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May 23, 1932

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



NEWTON DIEHL BAKER

"Nobody can safely forecast what his duty may be when June comes around."
(See NATIONAL AFFAIRS)

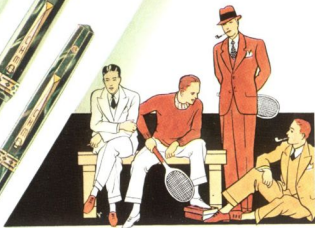
Volume XIX

Number 21

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Editorial and Advertising Offices, 135 East 42nd Street, New York.



Illustrating Kalamazoo Eversharp Doric Pen and Pencil Set, \$10 (formerly \$13.50).

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It costs no more to own a modern pen and pencil. Doric pens as low as \$5.00. Pencils to match, as low as \$3.50. Round Pens and Pencils cost less.

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Pens and Pencils with this seal are unconditionally guaranteed for life.

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To men who want a guaranteed income of \$200 a Month for LIFE

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not need to worry, because your payments would be made by us. *In addition*, you would thereafter be paid a monthly income as long as your disability lasts, even if it lasts the rest of your life.

Once you have provided a Retirement Income for yourself, nothing can stop that income, nothing can take it from you. The Phoenix Mutual Plan enables you to end your biggest money worries *immediately*.

Send for this free booklet

The plan may also provide money to leave your home clear of debt, money for other needs. A 24-page free booklet explains the Plan in detail. Send for your copy today. No cost. No obligation.

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FAMOUS
DOCTOR
advises!



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WOULDN'T you welcome relief from indigestion... from unpleasant breath, coated tongue and discomfort after meals?

Then imagine you are sitting in the office of Dr. Cherubini, noted Professor of Medical Pathology in the University of Rome. He says:—

"In the treatment of intestinal and digestive disorders an invaluable aid is fresh yeast. Yeast has the wonderful ability to make elimination easier... to suppress intestinal putrefaction and improve digestion. It is one of the simplest, most efficacious sources of health."

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast softens contaminating body wastes... stimulates secretion of digestive juices... "tones" and cleanses the entire digestive and intestinal tract.

Just eat three cakes daily, as directed on the label. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. (Rich in vitamins B, G and D.)

The noted metabolism expert, Dr. Julius Citron, of the University of Berlin, reports: "In cases of constipation and stomach troubles... I have had excellent... results from... fresh yeast."

(RIGHT)

"MY OWN doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast," writes Allan Craig, Jr., Chappaqua, N. Y. "I felt sluggish and dragged-out and my blood was bad... Yeast cleared up my troubles very quickly."



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 famous doctors advise.

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LETTERS

Crowbar Surgeon

Sirs:

Please refer to TIME, May 2, p. 26, to a paragraph reading as follows:

"Often surprising are the brain's reactions to violent injury. A prize exhibit of Harvard's bright & cheery Warren Anatomical Museum, into which the public cannot get, is the Crowbar Skull. The foreman of a crew of Vermont road builders in 1848 let a charge of explosive detonate prematurely. The explosion drove a crowbar through the left side of his head. He was then 25, lived twelve years and nine months—longer than most physical impediments, but did develop an abnormal tranquility. The museum has a plaster model of his head, and the actual crowbar."

You may be interested to learn that the physician who was summoned at the time this accident occurred in 1848 was no less a person than Dr. Edward H. Williams, who later became general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. From there he entered the locomotive building business as a member of the firm of M. Baird & Co., later Burnham, Parry, Williams & Co., and later Burnham, Williams & Co. operating the Baldwin Locomotive Works here in Philadelphia.

I was fortunate in being a business partner of Dr. Williams for many years during which time he frequently spoke to me of this case. Furthermore he stated that at a dinner given in his honor in Boston in appreciation of his conduct of this case he addressed the assemblage and told them if they promised secrecy in the matter he would advise them as to the course of treatment pursued. This having been given, the Doctor said to them he simply fed the victim artificially and left him alone in every other respect and he speedily recovered, this to the consternation of all assembled.

SAMUEL M. VAUCLAIN

Chairman of the Board

The Baldwin Locomotive Works

Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. Novel, 1900-31

Sirs:

The Fifth Annual Contest of the International Mark Twain Society will be for the best letter of approximately 1,000 words on the subject: "What I Consider the Most Representative American Novel from 1900 to 1931 Inclusive, and Why." The letters will be judged on three points: the reasons given, the literary quality of the letter, and the novel chosen. The best letter will receive \$20 and the three next best a book. The judges are Hamlin Garland, Temple Bailey, and Joseph Hergesheimer.

CYRIL CLEMENS

Webster Groves, Mo.

Berlin's Key

Sirs:

I was interested in your write-up on p. 27 of your issue of April 25 in connection with Mr. Berlin's playing of the piano. I was familiar of course with the fact that he was unfamiliar with the instrument but I am wondering why he picked out as the only key he could manage that of F one of which is not even a black note, and I am surprised that someone merely picking out melodies by ear would select such a difficult key to play.

Most amateurs would unquestionably pick out

either the key of C with no sharps or flats—or G with one sharp, or F with one flat.

I am also interested to know something about the sliding keyboard and what is meant by the effect of playing another key. The piano as you know is an instrument on which, due to its construction and temperament, there is no difference between the effect of keys other than that of pitch. . . .

LAURENCE MCKINLEY

Albany, N. Y.

F sharp and G flat, called the "nigger keys" because they use all the black notes, come easily to many a person who plays the piano by ear. Like Composer Berlin, Negroes who pounded out ragtime to F sharp. Composer Berlin plays his songs over first in F sharp. Then aided by the sliding keyboard, an old invention operated by a crank on the side and a supplementary pedal, he transposes them to fall within the easiest singable range.—Ed.

Tall Cedar at Sight

Sirs:

In your issue of TIME, March 28, I note an article that Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt was an active joiner and you list 47 organizations. However you omit one which is Greenwood Forest No. 81 Tall Cedars of Lebanon of Warwick, N. Y.

On April 25, 1930 Gov. Roosevelt shared the honor of being made a Tall Cedar at sight by Supreme Tall Cedar H. Franklin Brossman of Reading, Pa., at a meeting of Greenwood Forest No. 81 held at Newburgh, N. Y.

HARRY M. LITTELL

The Supreme Forest of Tall Cedars of Lebanon

Chester, N. Y.

Japanese Sightseers

Sirs:

I congratulate you on your accurate report of the Shanghai events. I felt sure that even TIME would print some nonsense this time, with all the trash that was being broadcast, cabled, written from here during the trouble, but I could only catch you on two minor slips: 1) Kiangwan Racecourse, contrary to your report, still is in a remarkably good condition, the grandstand having got away with only a few shingles. 2) The retreating Chinese may not have left a scrap of food, but going along the deserted trenches three days after their withdrawal I saw hundreds of hand grenades, most of them laid out ready to be thrown. The Japanese sightseeing parties on the whole were clever enough not to touch them, only relieving Chinese corpses of bugles, trench spades etc. to take home as souvenirs.

These slips are so unimportant that I am glad to have finally convinced myself of the reliability of your reports. Carry on the good work.

W. VENNEWITZ

Shanghai, China

Minute-A-Minute

Sirs:

I have been a regular reader of your interesting

There is
only one
Newsmagazine
and the yearly
subscription
price is

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ROY E. LARSEN

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Please enter my subscription for
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ADDRESS



GENERAL ELECTRIC ANNOUNCES

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All for Better Tone

After months of laboratory work, General Electric presents the amazing new high-power Twin-Push (Class B) Amplification and 6 other major improvements, in its new Convention Model.

Greater tone realism than any radio you have ever heard before! Complete new tubes of greater efficiency! Boundless power! New high frequency response, giving full brilliance to the entire musical scale!

Read over the radical new features of this great set. Then go to a G-E Radio dealer's and "believe your own ears!"

● NEW—"Twin-Push" Amplification, giving a tremendous increase in undistorted power—many times the power of previous receivers—resulting in the complete elimination of the "blurring" which takes place in most receivers when sudden exclamation

tions or musical crescendos are received.

● NEW—Twelve Improved Tubes of new type throughout, giving greater efficiency and purer tone quality.

● NEW—Dual Automatic Volume Control, using two tubes instead of one—overcoming the defects of previous automatic volume controls. It makes possible the reception of all stations—strong and weak—at the same volume without touching the hand-operated volume control, and without distortion.

● NEW—Automatic Lo-Tone Compensator, which automatically gives the same full, rich tone whether the set is turned to low volume or high.

● NEW—High-power Dynamic Speaker, completely re-designed to give greater tone fidelity.

● NEW—Special Hand-operated Tone Control to give any shading of tone desired, and eliminating the mushy boominess

formerly noticeable when tone controls were turned down.

● NEW—Greatly-improved G-E Tone Equalizers with acoustic orifices of exclusive G-E design—making possible further refining of tone and eliminating cabinet resonance.

● IN ADDITION—Other outstanding G-E features, including the famous G-E full-range sensitivity, and selectivity with improved band pass characteristics (General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.).

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Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon Eastern Daylight Saving Time. For the entire family—"Just a Song at Twilight"—every Sunday afternoon 5:30-6:00 Eastern Daylight Saving Time—over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL



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journal for some time, and have at last been able to find a mistake.

In a past number you stated that Henry Ford in 1900 established a world's speed record on a car named 999 at Groes Point, Mich.

La Jouette Contente ("never content"), a racing machine driven by Jenatay in 1899 . . . set up a world's land speed record at 63.8 mi. per hour. This car is now in the carriage museum at Compiegne.

JOHN BARRINGTON BAYLEY

South Kent School
South Kent, Conn.

Art Mart

Sirs:

My attention has been called to the article appearing on p. 42 of your issue of May 2, with respect to the establishment of an open air art "mart" in the vicinity of Washington Square Park, New York City.

