

# TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*



*Acme*

Volume XIX

**ERRETT LOBBAN CORD**

*His role: Mercury to the Middle Class.  
(See BUSINESS)*

Number 3

# Ethyl makes Gasoline **BEHAVE**

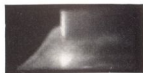
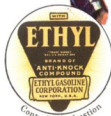


**WATCH** the lion tamer enter the cage. Your own eyes prove his mastery over the king of beasts.

Seeing is believing. And now, for the first time, you can *see* the difference Ethyl makes in gasoline. You can see *how* it tames and controls the burning of gasoline inside the engine—see *why* it prevents harmful knock, overheating and power-waste.

Look at the pictures at the right. They are the first photographs ever made of combustion inside a running engine; taken in less than 1/100th of a second! You now *see* the difference you will *feel* when you drive your car with Ethyl Gasoline.

The Ethyl emblem on a pump is your assurance of *value* for your gasoline bills. Its quality is maintained on every count by laboratory inspection of samples collected daily in all parts of the country. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Through a window in the cylinder head of a modern high-compression motor, engineers took photographs of the actual combustion of motor fuels. Above: The uneven, wasteful explosion of ordinary gasoline.



Now Ethyl Gasoline is in the same engine. Note the *even burn*, the greater spread of power. Ethyl *controls* combustion; delivers a smoothly increasing pressure to the piston that makes any car run better.



*Ethyl fluid contains lead.*

## Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

© E. G. C. 1934



This little girl  
will never know the fate  
that she escaped

*Safe and sound . . . but half an hour before how close to tragedy!*

WHAT happened could have happened in any car—perhaps in your car.

One moment, a father chatting gaily with the little one in the seat beside him. Then suddenly . . . a thoughtless driver swerving out upon them from a hidden side road . . . and CRASH!

Suppose it had been your car, your child.

Would she, would you, have been showered with thousands of cruelly sharp pieces of smashed windshield and windows? Would broken glass have shot at you like arrows from all directions, perhaps to blind—to maim—to scar—to sever arteries—who knows what?

You may have been lucky up to now—but the unexpected *could* happen. Why not make sure that your loved ones and

yourself are really protected from the perils of flying, broken glass?

Studebaker, pioneer of Free Wheeling and many other epochal motoring advancements, now takes the final step in motorizing safety by offering full-sealed, super-strength, 1932-type, clear-vision Safety Plate Glass in all windows and all windshields of all models—without extra charge!

Studebaker feels that all danger from breaking glass must go—that Safety Glass in the windshield alone is not protection enough.

And so Studebaker adds the protection of Safety Plate Glass all around to armor

plated bodies—exceptionally low center of gravity—automatic starting—reflex tail lights—non-breakable steering wheels—no-glare windshields—steel running boards and the 1932 Free Wheeling plus Synchronized Shifting which combine to make the Triumphant New Studebakers the safest of all cars.

The public welfare is at stake. Other cars will as surely follow Studebaker to this advance as they did to Free Wheeling. But why wait?

Right now, and at no extra charge, Studebaker gives you complete Safety Plate Glass protection in bigger, finer, Triumphant New Studebakers that are drastically lower in price!

PRESIDENT EIGHT . . . \$1690 to \$1890  
122 horsepower, 135" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$360  
COMMANDER EIGHT . . . \$1350 to \$1465  
101 horsepower, 125" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$235  
DICTATOR EIGHT . . . \$980 to \$1095  
85 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$120  
STUDEBAKER SIX . . . \$840 to \$955  
80 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—Prices at the factory

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS . . . PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

Famous French Doctor  
tells how to Correct

# Sleepiness after Meals



DR. ROSENTHAL uses X-ray to explain how fresh yeast cleanses intestines—restores "pep."

**F**EEL drowsy after eating? That's usually a sign of wastes being held too long in your intestines, doctors say!

If you'd like to feel "peppy" and awake all day, try the simple method famous physicians advise. Keep internally healthy and clean the *fresh yeast* way!

Here's what Dr. Rosenthal, of the celebrated Pasteur Institute, in Paris, says about this method:—

"Fresh yeast is not a drug, but an unusual food... with surprising ability to relieve constipation, correct indigestion and tone up the whole system.

"Fresh yeast cleanses the digestive tract, purifies... corrects coated tongue, bad breath... headaches, sleepiness after meals, etc."

Try it! Get a supply of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast and add it to your diet—3 cakes regularly every day. Directions are on the label.

"AFTER EVERY MEAL I felt 'foggy' and sleepy," writes Mr. Jerome O'Grady, of Bay Shore, N. Y. "My system was dull and sluggish. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast for a few weeks my whole system seemed waked up. I found I could eat without the need of sleep afterward."



*Important*

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise! At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains, Richin vitamins B. G and D.

© 1932, Standard Biscuits Incorporated

## L E T T E R S

### Malingering

Sirs: IS TIME a sawmill; does knowledge come in saw logs, and do all the skidroads lead to TIME? As a taxpayer and a centre of knowledge is TIME interested in the following? I enlisted in the Army in June, 1928, served two years, was discharged by purchase. Half of my time in the Army, approximately, was served in post quarantines at Ft. Logan, Kelly Field, Rockwell Field. Just before my last court-martial my defense counsel, Lieut. Nissley, told me that I had been more expensive to the Army, due to court-martials, etc., than could ever repay, even though I should serve the Army 30 years.

Yet, by reason of my service, I am entitled to this privilege: board, room, clothing, complete medical and hospital service the rest of my life—which I hope to extend through the rest of this century. By malingering I was admitted twice to this Soldiers' Home. By malingering I can stay. Three times already have I undergone through medical examinations. My symptoms were entirely subjective, actually non-existent.

"This will give you an idea as to how 'Uncle Skyhook' gives the Dole. There are thousands who, in addition to the above, get compensation and pensions—by malingering. Thousands like me, young, healthy, have run on to this simple solution of living without working. Of course, being a wise old Uncle, he gives the dole to his fighting men. Perhaps we are a part of his standing army. When I think of the Deficit and Mr. Hoover's problems and the thoughtless waste of money on the underserving, and the waste that goes on of materials in government kitchens, etc., the excessive personnel, I wonder how it can be. It is astonishing. The mess hall is accessible to outsiders, little or no check-up being made on those who come in to eat. . . .

This looks like disloyalty to those who have acted in my interest instead of the taxpayers. But I have no sense of loyalty to persons.

There is an outside loudspeaker in the home grounds. (We get free entertainment, too: radio, theatre, movies.) Each Friday when the "March of Time" comes on, a hush falls over the crowd of listeners. They like it.

Last night at the Home Theatre, two comedians came on the stage, one a Democrat, one a Republican. The boys interrupted their dialog to cheer loud & long—for the Democrat.

J. F. WALTON

National Military Home, Calif.

### Youngest Congressman

Sirs:

IN TIME for Jan. 4, you state that Representative Clarence John McLeod, of Michigan, is the youngest man ever elected to the House of Representatives. Someone has imposed on you.

William Charles Cole Claiborne, Representative from Tennessee, was born in 1775; elected to the House in 1797; re-elected in 1798. It can be seen that he was only 22 when first elected; just barely 26 when he went out of office in 1801.

John Young Brown, of Kentucky, born June 28, 1815 elected to the House in 1835. He was not old enough to be sworn into office until June 28, 1836. Compared to these two men, Mr. McLeod is an old, old man.

E. E. PATTON

Knoxville, Tenn.

In *Who's Who in America* Congressman McLeod writes of himself: "The youngest man ever elected to Congress up to that time [1926]." William Charles Cole Claiborne (1775-1817) was elected to fill out the term of Andrew Jackson. The *Journal of Congress* reports: "Oath to support the Constitution was administered him by Mr. Speaker [Jonathan Dayton of New Jersey] Nov. 23, 1797, in the city of Philadelphia." No official explanation is made as to how Claiborne, three years under the Constitutional age, was permitted to take his seat. Ansel Wold, compiler of the *Biographical Directory of the American Congress*, last week announced that he would reinvestigate Claiborne's birth date in Virginia, amend the *Directory's* next issue to read that Claiborne's service "was in contravention to the Constitution of the United States."

John Young Brown took his seat Dec. 3, 1860, the second session of the 36th Congress, when he was 25 years, five months, five days old. Clarence John McLeod took his seat in the 66th when he was 25 years, five months, three days.—ED.

### Phelps & Failure

Sirs:

Your usually accurate statements were inaccurate, when, in your issue of Jan. 4 you said that when I was asked, as a director of the Broadway Bank in New Haven, for my personal note, I refused and resigned. I could not have refused, for I received no request, no suggestion, no intimation, for my note or signature. I had resigned as a director some months before any difficulties connected with the Bank had appeared. And I still possess all the stock I owned.

WM. LYON PHELPS

New Haven, Conn.

### Heartwarming

Sirs:

An unfriendly attack of bronchitis, following the strenuous weeks culminating in the formal dedication and opening of the new Oriental Institute building here at the University of Chicago (TIME, Dec. 14), has delayed this expression of real appreciation of the generous space and friendly treatment accorded to the foregoing occasion by that remarkable monument to your own indefatigable energies and vision, TIME.

Orientalistic, or indeed any humanistic, researches are perforce so remote from the American scene as to leave their participants with a feeling of isolation and loneliness from which it is heartwarming to be suddenly recalled by such cordial tributes as that in TIME. Please accept my sincerest thanks. . . .

JAMES H. BREASTED

Oriental Institute  
University of Chicago  
Chicago, Ill.

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 \_\_\_\_\_



# LIAR!"

“

?

HERE is a queer contradiction about a queer paper.

For seven years past The New Yorker has been holding up a mirror to the manifold life of the most complex city in America.

That would seem like precisely the sort of job the camera was invented for. The camera, as they say, “never lies.”

*Yet no photograph has ever appeared in the editorial pages of The New Yorker.*

Apparently, with printing-type and allusively-drawn pictures only, the paper has held up a more accurate mirror to New York than, say, the picture-tabloids or the rotos.

The reason cannot be that people who read the paper don't respond to printed photographs. For they do. The advertising pages are full of them—and as interesting and pleasing a collection of photographs as may be found anywhere. The New Yorker, you know, carries the second largest



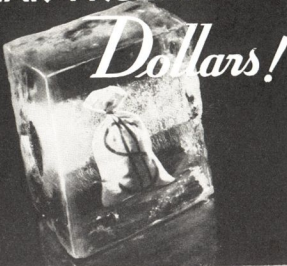
amount of advertising printed in any magazine in America. People with extra-spending-money (60,000 in New York, 60,000 more in other cities), evidently need only a pleasing photograph in a New Yorker advertisement to chase them out of a house into a shop to spend much money for the things photographed. They respond indeed. (Ask Altman, Saks, Best, Bergdorf Goodman, or fifty others.)

Why this paradox? Is it because the non-camera editorial-page and the camera advertising-

pages are so divided that each makes the other more credible? Is the camera a liar in matters of life, a truth-teller only in matters of trade?

We are sorry, but we do not know the answer. We should be glad to have anyone go into this matter and explain it, and we will publish his explanation here if we think it explains. We are pretty dumb in metaphysics, so if the explanation is clear to us, it will be clear to the world. Our address is 25 West Forty-fifth Street, in New York.

## A CURE FOR FEAR-FROZEN



### How to Correct an Economic Ailment that Prolongs Depressions

IT HAS happened before—many times—this aftermath of panics and depressions which sees tremendous cash surpluses piled up, the money wealth of the country idling in huge repositories—hidden away—hoarded, out of circulation. Dollars—frozen by Fear!

It is natural, human—yet, is it sound? Vivid recollections of losses prevail. Financial reverses, Estates shrunken to a fraction of their true worth. The spectre of poverty in old age stimulates the natural instinct to hoard.

And yet one of the simplest, surest, most effective ways to financial security in later years—to a permanent unshrinkable estate that is certain whether you live or die—is life insurance. It achieves your goal immediately—today! It is flexible—designed to meet changing needs.

Life insurance too, helps thaw those fear-frozen assets so greatly needed for the return of prosperity. The premiums are immediately put to work in constructive enterprises for the good of the country as a whole.

Write today for the Equitable book "Build for the Future" which explains the fundamentals of insurance... the various types of investment policies, and the many interesting ways insurance can be made to work for your profit and peace of mind.

JANUARY  
21<sup>st</sup>  
is Life  
Insurance  
Day

## The EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the UNITED STATES



THOMAS L. PARKINSON, President, 395 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.  
Will you kindly provide me without cost or obligation  
your book "Build for the Future"?

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### Different Advt's.

Sirs:

Ordinarily I don't pay much attention to advertising and I don't suppose anyone ever writes to an advertiser to tell him he likes his advertising. I write now because, after reading with so much enjoyment so many of the ads in your Dec. 12 issue, I have decided they are a different kind of ads.

I, for example, never heard before of one magazine paying money to another to advertise itself and the magazine in which it is advertising—I mean the *New Yorker's* clever ad. And the Stutz ad is revolutionary, with its headline, "No General Excitement Was Caused By Our Announcing 3 New Stutz Lines." Also excellent is the Real Silk Co.'s series of ads written by famed writers. The descriptive message in Guerlain's (perfumery) is horrible, but the striking color illustration more than redeems it. . . .

RICHARD GEORGESON

Boston, Mass.

### "Particklar"

Sirs:

TIME of Nov. 2 arrived today. Read with interest your reply to Reader Jones answering his curiosity as to where Gandhi secretes his dollar watch. Verily, TIME knows all things. Enjoyed the annihilating completeness of the data given. No doubt was left that the watch was not in Gandhi's hair, nor in his socks, nor up his sleeve, but safely-planned securely to his No. 1 shawl. The only fault I found with the reply was that you did not state whether the watch was worn on his right side or on his left, as this would affect its time-keeping qualities. It may be news to your readers (perhaps not to TIME) that an unpeeled watch (such as the "dollar" kind) will go fast in the morning if worn on the right side and slow in the afternoon if worn on the left side. . . . Temperature.

Your reply to Inquisitor Jones reminds me of a shark story. A windjammer sailor was telling in the Indian Ocean, he went in swimming stark naked and was attacked by a shark, whereupon "he whipped out a knife and disemboweled the man-killer." One of his hearers wanted to know how it was, if he were stark naked, that he could whip out a knife, and the old salt's reply may be passed on to TIME's interlocutors: "Oh, you don't hafta be so darned particklar!"

ED. GALLAHER

Oblongapo, Philippine Islands

Mr. Gandhi wears his watch slightly to the left.—Ed.

### So Ding-dong

Sirs:

Will you kindly explain why Chinamen of high standing are referred to as Mr. So Ding-dong? Also, why do they adopt such un-Chinese names as George, Eugene, etc.?

A. O. AMERZO

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

If John Henry Smith were a Chinese name it would be written Smith John-Henry, the reason being that Chinese consider a man's family name more important than his given names and therefore write it first.

Mr. Chen Yu-jen, famed Cantonese statesman, thinks that Yu-jen (his given names) sound exactly like Eugene. He therefore urges the Occidental press to call him "Eugene Chen" which it gladly does.—Ed.

### Dead Doyle, Live Lodge

Sirs:

One of the keenest of magazine editors questioned a piece of our copy with "But isn't Sir Oliver Lodge dead?" Dead? When? Oh, six months or more. Our race was red and with faint hope we panned the question around the office. Invariably the answer was a quick "Yes," and invariably followed a pause and a qualification, "Well, now—Doyle is dead, that's certain." So we took to the telephone, late in the afternoon. A press association, the British Library of Information, the British Consulate, one after another, said, "Yes," hesitated, qualified: "May-

*Now we do more work*

**. . . . AND LIKE IT !**



*"Shift freedom"*

on the new Easy-Writing Royal Typewriter has freed the operator from conscious effort. ● Her deft fingers flash tirelessly over keys responsive to the lightest touch. ● Gone are the jar and strain, the nervous fatigue of typing. Errors and corrections, so costly in time and temper, are minimized. ● In many thousands of offices the new Easy-Writing Royal with "Shift freedom" is enhancing the morale of operators, conserving their energies, encouraging and aiding them to do more work, cheerfully. ● It is daily demonstrating an infinite capacity to produce finer typing, faster. Test the new Easy-Writing Royal. Compare the Work. ● Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Ave., New York. Branches and Agencies the World Over.



## WINTER ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT

But

SUMMER  
UNDER THE  
HOOD!



Why motor oils made from 100% pure  
Pennsylvania Crude meet this  
condition best . . .

WINTER fools many a motorist! "It's cold," he reasons. "I need a different motor oil so my car will start easier"—and thereby lets himself in for a load of trouble and expense!

Even in the coldest weather, oil must battle terrific motor heat the same as in summer! And no other oils fight heat so long, so successfully as motor oils properly refined exclusively from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. These oils stand up long after ordinary lubricants thin out, break down and quit!

But how about starting? Will Pennsylvania Oils—so rich, so "oily" and full-bodied—hold your motor back? Listen to this!

A famous automobile manufacturer drove two cars into a refrigerating room. One contained a non-Pennsylvania oil; the other a Pure Pennsylvania Oil of the same body. Both cars were left all night in a below-zero temperature. In the morning, the motor containing the non-Pennsylvania oil turned over too slowly to

start, while the motor lubricated with Pure Pennsylvania started almost immediately!

So don't take chances this winter! Insist on one of the many brands of 100% Pure Pennsylvania—the oil chosen by experts, *winter and summer*, to lubricate automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motorboats; locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines!

**FREE!** Send for free copy of one of the most interesting oil books ever written. Address Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n., Dept. 1-D, Oil City, Pa.



This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product.

**PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL**  
from which the world's finest motor oils are made

be we're thinking of Doyle!"—and asked us to call in the morning. Well, we found out.

This suggests a *TIME* test which *TIME* readers might enjoy. The perfect score is made when four out of five answer: "Doyle is dead."

And in the meantime, *TIME*, without going to your files, is Sir Oliver Lodge dead or alive?

HAROLD MATSON  
President

Beacon Syndicate  
New York City

As every *TIME*-reader should know, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died, aged 71, in July, 1930 (*TIME*, July 14, 1930), whereas Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, 80, was alive and alert enough last July to felicitate Nikola Tesla on the latter's 75th birthday (*TIME*, July 20), has not died since.—Ed.

### Deja's Dance

Sirs:  
In a December issue you have the statement "unauthorized groups have used the name of 'Wigman' in Boston, Cleveland, and Seattle" (*TIME*, Dec. 7). Since we are the only Seattle group who have used the name of Wigman in any way it is not surprising that we take exception to this statement. . . .

Dancers have a great interest in the Wigman School and it is very damaging to our School for the opinion to get abroad that we are misrepresenting Miss Lore Deja. . . .

Feeling sure that you have no desire to make a misstatement in this matter, we will appreciate it very much indeed if you will correct the error.

NELLIE C. CORNISH  
Director

The Cornish School  
Seattle, Wash.

*TIME* was misinformed. Lore Deja's dancing instruction is authorized by a diploma from Mary Wigman's school.—Ed.

### Amperсанд

Sirs:  
I have lived a half-century without ever knowing that dingus—"K"—was called the amperсанд! (*TIME*, Dec. 14.)

Wasn't there a famous & fashionable hotel in the Adirondacks by that name? If so, perhaps some of your readers might know who gave it that name & why.

R. H. JOHN

Bronxville, N. Y.

Famed & fashionable in Franklin County, N. Y. was the old Amperсанд Hotel, built in 1888, razed by fire in 1907. Today on Lower Saranac Lake stands a new Hotel Amperсанд. The name is taken from an Amperсанд Mountain, an Amperсанд Lake, an Amperсанд Brook, probably a corruption of "amber sand" on the lake shore rather than a learned comparison between the brook's crookedness and &.—Ed.

**TIME**

The Weekly Newsmagazine  
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**AMERICAN CIGAR CO.**  
**chose**  
**KANSAS CITY**  
**To Manufacture Cremo Cigars**

INDUSTRIAL COMMITTEE  
 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

**KANSAS CITY**

WESTWARD expansion of cigar making—to meet great market demands—was pioneered by the American Cigar Company in choosing Kansas City for one of its largest plants. Kansas City represented a marketing center *strategic in western distribution*. Other lines will find a like advantage. *Fact* literature will gladly be mailed on request.

INDUSTRIAL COMMITTEE  
 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
 Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me *fact* literature about Kansas City. We are interested in the

\_\_\_\_\_ industry.

Firm Name \_\_\_\_\_

By \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_

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

The next Kansas City advertisement will tell about the choice of Kansas City as general headquarters for Transcontinental-Western Air, Inc., bringing here its 136-million-dollar payroll. It is just one more of Kansas City's presentations of MARKED PROGRESS.

# The owners' experience test *proves them* **money makers**



Panel delivery \$570—  
Special equipment extra

**H**UNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of owners! Billions of miles of service! And the experience of those owners for those miles has proved Dodge Trucks—proved them money savers, money makers.

You can safely select a Dodge Truck because of its clearly defined mechanical advantages . . . Or because of its low price . . . Or because of convincing test in your business . . . But the surest, safest test of all is the owners' experience test.

When owners of Dodge Trucks everywhere, in your business, in your locality, continue to select these workers year after year because they have proved money makers, you need seek no farther for proof upon which to base your choice.

See your Dodge dealer. Get the proof of Dodge dependability, Dodge long life, Dodge economy, Dodge performance, Dodge unequalled value.

★ **DEPENDABLE**  
**DODGE**  
**TRUCKS**

**1/2-TON DELIVERY**  
**\$375**  
**CHASSIS F.O.B. DETROIT**

4-cylinder chassis; with pickup body \$500; with canopy, screen or panel body \$570; 6-cylinder chassis \$413; with pickup body \$500; with canopy, screen or panel body \$635. Prices f. o. b. Detroit.

For any hauling need, there is a size and type of Dodge Truck to fit. Gross capacities range up to 25,000 pounds . . . and higher for tractor-trailer service. Prices are low on any basis of comparison.



# TIME

Vol. XIX, No. 3

The Weekly Newsmagazine

January 18, 1932

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### Resignations

Last week President Hoover received within 24 hours two important resignations from men who had served him long and loyally overseas. "With the greatest reluctance" he allowed Dwight Filley Davis to step out of service as Governor General of the Philippines. The news of the retirement of Charles Gates Dawes as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's produced "great regret" at the White House. Reason in both cases: pressing personal affairs.

Mr. Davis, who has spent almost three years at Manila, wanted to join his invalid wife in Paris and "get a little rest." Sixty minutes after his resignation President Hoover, as everyone expected, nominated Governor Theodore Roosevelt of Porto Rico to be Governor General of the Philippines. In Washington, Col. Roosevelt declared he was "very deeply grateful." Most Porto Rican politicians felt the same way.

Arriving earlier in the week from London, Ambassador Dawes was bedded at the White House. As chairman of the U. S. delegation to the Geneva Arms Conference next month, he went immediately into conference with President Hoover, Secretary Stimson and other conference delegates on the problems ahead. Statesman Stimson appeared before the House Foreign Affairs Committee to ask for \$150,000 expense money for the delegates, intimating that the U. S. would not take forceful leadership at Geneva, declared the U. S. delegation was composed of "the most practical pacifists to be found."

After four days in the capital General Dawes took a 4 p. m. train for Chicago. At 7 p. m. E. Ross Bartley, his onetime secretary, announced: 1) Mr. Dawes would serve as delegation chairman only through the preliminary weeks of the Geneva conference; 2) he would then resign as Ambassador to Great Britain; 3) back in Chicago as a private citizen he would resume the board chairmanship of his Central Republic Bank & Trust Co. The bank's stock jumped from 82 to 104 on the news.

All diplomatic diplomats allow the White House to make the first announcement of their resignation. That Mr. Dawes spoke out boldly for himself set up a thunder of political speculation in Washington and Illinois. Had the individualistic Ambassador sprung a surprise on Mr. Hoover? The White House insisted it was fully informed in advance. Was Mr. Dawes escaping political exile at Geneva to contest the Republican nomination with the President next June? "Damn non-

sense!" snapped the Ambassador when he reached Chicago. "I'm coming home to take care of my business like every good American should." Despite the fact that his best friends believed that he was without White House motives and ambitions the thought persisted that, somehow, somewhere, "Charley" Dawes would be brought forward as the beneficiary of anti-Hoover sentiment in the G. O. P.

This sentiment was reflected last week by Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, smart Republican politician, in her Rockford (Ill.) *Register-Republic* which declared that "Mr. Hoover is not a popular leader." Her paper advised leaders to discard the practice of renominating a President just because he was in the White House, to stop "following the political methods in vogue when father was a boy." Five days later the *Register-Republic* declared: "Illinois gives you Charles Gates Dawes for President!"

### THE CONGRESS

#### Work Done

##### The House:

¶ Passed (214-10-182) a Democratic tariff bill which: 1) left all existing rates unchanged; 2) requested President Hoover to convoke a world conference for the reduction of "excessive" rates; 3) transferred from the President to Congress his power to flex rates; 4) created the office of "consumers' counsel" with the Tariff Commission. The measure was sent to the Senate. If passed there, President Hoover is expected to veto it as a political trap set to embarrass him.

¶ Passed the First Deficiency Appropriation bill (\$125,156,252) after reducing its total \$14,403,000 below budget estimates and knocking out \$700,000 for im-

provement of the House Office Building; sent it to the Senate.

##### The Senate:

¶ Passed (63-40-8) a bill to create a Reconstruction Finance Corporation, keystone of the President's relief program; sent it to the House. With \$2,000,000,000 in assets (\$500,000,000 from U. S. Treasury, \$1,500,000,000 from the public sale of debentures), R. F. C. will lend money to banks, industry, railroads, farm groups, exporters (save of war supplies).

¶ Voted (54-10-17) to lay aside the election of a President *pro tempore* after 25 fruitless ballots, thus leaving New Hampshire's Moses in that office, much to the chagrin of Republican Insurgents whom he called "Sons of the Wild Jackass."

¶ Adopted (63-10-7) for the sixth time a resolution by Nebraska's Norris to amend the Constitution for the elimination of the short ("lame duck") session of Congress; sent it to the House where Speaker Garner promised it favorable consideration.

¶ Passed a Resolution by Kansas' Capper to distribute 40,000,000 bu. of Farm Board wheat to the needy; sent it to the House where Chairman John Barton Payne of the Red Cross told a committee that, if asked to do so, his organization would undertake the wheat's distribution.

¶ Received from Michigan's Couzens a resolution to investigate advertising by radio, with particular consideration of the possibility of reducing the amount of advertising talk over the air to a bare announcement of the name of a firm sponsoring a program.

