islands. A friend received a letter from him, describing an adventure, as follows:

"It was half past four toward evening of Monday, Nov. 2. While I was sailing with all sails drawing under a half gale from the north in Chesapeake Bay, I was under a lee shore. The sun was sinking. To my surprise the glare on the water became unbearable to my sight. (I was steering a westerly course.) I looked up at the mainsail. What a shock! It had turned from white to black. An optical illusion, of course. The sky, too, had turned black. Another glance at the sinking sun, and while I was looking, the bright orange orb turned to green. Then no matter where or how long I looked in other directions, whether I shut my eyes or opened them, I saw nothing but a bright green disk. Of the sails, the boat, the compass or the water I saw nothing.

"I groped my way forward and, after several narrow escapes of going overboard, managed to take in the mainsail, then sailed on under reduced canvas, steering by the wind and a sense of direction, hoping that some vessel would come near enough to be hailed."

Unhappily, no boat drew near Captain Raabe that night. There was nothing but howling wind and rushing water. Blinded, he was unable to light his running lights. He ran afoul something in the dark. The *Spindrift* began to ship water . . . not until well on in the next day, after a night of horror, did the storm abate and his sight return sufficiently to see where he was—caught in a fish trap.

He got the crippled *Spindrift* into Annapolis to be refitted, and in the conclusion of his letter gave an inkling as to the difference between himself and heroic Ahab.

"What in the world could have been the cause of my eyesight failing at such a critical moment? Is it liable to happen again without the aid of the 18th Amendment? I saw the old *Constitution* outside of Annapolis the other day. She looked quite innocent of having had any part in diabolic Amendments. Well, thank the Lord, that part is over with. Now for the next. Let's hope it will happen in waters too deep for the 18th Amendment—fish traps. . . . Well, here's how to you and all. Hope this is safer stuff. The other bottle went overboard, so the fish won't see the fish trap."

National Affairs—(Continued)

PROHIBITION

In Dailey's Meat Store

After he had driven his wife to a Hollywood club meeting one day last week, Cornelius Van Ness Leavitt, 57-year-old retired plumber of Santa Monica, found



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BROTHER-IN-LAW LEAVITT

"I grabbed the bag and now I'm holding it."

time heavy on his hands. He would, he decided, go and see his old friend Cliff Dailey who ran a grocery and meat store. Cliff was out at lunch when big, jovial Mr. Leavitt marched in. Later Storekeeper Dailey returned and stopped to wait on a woman. Visitor Leavitt sauntered to the rear of the store. There at a sink behind a partition he found a man who looked like a truck driver swigging whiskey from a bottle.

"Have a drink?" suggested the stranger.

"No, thanks, not now," replied Mr. Leavitt as he mounted the store scales, juggled its arm to a balance. He weighed 175 lb. . . .

Suddenly from the front of the store came a hoarse, low cry: "Look out! Here comes Tommy Carr [Santa Monica's liquor raider]! Look out!"

Before he knew what had happened, Mr. Leavitt found himself holding a gunny sack and into his ear a voice—he thought it was Cliff Dailey—was urgently whispering: "Quick! Get rid of this! Out the back way!"

Mr. Leavitt popped out the rear door of the store to reach his car, parked in the alley. Up stepped two U. S. Prohibition agents. They opened his sack, found it contained 19 bottles of whiskey, arrested him.

"My God, boys!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Leavitt. "You don't know what you've done. This liquor don't belong to me."

Charged with violating the California law against liquor possession Mr. Leavitt was taken to Santa Monica police head-

quarters. So was Grocer Dailey. They were not booked until 3 a. m. "Name?" asked the desk sergeant. "Mr. Jones," mumbled Mr. Leavitt. Up spoke a detective to Policeman Carr and the U. S. Agents: "You guys certainly are crazy. You might just as well throw your badges



Acme P. & A.

FATHER-IN-LAW WEBB

"I don't believe Leavitt's a bootlegger."

away now. Don't you know you've arrested President Hoover's brother-in-law and his name's Leavitt?" Mr. Leavitt nodded confirmation of this fact, posted \$250 bail.

Soon in Washington newsboys were hawking their papers with the loud cry of: "President Hoover's brother-in-law arrested for bootlegging!"

From along the iron fence on Pennsylvania Avenue the shrill voices penetrated to the White House. At first President Hoover refused to believe that the husband of Mary, his only sister, was in such unseemly trouble. Confirmation reduced the President to embarrassed silence. He dreaded the jokes, the wisecracks, the Wet smirks that were sure to follow. Of course he was not the keeper of his plumber brother-in-law but he could not disavow him publicly. Now he could somewhat understand how Dry Senator Fess felt when his son Lowell was caught brawling in New York speakeasies (TIME, June 15), how Dry Senator Hellin suffered when his son Tom Tom Jr. misbehaved with liquor (TIME, July 1, Sept. 16, 1929, Oct. 27, 1930), how Vice President Curtis' son Harry had embarrassed his father by setting up as a go-between for public building contracts (TIME, June 2, 1930).

In Santa Monica, Brother-in-Law Leavitt began to explain: "I grabbed the bag and now I'm holding it. I didn't know what was in the sack but I tried to be a good fellow. . . . I guess anyone would try to help another out in a case like that. . . . One of the officers whispered that I should give the name of Jones. I

objected but he insisted. . . . I don't agree with Hoover on the Dry question—but I wasn't drinking." (A year ago Brother-in-Law Leavitt was arrested for intoxication, paid a \$25 fine.)

Grocer Dailey, though he angrily denied that it was he who had handed the gunny sack to his visitor, declared that Mr. Leavitt was "a victim of circumstances." The President's sister, back from her club meeting in Hollywood, said the same thing about her husband. Brother-in-Law Leavitt also won sympathetic support from a famed father-in-law. Santa Monica's Chief of Police Clarence Webb, whose daughter Fay is the wife of Crooner Rudy Vallée, declared: "I don't believe Leavitt's a bootlegger. I believe his story. But the arrest was legitimate and I'll stand squarely behind it."

RACES

Reason for Rape

Last year, 21 Negroes were lynched in the U. S., compared with ten the year before. Disturbed by this turn in the long ebbing tide of mob murder, a group of public-spirited whites joined with a group of public-spirited blacks in a Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching. Chairman of the commission which approached its problem dispassionately was George Fort Milton, publisher of the *Chattanooga News*, author of *The Age of Hate*. Other respect-commanding white members included Julian Harris, news director of the *Atlanta Constitution* and son of Uncle Remus' creator; President William Joseph McGlothlin of Furman University; Dr. Howard Washington Odum of the University of North Carolina. Noted Negroes on the Commission were President John Hope of Atlanta University, Principal Robert Russa Moton of Tuskegee Institute, President Benjamin F. Hubert of Georgia State Industrial College. Last week this commission made its report at Atlanta. Major findings:

1) Two of the 21 lynchings were "certainly innocent" of any crime. At Mount Vernon, Ga., black S. S. Mincey, local G. O. Politician, pressed his partisan agitation too far for the comfort of Democrats. A masked mob dragged him from his home, beat in his skull, left him to die from concussion of the brain. At Thomasville, Ga., black Lacy Mitchell dared to testify against two white men charged with raping a Negro woman. Four men, the defendants' friends, dragged Lacy Mitchell from his home, shot him dead.

2) "Real doubt of guilt" existed in at least half the other lynchings.

3) Of the 3,693 lynchings in the past 41 years, only 23% carried the charge of rape.

4) Eleven of the 1930 lynchings were illiterate while only one had reached the fifth grade in school. Many of them were "defective half-wits."

On the basis of its factual report, the Commission prepared to draft an effective anti-lynching statute for Southern States which would, somehow, substitute reason for rape-of-the-law.

National Affairs—(Continued)

CRIME

On the Main Line

Philadelphia is not a slow town. It is big, rich, social. It drinks hard, plays hard. Especially on its socialite Main Line northwest of the city—in Radnor, Haverford, Merion, Ardmore, Bryn Mawr—where live the people who appear in the Sunday society supplements, is life regarded as a cocktail free to all who would drink. Such gay communities as socialite Philadelphia are ripe for tragedy. Last week tragedy appeared there.

To Green Hills Farms, a big, fashionable apartment hotel near city limits, went Francis A. Donaldson III, a muscular youth of 25 with considerable social *éclat*. He went there to try to settle a long quarrel with Horace Allen, a retired and impoverished woolen goods manufacturer, and his son Edward, 23, one of the ablest gentlemen riders in the East. Both the Donaldsons and the Allens knew that young Donaldson and Rose Allen, 18, were lovers. Donaldson and her brother had been schoolmates at Haverford and bitterly disliked each other. As the altercation grew heated, Father Allen said afterwards, Francis knocked down Edward. Edward picked himself up, drove five miles to a friend's house for his shot-gun. When he came back he deliberately blew a large hole in young Donaldson's stomach.

Edward was arrested for murder. Rose left home vowing never again to see her father or her lover's murderer—her brother. Then she changed her mind, visited Edward in jail, said: "I am here because I love my brother." To the police the elder Allen told of Mrs. Allen's death-bed request to break up her daughter's alliance, declared that pugnacious Francis Donaldson had previously knocked out two of his younger son William's teeth, had even punched his (Father Allen's) face in similar quarrels. He also said that the Donaldson family had refused to let their son make an honest woman of Rose.

The Donaldsons buried their boy, denied outright that they had thwarted the marriage. Said they: "A brutal and premeditated murder cannot be exploited by the futile attempt of a badly advised and distracted father who is trying to save his son by hiding him behind the skirt of a daughter whose character the father himself destroyed."

Philadelphia, sobered by death, waited breathlessly for the trial to begin. Because Edward Allen taught his children to ride, high-priced Criminal Lawyer John R. K. Scott prepared to undertake the defense, presumably on "unwritten law" grounds.

CAMPAIGN

Roosevelt v. Ritchie

You can't beat somebody with nobody.
—Old Political Maxim.

Last week Albert Cabell ("Bert") Ritchie, the handsome, smiling, divorced Governor of Maryland, went to New York City. An elevator shot him up to the 32nd floor of the Empire State Building. There Alfred Emanuel Smith and John

Jacob Raskob wrung his hand in warm welcome. For more than an hour these three potent Democrats talked campaign politics. Later Governor Ritchie addressed the Academy of Political Science, said nothing important well. Cordial to all newshawks, he gave frequent interviews

ernor's strength until that gentleman was ready to send his managers into a midnight hotel room conference with full authority to deal & dicker for support. If Governor Roosevelt declined to bargain, his foes might bring forward Newton Diehl Baker, spared all the animosities of



ACME-P. & A.

"BERNEY" & "BERT"

Berney: "The finger of Fate seems to point. . ."

depicting the certainty of Democratic success in 1932. At a reunion dinner of the War Industries Board, which he had served as counsel, he was singled out for honorable presidential mention by the Board's onetime chairman and Democracy's silent partner, Bernard Mannes ("Bernie") Baruch. By the time Governor Ritchie left New York for Pittsburgh to address the Third International Bituminous Coal Conference, his White House candidacy had grown to visible proportions.

Although New York's lame Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt is today the leading Democratic candidate, he is far from being the unanimous choice of his party. A faction, supposedly led by Messrs. Smith, Raskob & Baruch, with support in Massachusetts, New Jersey and Illinois, objects to Mr. Roosevelt's nomination on three grounds: 1) he is too dry a Wet; 2) he is too radical on water power; 3) he is too unsteady economically. Long has the anti-Roosevelt group been casting around for a candidate of its own. Last week it looked as if Governor Ritchie, thoroughly Wet, thoroughly conservative, had been tentatively chosen as their man to "stop Roosevelt."

The strategy of a Ritchie v. Roosevelt contest might be this: The Maryland Governor would be built up until he controlled 150 or more convention votes. Added to favorite son factions in other States, this would be sufficient to block Governor Roosevelt's nomination on the first ballot. Then all possible anti-Roosevelt support would be concentrated behind Governor Ritchie who would advance as a pacemaker. Conceivably he might win the nomination. More likely, he would wear down the New York Gov-

a Ritchie v. Roosevelt tussle, as the dark horse on whose nomination all could compromise.

Last week at Albany, Governor Roosevelt continued blissfully deaf, dumb & blind about his candidacy. When his friends urged him to get openly into the fight and switch to national issues, he declared publicly: "I'm too busy right here as Governor to give any thought to anything else. This job is getting bigger all the time." However he did pause long enough to assure itinerant United Pressman Raymond Clapper that business would have nothing to fear from Democratic rule at the White House.

In a speech which most Democrats studied for platform pointers, Mr. Baruch gave Governor Ritchie his first important push toward the White House. Declared this wise old Democratic counselor: "We have in our midst the perpetual" Governor of Maryland to whom the finger of Fate seems to point as being perhaps destined to move to a neighboring District."

Young Truth. The name of Owen D. Young has lately faded almost completely out of the Democratic presidential picture, yet not far enough out to suit General Electric's board chairman. Last week Editor Hubert Lee of *Dixie Business* in Atlanta received a letter from Mr. Young: ". . . I have no desire or thought of entering politics under any circumstances and my disappointment is that people still persist in disbelieving my statements. I should think that one of the first qualifications for the Presidency would be not only to tell the truth but also to have people believe that you told the truth. . . ."

*Governor Ritchie is serving his fourth consecutive term at Annapolis.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Parliament's Week

The Lords:

☛ Were augmented by Philip Snowden, Lord Privy Seal in the National Government, whom His Majesty was graciously pleased to create last week a Viscount.

A Viscount is addressed by George V as "our right trusty and well beloved cousin." Cousin Snowden will choose what he wants to be Viscount of (perhaps his birthplace, Keighley; or his home, Tilford), will take his seat in the House of Lords later.

The Commons:

☛ Gapsed as decorous debate on George V's Speech from the Throne (TIME, Nov. 16) was interrupted with flagrant (but accurate) *lèse majesté* by "Old George" Lansbury, new floor leader of the beaten Labor Party.

"This innocuous document known as the King's Speech," cried Old George waving a copy, "is full of emptiness from beginning to end!"

Labor's formal but innocuous attack on the Speech (written of course not by King George but by Scot MacDonald) was launched by Labor M. P. Sir Stafford Cripps, an alert "comer" now forging to party leadership. Sir Stafford moved an amendment to the Throne Speech regretting that it had "omitted all items of socialistic legislation," saw his amendment killed by the crushing Government majority, largest in British history (TIME, Nov. 9).

☛ Suspected Lady Astor (who had hoped for a Cabinet post) of pique when she asked the Prime Minister: "Is no woman to be included in the National Government?"

Mr. MacDonald: I should like to have not one but half a dozen. (smirks)

Lady A.: I do not understand that reply.

Mr. M.: I plead guilty! I did not mean the noble lady should understand it. (laughter)

☛ Puzzled over the Prime Minister's opening Parliamentary speech, which Scot MacDonald made as innocuous as the words he had put into George V's mouth, but more exciting.

M. P.s sat up alert when the Prime Minister denounced "Crazy World Economy" and called War Debts and Reparations "this absurd entanglement of the impossible." They relaxed, yawned when he proposed nothing more than to follow the line of re-examining German capacity-to-pay, the line already taken by Mr. Hoover and M. Laval. When Orator MacDonald turned to gold, harping on Philip Snowden's old project for a world monetary conference to "wisely redistribute" the precious metal, M. P.s noticed again that in fiscal matters the Prime Minister is a romantic. Realistically the U. S. and France oppose all schemes for "distributing" their gold except the mechanism of international exchange, which Ramsay MacDonald disparaged thus:

"It is impossible to decree that, without regard to circumstances, certain blocks

of gold shall be transferred from one nation to another, without resulting in impoverishment of the nation which hands out the gold and ultimately of that which receives it."

In what "circumstances" blocks of gold should be transferred the Prime Minister did not say.

☛ Cheered a surprising blast from frosty, be-monocled Sir Austen Chamberlain who bade the National Government (in which his younger brother Neville is Chancellor of the Exchequer) "take steps to see that no excessive time is lost in formulating their policy!" (Cries of "Hear! Hear!")

Playing Scot MacDonald's endlessly reiterated plea for a "free hand," which the Prime Minister made again in speeches last week, Sir Austen acidly remarked: "When one asks for a free hand it should not be to let that hand lie limply."

☛ Cheered Conservative Leader Stanley Baldwin's opening speech in which he bluntly warned France that in the coming re-examination of German capacity-to-pay (see p. 19), Britain will demand protection for the short-term credits she has extended Germany. France, having extended few such credits, would not mind scrapping them, if that were the only way to keep Reparations payments going.

"London," boomed Honest Stanley, "has been largely instrumental in financing Germany during the last ten years. Those advances were not speculative. They represented the best type of security known to the market and it is clear that their security must not be endangered by political debts. If that were to take place, it would destroy Germany's commercial credit, and, once that occurred, there would be no future prospect at all for Reparations."

☛ Watched pro-tariff M. P.s (a huge majority bloc in the National Government) grow more & more restive until appeared last week by President of the Board of Trade Walter Runciman, a free-trader at heart, whom they had feared would try to block tariff progress by the National Government.

Abjectly hauling down his flag, Mr. Runciman announced that the National Government will rush into law this week a bill empowering the Board of Trade to decree an import duty "not exceeding 100%" on numerous manufactured articles. He pledged his Board to use these powers immediately ("Hear! Hear!") to prevent "dumping in British markets" (cheers) while the National Government elaborates a more carefully worked out tariff policy.

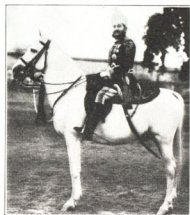
"We should be foolish," ended rueful ex-Free Trader Runciman, "to copy exactly the fiscal [i. e. tariff] policy of the United States."

☛ Put out of mind for several weeks the pitiful Lloyd George "splinter party" of four M. P.s when half the party sailed for Colombo, Ceylon. With convalescent Father David, M. P., sailed Daughter Megan, M. P., Dame Margaret (wife), a physician and a nurse.

INDIA

Nizam's Azam and Moazzam

Perpetually pinched for money, kept close under their father's thumb are the two oldest sons of the "Richest Man in the World." His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. To a sporting acquaintance at Gleneagles, Scotland, last summer the Crown Prince of Hyderabad stated his views on marriage thus: "I like



Keystone

THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD

His friends call in their Fords.

horses. They are more dependable than women. If a horse throws you it will stand by until you get on your feet."

Nevertheless Crown Prince Azam Jah obeyed his father's orders to marry last week, and so did Prince Moazzam Jah. Proceeding to Nice, France, these drab brothers (see cut, p. 19) were caparisoned with Oriental pomp, garlanded with flowers, buckled with jeweled swords and conducted by a suitably gorgeous retinue to the villa of His Holiness the politically deposed Caliph of Islam, goat-bearded Abdul Medjid Effendi, 63, still spiritually potent.

His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad had not present, it being an old Hyderabad tradition that "the Sovereign is too precious to his people ever to leave India." Actually the stingy Nizam, said to possess a miser's hoard of \$500,000,000 in gold apart from other wealth totaling \$2,000,000,000, is not exactly his people's joy, much less that of his ministers. One of these harassed statesmen, when asked, "Why do you always arrive at the Palace in a Ford?" replied, "I am afraid that His Exalted Highness might consider my Rolls Royce a present to himself." By this and other means the Nizam has acquired 420 motor cars. His favorite Rolls Royce and his private railway car are both covered with thin strips of ivory, not paint. Both have solid gold hardware. Last week the earthy Nizam bought spiritual *kudos* for a thumping big price which he paid for the marriage of his sons at Nice.

How much is the beauteous daughter of a deposed Caliph worth? How much for his cousin who is also the great grand-

Foreign News—(Continued)

daughter of the late Turkish ex-Sultan Murad V? Right up to the moment when the double marriage contract was signed in Caliph Abdul Medjid's villa last week, furiously polite Oriental haggling continued over the terms:

1) His Exalted Highness, who has paid His Holiness a subsidy of \$1,500 per month for years, will henceforth pay the old man \$2,000 a month until his death.

2) The Caliph's daughter receives \$200,000 and his cousin \$75,000, both brides

Canadian editors hailed the Government's successful prosecution of this case as "the first definite action launched against the Communist Party as an organization on the American continent." They declared: "The only comparable action is that of the Japanese Government against the Communist Party there."

In imposing sentence on the convicted Communists ("all common working men"), Mr. Justice Wright declared: "The Communist Party itself has been on trial as much as these eight men." All except Thomas Cacic, who got off with two years in jail, will serve five years, will then face deportation. All property of the Communist Party in Ontario, the Court decreed, shall be confiscated. Said Tim Buck, leader of the eight: "What I did I did for the working class. I worked hard for the Party, believing I was right."

Prosecutor Norman Sommerville said that between 4,000 and 5,000 Canadians can now be arrested as Communists. Juries in all provinces of the Dominion can be asked to follow Ontario in deciding that membership in the Communist Party is *per se* a crime in Canada—which it is not in the U. S., Great Britain, France, Germany, *et al.* Facing the legal prospect of filling Ontario's jails with Reds, Prosecutor Sommerville planned to do still more.

"It is not a question of whether a man is a member of the party right now," he said. "If he has been a member between 1921 and 1931 he is still liable to conviction."

For Hearstpapers, the hero of the trial, Sergeant John Leopold* of the Canadian Mounted Police (TIME, Nov. 16), signed a piece beginning: "This is the story of my betrayal to the Communist organization, and my exile to the Yukon, the Canadian Siberia. . . . Life there is one of continual hardship, fighting against blizzards and ice on unmarked trails, with nothing but the urge of duty, the code of the Mounted to carry a man through."