Your article was accurate in substantially every important detail, but I do wish to point out that the name of the attorney involved was not "Meyer" Glickstein, but Hyman N. Glickstein. I am glad to say that since the appearance of your article, permission from the City authorities having jurisdiction has finally been secured after considerable effort, and the open air exhibition and sale will be held commencing with the week of May 21, 1932. . . .

HYMAN N. GLICKSTEIN

New York City

Bwthyn Bach to Gwellyt

Sirs:

Several months ago there was in the N. Y. *Times* magazine section an article about a playhouse made and furnished by the peoples of Wales for dear little Princess Elizabeth. My small daughters and I were greatly interested. But now I see in the *Times* Rotogravure section for April 3 pictures of the poor wrecked house gutted by fire, and we wonder how it could have become ignited on its journey to the Princess. Although I recall seeing no mention of any of this in *TIME*, still I feel it is news that interests mothers and little girls, at least, and I should be greatly obliged if you could give some details of the unfortunate end of such a kindly-meant project. We wonder if the little Princess was disappointed or if she never knew about it.

HARRIET B. WOOLFENDEN

Dearborn, Mich.

Almost three times taller than her uncle Edward of Wales is six-year-old Princess Elizabeth's *Bwthyn Bach to Gwellyt* or "Little Cottage with the Straw Roof." Built at a cost of \$10,000 to advertise the products of 100 Welsh firms, the cottage drew Welsh crowds at Cardiff's Ideal Home & Building Exhibition last autumn. Insured for \$6,250, it caught fire while traveling on a truck toward London, has been reconstructed and now contains the original furniture which was on a second truck. Not until Princess Betty is nearly double her present age will she be permitted to play with the real gas stove and other grown-up gadgets in her cottage.—Ed.

Heck!

Sirs:

"*Iago Zaccchini*, In spite of doctors' objections, Signor Zaccchini climbs into the mouth of a huge cannon mounted on a motor truck, smears himself with soot, is propelled by compressed air 150 ft. into a net as a big firecracker goes off." "Heck, can't fool you city folks. Out here last summer we thought that there contraption was a genuine cannon.

WILLIAM SHAW

Chicago, Ill.

Illegitimate Freight

Sirs:

Footnote, col. 3, p. 7 of the April 18 issue of *TIME* does the French Line an injustice, in that it further helps to spread the impression, already widespread through careless reporting and headlines in the newspapers, that the "\$126,000 worth of imported narcotics disguised as German toys" were seized aboard the *Ile De France*, after an



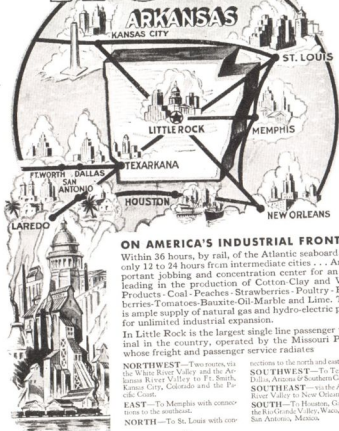
The illustration features a large eagle perched on a branch with several leaves. The eagle is shown in profile, facing right, with detailed feather patterns on its wings and tail. In the lower right, an oval inset shows a Mimeograph machine, a device used for reproducing documents. The machine has a large cylindrical drum and a carriage with a pen or stylus. Below the oval, a rectangular frame contains the title and text.

THE POWER TO FLY

Because of its great wing power the eagle has become the king of birds. Action! The idle Mimeograph can neither save nor earn. But for those wise users who keep its speedy cylinders awhirl reproducing letters, bulletins, drawings, data and office forms of all kinds by hourly thousands, it is proving itself the king of economizers. Its remarkable facilities are being discovered anew in these tight-budgeted days. Let us show you what it will do for you. There's no obligation. Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see classified telephone directory for branch office.

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In Little Rock is the largest single line passenger terminal in the country, operated by the Missouri Pacific whose freight and passenger service radiates

NORTHWEST—Two routes, via the White River Valley and the Arkansas River Valley to Ft. Smith, Kansas City, Colorado and the Pacific Coast.
EAST—To Memphis with connections to the southeast.
NORTH—To St. Louis with connections to the north and east.

SOUTHWEST—To Texas, Oklahoma, Dallas, Arizona & Southern California.
SOUTHEAST—via the Arkansas River Valley to New Orleans.
SOUTH—To Houston, Galveston, the Rio Grande Valley, Waco, Austin, San Antonio, Mexico.

DEPENDABLE
FREIGHT AND
PASSENGER
SERVICE



"A SERVICE INSTITUTION"

MISSOURI PACIFIC STAGES
AUXILIARY TO MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

attempt to smuggle them in either with the help or through the carelessness of members of the crew.

Such is not the case.

. . . The cases were unloaded along with all the other legitimate freight, and the narcotics came to light when the Customs officers made their inspection of the shipment. The French Line, which co-operates closely with the Customs service in its efforts to prevent smuggling in any form, could no more know what was in the shipment of "traps" than it can know what passengers are carrying in their trunks. . . .

CLAYLAND T. MORGAN
Publicity Manager

French Line
New York City

Thorough v. Pure

Sirs:

In the "Bull & Monkey" story in your May 9 issue you say, "Farmer Charles Lewis was proud of his thorough-bred Jersey bull." There is no such thing as a "thorough-bred bull."

The thorough-bred is a breed of horses of the light type common to the race tracks here and abroad. A thorough-bred horse whose sire and dam are pure and thereby entitled to registration is known as a pure bred thorough-bred horse.

Likewise a bull of 100% Jersey blood is a pure bred Jersey bull.

Outside of the livestock breeding world one often hears the word thorough-bred incorrectly used in place of the words pure bred.

RICHARD N. WILLIS

McDonogh, Md.

Twenty-four Pictures

Sirs:

At this point during the month of July we will train about 1,200 boys of high school age in the Citizens' Military Training Camp. During that period we plan to show free of charge sound pictures each evening.

Knowing your interest in American youth, I am wondering if you would suggest about 30 pictures of high moral tone and alive with romance, adventure and historical worth. Your suggestions will aid considerably in wisely selecting the pictures for this fine group of boys this summer.

RALPH W. ROGERS
Chaplain, U. S. Army

Fort Thomas, Ky.

In the last year and a half cinemau-facturers have not produced 30 pictures of "high moral tone and alive with romance, adventure and historical worth." Here-with a list of 24 which might do for a school-age camp: *Cimarron*, *Rango*, *City Lights*, *Trader Horn*, *Skippy*, *A Connecticut Yankee*, *Chances*, *The Viking*, *Spirit of Notre Dame*, *The Champ*, *Forbidden Adventure*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Penrod* and *Snow*, *Devotion*, *Pardon Us*, *Touchdown*, *The Man Who Played God*, *Around the World in 80 Minutes*, *Lovers Courageous*, *After Tomorrow*, *Soaky*, *Hell Divers*, *Young America*, *Destry Rides Again*.—E.D.

TIME

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

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Air-Cooling now available to you *at moderate cost!*



HOTEL GUESTS can order room comfort along with their ice water. Room coolers can be easily wheeled from room to room . . . and who wouldn't be willing to pay a trifle extra for relief from sizzling days?



GOOD IDEAS aren't likely to start in hot, stuffy rooms. Executives who value their own comfort will find Carrier Coolers worth their small cost in offices and meeting rooms.



BANISH hot weather—attract more business with the cool comfort supplied by a Carrier Room Cooler. Even the smallest business can now make hot weather bring extra profits.

The Portable Room Cooler is but one item in the complete line of Carrier cooling and air conditioning apparatus.

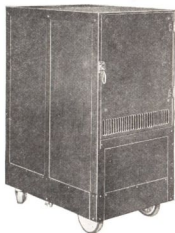
NOW, even the smallest business can have air-cooling all summer long!

This summer you can roll cool, comfortable weather right into your private office, store, hotel, or shop! Banish hot, sticky discomfort!

The new Carrier Portable Room Cooler will efficiently cool and dehumidify the air in an average-size room. It is inexpensive to own and operate. In place of heavy, complicated machinery, it uses ordinary, economical ice. A small electric motor (using less current than a 40-watt lamp) is the only moving part.

Carrier research and engineering are your assurance of the durability and efficiency of this Room Cooler. The same designing skill that installed air conditioning equipment in the Capitol at Washington, and in the country's greatest department stores and theatres, has developed this small, portable air cooler.

Weather won't wait. "Dog days" are just around the corner. Don't delay investigating the Carrier Cooler. For comfort this summer, send the coupon today!



THIS SIMPLE CABINET is all there is to the Carrier Portable Room Cooler. There are no pipes, connections or noisy machinery. Fill the cabinet with ice, plug the motor into any convenient electric light socket, and enjoy summer comfort.

The Carrier Cooler is extremely compact. Cabinet measures 52" high, 24 1/2" wide, 37 1/2" long. It holds 300 lbs. of ice. Equipped with rubber tired wheels.

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DON'T WAIT FOR HOT WEATHER! SEND THIS COUPON NOW

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There are still a few desirable territories open for qualified distributors. If you are interested in handling the Carrier Portable Room Cooler, please check here ☐

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Come enjoy a new kind of performance.

A performance in the tempo of tomorrow, that completely shadows all your present conceptions of fine car travel. A super-performance made possible in Franklin alone, by the new *supercharged, air-cooled, twelve cylinder airplane engine*.

Just mentioning some of the specifications of this new Twelve should quicken your heart and make you anxious to get behind the wheel—to put it through its paces—to discover once more the thrills that were yours when you first learned to drive a car.

This is the character of the new Franklin Twelve: 150 horsepower from the twelve cylinder, air-cooled engine—the same type of engine that has given aviation its greatest impetus. Supercharger which forces the ingoing charge of mixture into every cylinder equally and in maximum quantity. Thus adding power—adding smoothness—and adding acceleration to an already sensational

powerplant. Pressure air-cooling affords greater engine efficiency and economy, perfect cooling, and brings new freedom to touring. Now you can drive *all day at high speed* without overheating or loss of power—without the least thought or worry of the engine. And there is no water to boil, freeze, or leak.