¶ Received from Attorney General Mitchell a report made by a subcommittee of the Wickersham Commission on the Mooney-Billings case. Its conclusions: 1) "There was never any scientific attempt made either by the police or prosecution to discover the perpetrators of the crime"; 2) "there were flagrant violations of the statutory law of California by both police and prosecution"; 3) "witnesses were coached . . . to a degree that approached subornation of perjury."

¶ Received from its Banking & Currency Committee a favorable report on the House bill to increase the capital of the Federal Land Banks by \$125,000,000.

¶ Received from Idaho's Thomas a bill, approved by the President as part of his economic program to create a \$150,000,000 Depositors' Relief Corp. to make loans to closed banks for distribution among its depositors.

¶ Adopted a resolution by Connecticut's Bingham requesting Attorney General Mitchell to report on criminal law enforcement in Hawaii (see page 13).

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## National Affairs—(Continued)

### In Webster Land

Last week the voters of Daniel Webster's old constituency—the 1st New Hampshire District—filled the 435th seat in the House of Representatives. Some 52,000 of them tramped through zero



Keystone

ROGERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

*More was drifting than the snow.*

winds and over snowdrifts to participate in a special election to fill the vacancy caused by last year's death of Republican Representative Fletcher Hale. When they had finished registering their sovereign will, it was found that the populous south-eastern section of New Hampshire had switched from Republican to Democratic, from Dry to Wet, by a 2,948-vote majority. It was hardly colder in New Hampshire than it was in the Republican council halls at Washington when the election results from this rock-ribbed corner of an arch-Republican State were announced.

A decade ago these same voters sent a Democrat to Congress. His name was William Nathaniel ("Our Bill") Rogers. He served but a single term (1923-25). Last week it was again Democrat Rogers whom the voters chose to represent them in the House, rather than John Henry Bartlett, onetime (1919-21) Governor, onetime (1922-29) First Assistant Postmaster General, lately an International Boundary Commissioner. At Dartmouth (1911-14) Congressman-elect Rogers, strapping strong, played notable football. He wears old caps and rough clothes, practices law at Concord, has two daughters. Last week he celebrated his 40th birthday.

Hoover relief policies were the nub of the New Hampshire campaign. Republican Bartlett extolled the President's efforts, promised to support a three-billion-dollar U. S. bond issue. Democrat Rogers ridiculed the White House program, demanded something better. He favored outright repeal of the 18th Amendment while his opponent weaselled with referendum talk.

Nationally the New Hampshire election was interpreted as part of the same anti-

Republican, anti-hard times drift which caused recent overturns in New Jersey (TIME, Dec. 14), Texas (TIME, Dec. 7), Michigan (TIME, Nov. 15).

### Cox's Army

In 1894, when poor people walked, one Jacob Sechler Coxey—now the respectable Republican Mayor of Massillon, Ohio—marched a ragged army of 125 men from his hometown to Washington to get the Government to do something about hard times. Last month when Congress opened, 1,600 Red "hunger marchers" arrived at the Capital in trucks, tried to muscle their way into the Senate chamber and, failing, traipsed off yelling the "International" (TIME, Dec. 14). Last week another, far larger "army" invaded Washington. No handful of disgruntled partisans were they, but more than 10,000 orderly men who differed from the silent crowds that watched them pass only in that they were wet, hungry and out of work.

Two days prior they had assembled at Pittsburgh, in the streets outside old St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, whose publicity-wise pastor, Rev. James R. Cox, had collected small sums for his train's food and gasoline. Accompanied by his mother, Father Cox stepped out on the portico of his church, consulted his lieutenants. Two were priests like himself, another a lawyer. Waiting to join him en route was prize-fighting, pants-pressing Mayor Edward McCloskey of Johnstown (1889 flood town). Then Father Cox signalled for his motorcade of 1,000 trucks and cars to get underway, climbed into the lead lorry.

When the eight-mile-long parade started over the mountains to Harrisburg next morning it was accompanied by a car full of medical supplies donated by the people of Huntingdon. Nobody paid and nobody tried to collect the 10¢ toll at the Clarks Ferry bridge (over the Susquehanna River). From time to time wheezy motors gave out. Once the bread trucks were hours behind time, but somehow they kept on going. Troopers patrolling the march discreetly looked the other way when they saw a 1931 automobile license in the line. Governor Pinchot had ordered the stringent State law relaxed for the occasion.

That was not all the Governor did. When the army got to Harrisburg he made them a speech, told them he sympathized with their demonstration, fed them all, provided shelter for the night. Father Cox's red truck rolled up to the outskirts of Washington in a torrential rain at 10:15 p. m. Pulling his black weeds about him, he picked his way into a drug store, ate a sandwich, drank a glass of milk, telephoned Washington's chief of police that they were there. That night some of his men slept in the District National Guard Armory. The rest bedded down wet and without supper in blankets and gunny sacks in the trucks, which parked at the base of Capitol Hill. Father Cox & staff sought the shelter of the Continental Hotel.

Next morning rolling kitchens rolled out from Ft. Myer. The U. S. Army was

host at a breakfast of apples, coffee, doughnuts—all they could eat. And after washing at filling stations and under fire hydrants, the marchers were gently gotten in line by a few policemen. Patrolling up and down the ranks, a loudspeaker on the roof of a car gave the orders: "Attention! Fall in line, men; eight abreast and ready to move. Act like gentlemen!" Waving soiled little U. S. flags, led by Father Cox and one E. R. Franc of Pittsburgh dressed as "Uncle Sam," the quiet procession moved off behind their band.

Standing on the Capitol steps with Father Cox, Senator James John Davis and Representative Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania received the army's petition for "the God-given right to work," heard them swear allegiance to the flag and sing "America," "Keep The Home Fires Burning," "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag." Their petition was read to House and Senate that afternoon.

After the Capitol review, Father Cox hurried to an appointment with President Hoover, to whom he read in a shrill voice (his throat is sensitive) the same appeal he made to Congress, apparently with the tacit consent of his superior, Bishop Hugh C. Boyle. Demands: a five-billion-dollar public works program to provide jobs; direct Federal appropriation for unemployment relief; "loans to re-establish the farmer"; gift taxation and inheritance tax increased to 70%. The President listened patiently, replied: "We are giving this question our undivided attention."

After laying a wreath on the Unknown Soldier's tomb at Arlington, Father Cox mustered his army, started on the 300-mi. trip back to Pittsburgh. (Expenses for returning 276 stragglers by train were de-



Acme

FATHER COX & FRIENDS

*"Act like gentlemen!"*

frayed by Pennsylvania's richest citizen, Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon.) Again, as they rumbled by, grave crowds watched them as though for the first time they were seeing a genuine sign of the times.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

### CAMPAIGN

#### Democracy's Week

Democrats, fond of a fight, always begin their national campaigns on the anniversary of a battle that ended the war. In a grassy field below New Orleans on the early morning of Jan. 8, 1815 Major General Andrew Jackson with 4,000 raw recruits beat off two sharp attacks of 5,000 British veterans under Major General Sir Edward M'Intosh. Although the War of 1812 had officially ended 15 days prior, that engagement brought popular glory to General Jackson, started him toward the White House and Democratic sainthood. Last week on the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans 2,150 Democrats, true to party custom, assembled in Washington for a great feast at which they revered "Old Hickory" and the past, dedicated themselves to the future and the job of ousting Herbert Hoover from the White House.

It was a week of much Democratic news. Before the Jackson Day dinner there were important party sound-bites and developments. After it the National Committee met to deal with political practicalities. But for one long evening at least the whole party seemed united in happy harmony with every speech keyed to victory. For once the Democratic diners really felt that they had more than a good chance to win ten months hence.

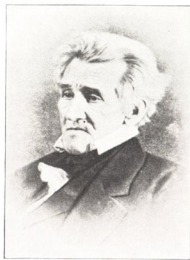
**Repast.** At the Mayflower Hotel (where lives Vice President Curtis) three great rooms were needed in which to feed the Democratic multitude. All eyes were on the head table where sat the party's three last defeated nominees for president—James Middleton Cox (1920), John William Davis (1924), Alfred Emanuel Smith (1928). There also sat John Jacob Raskob, the national chairman; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, in black taffeta and wearing a jeweled brooch of peace doves; House Speaker Garner, stiff and uncomfortable in evening clothes; Senator Robinson, many another party favorite. The meal over, tables were cleared and Claude Bowers, even an editorial writer for William Randolph Hearst's *New York Journal*, arose to open a lively revel of partisan oratory.

**Revelry.** Toastmaster Bowers began the attack on the Republican President and his party by mockingly recalling the G. O. Promises of G. O. Prosperity in 1928. He read half-forgotten campaign advertisements—"A Chicken in Every Pot," "Two Cars in Every Garage," "Republican efficiency has filled the workingman's dinner pail and his gasoline tank besides, has made telephone, radio and sanitary plumbing standard household equipment"—and then proceeded to compare them caustically with existing economic conditions. He accused the Administration of giving "human misery the absent treatment," ridiculed Republican Chairman Fess's plan to "sell Hoover to the country" as smacking "too much of a bankruptcy sale."

Mr. Davis' speech was dignified, scholarly, slightly trite. His delivery was

frequently impeded by a choking cough. He divided Republican rule into three eras—"Dark Betrayal" (1920-24), "Smug Self-Complacency" (1924-29), "Wild Dismay" (1929-32).

Mr. Cox vigorously flayed Prohibition, lauded Woodrow Wilson and stirred



DEMOCRATIC SAINT

*His battle day became a feast day.*

Southern wrath when he exhorted that section to "call political ecclesiastics back to the pulpits that truth may go to your people."

**"Record."** Headline speech of the dinner was, of course, by Mr. Smith. His delivery, even down to slips of grammar, had hardly changed a whit since the 1928 campaign. He asked questions for himself to answer, made repeated references to "the record." The crowd was uproariously with him from the beginning. Excerpts:

"Well, what became of the old full dinner pail? . . . Bank failures blazed in the headlines of every newspaper across the country, bankruptcy proceedings, foreclosures on mortgages, depreciation in the value of prime securities, paralysis of business & industry and, topping it all, 7,000,000 men out of work. . . . The Administration plans for the relief of unemployment are indefensible. . . . Why, they passed the question along to the States, localities and private charities [which] cannot cope with the situation. . . . Now, what is the record of these two forms of relief? First is relief in the home; second is what we call 'made work'. . . . Home relief is a dole. 'Made work' is a dole in disguise. . . . Private charity can go only a certain distance, when the Federal Government must step in. . . ."

"What I'm going to suggest will be received probably with an unpopular vote—and that is an issue of Federal bonds for necessary public works and buildings. . . . The bonds can be offered by the Government direct to the people with the same patriotic appeal that was put behind the Liberty bonds. . . . They will pull out the

hoarded money in sugar bowls, between the mattresses and in safe deposit boxes. . . . If it is all right to put the credit of the Government behind business, let the credit of the Government be used to keep the wolf of hunger from the doormat of millions of people. . . ."

"Now what about Prohibition? [Here Mr. Smith took an ostentatious stoup of water while his audience whooped.] We're actually spending \$100,000,000 a year in a senseless, useless, fruitless attempt to enforce an unenforceable statute. Who says that? Why, the Wickersham Commission! [Loud laughter.] Think of the billions we're kicking away from us that would come in in taxation. . . . The only man who is going to be safe during March when you have to make all them [sic] figures up is the bootlegger!"

"Let us express the hope that this group of representative Democrats, gathered in the capital city tonight on the birthday of a great American, a great Democrat and a great President," express the firm hope that Divine Providence will inspire the mass of American people to a renewal of confidence in the aims and purposes of the Democratic party; to the end that we may supply the leadership that will light the way to progress, peace and prosperity. . . ."

**Roosevelt.** Notably absent from the Jackson Day dinner was Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt who continued to pretend that he was not the out-in-front candidate for the presidential nomination. When asked at Albany if he would listen to the broadcast of the Washington speeches, he parried: "My radio is out of order."

But two days before the Democratic gathering at the capital Governor Roosevelt delivered his regular message to his Legislature. In its references to the national scene, apart from its delineation of a program for the State, it was just the sort of paper to be expected from a conventional presidential candidate—carefully balanced, shrewdly generalized, replete with phrases like bright empty bottles into which any man could pour his own meaning. Newsmen, over-anxious to make a "story," outdid themselves reading national significance into his words. Excerpts:

"We face the necessity of employing new measures of value, new comparisons of property. . . . We know now that an increasing concentration of wealth did not guarantee an intelligent or fair use of that wealth. . . . The public asks that they give definite new leadership which will be based on recognition to a new balance based on the right of every individual to make a living out of life. . . . The complete solving of these economic problems which are national in scope is impossible without leadership and a plan and action by the national Government. . . . We should not seek in any way to destroy or tear down. The American system of economics and government is everlasting. . . . Let us restore and at the same time remodel. . . ."

\*Mr. Smith died. Andrew Jackson was born March 15, 1767.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

The times call for a leadership which insistent on the permanence of our fundamental institutions. . . . The mistakes of the past call for . . . a leadership, practical, sound, courageous and alert."

No newsman has watched Governor Roosevelt's career more intently or knows his political character better than Walter Lippmann, former editor of the old Independent New York *World*, now a free-handed political columnist for the arch-Republican New York *Herald Tribune*. Commenting last week on the fact that the Governor's message won the praise of such divergent elements as the staid New York *Times* and Montana's wild and unstable Senator Wheeler, Mr. Lippmann wrote:

"The art of carrying water on both shoulders is highly developed in American politics and Mr. Roosevelt has learned it. . . . [He] is a highly impressionable person, without a firm grasp of public affairs and without very strong convictions. . . . He is not the dangerous enemy of anything. . . . no crusader. . . . no tribune of the people. . . . no enemy of entrenched privilege. He is a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President. . . . It is meaningless for him to talk about 'leadership practical, sound, courageous and alert.' . . . Those who think he can supply such leadership are playing their hunches."

**Ritchie.** Far less coy than the New York executive about his presidential candidacy was Governor Albert C. Cabell ("Bert") Ritchie of Maryland. At Baltimore's Concord Club on Jackson Day's eve he and his noisy admirers met for dinner. To him they sang:

*You're going to be elected, Albert mine,  
Albert mine!  
It is just as we expected, Albert mine,  
Albert mine,  
For in spite of Mellon's tin, Herbert  
Hoover and his kin,  
The Democrats will win, Albert mine,  
Albert mine.*

"There is no room for false modesty," declared Governor Ritchie when his turn came to reply. "I would like to be President. Who wouldn't?"

As the first Democratic candidate squarely in the field, he then proceeded to reiterate his major views: States' rights; an end to Prohibition; no public ownership of anything; no government unemployment insurance; no War debt cancellation; lower tariff rates. An orthodox and conservative Democrat, he roundly flayed, without specifications, "Republican evasion, inaction and blundering in Washington."

Next night he went to the big party dinner in Washington, got more applause when he entered the Mayflower dining room a half hour late, than did Al Smith himself who arrived only five minutes late.

**Raskob.** Day after the Mayflower dinner the Democratic National Committee assembled at the same hotel to transact campaign business. Earlier in the week Chairman Raskob announced the fe-

sult of a Prohibition questionnaire he had sent to 77,500 contributors to the party fund four years ago. Of the 25,578 replies, 93% favored resubmission of the issue to the people. But Chairman Raskob was bent on party harmony at any price. Therefore he decided against inciting another angry Dry flare-up within the party such as occurred at last March's meeting when he pressed his "home rule" plan too far into the South's face (*TIME*, March 16). This time he advanced an innocuous proposal for a referendum by State conventions which committed his party to nothing. The committee referred the proposition to the national convention, without recommendation or even reading. For once intense peace brooded over a Democratic council.

Then began the auction of the convention among ambitious cities. The Roosevelt forces favored Kansas City. San Francisco was also in the lists. Atlantic City talked big about a \$200,000 guarantee fund. Chicago offered \$150,000, the same price with which it had secured the Republican National Convention (*TIME*, Dec. 28). After much jockeying Chicago was selected but only after it had been forced to raise its bid \$50,000 to the Atlantic City level. The date: June 27, a fortnight after the G. O. P. meeting. For bagging both conventions for his city, chief credit was given to Edward Nash Hurley.

Other committee doings: 1) a denial by Chairman Raskob that he was trying to form a Raskob-Smith-Shouse clique within the party to block Governor Roosevelt's nomination; 2) an increase in convention delegates from 1,062 to 1,116 as a result of congressional reapportionment; 3) selection of Robert Jackson of New Hampshire, a Roosevelt supporter, to be secretary of the national committee.

**Resources.** Reported also last week was the state of Democratic national finances for 1931.\* Income: \$1,032,267; outgo: \$1,030,486. The committee borrowed from its chairman \$122,000, bringing the Raskob loans up to \$345,250; from County Trust Co. of New York (of which Mr. Smith is board chairman) \$835,318 largely to refinance earlier obligations there. Individuals contributed \$68,781 during the year. Largest amount: \$25,000 from Vincent Astor, owner of much real estate in Tammany town.

**Results?** Polled by *Publishers' Service Magazine* were 582 newspaper editors throughout the land as to their political forecasts for 1932. Last week these results were announced: Democratic victory, 300; Republican victory, 143; Hoover nomination by Republicans, 320; Coolidge nomination, 19; Dawes nomination, 104; Roosevelt nomination by Democrats, 157; Baker nomination, 132; Ritchie nomination, 22; Smith nomination, 12.

\*Last week in New York the U. S. Attorney (Republican) announced that Democrats escaped prosecution by one day under the statute of limitations for violation of the *Corrupt Practices Act* in reporting their 1928 campaign expenditures. An accounting had failed to itemize a pay roll.

(For other news of Ambassador Davies, see p. 9.)

## RACES

### Murder in Paradise

A patrician middle-aged woman pointed a sharp straight finger at a young Hawaiian named Joe Kahahawai as he sauntered down the front steps of the Court House in Honolulu one sunny morning last week. "That's the man!" she said.

Out on bail on a rape charge, Joe Kahahawai had just made his daily report to court officers inside. Upon the lady's identification, a young white man stepped up to Kahahawai, flashed a piece of paper with a big red seal on it, ordered: "Come with me." Kahahawai, supposing that he was under arrest, got into a sedan waiting at the curb. The car sped off to a house. A gun was jammed into his ribs. He was forced into a bathroom. A shot was fired. . . .

Hours later Police Officer George Harbottle saw a closed car speeding toward him on the eastern outskirts of Honolulu. He flagged it. It whizzed by. He chased it in his police car two miles, five miles, ten miles, firing random shots at the tires. Finally in a burst of speed he edged in front of it, forced it to nose into an embankment. Opening its door he found a grey-haired, middle-aged woman at the wheel, a trim, nice-looking young man beside her. In the back seat sat another young man and, beside him, a mummy-like thing roped up in a sheet. Officer Harbottle ripped open the sheet, was horrified to discover that it contained the naked corpse of Joe Kahahawai, a bullet hole through his chest. . . . Down the road lay Koko Head with its pounding surf from which nothing, dead or alive, ever returns to tell tales.

Arrested on the spot for murder were the woman, Mrs. Granville Roland Fortescue, 57, wealthy socialite of New York and Washington; her son-in-law, Lieut. Thomas Hedges Massie, U. S. N., 26; and an enlisted man named E. J. Lord. Mrs. Fortescue, composed and smiling, sat on the roadside until more police arrived as an escort back to Honolulu where Albert Orrin Jones, a second enlisted man, was also taken into custody. The great siren atop Aloha Tower shrieked a general alarm to the National Guard.

Thus last week did the Paradise of the Pacific become a restless purgatory of murder and race hatred. The killing of Kahahawai climaxed a long chain of ugly events on the island of Oahu growing out of the lust of mixed breeds for white women (*TIME*, Dec. 28).

Last September Lieut. Massie's 20-year-old wife, who was Thalia Fortescue, was seized by five natives, carried out toward Waikiki Beach, brutally and repeatedly raped. The attack made her pregnant, necessitated an operation. Navy men and the permanent white residents of Honolulu boiled with outrage and indignation. Mrs. Fortescue hurried from her Long Island home to the islands to comfort and help her pretty daughter. Brought to trial for the attack were five brown-skinned young bucks, among them Horace Ida and Joe Kahahawai. The court proceedings were



## National Affairs—(Continued)

a publicity circus for the half-caste natives. Mrs. Massie testified to the events of her horrible night, identified Kahahawai as the native who had beaten her repeatedly on the ride out of town, had broken her jaw in two places while raping her. U. S. newsmen had decently protected her name during the trial and after until last week's murder made its use imperative. The jury, topheavy with Hawaiians, disagreed and was discharged. The five defendants were set free under bail pending a second trial.

Last month racial feeling reached fever heat when a score of whites snatched Horace Ida off the streets of Honolulu, drove him out to Pali, soundly beat him after threatening to throw him to death off the cliff. Ida claimed but could not prove that U. S. sailors were responsible.

For weeks Honolulu seethed with unrest. Dan Campbell, United Pressman, was threatened with death for cabling the mainland truthfully stark accounts of conditions. Native attacks on white women became so prevalent, protection by the native police appeared so ineffective and bungling, that admirals in charge at Pearl Harbor publicly announced that Oahu was unsafe for the wives of naval officers. Then came the Kahahawai murder—apparently a blinding flash of white revenge.

Honolulu police officers piled up a damaging case against Mrs. Fortescue and Lieut. Massie. The motive for murder seemed obvious. They reconstructed the killing thus: Kahahawai was lured into the sedan, after Mrs. Fortescue's identification, by means of a faked warrant bearing the seal of the Chemical Warfare School in Maryland. He was taken to the Massie cottage in Manoa Valley where he was put into a tub of water, shot and allowed to bleed to death. His corpse was undressed and wrapped in bed sheets from which all laundry marks had been clipped. To support their theory the police announced that they had found Kahahawai's brown cap in the Massie home, a bloody towel in a closet, an unhung door, a bathroom freshly mopped, a bed striped of sheets and a coil of new white rope such as was around the body. On Sailor Jones was found a .32-calibre revolver clip like the one used in the killing, with one cartridge missing.

Mrs. Fortescue and her son-in-law hired able legal counsel, refused to make any statement. Because Hawaiians milled menacingly about the city jail, the three defendants were turned over to the Navy for safekeeping aboard the U. S. S. *Albatross*. The Navy Department ordered that Lieut. Massie and Seaman Lord should not be released to civil authorities unless it was so directed. Should civil authorities demand custody of Mrs. Fortescue the Navy would be without jurisdiction.

Mrs. Fortescue's social position raised the murder to front-page news throughout the U. S. Her father was Charles James Bell, a cousin of Inventor Alexander Graham Bell. In Washington he lived at "Twin Oaks," an impressive estate on Woodley Road not far from Secretary of State Stimson's home. Until his death in 1929 he was president of American Se-

curity & Trust Co. In 1910 his daughter Grace married Granville Roland Fortescue who last week lay gravely ill with pneumonia in Manhattan's Medical Center.

Major Fortescue, 56, was a step-son of the late Robert Barnhill Roosevelt, one-time diplomat and uncle of President



International

GRACE BELL FORTESCUE

*She smiled on the roadside when . . .*

Roosevelt. At the outbreak of the Spanish American War young Fortescue left the University of Pennsylvania, joined the First U. S. Cavalry ("Rough Riders"), was wounded at San Juan Hill. President Roosevelt for a time had him at the White House as a military aide and master of social ceremonies. During the War, after a turn as field correspondent for the *London Daily Telegraph*, he re-entered the U. S. Army as a major in the 314th Field Artillery, was again wounded at Montauk.

With special police patrolling the streets and the city on the verge of martial law, oldtime white residents of Honolulu well knew out of what black and bitter soil this latest crime had grown, but for political or commercial reasons they kept their mouths shut. The child-like, romantic Hawaiian of pure blood, they privately explained, has almost disappeared in a polyglot breed of Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese. Most U. S. whites on the islands look down socially upon this hybrid population. While socially inferior, the brown-skinned "Hawaiian" is a full-fledged U. S. citizen with political rights and power equal to those of the ruling white caste. Oldtime white residents claim that they could hold the native in his place if it were not for tourists from the mainland. These visitors, it is said, arrive with sentimental notions about a non-existent people and then proceed to flatter and hobnob with the half-castes in the mistaken idea that they are full-blooded Hawaiians. This outside attention, oldtimers claim, turns the head of the half-caste, makes him arrogant, unruly, lustful.

Chief criticism last week was leveled against the Honolulu police, composed of natives and headed by an elective officer. "The police situation is intolerable," Rear Admiral Yates Stirling Jr., district commander at the Pearl Harbor base, reported to the Navy Department. He contended



International

THE LATE JOE KAHAHAWAI

*. . . he lay in his shroud.*

that the service was ridden with politics. In the Massie rape trial, he declared, police officers worked harder for the defense than for the prosecution.

Governor Lawrence Judd attempted to belittle the outburst of crime and racial animosity on his islands, begged the citizenry to remain calm. Said he: "Conditions warrant no occasion for alarm. The law enforcement agencies have the situation fully in hand. . . ."

But the Navy Department, acting on its own reports from Pearl Harbor, refused to accept Governor Judd's contention that conditions had been exaggerated in the Press. The U. S. fleet maneuvers will be held, as scheduled, next month in Hawaiian waters but neither officers nor men will be given any shore leave in Honolulu or on the island of Oahu because "the situation" there is "too tense."

If Mrs. Fortescue is ever brought to trial, few whites in Honolulu believed that she would be convicted of a part in the Kahahawai murder. U. S. residents might deplore the stupidity of her alleged crime and its bungling methods but most of them at heart fully sympathized with her desperation in behalf of her daughter's honor and were ready to give her their moral support. Last week no less a person than Admiral William Vezie Pratt, Chief of Naval Operation in Washington seemed to give Lieut. Massie a friendly pat on the shoulder when he declared:

"American men will not stand for the violation of their women under any circumstances. For this crime they have taken the matter into their own hands repeatedly when they have felt that the law has failed to do justice."

# FOREIGN NEWS

## GERMANY

### May Anticipated

To thoughtless Germans, May is still a long way off. But never for one instant has pale Chancellor Heinrich Brüning forgotten that according to Germany's Constitution Old Paul von Hindenburg's term of office is up in May. With another Reparations conference hanging over his head, he stood face to face with the prospect of a new Presidential election and general elections to the Prussian Diet, elections in which his opponents the Hitlerites were almost sure to make enormous gains.

Heinrich Brüning did not wait for May. Last week he summoned Fascist Hitler to Berlin and made him a proposition; so that the Fatherland could present a united front to the world in this winter of her greatest trial, would Hitler agree to an extension of President von Hindenburg's term?