All Canada now knows how Sergeant Leopold took the alias "E. W. Esselwein" in line of duty, was an active member of the Communist Party for seven years, finally exposed its leaders to the State. But something new was Sergeant Leopold's revelation of how he was exposed to the Communists before making his own great exposure.

His dramatic appearance, when he was finally recalled to Toronto to give the evidence that convicted eight men last week, Sergeant Leopold described thus:

"In front of me were my old comrades—Tim Buck, chief Communist organizer of Canada; Malcolm Bruce, whose house I had painted in those far-off days; Tom Ewen, special organizer in industrial disputes; Amos Hill; John Boychuck—all facing a possible sentence . . . for unlawful conspiracy and sedition.

"I stood there in the box dressed in the scarlet and gold dress uniform of my service, my true colors as Sergeant Leopold, R.C.M.P.

"The End"

*Widely misreported last fortnight as Sergeant "Leenard."

FRANCE

Greetings

Mario Roustan, Minister of Public Instruction and Art in the Laval Cabinet, rose early in Paris last week and walked to work. On the way he passed the open gate of the Carnavalet Museum, once the home of letter-writing Mme de Sévigné, now the Historical Museum of the City. There was no one in sight. He walked in. He walked through the court and up the stairs, sauntered through the deserted galleries.

Half an hour later the curator passed him on his way to his office and rushed forward in greeting.

"Ah, good morning, *M. le Ministre!*" he cried. "This is an honor, a rare pleasure!"

"And good morning to you!" said the Minister of Public Instruction and Art. With his finger and thumb he plucked an immensely valuable statuette from his pocket and wagged it under the curator's nose. "To teach you a lesson I run the risk of arrest as a thief. It is possible to walk into this museum as easily as into a mill. I was stopped by no one. I paid no admission. I could have filled my pockets with loot."

"I am astounded!" said the curator.

"I too!" said M. Roustan.

Chamber Meets

Meeting in the Palais-Bourbon last week after four months' recess, the French Chamber of Deputies:

❶ Mourned the death last week of the Borah of France, Senator Victor Bérard, 67, Chairman of the French Senate's Foreign Affairs Committee. He, the scholarly assistant director of the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes*, resembled Senator Borah in exceedingly few respects. After 44 years of preparation, Senator Bérard published recently his great tome *Did Homer Live?* Weighing the evidence pro and con with vast erudition, he cautiously concluded that Homer in all probability did live.

"The Odyssey poem," he ventured, "seems to be the work of one man, highly literate and a great poet." Contrary-minded professors fear that the works of "Homer" are an ancient hash, comprising the efforts of several great poets and ballad singers, not all of them literate.

❷ Cheered a pledge by Premier Pierre Laval to stave off unemployment, which has come late to prosperous France, by spending four billion francs (\$156,000,000) extra on public works.

Officially the Ministry of Labor admitted only 61,000 French unemployed last week, but *La Liberté* guessed "more than 1,000,000."

❸ *L'Intransigeant*, while conservatively guessing "between 250,000 and 300,000 unemployed," ominously remarked: "There are 1,500,000 foreigners employed in France of whom at least 500,000 could be deported immediately."

❹ Studied preliminary budget plans laid before the Chamber by peppy Budget Minister Francois Pietri who thinks he



International

PRINCES AZAM & MOAZZAM

Their knees ached.

securing the concession that in case of termination of the marriage by death of the husband or divorce, the widow or divorcee will receive absolute possession of the full dowry sum.

While the last of these details was being haggled out, Hyderabad's two princes knelt for more than 30 minutes before propped up pictures of their brides. With aching knees they rose at last. Crown Prince Azam Jah was married to Caliph's Daughter Princess Durri Chehvar, 18. Prince Moazzam Jah espoused Caliph's Cousin Princess Hadice Nilufer, 16. Both weddings were double, a civil marriage by the local British consul and a religious service by His Holiness who was said to have remarked, "Do you know I have never performed a marriage before?"

Husbands in name, Hyderabad's two princes were hustled back to their hotel after the ceremony. They will not see their wives again until a nuptial reunion and Grand Durbar is staged in Hyderabad by their potent Papa.

CANADA

Thousands to Jail?

Tim Buck, Tom Ewen, John Boychuck, Amos Hill, Malcolm Bruce, Sam Cohen, Matthew Popovitch and Thomas Cacic were convicted by a Toronto jury last week of "being members of an unlawful association, and being partners in a seditious conspiracy."

Foreign News—(Continued)

can balance expenditures and receipts from April 1 until Dec. 31, 1932 at 41 billion francs (\$1,599,000,000).

In thus closing his budget year at the end of the calendar year, M. Pietri would scrap the present French fiscal year closing April 1.

"Throughout France all local budgets close at the end of the calendar year *n'est pas, Messieurs!*" persuasively inquired M. Pietri last week. "I propose to put the national budget on the same logical footing!" Last year's French budget closed last April 1 with a deficit of \$100,000,000.

¶ Gave Premier Laval a small working vote-of-confidence, 311 to 272, on the issue of French State Railway passenger fares which the Government was authorized to up. Deliberately the Premier postponed debate on his visit to President Hoover, hoping to have something to show for it before the Chamber began to criticize. This "something" would, of course, be a move by Germany to take the "initiative" (desired by Mr. Hoover and M. Laval) in proposing a re-examination of Reparations and War Debts.

Ever since his return to Paris, M. Laval has been hard at it with German Ambassador Leopold von Hoesch (TIME, Nov. 9), but Deutschland has proved coy. If she is to take the initiative, Germany wants to propose a joint reconsideration of her business obligations (private short-term credits) along with her political Reparations debt.

Since French bankers have supplied few German short-term credits, M. Laval has been telling Herr von Hoesch every day for a fortnight that Reparations cannot and must not be jumbled with short-term credits. But British pressure (see p. 18) made it seem that Germany might refuse to take the initiative unless some scheme of reconsidering and scaling down *all* the Fatherland's obligations at once is agreed to by France (see p. 21).

—8—

Generals, Bandits, Nuts

Two months ago the French Government suddenly was made to realize that the old French operettas were right: Corsica is full of bandits. The immediate occasion was when a grizzled bandit chief named Caviglioli raided the new hotels at Guagno les Bains, Corsica's latest resort, and shot dead a garage keeper from Ajaccio who had popped his head, cuckoo-clock wise, out of his window and shrilled for help (TIME, Sept. 7).

Moving ponderously to avenge the cuckoo of Ajaccio, a force of 800 blue-clad, blue-capped gendarmes landed from the mainland under command of General Fournier. The General's first move was to commandeer the largest table in the Café Napoleon, swankiest café in Ajaccio, only one with a plate-glass screen to protect the customers on the terrace from the mistral. He ordered two bottles of Byrrh for the use of the staff, and spread out his maps. His troops were divided into three columns and sent to scour the island.

Early results were good. Caviglioli was shot. Hundreds of bandit suspects or their relatives were arrested. Up in the moun-

tains armed patrols raided three heavily armed bandit lairs—but found no bandits in them. Troop movements were hindered a good deal by the fact that the expeditionary force of 800 gendarmes was accompanied by an additional force of about 200 French, British, U. S., Italian and



International

JANA & NICHOLAS

Carol: "It's an outrage . . . !"

(See col. 3)

Spanish reporters who tipped off the natives unwittingly, drank up all the beer and asked so many questions that General Fournier found it impossible to concentrate. The air of Ajaccio, the air that fed the genius of the young Napoleon, gave General Fournier an idea or two. He ordered two gross of tricolored arm bands, drew up the 200 reporters in the public square last week, gave each one a rifle and sent them, happy as schoolboys, to hunt bandits in the woods by themselves and not bother him any more.

Even so, as the week progressed sensitive General Fournier felt that the populace was not in favor of his expedition. Instantly dismissing the suggestion that feeling would improve if he would move out of the Café Napoleon and allow the natives to resume their accustomed seats, he wrote long appeals to the people of Corsica for support, inserted them in all Corsican newspapers. In particular he wanted to know the whereabouts of Corsica's "master mind," André Spada, the bandit chief. His home had been raided; he had fled farther into the mountains.

Also hunting for Spada were the proud reporters with their arm bands and their rifles. One found the oldest inhabitant of a mountain village in a more talkative mood:

"If they think they are going to outwait Spada they will need plenty of patience. This is the chestnut season, and Spada and his men can live on chestnuts for months on end!"

Gendarmes tried to hasten matters by arresting nut-munching Spada's sweetheart, swart Antoinette Leca.

In Ajaccio General Fournier handed a reward of \$4,000 to one Jean Simonetti, lumber contractor, for killing a bandit and blackmailer named Bartoli. Puffed with Corsican pride, Contractor Simonetti took the money and said to the General:

"You can send your 800 gendarmes back to France. I will go into the mountains and clean up the rest of the gangs. I can manage this job!"

General Fournier did not entirely accept the offer. But he gave Contractor Simonetti a rifle and an arm band too. Later, General Fournier issued a statement: "The bandits will eventually be brought within reach of our guns by their craving for good food, drink, and companionship."

RUMANIA

"He Made Me Do It"

Buck-toothed King Carol of Rumania lay on his bed last week and his tonsils swelled and swelled, his head throbbled. Obviously there was no gratitude in this world, no sense of loyalty. His own brother, slack-chinned Prince Nicholas (the one member of the royal family who stuck by Carol in all his marital difficulties, the one of whom he has frequently said "I owe the throne to him"), had so far forgotten himself to marry a commoner! In bed with tonsillitis & bronchitis King Carol hoarsely croaked: "It's an outrage to the Hohenzollern Dynasty."

Two years ago Prince Nicholas was roaring over a country road when he came upon a stalled car. A taxi driver once blocked Prince Nicholas' car in Bucharest and Prince Nicholas swiftly kicked him in the pit of the stomach (TIME, April 7, 1930), but this was different. Standing by the car (which had a punctured tire) was a plump, dark-eyed, deep-dimpled Rumanian beauty. Prince Nicholas stopped, descended, bowed and offered to drive the beauty back to Bucharest.

One thing led to another. Last week Prince Nicholas and his lady, whose name is Mme. Jana Lucia Deletz, climbed into the Prince's car again and eloped. Hours later a telephone call came through to a lady-in-waiting at the royal palace from the little village of Tohan near Bazeu, 125 mi. away.

"This is the Mayor of Tohan," said a voice. "I have just married Prince Nicholas! I didn't want to, but he made me do it! He made me do it!"

Prince Nicholas and his black-haired bride, who is also known as Mme. Savianu—her name before she divorced her first husband—stayed in a villa in the country, afraid to come back to Bucharest. King Carol took his tonsillitis & bronchitis off to bed. At intervals he sat up, ordered all records of the marriage destroyed, demanded that the Rumanian Parliament issue a denial that the marriage had ever taken place.

Meanwhile the Rumanian National Bank, quietly, with no headlines, signed an agreement with the Bank of France, Rumania's protector, to borrow \$11,700,000 to help strengthen Rumania's gold coverage.

Foreign News—(Continued)

ITALY

Chamber Meets

In Rome the Chamber of Deputies began its autumn session last week (see pp. 13 & 19). Since there is no Opposition to *Il Duce*, proceedings were perfunctory. The Chamber got under way with a series of orations by Orator Mussolini and others upon the topic afforded by His Royal Highness the Duke of Aosta (cousin of King Vittorio Emanuele) who died last Fourth of July.

As the late Duke, in glaring contrast to other members of the Royal Family, was an ardent Fascist, orations in his praise came easy. Next week the Chamber will debate, will later approve the Fascist Budget. Next month Italy's equally well-trained Senate will meet, obey.

RUSSIA

"Very Easily Led"

In Moscow the Soviet Government opened last week the first little Red schoolhouse for children of U. S. and British engineers and workmen now helping Russia with her Five-Year Plan. Fond parents faced painful alternatives. The school, as Soviet officials frankly admitted, will try to turn every pupil into a little Bolshevik. But the Government offered free tuition & textbooks, reduced street-car fares and for each hungry pupil a heaping hot lunch at 15¢—such a lunch as would otherwise cost in Moscow at least \$1.

Parents of 52 children sent them to the little Red school on opening day. Aged from six to 14, the children trooped merrily in, found that the Government had prepared attractive textbooks, strikingly illustrated, modeled on the famed Soviet children's *Primer* which has recently been a best seller among U. S. adults.*

Puzzling their little White brains over problems of arithmetic, the children were assisted by Arithmetic Teacher Lovett Whiteman, a Chicago Negro. Thus imperceptibly they began to learn a fundamental Communist lesson: Reds call no race "inferior," call the black and the yellow man "comrade."

Principal and Mistress of the little Red school are Comrade Mike Gruzenberg and his wife Comrade Fanny. Famed under

his alias "Borodin," Comrade Gruzenberg is considered throughout Russia the ablest Red instigator of foreign revolutions. In the East his silver tongue and Moscow's gold coin made possible the revolutionary conquest of all China by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, now President. Today the Chinese Government, which broke with Russia to establish friendly relations with other Great Powers (TIME, April 25, 1927), is again angling for Moscow's aid.

As Principal and Mistress, Comrades Mike & Fanny will teach U. S. tots that the U. S. and other "imperialist" powers are plotting and preparing war on Russia. Challenged recently by a visiting U. S. pastor who called Heaven to witness that the U. S. is profoundly peaceful, Borodin replied: "The people of America are very easily led. They had no notion of going into the World War, but imperceptibly their leaders carried them on until one morning they woke up at war."

LATVIA

Baltic Reno

Before the War, the city of Riga was the second most important port on the Baltic. With the re-establishment of Poland and the creation of Latvia, Riga shriveled. Poles built a port of their own at Gdynia. Foreign steamers that used to call at Riga passed it by. Latvian authorities made one attempt to resurrect their capital by advertising the city as a summer resort. Knowing people recognize the Gulf of Riga as an ideal spot for small boat racing in summer. Its waters are quite warm enough for comfortable swimming, but the average tourist, looking at Riga on their atlases, finding it north of Edinburgh's latitude, refused to believe it.

Next move was to make Riga a Baltic Reno. Gambling casinos opened. Latvian divorce laws are enticing: with residence established, divorce may be obtained upon proof of three years' separation. Last week the Baltic Reno appeared in U. S. headlines. In Riga, striving once more to divorce Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, was Publisher Edward Beale McLean of the Washington Post. Mrs. McLean, having stopped one Mexican divorce by a court order, was working desperately to halt this by another. She obtained a temporary injunction from Justice Wheat of the District of Columbia Supreme Court. With Publisher McLean was a Miss Rose Douras Van Cleve, widely identified by the U. S. Press as a sister of Marion Davies. Other Riga divorce-seekers, divorce-seekers: Impresario Max Reinhardt, German Novelist Jakob Wassermann, Composer Eugen d'Albert, Princess Alice Muriel (daughter of the late John Jacob Astor) Obolensky.

Announced Publisher McLean: "I will go any limit to get my freedom. I have married Miss Douras Van Cleve and will do anything to have that marriage legally recognized in the U. S. courts. . . . I swear I will go anywhere to get legal freedom."

CHINA-JAPAN

Hero Ma

China has lost every war she has tried to fight since the 18th Century. But Chinese General Ma Chan-shan, who personally declared war on Japan fortnight ago (TIME, Nov. 16), still stuck to his guns and his trenches last week, became a towering hero to the Chinese people. From Newark, N. J. for example the Chinese Merchants' Association cabled \$2,000 to Hero Ma. To report the heroic struggles of General Ma, star correspondents rushed by plane and train towards his remote war base, Tsitsihar (see p. 25).

Battles. Japanese last week dominated every capital of Manchurian provinces except Tsitsihar. Conflict raged in a series of short battles and hot skirmishes up & down the Nonni River and the roughly parallel Taonan-Anganki Railway. Facing Tsitsihar, the Japanese field commander, Major General Hasebe, had the sluggish river on his left, the railway on his right. Wide swamps made the Japanese left wing impregnable against Chinese attack. But against the exposed Japanese right wing General Ma flung his cavalry in charge after Chinese charge. On the centre of the battle front both armies were entrenched, fought each other with every modern weapon except poison gas.

General Ma, despite his frontal resistance and spirited efforts to turn the Japanese right flank, was forced slowly back upon Tsitsihar. Miles behind the Japanese lines during the week and safe from Chinese capture was the famed Nonni River Bridge, almost captured by General Ma in his first assaults. Under grim Japanese guard and directed by Japanese engineers, docile Chinese coolies completed repairs to the dynamited bridge, made possible the further advance of chuffing Japanese armored trains.

Red Aid? First white correspondent to reach General Ma was small, dark, alert Fred Kuh (pronounced "coo") who had dashed 6,000 mi. overland from Berlin where he is Bureau manager for United Press. In crossing the entire breadth of Russia, passing the Soviet frontier, coming on to Tsitsihar, experienced Correspondent Kuh saw no evidence of Red Army troop movements or war preparation of any kind by the Soviet Union.

While Japanese papers saw Red, while the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria "proved" to correspondents by showing them dead Russians in Chinese uniforms that Moscow was aiding Ma, Correspondent Kuh asked the Japanese Consul at Tsitsihar (who was just leaving for Harbin) his opinion. Flatly the Consul said that Moscow was not aiding Ma.

Kuh & Ma. Short, slender and serene is Hero Ma. He looks almost exactly like the late, great Manchurian War Lord Chang Tso-lin under whom he learned to fight. Like Marshal Chang's mustache, the mustache of General Ma is thin, black and drooping. Like Chang's head, Ma's head is closely shaven, glistens. As small Marshal Chang used to be, small General

*Houghton Mifflin (\$1.75). Excepts: "America . . . A Mad Country" . . . In a country boasting millions of machines, storehouses are bursting with goods; corn is burned in place of coal; milk is poured into the river. . . . What does this mean? Have people lost their senses, or what is the matter? . . . Why is this done? Who profits by it?

"It is profitable to the Foxes and the Boves, Mr. Fox burns a few train-loads of grain in order to raise the price of corn. Mr. Bove gives orders to spill tens of thousands of bottles of milk into the river in order that milk may not be sold too cheaply. . . .

"Among us the mechanical helpers belong not to Mr. Fox and to Mr. Bove, but to the workers. And this at once changes the whole situation. Workers do not wish to break up automobiles; they do not wish to pour milk into the river. . . .

"We have a plan. . . .
"In America they work without a plan."

Foreign News—(Continued)

Ma is the terror of a General Staff composed exclusively of tall, strapping, exceedingly respectful Chinese officers. They bent their large bodies over staff maps last week while General Ma in silken house slippers but wearing a fur-collared military great coat affably received Correspondent Kuh.

Seated beside the General on a sofa, Guest Kuh surveyed four rubber plants in pots, four cuspidors, a large German clock, sumptuous Persian rugs, rich curtains, and a table on which tea was sumptuously laid in a silver service, complete with biscuits, fruit, cakes and a bucket of cracked ice surrounding French champagne.

"I am convinced that we face a great offensive immediately," said General Ma, stirring his tea. "We have lost more than 400 killed and 300 wounded since Nov. 5 and now the Japanese have handed an ultimatum to me. I know we are not strong enough to fight. But we must hold our own," cried Hero Ma with a fine flourish, "until Death!"

Uncorking the champagne, Host Ma proposed and sipped "a toast to America!" and "a toast to China!"

"Rumors that Moscow is helping me," he continued, "must be due to the fact that while I was Chief of Police of the Town of Sakhalin-Ula I used to dine twice a year with the Soviet officials. I can swear that no foreigners have given or are giving me guns, munitions, supplies or money! I want the League of Nations to fulfill its duty. I want it to force the Japanese to withdraw from Northern Manchuria. If I am forced to abandon Tsitsihar I intend to retire into the back country."

THE LEAGUE

Little Slam

Since the only Chinese general who was seriously fighting Japan last week declared that he could only hold out if aided by the League of Nations (see above), world interest focused on the Clock Room of the Foreign Office at Paris.

In this ornate red & gold chamber, where the late Georges ("Tiger") Clemenceau promulgated the Covenant of the League of Nations in 1919, his ancient enemy Aristide Briand convened the League Council in extraordinary session last week. Twice before this autumn the Council had met at Geneva (TIME, Oct. 5; Oct. 26), had failed both times to pacify China and Japan.

A third failure, the assembled statesmen knew, would be catastrophic for League prestige. To prevent failure two Great Powers sent bigger men. Britain's new Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, replaced her former delegate, Viscount Cecil who last week took a back seat. For the U. S. famed Prentiss Gilbert, who sat with the Council in Geneva not daring to open his mouth, did not sit. Instead last week Ambassador Charles Gates Dawes opened and shut his resounding mouth in a nearby Paris hotel, represented the U. S. so potently that Council statesmen gathered in his suite for what almost became informal Council sessions

between the regular League acts.

Formally Acting President Aristide Briand opened the Clock Room Council with a pledge that the League "will continue to seek a solution which will be equitable without tendentious references"—upon uttering which words Old Brer Briand was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

No solution was officially proposed at the initial session (23 minutes) last week. But as Councilmen privately got to work the crisis which they must resolve contained these major elements:

1. Japan was in closest diplomatic touch with U. S. Secretary of State Henry Lewis Stimson, several times rumored last week to be on the point of negotiating a compromise with Ambassador Debuch in Washington, though this did not receive official confirmation. The compromise was



Keystone

PRESIDENT MONTERO

(Vaguely): "Courage is the greatest need."

(See col. 3)

understood to be on "realistic lines," taking into consideration that anarchy would follow abrupt withdrawal of Japanese troops from Manchuria, yet striving to uphold China's more flagrantly violated rights; the compromise to lead to direct negotiations between China and Japan.