Le Baron styled this long, low car of 144-inch wheelbase. Wherever it is seen, its brilliance, modernness, and freshness of design win new laurels for Franklin.

Come see the Franklin Twelve and enjoy its luxurious performance. Franklin also offers the 100-horsepower, Supercharged Airman of 132-inch wheelbase, with prices ranging from \$2345 f. o. b. factory. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.



100 fewer parts than comparable water-cooled engines. The supercharger packs the charge into cylinders equally. Gas is forced in—not relying upon suction alone.



TIME

Vol. XIX, No. 21

The Weekly Newsmagazine

May 23, 1932

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Hoover Week

President Hoover conferred long and often last week on grave matters of state. His principal conferees were Secretary of the Treasury Mills, Governor Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board and President Dawes of Reconstruction Finance Corp. They came and went by White House side doors, kept their lips sealed on their deliberations. The anxious solemnity of their conferences with the President gave Washington a presentiment of momentous events just below the horizon.

☛ A White House caller was Mrs. William Edgar Borah. She brought her niece, Mary Luettendemann of Portland, Ore. and two Boise friends. The wife of the urbane Senator from Idaho invited the President out to their State to hunt & fish next fall. Replied President Hoover: "If the economic war is over by that time, I'd be willing to go anywhere."

☛ When President Hoover received the news from Hopewell, N. J. (see p. 12), he summoned a secretary, dictated the following statement for the Press: "I have directed the law enforcement agencies and the several secret services of the Federal Government to make the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby a live and never-to-be-forgotten case, never to be relaxed until these criminals are implacably brought to justice. . . ."

☛ In 1832 Samuel Finley Breese Morse, famed painter, first got the idea of transmitting "intelligence by electricity." In 1837 Telegrapher Morse sent his first test message ("Attention, the Universe, by kingdoms right wheel") from one side of Manhattan's Washington Square to the other. Six years later Congress voted him \$30,000 for telegraphic experiments. The next year his first long-distance message ("What hath God wrought") flashed over a government line from the Capitol's Supreme Court chamber (now its library) in Washington to Baltimore. Last week President Hoover inaugurated the centennial of the Morse idea when he ceremoniously fingered a gold-nugget-studded telegraph key in the White House. At his touch a high speed automatic transmitter began rattling out the President's message in the Capitol library: "I am glad . . . source of pride . . . honor to his country . . . inspiration to mankind."

☛ Last week the chiefs of seven powerful railway unions and brotherhoods (Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen, Conductors, Trainmen, Switchmen, Telegraphers, Train Dispatchers, Maintenance-of-Way Men)* marched into President Hoover's

office to read him a long petition of their wants. They roundly favored Alfred Emanuel Smith's foreign debt formula (a long moratorium during which each country would have deducted from its debt a percentage of the value of its imports from the U. S.). Most conservative representatives of Labor, they warned: "Unless something is done to provide employment and relieve distress we cannot be responsible for the orderly operation of the railroads. We refuse to take the responsibility for the disorder which is sure to arise if conditions continue. . . . It would be with great reluctance that we would ask for a Dole. . . . Everything else suggested has either failed or has been denied. If something is not immediately done we will be obliged to demand a Dole. . . . The unemployed citizens we represent will not accept starvation."

THE CONGRESS

Work Done

The Senate:

☛ Adopted an emergency House resolution to appropriate \$500,000 for the Government Printing Office to save the *Congressional Record* and all other Congressional printing from sudden suspension.

☛ Debated the tax bill.

☛ Heard Virginia's Glass charge that Chicago bankers had hired a Congressman, now deceased, to oppose branch-banking legislation.

Committees of the Senate:

☛ Approved (11-to-9) a resolution to ratify the World Court protocol.

☛ Heard Margaret Sanger plead for birth control legislation (see p. 22).

☛ Revised and expanded the House omnibus economy bill.

The House:

☛ Heard Chicago's Britten denounce Senator Glass's charge (see col. 2) as a "dastardly lie" (later changed to "deliberate misstatement" in the *Record*).

☛ Approved (141-to-135) a provision of the War Department appropriation bill to reduce the Army's officer personnel by 2,000, thus saving \$3,814,823 per year.

☛ Passed a bill to change the spelling of Porto Rico to Puerto Rico, the Island's Spanish name.

☛ Sustained (166-to-187) the President's veto of its tariff bill.

Committees of the House:

☛ Approved a resolution of New York's Somers recommending that the President call an international monetary conference to up the price of silver.

Plight over Principle

The nation's needy have gone through three hard winters without a dollar's worth of direct aid from the Federal Treasury. Every proposal for first-hand Government relief of hunger and distress has been damned and defeated with the cry of "Dole!" Before a fourth and perhaps harder winter comes the poor and jobless will vote in a national election. In Washington last week political principle began to bow to public plight.

Senate Democrats under Arkansas' Robinson brought forth their first party plan for direct Federal aid to plain citizens. It was endorsed by such men as Alfred Emanuel Smith, Owen D. Young, Bernard Mannes Baruch. The plan: 1) raise \$2,300,000,000 by a U. S. bond sale; 2) advance \$300,000,000 to strapped States & Cities to feed and clothe their destitute; 3) lend them the balance for such self-amortizing public works as toll bridges and tunnels. The yet-to-be-balanced Budget would not be disturbed by a bond issue.

President Hoover, champion of private charity, was not slow in seeing the perilous possibilities of this plan as a Democratic campaign issue. He summoned Senator Robinson to the White House, thanked him for "opening the way for united action," made a counter-proposal. He was ready to reverse himself on direct Federal relief if the Democrats would let his Reconstruction Finance Corp. handle the whole job. The Hoover plan: 1) increase the R. F. C.'s public borrowing capacity from \$1,500,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000; 2) advance, through it, \$300,000,000 to States (but not to cities) for direct relief; 3) earmark \$40,000,000 to stimulate agricultural exports; 4) lend \$1,160,000,000

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*Missing was the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

National Affairs—(Continued)

to industry on the strength of contracts for new production.

The President's plan not only steered clear of the Budget but also of the Treasury's credit. It would be financed by the sale of R. F. C. debentures, which are only indirect obligations of the Government. Senator Robinson took it back to the Capitol where his party colleagues closeted themselves in an effort to draft a legislative compromise. Most Democrats objected to the idea of R. F. C. loans to private industries rather than to public agencies on the ground that the Administration could use this financial power to muster election votes. Republican Senators, generally cold to their President's proposal, were reported aggrieved at his apparent desertion of them in their "anti-Dole" fight.

To win public support for his plan the President issued another statement about "balancing the Budget," "unity of action," and "frozen confidence." Said he: "I have no taste for any such emergency powers. [But] the battle to set our economic machine in motion takes new forms and requires new tactics. We used such emergency powers to win the War; we can use them to fight the Depression."

REPUBLICANS

Orders

Second Assistant Postmaster General Warren Irving Glover to the assembled postmasters of Missouri last week in Springfield, Mo.:

"You're part of this Administration. So get out on the firing line. I'll be glad to take the resignations of any of you who don't want to do that. When you hear anybody assailing that man Hoover, remember what I said, or go and read a book, and answer them. As long as you do that you'll be filling the job of postmaster. . . . If we don't stand back of that man Herbert Hoover—then God help this country! In the very room where Lincoln wrestled to preserve the Union, today sits a man with a face scarred and task-worn, trying to lead you and me and the world out of darkness!"

DEMOCRATS

June & Duty (See front cover)

Of the 13 good Presidents & had the U. S. has had since the Civil War, Ohio has mothered seven, all Republican.* Last week the busy buxom State of Ohio was again pregnant with presidential possibility, this time Democratic.

From Ashtabula to Cincinnati, from Toledo to Marietta good Democrats everywhere marched to the primary polls to pick delegates to cast Ohio's 52 pivotal votes in next month's national convention. No native son of theirs had ever got closer to the White House than James Middleton Cox in 1920, who missed it by seven million votes. But now there was a distinct

chance that the "Mother of Presidents" would not only give the Democratic party another nominee but also put him, the first of his kind, into the Presidency.

Favorite Son. Quirky politics kept Ohio Democrats from giving their sufrage directly to such a possible winner. By prearrangement they voted for Governor



International

PRESIDENT HOOVER & FRIEND

Friend Young: "I cannot accept a nomination for the Presidency."

George White as Ohio's favorite (but not native) son. Born in New York, George White went gold-rushing in the Klondike before settling down in Ohio. An active, useful citizen, he served six years in Congress, managed the Cox campaign in 1920 as national chairman, was elected Governor two years ago. But no one realized the futility of his presidential candidacy better than Governor White himself. He took the political precaution in last week's voting to get himself renominated for his present job.

At Chicago, Ohio's delegation will cast a courtesy ballot or two for Favorite Son White. When he fails to make headway, the delegates' obligation to him will have been discharged. Then they will be free to switch to some more likely candidate from Ohio. Mr. Cox or Senator Robert Johns Bulkley may be given a short complimentary try-out. Finally, depending on how the convention breaks, the delegation will turn to its real choice for the Presidency, the one man from Ohio who could lay serious claim to the nomination and who, once nominated, could give Herbert Hoover a hot race in November—Newton Diehl Baker.

Coal Bin's Son. Newton Baker is no more a native son of Ohio than Governor White. Sired by a country doctor who rode in "Jeb" Stuart's Confederate cavalry, he was born 61 years ago at

Martinsburg in what has been called "Ohio's Coal Bin," West Virginia.