Fascist Hitler left in a huff. Canny Brüning had put him in a tight position. Old Paul is Germany's idol. Should he refuse the Brüning request, Fascist Hitler would be accused of repudiating the idol. If he agreed, he would see himself diddled out of his great chance to seize the government legally. Stormed Hitler lieutenants: "We are asked to agree to the disappearance of this election from the calendar with the result that our opposition will be saved from almost certain defeat. We must be given some other opportunity."

Brown Shirts went into a huddle and considered a counter-proposal; they would agree provided they were given two posts in the Brüning Cabinet.

Correspondents thought it likely that canny Chancellor Brüning would accede. Hitlerites in his Cabinet could not well work for his overthrow. Meanwhile Hitler tacticians, realizing that they had lost once again, prepared to make the best of things by entering the Prussian State elections, still due in May, as champions of a party which gave up an easy victory for the good of the State.

No sooner was Chancellor Brüning assured of even lukewarm Hitlerite support than he made a quiet announcement that became the week's big news. Germany's Ambassadors to Britain, France and Italy were hastily summoned to Berlin to confer with the Chancellor. Heinrich Brüning called in the British Ambassador, suave Sir Horace Rumbold who returned to his Embassy in a great flurry and called up the British Foreign Office. Somebody tapped the telephone wire. Within two hours Berlin newspapers were on the streets with the news that Germany had served notice that at the next Reparations conference, scheduled for Jan. 25 at Lausanne, Germany would announce that she could pay no more Reparations. Who was responsible for the leak no one knew. No sooner was it published than the rumor was authenticated, first by Chancellor Brüning, then by the British Foreign Office.

Year ago the announcement would have caused more of a stir, but since the Hoover

Moratorium it has become increasingly evident that it will be a Herculean task to force resumption of Reparations when the year of grace is ended. London and New York took the news calmly; only the French Press screamed in anguish.

### Blustered Le Temps:

"Suppression of Reparations would be equivalent to brutal repudiation of the Young Plan. . . . Repudiation of Lausanne will destroy all confidence in the



CHANCELLOR BRÜNING

. . . told the British Ambassador the worst.

possibility of recovery of the country to which treaties and agreements are scraps of paper."

French statesmen talked wildly of reprisals. Premier Laval wanted to "fight it out at Lausanne." Finance Minister Pierre Etienne Flandin threatened a 15% duty on all German products, an immediate recall of the Bank of France's quarter share in the \$100,000,000 emergency credit granted to Germany in June.

Foreign observers were surprised that French comment was as moderate as it was. No one suggested re-entering the Ruhr. Newspapers argued not for the money but for the principle of the thing. A reason for this: The average Frenchman is far more interested in the world Depression, which affects him actually, than in Reparations which he only reads about. French unemployment increased by 16,000 in the past week alone. Luxury trades are prostrate; the mining industry is on part time. *L'Oeuvre* (Radical Paris daily) put the matter bluntly with its headline: NOT ONE PFENNIG? NOT ONE CENT!! If this was to be the end of Reparations, let it be the end of debt payments also. London too was anxious to switch the entire burden to U. S. shoulders. Commented the *Sunday Times*:

"The whole mass of interlarded Reparations and War debts is the most formidable hindrance to recovery from the economic evils which now afflict the world. If

the sponge is to be used at all it must wipe all away. There must be no one-sided repudiation."

*Figures:* The U. S. hopes to collect \$217,764,000,000 from European debtors. She has received \$1,650,000,000. France hopes to receive from Germany \$14,176,000,000 in Reparations. She has received under the Young Plan \$284,068,000. She has paid against her debt to the U. S. \$200,000,000.

## FRANCE

### Death & Crisis

Gigantic, limping André Maginot, Minister of War, died last week of typhoid fever. Friends of indomitable old Aristide Briand were forced to admit that he was too sick a man to continue as Foreign Minister. The Cabinet of Pierre Laval tottered.

To his friends, towering Minister Maginot was always "The Sergeant." At the beginning of the War he gave up his seat in the Chamber and enlisted as a private. He lost a leg at Verdun, and realizing that after the War he would value the votes of thousands of *poilus*, refused to accept any promotion beyond a sergeant's stripes. Always immaculately dressed, formidable champion of the French militarists, Sergeant Maginot carried his sabre-rattling beyond politics. Despite his wooden leg he was an excellent fencer. France buried him last week with all the funeral honors she had bestowed on Marshal Foch. In the church St. Louis-des-Invalides, Premier Laval delivered the oration.

"Like all Frenchmen," said he, "Maginot was profoundly devoted to peace, but he considered that France unarmed was exposed to aggressions which would imperil not only France's existence but the stability of Europe."

Rheumy old Brer Briand remained stubborn to the end. His health has been none too good all winter. He was placed on a milk diet last fortnight; last week he suffered two heart attacks in 24 hours. Doctors insisted that for the sake of his health he must give up the Foreign Ministry. Brer Briand glories in the fact that probably no Foreign Minister since Metternich wields the international influence that is his. He had the figure of invalid, politically impotent Raymond Poincaré before his eyes. The only promise that could be extracted from him was that he placed his portfolio at the disposal of Premier Laval in case the entire Cabinet resigned collectively.

It seemed the best way out of a difficult situation. Premier Laval offered the Ministry of War to his former superior, André Tardieu. M. Tardieu was in no hurry to accept it. In France no one can remain Minister of War who does not talk and act like a Nationalist. As Premier only a year ago André Tardieu was building an international reputation as a moderate, a conciliator. He still hopes for a chance to replace extraordinarily lucky Pierre Laval. Laval fought earnestly to save his Government by forcing André Tardieu, now Minister of Agriculture, into the War



## Foreign News—(Continued)

Ministry, taking over the active duties of Foreign Minister himself, and saving Brer Briand's pride by appointing him Minister of State, free to take up again his usual spellbinding at the League in Geneva as soon as he feels well enough.

### Widow Widowed

France's guillotine is called "The Widow." France's executioner is known as "Monsieur de Paris"—because there is only one executioner and he lives in Paris, where the tool of his trade is kept. Last month M. de Paris (Anatole Deibler) set up his guillotine outside the gates of the Prison de la Santé in Paris and chopped off the head of George Gauchet, 25, first aristocrat executed since the Revolution (TIME, Jan. 4). Friends thought M. de Paris looked unusually solemn after that. Last week they knew why. He resigned, leaving The Widow a widow.

But The Widow soon had another spouse. M. Deibler, who got the job from his father, passed it on to his son-in-law, André Perrier, who will receive \$720 per year as M. de Paris. M. Deibler, 66, had executed 80 men. He will not give up the decapitation business altogether. He will retire to the country, raise chickens.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Drink Report

William Warrender Mackenzie, first Baron Amulree of Strathbraan, is Britain's foremost inquirer. He has investigated piece rates, trades disputes, industrial unrest, night basking, strikes, women in industry, the wreck of the *R-101* (TIME, Oct. 13, 1930). For two years he has been

The 20 Commissioners examined 189 witnesses, from brewers to blue-ribboners. The report, which will be submitted to Parliament, was more optimistic than sensational. Viewed with alarm were:

- ☛ Brewer ownership of public houses ("tied house" system).
- ☛ Increased cocktail consumption.
- ☛ The habit of "perpendicular drinking," instead of sitting down.
- ☛ Bad condition of hotels and "Olde English Inns."

The Commission pointed with pride to:

- ☛ Decrease per capita consumption of alcoholics (from 32.53 gallons of beer, .97 gallon of liquor, .41 gallon of wine in 1899; to 16.42 gallons of beer, .25 gallon of liquor, .31 gallon of wine in 1929).
- ☛ Increased cost through taxation (beer doubled, liquor tripled in cost in 30 years).
- ☛ The fact that "drunkenness is no longer fashionable."

The Commission recommended:

- ☛ Gradual abolition of "pubs" in favor of cafés, "refreshment bars."
- ☛ A 10 p. m. closing hour for "pubs," midnight for restaurants & hotels in London.
- ☛ Creation of a non-political licensing commission with broad powers.
- ☛ Further decrease in expenditures for drinking (£88,800,000 in 1929).

Prohibition was disposed of in a curt sentence: "No witness has suggested prohibition . . . as a practical proposition for this country, and we do not therefore propose to enter into any discussion of the merits or demerits of such a proposal."

## INDIA

### Full Resources

*Whatever happens, we have got  
The Maxim gun and they have not.*  
—Hilaire Belloc.

Rudyard Kipling, shaggy-browed poet of British imperialism, who would never have written such a cynical (and honest) observation as Poet Belloc's, was 66 last fortnight. The Kipling Society had a banquet in London presided over by grey-haired Major General Lionel Charles Dunsterville, better known as the original Stalky. Poet Kipling did not attend. He stayed with his big, quiet, little-known wife, thinking. Days like the days of his youth seemed at hand. Last week a detachment of 400 officers and men from the Welch Regiment and the Royal Scots sailed for duty in India. The replacement was no larger than usually sails at this time of year, but the men knew, Mr. Kipling knew, the world knew that Britain was preparing for serious trouble. The India Office issued a bulletin:

"Mr. Gandhi has stated as part of his creed that civil disobedience is not only a natural right of the people . . . but that it is also an effective substitute for violence or armed rebellion. Experience has proven time and time again that in India civil disobedience cannot be carried on without violence. . . .

"It is opposed to all constitutional principles and if it achieved its object would

make any form of government impossible.

"In using their full resources against it the Government of India are therefore fighting the battle not only of the present government but of all governments of the future.

The Army. India is a country of 318,000,000 souls. To keep it safe for Britain there is at the present time a British force of about 60,000 men and 165,000 native troops commanded by British



International

RUDYARD KIPLING & WIFE

... sensed an odd little stir in the barrack rooms.

and Indian officers. Britain may borrow from the native princes, at their discretion, private armies (each with their British "advisers") of about 40,000 more. And there is a police force of 20,000 men trained to arms. Commander-in-Chief of the army in India is handsome, grey-haired General Sir Philip Walhouse Chetwode. As a cavalryman, he was serving in Burma the year young Rudyard Kipling published *Barrack-room Ballads*. Under General Sir Edmund Allenby he commanded the 20th Army Corps at the capture of Jerusalem. In 1928 he became Chief of the Indian General Staff. In 1930 succeeded Field Marshal Sir William Birdwood as C-in-C. His job last week was to keep the army on its toes, bring the British forces in India unobtrusively up to their authorized strength of 68,000 men.

Raids. With St. Gandhi and most of the important Nationalist leaders in jail (TIME, Jan. 11), Viceroy Lord Willingdon stiffened his repressive ordinances still further. Picketing British shops was already a crime. Last week special judges were empowered to pass any sentence in convicting sentence of death on persons convicted of violating the emergency ordinances. Sentence may be passed in the absence of the defendant; only the substance of the evidence need be recorded.

In Calcutta alone over 60 raids were made on Nationalist offices. Other raids



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BARON AMULREE

... viewed "perpendicular drinking" with alarm.

chairman of the Royal Commission on Licensing Laws investigating the British liquor situation. Last week, his work finished, long-nosed Lord Amulree made his report.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

were made in Delhi. At the village of Sayadla in the Surat district, Mrs. Kasturba Gandhi was arrested with Miss Maniben Patel, daughter of Vallabhai Patel, onetime President of the All-India National Congress, who is now jailed with St. Gandhi, and a third woman, who said she belonged to a wealthy Parsi family. All three were charged with inciting India's women to non-violent revolt. Mrs. Gandhi, who had pleaded to be taken with her husband at his arrest, submitted quietly, smiled serenely at the officers. At Cawnpore, scene of the Indian Mutiny Massacre of 1857, cavalry were called out. At Karachi police charged a crowd after a public meeting, injured 28. At Allahabad the sub-postmaster and two others were killed in a riot. At Srinagar a mob of 12,000 stormed a police station, freed three prisoners. At Bombay U. S. tourists were frightened away from British shops by saffron-robed women pickets. One tourist persisted in buying a hat, had it snatched from her head. Police found five live bombs in a first-class compartment of the Darjeeling express. The walls of Bombay buildings mysteriously broke out in a rash of Red posters. Below a crudely drawn picture of a sword and pistol ran the legend:

"Beware, ye demons of a vanishing Empire! We warn officers of the British Government always to move about armed. At a signal we will kill marked officers. Congressmen [members of the Indian National Congress] do not interfere without solemn duties."

Meanwhile St. Gandhi squatted quietly in stone-walled Yerodva Jail, spinning 50 yards of yarn a day, sipping goat's milk, walking round & round the prison compound with a retired British private as companion.

### RUSSIA

#### New Commissars

Like a fertile polyp, another of Russia's vast, unwieldy government bureaus subdivided itself last week, continued to function. In obedience to Dictator Stalin's injunction for decentralization, the Supreme Economic Council was subdivided into three new commissariats: Heavy Industry, Light Industry, Lumber.

One of Booth Tarkington's favorite stories is about a colored cook who returned from lodge meeting with the announcement that she had just been elected "Supreme Exalted Ruler of the Universe," but explained that there were eleven other members of the lodge higher than that. Russia's Supreme Economic Council is in fact one of eleven commissariats in the Russian Cabinet or Union Council of People's Commissars. It has charge of all factories, mines, mills, is a super-department of Commerce. Its chairman, Grigoriy Ordzhonikidze, is to Josef Stalin as Herbert Hoover was to Presidents Harding & Coolidge. Last week Stalin's Hoover took charge of the new subdivision of Heavy Industry (coal, iron, steel, *et al.*) and the Soviet press spent much time explaining that he lost no prestige by so doing.

Busier was another Commissar last week, Andrey Andreevitch Andreev, recently appointed Commissar for Transportation. Fortnight ago he utilized his new powers by condemning four railwaymen of the Trans-Siberia Railway to death for criminal negligence (TIME, Jan. 11). Last week he attempted to counteract this



International

GRIGORIY ORDJONIKIDZE

His polyp subdivided.

unfortunate impression by announcing that a special *de luxe* train on the Trans-Siberia run will in future make the trip from Poland to Manchuria in seven days instead of eight. The good impression did not last. Three days later news got around of an accident even more dreadful than usual.

Nine miles outside of Moscow a local train, packed with commuters, halted at a switch-head before taking a spur track. Without warning another local swept round the bend and smashed full into the standing train's rear, plowed through almost its entire length. Wooden cars splintered like match boxes, dead and dying were strewn along the right-of-way. Peasants running up from the fields did their best to pull maimed bodies from the wreckage. They were laid on the parallel track while telegraph operators wired Moscow frantically for help. Suddenly a freight train, proudly burdened with Soviet goods, bore down from the opposite direction. The wounded could not move. The freight could not stop.

### SPAIN

#### Since Castilblanco

Terror of the dictatorship of paunchy Miguel Primo de Rivera was the quick-triggered, shiny-hatted Guardia Civil. Since the foundation of the Republic those formidable constables have been meek as lambs. Fortnight ago a riot broke out in Castilblanco. Four of the Guardia Civil lost their lives, and since then they have stood no more nonsense. After Castilblanco there were a half-dozen clashes

between guards and strikers throughout Spain. Twenty-four people were killed; in one stretch of 48 hours eleven citizens died, 60 were wounded. In the Cortes, Socialist deputies threatened a general strike and attacked the civil guard as terrorists. Premier Manuel Azana threw wide his arms soothingly:

"All this passionate outcry is an effort to unsettle the government. The civil guards are neither a political nor a social influence but a police force. They will be dealt with accordingly."

### THE NETHERLANDS

#### Helpful Queen

Things were gloomy in Holland last week. There was unemployment. Fifty-five steamers were tied up at Amsterdam, a record number. There were strikes. At Enschede, in a textile walkout, 2,000 strikers stoned strikebreakers' houses, injured four policemen who tried to interfere. There were storms. The freighter *Stanfies* sank in the Zuider Zee with a loss of four men, including the captain. There was a money shortage. For several days it was doubtful if the country could redeem the \$10,600,000 bond issue redeemable March 1. Queen Wilhelmina did her bit. To lighten the burden of artists in distress she announced an exhibition of her own paintings in water-color.

### RUMANIA

#### Last Survivor

The bird was bouncing swiftly from bat to bat in the Bucharest Badminton Club one day last week when sad news suddenly spread through the galleries: James Walker Brown had been ordered home. Former Queen Elisabeth of Greece and her friend the Princess of Hohenlohe heard it in the royal box.

"Oh," cried her ex-Majesty, "he simply *mustn't* go! We simply *can't* get along without our Badminton Club!"

James Walker Brown is necessary to the existence of the Bucharest Badminton Club because the club plays in and was organized by the Rumanian branch of the Y. M. C. A. Sole survivor of 47 Y. M. C. A. secretaries sent to Rumania since 1919 was Mr. Brown. In the early days Rumanians felt that it was an unpardonable impudence for the U. S. to send them missionaries of any sort. The Orthodox Church was opposed to the Y. M. C. A.; Rumanian students threatened the secretaries with assault. Under efficient Mr. Brown all these difficulties were straightened out. A gymnasium was built. The Rumanian Y. M. C. A. summer camp became famed. The Badminton Club was organized and the flower of Rumania's aristocracy joined it.

Last week U. S. headquarters suddenly announced that there was no more money to carry on The Work. The club must be disbanded. Mr. Brown must be recalled. Honorary president of the Y. M. C. A. is none other than Prince Nicholas. Last week he let it be known that as soon as his difficulties with his brother and his marriage were cleared up he would intervene on Mr. Brown's behalf.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

## HUNGARY

## Strange Putsch

In the cafés of Pest, where even the waiters wear monocles, race-proud Magyars have hatched many a dark plot to put young Archduke Otto on the vacant throne in Buda across the Danube. But Archduke Otto is no Magyar; he is a Habsburg. To find a more appropriate ruler for his people was the self-appointed mission of a young Magyar fencing-master named Toth. Like the Finns, Estonians, Turks and Tartars, the Magyars are part Asiatic, are believed by some to be related to the Japanese. Fencing-Master Toth chose for his king the brother of Emperor Hirohito of Japan, the smiling, near-sighted Prince Chichibu.

Fencing-Master Toth neglected to notify Prince Chichibu of his appointment, but someone did notify the Budapest police. A squadron of them pounced upon the conspirators' Pest house, dragged 19 plotters off to jail, nipped the *putsch* while yet it was green.

In the Court of Interrogation convened last week one of the conspirators mentioned the name of General Franz Schill. The Court was aghast. Respected General Schill but recently retired from the *gendarmérie* after 35 years of faithful service. His son is a lieutenant in the army. Nevertheless the Court ordered him arrested, held. Last week he sat in a cell, his head bowed in shame. The door rattled open; two of his former officers entered, stood stiffly. General Schill rose to greet them. One of them laid something on the table. Then stiffly they filed out, leaving the door open. The general looked at the open door, then at the thing on the table—a revolver. He well knew the military code. Proudly he shot himself.

## JAPAN

## Puff of Smoke

Goose-stepping stiffly across the Yoyogi parade ground in Tokyo, column upon column of Japanese troops passed a reviewing stand upon which stood his owl-eyed Majesty, Emperor Hirohito. After the last ammunition truck and field kitchen had rumbled by, the Son of Heaven stepped down, entered a state coach and, escorted by a squadron of lancers, rolled back to the Imperial Palace. Just outside the Palace grounds the cavalcade turned in through the Sakuradamon or Cherry Village Gate. A Mr. James L. Vierhus, employee of a Peoria, Ill., tractor firm, was standing on the curb. Afterwards he told what happened:

"As the second carriage passed me I noticed a queer sort of grey object hurtling through the air. Then there was an explosion and a puff of smoke.

"I did not notice any concussion. It exploded as it touched the pavement under the rear axle of the carriage ahead of the Emperor."

That carriage was occupied by Dr. Kitokuro Ichiki, Minister of the Imperial

Household. The bomb was strangely ineffective. One horse was scratched by a fragment, the carriage was uninjured. Emperor Hirohito popped his head out of his carriage in time to see little Japanese policemen swarming angrily over the bomb thrower, a tall angular Korean named Li Ho-sho.

All Japanese ministers swear to protect the person of the Emperor. Within an



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PRINCE CHICHIBU

A young Magyar fancied him.

(See col. 1.)

hour or two of the explosion the entire Cabinet of white-bearded Premier Inukai bowed their heads in shame and handed in their resignations. The same thing happened nine years ago when Hirohito, then Prince Regent, was shot at as he went to open Parliament. As in 1923 he refused to accept the resignations, but unlike the 1923 Cabinet, Premier Inukai and his Ministers withdrew their resignations.

There was work for the Cabinet to do. In Manchuria, Japanese lines spread over the frozen land right up to the Great Wall, clinched their hold on all of southern Manchuria. There were reports that ferocious-looking General Gregory Semenov, who led a White Army against the Soviet in 1917, was conferring with five Mongol Princes about a plan for promoting the independence of Inner Mongolia. Because it failed to win the support of France, Great Britain or Italy, U. S. Secretary of State Stimson's strongly worded note citing the Kellogg Peace Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty (protecting China's independence) left Japanese army headquarters completely unimpressed. U. S. correspondents in Mukden discovered that the Japanese soldiers who punched the face of U. S. Consul Culver Chamberlain were suffering no more serious punishment than confinement to barracks. Far more exercised were the Japanese over China's increasingly effective anti-Japanese boycott. Spokesmen at the Foreign Office talked wildly of blockading Shanghai or Canton in retaliation.

## ARGENTINA

## Three Wild Irishmen

Five swarming airplanes sent bomb after bomb splashing into a dense wood not far from La Paz in Argentina's northeastern border province of Entre Rios, last week. The bullets nipped off leaves & branches, plopped into tree trunks, but not a man did they hit. Twenty-one provincial police went scurrying into the wood, shouting and firing. Fourteen scrambled back. When night fell Argentina's "Three Wild Irishmen"—Mario, Eduardo and Roberto Kennedy—still held their wood.

In Buenos Aires Dictator-President General José Francisco Uriburu pulled his long mustaches and scratched his head. He could not turn over the government to President-elect Augustin Justo with clean hands until the Kennedys were smoked out. "Trivial and ridiculous fiasco!" he growled—and called for more troops.

Trivial (but not entirely ridiculous) Argentina's latest "revolution" was indeed. With some 100 followers the Kennedy brothers, famed fighters with pistol & knife, set out from their ranch one night and slipped into La Paz. In the police station they found 22 sleeping policemen. Eighteen surrendered without a struggle. The chief and three others they shot. They then stole \$40 from the police safe, took the electric light plant and telephone office, began parading the streets calling for recruits. Few joined, but for 18 hours the Kennedys held La Paz.

The uprising never crossed the Paraná River, which separates Entre Rios Province from the rest of Argentina. In Concordia and Concepcion del Uruguay, police dispersed bands of rebels. Troops heading for La Paz knew no better than to telegraph ahead. The Kennedys got their message, quickly left for their ranch, leaving all but a dozen of their men to be captured. In the wood on the edge of their ranch they made their stand, defied police, troops and airplanes to come and get them. As a final gesture the besiegers set fire to the wood. When the green trees would not burn, they shrugged their shoulders and went back to La Paz.

Argentina made a formal protest to Uruguay that the revolt was hatched on Uruguayan soil. When Dr. Adolfo Gumes and Dr. José Luis Cantillo, Radical Party politicians, reached Buenos Aires from Montevideo they were promptly arrested, soon released. Onetime President Hipólito Irigoyen, about whom all the rumpus centred, was coughing with bronchitis on Martín García Island. Dictator Uriburu ordered the new Congress convoked Jan. 20, promised to return Argentina to constitutional government within 30 days. Leaders of the insurrection were announced as General Severo Toranzo, Lieut.-Colonel Gregorio Pomar and José Abalos, who was President Irigoyen's minister of public works. All were in Uruguay fortnight ago. After the Kennedy Brothers' revolt collapsed, General Toranzo and Colonel Pomar were located in Uruguayana, Brazil. They never even got to Argentina.

## THE PRESS

## Fact Book

In many and many a place where the New York *World* was only a name, there was consternation over its passing last year. The paper was to die, a great pity. And what about the *World Almanac*? Would there be no more *Almanac*? Would the schoolboy in Great Falls no longer



N. Y. World-Telegram

ROBERT HUNT LYMAN

... got in President Arango and Prime Minister Scullin.

search its pages for the latest figures on anthracite production in Pennsylvania—and pause to examine the fascinating history of lynching in the U. S.? Would the farmer in Nebraska no longer be able to find at a glance the height of the Empire State Building, the height of the Tower of Babel, the death rate from cirrhosis of the liver by states since 1911? Would all researchers be deprived of that omniscient 1,000-page volume (most-called-for reference book in the Library of Congress) with its facts large & small—from an analysis of the latest U. S. census to the manner of addressing an archdeacon? The answer was “No,” but not everyone knew it until last week when the 47th annual edition appeared. The publisher is, of course, the Scripps-Howard organization, owner of the *World-Telegram*. But the book is still called *The World Almanac & Book of Facts*; its cover still bears the familiar design of the ugly gilt dome of the old *World* Building, and its editor still is Robert Hunt Lyman.

The 1932 *Almanac* does not differ from last year's by much more than other editions have varied from their predecessors. But that means that about 40% of its substance is entirely new. The remaining 60% consists largely of standing tables which are brought up to date. The new matter includes a thoroughgoing chronology of 1931 in politics, economics, science, sports—practically everything that made headlines during the year. A new condensation of 1930 census figures fills 100 pages. The book goes to

press in sections, beginning Sept. 21. The last section is held until Dec. 21 with a space left open for last-minute news, like the “fudge box” of an evening newspaper. For that reason the new *Almanac* even reports the overthrow of President Arango of El Salvador, Dec. 3; the defeat of Prime Minister Scullin of Australia by Joseph A. Lyons, Dec. 19. Included also are late census figures for Canada, France and Palestine, football scores of Dec. 5 and 12.

The *Almanac* was established by the late Publisher Joseph Pulitzer of the *World* in 1886 because current almanacs, all of which were political, were strongly Republican. Pulitzer wanted something that told Democratic history and news. Gradually it got rid of its political flavor, lived to be the foremost U. S. general almanac.

Editor Lyman went to work for the Springfield *Republican* after being graduated from Yale in 1884. From there he went to the New York *Herald*, was managing editor of its London edition, joined the *World* in 1893, became acting managing editor. Ten years ago he took charge of the *Almanac*. His staff consists only of Associate Editor Fletcher Cooper, a business manager, an advertising solicitor and two stenographers. Specialists helped out in fields such as sport, finance, science, etc. etc. Last year 296,000 copies of the *Almanac* were sold, about one-third of them in the New York metropolitan area. Of the new issue 300,000 copies were distributed. Advertising dropped less than 3% from last year.