2. In Mukden, capital of Manchuria, the Japanese tried to make their occupation even more of a *fait accompli* last week by staging a parade of 10,000 Japanese and Chinese. The marchers carried banners begging continued Japanese occupation: "We Want Order!"

3. Fears by the Great Powers of Soviet intervention in Manchuria were considerably calmed last week by eye witness reports (see p. 21) and official re-assurances issued at Moscow by Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs Maxim Maximovich Litvinov. Hotly he emphasized the pledge of Russia's neutral intentions given two weeks ago (TIME, Nov. 9).

4. In China the failure of the "Canton Government" (unrecognized) and the

Nanking Government (recognized by the Great Powers) to patch up their bitter quarrel, left the Chinese people last week still disunited and utterly without an army capable of defending Chinese rights and claims. In the game of Manchuria, Japan thus held so many trumps that the League Council, inclined at first to back China, was confronted last week by the problem of how to let Japan win by a little instead of a grand slam.

CHILE

"Greatest Crime"

Smiling new President Juan Esteban Montero, elected after his friends ousted the Ibanez Dictatorship (TIME, Oct. 12), faced an appalling crisis last week, cheerfully declared, "Courage is the greatest need!"

The crisis concerned nitrates, needful in peace as fertilizer, in war as the basis of explosives. Because Chile digs nitrates from her natural deposits, because German producers of synthetic nitrogen cut prices, threatened to ruin her, Chile's whole nitrate industry was rationalized, reorganized and speeded up last year by the creation of "Cosach," the \$375,000,000 nitrate trust, *Compania De Salitre De Chile* (TIME, July 28, 1930). Last week the most violent political and editorial attacks on Cosach were hurled up & down the length of slender Chile.

In the vortex of Revolution last July a commission was appointed to investigate the dictatorship of ousted President Ibanez on the general principle that everything created under it must be bad. Last week the commission reported that Cosach:

- 1) Was "the biggest crime of the Dictatorship."
- 2) Is "faulty in its legal construction."
- 3) Was constructed in a nefarious attempt to "wipe out the debts of the American-owned companies in the merger belonging to the Guggenheim interests."
- 4) Must be dissolved.

In Santiago the managing director of Cosach, cool-headed Alfred Houston, read from beginning to end the 16 sizzling newspaper columns occupied by the commission's report, then said:

"This is not entirely a surprise to us. In preparing their report the commission scarcely called upon the company at all for information regarding itself and called constantly upon sources antagonistic to Cosach."

In Manhattan the Brothers Guggenheim bided their time in silence, waited for Chile's seething Cosach pot to clarify. Who was honestly against Cosach, and who wanted money? Were agents of the German synthetic nitrogen trust perhaps at work in Santiago to ruin Cosach? Would smiling President Montero decide to come out for Cosach or against? When the President called courage the greatest need was he only weaseling and watching?

In Santiago last week Senator Montero studiously ignored the Cosach crisis, reorganized his Cabinet, talked of doing something to aid the 15% of Chilean workers who are now unemployed.

A R T

On 8th Street

Until last week there was no museum in the land devoted exclusively to U. S. Art. There were galleries, there were dealers, there were magazines increasingly eager to preach the American renaissance. But a Museum, a repository of the Museum, that was lacking. Last week about a thousand guests, carefully hand-picked, assembled in a handsomely remodeled building on 8th Street (Greenwich Village) to hear a curious assortment of New Yorkers—Alfred Emanuel Smith, Congressman Robert Low Bacon, Subsidizer Otto Hermann Kahn, Sentimentalist Christopher Morley, Donor Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney—speak over a nationwide radio hookup to dedicate the Whitney Museum of American Art. Herbert Clark Hoover did not come but even he sent a message.

Nearly 40 years ago Cornelius Vanderbilt Sr. and his sister-in-law Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt (later Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont) fought a battle for the leadership of the Vanderbilt Clan. Their respective daughters Gertrude and Consuelo were unwilling pawns. Cornelius moved first by building an enormous renaissance palazzo known as "The Breakers," giving his gawky, good-natured daughter Gertrude a magnificent Newport coming-out party. Mrs. Willie K. countered that by marrying her quiet, handsome daughter Consuelo to Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and giving New York the most widely discussed wedding it had ever known. The two cousins Gertrude and Consuelo have remained good friends, but their enthusiasm for Society fiestas was permanently dampened. Cousin Gertrude married her neighbor, handsome, polo-playing Harry Payne Whitney, inherited a great deal of money, bore him three children and became vitally interested in art.

She studied sculpture under James Fraser and took a course at Manhattan's Art Students' League. In 1907 she set up a studio at the end of MacDougal Alley next to that of Daniel Chester French. MacDougal Alley is a cement-paved cul-de-sac in Greenwich Village, lined with little brick houses that once were the stables for the great houses on Washington Square. Mrs. Whitney certainly did not invent Greenwich Village as the centre of New York's art life, but her enthusiasm there attracted public attention to it. From the first her studio was as full of painters and sculptors as sculpture. In the days when U. S. dealers would not touch the work of U. S. modernists with a forked stick, she turned two rooms of her studio into a temporary gallery and held exhibitions for her protégés. In 1914 the group that used to gather there formed the Whitney Studio Club: John Sloan, Robert Winthrop Chanler, Robert Henri, George Luks, Jo Davidson, Paul Manship and a dozen others since generally recognized as the pilgrim fathers of modern U. S. art.

In 1928 the Whitney Studio Club, which now had more than 400 members, felt that it had outlived its usefulness. The prin-

ciples it was striving for were generally accepted; most of the members had achieved recognition. Dealers were anxious to show their works. Greenwich Village was no longer an art centre but a sort of midway of speakeasies, tea and gift shoppes. Art dealers moved uptown and settled in a row on 57th Street. Serious artists who could afford it moved near them. The club disbanded. Mrs. Whitney bought the old Daniel Chester French studio on one side and the home of small chic, deep-voiced Mrs. Juliana Force (now the Museum's director) on the other, and ordered the three buildings remodeled to house the Whitney Museum of American Art, a shrine not only to U. S. painting and sculpture but to the Greenwich Village that was. Even so the Whitney Museum has turned its back on



International

PATRONESS WHITNEY

She housed some pilgrim fathers.

MacDougal Alley. The building's handsome new façade is on the other side, on 8th Street.

The contract was given to the little known architectural firm of Noel & Miller. They produced a yellowish pink building. The color, they gravely announced, was copied from that of the old houses in the Moroccan city of Marrakesh. The design is definitely modern, but leaning heavily on classical details. There are nine exhibition rooms, a sculpture room, print rooms, and an extensive library in the building. Nucleus of the Museum's collection were the 700 pictures and sculptures which Mrs. Whitney has been buying for herself during the past 20 years. At least 200 more objects have been bought and the collection is already far too large to be shown at one time. Mmes Whitney & Force plan to keep two galleries for temporary loan exhibitions in the manner of the old Studio Club, to change the sections of their permanent collection on view from month to month.

The Whitney Museum is by no means devoted solely to modern U. S. art. The chosen who crowded the building's open-

ing day last week saw works by Daniel Chester French and the 1890 impeccables as well as such modernists as Charles Burchfield, Thomas Berton and Peter Blume. Among important items are George Bellows' great canvas of the Dempsey-Firpo Fight; George Luks's portrait of Mrs. Gamley clutching a white rooster; Eugene Speicher's "Portrait of Fira Barchak," "Crescendo" by Arthur B. Davies (now valued at \$25,000; Mrs. Whitney was considered extravagant in spending \$1,000 for it); a Tahitian idyll by cadaverous John LaFarge.

Duck Man

Wild duck always return to the scene of their birth—so good Japanese believe. Last week the 8th Hiroaki Division was assembling under orders from the Emperor for duty in Manchuria (see p. 21). In hundreds of well-to-do Japanese homes parents hung long silken kakemono (scroll paintings) of wild ducks in the tokonoma* as tokens to bring their sons safely home again. Those who could afford it hung duck paintings by the man whom conservative Japanese regard as the greatest living wild fowl painter: Tetsuzan Hori, head of the Tokyo and Kyoto Fine Art Schools, one of the last exponents of the ancient Shijo school of naturalistic painters.

Duck Painter Hori was in New York last week opening an exhibition of duck paintings at the Maurel Gallery, paintings that had already received the acclaim of Paris, London, the Detroit Art Institute, the Denver Art Museum.

Long scrutiny of ducks has given lean, bristle-lipped Tetsuzan ("Iron Mountain") Hori one great round eye, another squinted to half the normal size. Born in Kyoto 46 years ago, he was dedicated by his parents as an artist almost as soon as he could walk. He was apprenticed to the late great Seiho Takeuchi who made him study the lives and habits of wild fowl for 16 years before he might set brush to silk panel. For several hours a day he was made to squat in the marshes, by the duck ponds, silently meditating (a practice he still pursues). When Seiho Takeuchi decided that Hori knew enough of the plumage, the habits, the anatomy, the temperament of ducks he was allowed to begin painting on silk panels with a camel's hair brush, not with oil paints, but with Chinese ink or Sumi.

Today Tetsuzan Hori is recognized by naturalists as a duck authority. He has lectured on ducks, published monographs on ducks. Main reason for his visit to the U. S. was not to exhibit his paintings but to sit by U. S. duck ponds, meditate on U. S. ducks. He announced last week that the two most interesting birds in the U. S. were the Canada goose and the American wood duck. U. S. critics were deeply impressed with his technical dexterity, his uncanny reproduction of the texture of feathers, but, accustomed to the ideals of modern European paintings, found the pictures themselves reminiscent of late-Victorian dining rooms.

*The tokonoma or Corner of Honor is a small niche in one corner of the traditional Japanese parlor. Always before the tokonoma is a vase of flowers: in it hangs a single picture, generally the only picture in the house. The picture in the tokonoma is changed weekly or monthly according to the extent of the owner's collection.

RELIGION

For 21

Not many Princeton men become preachers nowadays, and of the few who do, fewer still are regarded as "regular fellows" by their classmates. In Princeton's Class of 1920, however, was a Canadian preacher's son whose popularity was immense, yet who surprised few of his



Aldene

ERDMAN ("ERD") HARRIS

"All of us can avoid boring and offending . . ."

friends when he was converted to "Buchmanism" the spring of his senior year. Erdman ("Erd") Harris was an exuberant cheer leader, a powerful swimmer, a talented composer of Triangle Club scores (*Julius Caesar, Isle of Surprise*). He ranked high in studies, too. His bright, bubbling nature continued as engaging after conversion as before and his post-graduate religious work on the campus was extremely successful, except among the few students who found his happy sincerity naïve. Interesting to many a college man of his generation was last week's news that "Erd" Harris—now an assistant professor at Union Theological Seminary, no longer an extreme Buchmanite, married, and still a dabbler in music and painting—has written a book of advice for young men.^{*}

Some Erd Harris questions and Erd Harris answers:

Can You Choose Your Job Wisely? You must determine your ability—the thing you can do best; find something in which you have an interest, something useful, something marketable.

Are You Worried About Your Personality? "All of us can avoid boring and offending others needlessly. We can see to it that we are well-groomed and cleanly."

What Do You Know About Sex? What Kind of Girl Will You Marry? "A man should know all he really wishes to know about sex, and then forget it as much as possible. . . . No one needs to be afraid of sex. . . . [Sexual] adjustment of some

sort will be necessary. . . . Every couple should learn methods of birth control which will permit them to consummate their love without the necessity of having children."

Do You Know How To Spend Your Money? "Money is power. . . . One should not discuss one's finances in public. . . . There are lots of other things to think about. . . ."

What Is To Be Your Philosophy of Life? Conceive an explanation for the universe: for Christians, God "in terms of the kind of personality which Jesus possessed, raised to the nth power. . . . Whatever your way of looking at things . . . it should be your own."

Sainly Picnic

In appearance, Jonesport, Maine is like any Yankee village. But tourists are aware of Jonesport long before they arrive there. As far away as 250 mi. signs advertise it as "The Home of Seth Parker." Throughout the land, a great mass of radio-listeners—devout, folksy, home-loving—know Seth Parker and his neighbors as well as if they were real people and not radio-performers employed by National Broadcasting Co. From the comparative obscurity of a provincial broadcasting station three years ago, Seth Parker has become—by means of a weekly nation-wide hook-up, a published hymnal, many a magazine article, a cinema entertainment and a cross-country tour—one of the leading U. S. exponents of homely piety.

Everybody—Everywhere. "Seth Parker," composite of many an authentic Down East character, was conceived by Phillips Haynes Lord, 29. Graduate of Bowdoin College in 1925, Mr. Lord wrote unsuccessful short stories, then a radio sketch about rural life in Maine. Success came when he got a radio station in Hartford, Conn. to try out a scene in an old-time singing school, with "Seth Parker" as central figure. National Broadcasting Co. heard of it, signed up Author Lord. Dubious when he began to deepen the religious flavor of his skit, N. B. C. soon discovered it had a treasure. Until the program was temporarily taken off last month, 3,510,000 people were estimated to listen in every Sunday night on "Sunday at Seth Parker's." Mr. Lord is smooth-faced, suave, lively. As Seth Parker, he puts on a white wig and false beard, draws genially and devoutly, becomes a skinny, sainly Yankee sage. He delivers a little sermon, pointed up with earthy rural witticisms. Leading members of his cast of ten singer-actors are "Ma" Parker, Capt. Bang (famed for his rendition of "Crossing the Bar"), Lizzie Peters, a comic spinster (played by Mrs. Sophia McCormey Lord, mother of two), and Cefus, Lizzie's half-witted brother. To the accompaniment of an antique melodeon, Seth and his neighbors sing hymns. Titles suggest the neighborly, revivalistic tone: "You Go To Your Church and I'll Go To Mine" (a prime favorite); "Sailing With My Father"; "We Are Gathering With The Lord Today"; "Jesus Is My Neighbor."

Slice of Sweetness. That Phillips Lord's program is an adroit combination of tasteful humor and genuine piety, few observers have denied. Proof of its genuineness appeared when Seth Parker and his troupe went touring—from Buffalo early last month, continuing in Colorado, Utah, Oregon and California last week. Everywhere, audiences seem to represent a class which could not be won by smart, theatrical revivalism. To city theatres, churches, convention halls go elderly, placid people, some blind, some lame or halt, who might not have gone out since the last Chautauqua or travelog in the church basement. They see "Seth Parker and his Jonesport Neighbors" performed with no "props" save a fireplace, chairs and the melodeon. Of plot the entertainment has little; to get the actors off stage for intermission it is necessary to pretend they are all going out for supper. The acting is unpretentious, the comedy naïve, such as when Seth gets his foot tangled in a carpet while beating time to music.



© G. Maillard Kestler

(ABOVE) SETH & MA PARKER

(BELOW) PHILLIPS HAYNES LORD

Not since the last Chautauqua or church basement travelog . . .

Hardboiled *Variety* has called it "a saintly picnic, a slice of sweetness, a glorification of the humble and the familiar."

Fortuitous though his creation was, Seth Parker has gained a radio following greater even than that of august Dr. Samuel Parker Cadman. Says the preface to his hymnal: "Seth Parker believes that religion is tangible; that it is a kind word, a thoughtful deed and is not something apart from every day life. He has probably done more to make religion a part of the American home than has any other one man."

^{*} TWENTY-ONE—Long & Smith (\$1.50).

P R E S S

Off to War

Off to the wars in Manchuria went famed War Correspondent Floyd Gibbons for Hearst's Universal and International News Services. From Tunis, where he had been hunking pleasantly, high-strung little Karl Von Wiegand hurried by boat, train and plane to Mukden on summary orders from Hearst headquarters. Frederic Kuh, Berlin bureau manager of United Press, raced across Europe to Manchuli. Associated Press moved Shanghai Correspondent Glenn Babb north to Mukden but despatched no special axes across the globe, believing that, with winter coming, hostilities would not be extensive.

Again, Reporter Rogers

When the headlines scream KIDNAPED, St. Louis has learned to wonder at once whether it will be the worthy *Post-Dispatch* or the noisy *Star* that ultimately takes credit for solving the case. Last January it was the *Star's* Reporter Harry Thompson Brundidge who brought about the capture of the kidnappers of 13-year-old Adolphus Busch Orthwein (TIME, Jan. 12). Last May it was the *Post-Dispatch's* ace, John T. Rogers, who returned the kidnapped Dr. Isaac Dee Kelley to his home (TIME, May 11). Last week it was Reporter Rogers again who, on the strength of his success in the Kelley case, was given an inside track on the kidnap case of Alexander Berg, well-to-do fur dealer. Four days, six hours after the furrier's abduction newsmen were handed copies of the following statement by the Berg lawyer, Morris G. Levinson:

Mr. Berg has been returned safely to his home. This was brought about through information furnished by John T. Rogers of the *Post-Dispatch* and the aid of the police. No ransom has been paid.

Fourteenth kidnaping in St. Louis in two years, the abduction of Furrier Berg was one of the most brazen. It occurred on busy Lindell Boulevard in heavy traffic while Mr. Berg's Negro chauffeur was driving him home from the office. As the car slowly crossed Euclid Avenue, just around the corner from the Park Plaza, two men jumped aboard, displayed revolvers, blindfolded Mr. Berg with taped goggles and forced the chauffeur to continue driving to the outskirts of the city. There they put the chauffeur out, and took their victim to a flat. Soon the first of a series of notes, illicitly penned by Furrier Berg at dictation of his captors, reached his frightened wife and lawyer.

By that time the Press was on the job. A "pressroom" was prepared on the mezzanine of the Park Plaza. For the *Star*, Gang-Reporter Theodore Link, instead of Brundidge, had the bulk of the work. But Rogers of the *Post-Dispatch* was immediately taken into the confidence of Mrs. Berg and her lawyer. He alone of the newshawks was shown the Berg notes, including this astonishing one:

"I want you to hire Paul Richards to represent me to handle the negotiations for my release. Pay him about \$1,000 and I will pay you back. . . . Some one will

get in touch with him soon."

Reporter Rogers called upon Lawyer Richards, whom he knew to be a defender of criminals and arranged a lawyers' meeting. When the terms and rendezvous were made he told the police.

For at least one good reason the *Post-Dispatch* did not try to press its advantage on the story to the point of sewing it up like the Kelley story, as a *P-D* scoop. The reason: Reporter Rogers found Dr. Kelley with such dispatch and apparent ease that



Acme-P. & A.

JOHN T. ROGERS

The Post-Dispatch did not again flaunt a scoop.

a strong suspicion was voiced by opposition papers that he had withheld important information from the police, who never caught the kidnappers. In the Berg case it was understood Reporter Rogers' editors instructed him "not to get mixed up in it." In the *Post-Dispatch's* report of Rogers' visit to Lawyer Richards it was stated that "here the reporter acted on his own initiative and responsibility, without the knowledge of his office."

Odds, Ends

♣ A libel suit brought by Architect Alister Gladstone MacDonald, eldest son of Prime Minister MacDonald, against the London *Daily Mail* was settled out of court. The offending article in the *Mail* said that Mr. MacDonald "began by being a clever architect," referred to his "adventures in Hollywood," spoke of his alleged connection with a firm of publishers of cheap novels. The *Mail* acknowledged "misapprehension of the facts," guaranteed to indemnify Architect MacDonald, announced that it thought so much of him professionally it had engaged him as an architect.

♣ U. S. newsmen regarded with wonder the action of a Canadian Court of Assizes in authorizing contempt proceedings against the Toronto *Star* for publishing an interview with Sergeant John Leopold, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer who testified against Communists on trial (see p. 19). Said the court: "Newspapers have no business publishing an interview of things that were given outside the witness box while this trial is proceeding."

T H E A T R E

New Plays in Manhattan

The *Social Register* has a title which sounds as if the play might be a searching social document by Channing Pollock. Actually it is a comedy of bad manners, adapted from Anita Loos's *But Gentlemen, Merry Brimmetts*. Heroine is a chorus girl who has a heart of gold even though she seldom wears enough tinsel to cover it. She is loved by a rich boy who takes her to meet his family in their palatial home, or what would pass for a palatial home to a Columbia Burlesque audience. It is complete with funny German butler who makes faces behind his employers' backs. His employers are also burlesque characters, a circumstance which may confuse spectators until they remember the amusing cartoons with which the late Ralph Barton illustrated the Loos book. Evidently the actors of *The Social Register* took a good look at these illustrations while deciding how to interpret their parts. It is scarcely necessary to record that the chorus girl eventually gets her man in spite of his family.

Leading lady of the piece is Lenore Ulric, who has finally come to light comedy after squirming and rasping through a decade of sin for the late David Belasco (*Kiki*, *Lulu Belle*, *Mima*). Her husband, Sidney Blackmer, plays opposite her.

♣ **Reunion in Vienna.** Having met with but middling success with his second and third plays, Playwright Robert Emmet Sherwood has gone back to the romance-versus-commonsense theme which he used to considerable success in his first work, *The Road to Rome*. Laid in *Alt Wien*, this play has to do with the ex-mistress (Lynn Fontanne) of a gaudy, deposed Habsburg (Alfred Lunt, her husband). After the revolution Actress Fontanne had married an eminent psychoanalyst, tried to forget her royal lover. On the tenth anniversary of Emperor Franz Joseph's birth, however, a reunion of dowdy royalty takes place at Frau Lucher's hotel, where once nothing was too good for them. Habsburg and ex-mistress attend. In Frau Lucher many a spectator could catch the likeness of eccentric old Anna Sacher, at whose Viennese hostelry defunct Austrian nobility used to be lavishly entertained free of charge to the envy and sometimes inconvenience of more wealthy paying guests.