Democrats did not vote for Mr. Baker last week. He would not let his name go on the ballot. He had declared he did not want to be President, would not be a candidate for the nomination. Two years ago he wrote of the Presidency as "the final sacrifice," adding: "The restraint, artificiality and loneliness in the White House . . . seems the life of a pet in a gilded cage." But Baker-for-President sentiment does not easily dawn. Last December a South Carolina friend wrote to urge candidacy upon him. Mr. Baker side-stepped thus: "The times clearly present a great opportunity for service. . . . The situation of the world changes from day to day. Nobody can safely forecast what his duty may be when June comes around but my earnest hope is that the party will be able to find a leader whom we can all follow without presenting to me the heavy question of a personal duty."

Banner or Ranks. The same month, in a letter to a North Carolina editor, Mr. Baker was out for "a revived Liberalism and a refreshed Idealism," a cause he wanted to fight for "whether carrying a banner or marching in the ranks."

But when ambitious Martin Davey, Ohio tree surgeon and onetime Congressman, tried to draft Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of War for the primary, Mr. Baker sat down hard on the idea. He would not let his name go on the ballot. He insisted that "all hands" favored Governor White. He went on about his Cleveland law practice as if he had never heard of the Presidency. Mr. Davey, no friend of Governor White, was accused of promoting the Baker boom more to hurt White than to nominate Baker.

"How to Become President." By such behavior Mr. Baker, deliberately or not, was making himself more available than if he had got out and grubbed for convention votes as he grubs for weeds in his garden. Besides, he was following most of the rules of "How to Become President" (TIME, Nov. 24, 1930). He had a Press (Rule No. 5) in & out of Ohio. He moved about the country (Rule No. 6) showing about himself, making speeches. Except for a mild touch of pneumonia in 1930, he seemed full of health (Rule No. 7). He was on good terms with his party leaders (Rule No. 3) giving generously of his time & money to their united efforts. For a political *alter ego* (Rule No. 1) he had no need because he was always ready and able to speak for himself.

Only on Rule No. 4 (*Identify yourself early and firmly with a national issue*) had Mr. Baker tripped and fallen. From Wilson he had inherited the League of Nations issue on which he hammered away at every possible opportunity. Last winter he made a particularly fervent plea for U. S. action. Editors began to tut-tut him as a presidential possibility. Soon Mr. Baker dropped his League issue like a hot cake, assured the country that he would not take the U. S. in even if he had the power to do so, advised Democrats to discard the question as a partisan issue.

*Of these only five—Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, Taft, Harding—were elected as citizens of Ohio. Grant is credited to Illinois, Harrison to Indiana.

*Virginia disputes this title. She has mothered eight U. S. Presidents, five of whom—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler—were elected as her citizens.

National Affairs—(Continued)

Most people were convinced that this about-face meant that Newton Baker was a real, if inactive, candidate for the Presidency.

Lock & Logic. The speculative logic of a Baker nomination at Chicago rests squarely upon a convention deadlock such as seemed to be in the making last week. Franklin Delano Roosevelt still lacked a majority of first-ballot votes which has clinched the nomination at every convention since 1848.* Bitterly leagued against him were the Smith and Garner forces, which, with "favorite son" votes, might yet constitute a veto of Governor Roosevelt's ambition. Grogginess from such a factional fight, the convention would, as it did in 1924, turn to some outsider who had not figured in the fray. At Madison Square Garden the tired delegates went to West Virginia for their man, John William Davis. At the Chicago Stadium this year they might go, *via* Ohio, to the same State for a compromise native son.

Mr. Baker's chances of being "presented with a personal duty" when June comes around were, under deadlock circumstances, enhanced by the fact that he laid low during the pre-convention campaign and made no enemies among the other candidates. He and onetime Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt have been good friends since War days in Washington. Mr. Baker is rated as "fairly liberal" on water-power. The Smith people find Mr. Baker sufficiently Wet, yet the Garner people liked his statement that "bread, not beer" would be the 1932 campaign issue. William Gibbs McAdoo, No. 1 Garner man, has ever since their Cabinet service together, been rather snippy toward Mr. Baker, but after all they both dearly cherish the memory of Mr. McAdoo's father-in-law, Woodrow Wilson. So does many a Southern Democrat who at the convention could cheerfully revert to Wilson's War Secretary. Baker enthusiasts declare that their candidate's following among War veterans in & out of the American Legion would prove enormous.

Ritchie & Roosevelt. Mr. Baker is not the only Democrat waiting for a bolt of political lightning to strike him next month. Of all the Favorite Sons the one who at the moment seems to have the next best chance of being a compromise nominee is Maryland's Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie. The Roosevelt-Ritchie hobnobbing that went on at last month's Governors meeting in Richmond led many an observer to wonder if the Governor of Maryland was the Governor of New York's second choice for the Presidency. Governor Ritchie is Wet enough to satisfy the Wettest Smith supporter. He is stable, sensible, handsome, happy.

Young & Hoover. Last week also the name of Owen D. (for nothing) Young resurged significantly in Democratic talk at a time when the Roosevelt boom seemed to be slipping. Like Mr. Baker, Mr. Young has squelched all public efforts to put him into the race. Like Mr. Baker,

he will enter the convention voteless but not friendless. And like Mr. Baker he may be presented with a grave personal duty when June comes around.

A year ago Mr. Young's friends were sure that he would never contest the election with Herbert Hoover because of his high personal regard for Herbert Hoover as one of his own kind and class. Last week the same friends were equally sure that Mr. Young would run against any Republican if he got the chance. The country's condition had changed from bad to worse during the twelve-month and, with it, apparently, Mr. Young's attitude toward the Hoover Administration.

Again politically active, Mr. Young went to Washington to help Senate Democrats prepare their bond-issue relief plan (see p. 13), returned to Manhattan to give it a public endorsement as "the first comprehensive program which has been offered to correct our present situation." Simultaneously he said a friendly word for an "experiment with the equalization fee on wheat," after a previous private speech by him on the same subject had leaked into print. He was already on record for "moderate inflation" but against the Bonus-payment method.

So high rose the Young-for-President talk that Mr. Young last week divulged a letter of his to a Little Falls, N. Y. publisher: "I say definitely and finally that I cannot, for reasons which are so controlling as not to be open to argument, accept a nomination for the Presidency, if made." The fact remains that no man in U. S. history has ever refused his party's highest call to duty.

Baker's Week. Unlike Mr. Young, Mr. Baker was keeping quieter & quieter as Convention day approached. Last week, for once, he had no out-of-town speaking engagements. Clients could readily find him in the offices of Baker, Hostetler & Sidlo in Cleveland's Union Trust Building. On primary day he plodded through the rain to the Shaker Heights precinct to vote, went down to work as usual. That evening he attended a farewell dinner to James H. Rogers, composer, organist and the *Plain Dealer's* music critic, who was moving to San Diego. In a little speech Mr. Baker recalled how, as Secretary of War, he had carried to France copies of Composer Rogers' "When Pershing's Men Go Marching to Picardy," and distributed them to Marshal Foch and General Pétain for French bands to play.

Among Mr. Baker's political visitors of the week was George Creel, Wartime propagandist for the Government. Mr. Creel, already a red-hot Baker man, reported: "Going about the country and talking with all classes and conditions, the name I hear most is that of Newton D. Baker. Every thinking Democrat hopes you'll be drafted." Mr. Baker tush-tushed such talk, again shrugged off whatever duty June might bring.

Heart's Heartprints. Strange is the contrast between today's public acclaim of Mr. Baker and the derision and denunciation that were his lot in Washington. He was an "innocent" (his word) in 1916 when he became Secretary of War just as

Mexico went on a rampage. He was damned as a pacifist. He was called "Newtie" because he is small (5 ft. 6 in.). He was mocked for the flowers on his desk. The Army found he was not a "good fellow." The Senate that he did not play golf. When the War started he was charged with unpreparedness and, when it ended, with mismanagement and extravagance. Republicans, out to smear the Wilson régime preparatory to the 1920 campaign, got indictments right & left for War frauds but, except in four trivial cases, could not make their charges stick in court. Through all this storm of abuse Secretary Baker held his tongue, did his work. He left Washington in 1921 a penniless and disillusioned man. When a friend suggested that he was tough to criticism, Mr. Baker dolefully replied: "If you took my heart out, you'd see the heel prints on it." Much of his reluctance to seek the Presidency may be due to the treatment he got in Washington.

The last decade has brought a new and better public estimate of Newton Baker. He is no bigger than he ever was but his stature as a public man has increased many cubits. A typical revision of opinion was *Encyclopaedia Britannica's*, wherein Mr. Baker changed from an "American politician . . . condemned as lacking in energy, foresight and ability," to an "American lawyer, administrator and party leader . . . subject of severe criticism, much of it for partisan ends."

Mr. Baker served President Hoover on the Wickersham Commission, finding for complete repeal of the 18th Amendment.

He was attorney for Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. in its unsuccessful attempt to merge with Bethlehem Steel.

He upheld freedom-of-the-press for the Scripps-Howard chain papers in the Kentucky coal fields.

He appeared before the War Policies Commission to oppose, unsuccessfully, the Baruch plan for "price-freezing" at the outbreak of hostilities.

He ably represented the Brothers Van-Sweringen in their railroad merger plans.

He serves the Baltimore & Ohio as a director, Western Reserve University as a trustee.

His law practice brings him in big fees (he asked \$500,000 in a McCormick estate case) but at night he still likes to curl up quietly at home, smoking a cheap pipe crammed with rank tobacco and reading Latin or Greek for fun.

"Draft Horse" Mind. Woodrow Wilson who taught him political science at Johns Hopkins used to say that his Secretary of War had a mind like chain lightning. Mr. Baker prefers to call his mind "a draft horse that does not rear but follows its own little road back & forth." Coupled to that mind is a smooth tongue from which flows some of the most authentic oratory of the day. Mr. Baker speaks without notes; his speech is crisp, rapid, fluent; he can bring audiences to their feet or reduce them to tears. If he is nominated by the Democrats at Chicago, the next campaign will not lack literate eloquence from at least one side of the field.

*In 1844 Martin Van Buren got a majority on the first ballot but lost to James K. Polk on the ninth.