## Press v. Bench

In a crowded Kentucky courtroom last week the Scripps-Howard organization found itself in one of its favorite roles—battler against what it thought was official high-handedness. On one side was an outraged judge who had barred from his court reporters for a Scripps-Howard newspaper (Knoxville, Tenn. *News-Sentinel*). On the other was Scripps-Howard's lawyer, onetime Secretary of War Newton Diehl Baker, demanding “freedom of the press” in the form of a temporary writ from the Court of Appeals compelling the judge to admit *News-Sentinel* reporters. Lawyer Baker lost; but he could still press another claim for a permanent writ this week. Meanwhile Scripps-Howard papers throughout the land treated the matter as a *cause célèbre* of judicial oppression, sent star men to Frankfort to analyze it, front-paged their reports under headlines a half-page wide.

The affair grew out of the murder conviction in Judge Henry R. Prewitt's court at Mount Sterling, Ky., of William B. Jones, secretary of the United Mine Workers in Harlan County. In summing up, the prosecutor had been permitted to deliver a fiery oration on subjects of Americanism, Communism, the I. W. W., Russia, etc., etc. Day after the conviction the *News-Sentinel* said editorially:

“Any fair-minded man who has followed the Jones' trial might wonder in his mind whether Jones was convicted and sen-

tenced to life imprisonment for murder, or because he was a labor leader. . . .

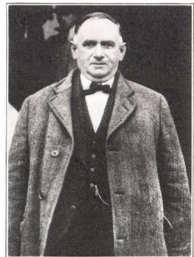
“As long as our courts permit themselves to be a stage for the tirades of political and social prejudice, they will not obtain full confidence of those who believe in even-handed justice.”

Enraged by what he deemed a libel, Judge Prewitt summoned Reporter John Moutoux of the *News-Sentinel* who was about to cover the next trial, that of William Hightower, and cited him for contempt. After Reporter Moutoux convinced him that he had not written the editorial Judge Prewitt dismissed the contempt charge but informed him that neither he nor any other *News-Sentinel* man might enter his court until the newspaper apologized. Moreover, he “wished the editor of the *News-Sentinel* lived in Kentucky. If he did, I'd have him here on a contempt charge right away.”

Presently the *News-Sentinel* sent Reporter Jack Bryan, who had theretofore written nothing about the Kentucky mine situation, to ask access to the court. When he, too, was shut out Scripps-Howard got Lawyer Baker to go before the Court of Appeals.

The presence of potent Lawyer Baker as an opponent was not enough to draw Judge Prewitt away from his own county bench, where he said expenses of the murder trials were \$500 a day. To defend him he sent his sons Allan, 29, and Reid, 27. He said: “I spent a lot of money to educate my sons to be lawyers, and they might as well work for me.”

Lawyer Baker: “The right to gather news is a property right. The publication



Acme

JUDGE HENRY R. PREWITT

His boys beat Newton Baker.

of news, publicity of trials, is among the great safeguards of liberty in a free country. If what Judge Prewitt has done in this case can be done, then it is within his discretion to exclude any representatives of any newspaper, and all representatives of all newspapers, and hold a star chamber session from which the observing eye of public opinion has been withdrawn.”

The offending editorial, Lawyer Baker thought, was “exceedingly temperate.”



# MEDICINE

Lawyer Allan Prewitt: "Are you going to let that paper stay across the border and exercise this baleful influence? . . . When a man interferes with court he is told to stay out. Are you going to let this paper interfere with justice? The right of free press is no greater than the right of free speech. . . . Why can't they put a newspaper out? Powers of court are not so ossified they can't take care of a situation like that!"

Judge Prewitt (smiling broadly): "Well, the boys have won out over Newton Baker."

## Hearst's Breadline

Broadway and Seventh Avenue come together to form an acute triangle five blocks long with Times Square at its apex, Longacre Square at its base. Here is the centre of Manhattan's theatrical district, "The Gay White Way," the most crowded part of the city by night and the spot that strangers come to see first. Such pleasure-loving strangers and New Yorkers as have gone there between 7 and 10 o'clock any evening in the past few weeks have viewed an interesting sight: a line of shabby men (a few women among them), chins deep in coat collars, hands deep in pockets, shuffling ever so slowly around the edge of Longacre Square. At the head of the line is a large truck with electric lights ablaze, from which each one receives a sandwich, a doughnut, a cup of coffee. On the side of the truck a sign blazons: "New York American Christmas & Relief Fund Lunch Wagon."

For placing a breadline (the *American* calls it a "sandwich line") in the most conspicuous spot he could find, Publisher William Randolph Hearst has drawn bitter condemnation from a variety of sources. Showmen declared that the spectacle of misery at the doors of their theatres caused strollers to change their minds about spending money for fun. Merchants charged that out-of-town buyers are actually depressed by the scene to the point of curtailing orders. Many an observer has seized the handy conclusion that Publisher Hearst had the hungry accept alms in the glare of Broadway instead of on a darkened side street\* simply to get cheap advertising for his paper.

Day before the breadline was opened last month the Welfare Council of New York City sent Publisher Hearst a telegram stating that: 1) breadlines are unnecessary in New York, as facilities for feeding & lodging homeless men are ample; 2) public feeding "raises serious questions of public policy."

Last week the Welfare Council published Publisher Hearst's telegram of reply: MY OPINION IS THAT IF FEEDING THE HUNGRY BY BREADLINES NOT NEEDED THERE WOULD BE NO BREADLINES. . . . AMERICAN'S REASON FOR DISTRIBUTING CHARITY IN PUBLIC PLACES IS TO BRING HOME TO PEOPLE THE GRAVE CONDITIONS WHICH EXIST AND THE NEED FOR CHARITABLE THOUGHT AND ACTION. . . .

\*Fortnight ago Publisher Barnard Macfadden opened, on shoddy obscure Third Avenue, a restaurant where a dish of "health food" may be had for a penny, a fair sized meal for 5¢.

## Country Surgeon

There was no real need for 70-year-old Dr. Evan O'Neill Kane of Kane, Pa. to operate on himself for a rupture last week. Young Dr. William Blair Mosser, surgeon-in-chief of the Kane Summit Hospital and, like Dr. Kane, good enough to be a fellow



International

DR. EVAN O'NEILL KANE & AIDS

He chatted, joked, cut and sutured for 1 hr. 45 min.

of the American College of Surgeons, might have done the work. But old Dr. Kane likes to do things to himself. Eleven years ago he anesthetized himself and cut out his own appendix. Three years ago he began signing his operations by tattooing in India ink the Morse telegraph code (— — —) which signifies "K."\*

Six years ago Dr. Kane ruptured himself riding horseback. He was nearing 65 and repairing the abdominal tear seemed scarcely worth while. But last week the old surgeon decided that he might just as well mend his rupture. To assist him he called Dr. Howard Martin Cleveland, whose birth it was one of his very first confinement cases, from Mount Jewett twelve miles away. To the operating room in Kane Summit Hospital he summoned a reporter and a newspaper photographer. While they recorded details he propped himself on an operating table, cleaned the left groin where he was to cut, gave himself a local anesthetic, proceeded to operate. He chatted and joked with the nurses as he cut, sponged and sutured for 1 hr. 45 min. By that time he was drowsy, let Dr. Cleveland make the final two or three stitches, tattoo the dots which mean Kane fecit.

Hernia operations normally require six weeks of convalescence, the first two in

\*One of Dr. Kane's sons, Professor Elisha Kent Kane of the University of Tennessee, lost his young wife by drowning, was accused of causing her death (TIME, Oct. 5). A jury found him not guilty. He resumed his professorship.

(In a piano box shanty under an oil derrick during an oil boom at Cherry Grove, Warren County, Pa.

bed, the next two in a wheel chair. Less than two days after operating on himself, Dr. Kane walked to the operating room, assisted Dr. Cleveland in a major operation on a woman patient.

## Country Doctor

News last week got out of the Blue Ridge foothills about a country doctor's monument to his kind. Dr. Henry Boardman Stewart, 77, has been practicing in & around Fair View, S. C. (pop. 45) for 51 years. He has been the sponsor of the Fair View Stock Show, county fair which had its 43rd session last October. Last summer old Country Doctor Stewart caused the erection of a three-ton granite slab. Carved on one end is his name as donor, at the other end is a doctor's satchel. The front is "dedicated to the memory of the family physician." The back is "in memory of those [wives] who keep the home fires burning while the doctor is away on his mission of mercy."

## Big Baby

By weight, Mrs. Anthony Caruso's seventh child, born in Newark last week, should have been nine months old. He weighed 18 lb. at birth. Ordinarily newborn infants weigh 7 lb. During the first two or three days they usually lose 5 or 6 oz., but regain it by the beginning of the second week. Then the ordinary infant adds poundage until he weighs 20 to 21 lb. at his first birthday. Mrs. Caruso's 18-lb. son, if he gains weight in proportion to his pre-natal precocity, will weigh 36 lb. July 1, 54 lb. next New Year's.

The bigger babies are at birth, the more troubles mothers & doctors have delivering them into life. Just why many babies are born too big for comfort and safety has always puzzled Medicine. For a long time doctors thought that elderly primiparae (women who had their first pregnancy after 30) would have oversize offspring. But just a year ago Dr. James Knight Quigley, Rochester, N. Y., specialist in obstetrics & gynecology, presented good evidence that the old supposition is not true. Babies of such women averaged, in his series of births, 7 lb. 8½ oz., which is about normal.

In passing, Dr. Quigley's data showed that "while pregnancy and labor in a woman having her first child after 30 carries with it an added risk to the mother and her baby, this hazard has been very much overestimated." More important than a firstling mother's age is her general health, the normality of her construction.

Thirty years ago Dr. Diarmid Noel Paton of Edinburgh noted that the undernourished mothers of Scotch slums bore undersized children. He concluded, and the idea still prevails generally, that the thinner a woman keeps herself during her term, the slimmer her child will be.

That conception Professor Percy Waltham Thomas of the University of Tennessee sarcastically flayed in last month's *American Journal of Obstetrics & Gynecology*. He did "not wish to be understood as saying that it makes no difference what a woman eats during her nine months of

## M U S I C

pregnancy. On the contrary her diet is of the utmost importance and its regulation one of the chief features of intelligent prenatal care."

But, he contended, "I have studied faithfully the protocols of untold numbers of matron rats who laid down their lives for the benefit of human mothers. . . . I went over every bit of evidence for and against the hypothesis that a baby's birth weight is in direct relation to his mother's gain or loss during the gestation period. And I finally concluded that there is nothing in it."

"My contention is . . . that the size of the child at the time of delivery is determined by factors quite distinct from this consideration, and in most instances, entirely beyond our control. Without going into an elaborate discussion of the inheritance of parental traits, we may very well turn to the experience of animal breeders, for example, those who raise mules. The diet of the equine mother differs considerably in various parts of the country, but the custom of breeding jacks to mares rather than stallions to jennets is universal, the stallion's colt is always too large for the jennet to bring into the world alive."

"If a small woman marries a large man, whose female relations are broad hipped and wide shouldered, her babies may 'take after her folks' and be sufficiently diminutive to pass readily through the confines of her narrow pelvis. And again they may not."

### Secondary Cancers

Dr. Francis Carter Wood, director of Columbia University's Crocker Institute of Cancer Research and editor of the Chemical Foundation's *American Journal of Cancer*,\* had the authority to state last week, though with scholarly ifs & ands, that treatment of cancers by x-rays or radium does not in itself stir up secondary cancers. That radiation cures a cancer in one part of the body only to metastasize or shift it into another part, has been a credible theory. Cancer of the skin often follows irradiation of the cervix. X-raying of bladder tumors is often followed by cancer of the bone-marrow, lung, liver or skin. Cancer of the neck or throat frequently follows cure of a lip cancer.

Doctors almost never discuss such questionable points with their patients, seldom mention them in print. But as Dr. Wood remarked in an editorial last week, ". . . in private conversation [of doctors] the opinion [is] expressed that radiation seems to facilitate metastasis, and that patients who have been rayed have strange and unusual metastases which do not occur with other forms of treatment."

His idea is that primary cancers usually throw off stray cells, which drift to distant parts of the body. Radiation probably has nothing to do with the drift. If the patient lived long enough the stray cancer cells would probably develop into secondary cancers. But the primary cancer ordinarily kills the victim before the secondary cancers have time to become annoying. Radiation destroys the primary cancer, prolongs the patient's life until the metastatic, secondary cancers have time to grow and cause their fatal erosions.

\*Printed during 1931 as a quarterly continuation of the old *Journal of Cancer Research*, which 1932 it becomes a bi-monthly.

### Return of a Crimean

In Russia a 13th Century legend tells of a warrior mighty and virtuous who struck his enemy such a blow that blood rushed to heaven and bones spilled all over the earth. In Manhattan last week a pretty little Russian woman became that warrior, sounded his battle cry heroically. Next minute you could have believed her to be a whole band of Cossacks restlessly awaiting the approaching Tartars. Then she prayed, as a Siberian tribe long-vanished prayed to Kalaidos, his God. These were the stout, earthy beginnings of Nina Tarasova's first U. S. recital in five years.

Five years ago Nina Tarasova sang nothing but Russian peasant songs, songs she heard as a child on her grandmother's estate in the Crimea. Since then she has



Regis Lebrun

NINA TARASOVA

Now a 'cello, now a whisper, now a shout.

widened her scope, ferreted out more of the Old Russian songs fast dying under the new régime, explored the folk-music of France, Germany, England. All her songs tell stories. There was one last week in which a French husband glowered and raged at his simpering, deceitful wife. There was an arrangement of the *Erlkönig* which Goethe and the *Kapellmeister* Reichardt made to Goethe's cook. Tarasova sang it swaying eerily, perfectly depicting the bogey which haunted the child's delirium. The mechanics of such singing is secondary to the fact that words & music are ideally blended. Sometimes Tarasova's natural voice has a smooth cello quality, but she is versatile. She whispers when the mood requires it or she is a baritone fairly shouting. Because she is wife of Sportsman Stuart Fitzhugh Voss of Long Island, there were many socialites in last week's audience. Many Russians were there too who remembered songs she used to sing when she was a concert celebrity in St. Petersburg. They called her back time and again, shouting their requests.

### 1932 Radio

Some years have passed since printed advertising started to make handmaiden of the visual arts, since an attractive young saleswoman persuaded Arthur Rackham to let his gnomes and gnarled trees be used to advertise Colgate's soap. Maxfield Parrish early turned his lush blues and sunli yellows to frankly commercial account. Recently American Car & Foundry used series of Rockwell Kent's best drawings.

Radio advertising is a step or two beyond hand printed advertising in the way it employs good music. It has progressed to the extent of presenting many famed individuals. (Notable this season is the General Electric Concert series given Sunday afternoons with different artists—last week Soprano Lily Pons.) But Radio advertisers still stop short of chamber music—music in its purest form. The radio series of chamber musicales which started last week required the philanthropy of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, the endowment she gave in 1925 to the Music Division of the Library of Congress. The Rott String Quartet from Budapest played the first program. Scheduled for the ten following Monday afternoons: The Barrère Ensemble of Wind Instruments, the Salzedo Harp Ensemble, the Gordon String Quartet, the Compinsky Trio, the Musica. Art String Quartet, the Elshuco Trio, the Kroll String Quartet, the London String Quartet, Soprano Nina Koshetz and String Quartet, Violinist Jacques Gordon and Pianist Lee Pattison.

Other musical series for early 1932 over Columbia Broadcasting system (Eastern Standard Time):

Nathaniel Shilkret's Orchestra and Baritone Alexander Gray, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes. Every weekday night at 10:30.

"The Bath Club" with Contralto Barbara Maurel, Frank Ventres's Orchestra and Society Reporter Margaret Santry, sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. (Limit). Every night except Saturday and Sunday at 8.

"Broadcast Rehearsal" with Contralto Mildred Hunt, Harry Salter's Orchestra, Comedians Ted Bergman and Herb Polanie, sponsored by Frostilla (hand lotion). Mondays at 9:15 p. m.

Fisk University Singers (sustaining program). Sundays at 8:15 p. m.

Over National Broadcasting Co.'s network are:

Baritone Lawrence Tibbett, sponsored by Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. Mondays at 8:30 p. m.

Rochester Civic Orchestra (sustaining program). Friday afternoons at 3:30.

Pianists Bertha Levitzki and Alberto Sciarretti (sustaining program). Sundays at 7:15 p. m.

\*From news headlines casual readers might have thought last week that Soprano Maria Joritz, Violinist Fritz Kreisler and Pianist Sergei Rachmaninoff had contracted for a radio series with National Broadcasting Co. But these artists have only become affiliated with N. B. C.'s Artists Service, an agency like any other which books flesh & blood concerts. Kreisler and Rachmaninoff are two of the three great artists who have steadfastly refused to broadcast. The third: Pianist Ignace Jan Paderewski.



## THEATRE

### New Plays in Manhattan

**The Devil Passes.** Having already been privileged to watch a jolly, wobble-headed God perform in the Theatre Guild's *He* this season, and having chosen to neglect Him after a brief run, Manhattan theatergoers may now witness the Devil walking the earth like a natural man. The Old Harry in the latest offering of Playwright Benn W. Levy (*Springtime for Henry*, *Mrs. Moonlight*) is none other than matinee idolized Basil Rathbone. Christened facetiously Rev. Nicholas Lucy, Mr. Rathbone has been sent among mortals by Playwright Levy to tempt them, and in so tempting to demonstrate that the practice of virtue is inescapable. "The Devil," observes Mr. Lucy, "is God's advertising agent."

Actor Rathbone, whose clerical garb does not prevent him from wearing his usual monstrously cut peg trousers, attends a house party, asks the guests what they want most on earth. The actress (Mary Nash) wants applause and to play Lady Macbeth; the painter (Ernest Cosart) to paint beautifully; the novelist (Ernest Tiesiger) to achieve literary kudos; the minister's frowzy wife (Cecilia Loftus) to do her duty; the host (Arthur Byron) wants comfort; his lovely mistress (Diana Wynward) wants love; the disillusioned minister (Robert Lorain) desires advancement so that he may denounce God from the tip-top of High Church.

Beginning with the actress, for whom he finds a legal loophole through which she may escape her present engagement and act in *Macbeth*, and with the author, whom he provides with an unpublished novel by Joseph Conrad, Mr. Lucy prepares to offer them all their hearts' desires—at the price of shame. He even convinces the host's mistress that she is in love with him. Labored conclusion of *The Devil Passes*: people behave decently because something, perhaps God, makes them do so. Naturally, the superior portion of Playwright Levy's comedy occurs prior to the final scene in which he has to cap his towering allegory.

A notable cast of high-priced mummies—four of whom are in the habit of carrying a show apiece on their shoulders—lifts this play above the ordinary, palpably illustrates Depression in the show business.

**Never No More.** A lynching is now taking place in Manhattan's Hudson Theatre eight times a week. It could scarcely be more horrible if Negro Actor Rudolph Tombs were actually killed. Nor could Actor Tombs scream more terrifyingly.

It all occurs just when things are looking brightest for Mammy's big family. There is plenty of corn laid by for the mules and blackamoors, fattening hogs grunt in their pen, 25¢ cotton has provided a fine pair of blue mules, clothes for everybody and \$40 for Christmas. A high pile of tinder-dry stovewood is stacked near the cabin door.

Only one of Mammy's brood is no good. He is Solomon, who runs around with the white boys and wears store clothes. It is

he who murders the white girl and brings the posse, hunting him with hounds, guns and hate, to the cabin. They catch Solomon, and while he agonizingly calls for his family which huddles inside the shack, the white men burn him to death with his mother's cherished stovewood.

Then the posse turns its attention to the others, deciding to burn the house down. "Don't shoot 'em, boys," somebody warns. "We want to roast 'em!" "De Lawd won't let 'em do it," says big Black Joe, "Jessen de Lawd's just de white folks wage hand." Sure enough the Lawd, plus Mammy, plus some sticks of dynamite with which one of the boys was going to kill fish, intervenes.

Although the prevailing interest in Negro plays has served to rob many good Negro actors of their corn-field flavor, most of the cast of *Never No More* performs with credibility. Rose McClelland (*Porgy*, *The House of Connelly*) as Mammy has the fattest part, plays it with a mite too much patrician restraint. Most veracious bit to Southerners: the two young daughters (Enid Raphael and Viola Dean) sitting off by themselves, giggling and posturing over the delights of a mail order catalog.

**Lost Boy.** A bad mother made Francis Demarco delinquent, but Dr. Stewart knew there was nothing wrong with him. A stupid judge sent him to a "training school," a stupid superintendent tried to break his spirit. When Psychologist Stewart brought the boy's best nature to the surface and tried to take him away from the school, the Law tied his hands. From then on Francis, who wrecked a freight train, killed the superintendent with a chisel, was a lost boy.

A penetrating study of adolescence, *Lost Boy* starts slowly, moves to a tremendously exciting climax. For his third act Playwright T. C. Upham had to choose between effective drama and consistent psychology. Unfortunately he tried for both. But the struggle in Act II between Dr. Stewart (Clyde Franklin) and Superintendent Bullock (Joseph Eggerton) for the body & soul of Francis Demarco (Elisha Cook Jr.) is as harrowing an experience as any theatregoing thrillseeker could want.

**Wolves** was intended by Playwright Romain Rolland to be the second section of a Trilogy, first part of which was *The Game of Love and Death* which the Theatre Guild presented three seasons back. Like the first play, *Wolves* is concerned with the French Revolution, but its plot intentionally parallels the Dreyfus case. An aristocratic militia officer is convicted of being in league with the King of Prussia on evidence concocted by his swashbuckling enemies. A scientist-soldier (Maurice Schwartz), placing justice above liberty, ruins himself while vainly trying to save the aristocrat. *Wolves* was produced by Maurice Schwartz whose enthusiasm for acting and his race kept the Yiddish theatre going for many years. Mr. Schwartz's sword-&-cloakings brings to mind an observation once made by Critic Alexander Woolcott: "When you go to see a play done by earnest Jewish actors, you know you've been to the theatre."

## ANIMALS

### Blue Geese

Little known (its eggs were found only three years ago), seldom seen except in the far South (it stops infrequently on its flight from Baffin Land), is the great blue goose. Last week President Thomas Gilbert Pearson of the National Association of Audubon Societies concluded an airplane inspection of the many blue geese that winter in southern Louisiana. Near the mouth of the Mississippi he encountered a flock three miles long, half a mile wide. The geese were flying in three strata. Dr. Pearson estimated there were between 600,000 and a million of them. Because they migrate so quickly hunters get less than 1,000 of the two millions that winter in Louisiana. Audubon experts are satisfied that the blue goose is one American wildfowl that has not decreased in numbers in recent years.

Slate blue, the geese have white heads and upper necks when they fly south. But in the autumn a copperish red smudge appears on their heads. Dr. Pearson thinks it is caused by something they drink.

### Hind Bridget

The minstrels sing of an English King of many long years ago, who dearly loved to chase the stag across the royal wood, but had few other ways of amusing himself. In those days country squires and lesser gentry went foxhunting only when the woods were not full of staghunting nobility. Nowadays foxhunting is a complicated and difficult sport, but life for a master of staghounds is comparatively simple. He picks out a spot for the hunt to begin; the stag is carted to that spot. The hounds are not supposed to kill the stag, but nevertheless many people believe that staghunting is unwarrantably cruel. Last year there was the case of Bridget. . . .

Bridget was only a hind. One November day she was taken to Aldington and released. She began to graze, then made friends with a flock of sheep. The hunters shoos her and she made for the sea. Next day she was found on a beach. Into the water she went again. Finally lifesavers rescued her, took her ashore. She made a dash for her cart, knocked down four men, jumped in, went to sleep as the cart jolted back to her deer park.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals entered a complaint against Captain Edwin Sandys Dawes, M. S. H., and Captain Ronald H. Fox, secretary of the hunt, for cruelty to a tame deer. Last week a magistrate heard the case. Prosecutor James Dale Cassels, M. P., charged that Bridget was terrified and trembling from cold when she was rescued. He quoted Captain Fox as saying:

"Poor old Bridget! She is 14 years old and is a great pet. She will be all right when we get her home in the warm and get the salt water out of her."

Counsel for Captains Dawes & Fox said Bridget was only six. No cruelty had been proved, said they. The Court agreed.

## C I N E M A

## Macy's v. Movies

Advertisements for R. H. Macy & Co., Manhattan department store, are bright and saucy, written to make Macy's underselling policy seem chic as well as thrifty. They have influenced other department store advertising, made Macy's publicity director and vice president, Kenneth Collins, who seven years ago taught freshman English at the University of Idaho, the highest paid advertising director in the U. S. Six weeks ago, in an article for *Motion Picture Herald*, Kenneth Collins told Editor Jerry Ramsaye what he thought about advertisements for Cinema. He said they were inaccurate, exaggerated, non-specific, over-enthusiastic, ineffective.

Cinema advertising executives were moved to sharp replies. S. Charles Einfield, advertising and publicity director of Warner Bros., pointed out that Macy's methods were impractical for the cinema, which sells one thing at a time, cannot advertise cut-rates. Hal Horne, advertising and publicity director of United Artists, said the rise of Macy's could be entitled "From Gags to Riches," pointed out that advertisement for pictures must "get all selling points over before the picture opens," that films cannot, like stores, build up goodwill. Last week the controversy continued when Kenneth Collins addressed a luncheon of the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, Inc. He repeated:

"The grossest sort of exaggeration finds its way into motion-picture advertising. It is filled with such lines as, 'you will never forget this picture as long as you live' and 'this is New York's greatest thrill.' Such promises not only weaken the force of your advertising but in addition are the grossest and most flagrant sort of lies."

"One gets the conviction from reading film advertisements that few of the film men who wrote them actually saw the pictures. If they did, they are the worst writers I ever saw. It is bad advertising practice to write about something you know nothing about."

To this blast, "Phil M. Daly" (Jack Harrower), *Film Daily* columnist, responded by accusing Macy advertisements of giving the public an erroneous impression that "the department store workers are just One Big Happy Family." He reminded Mr. Collins that the Better Business Bureau of New York has condemned advertisements which claim that a store is underselling competitors (*TIME*, Oct. 12). The B. B. B. in a letter which Macy's competitors reprinted in advertisements, called such methods "... an open attack on the integrity of advertising... unsound business... inimical to the public interest... ruthless and predatory."