Actor Lunt, brought face to face with his pre-War inamorata, exerts all his gayety, willfulness, passion in an attempt to gain just one more night with her. He even goes to her house, bringing sophistry to bear on her brainy husband. In defeat, like Hannibal in *The Road to Rome*, he is victorious.

♣ **Louder, Please.** So well has Playwright Norman Krasna, onetime office boy for the defunct New York *Sunday World*, observed the greased-lightning satires of Ring Lardner, George S. Kaufman and Charles MacArthur that none of these practitioners should be ashamed to set

their names to *Louder, Please*. It is a good imitation of the sort of thing that blasted audiences out of their seats several seasons back when Lee Tracy, he of the sunken cheeks, long legs and yellow hair, was romping through *Broadway and The Front Page*. Happily the services of Actor Tracy have been secured for *Louder, Please*, a lively dig-in-the-ribs for cinema pressagency and public relations counseling in general.

It seems that Polly Madison (Jane Buchanan, a lady with a back like Gertrude Lawrence's) is a good actress for Criterion Pictures but is little known outside New York. It is put squarely up to Pressagent White (Mr. Tracy) that Criterion will fire him unless he gets busy and makes Polly Madison America's Sweetheart instantan. The smartest stunt Actor Tracy can think of is to send out his thick-witted photographer to get a motorboat and tow a balloon with POLLY



LEE TRACY

"Don't let Mrs. Hoover divorce nice Mr. Hoover!"

MADISON on it up and down Los Angeles' Long Beach.

Hardly has this scheme been launched when a more ambitious plan is brought to Mr. Tracy's attention: why not have Miss Madison lost at sea for a day or so, send the Coast Guard out to look for her, make every front page in the country? Miss Madison, of course, would lie safely low in a cottage in the mountains. Dismissing the thought that he may get ten years in prison if the ruse is discovered, Actor Tracy sets to work on the preliminaries. Raising devout eyes heavenward, he prays: "Oh, God, don't let a war break out tonight. Don't let Congress repeal the 18th Amendment. Don't let Mrs. Hoover divorce nice Mr. Hoover!"

Beginning with Act II, of course, trouble starts breaking fast. As peril creeps nearer, Actor Tracy's mind, mouth, feet and hands work ever faster. Like a mud horse, you have to put Lee Tracy in a tight situation to get the best out of him. He and the stunt come through in fine style at the finale. There is, however, an amusing aftermath. The balloon has lifted the motorboat out of the water, suspending Criterion's photographer in the

Los Angeles sky. Someone telephones in offering to bring boat, balloon and unwilling aeronaut down with an airplane for \$50. "Fifty dollars!" complains Mr. Tracy. "You say it's headed for Denver? Well, how high up is it? Can you see the lettering? O. K. Let her sail!"

If *Love Were All*. The Actor-Managers Inc., who in the past have brewed strong stuff like suppressed *Maya*, have here turned their attention to "a gentle comedy." It has to do with two families, the Bryces and the Graysons. Mrs. Bryce and Mr. Grayson are lovers. Mr. Bryce is a neurologist. Mrs. Grayson is an invalid. For ten scenes Daughter Bryce (a pretty little Southerner named Margaret Sullivan of last spring's *Modern Virgin*) and Son Grayson try to be very sophisticated and tolerant about it all, straighten things out. Not until the end do they find out that things have been straightened out all along. The scrambled morality which *If Love Were All* blithely proclaims is on a par with its construction and dialog.

Sing High, Sing Low opens on a note of brassy burlesque, digresses into old fashioned, fully orchestrated melodrama, and closes with an aria of polite satire played by the woodwinds. In spite of its heterogeneity of mood it manages to be almost continuously amusing. Magnolia Jackson Wainwright (Barbara Willison) arrives in New York from "Jawgia" full of ambition but short of breath. In the limousine of Hugo Winthrop Adams (Ralph Locke) she talks Opera Patron Adams into putting her into an American opera that he is about to present to the American people. Impresario Emilio Amalfi (Giuseppe Sterni) wants the part for an Italian soprano he has concealed in his bedroom. Willie Norworth (Ben Lackland), an assistant press agent, foils Maestro Amalfi's plot, pushes Magnolia on the stage, where she goes through the motions while somebody sings her part from the wings. Maestro Amalfi executes a masterly revenge by talking Magnolia into non-resistance after some wine in his apartment. Next day Magnolia marries the assistant press agent.

Playwrights Murdock Pemberton (*The New Yorker* art critic) and David Boehm obviously have held the mirror up to the Metropolitan Opera Company. You do not have to know *Tristan* from *Traviata* to perceive a similarity between character Winthrop Adams and Banker-Backer Otto Kahn, who recently resigned the Metropolitan's chairmanship (TIME, Nov. 9). Impresario Amalfi might be taken for Manager Gatti-Casazza, the U. S. composer for Deems Taylor. Good interpretation overrides a middling script to make *Sing High, Sing Low* entertaining.

Brief Moment. As the curtain rises on *Brief Moment* there is discovered a round, elderly gentleman who peeps from fleshy eyes over a little beak of a nose. He is Alexander Woollcott, celebrated Manhattan theatre critic and chit-chat (World, Vanity Fair, New Yorker) making his debut on the stage in a speaking part. Although written by S. N. Behrman (*The Second Man, Meteor*) and acted by Francine Larrimore (Chicago, Let Us Be Gay) most of the credit for *Brief Mo-*

ment's entertainment value goes to Actor Woollcott.

It is Actor Woollcott, playing an obese sybarite, to whom most of the other characters tell their troubles. Cast as a sort of glorified Mr. Interlocutor, he learns that Roderick Dean, the banker's son, wants to marry Abby Fane (Miss Larrimore), a night club crooner, because he loves her and because she can supply him with a certain earthiness and self-sufficiency which he lacks. Married to wealth, Crooner Fane takes readily to the drawing room manner, rapidly acquires the very characteristics which her husband wished to shed. They quarrel. She leaves him for an old polo-playing suitor. Ultimately she returns and, spectators are led to believe, everything turns out all right.

First the Theatre Guild got the script of *Brief Moment*, asked Mr. Woollcott to play the easy-going, quipful part of the helpful intermediary. He refused. Then



LARRIMORE & WOOLLCOTT

He had the sense to take off his glasses.

Katharine Cornell bought it, made the same request. Somewhat puzzled, Mr. Woollcott read the play, soon discovered why his services were in such demand. Playwright Behrman's stage direction for the part was: "He should look like Alexander Woollcott as much as is physically possible."

Showered with congratulatory telegrams and flowers, attired in green silk dressing gown and blue silk pajamas, Actor Woollcott found himself an instantaneous success the morning after the Manhattan premiere. Said he to his Press:

"The part I play doesn't need acting. The character has absolutely no emotions. Anyone with a good speaking voice could walk through it. In fact I'll venture to state that any actor living, with the possible exception of Walter Hampden, could play the rôle as well as I do. . . . This year I've done two things I wanted to do — to Peking and act in a play. . . .

"I do deserve credit for one thing, however; having the sense to take off my glasses so that I was practically blind and couldn't see a single face in the audience. Otherwise I might very easily have lost my bearings altogether."

"Human error is a waste factor that modern business must reduce to an absolute minimum," says



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ANIMALS

Ignoramus

In Brooklyn last week Ralph Gianerone showed two of his friends—Paul Riekle and Lawrence Gillison—his old Army rifle. He proposed a hunt. The three took out hunting licenses, set off in an automobile. At Palisades Interstate Park, a State game preserve, they entered the woods, proceeded afoot till they came to a wire enclosure. Inside the enclosure they could hear a pounding of hoofs. Presently, galloping along the barrier came a large animal with horns. Cried Paul Riekle and Lawrence Gillison: "Let him have it, quick!" Hunter Gianerone pointed his Army rifle through the wire, shot the animal dead.

Startled police found Hunter Gianerone scrambling over the fence to reach his kill. They arrested him, explained to him that not only had he killed an animal in sanctuary, but that the animal was an elk, everywhere protected in New York. Ignoramus Gianerone said he had thought it was a deer. Then he tried to deny having shot it. He was fined \$102.50, his comrades \$52.50 each.

Squawk

Long-necked Japanese cranes make a peculiar gurgling squawk. Near the crane pen in the Washington Zoo stands a pretentious apartment house whose residents have long been annoyed by the gurgling squawks of the Zoo's cranes—Japanese, Siberian, domestic. When Senator Edward Prentiss Costigan of Colorado moved into this apartment house, other tenants hoped he would be disturbed by the cranes, be awakened by one particularly noisy Japanese crane (named Anson) who squawked before dawn each morning. They felt sure that if Senator Costigan complained, something would be done to silence the cranes.

Last week, though they had not yet heard from Senator Costigan, the Zoo officials announced they were considering three courses: They could move loud Crane Anson to a special pen further away from the apartment house; perform tonsilectomy on all the cranes; put all the cranes in the giraffe pen, move the giraffes, which, unable to make any sound with their mouths, sometimes have an unpleasant smell, nearer to Senator Costigan.

Racing Turtle

A year ago, Chicagoans were surprised to find 2,000 bewildered, chilly box turtles crawling about a vacant lot on Michigan Avenue. Apparently they had been abandoned by someone who had planned to commercialize turtle-racing, found it profitless. The turtles were liberated in Duneland near Waukegan, Ill. (TIME, Nov. 17, 1930).

Last week, at the intersection of State and Harrison Streets, 15 blocks from the turtle lot on Michigan Avenue, two policemen found a dirty, fatigued box turtle lumbering along in the gutter. A number —3-10—on the turtle's back convinced them that he was one of last year's 2,000 racing turtles, perhaps returned from Waukegan.



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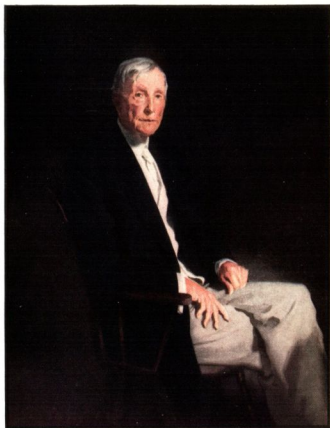
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AFTER
THE
SARGENT
PORTRAIT

Fortune for December

THE ROCKEFELLERS—

The public knows them as oil men and philanthropists. FORTUNE presents them as a financial power controlling the world's greatest bank; as America's largest and most active real estate entrepreneurs; as investors to whom Standard Oil is now merely one among many self governing investments. And FORTUNE pictures them as a family with persistent characteristics which, although they have consistently influenced the family's affairs, remain virtually unknown because they have never captured the public imagination.

TAXATION—

How the Federal Government will spend more than \$4,000,000,000 next year, but cannot hope to collect more than \$3,000,000,000 without devising new levies.

THE LONG DEPRESSION OF 1893-97—

How in '94 the Government came nearest bankruptcy; how Morgan rescued it in '95; how Baltimore and Ohio fell from \$93 a share to \$9 and Whisky Trust from \$66 to \$8; how Henry Adams saw "men die like flies under the strain and Boston grow suddenly old, haggard and thin"; how the East feared Altgelt, the anarchist, and Debs, the Revolutionist; how the power of socialism was destroyed for forty years; and how the greatest boom began with Rockefeller selling for \$80,000,000 some iron he had picked up for \$420,000.

PROCTER AND GAMBLE—

Most people think of their plant as a great social experiment in right relations with labor, overlook the fact that they made 40% of all U. S. household soap and \$22,000,000 profit in 1931.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN 1932—

More people are riding more miles this year than ever before; more old cars are being scrapped. FORTUNE analyzes the tremendous replacement demand that is being piled up and deferred and considers what the manufacture of 3,000,000 cars (the normal replacement) would mean to prosperity in 1932. FORTUNE also considers the problem of the automobile dealer, whose prosperity faded long before the crash in Wall Street and for whose restoration the industry must take constructive action.

MORTIMER N. BUCKNER—

The least publicized of today's great bankers, just called to head the \$1,000,000,000 National Credit Corporation.

RIO DE JANEIRO—

The loveliest of world capitals pictured by Captain Alfred G. Buckham, the world's premier aerial photographer.

THE SERVANT IN THE HOME—

The sorry state of an industry that employs more workers than the steam railroads or the banks. A fabulous situation in which wages are so high that 19 out of 20 American housewives must do their own work, but still not high enough to make the job attractive. Though America leads the world in automobiles, electric refrigerators and bath tubs, she lags far behind in this first essential to gracious living.

EMERALDS—

A sumptuous presentation in color of the most precious of gems.

These stories from the December FORTUNE are stories worth telling, worth knowing. They are illustrated as only FORTUNE could illustrate them.

Fortune

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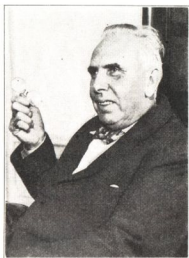
PEOPLE

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

Douglas Fairbanks paid \$66.25 fare for himself, wife, and three friends to fly from Washington to New York, then paid an additional \$66.25 for the remaining five seats so his party would not have to share the cabin with strangers.

Chain-publisher **Paul Block** sold the Newark Bears baseball club to **Col. Jacob Ruppert**, Manhattan brewer, owner of the New York Yankees.

Theodore Dreiser (An American Tragedy) and a committee of writers belonging to the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners went to bloody Harlan County, Ky. to investigate



Acme-P. & A.

THEODORE DREISER

... impotent but indicted.

coal miners' woes. At Pineville rustic detectives said they saw Investigator Dreiser and one Marie Pergain, blonde secretary attached to the party, go into Dreiser's room. The sleuths propped doorsteps against Investigator Dreiser's door. When they came back next morning, they said, the footsteps were still in place. Investigator Dreiser, 60, and his friend were indicted for adultery. Mr. Dreiser left Kentucky, protested his innocence, backed it with this public announcement: "I am completely and finally impotent." Last week he was also indicted in Kentucky, along with Author **John Dos Passos**, for criminal syndicalism because of his outspoken sympathy for the miners' cause.

Teams captained by Author **Ellis Parker Butler** and Sociologist **Henry Pratt Fairchild** fought to a tie in a spelling bee held in Manhattan's Town Hall Club. Lawyer **Henry Waters Taft** (brother) was referee. Both captains were eliminated early in the game. Author Butler for "idiosyncrasy," Professor Fairchild by "millennium."

"What is his reputation for truth, honesty & character?" was a question asked of **Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd** about his friend **Charles Victor Bob**.

"Very good indeed," replied the Admiral who once named a range of South Polar mountains for generous Promoter Bob.

This testimony was heard by Federal Judge Knox before whom Bob was being tried for alleged fraud in connection with his Metal & Mining Shares, Inc. Promoter Bob contributed \$100,000 to the Byrd South Polar Expedition in 1929 when Metal & Mining common stock was selling for \$23. Last week the stock was worth 50¢.

Martha Fall, granddaughter of imprisoned onetime Secretary of Interior **Albert Bacon Fall**, rejected a cinema contract (proffered because schoolmates had voted her "most beautiful"), got a job as reporter on the *El Paso Herald-Post*.

In the hall of the Pennsylvania Historical Society in Philadelphia some 200 **Biddles** assembled to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the arrival in America of William Biddle, who bought a land grant on the shores of the Delaware before William Penn and his colonists arrived. Among the descendants at the celebration was debonair **Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle Jr.**, free on a stay of execution from a jail sentence in Manhattan for refusing to answer questions in the bankruptcy case of Sonora Products Co. In the Philadelphia city directory are 132 Biddles, of whom 70 are in the local social register. Most famed living Biddles: retired Banker Alexander, onetime Boxer **Anthony Joseph Drexel Sr.**, Major **Charles J.**, War ace, Broker **Craig Sr.**, Artist George, Explorer **Nicholas**.

In Brooklyn, **Sidney Franklin (Frumkin)**, bullfighter, was injured by a child's bicycle. In Mexico City, **Col. Carlos Castillo Breton**, director of Mexico's aviation school, was gored in an amateur bullfight.

Ill lay: **Louise Shoup**, 24, daughter of President Paul Shoup of Southern Pacific Railway, in Geneva, Switzerland with injuries suffered when her automobile collided with a street car; **Philip Snowden**, 67, Britain's Lord Privy Seal, onetime Chancellor of the Exchequer, in London, of a chill; **Millicent Hammond**, 21, daughter of onetime Ambassador (to Spain) **Ogden Haggerty Hammond**, at **Bernardsville, N. J.**, with injuries suffered in a fox-hunting fall; **Harrison Walker**, 9, grandson of the late President Benjamin Harrison; in Glen Cove, L. I., of infantile paralysis.

Manuel Llano, captain of Mexico's Davis Cup tennis team and runner-up for the Mexican championship, shot himself in an attempt at suicide because he feared he had an incurable disease. He was to have been married this month.



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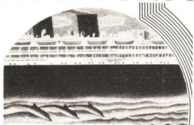
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EDUCATION

Seed Beds

To help 600 small liberal arts colleges in the U. S., President Hoover became a committee-member last September of the Liberal Arts College Movement, to which 235 small colleges belong (TIME, Sept. 14). At the behest of Senator Simon Davison Fess, onetime (1907-17) president of Antioch College (Yellow Springs, Ohio), he agreed to join in a radio appeal for the group. Last week, along with Speechmaker John Huston Finley of the New York Times, Director Charles Riborg Mann of the American Council of Education and President Albert Norman Ward of Western Maryland College, Chairman of L. A. C. M., Member Hoover spoke briefly. Said he:

"Most of [the 600] have little, if any, endowment or State support. In these times of trends toward larger units the difficulties of the unsupported small college multiply, which make their successful operations less hopeful, and in many cases a desperate struggle. . . . Whatever be the magnificent services of the larger and highly specialized universities, the liberal arts college places an emphasis upon personal contacts of teacher and student which render them a vital part of our educational system. . . . Throughout our history these colleges have been and are now the seed beds of leadership. . . .

"The disadvantage of the small college is obvious. The dramatic element in education does not play a great part in its activities. . . . In the last analysis . . . it is through them that each State and section must maintain ample cultural opportunities for the youth within reasonable distance from their homes and in circumstances fitted to the needs of each community and its people."

Morningside Melodrama

No scene in the saga of the Rover Boys surpassed in tension a scene enacted last week in the editorial office of the *Spectator*, undergraduate daily of Columbia University. At his desk was Editor Reed Harris, a dark youth of studious mien but tall, well set-up. Around him stood some of his associates. Into the room, glowering, strode burly Ralph Hewitt, captain and quarterback of the football team, closely followed by even burlier William McDuffee, the team's centre. Ralph Hewitt had a copy of the *Spectator* in his hand. He was smoldering with anger.

"This is a direct reflection on all Columbia football players!" he growled. "If *Spec* ever publishes another article about the Columbia football team which appears in the downtown papers, I'll take it upon myself to beat you up!"

"Count me in on that!" cried Centre McDuffee.

"You're big enough to play football," continued Captain Hewitt, "and you went out there and found you didn't have the guts!"

Glowering menacingly at other *Spectator* men, Centre McDuffee said: "We'll beat you all up!"

Editor Harris (6 ft. 1 in. 210 lbs.) used to play on high-school and freshman foot-



COMMONER, King, or Lord High Executioner—it makes no difference to us! If you're a Commoner, we'll try to make you feel like a King; if you're already a King, we'll try to make you feel like visiting us again. For instance, whether you engage our largest suite or smallest room, we'll undertake to serve your hot dishes *piping hot*. We have dumb-waiters to whisk trays from our kitchen to your floor in jig time . . . special ovens on every floor . . . waiters not at all dumb to serve you right in your room . . . and all through our house a very sincere desire to indulge your lowliest wish in royal fashion. Now may we serve you?

The ROOSEVELT

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Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director



ball teams. A heart ailment stopped him. He replied to the Varsity captain: "Your outburst is not going to stop us, and furthermore we will print anything we see fit on any subject."

There was no beating-up, and soon after the scene at the *Spectator* office, Columbia's footballers were forbidden to broach the subject publicly again. But Morning-side Heights did not stop talking. Cause of the excitement was a contribution by Editor Harris to the perennial, nationwide discussion of emphasized football. He had written that he would "trade the whole Columbia football team for a nice little place in the country with cows and chickens." He had charged that football has become "a semi-professional racket operated largely for the amusement of the alumni and the general public . . . until probably 80% of the men who play college football in the bigger institutions are semi-professional athletes hired by assistant coaches who make annual pilgrimages to prep schools." He had urged that the game be returned to the students. If



International

EDITOR REED HARRIS

"Let honest professionalism replace furtive hypocrisy."

not, "let honest professionalism replace furtive hypocrisy."

Among the first retorts to Editor Harris had been that of Columbia's Head Coach Lou Little, who, having lately broken a vertebra, watches his team from a swivel chair: "If most student affairs were run as cleanly as football, there'd be little to worry about. I've been through college myself, and I know the graft connected with college publications, for instance, is on such a scale that it would put Tammany Hall to shame."

"I Still Live!"

On horseback, on foot, in ox-wagons, some 1,100 people trekked in 1909 to a place called Piney Woods, near Braxton, Miss. Some were "the best white people" from Braxton. Quality folk gave sizable sums; poor farmers a few pennies; one old woman brought two geese. Laurence Clifton Jones, Missouri-born Negro who had been teaching in a small Mississippi school, had come to Piney Woods to found

WATCH YOUR HUSBAND



These are times when business pressure, worry, "nerves" break men down prematurely. They, themselves, are the last to recognize or heed the danger signs of overwork. But wives detect them. Remember, doctors say there is nothing like a winter cruise to put tired, nervous men back into tip-top shape again.