National Affairs—(Continued)

CRIME

"Never-to-be-Forgotten"

If a Negro from Marshall's Corner, N. J., had not decided to get out of his truck and relieve himself in the woods a mile from Hopewell last week, a half-dozen accredited negotiators and a hemisphere's police would still be looking for kidnapped, murdered Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr.

At a point 75 ft. from the edge of the concrete Princeton-Hopewell Road, traveled by the child's friends, kin and every official in New Jersey during the 72-day search, William Allen noticed something round and bright protruding from a mound of rubble and leaves. It looked like a human skull. Negro Allen ran back to the truck and summoned his white companion, Orville Wilson. It was a human skull. On it and nearby were wisps of yellow hair. Wilson hopped in the truck and made for Hopewell, where he found Charley Williams, one of Hopewell's two policemen, in a barber's chair. To him Wilson babbled their discovery of the Lindbergh baby. Policeman Williams notified the State Police and together they went back to the hillside spot, visible on a clear day from the Lindbergh home on Sourland Mountain, five miles away.

Careful examination indicated that the baby had been clubbed to death shortly after being snatched from his crib on the night of March 1. The badly decomposed remains, clad only in a flannel stomach band and an undershirt, lay face down in a shallow depression, possibly a hastily scratched grave. On one side was a tall oak. On another was a stump. Through the underbrush 75 ft. back ran the special telephone line strung during the worldwide search. The head showed two fractures, a round hole through the right temple. One leg and both hands were missing.

Nurse Betty Gow, whom the baby called "Gow," identified the body in the Trenton morgue before sundown. More positive identification came from the Lindberghs' pediatrician. He recognized the child's abnormally twisted toes.

By 6 p. m. newspapermen had been hurriedly summoned from Trenton and Hopewell for the official announcement in the Lindbergh garage. The discovery made hushed after-dinner talk for most U. S. citizens, but the child's father did not learn about it until nine hours after the body was found. It came to him by radio. Stirred on by John Hughes Curtis, charter member of the Norfolk, Va. triumvirate whose boat-building activities have placed him in contact with rum runners, Col. Lindbergh was groping hopelessly about the dark waters off Cape May, N. J.—still trying to buy his child back from his abductors. Col. Lindbergh was put ashore near Atlantic City, raced homeward by motor.

Lid Off! Now that no amount of secrecy on the part of Press or Police could return the child alive to its parents, the lid of caution abruptly blew off the case. For the first time pictures of the nursery were published. And the text of the origi-

nal ransom note, which newspapers had withheld since the case entered its second day lest negotiations for the child's return be jeopardized, was unofficially made public:

"Dear Sir,

"Have \$50,000 ready, \$25,000 in \$20 bills, \$15,000 in \$10 bills and \$10,000 in \$5 bills. Have them in two packages. Four days we will inform you to redeem the money.

"We warn you for making anything public, or for notifying the police. The child is in gut care.

"Identification for letters are signatures. Answer three fold. (1-2-3-4). Two rings in blue ink, with center ring of red. A blue ink line of the blue circles on the outer edge of the red. A hole on the outer edge of each dark circle, and one in the center of the red.

"Don't publish this letter."

In New Jersey shocked indignation at the crime took the form of bitterness against the way Col. Herbert Norman Schwarzkopf and his State Police handled the investigation. Emerson L. Richards, Republican majority leader of the State Senate, promised an inquiry. The County Detectives Association demanded Col. Schwarzkopf's removal: "This action will be asked entirely because of his inefficiency in the Lindbergh case. The child was found dead in close proximity to the home while hundreds of thousands of dollars were wasted in searching elsewhere. While Col. Schwarzkopf's men were being sent all over this country and

couple, the country's law agencies took a final hitch in their belts and started on a desperate, determined man hunt. Five days' hunting brought to light the second major hoax in the case.

Col. Schwarzkopf began examining the negotiators. John F. ("Jafsie") Condon told how the supposed kidnappers had sent him, as an earnest to secure ransom, a sleeping garment which the Lindberghs identified as the one worn by their child the night of his abduction. The fact that the child's body was found without the sleeping garment led police to believe that the man to whom "Jafsie" Condon gave \$50,000 of Col. Lindbergh's money, in a Bronx cemetery on April 2, represented the actual kidnappers and killers. Mr. Condon described this man, said he "could pick him out of a thousand." The district attorney of The Bronx prepared to call a grand jury and set out to find that man.

When John Hughes Curtis began to tell his tale of mysterious boat trips and constant failures to bring Col. Lindbergh into contact with the men he said were in possession of the child, Col. Schwarzkopf lent a polite, attentive ear. Mr. Curtis described and gave the approximate position of the fishing smack on which he had supposedly interviewed the child's captors. The Coast Guard sent 39 craft and three amphibian planes to find it, with no success. His identification of the criminals by nicknames proved similarly untrustworthy. At last, early on the fifth morning after the child's body was found, he broke down and confessed that "all the information he had given was the result of his imagination and deception, as well as his desire to make a good newspaper story that would bring lucrative returns. There was no fact or foundation on which the story was built." He was held at Trenton although no criminal charge was immediately brought against him.

President Hoover meanwhile had ordered 5,000 Federal operatives "to make the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby a live and never-to-be-forgotten case, never to be relaxed until those criminals are implacably brought to justice (see p. 9)." The first thing the Federal men did was to re-examine the Lindbergh servants.

Ashes. It was 3 o'clock on the morning after the discovery of his child's crumpled body that Col. Lindbergh drove up a Trenton alley and went into the frame morgue building. When he looked at the remains, one report said, he fainted. He asked for a lock of his child's hair. Next afternoon he returned to make an official identification of the remains. Then, as mute housewives watched over their back fences, he came out of the building following some men with a small oak box. He and Col. Henry Breckinridge, his companion and legal adviser through the past ten agonizing weeks, accompanied the box to Linden, N. J. In a square, gray building with a straight black smokestack cremation took place. The ashes were removed to Englewood where Mrs. Lindbergh's widowed mother, Mrs. Dwight Whitney Morrow, lives.



NEW JERSEY'S SCHWARZKOPF
New Jersey's detectives were disgusted.

Europe, officials who were trained in investigating such cases were forced to stand on the deadlines. Col. Schwarzkopf did not appear to welcome the aid of city and county police... an outrage."

Hunt & Hoax. Meantime, while Congress prayed that the Lindberghs be further spared "the bread of affliction" and nations and cities all over the world poured sympathy on the bereaved young

National Affairs—(Continued)

STATES & CITIES

Pittsburgh's Kline

Charles Howard Kline is the only man ever to be Mayor of Pittsburgh twice in succession. Last week he was convicted of malfeasance in office after an investigation into city purchasing methods begun last year (*Time*, July 6). The trial was held at Butler, Pa., a change of venue having been granted the defendant because of high feeling about the case in Pittsburgh. Also convicted was onetime City Supplies Director Bertram L. Succop, Wartime infantry colonel, whom Mayor Kline dismissed when the investigation began but whose testimony at the trial exonerated the Mayor from "conspiracy" and "evil intent."

On one of his trips abroad, Mayor Kline was decorated by Premier Mussolini of Italy, a fact which he noted when defending himself against the specific charge of advancing \$5,000 to a dealer who subsequently sold the city some second-hand trucks. One of the charges against onetime Director Succop was that he accepted "trick bids" from vendors of meat to city institutions. According to the prosecution, butchers manipulated such bids by offering fancy meats at 1¢ per lb., boiling meats at 30¢ to 50¢ per lb. The total bid would appear low, actually was high for the goods received since the city purchased no fancy meats.

Mayor Kline faces the penalty of a year in prison, \$500 fine and removal from office. Both defendants asked retrial.

POLITICAL NOTES

In Ohio

Ohio last week did its nominating for Governor. Democrats voted overwhelmingly to keep their George White at Columbus. They also made Governor White their favorite son for the Presidency (see p. 10). The Republican choice lay between Secretary of State Clarence J. Brown and David Sinton Ingalls, 33-year-old Cleveland lawyer. Candidate Brown, a small-town newspaper publisher, counted on his own State-wide political machine to win him the nomination. "Dave" Ingalls, campaigning by air, had the moral support of his party's national leaders in Washington where for three years he has been the able, popular, squint-eyed Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics. Candidate Ingalls became Nominee Ingalls by a 70,000 primary majority over Candidate Brown.

The November contest between Democrat White and Republican Ingalls is expected to be nip & tuck. Nominee Ingalls may fall to earth trying to carry Ohio for the Hoover Administration. If he does, his friends assure him he will not be a burnt offering on the altar of the national ticket. His friends assure him he is young enough to take a beating without ruining his political career. Besides, he had nowhere else to go but into the Ohio gubernatorial race. By his energy he had worked himself out of his Washington job, having brought the Navy's five-year air

program to completion in four. At his suggestion Secretary Adams has recommended that the Ingalls post be abolished for economy's sake.

But Nominee Ingalls did not expect to lose to Governor White. Ohio is normally Republican. He has many a potent friend



INTERNOMINEE INGALLS & WHITE

... nip & tuck.

including Dan Hanna, publisher of Cleveland's *News*, grandson of the late great Boss Mark Hanna; Maurice Maschke, Cleveland boss; and Fred Clark of the Crusaders. His wife Louise was a Harkness, his mother a niece of President Taft. His father is with the New York Central R. R. which draws toward him thousands of conservative Labor votes. He was the Navy's only War ace. His smile is engaging, his manner like his nature, open and unaffected.

Last week's voting showed a startling Wet trend in Ohio. Wet Ingalls beat Dry Brown. Wet Attorney General Gilbert Bettman beat Dry Louis Taber, Master of the National Grange, for the Republican Senatorial nomination. Even Governor White, long a white ribboner of the W. C. T. U., lately trimmed his sails by declaring for a referendum.

President Henry H. Curran of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment exulted: "Ohio used to be as Dry as a mummy. Now she is as Wet as Lake Erie."