## The New Pictures

**Taxi** (Warner). If you have seen *The Public Enemy*, *Smart Money* or *Blonde Crazy*, you have some idea what to expect of *Taxi*. Authors Kubec Glasmon and John Bright are camera-minded writers and their stories, which usually deal in an offhand way with violent happenings, have speed, vigor and assurance. For-

tunately for all concerned, James Cagney attracted Hollywood's attention at about the same time as Authors Bright and Glasmon. When he appears in one of their inventions the result is often brilliantly successful.

In *Taxi*, Cagney's impudent Irish face is first seen sticking out from behind a



Underwood &amp; Underwood

KENNETH COLLINS

... from gags to riches.

(See col. 1)

steering wheel, spouting Yiddish at a customer. Leader of an insurgent group of cab-drivers who resent the methods of a racketeering corporation, Cagney has ample chance to perform his specialty—a short right-hand punch to the side of the jaw. He threatens his girl (Loretta Young) almost every time he sees her, takes a poke at the clerk from whom they get a marriage license. Right after the marriage, Cagney sets out to avenge a murder committed by the head racketeer of the taxi corporation. Despite his wife's protests, he chases the murderer into a closet and is prepared to shoot him through the door when policemen find him. Like *Smart Money* and *Blonde Crazy*, *Taxi* is a sordid but amusing observation on minor metropolitan endeavors. Good shot: Cagney riding home from Coney Island on a subway and listening, with his hat over his eyes and an expression of dangerous boredom, to the fuzzy comments of his girl's friend.

Screen writers are much less often publicized than playwrights. Kubec Glasmon and John Bright have been sufficiently able, original and influential to make themselves noteworthy. They arrived in Hollywood less than a year ago with the unfinished manuscript for *The Public Enemy*, then called *Blood & Beer*, which they had already tried to sell to Manhattan theatrical producers. Glasmon, a onetime druggist who says he used to own stores in Chicago, is short, soft-voiced, stocky. He has a wide knowledge of Chicago's underworld, admits that "Glasmon" is a nom-de-plume, saves newspaper clippings of

criminal happenings, like the hero of *Blonde Crazy*. Bright is younger, larger. He says he used to work for a Chicago newspaper. Glasmon, who recently applied for citizenship, is single, Bright is married. Both are known, in what Hollywood calls its "social circles," as "party hounds."

**Girl of the Rio** (RKO-Radio) is a passable little border romance made from a play called *The Dove*, in which the late Holbrook Blinn distinguished himself eight years ago. It is about a Mexican millionaire (Leo Carrillo) who, to facilitate his abduction of a cabaret girl (Dolores Del Rio) has her sweetheart (Norman Foster) jailed and removed from the country. All this is done with a superfluity of Mexican accent by Carrillo and Del Rio, and reiterations of clean young Americanisms by Foster, who encourages Del Rio by saying "Be game, kid." In the play these exaggerations made the action partly a parody of border romance. Because the cinema takes itself more seriously, the climax, where the millionaire lets the girl go in order to increase his self-esteem, seems out of character instead of gay and suitable. Del Rio chants, in almost Gregorian tones, such bits of pidgin slang as "You betcha my life." She photographs as beautifully as ever.

**Stepping Sisters** (Fox) is a frantic little farce, derived from the comic strips via Broadway, where a play by the same name enjoyed an almost surreptitious run a year ago. The fun in *Stepping Sisters*, largely at the expense of a chorus girl turned socialite (Louise Dresser), is of the "Bringing up Father" variety. Two of the socialite's onetime conferees—one of them (Jobyna Howland) turned tragedienne, the other (Minna Gombell) still a blowzy trouper who swaggers with her hips—help stage an allegory at a party intended to be chic. They mock their swank friend, shock her guests by appearing in tights and waving rudely with burlesque spears. Other ingredients of *Stepping Sisters* are a fat, intimidating butler, a romance between the daughter of the house and a youth whom she describes as a musical comedy leading man. Good sequence: a disastrous rehearsal for the allegory, in which three squalling children appear as the French, German and Italian National Debts.

**This Reckless Age** (Paramount) is a discussion of what used to be called "the younger generation," intended to show, with a wealth of platitudes and an unlikely climax, that ill-conducted adolescents are capable of acting generously in an emergency. The emergency in *This Reckless Age*—which was recklessly adapted from *The Goose Hangs High*—comes when the father of a flip son (Buddy Rogers) and daughter (Frances Dee) finds that he has made an error in business judgment which is likely to land him in jail. His children help avert this calamity, the daughter by readying herself for marriage to her rich godfather, the son by getting money to offset losses for which his father is responsible. *This Reckless Age*, which amounts to tactless and uninteresting flattery of a dead horse, is Rogers' last picture as a contract star with Paramount.

## S P O R T

## Two-Piece Clubs

Ever since a Scotch shepherd took it into his head to knock a pebble into a crevice with his crook, golfers have been eager to improve their implements. They had reason to feel pleased last week when the U. S. Golf Association, meeting in Manhattan, sanctioned two-piece golf clubs with readily mountable shafts which can be screwed out of one clubhead and into another at a moment's notice.\*

Brought out by Donaldson Manufacturing Co. of Glasgow, such clubs make it possible to play without a caddy, by carrying one shaft and a small container of clubheads. Practically, they are less for thrift than for convenience. If he breaks a favorite club, a golfer can screw in an identical shaft from another club without leaving the course. British golfers—including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Arthur of Connaught—have used "Rangefinder Rancier clubs," approved by the Royal & Ancient St. Andrews Golf Club, for two years. The shafts—made of steel, with thread and taplock to fit any heads—cost \$5. Wood heads cost \$6, iron heads \$5.

## Squirrel Stage

From 1915 to 1925, Joie Ray was considered the best mile runner in the world. In 1925 he tied Paavo Nurmi for the indoor record—4 min. 12 sec. Three years later he astonished everyone by making good his boast to become a marathon runner. He was on the U. S. Olympic team in 1928. Since then Ray's achievements have diminished, but not his confidence nor his odd, insistent courage. He competed in C. C. Pyle's second transcontinental foot-race, lost a six-day race against a horse in Philadelphia. He tried prize-fighting, long-distance roller-skating, driving a taxi (his first profession). Last winter he strapped snowshoes on his serviceable feet and finished seventh in the three-day snowshoe race from Quebec to Montreal. Last week reporters were not much surprised when they found Joie Ray in a Newark, N. J. dancehall, where a marathon dance had been going on for nine weeks. Ray, with his partner, a 19-year-old Alice Krug, was one of ten competitors left. Said he:

"You can't keep the wolf from the door with medals. . . . I have to eat and that's why I'm doing this. And you can take it from me, I've got this marathon dance thing sewed up. I passed through the squirrel stage, when you get hopeless and exhausted long ago. . . . I could go out and break 4:25 for the mile right now. . . . That \$1,000 prize is as good as in my pocket right now. . . . This thing is in the bag."

Observers, recalling a career in which Ray's extravagant self-adulation has never deterred him from any form of self-

inflicted torture, wondered whether he had really passed the squirrel stage. For his first marathon Ray scorned to train, set off at a fast clip wearing the shoes he used for middle-distance running. Doctors cut off these shoes when the race was over. In them they found evidence of almost superhuman endurance—two swollen purple



International

JOIE RAY &amp; FRIEND\*

He: "You can't keep the wolf from the door with medals."

jumps which were Ray's feet, chafed to the bone and caked with blood from broken blisters. Clarence De Mar, spindle-shanked Boston printer, won the race. Ray, informed that he could never run again, slicked his hair, said he would run within a month and "positively win." A month later—in a race which Ray remembers with a shade less satisfaction than the first—he beat De Mar in a marathon at Long Beach, L. I. Last week, having gained ten pounds in the marathon dance, he announced his intention of entering the Quebec to Montreal snowshoe race, in which, last year, his face was frozen.

## Tennis Rankings

- | Men                       | Women                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1) H. Ellsworth Vines Jr. | Mrs. Helen Wills Moody         |
| 2) George M. Lott Jr.     | Helen Jacobs                   |
| 3) Francis Xavier Shields | Mrs. Lawrence A. Harper        |
| 4) John Van Ryn           | Mrs. Marion Zinderstein Jessup |
| 5) John Hope Doeg         | Mary Greig                     |
| 6) Clifford S. Sutter     | Marjorie Morrill               |
| 7) Sidney B. Wood Jr.     | Sarah Palfrey                  |
| 8) Keith Gledhill         | Mrs. John Van Ryn              |
| 9) Wilmer L. Allison      | Virginia Hillyary              |
| 10) Berkeley Bell         | Mrs. Dorothy Andrus Burke      |

\*Name: Alice Krug.

When the ranking committee of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association announced these preliminary lists last week, it was the seventh time that Helen Wills Moody—unranked last year because of "insufficient data"—had been No. 1 woman player in the U. S. Writing in *Tennis*, Mary K. Browne, women's tennis champion from 1912 to 1914 (runner up for women's golf championship in 1924), suggested a way to put her lower on the list:

"Girls, do you want to defeat Helen Wills Moody? She is the Tilden and Kozeluh of women's tennis. You must go to the net and keep on going up, no matter if at first she passes you, no matter if you are tired. . . . The question is, have you the courage, the audacity, the nerve to take punishment? I think you have the stamina. . . ."

Ellsworth Vines, No. 8 a year ago, was ranked No. 1 for winning ten tournaments including the National championship last year. The selection of this gangling 26-year-old who imparts a slice to his forehand drives and often plays in a white linen cap that looks too big for him startled tennis enthusiasts much less than something Vines did last week. Just before the rankings were announced, Vines declared his intention of leaving the University of Southern California, where he studies in the School of Commerce when not working part-time for a Los Angeles bond house. He said: "I feel that I cannot do justice to both studies and tennis in the spring months. . . . Naturally, I want to . . . help win back the Davis Cup, if I am lucky enough to be named on the team."

Next day, Vines received a concerned and friendly telegram from Chairman Holcombe Ward of the U. S. L. T. A.'s Davis Cup Committee: "Advise reconsideration your decision. No players required for Davis Cup competition before May 15, by which date your season's scholastic work should be near completion. Committee considers your education paramount. . . ."

Interviewed again, Vines said he had not changed his mind, revealed some reasons: "Playing tennis isn't my main reason, nor is it the fact that I have any doubt about passing studies. I am only 20 and I feel that any experience I gain in traveling right now will be as valuable as school and besides I intend to accomplish some business for a Los Angeles firm this spring. Next year, I will go straight through the school year. . . ."

Observers recalled that the Davis Cup Committee had sometimes been more apathetic about the academic doings of potential team members. Four years ago, by summoning Davis Cup candidates to a training camp in Augusta, Ga. in March, it caused President Sumner Hardy of the California Lawn Tennis Association to accuse the U. S. L. T. A. of "making bums out of tennis players."

## Polo Rankings

With little or no prospect of international polo in the U. S. next summer, last week's annual meeting of the U. S. Polo Association was one of the quietest on record. After re-electing last year's officers, the Association accepted the recommendations of the Handicap Committee, which left only 15 U. S. poloists

\*At the same meeting, the U. S. G. A. selected Francis Outmet to captain the Walker Cup team; selected Marion Hollins to captain the women's team which will play in England next spring; decided to hold the Open Championship at Fresh Meadow Country Club, L. I. June 23 to 25 and the Amateur at Baltimore Country Club, Sept. 12 to 17.

## RELIGION

ranked in the "internationalist" class (seven goals or more).

Highest, of course, was Thomas Hitchcock Jr., who has been one of the world's three ten-goal players since 1922.\* Sportswriters who thought his play had declined were more surprised than poloists, who knew he was as able as ever, when the Handicap Committee left him at ten goals last week. Hitchcock's pre-eminence was emphasized by the fact that no one in the U. S. was judged good enough to get into the class just below him. Tall Winston Guest, who was out of play most of the season with a broken collarbone, and Eric Pedley of Riverside, Calif., who in 1930 was the first Far-Westerner to be selected for an international team, dropped from nine goals to eight. Earl A. S. Hopping dropped from eight to seven, four seven-goal players went down to six. Highest ranking players promoted were three five-goal men raised to six, among them Yale's No. 1 player Michael G. ("Mike") Phipps.

## Long Shot

Chicano bookmakers were annoyed last fortnight by the mysteriously accurate racing tips of a "Mr. Sullivan." Last week they were further perturbed when Linden Tree, who had been regarded as a 1-to-3 favorite in a two-year-old race at Agua Caliente, won at the surprisingly long mutual odds of 9 to 1.

The odds at mutual tracks are mechanically determined by the varying amounts of money which bettors place on the various horses in a race. Bookmakers are bound to pay their clients at mutual odds, which are theoretically a fair expression of opinion. But the mutual odds on Linden Tree did not seem to be a fair expression of opinion. How this came about was explained by Baron Long, hotelman, race-horse owner and part owner of Agua Caliente Corp.:

"For years I have observed the bookmakers of the country sending money to the tracks, apparently for the purpose of cutting the prices of the horses their clients had bet on. . . . I got to wondering what would happen if conditions were reversed.

"I bet \$2,000 to win on Linden Tree with an Eastern Commissioner. As the horses were going to the post, I asked the manager of the mutual department if it was too late to make a bet. He replied 'No,' and I handed him \$3,500 and a list of bets made up of every horse in the race except Linden Tree.

"The net result was to win \$9,700 and lose \$3,500. . . . profit of \$6,200. I ought not to be telling this, but the howl of anguish which rolled in made the story too good to keep."

Chicano bookmakers, who stood to lose an estimated \$40,000, were relieved when they received despatches from the General News Bureau, which supplies general news to U. S. bookmakers: "After a careful investigation, it has been found that trickery was resorted to in the first race at Agua Caliente. . . . We advise our clients to pay off at 1 to 3."

\*Other ten-goal players are Capt. Charles Thomas Irvine Roark (No. 3) of Great Britain, Lewis Lacey (back) of Argentina.

†Where racing resumed last fortnight with reduced stakes and admission fees, when Governor Augustin Olachea of Lower California consented not to increase taxes on racing.

## Holy Spirit in Geneva

When a Vice-Admiral, a reformed Communist, a Rural Dean and a pioneer aviator meet in Geneva with an assortment of Germans, South Africans and Americans, they might discuss armaments, the opium traffic or a universal language. Such a group was in Geneva last week, but it was simple piety, not economics or politics, that brought it together. Misleadingly ominous were the invitations sent out for the meeting:

WORLD FORCES ARE STIRRING AGAIN. . . .

HERE AND THERE THEY HAVE CLASHED. . . .

MORE STIRRINGS AND MORE CLASHINGS ARE FEARED. . . .

The stirrings & clashings were simply the setting for an International House Party, "planned under the leadership of the Holy Spirit" by The Groups—followers of Rev. Frank Nathan Daniel Buchanan. Known in the U. S. as "A First Century Christian Fellowship" ("Buchmanism" to a dubious press), The Groups held large house parties in Cape Town, South Africa two years ago and in Oxford last summer. In Manhattan, The Groups influence emanates from Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church. Their activities—personal evangelism, weekly meetings in the parish house—are led by Rev. Ray Foote Purdy, onetime Princeton Y. M. C. A. secretary, and Calvary's Rev. Samuel Moor Shoemaker Jr., who gave a demonstration of "primitive Christian practice" for the bishops of the 50th triennial Episcopal convention in Denver last autumn (TIME, Sept. 2 et seq.).

Far-flung as they are, The Groups are young. In Geneva last week, however, they could feel as important as any older group of disarmers, anti-narcotic workers or Esperantists. Their invitations had been sent out in French as well as English, for a *Réunion Intime* ("House-Party") to cost 13 fr. Swiss (\$2.50) per day with a 10-fr. registration fee. From the U. S. came Olive Mary Jones, past president of the National Education Association, and Howard Alexander Smith, onetime executive secretary of Princeton University. The Netherlands' delegation was headed by Baron Godfrey Van Wassenaer. Germany sent Baroness Moltzen and Baron Wilhelm von Richthofen, cousin of the late famed Aviator Manfred von Richthofen.

Assorted as any Early Christian group, gathered for mutual aid and prayer, was Great Britain's delegation to Geneva. Present was bespectacled little Founder Buchanan who spends most of his time in England. From Edinburgh came Mrs. Alexander Whyte, relic of the later moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and principal of New College. Accompanying her was James Watt, onetime miner, but Communist who used to agitate among Fifeshiremen while living on the Dole. Came also Commander Sir Walter George Windham who lists himself in *Who's Who* as "founder of the Aeroplane Club, 1908; took part in early motor drive to Brighton; owner of cars since 1897;

Controller of the 1st Aerial Meeting (England) at Doncaster; entered a monoplane constructed by himself . . . holds the silver and bronze medals of Royal Humane Society; Lloyd's silver medal for life-saving; sailed round the world four times under sail, 1884-88 . . . mentioned in Government despatches, 1897, for connecting R. I. M. S. *Warren Hastings* with a rope to the shore, over which 1,200 troops were landed; made an hon. member for life of the mess of the 1st Battery King's R. R. for saving life and property from the wreck of the troopship *Warren Hastings*. . . ."

Also present in Geneva were Vice-Admiral Sidney Robert Drury-Lowe, R. N., and Preliminary Rich of St. Paul's in London. Preliminary Rich lent ecclesiastical prestige to the International House Party; but more satisfaction derived from the words of Canon Frank Child, vicar of St. Helen's and Rural Dean of Prescot, who wrote last week in the *Church of England Newspaper*: "Is this movement going to do what the Archbishop's Conference with us perhaps cannot do? Is it going to solve the reunion problem [TIME, Jan. 11]? I think it may contribute very much to that but we feel here that it is the greatest spiritual movement since the time of Whitfield and Wesley. . . . It has been for many Church people and Non-conformists the most complete experience of apostolic unity they have ever known."

## Christian Unity

To His Holiness Pope Pius XI went last week a perky little invitation from Presiding Bishop Edwin DuBose Mouzon of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Opening the annual midyear meeting of the conference board of missions in Richmond, Bishop Mouzon said:

"I am not here throwing any stones at the Catholics, although we have no intention of joining them. I invite the Pope to join the Methodist Church. Every one who believes in God should go hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder. . . . I have little patience with the persons who are saying there is no place for denominationalism. I believe God has a great place for Methodism."

Less cocky was Presiding Bishop James De Wolf Perry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Said he last week: "[The encyclical *Lux Veritatis*] is a sincere and gracious appeal . . . and should have respect and reply from those whom it most concerns. . . . The desire for reunion is no less ardently felt by Protestants than it is by Catholics." But ". . . Christian unity considered as an ecclesiastical arrangement for effective administration loses divine sanction. It is as witness to the eternal truth . . . and to the divine love revealed in Christ that we declare in the Nicene Creed our belief in one Catholic and Apostolic Church. Catholic Christianity is essential to a united Church because in its real meaning the word Catholic describes the whole of Christian faith, which is everywhere and through all time believed."



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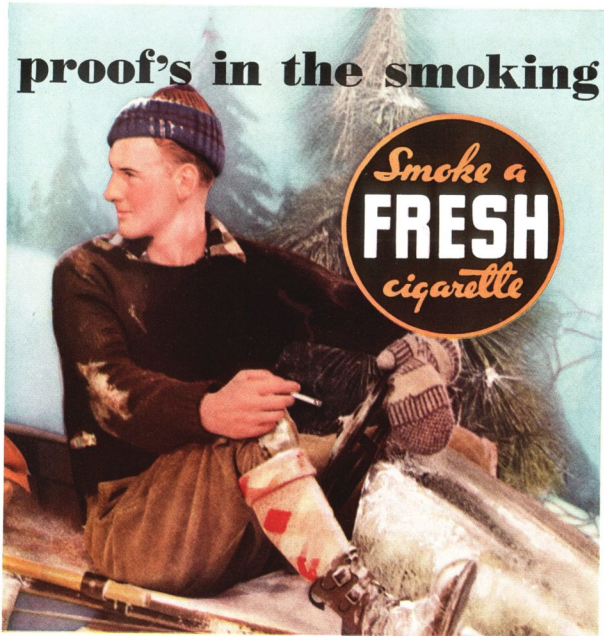
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## THE DESIRE TO KNOW



Nearly five hundred years ago Leonardo da Vinci built an amazing forerunner to the modern

aeroplane. Its design utilized principles fundamental in the construction of aircraft today. For from the hills near Florence he had released hundreds of birds in order to study their flight, and, in his laboratory, he had examined the structure of their wings, the contours of their bodies.

This was the man who also taught the world of art to found its draughtsmanship on a sound knowledge of the physical facts of atmosphere and matter. He it was, moreover, who first observed the presence of shells in the rocks and pointed out that much might be learned from a study of fossils. His notebook shows that human nature, also, was the object of his constant searching. For in him burned an insatiable desire to *know*.

The greatest human progress has always been founded on this urge. Indeed it is the very creed of our scientific age. Ill-fated is the venture which, on the other hand, endeavors to uphold a mere theory without an open mind to actual facts.

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This is a characteristic of modern manufacturing. In every industrial field the leaders are those who pay the most attention to research and tests.

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## E D U C A T I O N

## "Outfit"

Grim-eyed, stringy-haired, frumpishly virginal, the oldtime schoolmarm lived in a tradition as famed as that of the absent-minded professor. But frumps and dowds are not admired by present-day school teachers; "schoolmarm" is a fighting word. For anti-frumps there was sprightly reading last week in the sedate *Journal of the National Education Association*. Mrs. Lillian Gray, assistant supervisor of State Teachers College at Santa Barbara, Calif., had called together her teachers and posed the question: How can a teacher improve her personal appearance? Upon their replies she based an outline for the *Journal*. Further to demonstrate what a chic abecedarian looks like, Mrs. Gray donned a smart brown ensemble, smiled gaily, pointed a trim toe and posed for a picture looking much like bridge-playing Mrs. Ely Culbertson (see cut). Mrs. Gray's pointers for well-dressed teachers:

*Dresses:* sport or semi-sport. *Coats* should be of fine material, smart design. "Nothing ruins an outfit like wolf, rabbit or cat trimming." *Hats* should be small, matching the ensemble, framing the face. *Shoes* should have Cuban\* or French heels. "Flat heels cause an ugly ankle line." *Beads:* "The plainer, the better. Fancy savage-looking wooden or glass beads in loud colors detract from the face. . . ." *Hair:* "Hairnets are impossible. Wide,

casual waves are best." *Make-up:* "Use enough to look healthy. . . . Wipe off excess lipstick. For those who still believe



Bartels

MRS. LILLIAN GRAY

"Some teachers still believe it wicked. . . ."

it liked to employ coloring to [sic] the lips, a pomade stick is advisable as it is more conservative and yet adds the needed

flesh tones." *Wearing the clothes:* "Stand straight, with stomach in and head up. Hold the shoulders proudly. Round shoulders will ruin the most carefully chosen ensemble." *Conclusions:* "It is better to have one outfit with all accessories matching than ten with no taste in combinations."

Having set a standard in dress, Mrs. Gray and her associates discovered seeming objections, answered them as follows:

"Teachers are intellectual rather than physical." (But intelligent ones will endeavor to look their best.)

"Teachers belong to the highest type of human being. . . ." They often stint themselves in order to support small brothers and sisters. (By adroit planning a teacher can dress well on a small outlay.)

"Many feel that children are uncritical. (Untrue. Watch them brighten up when teacher appears in a smart 'outfit'.)"

"Some teachers are uncritical themselves. . . . Lack high standards of dress." (Let them read style magazines, take special courses, gaze into mirrors.)

Ink, dust, chalk, clay, bad weather make teaching hard on clothes. (Use a whisk-broom, towel, shoebrush.)

"Some teachers, belonging to that docile remnant terrorized by old-fashioned school boards, still believe it wicked and frivolous to consider personal adornment." ("It is ridiculous in this day and age to think of the teacher as a 'being apart.' She has just as much right as her sisters to personal adornment.")

## Education v. Instruction

Columbia University, Manhattan's vast mill of learning, prides itself on being well-organized, up-to-date. Its Nobel Prize-winning president, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, helps out not only by organizing but also by getting in the public prints (Alumni Day next Feb. 12 will all but apotheosize him, celebrating the 70th year of his age, his 50th as a Columbia alumnus, his 30th as president). Last week Columbia was once more busy with what Dr. Butler calls "the newest type of university organization." Announced as opening next autumn was a New College, subsidiary of Teachers College. New College, which will have its own faculty but exist in Teachers College buildings, will be headed by Dr. Thomas Alexander who has been working on the project since 1920. Because Teachers College is for Ph.D. and M.A.-seekers, New College will be strictly undergraduate, limited at its opening to 90 students (male & female) in each of the two entering classes (freshman and junior). While New College students are busy taking academic courses and learning to teach, students from Teachers College will observe and try a hand at teaching them. Later, New College students will try their hands at teaching, spend a year's internship in a public or private school before being given a B.S. degree.

Because New College is practical in purpose, it is likely to come in for criticism from opponents of the pragmatic curriculum (courses in foremanship, machine design, journalism, et al.) which Columbia has widely publicized. The theory upon which New College is based—that education is practical training for useful pursuits—was violently anathematized a



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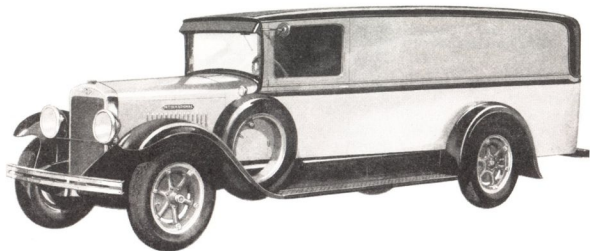
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year ago, and again last month, by Dr. Abraham Flexner (TIME, Dec. 15, 1930; Dec. 14). From another educator last week came similar but more polite strictures in *The Theory of Education in the U. S.*, by Albert Jay Nock (Harcourt, Brace: \$2). But Dr. Nock, unlike Dr. Flexner, is a cordial admirer of President Butler, a graduate (1892) of Columbia's offspring, St. Stephen's College at Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., where he is now visiting professor of U. S. history and politics.\* Dr. Nock's book, delivered as



ALBERT JAY NOCK

... knows of no real college or university in the U. S.

the Page-Barbour lectures last year at the University of Virginia, is applicable to any U. S. university. Some excerpts:

**Equality, Democracy, Literacy.** says Professor Nock, are the bases of U. S. education—all of them misinterpreted to-day. Equality, to the masses, means that all people are educable. Democrat Thomas Jefferson realized that this is not so when he planned 20 grammar schools in Virginia, in each of which only one student per class would be allowed to remain a full six years, so that "20 of the best geniuses shall be reared from the rubbish annually." Out of these 20, only ten would be allowed to go to William & Mary College. But the Jefferson plan was not followed.