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S. S. *Belgeland*, January 20, February 6, February 24.

M. V. *Britannic*, February 10, February 26, March 13.

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S. S. *Belgeland*, March 12, March 23, April 5.

S. S. *Homer*, March 24, April 6.

*Havana, Nassau and Bermuda.



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The winter desert



Orange groves



Movie making



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a Negro school. He had already taught a few people under a tree in the open, had finally obtained an old log cabin. With the promise of enough lumber for the first building, Founder Jones called a public meeting. Result: a subscription list headed by \$50 and 40 acres of land from an aged ex-slave named Taylor, first contribution to the Piney Woods Country Life School.

Udenominational, co-educational, Piney Woods has today 300 pupils drawn mainly from the deep Black Belt of Mississippi. They are taught to till the soil on its 1,500 acres of land, to teach in its Normal Department, to master trades, elementary subjects. Principal Jones, 47, a leader in Negro Y. M. C. A. work in Mississippi, member of the National Negro Press Association (executive committee) and the National Negro Business League, has worked hard with his school.

To Piney Woods lately came disaster. Its surplus funds, \$2,000 for current expenses, were in the Braxton Bank. The bank closed; all the money was lost temporarily, some of it perhaps permanently. Wrote Principal Jones last week: "Our Southern white friends have no money but are helping us out with provisions and other necessities until we can hear from our friends up North.

"This morning we feel like Jack London's 'Sea Wolf' who when the shipwreck left him with only his tattered garments, looked out upon the world and toward the heavens and cried out in triumph—I still live!"

Product: Hobo

A college student's father gloomed in Chicago last week. He was James J. Harrington, rich real estate broker. His son James J. Jr., 20, had been suspended from Northwestern University as a ringleader in a "Hobo Day" riot. Said Father Harrington: "If Jack is out of school, as he seems to be, he will have to go to work. He can stay at home if he wants to, but he'll have to pay board. I'm through supporting him." A \$3,000 automobile he had given his son was to be sold. Jack, said he, had been a fine boy in preparatory school. But "this modern university system is all wrong. It makes its students selfish and ungrateful." Father Harrington agreed that punishment was just. But could Northwestern not have devised something "which would not have interfered with his career?" Such as to bar Son Harrington from extra-curricular activities, make him take more courses? Sadly said Father Harrington: "If he is a hobo now, the university has made him one."

Peace Department

To "preach the gospel of international understanding and disarmament, of goodwill and peace." The Campus of the College of the City of New York last week editorialized for the foundation of a college Peace Department. More optimistic than many another Armistice Day editorial, it declared that adequate machinery for the abolition of war is available. So are "capable, peace-loving men." Let Norman Thomas and Bertrand Russell, both pacific Socialists, be chosen for the faculty of such a peace department. . . . C. C. N. Y. rippled politely; the faculty beamed approval.

MISCELLANY

"TIME brings all things."

Stamps

In Nice, France, Adolphe Stolke advertised for help, specified that applicants must enclose stamps for replies. Adolphe Stolke sold the stamps, lived on the proceeds until victims complained, had him jailed for 90 days.

Employee

In Chicago, Walter Anuzic, 26, was held for trial in the Court of Domestic Relations on the complaints of four young women who said he had gotten them all with child. Walter Anuzic works in a baby carriage factory.

Peeper

In South Orange, N. J., police answered a telephone call, heard a frightened woman's voice calling for help: "There's a horrid looking man with a long face peeping in my window!" Police hurried to the rescue, found the peeping Tom was one Garibaldi, a peddler's horse.

Mirror

In Philadelphia, William B. Wells took off his clothes, chained himself to a chair in front of a mirror, watched himself strangle to death with a belt.

Retriever

In Knoxville, Tenn., Gordon Powers shot at two birds overhead, killed both, caught one in his hand as the other fell at his feet.

Comfort

In Columbus, Ohio, William Phillips, serving a two-year sentence in jail, refused a parole. Said he: "Food's good, bed's good, and I like the people."

Bandit

In Brooklyn, Billy Byrne, 8, eldest of four, was his father's favorite. Every day he walked from school to his father's plumbing shop, rode home with his father in an old car. One day when they got home Billy slipped down into the basement to play bandit. All the family were at dinner when Billy entered the dining room carrying his father's shotgun. Boasted Bandit Billy: "I got a bullet in it." Billy's father stood up, walked toward his son. Billy shot him dead, burst into tears.

Casey

In Newark, N. J., John Casey, 17, was held in jail in default of \$10 bail for ogling maidens from a lamp post. John Casey broke out of jail, went home and got \$10. On his way back to jail to deposit the bail, he was arrested again, held without bail for jailbreaking.

Popowicz

In Grand Rapids, Mich., thieves stole Jacob Popowicz's pet rabbit, returned another night and took his silverware. Third time they came Jacob Popowicz had prepared for them. He left them, and they seized, a hive of bees.

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● **BOOK NOW FOR CHOICE ACCOMMODATIONS.** From \$900. Study itinerary-booklet, ship's plan, from your own agent, or any Canadian Pacific office in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Montreal and 23 other cities in the U. S. and Canada.

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FEB. 3



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CARTAGENA

CURACAO

SAN JUAN

ST. PIERRE

BARBADOS

PORT OF SPAIN

LA GUAYRA

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ST. THOMAS

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PORT AU PRINCE

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New ports, shyly hiding in out-of-the-way places... Cap Haitien, with the famous Citadel of his Black Majesty, Christophe... Cartagena, the old-walled Metropolis of the Spanish Main... are some of the special features offered on Cunard West Indies cruises this season.

Whether you can spare only 9 days for a shorter cruise, or 23 days for the longer... whether your purse is bashfully slender or proudly plump... you'll find one of the many Cunard West Indies cruises just the one you want:

Franconia Dec. 19 16 days California Feb. 13 18 days
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No passports required

Book through your Local Agent. No one can serve you better. The Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

CUNARD

MILESTONES

Born. To Francis C. E. Hitchcock of Long Island's polo-playing family: a son, Thomas Hitchcock III; on the 71st birthday of Thomas Hitchcock Sr.; in Manhattan.

Married. Herbert Wilfred ("Bunny") Austin, 24, British Davis Cup tennis player who was largely responsible for the defeat of the U. S. team last July (TIME, July 27); and Phyllis Konstam, British cinemactress; in London.

Married. Ruth Carol Key, only daughter of Atlanta's Mayor James Lee Key, co-junketer with him and 23 other U. S. mayors in Europe last June (TIME, June 8); and William Monroe Bugler, Atlanta contractor; in Atlanta.

Married. Lady Sophie Mary Heath, 35, aviatrix; and George Anthony Reginald Williams, 33, aviator, West Indies-born; in Lexington, Ky., whither they had gone for the Prince of Wales steeplechase. Said the bride: "This is the first time I have ever married a young man. My first husband, Elliott-Lynn, was 76 when we were married, and my second, Sir James Heath, was 56."

Married. John Held Jr., 42, cartoonist, author (*Grim Youth, The Flesh is Weak*), divorced last August by Mrs. Ada Johnson Held; and one Gladys Moore, 24, winner of a Galveston beauty contest in 1928 at which Artist Held was a judge; in Stamford, Conn.

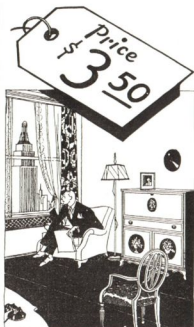
Married. John Logie Baird, 42, Scottish "Father of Television," managing director of Baird Television Ltd.; and Margaret Cecilia Albu, 24, British concert pianist; in Coney Island, N. Y.

Honored. Martin Henry Carmody, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus; appointed "private gentleman-in-waiting of cape & sword" to His Holiness Pope Pius XI; in Rome.

Birthdays. Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson (81—see below); Louis Dembitz Brandeis (75); Thomas Hitchcock Sr. (71).

Birthday. Of the late Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson: his 81st, celebrated by proxy in Manhattan by Mrs. Anne Ide Cockran, relict of Congressman William Bourke Cockran. For 40 years Mrs. Cockran has had full & undisputed right to Author Stevenson's birthday (Nov. 13). Reason: In 1891 her father, General Henry C. Ide, U. S. Land Commissioner in Samoa, told his friend Stevenson that small daughter Annie always felt grieved because she had no real birthday: hers fell on Dec. 25. Straightway kind Author Stevenson drew up, signed and had witnessed a deed: "... In consideration that Miss Annie L. Ide... was born out of all reason on Christmas Day... that I... have attained the age when

*Faulty memory. Previously, Lady Heath has been quoted as saying her husband was 73 when they were married. He was 75.



● The biggest money's worth of hotel accommodations you will find anywhere! Everything you could ask for... and the best of everything. For instance, you can have a luxuriously comfortable outside room, complete with tub, shower, Servidor, circulating ice water, easy chair, reading lamp, Stromberg-Carlson radio, and a deep, soft bed, for as little as \$3.50. ● Four popular-priced restaurants provide unusually delicious dishes...all carefully prepared...beautifully served...reasonably priced. ● Stop here, next time you're in town.

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34th Street at 8th Ave., New York
Ralph Hitz · Managing Director
"The Big Hotel that Remembers the Little Things"

O, we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description . . . that I have met H. C. Ide . . . found him about as white a Land Commissioner as I require . . . do hereby transfer to the said Annie L. Ide . . . my birthday . . . to have, to hold, exercise and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verses, according to the manner of our ancestors. . . . And in the case of the said Annie L. Ide shall neglect [to celebrate it] I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the U. S. for the time being."

Died. Sidney Loeb, 28, statistician, market-letter writer for E. F. Hutton & Co., Manhattan brokers, brother of Hutton Partner Gerald M. Loeb; after an automobile accident; in Prescott, Ark.

Died. Mrs. Mary Boykin Ames; wife of President Joseph Sweetman Ames of Johns Hopkins University; after long illness; in Baltimore.

Died. Mrs. Winifred Sackville ("Mother") Stoner, 49, educator, writer, mother of Winifred Sackville Stoner Jr., famed prodigy some 20 years ago; of chronic nephritis; in Manhattan.

Died. William Morrow, 58, founder (in 1926) and president of William Morrow & Co., publishers, onetime staff member of *McClure's Magazine* and *Leslie's Monthly Magazine*, secretary (1906-25) of Frederick A. Stokes & Co., husband of Author Honoré Willis Morrow; of acute nephritis and uremic poisoning; in Manhattan.

Died. Alvin Parker Gray, 78, Mayor of Pasco, Wash., one of 24 junketing U. S. mayors in France last summer (TIME, May 25, *et seq.*); of heart disease; in Pasco. Mayor Gray claimed to be the oldest active Mayor in the U. S.

Died. Viscount Ei-ichi Shibusawa, 91, "Grand Old Man of Japan"; in Tokyo. Most potent of Japanese after the royal family, he was born into the old merchant-aristocracy of the Shogun régime, was a young student when Commodore Matthew Perry first penetrated Japan in 1853. Later he was a member of the volunteer Samurai Guard which attended Townsend Harris, first (then lone) U. S. diplomatic agent in Japan. Vice Minister in the Finance Department of the Imperial Government in 1869, Shibusawa left government service to found the First National Bank, Japan's pioneer house. He helped found the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, Bankers' Association, Bankers' Clearing House, Stock Exchange, Marine Insurance Co., Tokyo Savings Bank and Nippon Yusen Kaisha (greatest steamship firm in the Far East). He built railways, became one of Japan's richest men, a leader in charitable and educational foundations. Created Baron in 1900, Viscount in 1920, Shibusawa visited the U. S. four times, twice on official delegations to discuss finance and commerce. Japan knew him as the "people's foreign minister."



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The INDIANS hate cold feet

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once headed an expedition against the Indians. He thought it odd that they built their fires in holes and slept with their legs hanging over the edge. You see, they hated cold feet.

We don't blame them. Every one of us likes to be comfortable. That's why we are on the jump every second to perfect service and comfort in the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. When you come to Philadelphia, let us show you.

Twelve hundred rooms, larger than average, each with bath. Convenient to every part of Philadelphia's business section. Food that cannot be excelled.

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PHILADELPHIA
CHESTNUT AT NINTH STREET

Horace Leland Wiggins, Managing Director

***** UNITED *****

MUSIC

Cold

Adenoids and head colds affect few people so unpleasantly as they do those who blow on wind instruments. At a Philharmonic concert in Manhattan last week German Bruno Jaenicke, reputed the world's greatest French horn player, huffed, puffed & snuffed valiantly through the first two movements of the Concerto which Richard Strauss wrote for his horn-playing father. Then, exhausted, Horn-Player Jaenicke left the stage. Conductor Erich Kleiber strode after him, but no amount of persuasion would return Bruno Jaenicke to his snuffling misery. An unprecedented announcement was made: The Philharmonic was unable to finish a number it had started.

Pipe Dream Girl

Quick as the turn of a dial is the process by which Radio makes its own artists. Oldtime success stories seem slow and labored compared with the meteoric rise of moonfaced Morton Downey, who has earned \$4,500 a week with his ballading ever since young President William Samuel Paley of Columbia Broadcasting System used him to lure Camel's cigaret advertising from National Broadcasting Co. Kate Smith's story is another one based on tobacco. Her 240 lb. and an easy, tricky way of singing had scarcely identified her with musicomedy when La Palma cigars stamped her up for a sum appropriate to her size. Joe White ("The Silver-Masked Tenor"), Jack Smith ("The Whispering Baritone") and B. A. Rolfe (Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra) prove that the dial works two ways. They are yesterday's capable headliners now without sponsors.

Sophisticates may take scant pleasure in the caressive, high-pitched crooning of Morton Downey but R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. counts as well spent the \$108,000 paid him since June. Prince Albert, second largest Reynolds money-maker, never had radio advertising until recently when 15-min. programs, copied almost exactly from the Camel quarter-hours, were sent out over N. B. C. The difference: Instead of a "Camel Minstrel" there is a "Prince Albert Dream Girl." Alice Joy, another unknown, has been given the same expensive send-off that Morton Downey had. "Minstrel" Downey caused instant talk with his mellifluous falsetto which sounds like a woman's. By last week, her third on the air, millions of people were listening to Alice Joy whose voice has a saxophone quality so deep that it might be a man's.

Alice Joy's start and "discovery" by radio are archetypal. Her start was sufficiently obscure. She used to be Frances Holcombe, daughter of a rural mail-carrier in Streator, Ill. At 9 she sang hymns for Chautauqua audiences, standing on a chair between two older sisters. At 18 she went into vaudeville, played every State but Texas as one of Will J. Ward's Five Piano Girls. Then she married a Captain E. Robert Burns, Wartime aviator turned vaudeville pressagent. She settled down on Staten Island, had two children, went in for gardening.

Advertisers determine most radio careers. Charles F. Gannon of Erwin, Wasey & Co. (agents for Reynolds) "discovered" Alice Joy at a party this autumn, when he was in the midst of concocting the Prince Albert program. Quick to appreciate the husky, vibrant quality which makes some mediocre voices broadcast better than finer, better trained ones, Advertiser Gannon was just as quick to sell his find to Prince Albert for \$3,000 a week, on a year's contract. By the maxim that anyone who pleases the client is a radio success, Alice Joy is made. She sings over one of the biggest hook-ups in a series which will cost Prince Albert approximately \$1,000,000. Her songs, like Minstrel Downey's, are of the mellow, persuasive sort. An occasional old-fashioned



Harold Stein

ALICE JOY

... was a Five Piano Girl.

halled supposedly represents the real Alice Joy, a simple, ruddy-checked, home-loving girl who adores flowers and ivy-covered churches.

Busch Like Brahms

When a professional-looking German walked quietly and unaffectedly across Boston's Symphony Hall stage last week, there were subscribers who settled back in their chairs with the idea that the afternoon's interest was over. The German, Adolf Busch, was unknown to most of them. He carried his violin as unostentatiously as if it had been a brief case. He was to play the familiar Brahms' Concerto, surely of less interest to an up & coming audience than Respighi's glittering arrangement of five Rachmaninoff *Picture Studies* or Florent Schmitt's gruesome *Tragedy of Salome*. . . .

The Koussevitzky orchestra had a long, symphonic introduction before Violinist Busch tucked his instrument under his chin, demonstrated a great talent worthy of great music. Busch, like Brahms, scorns meaningless display. In music alternately heroic and deeply tender, he dis-

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SORENO LUND, JR., Manager



THE **SORENO HOTEL**
ST. PETERSBURG-FLORIDA

8:30 P. M. (E. S. T.)
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

"THE MARCH OF TIME"

The Columbia
Coast-to-Coast Network

played an immaculate, full-toned technique, an interpretative sense marked by the same marvelous simplicity and restraint that he has succeeded in preserving in his pupil, young Yehudi Menuhin. In Manhattan the Busch name is familiar because of Adolf's brother Fritz (they were the sons of a famed Westphalian violin-maker), who conducted the New York Symphony for a time. In Manhattan next week Violinist Busch will be given an enviable debut.* Conductor Arturo Toscanini, who usually refuses to have soloists on his programs, has invited Busch to play at his first concert of the season. Toscanini and Busch are great friends. They exchange little conversation because Busch speaks almost no Italian, Toscanini almost no German. But they spend a great deal of time gazing at one another in affectionate admiration. When the Philharmonic toured Europe a year ago last spring,



ADOLF BUSCH

Toscanini gazes fondly.

Busch attended almost all the concerts. Toscanini has traveled from Switzerland to Milan to hear Busch's famed string quartet.

Wanted: A Patron

When a rich man or woman goes quietly for years about the business of subsidizing music, his philanthropy comes to be taken for granted. Manhattan three weeks ago heard with regret of the sudden passing of Harriet Bishop Lanier, relict of Banker James F. D. Lanier (Winslow, Lanier & Co.), who in 10 years gave nearly \$1,000,000 toward the support of the Society of the Friends of Music. Fortnight ago people perfunctorily approved a memorial concert to Mrs. Lanier in which Conductor Artur Bodanzky presented the *Actus Tragicus*, Bach's mourning cantata. But last week musical people were startled. Unless another patron is found, the Friends will be able to perform no more of the great, rare music for which they are famed.

*Violinist Busch will be heard only with orchestra on his first U. S. tour. From Boston he goes to Detroit, Manhattan, Minneapolis, Chicago, accompanies the Philharmonic to Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, ends his tour at St. Louis.



Camelot

A GAME BY GEORGE S. PARKER

CAVIAR to start the party, and CAMELOT after the coffee—both reveal perfect taste in entertainment, for there's good taste in games—as in all things! Wherever keen-witted, intelligent people gather, you will find Camelot played. There's a new kind of fun in its Canters, Jumps, and Knight's Charges—a new thrill in smashing through the enemy's lines!



CAMELOT 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 Board. Price \$7.50 POPULAR Edition: Red Board. Price \$5.00 Other Editions, \$1 to \$50. Send for complete list. At DEALERS' or by mail

Write for information about the
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Other Famous PARKER GAMES: Peggly, Ping-Pong, Rook, Pit, Touring, Lady, Halma, Five Wise Birds, Derby-Day, Pastime Picture Puzzles, etc.

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SAY
THANKS
WITH FLOWERS
THE *Mercury*
WAY



On Thanksgiving Day, to remember the folks back home . . . or an absent loved one . . . telegraph a fragrant bouquet! Your flower message will span the miles swiftly and safely if you look for the "Mercury" emblem when you order. It assures quality, service and satisfaction!

**SAY IT
WITH FLOWERS**

BY WIRE WITH SAFETY

AERONAUTICS

Again, Pan American

A 30-knot wind blew on the starboard quarter of a Pan American Airways flying boat on the regular Cristobal-Miami run one day last week. The crew and two passengers were thankful to be up in the gusty sky instead of down on the surface of the Caribbean which still writhed and tossed from a whipping by a three-day gale. About 100 mi. short of Barranquilla, Colombia, first stop on the plane's northerly flight via Jamaica, Pilot Frank Ormsbee saw something that made him nose rapidly down toward the water.

Co-pilot, radioman, steward and passengers plastered their noses against windows while Pilot Ormsbee banked lower & lower around an animated speck on the surface—a lifeboat. Someone in it was waving an oar with a shirt tied to the blade. . . . There seemed to be ten persons in the boat. . . . One of them looked something like a woman. . . . And over there, taking a terrific beating from the waves, was another man hanging to a broken hatch door.

Obviously the gesticulating castaways believed that rescue was at hand. But Pilot Ormsbee knew otherwise. He might put his ship down upon that boiling sea but he would never take it off again. He scribbled a note on a message blank, passed it through the little window to "Sparks'" compartment just abaft the control cabin, saw Sparks (radio operator) begin to pound brass. . . . "NHC [the Naval base at Cristobal]—NHC—sighted ten men in lifeboat at 10:22 North 76:52 West—ORMSBEE." With that message and another to Miami on their way, Pilot Ormsbee turned northeast and kited for Barranquilla, hating to think of the eleven pairs of dejected eyes that focussed upon his vanishing ship. . . .

Pan-American radio stations at Cristobal and Miami broadcast the SOS. Six airplanes set out from the Naval base at Coco Solo, C. Z. The minesweeper *Swan* was ordered to patrol off Cartagena, Colombia. Pilot Herbert Boy, a German War flyer and chief pilot of Scadta air lines, searched from Barranquilla. For two and a half days there was no trace of the shipwrecked men; hope was nearly given up. Then a carpenter's mate on the bridge of the *Swan* sighted the drifting lifeboat.