TAXATION

H. R. 10236, Amended

Looking greyer, gaunter, grimmer than ever, Utah's 70-year-old Senator Reed Smoot arose behind his paper-cluttered aisle desk last week to perform an important function. Bracing his drooping shoulders as if to bear an invisible load, he announced: "Mr. President, from the Committee on Finance I report back favorably with amendments the bill (*H. R. 10236*) to provide revenue, equalize taxation and for other purposes."

A page in knee breeches fluttered a bundle of papers up to the clerk's desk as the Senator, his voice low and weary, explained to his colleagues that they would have to wait for printed copies. Two days later Senator Smoot presented his committee's report (again apologizing for the delay in supplying members with printed copies). Two days after that he formally opened debate with a painstaking, unexciting speech about his billion-dollar tax bill, supposed to balance the Budget and preserve Public Credit.

The bill's proposed tariffs on oil, coal, lumber and copper spoiled its non-partisan character. Five Democrats of the Finance Committee signed a minority report flaying the log-rolling which put such duties into the measure. Democratic committeemen who did not sign this report were Kentucky's Barkley, proponent of a coal tariff; Texas' Connally and Oklahoma's Gore, proponents of a duty on oil; and Utah's King, copper man.

The principal differences between the tax bill as it passed the House April 1 and as it reached the Senate floor last week were as follows:

	House Bill	Senate Bill
Normal income tax rates	2%, 4%, 7%	3%, 6%, 9%
Surtaxes	1% on \$6,000 to 40% on \$100,000	1% on \$6,000 to 41% on \$100,000
Dividends	Taxed under normal rate	Normal tax-free
Corporation Tax	11 1/2%	14%
Furs & Jewelry	10%	Tax-free
Automobiles	3%	4%
Trucks	2%	3%
Yachts	10%	Tax-free
Toilet Articles	2%	Tax-free
Mechanical Refrigerators	5%	Tax-free
Sporting goods, cameras, firearms, ammunition	10%	Tax-free
Matches	4¢ per 1,000	Tax-free
Candy	5%	Tax-free
Chewing Gum	1%	3%
Telephone	5¢ on 31¢-to-49¢ - messages; 10¢ on all over	10¢ on 50¢-to-\$1 messages; 15¢ on \$1-to-\$2; 20¢ on all over.
Telegraph	Same as telephone	3%
Admissions	10% over 45¢	10% over 10¢; 25% for horse and dog races.
Stock Transfer	4¢ per \$100 share but not less than 1/2 of 1¢.	4¢ per \$100 share.
Postage	3¢ first class	3¢ first class with zone increases on second class.
Checks	Tax-free	2¢ each
Raw Rubber	Duty-free	5¢ per lb.

Senator Borah plunged into the tax debate as follows: "Balancing the budget has been made a slogan. But we delude ourselves if we think we're going to balance the budget by simply passing this tax bill. We must take up the question of stabilizing prices. The gold dollar is no longer an honest dollar. How many suicides must we register, how many insane must we put into asylums, how many farms must go under the hammer before we do something to stabilize our currency?"

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Big "Biz"

Up north at Basle in the German-speaking neck of Switzerland drowns a bleak building once the *Hôtel de l'Univers*, today the financial watch tower not only of Europe and Asia but of the entire world. Through its small lobby scurry page boys, their grey liveries initialed in silver with the suggestive letters "BIZ." The big table around which biggest business is done by the Governors of the Banks of England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan and a U. S. group headed by J. P. Morgan & Co. is draped in grey, the color of money bags. On this grey table lay fresh and crisp last week the second annual report of BIZ or *Bank für Internationalen Zahlungsausgleich*, famed in English as BIS (Bank for International Settlements), in French as Bri (*Banque des Règlements Internationaux*).

When he stood up to report, Manhattan Banker Gates W. McGarrath, President of BIZ, was seen to have eased his substantial midriff by undoing as usual the two bottom buttons of his vest. What President McGarrath had to do was to report a notable BIZ success and issue to the world an ominous warning which he hoped would produce action.

Cash Register? Two years ago, when the Young Plan was supposed to have "taken Reparations out of politics," BIZ was set up as the "Cash Register of German Reparations"—the bank through which German payments would be distributed to the Allies (TIME, May 26, 1930). Jealous of their own power, certain central bank governors insisted at the time that BIZ must not become a world bank—but those days seem gone forever.

Depression drove President Hoover to put Reparations back again into politics with his Moratorium (TIME, June 29 et seq.). Thereupon German payments ceased and BIZ would have had to shut up shop had it been only or mainly the cash register of Reparations. Instead BIZ has never been busier than at present and is today the World Bank. In softly burring Scotch last week BIZ President McGarrath announced a BIZ profit of 15,182,819 Swiss francs (\$2,030,000) or 4,000,000 Swiss francs (\$772,000) more than last year.

Monetary Internationalism. Said Gates McGarrath, reviewing the Great Depression Year: "Events have shown to what extent our monetary systems, both great and small, have become interdependent. Internationalism in monetary matters is now not merely a theory but an accomplished fact! The tidal wave of uncertainty and fear . . . originated in Austria, swept quickly through Hungary and Germany . . . flowed onward to Britain and the Scandinavian countries, backwashing into the United States, and carried unusual demands on the American gold supply and credit system.

"No such widespread effects (which extended soon to Japan also) could have occurred except for the already existing essential unity in international finance, which ignores political and geographical

frontiers. This inter-dependence is not confined to the field of finance, but penetrates much further into the whole economic structure of various countries.

"The indices of production, employment, trade and profits show to an astounding degree recurrent tendencies in



WORLD BANKER MCGARRATH

"All for one and one for all."

almost every country of the world. All the evidence available leads to the conclusion that any hope that a single country may achieve prosperity apart from the rest of the world would indeed be based on an insecure foundation."

Capitalist International? In the past most bankers have been closely nationalistic. All look askance today upon the Socialist International and the Communist International. But sound, conservative Gates McGarrath proceeded to prescribe for the world's fiscal ills last week three steps which amount to laying the corner stone of a Capitalist International. The prescribed steps:

- 1) All nations should scale down tariff walls and scrap import quotas which Mr. McGarrath called "the new method of interfering with trading relations [which] has resulted, in many cases, in rendering the working of most favored-nation clauses and other provisions in commercial treaties practically inoperative."
- 2) No nation should persist in efforts to bolster up its currency by blocking international exchange across its frontier—something which all the Balkan nations and many another are now doing.
- "Exchange control . . ." earnestly warned Mr. McGarrath, "forces trade into a kind of strait-jacket, leaving little or no room for the play of economic forces . . . that normally tend to re-establish equilibrium."
- 3) All nations should prepare for "monetary reconstruction . . . which will be as indispensable after the world crisis as after the World War."
- "Inherent Power." Touching short-

term credits, which he seemed to regard as one of the sorest spots in the entire Depression. Mr. McGarrath estimated that such credits outstanding at the beginning of 1931 totaled 50 billion Swiss francs (\$9,647,500,000) and that frightened lenders suddenly called home 30 billion Swiss francs (\$5,788,500,000) of their short-term loans.

"It is unnecessary," said the World Banker, "to emphasize the havoc wrought by this vast movement of liquid funds . . . which was increased rather than reduced by the warning implied in Mr. Hoover's proposal . . . or to dwell upon the stagnation resulting from the magnitude of the sums immobilized. They have contributed each their part to the persistent fall of prices and they have accentuated the deflationary forces which are oppressing world economy."

"The most remarkable thing is that economic systems have been able to withstand such dislocating forces—a fact that seems to indicate their inherent power of resistance."

Justice & Stability. To end the Basle business last week a BIZ dividend of 6% was voted to BIZ stockholders who are the central banks of 25 countries and the J. P. Morgan group.

When BIZ was organized an additional bloc of stock was set aside to be bought within two years by other nations, providing each buyer was a state on the gold standard and could meet certain other reliability tests.

Up to last week BIZ had discovered no such nation, had turned down numerous applicants. Therefore, despite the fact that not all the original stockholders remain on the gold standard, they were permitted last week to buy the outstanding BIZ stock, will receive the extra slices of BIZ dividend melon to which their privileged purchase entitles them.

With their business done, eminent BIZ men read papers to each other. Professor Charles Rist, speaking for the gold-gorged Bank of France, notably declared, "It is impossible to return to the price levels of 1929. I believe the world faces a long period of low prices." President Dr. Treub of the gold-gorged Netherlands Bank flayed bimetalism.

Significance. Since Gates McGarrath has sat for two whole years at the nerve center of World Depression his recommendations weightily point a way for the Lausanne Conference, postponed from January to late June. At Lausanne, Germany will assert her total inability to pay Reparations, either now or at any future time (see p. 17); and the imminence of U. S. elections will have strengthened the U. S. Congress' resolve not to cancel War Debts. Therefore the Lausanne statesmen will be under terrific pressure, perhaps under a pressure sufficient to squeeze them together into a Capitalist International. Though the motto "All For One and One For All" sounds somewhat daring when applied to international finance, it had achieved last week at Basle a most eminent, conservative, historic sponsorship.

Foreign News—(Continued)

AUSTRALIA

Lang Ousted

Dining and drinking in Sydney restaurants, moneyed New South Walesmen leaped up with loud hurrahs last week at sudden news that His Majesty's Governor of New South Wales, Sir Philip Game, had forced out of office their notorious State Premier, tall, square-jawed John Thomas Lang, famed for repudiating more than \$3,500,000 of interest due on the State debt.

Raucous Sydney revelers jubilated in the streets all night. Australian stocks & bonds leaped up in London and Manhattan.

Meanwhile ousted Premier Lang had stalked with loud strides out of his office, snarled "I'm through here!" at reporters, jack-knifed his long body into his small motor car, pressed the starter and rattled off to his farm some miles from Sydney. Significantly he had been dismissed not by Sir Isaac Isaacs, the Australian-born Governor General of the Commonwealth, but by British-born Sir Philip Game, the belligerently British Governor of the State.* Laborite supporters of Mr. Lang predicted that in the New South Wales election which must now be held, the "British meddling" of Sir Philip would sweep Laborite Lang back into power.