Democracy and literacy, as popularly conceived, have nothing to do with education. Democracy, says Professor Nock, "must aim at no ideals above those of the average man..." A 100% literate populace, creditable as an ideal, is of no use if the literates read nothing but the "garbage shot upon the public from the presses of the country..."

Based upon false premises, U. S. educational theory has failed. "Practical application of it simply showed that the Creator... had for some unsearchable reason not quite seen His way to fall in with our theory." Today, education is mainly vocational. It is not education but training or instruction. Education, Dr. Nock stipulates, is "a general preparation..."

\*Dr. Butler and Dr. Bernard Iddines Bell, wardens of St. Stephen's, issued an appeal last week for an immediate \$1,000,000 for the college to carry on its "admirable work."

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INTOURIST

inculcating habits of orderly, profound and disinterested thought . . . giving an immense amount of experienced acquaintance with the way the human mind has worked in all departments of its activity." This, the Great Tradition, exists no more in the U. S. If it did? "The educable person is still here in the raw, and a few of his kind, as a finished product, would come in uncommonly handy at the moment. What has Columbia to say in the premises? What has the whole educational system to say?"

What Dr. Nock has to say: Education and instruction cannot be turned out, under present forms of organization, by one and the same institution. Accordingly, let U. S. colleges and universities continue as they are; they do good work in training the masses of ineducable persons. Private enterprise may some day found a series of educational institutions and take up once more the Great Tradition. Until then, says Dr. Nock, "there does not exist a university or an undergraduate college, in the traditional and proper sense, anywhere in the country. . . . No such thing [as an education] is possible in any American institution with which I am acquainted."

**Author.** Professor Nock, born 59 years ago in Scranton, Pa., is a tall, rosy-cheeked pundit who has gotten out a biography of Thomas Jefferson and a definitive edition (with Catherine Rose Wilson) of Rabelais. He edited *The Freeman*, later contributed a column in its successor *The New Freeman*. During the War he was secretary to Minister to Belgium Brand Whitlock. Though he holds M.A. and LL.D. (Hon.) degrees from St. Stephen's and a Ph.D. from Leipzig, Dr. Nock dislikes being called "Doctor." Believing U. S. institutions too generous with doctorates, he calls his contemporaries (from the lecture platform) Mister Butler and Mister Flexner. He has, however, a Ph.D. son, English teacher at the University of Leipzig, who permits himself to be called Dr. Samuel Nock. Son Francis teaches German at New York University.

## Poet to Fisk

Bagging poets for poetry's sake is a university practice which dates from the decline of what Professor Albert Jay Nock calls the Great Tradition (see above). Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and James Russell Lowell taught at Harvard; but they taught Romance Languages. Today Harvard has a Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry whose incumbent next year will be expatriate Poet Thomas Stearns Eliot, author of the much-discussed, seldom-read *The Waste Land*. At the University of Michigan, Robert Frost was Poet in Residence in 1921-23; the late Poet Laureate Robert Bridges took the post a year later. Poet William Ellery Leonard teaches English at the University of Wisconsin. Last week Fisk University (Nashville, Tenn.) snared a Negro bard. It was the first Negro university to do so. Created especially for James Weldon Johnson (*God's Trombones*), *The Book of American Negro Spirituals*), was the Adam K. Spence Chair of Creative Literature & Writing, founded in memory of Fisk's late professor of those subjects. Poet Johnson will sit in it this year, have leisure to complete his autobiography.

# THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—COOL



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**I**F the grand old Greek who lived in a tub ever tried Ingram's he'd have founded the Getta Betta Shave Society and acknowledged that here was the one best shaving cream!

For Ingram's is honey to the cheek and death to the whiskers. It's

**cool! Cool!! COOL!!!**

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Ingram's is packaged in the handy-squeezing tube and the economical old blue jar. Both are crammed to the cap with the coolest shaving soap that ever soothed a cheek and softened a whisker!

For Ingram's Shaving Cream has a formula that's secret, different and utterly exclusive. It's based on three special

ingredients, three elements that give the soothing effect of a shaving cream, a lotion, and a skin tonic in one! You put an end to those nasty little razor nicks that often make shaving a painful chore.

Hoist the cool blue-and-white colors of Ingram's on your bathroom shelf today. Buy the jar or buy the tube—it doesn't matter which. Or, if you want to be convinced before you buy, try ten cool Ingram shaves FREE! Clip the coupon for the shaves that cheer! They're absolutely at our expense!

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## This Man's Wife Teaches Him To Enjoy His Pipe

### Finds New Tobacco When All Others Fail

Walter H. Noble is a lucky fellow. For not every man has a wife who knows what to do when his pipe goes back on him and he's at his wit's end to know what to do to get real smoking satisfaction. Let Mr. Noble tell you in his own words what happened.

19 W. 44th Street  
New York City  
Oct. 2, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.  
Richmond, Va.  
Gentlemen:

For many years now I have been just an "off and on" pipe smoker, for I have never been able to find a tobacco that had no bite and no unpleasant aftertaste. During this time I've smoked many, many brands—some costly, some cheap. My sister even sent me an expensive pipe from Paris, but it was no go.

The pipe was all right, but not the tobacco. Last summer while up in the country my wife saw one of your advertisements in a magazine, and sent for the sample offered. The sample never arrived, but your letter stating that it had been mailed did. This stimulated my desire to try your tobacco, so I bought some. I want to say that I am grateful to you for bringing this fine tobacco to my attention. I really enjoy my smoke now, and my pipe has at last come into its own.

Most cordially yours,  
Walter H. Noble

P. S. Never mind the sample now. Send it to some other man who may have had the same trouble I did. If he tries it I feel sure that he will be a convert.

There's a man who'll leave no stone unturned to find just the tobacco he wants! Even when his Edgeworth sample failed to arrive, he made up his mind to give this tobacco a try anyhow. And, happily, he found what he wanted. Speaking of samples, that was a thoughtful P. S. that Mr. Noble appended to his letter—just the kind of good luck one enthusiastic pipe smoker would wish another.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 101 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a generous sample packet of Edgeworth. If you get the smoking enjoyment out of it that most men do, you can be sure of finding the same fine quality in the Edgeworth you buy at any tobacco store, for Edgeworth quality is always the same.

You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15 cent pocket package to pound humidior tin. And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N.B.C. Blue Network every Thursday evening.



## SCIENCE

### Museum Ups & Downs

The science museums of the country entertained and instructed millions of visitors last year. Attendance at the leading institutions were:

Smithsonian, Washington	1,600,000
Field, Chicago	1,515,463
American, Manhattan	1,129,651
Peacocks Arts, Manhattan	114,000
Academy, Philadelphia	103,750

But the people who belong to museums as members and who finance activities were neither so numerous nor so interested as usual. Field Museum's membership was only 5,150; Academy of Natural Sciences 1,300; American Museum of Natural History 12,000.

Last week the American Museum's trustees held their annual meeting and faced the fact that they had only \$1,372,761.85 to spend during 1932. An attempt to increase the museum's endowment fund (now \$15,000,000) to \$22,000,000 had broken down. Consequently the museum was obliged to recall the dozen exploring and collecting expeditions it has been partially supporting in many regions. The only large party which will continue work during this year is the Whitney South Sea Expedition for birds, under William F. Coultas, supported by the William Payne Whitney estate.

Included with the dozen abandoned expeditions is Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews' to Central Asia where he finds dinosaur eggs. The Chinese have refused to let him hunt more eggs and bones. He could reach the region by way of Russia and Siberia. But then he would be obliged to traffic with the Russians, a business which would displease the museum's supporters. So he will remain in Manhattan this winter and spring, writing up his past activities and warding off the verbal assaults of women explorers who, he declared last week, are fitted neither temperamentally nor physically to explore. He would not have more than one woman on any expedition.

The abandonment of expeditions throws specialists out of work. Noted Dr. Andrews last week: "There is the altogether personal problem of the technically trained man or the field worker who now finds his valuable services not at all valuable. He is certainly in the unemployed class, along with many others. It is indeed unfortunate that men who have spent a lifetime in scientific research now find themselves on the street without a job."

One of the American Museum's staff who did not let the museum's comparative poverty stall him was Harold Elmer Anthony, curator of mammals. He and Gilbert Ottley found enough money to last week for a two-month trip to Venezuela, to hunt "everything that lives" for his department.

Another of the scientific staff to leave on a long journey last week was President Henry Fairfield Osborn. Next New Year's Day he will have completed 25 years as museum president, 41 as a curator. Then he will resign the presidency, remain perhaps as president-emeritus, perhaps as honorary curator-in-chief of fossil vertebrates.

The trip he started last week is a three-



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Special Rates for Summer Trips  
JAPAN, CHINA, AND THE PHILIPPINES

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(Japan Mail)

New York 25 Broadway, 545 Fifth Ave., San Francisco 551 Market St., Seattle 1404 Fourth Ave., Chicago 49 North Dearborn St., Los Angeles, 603 South Grand Ave., or Comair Line, General Agents, or local tourist agent.

month world cruise arranged by Raymond-Whitcomb aboard the Norwegian *Stella Polaris*. Four dozen other Americans will be in the party. The ship, as it lay moored to a Brooklyn dock last week, contained 5,000 bottles of spirits, kegs of beer piled deck high, 55,000 bottles of vintage wine.

### Lost Tribe?

Skepticism greeted a tale of Tibet brought to London last week by one Jill Cossley-Blatt, Englishwoman, and a Dr. Irvine Baird, Canadian. But the pair claimed that they had proof of a tribe who live in a cranny of the Himalayas and "are white and appear to belong to the earliest civilization. We were able to identify this race of people by their writings. Their hieroglyphics are the same as those of the old Chaldeans. It is possible that some 2,000 or more years B. C. they moved away from their home in Mesopotamia and traveled to the lands to the north of India. They live about 110 years, continue to marry at the age of 75 or 80, and are a very hardy people. Their girls are attractive and have good skins and long hair hanging in disorder down their backs. They know nothing of the use of cosmetics or perfumes. They use fats on their hair. They live as naturally as any race now left on earth and although the climate is very cold they go about scantily clad. . . . There is no nervous tension."

### Brick for Medal

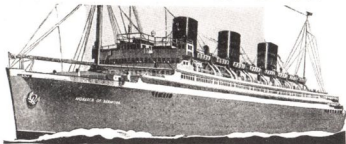
A remarkable brick rewarded the country's important chemical societies for giving the coveted Perkin Medal to Dr. Charles Frederick Burgess at a Manhattan ceremony last week. The medal is for "the American chemist who has most distinguished himself by his services to applied chemistry." In Dr. Burgess' case that refers to his showing factory managers that it pays to hire scholars. Twenty and more years ago he was professor of applied electro-chemistry and chemical engineering at the University of Wisconsin. Manufacturers hesitated to use his novel ideas concerning the electrolytic purification of iron, dry batteries, corrosion. He organized his own companies, his own industrial laboratory, quit the university. He now heads five corporations capitalized for \$3,000,000, hiring 1,000 persons and producing goods worth \$6,000,000 yearly.

In return for the Perkin Medal, Professor Burgess showed chemistry & industry his remarkable new brick. Fearing that its properties were incredible, he tossed one into a pot of water, cried: "Notice that it floats. If I should leave it here for a year it would still be floating. In other words we have a brick which is light, one-fifth the weight of an ordinary brick, of high heat-insulating quality, porous, yet resistant to the entrance of water, and of a crushing strength sufficient to support its weight if built into a tower five times the height [1,250 ft.] of the Empire State Building."

Original idea for the brick belonged to Howard F. Weiss, Manhattan chemist who figured out that what with loading, hauling, hod-carrying and mortaring, it costs four times as much to lay a brick as to make it.



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# AERONAUTICS

## Miami Show & Sideshows

The fourth All-American Air Races were run off at Miami Municipal Airport last week. Long after the races are forgotten, airmen will continue to talk of events incidental to the main program.

Most memorable was the case of Pilot Arthur Rigney and his passenger, I. J. Escalante, who elected to take a short cut across the pathless swamps south of Lake Okechobee on their way to the races, instead of following the established airway from Tampa. The throttle rod of their Bird biplane broke; down the ship slanted, gently but permanently, into the 6-ft. swamp grass and ooze. Next noonday another pilot who was imprudent enough to fly the short-cut spotted the stranded plane, hurried on to Miami whence an autogiro and two Goodyear blimps were sent to the rescue. Gently the blimp *Puritan* eased itself down until the men could grasp the railing around the bottom of the gondola, pull themselves aboard. No one could think of a way to recover the airplane, which was undamaged.

Numerous milder adventures were experienced by pilots of a hundred or more Miami-bound planes who encountered various brands of dirty weather. Of 24 members of the Amateur Air Pilots' Association who left Long Island Aviation Country Club in cavalcade three days before the meet began, only two—George Mallory Pynchon Jr. and Paula Lind—arrived on the opening day. The others

were scattered, fog-bound, between Sarasota, Fla. and Richmond, Va. Twenty attack planes from Fort Crockett, Tex., were still at Tallahassee on the second day of the races. A Bolling Field contingent was turned back by fog over South Carolina. When better weather seemed likely the races were extended an extra day to permit weather-bound emigrants to arrive in time for some of the sport.

The races proper proceeded without mishap, save for the injury of one of 13 'chute jumpers who took leave of a Ford trimotor together. The unlucky 13th landed in the grandstand, broke a leg, hurt his skull. Betty Lund, whose husband "Freddy" Lund was a flying partner of Dale ("Red") Jackson (see col. 3), stunted a taper wing Waco as if she had never heard that both men were killed doing that very thing.

Most impressive race results:

The Col. E. H. R. Green Trophy for planes of 125 h. p. or less, and the Glenn H. Curtiss Trophy, unlimited, both won by S. J. Wittman, Oshkosh barnstormer, in a home-made racing plane with a 95 h. p. Cirrus engine. Pilot Wittman's speed in the Curtiss race was 166.9 m. p. h., fastest of the meet.

The Cincinnati Trophy Race for planes of 125-225 h. p., won by Arthur Davis at 165.5 m. p. h. in a Waco.

The "deadstick landing" contest won by Pilot Davis who stopped his plane 5 in. from a mark.

The Freddie Lund Memorial Trophy for stunting, won by Reginald Langhorne ("Pete") Brooks, nephew of Lady Astor.

## How It Happened

"Flying Fool." A loop, another loop, a snap roll, a series of slow rolls, an Immelman. . . . Crowds at the Miami All-American Air Races had seen such stunts done before, but never by a plane like this one—a tiny Curtiss Teal amphibian. Dale ("Red") Jackson, co-holder with Forest O'Brine of the world's refueling duration record, was again qualifying for a nickname he earned two years ago—"Flying Fool." . . . Again he pulled the little ship over in a loop, began to straighten out after the dive—when a wing tore off, then another. . . . Pilot Jackson died in the wreckage, one hand hooked in the ripcord of his 'chute. Builder Walter Beech was later quoted as saying he had warned Jackson not to stunt the ship which was not designed to withstand violent maneuvers.

**Women in a Fog.** Mrs. Ruth Stewart, 26, of St. Louis and Mrs. Debbie Stanford, 28, of Indianapolies were going to fly their big white Lockheed from New York to Buenos Aires. Proceeding from Pittsburgh toward New York last week, escorted by another plane carrying Mrs. Stewart's parents, the women lost their way in a fog over the desolate mountains of southern Pennsylvania. Two days later they were found dead. Then Mrs. Stewart's mother revealed that her daughter had wanted to wait in Pittsburgh until the weather cleared, but was dissuaded "by the others."

**Deadly Windhood.** After close inspection of films taken by a Universal Newsreel photographer it was suggested that Lowell R. Bayles crashed to death in his attempt to break the world speed record because of the collapse of a windhood of his own design. The pictures show the hood being driven into Pilot Bayles' face by the wind pressure during his power dive at the beginning of the straightaway. Presumably stunned by the blow, Pilot Bayles levelled off too quickly.

## Muffled E. A. T.

Much experimentation but little actual practice has been made with mufflers for airplanes. One reason: engine mufflers are ordinarily of only partial value because as much as half the noise of an airplane is made by the whirling propeller (TIME, Oct. 27, 1930). But geared engines turn big, high-pitched propellers at low speeds. In such engines propeller noise is comparatively slight. Last week Eastern Air Transport, whose Condor biplanes are powered by geared Conqueror engines, adopted a muffler which was said to reduce engine noise by 75% without loss of power. The muffler, developed by the company's Chief Engineer Ralph G. Lockwood, consists of an exhaust manifold more than twice the size of the regular type, inside which is a stationary screw which causes the gases to spin about and travel 48 ft. before being released.

\*Because of indications that Mrs. Stanford lived several hours after the crash, Aviatix Ruth Nichols, Quaker, pacifist, obtained a pilot permit in Westchester County, N. Y., so that she might signal for help in case of a forced landing in a wilderness.

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Open from January 18th



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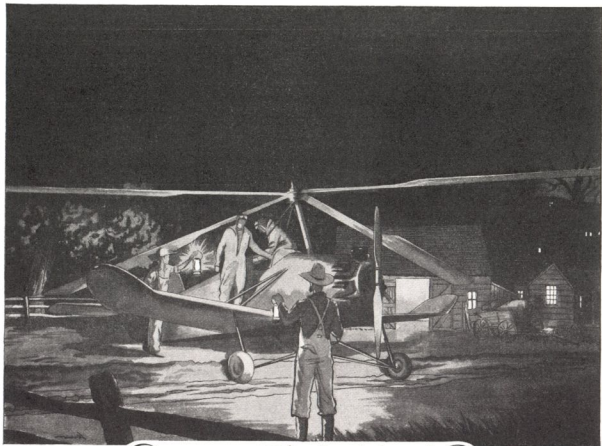
Innovations this year include reductions in room rates and a la carte dining service . . . club breakfasts at sixty cents to a dollar and the Cabaña Club Luncheon at a dollar fifty, without sacrificing in the least the traditional European service and niceties of America's finest oceanfront hotel. Pool and surf bathing, without extra charge, and all the pleasures of the Roney Plaza's palm gardens, promenades and beach are privileges of every guest.

Open from Thanksgiving Day



Roney Plaza Cabaña Sun Club and Palm Gardens





“ - - - We landed in the  
backyard of a farmhouse - - ”

“To make a long story short, we finally passed over the Utica Airport and started on the last lap. The lights of Syracuse appeared and I cut north of the city direct for the airport. Suddenly the motor coughed and stopped completely out of gas. Embarrassing, to say the least. The ground below was absolutely black and it was impossible to distinguish whether we were going to land on trees, deserted houses or what have you. There being only one thing to do, I headed into the wind, and came down vertically 2,000 feet. We landed in the backyard of a farmhouse with no more shock than the average landing and without forward roll of an inch. The wheels landed in a one-foot ditch, which with any forward movement of the ship would have turned us over. Actually there was no damage done to the ship whatsoever. Had we been in an airplane without flares and landing lights, making contact with the ground at 50 or 60 miles an hour, the results would have been different, to say the least. Evidently we had run into 40 or 50 mile head winds.”

LESLIE B. COOPER. (Kellett K-2 Autogiro)

Cross country, black-night flying is not common practice for the average Autogiro owner. But even though Mr. Cooper is a veteran airplane pilot he attributes his remarkable landing more to the inherent security of the Autogiro itself, than to his own flying skill.

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Columbia University, realizing the growing desire for adult education, established 11 years ago a home study department in order to offer its facilities to those who can not attend classes. The University unhesitatingly urges you to make up your mind. \* In more than one sense you should make up your mind. You should make decisions rather than defer them too long. Procrastinating leads to regret. Making up your mind may also mean improving it, training it along lines of specific endeavor, acquiring a habit of study, broadening your culture. You can not doubt the value of devoting part of your leisure to study. \* The range of subjects available for study at home is wide; a partial list is printed here.

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BUSINESS ENGLISH (TJON)	LITERATURE
BUSINESS LAW	MACHINE DESIGN
BUSINESS ORGANIZATION	MAGAZINE ARTICLE
BUSINESS PSYCHOLOGY	WRITING
CHEMISTRY	MARKETING
CHILD PSYCHOLOGY	MATHEMATICS
CLASSICS	PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION
CONTEMPORARY NOVEL	PHILOSOPHY (TJON)
CORPORATION FINANCE	PHYSICS
DRAFTING	PLAY WRITING
ECONOMICS	POETRY
ENGLISH COMPOSITION	PSYCHOLOGY
ENGLISH LITERATURE	PUBLIC HEALTH
ESSAY WRITING	PUBLIC SPEAKING
FIRE INSURANCE	REAL ESTATE
FOREMANSHIP	RELIGION
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## PEOPLE

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

At a party in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. to celebrate her 73rd birthday, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, famed feminist, told newsmen: "I do not know much about the Manchurian situation, but from what I gather there is some mysterious cause for it that we Occidentals cannot understand. . . . Incidentally, somebody has to spank Japan and China for the way they have been acting. I wonder how that will be done?"

The Senate Committee investigating foreign loans heard that Juan Leguia, father of ousted President Leguia of Peru, was paid a \$415,000 commission by J. & W. Seligman & Co. for helping promote \$100,000,000 worth of bond issues to his country. (All of Peru's bonds are now in default.) According to the testimony young Leguia "lived at the rate of at least \$250,000 or \$300,000 a year for several years."

Brittle-whiskered U. S. Senator James Hamilton ("J. Ham") Lewis defined "moratorium" by its Latin roots: mora from "mors" meaning death; "torium" from "taurus," a bull, or the "dead bull."

More than 1,500 persons stood in line to see Marion Roberts (Strasnick), chorus girl consort of the late Gangster Jack ("Legs") Diamond, in a song-&-dance act at the Academy of Music, cheap movie and vaudeville theatre on Manhattan's lower East Side. The gangster's widow, plump Mrs. Alice Schiffer Diamond, announced that she, too, would appear in vaudeville, in a playlet designed to "vindicate" her husband. Said she: "He wouldn't have known how to be a gangster."

To 3,000 men of the Holy Name Society in Boston, William Henry Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, said: "I desire to speak earnestly against a degenerate form of singing which is called 'crooning.' No true American man would practice this base art. Of course they aren't men. . . . If you will listen closely [to crooners' songs] you will discern the basest appeal to sex emotion in the young."

The name of Helen Lee Eames, step-daughter of Oilman Henry Latham Doherty, was widely publicized last year at the time of her lavish debut in Washington (TIME, Jan. 5, 1931). The N. W. Ayer & Son advertising agency sent out publicity stating that Miss Doherty had conceived and executed the idea of decorating automobiles with hand-painted silhouettes and giving them away to friends. It was said she "enlisted the assistance of Mrs. Natalie Macdonald Hall, a New York artist, in the work of painting and decorating the cars." Last week Artist Hall sued Miss Eames's mother, Mrs. Grace Eames Doherty, for \$500,000 charging that she had invented the designs, that Mrs. Doherty had passed them off as her daughter's work.

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STANDARD BROADCAST  
SUPERHETERODYNE  
CROSLY RADIO  
(WITH METER TUNING)



Only  
**\$19.50**  
COMPLETE  
WITH 12 TUBES

Every radio listener, whether DX fan or not, likes to listen, when atmospheric conditions are right, to the unusual things with which the air is filled—police calls and transport planes talking to airports, foreign stations—and the many other things which travel the short-wave bands. The 12 tubes of this new Crosley superheterodyne short-wave and standard broadcast receiver make it, we believe, the most sensitive, best performing and most complete set ever offered at any price for home reception. The wave length change is effected by means of a push switch—no coils to change. In addition, there is a Crosley 8-tube combination short-wave and standard broadcast superheterodyne receiver in a console cabinet for only \$79.50.

Crosley also manufactures a complete line of table and console model radio receivers ranging from only \$39.35 up—every model a superheterodyne. There is a Crosley battery operated receiver using the new air cell "A" batteries—also an automatic radio receiver—both exceptionally low priced. Send for circular P-1.

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THE CROSLY RADIO CORPORATION  
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## M I L E S T O N E S



Sometimes  
I wonder  
Why BUSY men  
WASTE time  
SHAVING.  
Now that they can get  
ZIP-SHAVE.  
It's COOL, and QUICK,  
And ANTISEPTIC too.

There's TIME  
For your daily DOZEN; and  
For that second cup of COFFEE;  
Even time to KISS your wife  
GOOD-BYE.  
And besides,  
You get the THRILL  
Of the best shave imaginable  
When you choose ZIP-SHAVE.

Just spread ON and SHAVE OFF,  
THAT'S ALL. Your shaving brush  
HITS the CANVAS  
For the full COUNT.

Ray Rogers  
NO BRUSH NO LATHER  
If your dealer cannot supply you,  
send 50c to JORDEAU INC.,  
562 Fifth Ave., New York, for a  
giant 50c tube of ZIP-SHAVE  
and a full size container of  
JORDEAU SHAMPOO FREE.

a stroke of the razor  
and ZIP!—you're shaved

this guide to **NEW**  
record-keeping  
efficiency



HERE'S a book that will help you  
systematize your business—cut  
operating costs and increase profits  
now when greater record-keeping  
efficiency is important. Contains  
life-size bookkeeping forms, com-  
pletely filled in, illustrating uses.  
Shows simplest methods being used  
by 300,000 leading firms. Practical  
for office, factory, business or pro-  
fession. Write on your business sta-  
tionery and receive your FREE copy  
by return mail. No obligation.

JOHN C. MOORE CORP., Est. 1839  
6133 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Fill in Coupon, Attach to Letterhead, and  
140-page Book will be sent you FREE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

**Born.** To Donald Ogden Stewart, 37, author, actor, and Mrs. Beatrice Ames Stewart; a second son; in Manhattan. Weight: 8 lb. 10 oz. Name: Donald Ogden Jr.

**Married.** Reinhold Niebuhr, 39, leader of U. S. religious youth, editor of *World Tomorrow*, professor at Union Theological Seminary; and Ursula Mary Keppel-Compton; in Winchester, England.

**Married.** Paul L. Townsend, son of John G. Townsend Jr., U. S. Senator from Delaware; and one Theodora O. Thomson, of Philadelphia; in Manhattan.

**Marriage Revealed.** Mrs. Rose M. Sacco, relict of Nicola Sacco ("Sacco-Vanzetti case"); and one Ermano Bianchini; 18 months after her husband was electrocuted (1927). Last week her son, Dante, departed for Europe under the charge of Edward Holton James, retired lawyer, international radical, (reputed) nephew of the late great Brothers James, Novelist Henry, Philosopher William.