The survivors—eleven men—were of the *S. S. Baden-Baden*, once famed as the rotor ship invented by Anton Flettner (TIME, May 24, 1926) but since converted into an ordinary Diesel-powered cargo carrier. Bound from Riohacha for Tumaco on the west coast of Colombia with a cargo of salt, the vessel had become disabled in heavy weather. The cargo shifted, the ship listed heavily to starboard, shipping water faster than the disabled pumps could pour it out. She foundered less than a half hour before the Pan American plane sighted what remained of the crew of 16 (five men, including the two owners, had been drowned).

It was not the first time that Pan American's excellent radio system, with its network of 56 stations extending from Miami and Mexico City to Buenos Aires, had gone to a rescue. A year ago it was a Pan-

American operator who flashed the message that Santo Domingo was struck by a hurricane, just a few minutes before his own station was laid low. Next morning the same operator was on the air again, begging Miami to send doctors, nurses, supplies. Pan American planes carried them (TIME, Sept. 15, 1930).

One day seven months later the pilot of a P. A. A. plane flying south from Miami received a radiogram in mid-air to drop his passengers at the nearest station and proceed to Managua, which had just been flattened by an earthquake. Two hours later the Sikorsky was sitting on the shore of Lake Managua, her own radio humming with messages from local authorities. Next morning seven company planes were at the scene. Last September the P. A. A. station at Belize was wrecked by the hurricane and tidal wave which struck the town. In water up to their armpits the station crew salvaged their emergency equipment, worked all night setting it up, began functioning next morning—the only means of communication available to the Honduran Government.

Flights & Flyers

Dr. Brock's 730th. On Nov. 15, 1929, Dr. John David Brock, Kansas City optician, observed in his logbook that he had missed flying on only eleven days that year. For the fun of it he decided to try flying every day. Last week, with an escort including nine Army planes, John Kerr "Tex" LaGrone, who taught him to fly in 1922, and Mrs. Brock, Dr. Brock took off from Fairfax Airport for his 730th consecutive daily flight, a two-year record of flying in all kinds of weather. Sometimes his would be the only plane to leave the ground, so thick was the rain, snow or fog. Although critics might liken his routine to year-round-swimming or marathon tree-sitting, Dr. Brock is not publicity-hungry. He is smart enough to know that his Specialty Optical Co. does not suffer from his own conspicuousness (he was recently received by President Hoover) but he is personally reticent. Last summer he made an aerial tour to every State capital in the U. S., was never more than an hour behind a schedule worked out months in advance. Dr. Brock has now three ships: *Taper Wing Waco*, *Monocoupe*, *Stinson Junior*; has logged 2,924 hr. (540 hr. in the past year).

Smallest, Cheapest. It took Bert Hinkler 15½ days, cost him \$250 to fly an 875-lb. Avro Avian from London to Australia three years ago. One Charles Butler completed the flight last week for \$750 in a Comper Swift, supposedly the tiniest airplane in the world (weight about 500 lb.). Wearing carpet slippers for comfort, carrying a tomahawk for protection in case of a forced landing, Pilot Butler flew the 11,500 mi. in 9½ days, 1 hr., 32 min., beating by about an hour the record of Charles William Anderson Scott.

Plane v. Snails. In Western States, announced the Department of Agriculture, airplanes are going up to drop copper sulphate dust to kill the snails that harbor the larvae of the liver fluke which destroys sheep.

The AUTOGIRO is not an airplane



KELLETT AUTOGIRO BUILT BY KELLETT AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA

TO appreciate the fundamental distinction between the airplane and the Autogiro it is necessary first to understand the essential theory of flight of any heavier-than-aircraft.

This can be condensed into a comparatively simple statement.

Air is a fluid, but of such thin consistency that, when still, it cannot support even the lightest feather.

However, move air rapidly or move an object rapidly through it, and air becomes "resistant" and affords "support."

Stripped of technical details, that is why all heavier-than-air craft can only be sustained in flight by rapid movement of their lifting surfaces through the air. Since the airplane's lifting surface (fixed wings) are a fixed part of the machine itself, their movement through the air is solely dependent upon the fast forward speed of the entire machine.

On the other hand, the speed of the fast moving lifting surfaces of the Autogiro (its rotor blades) is independent of the speed of the craft itself. Therefore the Autogiro is capable of sustained flight with very little forward speed of the machine as a whole.

To this one all-important difference is traceable all the Autogiro's distinctive characteristics, including its immunity

to spins and other critical situations, its ease of control and maneuverability.

In addition, the Autogiro rotor has no connection with the engine while the Autogiro is in flight. The rotational speed of its blades is practically constant whether the Autogiro is traveling fast or slow, hovering, or descending with little or no forward speed. It is not affected even by motor failure.

Such an aircraft largely eliminates the restrictions and hazards of learning to fly and opens the way to a wider use and enjoyment of flying by everyone.

The Autogiro Company of America is an engineering and licensing organization. It owns and controls, exclusively, all Autogiro patent rights in the United States. Manufacturing companies of high standing will be licensed to build Autogiros with the full cooperation of our engineering staff.

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It's the **VOGUE**
It's luxuriously warm—
It's taking America by storm—



● JUST AN OLD Argentine custom—the Ponchorobe—gone modern—styled for sports wear today. What a revival for America out-of-doors! First—it is a beautiful auto or utility robe, size 78-in. x 60-in.—just the thing for a couch throw or spare blanket. Presto! You zip the zipper in its center, slip it over your head (without mussing a hair) and you have a full length virgin wool blanket shawl—warm, cozy, and voguish. *What a gift*—one that is wanted and appreciated by young or old, man or woman. See the Ponchorobe at your dealer's, or we will send yours postpaid carefully boxed, on receipt of price. Use coupon below!

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☐ Green ☐ Red ☐ Maroon ☐ Tan ☐ Blue ☐ Black

It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied you will refund my money on return of the Ponchorobe.

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My Dealer's Name _____

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Year's Best

At a dinner in Hollywood's Biltmore Hotel, attended by Tzar Will H. Hays, Vice President Curtis, Mrs. Dolly Gann and 2,000 others, there were read last week the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences:

- Best acting (female) Marie Dressler (*Min and Bill*)
Best acting (male) Lionel Barrymore (*A Free Soul*)
Best directing Norman Taurog (*Skippy*)
Best producing RKO (*Cimarron*)
Best story John Monk Saunders (*Dawn Patrol*)
Best adapting Howard Estabrook (*Cimarron*)
Best photography Floyd Crosby (*Tabu*)
Best art directing Max Ree (*Cimarron*)
Best sound recording Paramount

Seven years ago, Marie Dressler (born Lelia Koerber) offered to play in vaudeville for \$2,000 a week, could find no takers. She was ready to give up acting to try running a hotel in Paris when Director Allan Dwan offered her a job in Hollywood. The part that made her a cinema star, as she had been a stage star 25 years before, came later—a bit in *Anna Christie*. Said Cinematress Dressler: "They make you a star and then you starve. All I want is a small part to come in and upset the plot."

Cinematress Dressler's producers have not let her starve, but they have given her major roles which often seem to be bit-parts ardently expanded. In *Min & Bill*, she was proprietress of a low-grade boarding house. Wallace Beery was her star boarder. Largely slapstick comedy, the picture included a six-minute fight between Dressler and Beery in which Cinematress Dressler threw things, among them a pottle, at Cinematress Beery. Cinematress Dressler enjoyed making the fight scenes. When she and Beery were too tired to go on, she rested in a portable bungalow dressing room which she got for Christmas from Marion Davies.

An itinerant actress for 40 years, Marie Dressler has gathered about her an amazingly large circle of acquaintances, celebrated and otherwise. General Pershing writes to her; the Prince of Wales calls on her when she visits London. Last week, the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences came a day after her 60th birthday. Vastly pleased, she said: "I feel so important tonight that I think Mrs. Gann should give me her seat." Mrs. Gann stood up, Cinematress Dressler sat down.

First suggested at a dinner given in 1927 by Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to Director Fred Niblo, Cinematress Conrad Nagel and Fred Beetsen, the Academy now has 700 members—writers, actors, technicians, production executives, directors. Its main concern is the welfare

*She had also been famed in cinema years before, in *Tillie's Punctured Romance* (1914).

C I N E M A

of the cinema industry. Dissenters regard it as a company union since producers used it two years ago as a weapon to defeat Equity's attempt to organize cinematists. Annually, each of the five Academy branches selects five nominees in its own branch for an award of merit. The five highest nominations are then submitted for balloting to the entire membership. The winners get gold-washed statuettes of a nude young man.

At last week's dinner, Jackie Cooper (see below) fell asleep on the bosom of Cinematress Dressler. Director King Vidor drew a checkerboard on the tablecloth, played lump-sugar checkers with Cinematress Eleanor Boardman (Mrs. King Vidor), beat her. Remarks:

Vice President Curtis: "A few weeks ago I stood on the steps of the Capitol and cheered for Polly Moran."

Producer President M. C. Levee: "I want to let you all in on a personal secret.



"MIN" DRESSLER, "BILL" BEERY

She asked for Mrs. Gann's seat, got it.

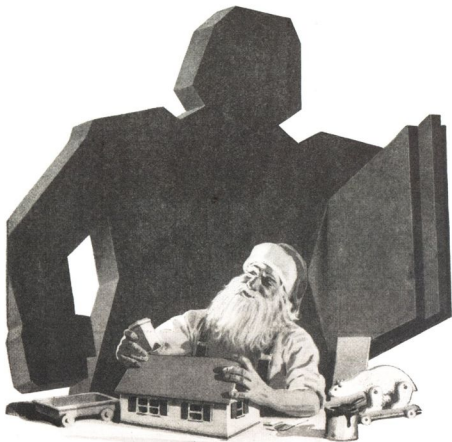
Seventeen years ago tonight Mrs. Levee and I were married. She has stood by me all these years and I don't think, by God, that without her help I would ever have gotten to first base.

Author John Monk Saunders: "An author who has just been sued for plagiarism" is a little surprised to get a prize for originality. . . .

The New Pictures

The Champ (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) will probably extract more tears than any other cinema made in 1931, with the possible exception of *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* (TIME, Nov. 9). It is about a broken-down pugilist (Wallace Beery) and his ragamuffin son (Jackie Cooper). There is really only one situation—Jackie Cooper struggling to go on worshipping his father

**Dawn Patrol*, for which Author Saunders received his statuette, resembled *Hell's Angels* in incident, *Journey's End* in theme. Caddo Productions (Howard Hughes) filed suit against Warner Bros. charging plagiarism of scenes and sequences from *Hell's Angels*.



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In the year 1818, buccaneer Jean La Fitte chose Galveston Island as his base. From there his ships could reach the sea in shortest time. An able seaman with business sense, he recognized in swift movement the basis of profit.

Today, too, Galveston's on-the-sea harbor means profit to shippers. Ships reach the open sea in **forty minutes!** Enlarging this natural advantage is an ideal port layout. There are 4 grain elevators, 32 piers, 30 warehouses on 2½ miles of waterfront—all tied together by 51 miles of switch track. The wise placement of rails and structures simplifies transfer and speeds cargoes from car to ship.

Back in 1854, the Galveston Wharf Company was established to co-ordinate all activities. Now partly owned by the City of Galveston, it supervises handling, storage, financing, shipping. One management assures centralized control without red tape. This means efficiency and economy.

EXECUTIVES

The Shippers Digest of Galveston, a semi-monthly publication, quotes sailing dates to foreign and domestic ports. Contains shipping news and other useful facts. Free! Write to the Galveston Wharf Co., or the Chamber of Commerce, Galveston, Texas. Traffic problems invited.



Port of GALVESTON

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in the face of Beery's unworthy behavior (guzzling, crap-shooting, brawling in bad company) and Beery, shamed at his shiftlessness, struggling to preserve his son's loyalty. Every time Beery gets drunk, gambles away the racehorse which he has presented to his son, or is taken to jail for disturbing the peace, there is a shot of little Cooper sticking out his underlip and wrinkling his eyes. In jail, Beery decides to send his son to live in respectable surroundings with his mother. Cooper is unwilling to go. To make him less unwilling, Beery gives him a blow across the face, then smashes his own hand against the side of his cell. Even this mistreatment does not discourage little Cooper. Presently he is back, muttering, "Aw gee!" with sniveling, or sometimes gay, affection. Finally there arrives Beery's comeback as a fighter. He shuffles into the ring in a torn bathrobe, defeats what is supposed to be a first-class boxer in a struggle which will seem a little absurd to anyone who has ever seen a prizefight. After the fight, he has heart-failure; little Cooper's underlip comes out again.

The stenciled plot of *The Champ* might not have tempted many of Hollywood's directors, but it was rich to the taste of Director King Vidor. Far from being ashamed of such an unblushing tear-jerker, he laid on pathos with a steam-shovel. Big, ugly, shambling Beery did likewise and little Cooper, whose salary for such undertakings is \$1,500 a week, gave a thoroughgoing performance in the same key. Utterly false and thoroughly convincing, *The Champ* is a monument to the cinema's skill in achieving second-rate perfection. Good shots: Beery dressing when he has a horrible hangover; Cooper listening while his nice little half-sister tells him a fairy story about a Princess who slept for 1,000 years.

Are These Our Children? (RKO-Radio). "Children have no inhibitions or false ideas and people over 50 are usually sensible enough to have dropped them. . . . I think if a picture or play was produced with only children . . . or oldsters . . . in the cast, it would be the surest safeguard . . . against the critics. . . ." So says seasoned Marie Dressler (see p. 40). Director Wesley Ruggles (*Cimarron*) shares her respect for young actors. In *Are These Our Children?* which he wrote himself, he takes a cast mostly under 18, guides them through a depressing epic of juvenile delinquency which ends at the electric chair. His story corresponds roughly to the one which any newsreader detects between the lines of items concerning adolescent handits, school-boy murderers and other such.* It tells about a boy (Eric Linden) who, failing to win a high-school prize for oratory, takes up with bad companions, patronizes dance halls and chop-suey dens. While drunk he kills a friendly old delicatessen dealer. At the trial he dramatizes his predicament, undertakes to conduct the defense of himself & accomplices. He repeats, too late, when he has been sentenced to death. Good shot: Eric Linden borrowing a dime from the prison attendant to give his small brother when he says goodbye.

*For such an item out of socialite Philadelphia see p. 17.

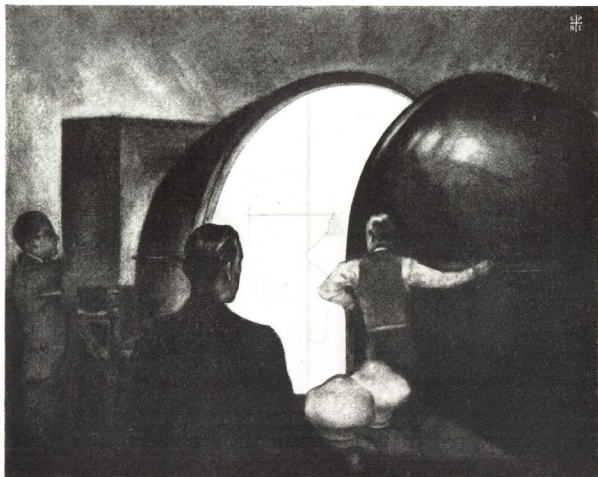
SCIENCE

For Ammonia & Gasoline

No rule says that the Nobel Prize in Chemistry shall be awarded for pure (i. e. uncommercial) research, but heretofore the Swedish Academy of Science has followed a tradition in disregarding commercial success when making the award. Last week the Academy departed from that tradition, awarded the 1931 chemistry prize jointly to two Germans whose outstanding work has been the commercialization of scientific processes developed in research laboratories. They were Professor Carl Bosch of Heidelberg, chairman of the I. G. Farbenindustrie (dye trust)—for his process for large-scale production of ammonia from atmospheric nitrogen—and his fellow townsman, Professor Friedrich Bergius—for his work in obtaining gasoline from coal. For the Nobel Prize in Physics the Academy could agree on no one, postponed the award until next year.

Blocky, bristly Professor Bosch was a collaborator of Dr. Fritz Haber, whose process for extracting nitrogen from the air was recognized by the Nobel award of 1918. To utilize the Haber-process nitrogen Dr. Bosch designed a mechanism for the industrial production of ammonia, combining air-nitrogen with hydrogen under a pressure of 200 atmospheres at a temperature of 500-600° C. in the presence of a catalyst. As manager of the Badische Anilin- & Soda-Fabrik he built the Oppau ammonia works, without which Germany, cut off from nitrate-producing Chile, might have lost the War in 1914 by running out of munitions. (He was instrumental in perfecting the formula for making saltpetre from ammonia.) In 1917 he built the great Leuna Works to supply hard-pressed Germany with more fertilizer & munitions. After the War the works were turned to dye-making, and in 1925 Dr. Bosch organized and became head of the Farbenindustrie. He says little, listens much, dresses carelessly, and peers through thick spectacles at the workings of the great machinery he has set in motion.

Dr. Bergius is the physical antithesis of his chief in the Farbenindustrie: he is tall, thin, has no top hair, wears a monocle. Last week he was on his way to Pittsburgh to address the International Coal Conference with another German, Dr. Franz Fischer of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Institute. His method of hydrogenating anthracite under 100 atmospheres pressure at 100° C. to produce synthetic petroleum he turned over to the dye trust and went on to new discoveries. He believes hydrogenation of petroleum would produce 105 gallons of gasoline from 100 gallons of oil, expects this method to be used when the world's oil resources are exhausted. Last year he developed a process for making sugar from wood (TIME, Feb. 10, 1930). He believes production of food from wood far from impossible and will use his prize money to carry on his experiments. Ardent experimenter, he has spent large sums of his own money, raised other large sums, to carry on his work. Bergius beliefs: "Progress is a matter of meeting exigencies. . . . Comfort is the basis of civilization."



U N I F O R M I T Y

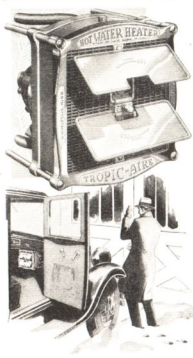
The largest spherical photometer in the world is located at Charleroi, Pa., in the laboratories of the Macbeth-Evans Glass Company. This photometer, a huge, hollow, metal sphere, lined with white, is used for measuring the light transmission of Macbeth lighting glassware. Its great size permits extreme accuracy. Samples from every lot produced in the Macbeth plant are tested in the photometer for their total light output. The standard

for these tests is exceptionally high, assuring a uniformly efficient product of the greatest light output consistent with proper diffusion. Macbeth illumination engineers will gladly make a survey of your lighting requirements without obligation on your part. Macbeth-Evans Glass Co., Charleroi, Pa. Branch Offices: Pittsburgh, Toronto, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Boston, Houston, Indianapolis, San Francisco, St. Louis, Baltimore.

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Trial at Lübeck

In Paris last week a deaf old professor with a long beard was buying newspapers, searching them anxiously for news from Germany. He was Léon Charles Albert Calmette, 68, who with Veterinary Surgeon Alphonse Guérin developed *Bacillus Calmette-Guérin*, commonly called BCG vaccine, for tuberculosis immunity (TIME, Aug. 4, 1930 *et ante*). Year and a half ago 76 infants in Lübeck died after administration of BCG. Last week three Lübeck doctors and a nurse were on trial for manslaughter and criminal negligence. Question to be answered at the trial: Could the vaccine have become virulent without outside interference, or was bungling of its administration responsible for the deaths?

Professor Calmette has no doubt that his vaccine is harmless. It is prepared from living bovine tuberculosis germs. The germs are cultured for many generations in glycerinated ox-fall until they become non-virulent. If fed to infants in three doses during the first ten days of life, the vaccine is supposed to immunize them against tuberculosis. Dr. William Hallock Park, director of the New York civic health laboratories, has certified Dr. Calmette's claims. Last week he said: "We have not had a single accident in the use of the vaccine." Nearly 400,000 French babies and 70,000 Rumanian babes have been given the vaccine. The Hygiene Commission of the League of Nations has declared BCG harmless. But many bacteriologists have continued to insist that the live germs cause rather than prevent tuberculosis. Last week both sides in the controversy looked toward Lübeck for substantiation of their claims.

A State commission investigated the 76 deaths at Lübeck, held they were due to "omission of laboratory precautions" in preparing the vaccine. At the trial Professor Georg Deycke, director of the Lübeck municipal hospital, sought to take all the blame. He said his belief in the usefulness of BCG was "a scientific error," declared subsequent tests had convinced him that the vaccine was a perfect means of introducing tuberculosis into the bodies of the vaccinated children. Weeping, he begged that the other three defendants be freed, said the judges need feel no scruples in taking his life: "I have often wished during the last 18 months that night would break over me."

Dr. Ernst Alstaedt, chief of Lübeck's board of health, who sanctioned use of the vaccine, promptly denied that it was harmful. Other witnesses testified that the labels sometimes slipped off the cultures and that they might have been put back on the wrong containers. This the accused nurse, Anna Schütze, denied. Professor Wilhelm Kolle, a witness, lost his patience, shouted: "These attacks against Dr. Calmette are abominable! It is impossible for me not to protest, because these accusations are brought against a savant of spotless reputation but who happens to be a Frenchman!"

Last week parents of the dead Lübeck children, who had attended every session

of court, grew weary of arguments. As a lawyer attempted to defend the Calmette vaccine they filled the courtroom with shouts, temporarily broke up the trial.