At the residence of Sir Philip and Lady Game reporters were assured that "the Governor gave Mr. Lang every chance before demanding his resignation." Sir Philip, his secretaries said, had begun by calling State Premier Lang on the carpet for resisting the efforts of Federal Premier Lyons to collect taxes in the defaulting state of New South Wales (TIME, April 18 *et seq.*). Since the Federal Treasury has made good the State's defaults, and since the Federal Parliament has authorized tax seizures, Sir Philip protested the circulation by Premier Lang of a letter ordering officials of New South Wales to obstruct the seizures. This letter Sir Philip called "illegal," told Mr. Lang he could either withdraw his letter or resign as Premier, whereat he promptly resigned.

At once Conservative Sir Philip replaced Laborite Lang with Conservative B. S. Stevens, leader of his party (United Australia) in New South Wales. Mr. Stevens assured everyone that he would instantly hand over all taxes demanded by his Conservative superior. This did not alter the fact that Premier Lang's Laborites still held an overwhelming majority in the State Assembly, would un-

doubtedly throw out Premier Stevens should he dare to face them. Instead Mr. Stevens proposed to ask Sir Philip to dissolve the Assembly at once, order an election.

Beach Purity

In Melbourne last week the Beach Purity League was excoriated by Police Magistrate Stafford.

"I deplore the law compelling me to fine young men for the natural and healthy act of rolling down their bathing suits to the waist," declared Judge Stafford. "The day is coming when Australians will regard a loin cloth a sufficient covering and when young men will be proud to display fine, manly, sun-tanned figures."

INDIA

Two Boys

Small Bombay last week two mischievous inn boys got in trouble with a shopkeeper. Some said the boys were Hindu, the shopkeeper Mohammedan, some said it was the other way around. One thing was certain. Race rioting flared through the city like a prairie fire, lasted three days. Whole blocks were burned, 30 people were killed, over 600 wounded. Police were helpless. Eventually a battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers went into action.

IRISH FREE STATE
"Poor Man's Budget"

Voters who believed the platform promises of Eamon de Valera to reduce taxation could barely believe their eyes when they read the Budget Bill presented to the Dail in Dublin last week by embarrassed Finance Minister Sean MacEntee.

Mr. MacEntee proposed to up the basic Free State income tax rate from three shillings and sixpence in the pound to five shillings (25%). Next he asked the Dail's leave to take 25% of the Irish Hospital's profits in their famed sweepstakes. Thirdly he proposed a whole string of tariff uppings. Finally he asked leave to spend an extra \$367,000 to give jobs to Ireland's unemployed under the Housing Act.

"This is a poor man's budget!" declared the Finance Minister. Charging the previous Cosgrave Government with "faultry bookkeeping," he declared that the de Valera Government had found themselves faced with a "paper deficit" of £650,000, which knocked President de Valera's plans for tax reduction to smithereens. Interrupted former Finance Minister Ernest Blythe: "Instead of a 'paper deficit' of £650,000 we left you a surplus of £160,000!"

Good or bad, the MacEntee budget pleased the Laborites whose support keeps President de Valera in power. The President stuck last week to the job of keeping his other great campaign promise—his promise to abolish the Oath of Fidelity to the King (TIME, Feb. 29, *et seq.*). In Dublin the bill abolishing the Oath was before the Irish Senate having passed the Dail. Suddenly in London the beans were

spilled by that pudgy-fingered, perennial bungler the Rt. Hon. James Henry ("Jim") Thomas, Minister of Dominions.

In a statement which London editors unanimously called "ill timed," Mr. Thomas threatened that if the oath is abolished Great Britain will retaliate by refusing to renew the tariff preferences she now grants to the Free State. Obviously the timing of this threat was such as to enrage the Irish Senate just before it voted. It increased the chances that the bill would pass. Quietly jubilant in Dublin, teacherish President de Valera dryly said:

"When it is proved that the British Parliament and the Canadian Parliament cannot abolish their oaths if they choose, then and then only I will begin to think there may be some basis for Mr. Thomas' remarks." Three weeks ago Britain's House of Commons voted down 204-to-4 a British Laborite proposal to abolish its oath to George V (TIME, May 9).

CANADA-BRITAIN
Chain & Flatiron

Canadians, disgusted with their radio programs which are similar to those in the U. S., took a first step last week toward following Mother Britain, famed for her able broadcasting.

On Parliament Hill in Ottawa, rich & pious Richard Bedford Bennett, Canadian Premier, put through the House of Commons in a single hour and without a single dissenting vote the unanimous report of nine Canadians appointed last February to survey Dominion radio. Briefly the House approved in principle:

- 1) Gradual emancipation of Canada from U. S. radio influence by the setting up of a coast-to-coast chain of powerful stations under Dominion ownership.
- 2) Reduction of the advertising content of Canadian broadcasts to not more than 5% of each program.
- 3) Supervision of Canadian broadcasts by a Dominion commission charged with improving the quality of programs.
- 4) Gradual buying out and regulation by the high-power chain of present small Canadian stations, many of them antiquated.

Brother-in-Law. To the House, Premier Bennett was able to announce some good work by his brother-in-law, Canadian Minister at Washington William Duncan Herridge. In the past few weeks Major Herridge has negotiated with the State Department an agreement opening several new radio channels to Canada. During the dickering Major Herridge waxed emphatic about Canada's radio rights based on area. Contrariwise, Acting Secretary of State William R. Castle pointed out that U. S. population is 13 times that of Canada, that after all it is people, not acres, that listen. Under the agreement amicably arrived at Canada will have out of a total of 96 North American radio channels, six exclusively her own according to the U. S. State Department and eight shared with U. S. stations.

Goose. Vexed in Manhattan by Ottawa's new radio plans, Spokesman Frank

*Each state or province of a Dominion has its own premier and its own governor, there being also a premier and a governor-general for the Dominion as a whole. Governors, no less than governors-general, derive their powers directly from the King who appoints them, theoretically, on the advice of the local premier. In practice the King used to appoint governors-general and governors much as he pleased, but George V has been forced to bow more & more to local sentiment, notably when His Majesty was forced to appoint Sir Isaac Isaacs, "a man he had never seen," to be Governor General of Australia. For a governor to dismiss a premier is unusual but not unprecedented. Two Premiers of Quebec have been dismissed by their Governor.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Mason of National Broadcasting Co. exclaimed, "They're killing the goose [radio advertising] that lays the golden egg!"

Over 15% of a normal "Amos 'n' Andy" program is Pepsodent ballyhoo and to cut this down to 5% would clearly diminish, perhaps spoil, the sales value of the program.

Cautious. Though Premier Bennett promised to draft a Broadcasting Bill and present it shortly to the House for action, many a Canadian editor urged caution. Admitting "the undoubted fact that . . . the quality of the entertainment is very often poor, and the overload of advertising little short of exasperating," Montreal's *Daily Star* remarked that "Radio is not a necessity of life," questioned whether Canada in the present depression can afford to build an estimated \$5,000,000 chain of high-power stations and switch to broadcasting of a higher type.

Bluntly the Canadian trade monthly, *The Commerce of the Nation*, said: "It is argued that there will result a great enrichment of the cultural life of the community from the nationalization of radio. . . . Our own opinion is that at the present moment cultural enrichment borders upon an extravagance which is small solace for an empty belly. . . . A state has absolutely no right to toy with the idea of radio nationalization . . . when men and women are going hungry."

B. B. C. In the British Isles it is not His Majesty's Government which broadcasts but a private monopoly licensed by Parliament, the B. B. C. or British Broadcasting Co. Ltd. Its motto: "Nation Shall Speak Unto Nation."*

Since last November the urbane B. B. C. has been moving piecemeal from quarters adjoining the famed Savoy Hotel on the River Thames back and up to its new Broadcasting House, an eight-story flatiron building between Regents Park and Oxford Circus. Termed by its Latin inscription a *Templum Hoc Artium et Musarum*, the big white flatiron is dedicated *Deo Omnipotenti*, managed by *Johannes Reith Eques* (John Reith, Knight).

So averse is Sir John to publicity for himself or other B. B. C. folk that he vetoed a public opening of any sort, unbent on May 3 only to the extent of personally hoisting the B. B. C. flag: "A terrestrial globe on an azure field, representing the ether, with the seven remaining planets in the sky around it. Around the globe is a golden ring representing broadcast transmissions through the ether encircling the earth."

Studies are located one above another in a noise-deadening brick tower which fills the centre of the flatiron. "Moisture given off by people in the tower," according to B. B. C., figures out at "one ton in a twelve-hour day."

British System. The U. S. has 609 radio stations, no license fee for receiving sets. Canada has 66 stations. It taxes receivers \$2 per year, figures that there are some 100,000 "bootleg sets" in the Dominion. In the British Isles there are

22 stations, all directed from the B. B. C. flatiron. The license fee of ten shillings per set (about \$1.80 at current exchange) supplies the chief revenue of the B. B. C. and most listeners feel they get their money's worth. From licenses B. B. C. nets around \$4,500,000 per year, nets another \$600,000 from the sale of its publications *Radio Times*, *World-Radio* and *The Listener*. (Listeners who happen to miss an important lecture can read it



International

JOHANNES REITH EQUES

He hoisted a globe in an azure field.

verbatim in *The Listener*, on all British newsstands every Wednesday.)

The blind have their sets licensed free. Not only that, but charitable contributions sent to B. B. C. have bought and installed over 17,000 sets for Britain's blind.

Broadly speaking B. B. C.'s pay to entertainers is low, but by inflexible rule no one except members of the Royal Family may address a microphone in the British Isles without accepting some remuneration. Thus what B. B. C. thinks not worth paying for does not go on the air. Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald and similar personages are paid a nominal fee, said to be from two to five guineas.