**Seeking Divorce.** Nancy Hoyt, 29, author (*Unkind Star*, *Bright Intervals*), sister of the late Poet Elinor Wylie; from Edvard Davison Curtis; in Reno, Nev. Author Hoyt is a sister of Morton McMichael Hoyt, who, twice married to Jeanne Bankhead (sister of Cinematress Tallulah Bankhead), frankly jumped off the S. S. *Rochambeau* into mid-Atlantic (TIME, July 30, 1928 *et ante*).

**Sued.** Dudley Field Malone, merry international divorce lawyer; by Charlotte Poillon; for \$5,000. Charge: failure to reward her for disclosing an extortion plot. Charlotte Poillon and her sister, Katherine, have gained many a courtroom since 1900, when they thrashed a masher in Central Park.

**Appointed.** Major General William Durward Connor, 57; to be superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy; succeeding Major General William Ruthven Smith, who will retire. General Connor sold 1,400 million dollars worth of war supplies to the French Government for 400 millions after the Armistice.

**Elected.** Lessing J. Rosenwald; chairman of the board of directors of Sears, Roebuck & Co.; to succeed his father, the late Julius Rosenwald (see p. 45).

**Honored.** King Vittorio Emanuele of Italy and his son Crown Prince Umberto; by Pope Pius XI; with the Supreme Order of Christ, highest decoration the Pope can bestow. The order was established as a pontifical decoration by Pope John XXII in 1319. King Vittorio Emanuele and Crown Prince Umberto were the fifteenth and sixteenth recipients since Pope Pius IX revived it in 1878. Last recipient (1928) was Peru's onetime President Augusto B. Leguia whose son's name last week came in shame before the U. S. Senate (see p. 34).

**Died.** Seymour Wemyss Smith, 35,

editor of *The Financial Digest*; of pneumonia; in Manhattan. He was famed for his contention that John Hanson, not George Washington, was the first President of the U. S., that the U. S. was created in 1781, not 1789.

**Died.** Rt. Hon. William Graham, 44, British statesman famed for his knowledge of finance, president of the Board of Trade in the late Labor government; of pneumonia; in London.

**Died.** Charles W. Curtis, 50, president and general manager of the Waterbury Clock Co.; of heart disease; in Waterbury, Conn.

**Died.** André Maginot, 54, French Minister of War; of typhoid fever; in Paris. His most famed phrase: "The strength of the French army is the best guarantee of the people of Europe" (see p. 14).

**Died.** Frederick O'Brien, 62, author (*White Shadows in the South Seas*); of heart disease; in Sausalito, Calif. He once reported for Warren Gamaliel Harding's *Marion Daily Star* at \$9 per week.

**Died.** Louis Eugene Jeffries, 63, long-time (since 1918) vice president & general counsel of Southern Ry.; at a hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission, in Washington; of a heart attack. Mr. Jeffries was also vice president & general counsel of several other railroads, including Alabama Great Southern and Georgia, Southern & Florida. In Washington's Knickerbocker Theatre disaster (1922) he lost two of his six children.

**Died.** Julius Rosenwald, 69, philanthropist, board chairman of Sears, Roebuck & Co.; of arteriosclerosis complicated by heart and kidney disease; in Ravinia, Ill. (see p. 45).

**Died.** Leander Colbert Gentle, 70, once congratulated by President Coolidge at the White House for being Champion Father of the South (29 children); killed by a train; in Atlanta, Ga.

**Died.** Jordan Lawrence Mott, 74, of Manhattan, onetime president of J. L. Mott Iron Works (now in receivership); of heart disease; in Nelson Harbor, Bahama Islands, B. W. I., on board the yacht of his friend Allison Warner.

**Died.** Sir William Mills, 75, inventor of the hand grenade, 75 millions of which were supplied to the Allied armies during the War; of heart disease; in Weston-super-Mare, England.

**Died.** Joseph Warren Fordney, 78, longtime member of Congress (1899-1923) from the 8th Michigan District, co-author of famed Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act (1922); of erysipelas; in Saginaw, Mich.

**Died.** Mrs. Gracia Wilder, 88, maternal aunt of Calvin Coolidge; of heart disease; in Plymouth, Vt.

# HOW IRVING TRUST COMPANY PROVIDED ADEQUATE INTERIOR COMMUNICATION



IN its distinguished address at 1 Wall Street, Irving Trust Company has established throughout its luxuriously modern offices the swift, private communication afforded by Strowger P - A - X. A 600 line network extends to every department, reaches every executive desk. All conversations can be strictly private since the operation of Strowger P - A - X is entirely *automatic*—it installs as a unit independent of regular city telephone service.

Already more than 2000 business houses, offices, schools and institutions employ Strowger P - A - X ranging in size from a few instruments to many hundreds of Strowger Monophones. Its inviting ease of communication is matched only by its low cost of installation and maintenance. *The regular house electrician can service the entire system.*

Put Strowger P - A - X in your office as a measure of economy this new year—to save time for yourself as well as your employees. It will eliminate confusion, bring a new unity and orderliness into the daily routine that is at once apparent. The cost is moderate—the advantage of swift, personal communication of great importance to your business. Write for complete information or call any one of our offices listed below. American Automatic Electric Sales Company, 1033 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.



Left: Interior view of Irving Trust Company showing Strowger P-A-X Monophones installed in the Out-of-Town and Foreign Officers Room. Above: 1 Wall Street, home of Irving Trust Company, showing spire of Old Trinity Church in the foreground.

## Automatic Electric Company

• SALES AND SERVICE OFFICES •

NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • WASHINGTON, D. C. • CLEVELAND  
CINCINNATI • ATLANTA • DETROIT • ST. PAUL • KANSAS CITY, MO. • LOS ANGELES



## THEY THREW UP THEIR HATS... AND DANCED IN THE STREETS



*The Baltimore horse-drawn railroad could carry passengers but not freight. Passenger revenue alone couldn't support the road. It stopped operating. Then Peter Cooper's steam-engine Tom Thumb was introduced. It worked. The staid directors who came to watch the trial threw their hats in the air and danced.*

WELL MIGHT they throw up their hats and dance. For the *Tom Thumb* established the dependability of the steam engine and made possible the shipment of freight by rail. From these humble beginnings developed the modern locomotive and the modern freight car.

Today railroad dependability is not questioned. Our railroads are the most efficient mode of transportation man has ever known. One aspect of this efficiency is the leasing of special freight cars (such as refrigerator or tank). Thousands of these cars frequently are required for brief seasonal shipments. Obviously for some roads to maintain cars throughout the entire year for this peak demand would be most wasteful . . . would cost the shipper huge sums.

So most railroads regularly operate only the freight cars they normally need. In peak seasons they obtain additional carriers from the General American Tank Car Corporation. By so doing, many railroads save 365 day

maintenance and investment in cars which are used only 30 or 60 days. General American keeps its fleet busy throughout the year, first on one road and then on another, and therefore can operate it most economically.

In this way does General American supplement the railroad, enabling it to give adequate service at minimum expense. Besides maintaining its vast fleet of 50,000 cars, General American builds all types of railroad freight cars...box, gondola, hopper, stock, refrigerator, tank. It also operates a large public terminal and an extensive European freight transportation system. Address Continental Illinois Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.



## GENERAL AMERICAN TANK CAR CORPORATION

BUILDERS OF ALL TYPES OF RAILROAD FREIGHT CARS

# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## Open & Shut

"The bank is closed! The bank is closed!" screamed an excited woman in Brooklyn last week. She was correct. East New York Savings Bank had shut that Saturday at noon instead of late afternoon as before. Unfortunately the woman did not read the formal posted notices. She kept on screaming.

Extra tellers, \$8,000,000 in cash, and support of other banks enabled East New York Savings to meet the resultant run easily. Withdrawals came to about \$3,500,000 against deposits of \$67,416,000.

Not so happy has been the winter's tale of banking in other sections of the U. S. The storm which lashed the banking structure of New England blew itself out in Hartford fortnight ago when three institutions suspended, including the \$20,000,000, 80-year-old City Bank & Trust Co. Other failures of the fortnight included Bank of Westerville, Ohio (with Anti-Saloon League funds); First National Bank of Gary, Ind. (leaving but one bank there, secure with U. S. Steel Corp. backing). In South Carolina there was a wave of failures following the crash of Peoples State Bank with \$24,443,000 in deposits, 43 branches. Banks in such communities as Bishopville, Travelers Rest, Florence, failed to open.

Puzzling to many a citizen was why the stream of banking failures continued in spite of National Credit Corp., the much-publicized, half-billion-dollar financed lifeline thrown out in the autumn. Bankers, however, recognized that National Credit Corp. has maintained its policy of lending only on sound collateral.\* Last week National Credit, previously operating with funds borrowed from highly liquid Manhattan banks, made its first call for payment on subscriptions, raised \$30,000,000 by asking for a 10% payment, presumably to pay its creditors, proceed with further loans.

## Motion For Sale

(See front cover)

Stuck in the mud of the last U. S. Depression (1921), Business was pulled out by a great acceleration of the automobile industry, teamed with a building boom long deferred by the War. The automobile industry then looked back a decade and smiled at its gangling youth. It looked ahead a decade with confidence and composure. Both were justified.

Another ten years and another Depression found the automobile industry a mighty thing in its maturity. Ranked next to Agriculture and Railroads in amount of capital invested, the automobile and its ramifications are the biggest industrial enterprise of the nation. Its orders call for the following percentages of U. S. commodity production:

Steel 15.5%  
Aluminum 17.4%  
Copper 14.8%

\*Banks in Des Moines last week denied that National Credit Corp. had aided Iowa-Des Moines National Bank & Trust Co. as stated in TIME, Dec. 28. The statement was published by the *American Banker* and attributed to W. H. Irwin, president of the bank. Last week's denial was the first made.

Rubber 82.6%  
Lead 26%  
Nickel 30%  
Gasoline 85%

The 21 million automobiles on the road in 1931 were an economic necessity almost as valid as bricks and bread. Almost, but not quite, for the automobile still combines pleasure with necessity. To millions of owners it is their most beautiful and costly possession. Its esthetic appeal is at once its weakness and its strength, for the potential owner who need



MR. CHRYSLER

*All his power floats.*

not buy for necessity must be made to buy for pleasure. If he bought enough, the automobile industry might again perform its magic trick, might pull Prosperity out of Depression.

Business looked last week with eagerness at the 32nd annual New York Automobile Show, as usual to be seen in the classic halls of Manhattan's Grand Central Palace. For seven days every manufacturer except Ford, who has always scorned the Show (though he puts his Lincoln in it), demonstrated the innovations his engineers and artists have been able to evolve in the past year with some \$100,000,000 for research at their disposal. Basing their prediction on sales at last year's Show, prophets put 1931's probable output of passenger cars, a prime index, at 3,500,000. Final figures last week showed 2,040,000 cars were turned out in the U. S. and Canada, compared with 2,010,000 in 1930, 4,794,000 in 1929 (record year), 4,012,000 in 1928. Confronted by an alarming decrease, prophets turned over their problem to statisticians, gave them a basic theory that 21 million cars would continue to roll the roads, asked what 1932's production must be to maintain that figure.

The simple arithmetic answer is three million cars each year. Various adjustments have reduced the magic number to eight millions for the three years 1930-1932. Statisticians point out that combined 1930-31 production was 4,950,000,

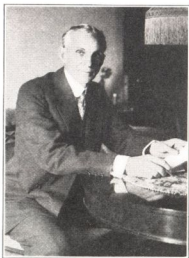
that 3,050,000 will have to be built in 1932. This, they have said, is unlikely. They estimate an output of 2,500,000 this year, concluding that only 20 million cars will be on the road while replacements total another million behind.

Two things might upset these calculations: a great business revival in 1932; or developments within the industry itself so compelling that present owners might be excited to the pitch of buying new cars instead of hoarding their money or worrying about their banked savings. It was just possible that the public might replace its doddering pieces of locomotion with new models on a grand scale.

Some 25,000 people went to the New York Show on its opening day. They saw 260 passenger cars representing 18 makers, 32 brands.

Inspection of the Show revealed refinement, not revolution. Nowhere was there any major new departure such as, in their day, were the Self-Starter, Four-Wheel Brakes, Free-Wheeling or Floating Power. Instead the industry's net progress and chief attractions were in its perfection of these departures and its emphasis on design and dollar's-worth. Streamlining was the outward keynote. Slanted windshields, longer fenders gave conservative models a more rakish air. Actually tonneaus were wider but the V-like radiators and more pointed hoods gave the new bodies a tear-drop or pear shape, accentuated in the rear by converging fender lines. But looks were not the reason for streamlining. Higher speeds and fuel saving dictated it. Carried to its ultimate possibility, streamlining can save 40% of a car's fuel at high speeds.

Biggest exhibitor was General Motors, maker of 43% of all U. S. passenger cars.



Thompson Photos

MR. FORD

*... has an eight up his sleeve.*

The GM exhibits underlined a major motor problem: What to do about the medium-priced car? Through Depression, sales of very cheap and very expensive cars have held up best. The in-between classes suffered heavily. GM's total sales of automobiles in 1931 were 1,074,709 units, off 99,406 from 1930. At the Show last week



## New Gold!

Yesterday's leaders placarded the narrow lanes of commerce with calls for sturdy men to search for gold.

This practice now belongs to history, not because all the gold has been found, but because a new method for finding it has come into its own.

This new way is called *business*, and more gold lurks in it, for eager searchers, than ever languished under island sands. To help get yours,

## Ask your Printer

for the 1932 Portfolio of Business Printing on Caslon Bond\*. It will, by itself, make nobody very wealthy, but it is the finest demonstration of modern business printing so far produced, and it will certainly help.

The Portfolio is issued only to printers, and is available to yours. If he hasn't his supply, ask him to get one for you. We'll send it to him. It's free.

THE MUNISING PAPER COMPANY  
Manufacturers • Munising, Michigan

CASLON  
BOND

\*Caslon Bond is NOT an expensive paper. Its full range of twelve striking colors and white can be used for all of your business printing.

the expensive Cadillac remained much the same, the 16-cylinder model in small production, the twelve selling well in the luxury class. At the other end of the GM price-range, Chevrolet showed nothing new internally except Free Wheeling, stood pat on the chassis that outsold Ford last year. But in the medium-priced range GM did several things to boost sagging sales and profits. The new model brought out last November was Buick's first new bid for popular favor in three years. With new body lines and heavily advertised "Wizard Control" (making use of the clutch pedal practically optional) the exhibit drew a big crowd though it was no longer a novelty. Buick's December shipments totalled 11,629 cars against 4,092 in the same month of 1930. New too was an Oldsmobile Straight-Eight to compete in the \$1,000 class, and a Pontiac V-Eight at \$845. Gone from the GM family was the name Oakland, dropped this year so that its factories might turn out the new Pontiac, not compete needlessly with the new Oldsmobile.

Back of GM products stands the genius of Charles Franklin Kettering, tall, bald chief of General Motors Research Corp. Inventor of the self-starter, chemist of ethyl gasoline, perfecter of Frigidaire and many a less prominent invention, he has defined research as "a method of keeping everybody reasonably dissatisfied with what he has." Last summer he scolded business for not developing something new. Said he: "There is a horrible thing in this world known as monotony. When we continue to produce the same things, the same model indefinitely . . . the people don't want to buy it. . . . We are suffering today from that thing called standardization." Apparently GM, with plenty of Kettering ideas up its commodious sleeve, had been largely content to consolidate its position as leader of the industry and let others try to startle the public into a new buying mood.

A great but infrequent starter is the motor industry's second-biggest factor, Henry Ford. That Motorman Ford was up to something this year was best known by the heavy secrecy that guarded his plants. Workers were forbidden to talk; others in the know did not dare talk for fear of losing Ford contracts. But last week observers were satisfied that Mr. Ford had an eight-cylinder car, lacking only the master's approval, ready for production. Along with it was expected an improved model "A," although 35,000 of the present type remained to be sold to clear up inventory. Back on the job in person Henry Ford still intended to dominate the low priced field, would not be undersold. His improved model "A" might have an optional four or eight-cylinder motor, trucks to be supplied with the four only. But Fords would still be cheaper than Chevrolets.

While the National Show is on, Ford Co. usually has its own exhibit elsewhere in Manhattan. This year it did not overlap the Show but was expected to be in the public eye at the Philadelphia Show next week. Meanwhile, not to let his competitors crowd him off the advertising page, Mr. Ford with nothing to say about a new car reminded people of an old one. In December was published a painting of Inventor Ford pushing his first contrap-

## In St. Louis



## Miss Grace Schreiber prefers DUBLTOWLS to cloth towels

She is one of the 66 per cent of the people of the T. M. Sayman Products Company who chose DUBLTOWLS when they were placed side by side with cloth towels in a comparison test in the washrooms. And the following letter expresses the opinion of the T. M. Sayman Products Company:

T. M. SAYMAN PRODUCTS COMPANY



THE DUBLTOWEL LINE OF HIGH GRADE PRODUCTS

ST. LOUIS, MO. Bldg. 27, 28, 29.

215 S. Third Street,  
St. Louis, Missouri.

Sir:

For some time we have been using in the washrooms of our building, cloth towels of the individual compressed type. You told us that DUBLTOWLS were more absorbent than cloth towels.

We placed DUBLTOWLS in the washrooms with the cloth, and after the first test we determined the superiority of our DUBLTOWLS. After the tests of both services completed, we found the results and found that 66% of our people were using DUBLTOWLS.

This letter is to inform you that we are now using DUBLTOWLS with the utmost satisfaction.

Yours very truly,

T. M. SAYMAN PRODUCTS COMPANY

ST. LOUIS

215 S. Third Street,  
St. Louis, Missouri.

DUBLTOWLS are soft and soothing to the skin. So unusually absorbent that one DUBLTOWEL dries the hands quickly, thoroughly. Write for details of a comparison test we will gladly arrange for your washrooms.

Bay West Paper Co., Green Bay, Wisconsin  
—a division of Mosinee Paper Mills Co.



## MOSINEE DUBLTOWLS

"If it's a brown double towel,  
It's a BAY WEST DUBLTOWEL"

Each DUBLTOWEL is two sheets of pure sulphate kraft—73 times as absorbent, 4 1/2 times as strong as ordinary paper towels.

tion out of a red brick barn into a Detroit dawn of 1893.\*

Walter P. Chrysler's new Plymouth, like GM's new Buick, had not waited for the Show. It came out in July under the banner of "Floating Power," a basic new principle to reduce vibration, which must have excited the admiration of Charles Franklin Kettering. Rubber sockets where metal parts meet are not new in automotive engineering (TIME, Jan. 7, 1929). But Plymouth's Floating Power is not only rubber sockets. It is an actual placement of the motor on a two-point suspension axis instead of fastening it directly to the frame at three or four places. At the suspension points rubber an inch thick allows the engine to rock naturally without moving the rest of the car. Torque is taken up by a spring connecting the engine to the frame side. From July through December, 83,158 Plymouths were sold to dealers. Floating Power did great things for Chrysler. From a poor third in the low-priced class Plymouth became a real contender, made Ford and Chevrolet look sharp. Sure he had discovered something urgently needed by the industry, Mr. Chrysler introduced all his makes at the Show with Floating Power. Especially rejuvenated was the DeSoto six, with a new round-nosed radiator, all-steel body, hydraulic brakes and free wheeling at around \$700.

At the Show last week two other manufacturers, Pierce-Arrow and Lincoln, offered new twelves. Pierce, still advertising "character and social prestige" had one for \$3,185. Mr. Ford's Lincoln twelve could be had for no less than \$4,500, the eight for \$2,900. The Pierce eight started at \$2,385.

What Floating Power did for Plymouth last year Free Wheeling did in 1930 for Studebaker, which also owns Pierce-Arrow and the new Rockne, launched in the low-price class to compete with Ford, Chevrolet, Plymouth (TIME, June 29). First to popularize Free Wheeling, Studebaker set an example that nearly everyone has followed. At last year's Show only five stock models had Free Wheeling. There were only about that many exceptions this year.

The Rockne six, making its first public appearance, proved to be a trim little job with lines more like Plymouth's than Chevrolet or Ford. It can be recognized on the street by an R on the hubcap, a slightly slanted V-type radiator and the generous width of its glass panels. Its streamlined fenders will not be so distinguishable from its competitors this year as they would have been last. Prices: \$885-\$695 for the 66-h. p., 110-in. wheel-

\*Painted by California-born Artist Albert Sheldon Pennoyer. In the central foreground is the slender figure of young Henry Ford in blue overalls and shirt sleeves. Single-handed he is pushing something that looks like a buggy without shafts. A number on the red shed in the central background fixes the scene at No. 56 Bagley Street, now the site of 14-story Michigan Theatre building, then on the fringe of Detroit's residential district, two blocks west of Grand Circus Park. A bronze tablet at the theatre's entrance preserves the record of what happened there. The Fords then lived at 58 Bagley Street and the shed which "went with the house" was Henry Ford's workshop. In 1929 Governor John J. Bagley's mansion stood across the street a block and a half to the east. Today the Statler Hotel stands there; across the street from the shed's site is now a transcontinental bus station.



A strange, new kind of "northern lights"—supplied by Kohler Electric Plants

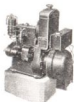
## WHITE MAGIC

"Macie" the natives called it when one of the Northwest Mounted pushed a button and bathed the tiny settlement of Coppermine River in a blaze of electric light. Then—wonder of wonders—a message came through the air. Proof positive that the white man has heaven-sent power!

Coppermine River is one of Canada's most northerly outposts—beyond the Arctic Circle. Once each summer a government ship forces its way through icy inlets to deliver provisions. And once each winter an airplane flies over the camp to leave mail. All other communication with the rest of the world is by radio—radio which, like the lighting system, receives its energy from standard electricity generated by Kohler Electric Plants.

Whether needed in isolated regions to furnish regular electricity, or in the hospitals, theaters and other public places of our largest cities where instant, automatic emergency current is held in readiness by them—Kohler Electric Plants can be depended on to deliver reliable, standard, unfailing electric current. Send the coupon for literature specialized to your needs and for address of the nearest Kohler of Kohler representative.

Kohler Co. Founded 1873. Kohler, Wis.—Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis.—Branches in principal cities. . . . Manufacturers of Kohler Plumbing Fixtures.



Kohler Electric Plants generate standard electric current at 110 or 220 volts, A.C. or D.C. Capacities vary from 300 watts to 25 K.V.A. Gasoline or natural gas serves as fuel. Above is shown Model "D"—rugged and sturdy, but light and compact enough to be taken anywhere with the most primitive equipment.

## KOHLER OF KOHLER ELECTRIC PLANTS

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wisconsin

Gentlemen: Please send catalog describing Kohler Electric Plants.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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

Use in which interested \_\_\_\_\_

T-1-18-32

1932



## ....a *Busy Year* for Junk Yards

**T**HERE IS A TIME in the life of every automobile when its upkeep—repairs, tires, paint and the like—make it a positive liability to the family budget.

Few people are able to detect this point in the life of their cars. Influenced by the need of economy during depression periods they become extravagant in the continued operation of cars that should be traded or junked.

In far too many cases the upkeep of an old car is costing owners more than the required monthly payments on a new one.

New car prices today are the lowest for value in history. The downward price trend hastens the time when old cars should be traded or discarded.

Go to the automobile show—then see your dealer. After comparing repair costs with new car prices you will no doubt agree that buying a new car on Commercial Credit terms is the real economy you have been seeking.



base model; \$685-\$795 for the 72-h. p., 114-in. model.

Most radically changed car in the 1932 Show was probably Graham-Paige. From a conservative body with small color range last year it now offers a thoroughly streamlined design in tints of the Easter egg spectrum.

Plymouth and Buick both gave the public something to think about in the autumn but until then 1931's automobile excitement was supplied chiefly by Auburn. In 1930 Auburn Automobile Co. turned out 13,000 cars. Last February, banking on the hit it made at the 1931 Show, it stepped up production to 19,000 cars for the first four months. Enthusiastic President Errett Lobban Cord predicted 40,000 for 1931. At year's end some 33,300 Auburns had been sold. There was much that was psychological in the Auburn triumph. The U. S. was on the downside of Depression yet here was an automobile at \$945, low with racy lines. It looked rich, would do 80 m. p. h. It answered the need of many a man who had lost his shirt but hoped his friends did not know it. It made many another man who never had it to lose, feel like a million dollars.

Not content with the Auburn and the high-priced Duesenberg which he had been making in small quantities since 1928, Errett Cord launched another car in late 1929, longer, lower, racier than his first. Expensive and finely engineered, with the driving power in the front wheels, it was named after himself. The Cord, jokes the automobile industry, is just an Auburn running backward. But Errett Cord, the industry admits, is still a Cord running forward. At the Show last week was to be seen a new Auburn V-Twelve with at least one exclusive device novel to the industry—a dual ratio rear axle operated from the dashboard. From a 41-to-1 ratio in high speed a touch on the button steps the car up to 3-to-1, giving great speed and smoothness on flat straight stretches. Able to do 100 m. p. h., priced at \$1,345, the Auburn drew the largest crowds from the moment the Show opened.

**Mercury Cord.** Not since Walter P. Chrysler strode into business for himself and built up his Chrysler Corp. to compete with General Motors all along the line, has the motor industry felt a new presence so definitely as it now feels Errett Lobban Cord's. John H. Quinlan, the long-experienced distributor for whom Mr. Cord used to work in Chicago, calls him "the greatest automobile man in the country today for he knows what the people want and the dealer needs, and he gives it to them." This superlative, commonplace enough in the automobile business, is less banal in Errett Cord's case than in most because it has, especially to Distributor Quinlan, a very tangible meaning. John Quinlan remembers how Errett Cord, who worked for him in 1919 on a \$35 drawing account, became president of Auburn six years later.

The Cord family lived in Missouri, the father shifting from business to business (groceries, jewelry) and from town to town (Warrensburg, Marshall, Joliet, Los Angeles). Mr. & Mrs. Cord named their son Errett for a Rev. Isaac Errett who married them. Lobban was Mrs. Cord's maiden name. The names bothered the

## COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

HEADQUARTERS • BALTIMORE

WHEREVER YOU ARE • WHATEVER YOU MAKE,



SELL OR BUY • INVESTIGATE COMMERCIAL CREDIT SERVICE •



boy except when Swedes in Joliet got the first one wrong and called him "Eric," which he liked. His schooling was spasmodic and in Los Angeles in his teens his fun began—painting and reselling old Fords. He raced cars professionally, ran a bus line into Arizona, went broke three times after thrice building his stake up to \$50,000. He had \$20 in his pocket when he got his job with John Quinlan selling Moon cars.