Coffey-Humber Test

Cancer, second worst killer in the U. S. (heart disease is first), is on the increase. Its cause is undetermined, its cure possible only when the disease is attacked in its early stages by surgery, X-rays or radium. In its advanced stages the specialist can only make the patient more comfortable while he slowly, painfully dies. Two California doctors, Walter Bernard Coffey and John Davis Humber, think they have found a palliative or cure in an extract made from part of the adrenal cortex of sheep. They patented their extract, have been running a free clinic in San Francisco since 1930. When they sought to start an Eastern clinic, on Mrs. Grace Hammond Conners' \$1,000,000 Long Island estate, "The Monastery," they were refused a State license (TIME, June 1, *et ante*). They went back to California, sure that in time the New York State Department of Social Welfare would see its mistake.

They decided that the pain of cancer is transmitted by sympathetic nerve fibres threading the walls of the blood vessels. Taking only cases rejected as hopeless by at least two reputable doctors, they claimed: 1) that they had eliminated pain in 71% of the cases treated with their extract; 2) that in all cases where the patient did not die the cancer became necrotic, ceased to smell, sloughed off leaving a clean hole. For study 415 patients were sent to the W. K. Kellogg Foundation at Los Angeles, there given Coffey-Humber injections by Coffey-Humber representatives, the effects watched by physicians of the Foundation. Last week in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* Dr. Rowland H. Harris published the results of that study. Conclusions:

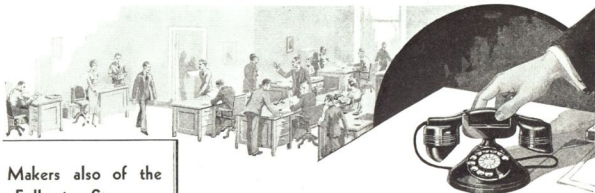
"1) The benefits of the use of the suprarenal cortex extract experienced by patients with malignant tumors in relation to gain in weight and relief from pain did not occur uniformly or in the majority of the patients observed by us.

"2) The extract administered to these patients had no selective influence on the growth, necrosis or sloughing of malignant tumors.

"3) Necrosis and sloughing were not beneficial but were detrimental to these patients, producing hemorrhage, anemia, distressing fistulas, perforation with abscess or peritonitis, and other serious consequences.

"4) Cure of malignant disease in patients with advanced carcinoma or sarcoma (cancer), in view of the experience of the patients of this series, cannot reasonably be expected to occur as a result of the use of the suprarenal cortex extract.

"5) The benefits to be expected from use of the . . . extract lie principally in improved appetite, improved muscle tone and bettered feeling of general well being of patients who are ambulatory or are not too far advanced toward a fatal termination of the disease."



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A railroad car that sailed before the wind! Such was the Aeolus, built in 1830. It was a great success...until it was blown from the track and piled into a mud-bank. The "engineer", a former sea captain, couldn't strike the sails in time.

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of the year they must remain idle. And idle cars mean tremendous expense.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

N. C. C.

Last week, four weeks after its impressive advent upon the national banking scene, National Credit Corp. made a report about itself, told how it was getting on, what it was doing. John Maffit Miller Jr., N. C. C. director in the Fifth Federal Reserve District (Richmond, Va.) arose before the Investment Bankers Association in convention at White Sulphur Springs and reported:

1) About \$400,000,000 of the Corporation's capital had been subscribed, with \$200,000,000 more "in sight."

2) Calls for 10% of amounts pledged would be made this week.

The contrast of \$400,000,000 with the \$500,000,000 figure which was originally mentioned as N. C. C.'s objective, and with the billion which was later written into its charter, was not taken by Mr. Miller's listeners as an ominous sign. On the contrary, the fact seemed to be that the mere planning and organizing of N. C. C., in advance of its completion and operation, had profoundly ameliorated the conditions which had made N. C. C. seem necessary. Since credit is almost entirely psychological, the main effect of the national banking stabilizer was psychological, immediate, far ahead of its actual financial performances. It began to be seen that, with a \$400,000,000 cash reservoir to draw on, N. C. C. might never actually have to advance any large sums to banks on the verge of trouble.

In the Chicago district George McClelland Reynolds, National Credit's chairman, said only \$2,100,000 in loans had been approved. Other districts reported no loans at all. It was because of the small applications that it had not been thought necessary to call on subscribers for debenture payments. Instead the Corporation had just borrowed money from local banks and passed it along.

Other evidence of better banking conditions showed clearly last week in reports of the Federal Reserve System. Ratio of the twelve district banks' reserves to deposits & notes rose from 61.5% on Nov. 4 to 62.5% last week. Currency in circulation dropped \$24,000,000 in the week ended Oct. 29, increased \$63,000,000 the next week (about normal for any month-end), dropped again for the week of Nov. 11 by \$26,000,000. The gold drain from the U. S. tapered off and for the past fortnight the Reserve showed a gain in holdings of \$59,000,000.

Resolute Oil

The American Petroleum Institute—mouthpiece and clearing house of the oil business, composed of 4,300 individuals from all the companies of importance—met last week in Chicago resolved to take Oil more firmly in hand. Secretary of Commerce Lamont was there to tell Oil that it must regard the public interest, must cease the "mad wastes" of the past. In the air was talk of setting up an Oil Dictator, to govern the petroleum business as baseball and cinema are governed. Mentioned (to his great delight) as possi-

ble oil tsar at a possible salary of \$250,000 a year, was Vice President Charles Curtis.

But Mr. Curtis' name did not come up last week. The Institute shelved the tsar idea for the time being. Instead it accepted the resignation of Edwin B. Reeser as president and elected Amos Leonidas Beatty to succeed him. More significant, it was decided to give the Institute's president a salary and recognize the post for the real job it is. President-Elect Beatty was quick to dissociate himself from any thought of dictatorship. "I was elected just to do my best," said he, "... to keep the industry going smoothly down the middle of the road." Nevertheless observers guessed that, within the limits of the anti-trust laws, the Petroleum Institute under Amos Leonidas Beatty might become more like a "Swope Plan" trade



Keystone

AMOS LEONIDAS BEATTY

... took a salary but not a sceptre.

association whose resolutions will be followed and followed up.

No big-company man can be elected head of the Institute. Edwin B. Reeser, twice president, is president of independent Barnsdall Corp. The late Elmer West Clark who preceded him was executive vice president of Union Oil Co. of California. Amos Leonidas Beatty's only position now is a directorship in Phillips Petroleum Co. But he well understands the viewpoint of the big companies. He used to be president of great Texas Co. Texas is his State. His Texan stature and accent mark him in New York, where he now lives, golfs, bridges, flies. A lawyer for 15 years before serving Texas Co. for 20, sometimes he is called (and hates it) "nice old Judge Beatty" although he never sat on the bench.

Edward George Seubert, president of Standard Oil Co. of Indiana and chairman of the Institute's marketing division, raged last week against a new racket: gasoline bootlegging. "Gaslegging" is the method of dishonest gasoline retailers who set up mushroom service stations and pocket the 3¢ or 4¢ tax levied by the

State on each gallon of gas. Illinois estimates it is being defrauded of \$1,000,000 a month, Pennsylvania, an equal amount. The national loss was said to run between \$5,000,000 and \$50,000,000 yearly. The threat to the legitimate gasoline market was so serious that the Institute was urged to form local committees in each State to aid officials in combating the racket. The motor industry was also expected to co-operate since gas taxes are used to maintain the highways.

Retiring President Reeser would not say what his future plans were. Some time ago he was offered the post of "co-ordinator" of the petroleum industry in California, where the hand of a dictator was urgently needed. To accept this he would have to resign as president of Barnsdall Corp. where he has been a recognized leader of the independent companies against the schemes of the big units. While president of the Institute he was officially neutral but personally, as leader of his company, he was often in sharp disagreement with policies set forth in *The Lamp*, powerful publication of big Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Copper Quarrel

Rich & powerful in their far-flung mineral empire, the Brothers Guggenheim must have been glad to see last week behind them. Threatened in Chile by political agitation against their nitrate interests, in Manhattan, on their copper front, they faced the Belgian Congo's prolific Katanga. Nor were they alone in their fears of potent Union Minière du Haut Katanga. Represented by Belgian Minister of State Emile Francqui and his cohorts, MM. Fernand Pisart & Camille Gutt, Katanga was forcing a hard bargain on a conference of the world's copper producers. Further curtailment of output to cut down the mounting supplies of copper on hand was the conference's purpose. Through the guarded doors no statements came from the conferences but rumors told of their maneuvers. Every producer was agreed on a 50% cut in production, except Katanga.

Since 1925 North & South American copper producers have watched the African mines with misgivings tinged with respect. From an output of only 90,000 tons in 1925 Africa rose to 160,000 tons in 1930. Katanga, controlled by the Belgian Government, backed by British capital, operating under strictest of colonial régimes, rapidly rose to lead the Africans. U. S. producers have to dig deep when they prospect new veins but Katanga's ore lies so close to the surface they do their prospecting by airplane. Labor costs are on a like scale. A Bantu boy working hard in Katanga's open-cut mines gets about \$5 a month. Production costs come to about 4¢ per lb. African mines can deliver copper in England or the U. S. for about 7¢—the present world price, ruinous to most other producers.

Last week's conference was not the first in which other coppermen have felt the power and threat of Katanga. A year ago in Manhattan the copper world agreed to reduce output 33% of capacity. At that time Katanga was supposedly operating at about 12,500 tons a month. Amazed were U. S. producers some weeks later

when the agreement went into effect, to hear from Katanga that it was curtailing on the basis of about 16,000 tons monthly. In fact, announced the Belgians, their output had actually run as high as 20,000 tons! Other coppermen shook their heads, said harsh things about Katanga's stepping up production just before curtailment.

Unrestricted by last year's agreement (effective only Dec. 1), the main copper districts of the world produced as follows in 1930:

	(Short Tons)
United States.....	870,000
Mexico	58,535
Canada	113,004
Chile & Peru.....	280,554
Africa	160,000
Total	1,432,093

Instead of improving the copper market has grown steadily worse. Month after month the stores of copper above ground have mounted to a new record high. In its present state the world finds it can use just about 85,000 tons of copper a month, 1,020,000 tons a year. It was simple to figure out that if everyone cut his present production 50% the co-operating producers would have their output down to 55,000 tons a month. To this must be added about 30,000 tons a month from non-co-operating mines mostly in Japan, Germany & Russia, the total bringing output into line with world consumption. U. S. producers wanted the reduction and remembering Katanga's sudden step-up last year hinted broadly it should accept it willingly. Instead Katanga was said to have countered with a proposal for 25% reduction in shipments only and



KATANGA'S GUTT, KATANGA'S PISART
Their Bantu boys had been busy.

Acme-P. & A.

creation of a sales pool to handle the surplus.

Conferences last week were on what the copper industry calls an "informal basis," the customary dodge to get around the Sherman Act. But not only were conferences informal, they were just about over. Emile Francqui, chief of the Katangans, departed for home. A. Chester Beatty, chairman of Rhodesia's important Roan Antelope Copper Mines, Ltd. said he was sailing Friday night; MM. Pisart & Gutt took passage on the Saturday sailing of the *Ille de France*. The conference looked like a failure. Then someone made

a mysterious move and the foreigners stayed.

Opinion was that if no agreement was reached, another way would be found to tame Katanga. Failing output reduction, U. S. and English coppermen might get their countries to enact copper tariffs. England is Katanga's best customer.

Store Insurance

The insurance business has been a major industry in England for several centuries. The variety of policies obtainable at Lloyd's is proverbial. Last week was reported a new variety: customer insurance.

First tried out in 1888 by some British periodicals (*Tithbits; Answer*) as insurance on their subscribers, the idea has spread to retail stores. Every customer who shops in certain stores has his life automatically insured. In case of his death his heirs receive a sum in direct proportion to the money he spent in the store during the past year. Relatives of a bachelor receive up to \$350, married customers get special benefits. Premiums on the insurance are paid by the storekeeper to the insurance company at the rate of about 2¢ per \$5 of customers' purchases.

RKO Assessment

In 1929 taurine whoops generally greeted any company's offer of rights to buy new securities. This year has seen a reverse trend. Electric Power & Light shares dropped sharply last month, when the company sought to raise \$21,000,000 from stockholders. Simms Petroleum made the unique gesture of offering stockholders rights to sell 12½% of their holdings back to the company at a price level with the market. And last week when Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corp. announced plans to raise much-needed cash from its stockholders there were angry mumblings, threats of legal action.

The RKO plan is to sell \$11,600,000 worth of debentures to shareholders—\$5 worth for every share held. But the details made the offer practically an assessment. In simple language, the company planned to take away from stockholders 75% of their shares, give back three-quarters of a share as a bonus with each

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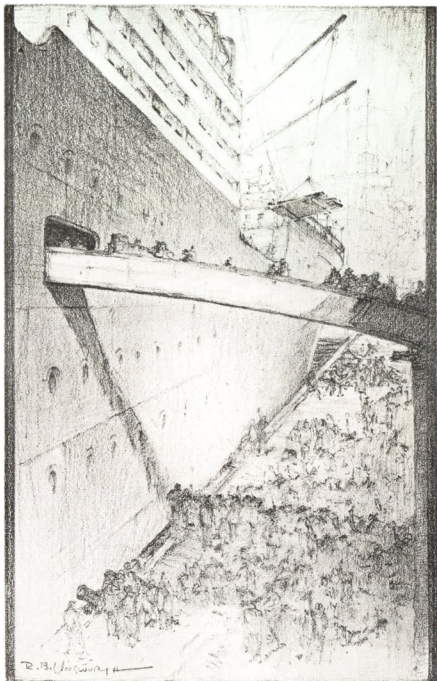
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\$5 worth of debentures. The stockholder who subscribes to the offer will in effect get his stock back. The one who does not will have a 75% smaller interest in the company.

Justification for this drastic action was seen in the fact that RKO faces a receivership unless it gets cash, that a receivership would probably wipe out the value of the common stock. No public offering of securities could be made at this time; banks have been unwilling to assist. Radio Corp., which controls RKO, has agreed to buy any unsubscribed debentures on the same terms at which they were offered. Immediate cash needs of RKO are \$1,000,000 during November, \$3,000,000 by Jan. 1, \$3,000,000 by July 1, 1932. During 1929 the company made \$1,670,000 against \$3,386,000 last year and a profit of \$622 for the first nine months of 1931.

Deals & Developments

Wire House Merger. Many a brokerage firm is expected to merge with the coming of 1932. Last week a harbinger of the movement came with the proposal to form Fenner, Beane & Ungerleider with 48 branches, twelve correspondents, second biggest wire house in the land.* Component firms are Fenner & Beane and Samuel Ungerleider & Co. The former was organized in 1917 in New Orleans and has retained the reputation of being an important cotton and grain house, conducting an active securities business at the same time. It will contribute 39 branches to the new firm. Samuel Ungerleider & Co. was formed in Cleveland in 1920 by "Ohio Sam" Ungerleider. It moved its main office to Manhattan in 1926. In 1929 the firm formed an investment trust, Ungerleider Financial, recently bought by Atlas Utilities Corp.

Benenson Foreclosed. Grigori Benenson, rich Russian, had ambitions towards a monumental record in Manhattan real estate. For years he conducted quiet private operations. And, as president of New York Dock Co., he supervised the extensive real estate holdings of that company. Last winter he attempted to sell New York Dock some property on lower Broadway, started a battle in which he was defeated.

Last week it became clear why President Benenson wished to sell the property to New York Dock. Benenson City Terminal Co. was unable to meet a \$2,451,000 bond maturity and a foreclosure was ordered. Under the auctioneer's hammer, wielded by ubiquitous Joseph Paul Day, went the 34-story Benenson office building at No. 165 Broadway, two adjacent parcels. The total winning bids were \$23,775,779 or only \$1,815,000 more than existing prior liens.

Personnel

Patrick Edward ("Pat-Eighty-Cars") Crowley, resigned as president of **New York Central** lines, will be succeeded by **Frederic Ely Williamson**, president of **Chicago, Burlington & Quincy**, who will

*Any house with an out-of-town branch connected by direct wire is a "wire house." Size depends upon volume, hence ratings are unofficial. Considered biggest of wire houses is **F. A. Pierce & Co.** Logan & Bryan, potent in Chicago and the Far West, has been rated second largest.

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BUFFALO	INDIANAPOLIS	ROCHESTER
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CHICAGO	KALAMAZOO	ST. PAUL
CINCINNATI	KANSAS CITY	SAN ANTONIO
CLEVELAND	LOS ANGELES	SAN FRANCISCO
COLUMBUS	LOUISVILLE	SEATTLE
DALLAS	MEMPHIS	TAMPA
DAVENPORT	MIAMI	TOLSON
DAYTON	MILWAUKEE	TULSA
DENVER	MINNEAPOLIS	WASHINGTON
DETROIT	NEW ORLEANS	WHEELING
ERIE	NEW YORK	WINSTON-SALEM
FORT WAYNE	OMAHA	YOUNGSTOWN
	PHILADELPHIA	

be succeeded by *Ralph Budd*, president of **Great Northern Railway**. This triple play among major railroads spelled the end of Mr. Crowley's leadership of Central, although he still remained a director. Ill health was given as the cause but Wall Street whispered that "Pat" Crowley had lost his fight with Central's bankers over Pennsylvania Railroad's desire for Nickel Plate trackage rights along Lake Erie (*TIME*, Oct. 12). Son of two Irish immigrants, with no schooling after the grammar grades, President Crowley followed the storybook route to success. His first job was in 1878 as messenger boy for the Erie, Telegrapher, station agent, train-despatcher all before 20, he rose to vice president of Central in 1916. Since 1924 he has been president. During the War he was Federal manager of the Central lines along with other eastern roads. At that time he demanded that one engine should pull 80 cars of freight. Hence his nickname, coined to his initials. Idolized by employees, he once issued an order to the entire payroll of 100,000 saying that any one who wanted to see him had only to make himself known at his office. Known as a "cinder railroader" he nevertheless does not chew, smoke or swear. "You can run a railroad without cussing," said he.

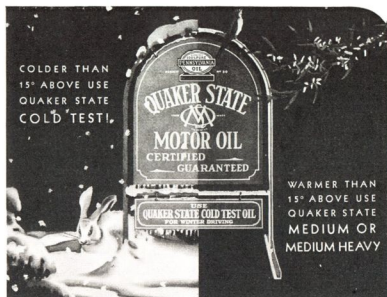
In the railroad world there is no well-defined seniority ranking of the presidencies. Nor is there any well-defined ladder for a railroad president to climb from one major company to another. Within a big system there sometimes is a definite succession: In the case of Illinois Central the president is usually trained in the presidency of subsidiary Central of Georgia, although this was not true of the last Georgia Central president, John Jeremiah Pelley, who became head of New York, New Haven & Hartford.

Walter W. Head, past president of American Bankers Assn., was elected president of **Morris Plan Corp. of America**, succeeding *Austin L. Babcock*. Morris Plan Corp. has large stock holdings in all the Morris Plan banks, largest industrial banking system in the U. S. In the last 21 years these banks loaned \$1,750,000,000 to 7,000,000 people, now do about \$200,000,000 annual business with 800,000 customers.

Samuel Insull was barred from the directorate of **The Alton Railroad** by the Interstate Commerce Commission. *Silas Hardy Straten* was permitted to serve but the Commission refused *Utilitarian Insull* because he was chairman of **Chicago & Illinois Midland Railroad**, a competitor of **The Alton**.

Dr. Edwin Walter Kemmerer of Princeton, famed fiscal diagnostician, was named to represent **Federal Reserve Bank of New York** at a conference of South American central banks in Lima, Peru next month. Bolivia called the meeting to ponder the mutual fiscal problems of herself and Chile, Peru, Colombia, Ecuador. The central banks of all five countries were established on the advice of Dr. Kemmerer so his attendance was expected, but it is unusual for the Reserve to go out of its official family for its chief representative. Accompanying Dr. Kemmerer will be Allan Sproul and Eric F. Lamb, both of the foreign department of the Reserve Bank.

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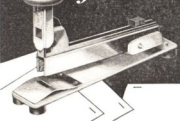
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Football

(See front cover)

Harvard v. Yale is not the oldest foot-
ball rivalry in the U. S.* nor the most
important. But few footballers would
deny that its tradition outweighs that of
any other game. This year the importance
of Harvard v. Yale will be more genuine
than usual. Both Yale and Harvard have
teams which are almost as good as those
which, last week, seemed to be the best in
the country—Northwestern, Notre Dame,
Southern California, Tulane. Yale has
been beaten once, by Georgia; tied twice,
by Dartmouth, Army. Harvard, unbeaten,
last fortnight defeated Dartmouth 7 to 6
in a game which was almost as exciting as
Dartmouth's 33-to-33 tie with Yale, a
game of which the reverberations contin-
ued last week.

This year Michigan's famed forward-
passing quarterback, Benny Friedman, has
been a Yale coach, showed Yale backs how
to throw short, quick, flat passes. Yale
has a heavy, inexperienced line and almost
a plethora of seasoned, versatile backs.
Best back and captain is 144-lb. Albert J.
("Albie") Booth Jr. whose father works
in a New Haven gun factory.

Harvard, coached this year by one-
time (1916, 1919) Halfback Eddie Casey,
has a different sort of team, a team that
has won most of its games by a conserva-
tive, powerful ground attack, supple-
mented by passes which were more popu-
lar a few years ago than they are now—
long, risky forwards which need an expert
passer at one end, an expert receiver at
the other. Harvard's best running backs
are Crickard and Schereschewsky; Nazro
and Hagaman are brilliant ends. But the
essence of Harvard football this year, as
Booth has been the essence of Yale foot-
ball since his sophomore year, is William
Barry Wood Jr., called "Barry" by sports-
writers and "Bill" by friends.