So many Moons did young Cord help sell that the Quinlan agency became largest in the land and Cord's commissions were running about \$30,000 per year. In 1924 he told John Quinlan something which the latter suspected: The cream was off Moon, he wanted to quit. He had about \$100,000 saved up and he wanted to get into the production end of the business. Mr. Quinlan introduced him to Ralph Austin Bard (now president of Chicago Investors Inc.) whose firm controlled a hobbling little company with a factory at Auburn, Ind. Mr. Bard was warned that here was a cocky, footloose youngster who feared and respected nothing in the auto game, but who was interested in the Auburn plant. When they went to look over the layout, young Cord laughed derisively at all he saw—and asked permission to "hang around" the place for a month or so.

The Auburn people had tried everything, cut costs to the bone, pushed hopelessly at a mounting inventory of cars. Young Cord went back to Chicago full of ideas and with a design for a new model for which (says legend) he had paid \$20. He offered to sell the 700 stagnant Auburns immediately and have a new model in production in time for the next show. His terms: No salary, just a free hand, discuss money later.

With an advertising campaign that he still describes as "a goddam wow," most of the old cars were disposed of. The new model went into production without a cent having to be borrowed. Vice President & General Manager Cord then made his terms: 20% of the profits and options on the stock at \$20. There were no profits then—but in the next six months Auburn made half a million dollars. In ensuing months, President Cord acquired 70% (21,000 shares) of the stock, which last year with 195,234 shares outstanding went as high as \$295½.

To sell his first batch of Auburns, Salesman Cord simply "dressed them up." That was one thing he thought his public wanted—snappy looks. Into the first model whose production he supervised he put another ingredient—speed to match the looks. Also, for he is as smart a mechanic as a salesman, he added engineering improvements: the first convertible body was on an Auburn (1928); the first cheap straight-eight was an Auburn (1929, \$1,095).

If the old Auburn management cut costs to the bone in 1924, Cord sucked the marrow out of the bone. He has kept it out so strictly that his financial reputation now matches the rest of his legend. Because Auburn's common stock is one of the highest-priced and most sensitive on the New York Exchange, moving up or down anywhere from two to 15 points in a session, Errett Cord's name is as well known on Wall Street as in the Midwest.



**"AIR TRAVEL saved 66%  
in time and 50% in money"**  
*—says a nationally known executive*

"Before I used the Airway," continues this motor car company president,\* "my annual Western trip cost me roughly \$1,000 in cash, and took approximately three weeks. By means of organized air transportation I now make this same trip three or four times a year, and I lose only four full days and one half day from the office. My average expense is only about \$458. . . In other words, I am saving approximately 50 per cent in money, and two-thirds in time."

You and your business associates can easily make similar savings — overcome waste travel motion, and eliminate time and profit consuming journeys by slower travel methods. In addition, you can show an actual travel profit for your company — if you take advantage of the dependable, nationwide travel service offered by American Airways — the nation's leading air transport company.

\*Name on request

The American Airways transcontinental line, between New York and Los Angeles over the Southern "Fair Weather" route is typical of the economical and pleasurable services we offer. Complete nationwide time table on request from any American Airways office, leading hotel, travel agency or Postal Telegraph.

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"TIME • The Great Factor in Modern Business"

The stock's astonishing gyrations have given rise to many tales of pools and corners, most of them untrue. Mr. Cord declares he often goes three days without even looking at the market. At the peak of the bull market he was elected a director of an investment trust. At his first (and last) meeting the directors were discussing what to do with their stocks. Errett Cord was silent until someone asked him what he thought. He answered: "I think the stuff you own is lousy and a bunch of hokey. Throw it all out." Shocked, the directors ignored his advice, to their everlasting regret. He resigned soon afterward.

After Errett Cord got it started, Auburn's production of cars was:

1927—14,517

1928—12,899

1929—22,135

1930—13,692

1931—33,379 (approximate)

By 1926 Auburn was ready to expand. Mr. Cord, looking for more speed, had had his eye on Frederick Samuel Duesenberg, who was then building mostly racing cars at his Indianapolis plant. Speed king and a fine designer, Duesenberg was no businessman; his company was nearly bankrupt. Cord got control of it by an exchange of Auburn stock. Another thing he wanted was Lycoming Manufacturing Co. which supplied power plants to Auburn. Long builders of automotive, marine, industrial engines, Lycoming was being marketed for its new airplane engine. Cord got Lycoming in 1927 the same way he got Duesenberg. For two years Auburn quietly consolidated its position.

Errett Cord's personal experience in aviation (he had a pilot's license) convinced him that there was a new factor for speed not to be ignored. He became convinced that one day cabin and transport planes would be as indispensable to the average man as automobiles. He set out to be a Mercury to the middle classes, to provide motion above the ground as well as on it for lower prices. In 1929 he acquired Stinson Aircraft Corp., again by an exchange of stock. This time, though, it was not Auburn stock he offered but the common of Cord Corp., a holding company he had formed earlier in the year to centralize his growing activities. Under Cord the Stinson company has done well. Last year it sold more tri-motored transport planes than all other manufacturers.

Just selling planes was not enough for Errett Cord. He organized Century Air Lines, Inc. and Century Pacific Air Lines Ltd., equipped them with Stinsons, operated between St. Louis, Chicago and Cleveland and in the West at rates directly in competition with the railroads and well under competing airlines.

Errett Cord is 37, slim, medium height with brown hair and eyes. Except when he puts on his steel spectacles and looks like a young college professor he is undistinguished. He is a voluble talker with small regard for grammar and no qualm about profanity. He pays small attention to the detail of his business but thinks and talks plans and policies incessantly. He and his whole company believe in using the telephone long & often. The company's bill sometimes runs between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a month. Mr. Cord's

right-hand man is tall, blond Lucius B. Manning, 37, Yale graduate (1913) and onetime football player, a grain broker until he organized his own investment firm in 1926 and got acquainted with Errett Cord. Now he is vice president of Cord Corp., president of Auburn Aircraft & Airliner Corp.

Errett Cord has been married twice, has three children. Two sons, 16 and 14, are by his first wife who died in 1930. Nine weeks ago his second wife bore a daughter. The Cords spend much time in California where, at Beverly Hills, they are building a spacious new house, and when in Chicago they live in a pent-house. At one time they had twelve automobiles. Now Errett Cord has cut down to a Duesenberg (two years old), a Cord and two Auburns. He hates society, does not go on week-end parties often because it is too hard to get back to work Monday. He believes in training for his job like an athlete, does it by eating little, seldom drinking. His men are expected to do the same. Auburn is famed for its low salaries, but Errett Cord often makes up for that personally. He has been known to give individual presents of \$10,000 each, compensating for low pay without raising the cost of his cars to the public.

Stock cars are equipped with so many accessories it seems incredible that at the Show a whole floor was devoted to specialties. It would take a car a block long to carry everything that was offered to refine the pleasure of motoring. There were wind-proof matches, cigar lighters, electric clocks, radio outlets, pneumatic foot rests, fancy metal tire covers, heated windshield wipers, sunvisors. There was an ejector spring that opens the door at a touch on the handle. More costly was a shock absorber system operated from the dash which lets the driver adjust his car to the roughness of the road (called "ride control," featured on Buick, Graham-Paige, Oldsmobile). There was a starting system operated by a button on the dash (featured by Hudson and Rockne). There were custom-made tires at \$100 apiece that cannot blow out and are guaranteed for 20,000 mi., carrying only 12 lb. of air pressure.

Stewart-Warner Corp. exhibited a new brake system, as yet not in use on any but test cars. The principle is to use the momentum of the car to check the speed. On the Stewart-Warner model this operates mechanically with a clutch attached to the brake pedal. Frederick I. Libby, young automotive engineer of Bronxville, N. Y. is working on a similar brake operated by hydraulic pressure.

During 1931 about 60,000 mi. of new road were surfaced at a cost of \$2,250,000,000, brought the total U. S. mileage to over 760,000. Well aware of this expanding territory, and of the replacement figures beckoning the industry, Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr., General Motors president, had courage to prophesy guardedly: "We know we have the first lien on the purchaser's budget; that the motor car is the last thing that the individual gives up. . . . The new offerings this year unquestionably represent greater value than ever before. . . . My own belief . . . is that we will enjoy a somewhat better year than in 1931."

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**TIME marches on!**

## Fourth R

Ask the little black pupils of 4,500 Negro schools in the South the name of the great American who lived at Springfield, Ill., and the prompt reply is Abraham Lincoln. Ask them what they learn about in school and they will name another Springfieldian, for they know not three but four Rs: reading, riting, rithmetic and Rosenwald—"Marse Julius," the man who made possible their schooling. For the small blackmoors and for people of many a race, creed and color, last week was a time of mourning. Aged 69, Julius Rosenwald died at his home in Ravinia, Ill. of lingering illnesses: arteriosclerosis, heart and kidney disease.\*

The year after Lincoln went to the White House, Julius Rosenwald was born. As a boy he sold newspapers, was shrewd enough to earn 25¢ a Sunday pumping the organ at the First Presbyterian Church (not at the temple attended by his parents).† When he was 16 he began clerking for the clothing firm of Hammerslough Brothers, run by his uncles, in Manhattan. Five years after that he set up his own business on Fifth Avenue. It failed and young Rosenwald's next scene of activity was Chicago (Rosenwald & Weil). He bought out his partner in 1895, the same year he acquired partnership in a fledgling mail order business which had been one of his best customers. By 1916, Mr. Rosenwald's interest in Sears, Roebuck & Co. was worth \$150,000,000. He had paid \$70,000 for his half-interest.

Just as John Davison Rockefeller taught people to use kerosene instead of candles, as Henry Ford's "lizzie" supplanted the Old Grey Mare, so Julius Rosenwald's mail order house replaced in large measure the country store. The customer was always right and money was refunded with no questions asked. Up thundered sales figures: \$11,000,000 in 1910, \$100,000,000 in 1914, \$270,000,000 in 1919. When the mail order business began ranging down its post-War decline, clever Merchant Rosenwald bolstered sales by establishing 300 chain stores throughout the U. S.

In the winter of 1921, post-War depression struck the mail order business amidships. Sears, Roebuck's gross revenue fell off a sharp \$75,000,000. To save the giant mercantile organization required some more of the bold business thinking that had built it up. When it became apparent that a \$16,000,000 inventory loss would have to be written off the 1921 balance sheets, Mr. Rosenwald put up \$20,000,000 of his own money to see the business through. This he accomplished by purchasing 16 millions of company real estate, turning over 50,000 shares of company stock with the understanding that he might repurchase it in three years. His

\*On Dec. 31 the Chicago Herald & Examiner, learning that Mr. Rosenwald was gravely ill, telephoned his doctor for confirmation. The physician confirmed the report, but warned that the only newspaper Mr. Rosenwald read was the Herald & Examiner, that news of his condition might hasten his death. The Herald & Examiner scooped the town that night, but omitted the item from its North Shore editions lest Mr. Rosenwald read it in Ravinia.

†Third charter member of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, Pumper Rosenwald was Grand Quint of the Chicago Loft. He addressed the Loft two years ago on "My First Pair of Double-Seated Bile Tams."



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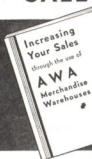
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Home address \_\_\_\_\_

Business address \_\_\_\_\_

I was born \_\_\_\_\_ MONTH \_\_\_\_\_ DAY \_\_\_\_\_ YEAR \_\_\_\_\_

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No matter what you make or market, write today for your free copy of the A. W. A. Booklet. It will be a helpful guide to constructive business thinking in this year 1932!



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action was regarded as one of the brilliant mercantile moves of the decade.

Again, on the fourth day of the 1929 stockmarket crash, Merchant Rosenwald pledged his personal fortune as collateral for the margin accounts of all Sears, Roebuck employees.

Although Merchant Rosenwald had to make his money before he gave it away, in the public imagination Rosenwald the Businessman is far overshadowed by Rosenwald the Philanthropist. During the past 20 years he quietly sprinkled largesse all over the world: \$6,000,000 for Jewish colonization in Soviet Russia; \$1,000,000 for a Berlin children's dental clinic; \$30,000 for a library in Luxor, Egypt; \$625,000 for Negro Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s; \$5,000,000 to the University of Chicago; \$5,000,000 to a Jewish theological seminary; \$5,000,000 for Chicago's new industrial museum; \$3,660,000 towards Negro rural schools. Total benefactions: \$60,000,000 of which the most famed single unit is the Julius Rosenwald Fund. Ten of the fund's 30 million endowment is yet unspent.

Julius Rosenwald's originality in acquiring wealth did not cease when he began disseminating it through charity. Charity, to him, was great fun. If not the innovator, he was one of the greatest practitioners of "contingent contributing." He would give so much if others would give so much. If an institution really filled a vital need, then everyone should pitch in and help it out.

Of his own theories on public giving he wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* three years ago:

"The worst hardships and dangers of the Western trail had passed in my boyhood, but there was still use, then, for the Bryan Mullanphy fund, established in 1851 for 'worthy and distressed travelers and emigrants passing through St. Louis to settle for a home in the West.' A few years later the trustees could with difficulty find anyone to whom the proceeds of the fund might be given. . . .

"The man who gave it found one of the most urgent needs of his time and filled that need precisely. He made only one mistake: he focused his gift too sharply. He forgot that time passes and nothing—not even the crying needs of an era—endures. . . .

"I am certain that those who seek by perpetuities to create for themselves a kind of immortality on earth will fail, if only because no institution and no foundation can live forever. . . . The names of Harvard, Yale, Bodley and Smithsonian, to be sure, are still on men's lips, but the names are now not those of men but of institutions. If any of these men strove for everlasting remembrance, they must feel kinship with Nesselrode, who lived a diplomat, but is immortal as a pudding."

Practicing what he preached, Charitarian Julius Rosenwald dedicated his Fund to "the well-being of mankind"; its money must be spent, interest and principal, within 25 years of his death.

Two springs ago a friend visited him in his Manhattan hotel room, complimented the apartment on its books, pictures, flowers, its homeliness. Sensitive Julius Rosenwald took to the window, pulled back the curtains. "Yes," said he, "yes, but the finest thing about it is its view!"



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## BOOKS\*

## Pre-War Model

RETURN TO YESTERDAY—Ford Madox Ford—*Liveright* (\$4).

To look at Author Ford Madox Ford you might think he was one of those adenooidal Englishmen on whose mentality the sun never rises. After reading him you would have to admit yourself mistaken. Though not always graceful he is an agile writer, an anecdotalist of parts and humor, of quite un-British charm. *Return to Yesterday* is not just another old codger's autobiography. To read it is like being monologued by an expert. Author Ford, though gossipy, is also old-fashioned in his reticences, apologizes for not being even more so. "I have tried to keep myself out of this work as much as I could—but try as hard as one may after self-effacement the great 'I,' like cheerfulness will come creeping in."

Ford got off to a good start in the literary world by being born into the midst of the pre-Raphaelite group. Né Huëffer, he carried his German name all through the War (he served as officer in the British Army), changed it to Ford in 1919. As a very young man he began to make the acquaintance of literary notables. Henry James he admired rather than liked. "He had great virility, energy, persistence, dignity and an astonishing keenness of observation. And upon the whole he was the most masterful man I have ever met."

Of his great & good friend Joseph Conrad, with whom he worked ten years, collaborated on three books (*Romance, The*

of the room and he at the other. It would be a new book he was reading—or perhaps a Flaubert, a Turgenev or a Maupassant. He would begin to groan and roll about on the couch where he was extended. After a time he would say: "What is the use? I ask you what is the use of writing? When this fellow can write like this. There's no room for us." He would go on groaning. Then he would, after a time, spring up, holding his book. "Listen to this!" he would exclaim in sheer joy, laughing with it as if with his whole body. "By God," he would cry out, "there was never anything like this."

When Ford does intrude himself into his story he is apt to surprise you. Apparently he has a penchant for duels, has fought two, tried to fight two more (the latest only last year, with "a French man of letters who had said injurious things about Henry James"). He claims to be the inventor of the famed spinach joke, gives his original version: "An absent-minded man took a lady in to dinner. Soles were handed around and he took one with his fingers. Seeing the lady look surprised he said: 'Oh, I thought it was spinach.'"

The War figures not at all in *Return to Yesterday*, comes no nearer than an occasional fleeting allusion. Yesterday, to Author Ford, is further back than that. Besides, he got a lot of the War out of his system in *Some Do Not, No More Parades, A Man Could Stand Up, The Last Post*.

## Inquiring Angell

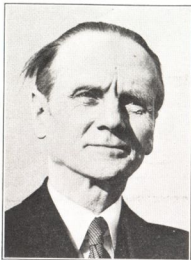
THE UNSEEN ASSASSINS—Norman Angell—*Harper* (\$3).

Norman Angell has blown the gaff on war many times, still makes a good job of it. His questions, though rhetorical, are well put, full of soundness and quiet fury. Like Bertrand Russell he appeals with lucid reasonableness to your better nature. *The Unseen Assassins* is doubtless not his last book on the subject.

Man knows better, says Angell, than to act as he does. "We do not desire to create social or economic evils, to impose injustice and bring about war, but we apply policies in which those results are inherent because we fail to see the implications of the policies. Those unperceived implications are the Unseen Assassins of our peace and welfare." Not governments but public opinion is responsible for war. "Again and again this last ten years we have seen governments desiring to do one thing, knowing that it is the best thing to do, and prevented by popular feeling from doing it." The plain citizen does not want anarchy in the State but insists on its continuance in international affairs. "He is unaware that he is applying the method of anarchy in the international field because his education has failed to familiarize him with the fact that society must have a mechanism." Obvious an-

swer: more education. Stout believer in democracy, Angell wants government not by, but with the aid of experts.

**The Author.** Norman Angell's *The Great Illusion* (1910) made his reputation and later damaged it. Somehow people got the idea that the book pretended to prove the impossibility of war. Says Angell: "Nothing that I could do seemed to weaken the vitality of that astonishing legend. I have written literally hundreds



International

NORMAN ANGELL

The plain citizen insists on world anarchy?

of denials; have been guilty of the vulgarity of offering a considerable sum of money to certain critics if they could find in any one of my books anywhere a single line to the effect that war was impossible. But all apparently to no purpose whatever."

Author Angell has long and frequently been a U. S. visitor. In his youth he ranched, prospected, newshawked in the West, returned to Europe as correspondent for U. S. newspapers. Fortnight ago he landed in Manhattan for one of his U. S. lecture tours. Small, worried looking, with sunken eyes, Norman Angell has grown grey (he is 57) propagandizing for peace. In off-hours he likes to sail in small boats. He is the inventor of *The Money Game* (TIME, Oct. 14, 1929), a series of card games supposed to teach the elements of banking and currency. Other books: *Patriotism Under Three Flags, If Britain Is to Live, Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road, The Story of Money*.

## Manhattan Castaways

SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN—Christopher Morley—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$2).

With a low percentage of bad puns, sternly denying himself more than an occasional nibble at his favorite whimsy-pastry, in *Swiss Family Manhattan* Christopher Morley has written a satire that is so mild-mannered, so good-natured there is no sting in it.

Beginning in the style of Johann Wyss's classic boy's story, Author Morley's yarn purports to be written by a serious-minded, middle-aged little Swiss who



FORD MADOX FORD

... spinach, duels, literary partnerships.

*Inheritors, The Nature of a Crime*) and parts of many others, Ford says: "You could always tell when he really admired work. It would manifest itself in two ways. You would be reading at one end

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





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leaves his filing clerk's job with the League of Nations to take his wife and two sons on a pleasure cruise in an airliner. Over the Atlantic the airship runs into a frightful storm. Just in time the Robinsons abandon the crippled ship, are whipped away into the night on an air-raft. They come safely to rest on the mooring mast of the Empire State Building, still unfinished, which at first they take to be some kind of gigantic tree. Father Robinson makes several exploratory trips down into the seething jungle below, gradually comes to the conclusion the place is civilized. He loses his family, is annexed by a masterful flapper who makes him into a popular lecturer and a U. S. enthusiast. When he finds his family again, they are running a speakeasy. The story ends in Morleyesque vein with the Robinsons happily settled on Long Island, operating a League of Nations filing station.

Few of the city's most genial visitors have given such a glowing description of Manhattan subways as Father Robinson: "With the even rhythm of great pistons in a pumping system, trains of cars slid to and fro. From distant conduits they sucked in their human packing, shot the swaying masses to central arteries, discharged them through clattering turnstiles which enumerated the herd and propelled any who sought to delay with a genial postern whack." Even his criticisms are a left-handed compliment: "[The Americans] fall into mass hysterics on small provocations; they continually suppose themselves on the verge either of calamity or salvation; everything is exaggerated to a panacea or a menace, so much so that I could not tell, reading the advertising, which was believed the greater peril to the republic: Russian communism or sore gums. In short, the Americans are essentially unbusinesslike, artists and imaginers in soul. So much the better for them. I like them for it; but it would never do to tell them so."

### Waldorf's Astor

JOHN JACOB ASTOR—Kenneth W. Porter—*Harvard University Press* (two vols.: \$10).\*

In two volumes, 1,353 carefully documented pages, Researcher Porter has stored all the available facts about the first & greatest of the Astor dynasty. Born the son of a butcher in the little German village of Waldorf, John Jacob Astor (1763-1848) became "first business man in America to attain colossal wealth." Author Porter considers him preeminent in his period, says: "Indeed it is doubtful whether in the art of buying and selling he has ever been approached, much less surpassed."

Porter names eight lines of business in which Astor engaged; the two most usually connected with his name are Manhattan real estate and the American Fur Company. Astor was one of the first to bank on Manhattan's rapid growth. In 20 years he invested well over \$700,000 in Manhattan property. "The funds employed came almost entirely from the profits of Astor's China trade, which, in its turn, had been based principally upon his suc-

cess as a dealer in furs, and also as a general merchant."

Astor took risks with his money but he never deliberately wasted any. He prophesied the failure of a recently-opened hotel because the management put such large loads of sugar in the sugar bowl. Poet Fitz-Greene Halleck who served as his confidential secretary for many years had once said to him: "Mr. Astor, of what use is all this money to you? I would be content to live upon a couple of hundreds a-year for the rest of my life, if I was only sure of it." Astor's will left him an annuity of \$200. When the German Society, knowing they were down for \$20,000 in the Astor will, tried to persuade the old man, now aged and retired from business, to give them the money before he died, he struck a bargain, gave them \$20,000 in bonds that were at a discount of 25%. "With a face radiant with pleasure, leaning on his staff, he tottered into the back office, chucking as he went, to tell William that he had made 'five thousand dollars that morning.'"

John Jacob Astor is the first of a series, to be called "The Harvard Studies in Business History," which will be issued by the Harvard University Press. Says Editor Norman Scott Brien Grass, professor at Harvard's School of Business Administration: "Sometimes the theme of the studies will be individual business men, sometimes it will be an individual business firm. But the emphasis will logically be upon the policy and management of private enterprise."

### Murder, Fletcherized

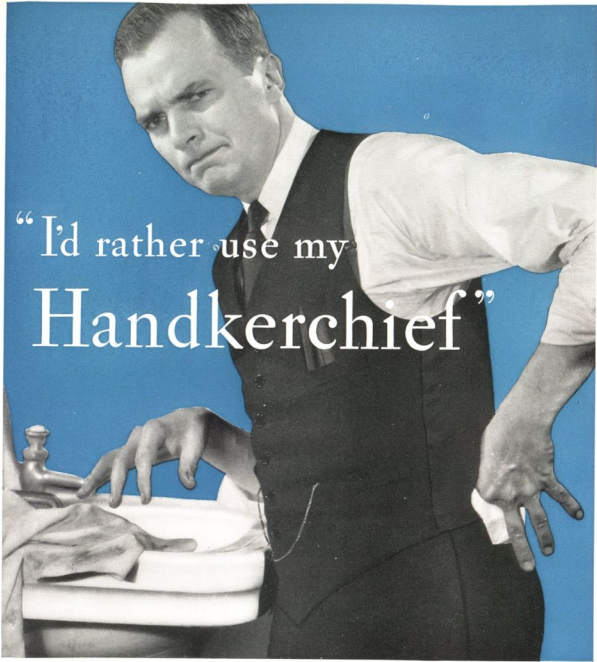
MURDER IN THE SQUIRE'S PEW—J. S. Fletcher—*Knopf* (\$2).

Joseph Smith Fletcher, methodical English author of methodical English murder stories, well deserves to be considered an Old Hand. His gradual fame spread long ago to the U. S., was famed when curious newshawks discovered that the late President Wilson, stalwart Fletcher, was wont to read him into the small hours in the Presidential bed. No extremist, no strainer after gruesome effects or heart-clutching surprises, Author Fletcher tells quietly a plain and fairly plausible tale, introduces no supermen, no omniscient gods of the crime world. If you are tired of Sherlock Holmeses and their attendant Watsons you may find Author Fletcher's detectives a pleasant change.

*Murder in the Squire's Pew* tells more of robbery and intrigue than of murder; you feel Author Fletcher granted a corpse only out of deference to his readers' taste. When a well-to-do English clergyman discovered that his church had been robbed of some priceless 15th Century church vessels he was naturally upset; when the detectives he sent for found a dead man in the squire's pew he was struck all of a heap. The murderer was tracked and some of the treasure recaptured in a few days, but before the whole truth came out Canon Effingham had a great many disturbingly new experiences in a short time.

Other Fletcher murders: *The Borgia Cabinet, The Yorkshire Moorland Murder, The Dressing Room Murder, The Murder at Wrides Park, Murder in Four Degrees.*

\*Published Dec. 15.



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Handkerchief"

*Unsanitary towels  
breed "Wasbroom Reds"  
—lower the morale of  
your company*



IF you had to wipe your hands day after day on a damp, soiled towel . . . or on a harsh paper towel—wouldn't you soon lose respect for the company that provided such equipment?

Efficiently-run organizations such as E. R. Squibb & Sons, Lord & Taylor and Campbell Soup Company realize that fresh, clean towel service at all times is important to the morale and health of their employees. In their washrooms you'll find soft, cloth-like ScotTissue Towels.

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**A hidden repair bill  
in every fill of oil  
that thickens with cold**



**Inferior oils, frequently offered  
at bargain prices, are dangerous**

They thicken like molasses at the first touch of frost. They may be filled with paraffin wax, gums, tars or carbon-forming impurities. Such oils are the cause of many an unexpected repair bill. The simplest way to prevent uncalled for winter wear and unnecessary layups is to protect your engine with Texaco.

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