Booth made his football reputation in
the Yale-Army game of 1929. Wood made
his in the Harvard-Army game a week
earlier. The passes he threw at the end
of that game made the score Harvard 19,
Army 20. His drop kick tied the score.
Michigan's Fielding Yost, onetime coach
of Benny Friedman, called Wood that year
the greatest passer he had ever seen.
Since then Wood has often justified the
compliment. A mediocre runner, at times
an uninspired field-general, Harvard's cap-
tain has taken longer than it took Booth
to achieve the status of a No. 1 college
football hero. But now his fame and
popularity are such that even the South
Boston "townies," whose custom it has
long been to cheer for Harvard's oppo-
nents, fill the bowl end of Soldiers Field
to whoop for Harvard. Even Boston and
Cambridge police are on Harvard's side.

The sports-page public of the U. S.
knows by this time that Harvard's Barry
Wood is tall (6 ft. 1 in.), slim (173 lb.),
a Phi Beta Kappa. He has dark hair, dark
eyes, looks like his father, a Harvard 1902
Boston cotton broker and Harvard trustee
who likes squash, tennis, golf. Like
many of Harvard's famed athletes—Ben-

and Bill Ticknor, Charlie Cunningham, re-
cent Hallowells and Saltonstalls—Barry
Wood was schooled at Milton, where his
football coach was onetime Harvard
Quarterback Charlie Buell. A year out
West made him rugged enough for col-
lege football, which he says he plays
because enough hard exercise makes it
easier to study. Other games which he
plays for the same reason are tennis, base-
ball, hockey. In tennis, he was good
enough to play No. 1 on the Harvard
team, to run John Doe to five sets in the
1930 National Championship tournament.
Baseball he plays less expertly than his
other games but Harvard's Coach Fred
Mitchell, when told last year that Wood
might not have time to practice with the
team, said: "Tell him just to come down
for the games. . . . He doesn't need to
practice." Wood has a chance this year
to pass one record for Harvard athletes—
for collecting more major sport letters
(13) than any other Harvard athlete in
history, and to tie the another—for finishing
his course (if he gets four A's this year)
with a record of 16 A's, one B. This
year he won the \$750 Francis Burr schol-
arship which goes to Harvard's best
student athlete. He tried to persuade au-
thorities to give the money to someone
else. When they refused, Wood took the
scholarship, gave it to a student athlete
who needed it.

No college socialite, Wood's best friends
are other Harvard athletes—Mays, Rec-
ord, Crickard and Charles Cunningham,
his roommate, who is the football centre
and hockey captain. A conscientious
rather than brilliant student, Wood has
a schedule that allows him no time for
campus "activities." Nonetheless, he is
president of the Student Council. Quiet
and seemingly modest, he has no fondness
for newspaper publicity. Particularly em-
barassing to him was last week's sequel
to the Harvard-Dartmouth game.

Radio announcer of that game for Col-
umbia Broadcasting Co. was staccato
Edward ("Ted") Husing. Sharing with
many football experts an impression that
Wood's strategies were not such as could
be expected from a Phi Beta Kappa quar-
terback, Announcer Husing described his
play as "putrid." Harvard men wrote let-
ters of protest. Other listeners thought
it a particularly flagrant example of two
failings common among sports announcers
—using words without knowing what they
mean, criticizing instead of reporting.
Harvard's Athletic Director William Bin-
gham wrote to President William Paley of
Columbia Broadcasting Co. to say that
Announcer Husing might never again
broadcast games at Soldiers Field. An-
nouncer Husing's account of the Harvard-
Army game had sounded crabbed to Har-
vard men. Coach Casey had refused to
show Husing diagrams of Harvard plays
or let him watch practice. The Harvard-
Yale game will be broadcast by Ralph
("Gil") Gilroy, a South Bostonian whom
Harvard men well remember as a hard-
boiled Princeton halfback (1921-22).

Yale, after an easy game last fortnight,
had none scheduled last week. Coaches
& captain repaired to Cambridge to watch

*Oldest is Princeton v. Rutgers (1869).

Keep his head up and we'll all come through!



You recognize this man. He lives in your own town, not far from you . . .

Though faced with unemployment, he is combating adversity with courage. He has retreated step by step, but fighting. He has spread his slender resources as far as they will go.

This winter he and his family will need your help.

There are many other heads of families much like him in the United States. This winter all of them will need the help of their more fortunate neighbors.

This is an emergency. It is temporary. But it exists. It must be met with the hopefulness and resource typical of American conduct in emergencies.

Be ready! Right now in every city, town and village, funds are being gathered for local needs—through the established welfare and relief agencies, the Community Chest, or special Emergency Unemployment Committees . . .

The usual few dollars which we regularly give will this year not be enough. Those of us whose earnings have not been cut off can and must double, triple, quadruple our contributions.

By doing so we shall be doing the best possible service to ourselves. All that America needs right now is courage. We have the resources. We have the man power. We have the opportunity for world leadership.

Let's set an example to all the world. Let's lay the foundation for better days that are sure to come.

*The President's Organization on
Unemployment Relief*

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR

Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its aim 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.

Harvard's big line stand off the assaults of a game Holy Cross backfield while Crickard plunged for touchdown. Wood kicked goal. The Yalemens went back to New Haven surer than ever this year's Harvard game would be terrific.

Northwestern, Conference leader, expecting an easy workout against Indiana, was lucky to win, 7 to 6. Jesse Babb's 51-yd. run paved the way for an Indiana touchdown in the second period; Vic Dauer's kick for the extra point hit an upright and bounced down. In the third quarter Saluski fumbled deep in Indiana territory, Northwestern recovered. Reb Russell made Northwestern's touchdown

five plays later and Engebretsen made the placement kick that won the game.

In Athens, where Tulane played Georgia, fist-fights among 36,000 spectators developed into incipient riots, caused disorder along the edge of the field, delayed the game. The delay made little difference. Tulane's quick kicks, supplemented by Don Zimmerman's long passes, won 20 to 7, kept Tulane at the top of the Southern Conference, a candidate for what sports-writers call the "national championship."

Against a Navy team coached by Rip Miller, Notre Dame graduate, Notre Dame tried not to roll up a big score. But

its three touchdowns that won, 20 to 0, were made so easily, and the team wasted so much time that 58,000 spectators found Notre Dame's courtesy ostentatious enough to be rude.

Playing Amherst for the Little Three championship, Williams scored in every known way except one—four touchdowns, four points-after-touchdown, field goal, safety—won, 33 to 7, for the fourth year in a row.

Princeton was beaten as usual, this time by little Washington & Lee, 6 to 0. Princeton's 150-lb. team lost to Hill School, taught by Princeton's onetime Coach Bill Roper, 63 to 0.

Notre Dame's passes had fooled Pitt but Pitt fooled Army. All four Pitt touchdowns—26 to 0—were made on passes. The cadets paraded to the game through a rain of scrap paper. Secretary of War Hurley and Governor of Pennsylvania Pinchot sat together in a box.

Oldest prep school football rivalry in the U. S. (1877) is Exeter v. Andover. Kim Whitehead made two touchdowns for Andover, forward passes made two for Exeter. In the last quarter, Kenneth Willis, substitute Exeter halfback, dropped back to the 17-yd. line, toward the side of the field, made a placement kick that won the game, 15 to 12.

Sober Hunting

The Board of Governors of Maryland's Howard County Hunt last week ruled that members of the club "cannot chase foxes while under the influence of liquor," that liquor drinking, while hunting, was a misdemeanor punishable by suspension. Said President T. Stockton Matthews: "This is not advanced . . . in restraint of personal privileges but simply means . . . a spirit of good sportsmanship."

Who Won

☛ Tommy Loughran, slick-haired Philadelphia heavyweight; after spraining his ankle in the fifth round; his ten-round bout against hard-skulled, gold-toothed Paulino Uzcudun; in Manhattan.

☛ The New York Rangers: their opening game of the professional hockey season, against the world champion Montreal Canadiens, 4 to 1; at Montreal. Philadelphia and Ottawa have no teams in the National Hockey League this year. Nonetheless, Hockey League directors last month decided to retain a system whereby this season all but the two poorest teams in the league qualify for the Stanley Cup play-off next March. A new rule this year: A penalty face-off will be ordered if any player other than the goalie falls on the puck within ten feet of his own goal.

☛ Bill Nertney, 18-year-old apprentice jockey: two races (on A. W. Abbott's Gay Bird, A. C. Schwartz's Flag Trick) and four second places in one day; at the autumn meeting at Pimlico, Md. A brilliant new "find" of Trainer J. H. ("Bud") Stotler, Jockey Nertney has ridden 60 winners since June. On the last day of the Pimlico meeting he fell, sustained a concussion of the brain.

*One point for a forfeited game.

Muscular pains in ARMS? LEGS? BACK? here's *double-acting* relief



IF there's one thing that's needless, it's the punishment most people take from muscular pains. And especially since most soreness can be relieved quickly when fresh blood is flushed through the muscles to cleanse away the poisons in cells and tissues.

You can depend upon Absorbine Jr. to give the fullest comfort which the finest liniment can possibly give. Rub it on those paining parts, and within a few moments the soreness begins to ease away as your muscles warm with a peaceful, gentle glow.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieve the sore congestion in muscles.

Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 406 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

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BOOKS*

T. R.

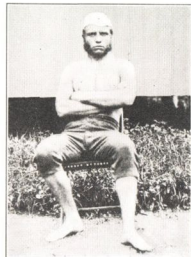
THEODORE ROOSEVELT — Henry F. Pringle—Harcourt, Brace & Co. (\$5).†

This robust biography would have pleased its robust subject. It is written to the Roosevelt formula of history: "The exact truth . . . our disasters and shortcomings as well as our triumphs." With-out too finicky mental analysis Biographer Pringle has painted the bouncing, bubbling, sometimes bumptious career of "Teddy" (he loathed that nickname)—the sickly child who messed around with dead frogs; the dudish State legislator who "rose like a rocket"; the Civil Service Commissioner who warred with Postmaster General John Wanamaker on the spoils system; the New York City Police Commissioner who brought the town down about his ears by shutting off Sunday beer; the Assistant Secretary of the Navy who prearranged Dewey's Manila Bay victory; the New York Governor who rode into office on the laurels of San Juan Hill; the Vice President who presided over the Senate only four days, before stepping into the White House; the President who rattled the sword, yet kept the peace, who flayed "malefactors of great wealth," yet took their campaign contributions for re-election. Biographer Pringle's result is a very real Great American.

New Material. To the familiar outline Mr. Pringle has added much new material of his own. Seventy-five thousand Roosevelt letters (up to 1909) were first opened to him in the Library of Congress. The Roosevelt Memorial Association made available a mass of new facts, largely pertaining to pre-presidential days. Nicholas Murray Butler and Elihu Root released their Roosevelt correspondence. Ralph Pulitzer turned over evidence on Panama which the New York *World* assembled for its defense when President Roosevelt ordered U. S. Attorney for New York Henry Lewis Stimson (now Secretary of State) to prosecute for criminal libel. From Dr. William H. Wilmer Biographer Pringle learned that the President went blind in his left eye in 1928 and "not more than a half dozen people knew it." Mrs. Robert Bacon helped fill in the blank spots on the first Roosevelt marriage. Here and there are footnoted a few "confidential sources" but none of large historical importance.

Alice Lee. Unmentioned in his own autobiography is Roosevelt's first marriage. As a junior at Harvard he first met pretty, prim Alice Lee of Chestnut Hill, Mass. His courtship like everything else he did was impetuous. He made the poor girl sit in the gymnasium balcony at Cambridge while he, stripped to the waist (see cut) fought hard but vainly to win the college lightweight boxing championship. Fits of despair sent him moping to

the woods whence he was retrieved by worried relatives. Theodore and Alice were married in Brookline four months after his graduation (Oct. 27, 1880). They traveled abroad. He got into politics, went to Albany. On Feb. 12, 1884 was born their first and only child who was someday to become Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. Writes Biographer Pringle: "Roosevelt came in. . . . He found his wife barely able to recognize him, and all that night he sat at the head of the bed and held her in his arms. Just before 3 o'clock in the morning his mother, who had developed typhoid fever, died and Theodore, standing by her bed, echoed the words of his brother: 'There is a curse on this house.' Dawn dragged into the next day. At 2 o'clock on Feb. 14, her body weakened by Bright's disease, Alice died. . . . Two hearses moved side by



LIGHTWEIGHT ROOSEVELT

As he recalled it, he was champion.

side from the home on 57th Street. . . . A door was closed on the three years during which they lived together, a door that was never opened. . . . Honors came to Roosevelt; age came also. Only Alice Lee remains young and does not fade. She is forever fair, like the figure on the Grecian urn."

"I Took Panama." Most disputed point in any Roosevelt chronicle: Did the President personally incite the revolution of 1903 whereby Panama seceded from Colombia and opened the way for the construction of a U. S. canal? After a re-examination of all available evidence Biographer Pringle concludes that he did not directly plot the uprising but that he was "extremely well informed" as to the conspirators' plan. The Panama Republic was cradled in Room No. 1162 of the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Bent on selling the French franchise to the U. S., Philippe

Bunau-Varilla and William Nelson Cromwell buzzed often and loudly about the White House. President Roosevelt, primed, recognized the new order with "indecent and unwise haste." When the *Indianapolis News*, backed by the New York *World* suggested that some of the \$40,000,000 to be paid to French stockholders had gone elsewhere Roosevelt, white with rage, started his absurd libel suit under an act "to protect the harbor defenses . . . used by the U. S. from malicious injury." Pride in the canal later caused Roosevelt to declare: "I took Panama and let Congress debate." The virulent hatred of Roosevelt for Woodrow Wilson grew out of the fact that the Democratic President, to right a wrong, agreed to a \$25,000,000 indemnity to Colombia.

War. Roosevelt had a lust for war. To him most wars were just. Only "slubdubs and mollicoddies" opposed them. He worried himself half sick lest he miss "the fun" in Cuba and when he returned he clamored loudly for a Medal of Honor. Most thoughtful citizens were amazed that his foreign policy from 1901 to 1909 did not embroil the U. S. in hostilities. A thorough jingo, he nevertheless won the Nobel Peace Prize for his Russo-Japanese war settlement (1905).

Liar? Was Theodore Roosevelt a liar? Biographer Pringle admits that he handled the truth roughly but doubts if the President wilfully indulged in falsehoods. A form of self-hypnosis was responsible for his lapses, a kind of fooling-himself-to-believe-things-not-so. He said he was boxing champion at Harvard because he had wished so intensely for that honor. He dodged taxes between New York and Oyster Bay because he was always more or less strapped for money. He tried to bluster out the protests against the Booker T. Washington White House dinner by saying that the Negro leader chanced to be around at lunch time whereas in fact the President had formally invited him for the evening meal. His declaration that all he knew about the Panama revolt was what he read in the papers came close to being pure mendacity. Biographer Pringle's only thesis is that Roosevelt was always an adolescent and, like most overgrown boys, indulged in loud exaggerations, in public indiscretions.

Author. Henry Fowles Pringle, 31, was born in New York City, graduated by Cornell in 1919. Slender, dark, thoughtful, sucking a thin-stemmed pipe, he reported for New York papers (*Sun*, *Globe*, *World*), steeped himself in New York politics, contributed to magazines. In 1929 for a year he was acting managing editor of *Outlook*, is still an associate editor. His other books: *Alfred E. Smith: A Critical Study* (1927), *Big Frogs* (1928), *Industrial Explorers* (1928). A relentless researcher, he has fleshed out the earlier Roosevelt admirably but his penchant for politics has somewhat blurred the man in the White House and after. There are few scenes and little of the colorful personality that made T. R. so dear to the public. Through Biographer Pringle you hear Roosevelt more often than you see him.

†Published Nov. 5.

*New books are news. Unless otherwise designated, all books reviewed in TIME were published within the fortnight. TIME readers may obtain any book of 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.

Boies Would Be Boies

POWER AND GLORY, The Life of Boies Penrose—Walter Davenport—Putnam (\$3).*

Many a rough, brutal life is epitaphed into marmoreal propriety; but this biography of hard-boiled, cynical Boies Penrose fits its subject. From the typical disillusioned newspaperman's attitude, with no kinship to the polished Lytton Strachey school, *Power and Glory* sets forth briefly, competently, in blunt, sensational journalese, the true story of a bold, bad man.

The late Boies Penrose (1860-1921), born to wealth and position in Philadelphia, Harvard-educated, wanted to be a leader but disliked respectable people. So he went into politics. A big fellow (6 ft. 4 in.) with big appetites, a cold heart, a shrewd head, he took to low life like a hippopotamus to water. When he was sent to the State Legislature he refused to truckle to Pennsylvania Boss Matthew Stanley Quay. Quay was impressed, made Penrose first his protégé, then his partner. The Penrose path was broad and easy: he ambled into the U. S. Senate, into the counsels of Big Republican Business, into the Republican National Committee. But the one thing he most wanted, the mayoralty of Philadelphia, he never got. Quay's enemies kept Penrose from the nomination (which meant a sure election) by threatening to give the newspapers a photograph of Pen-

rose leaving a well-known bawdy-house at daybreak.

Penrose "never married. He never kept a mistress. When he wanted a woman, he rented one—a professional. He scorned amateurism in everything." As a toss-pot, as a trencherman he was Gargantuan. In 1887 (when U. S. Senators were still elected by State legislatures) Penrose supervised a 48-hour party for doubtful legislators at the Lochiel Hotel, Harrisburg. "In addition to other entertainment, the guests were provided with all the food they could eat, all the liquor they could drink, beds, valets, and music. And inasmuch as at no time were all the guests incapacitated or otherwise absent, Penrose never left the ball room, the center of the merry-making." Typical Penrose meal: "A dozen raw oysters, chicken gumbo, a terrapin stew, two canvas-back ducks, mashed potatoes, lima beans, macaroni, asparagus, cole slaw and stewed corn, one hot mince pie and a quart of coffee. All of which he stowed away while he drank a bottle of sauterne, a quart of champagne, and several cognacs."

One of Penrose's more respectable pastimes was giving houseparties on his yacht to fellow-legislators and lady friends. On one occasion Penrose emerged on deck completely ready for a swim. A lady screamed at the sight. "Madame," said Senator Penrose, "I grant that mine is not the form of Apollo, but it is too late for either of us to do anything about that. But if I present what to you are strange or unfamiliar phenomena, it is you who should be ashamed, not I."

The rise of Philadelphia's Vare brothers worried Penrose's declining years; more & more he found he had to do business with them. But he was still technically Boss of Pennsylvania when Death, which had long been stalking him, came at last.

Return of a Native

THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER—Thornton Wilder—Vale Press & Coward-McCann (\$2.50).

When Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* burst into the best-seller lists, loud was the clucking from the critics' henroost. Drowned in the almost unanimous cackle of praise were a few deprecatory chirps, chiefly to the effect that it was a pity Author Wilder had not chosen a U. S. scene. When *The Angel That Troubled the Waters* and *The Woman of Andros* showed him still far from home, deprecatory chirps became louder. In *The Long Christmas Dinner*, a collection of six one-act plays no commercial producer would care to put on, Author Wilder has returned at last to the U. S. But *The Long Christmas Dinner* will give little aid & comfort to patriotic critics: no potential best-seller, its appeal is limited to the intelligentsia, for the affluent of whom there is a special edition of 500 copies (autographed, \$12).

The title-play is like Alice's mad tea-party in Wonderland. At a continuous Christmas dinner lasting from before the Civil War to the present you watch a midwestern family pass from one generation to another. New characters appear; old ones go out the dark portal of death; as they get older they put on white wigs. As they grow up they say the same things their fathers & mothers said.

In "Pullman Car Hiawatha" you are supposed to imagine, with the aid of a few chairs placed *vis-à-vis*, the interior of a Pullman on its way from Manhattan to Chicago. The action, which starts off realistically enough, goes rapidly symbolic: Archangels Gabriel and Michael, other such un-humdrum figures appear. Of the other plays two ("Queens of France," "Love and How to Cure It") are farces; two out-realize Belasco.

Murder with an Ice-Pick

MAN WITH THE PAINTED HEAD—Helen Reilly—Farrar & Rinehart (\$2).

With a plot no more preposterous than many detective stories, *Man with the Painted Head* contrives an atmosphere more realistic than most. The artists' colony at Storrs' Point was isolated, inaccessible except through one gate which was kept locked. When middle-aged Miss Fenwick arrived to visit her niece she and the taxi-driver would have been perturbed had they seen the notorious criminal clinging to the back tire. That same night Playwright Van Buren, big frog of the colony, was stabbed to death with an ice-pick. In rapid succession came two other killings, several murderous attempts. By the time you have struggled after Inspector Andrews through tortuous experiments to his triumphant conclusion you will have snapped at so many red herrings by the way that you will welcome the not altogether probable dénouement.

*Published Oct. 16.



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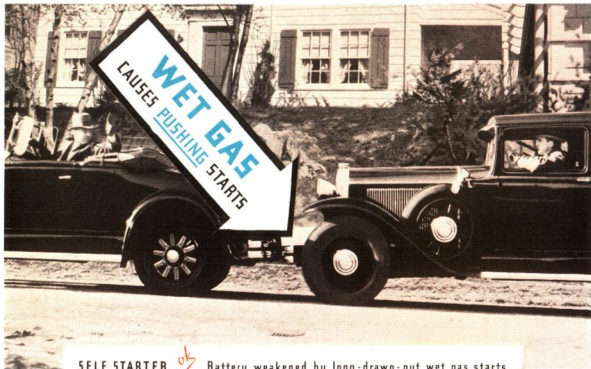
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