British Programs. Statistically B. B. C. devotes 31% of its programs to "light" music, 20% to "serious" music, 14% to "variety" (songs & comedy), 10% to "dance bands," 8% to the children's hour, 7% to "serious" talks, 3% to drama, 1% to religious services, 1% to "gramophone records," the remaining 5% to "special transmission" such as charitable appeals of approved merit, police alarms, descriptions of missing persons.

Performers of world prominence who have broadcast for B. B. C. include Basso Chialpini, Pianist Paderewski, Amos 'n' Andy (who proved unpopular), Paul Robeson (popular), G. B. Shaw and the late, great Danseuse Pavlova. (Today B. B. C. eschews and frowns upon such "stunts" as broadcasting Mme Pavlova's dancing footsteps, popular though they

proved in 1924, 1925 and 1927, accompanied by ballet music.)

Regular classes, said to number 100,000 students, listen in British schools to B. B. C. courses so successful that school teachers have protested, fearing to lose their jobs.

B. B. C. is proudest of its "talks" (by everyone from George V to Pius XI) and especially of its National Lectures inaugurated three years ago by the late Poet Laureate Robert Bridges. Each National Lecturer is given a full hour in which to talk and if he talks only 45 or 50 minutes B. B. C. is not in the least perturbed, merely turns on what British listeners call "The Ghost in Galoshes." This is a clock which ticks seconds, known officially as "The Interval Signal." The box in which it nestles with a microphone is known unofficially as "Studio 10A."

B. B. C. officials firmly insist that a pause between all programs, with no sound except the muffled tread of the Ghost in Galoshes, rests the listener's ears and increases his enjoyment both of what he has heard and of what he is going to hear. Typical B. B. C. service:

¶ During the General Strike of 1926 with Press, telegraphs and telephones silenced, B. B. C. broadcast not only news and Government announcements but railway timetables and essential facts of every sort.

¶ Despite criticism B. B. C. has broadcast both sides of the Soviet and Indian questions, but St. Gandhi was not heard by British listeners though he broadcast from London to the U. S. and Canada.

¶ Economist John Maynard Keynes broadcasting advice to spend rather than save cut the sale of National Saving Certificates in Great Britain from 250,000 per day to 157,000. In this emergency B. B. C. soon afterward put Sir Josiah Stamp on the air and his stirring appeal—*A Thousand Million Saving Certificates!*—boosted sales so much that three days later 450,000 were sold and on the fourth day 500,000—a record.

¶ B. B. C.'s "Radio Uncle" used to talk down to children, has been replaced by an Uncle graduated from Oxford who "talks to children as his equals."

¶ Operas and plays (even Shakespeare's) are cut by B. B. C. as adroitly as possible to a length of 90 minutes, found by experiment to be the ideal maximum length for a broadcast to British listeners.

¶ "Crushing refutation of assertions that British family life is disintegrating" has just been furnished to Sir William Henry Beveridge of the London School of Economics by anonymous answers received to his questionnaire about family life broadcast by B. B. C. last month.

"To my surprise," beamed Sir William, "the parents' choice appears to determine the sons' careers even more than the daughters'." Replies convinced him that British two-child families of today are happier than five-child Victorian families; that there is less intra-family snooping and gossiping and that, as an anonymous British oxyacetylene welder wrote: "No man, young or old, need hesitate at saying that a woman is his friend and pal."

* Cf. Samuel Morse's first message by telegraph: "Attention, the Universe, by kingdoms right wheel!" (see p. 9).

Foreign News—(Continued)

ITALY

"Rifle & Book!"

"In this eleventh year of Fascism," shouted Premier Benito Mussolini to 5,000 Fascist students massed in the square below his office last week, "your watchword more than ever before is this!"—and *Il Duce* held up ambidextrously a rifle in one hand and a book in the other.

"Hurrah!" roared the students. "Rifle and Book! Rifle and Book! Hurrah for our *Duce*. Rifle and Book!"

Said one of the Dictator's secretaries, "His Excellency personally devised the watchword 'Rifle and Book!' It symbolizes the twofold duty of Fascist students and is now the recognized basis of university training in Italy."

Unbalanced Sacrifice

Faced by a dilemma—to balance or not to balance the Italian budget—last week His Excellency Finance Minister Antonio Mosconi addressed the Chamber of Deputies thus:

"Taxation has limits which it is dangerous to pass. Italy will not balance her budget this year but will make a wise and temporary sacrifice of principle to aid the people and Italian industry."

There being no Opposition Party in the Chamber of Deputies, nobody questioned Signor Mosconi but he volunteered that "while the current deficit of \$111,000,000 is continuing, nevertheless the next one will be only \$74,000,000, and meanwhile the Treasury is in good condition because of over-subscription of our recent internal loan."

GERMANY

Riches

Furiously through a whole night last week the Stuttgart City Council debated the following motion, supported by Fascist, Democratic and Communist Councilmen:

"Be it resolved that no German shall receive a yearly income, either earned or unearned, of more than 12,000 marks" (\$2,865).

Just as dawn broke the resolution passed, was sent to the Württemberg State Diet with an urgent request that it be brought at once before the Reichstag in Berlin. The International Labor Office figures the income of the average Berlin wage earner at 3,364 marks (\$804).

FRANCE

Joffre's Bones

Expensive was the dying request of Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre, Marshal of France. "I do not wish," he specified, "to be buried in anything resembling a tomb."

What to do?

Since in the French mind Love is the opposite of Death, the Widow Joffre commissioned Architect Henri Laffaille to build a Temple of Love, suggested that he copy the one at Versailles of which amorous French kings made such good use.



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WIDOW JOFFRE

Instead of Death's tomb, Love's temple.

Last week the new white marble Temple was completed at Louveciennes, not far from a château once occupied by comparatively chaste King Louis XVI. Plans were announced to place the remains of Marshal Joffre in his Temple of Love this summer.

"I wish," said the Widow Joffre, "to be buried beside my husband when I die."

RUSSIA

Big Zag

Driving Russia further & further toward Communism,* Josef Stalin's Communist Party advances by a series of zig-zags, first zigging as far to the Left as the people will stand, then zagging a trifle to the Right, easing the strain. Came last week a major zag. Dictator Stalin and Premier Molotov signed a sheaf of decrees conferring on Soviet peasants for the remainder of 1932 these boons:

1) Individuals or members of collective farms who have raised the quantity of grain specified by the Government (which has lowered the 1932 quota 20%) may sell a portion of their crop to whom they like for whatever price they can get. Previously they could only sell to the Government at its fixed low price.

2) Similarly Soviet cattle raisers may sell a portion of their stock for what it will bring. They rejoiced last week at

*Contrary to popular misconception the Russian system today is not Communism, nor does the ruling Communist Party claim to have Communized Russia. According to Joseph Stalin, Russians are "building Socialism," will later attempt to build Communism.

Directly after the Revolution, Russia passed through a period of so-called "War Communism" characterized by virtual abolition of money and attempts to apply the Communist maxim "from each according to his ability and to each according to his needs." Today Russia is back on a money and piecework basis, but is not back on a Capitalist basis, the distinction being that no private employer is permitted to amass any considerable wealth.

Moscow's announcement that for the rest of this year the State will buy at its compulsory low price only 700,000 tons of meat instead of 1,400,000 tons.

In Soviet cities the State zagged by taking off the ration list Russia's beloved tea & cigarettes, also milk, eggs, cheese, canned goods (except canned meat), candy, soap and knitted goods.

Still rationed (purchasable only on presentation of a card) are bread, flour, meat, oil, gruel, sugar and Russia's beloved butter & herring. Men's clothing was not taken off the ration list, but the ration per man per year was increased.

Finally the Soviet Government, for the first time in two years, entered the foreign wheat market as a heavy buyer. By this time last year 85 million bushels of Soviet wheat had been sold or dumped on the world market. This year Russia is not only eating her wheat and permitting her peasants to trade hard bargains for it, but has purchased in the last fortnight three million bushels from Canada for delivery in foreign bottoms to the Soviet Far East port of Vladivostok.

Unquestionably all this pointed to Soviet preparedness for a possible fight with Japan. Josef Stalin's zag all along the line was an advance concession to the Russian people, in case the Communist Party is presently forced to ask them to rally in arms around its regime. Latest reports place the number of Red Army troops concentrated on the Far East frontier at 100,000. Japanese warships will scarcely fire on neutral freight boats bringing to Vladivostok food for the Dictator's soldiers.

BULGARIA

Unemployed Theologians

Contending that "the study of theology is essentially unjustified in times like these," the Bulgarian Government fired the entire Theological Faculty of the University of Sofia last week, threw out of work no less than 70 skilled theologians.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Papp's Potatoes

Each little country of Eastern Europe hates & fears the next. Last week Bishop Papp of Miskolcz in Hungary obtained a carload of potatoes, consigned them to starving persons of his faith in Ruthenia, which is part of Czechoslovakia, sat back and waited for Ruthenian thanks, which failed to arrive.

Instead Bishop Papp received irate notice that his potatoes are barred from Czechoslovakia by the Czechoslovak Government, which will not permit its starving Ruthenians to accept them even as a gift. That Ruthenians are starving their Deputies in the Czechoslovak Chamber have asserted again & again. The last time this blighted province was up for debate, Ruthenian Deputy Kurtyak shouted, "You smug people here in Prague don't realize that 15,000 Ruthenian children are on the brink of starving to death. For God's

Foreign News—(Continued)

sake help our children if you won't help us!"

The President of Czechoslovakia is famed, snow-crested Professor Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. During the War he played adroitly on U. S. sympathies, pictured poignantly the hardships of his people, persuaded the Peace Conference to entrust to Czechoslovak stewardship numerous minority peoples like the Ruthenians. Last week the aged President and "Father of his Country" seemed to agree with Prague bureaucrats that it would be dangerous to let Bishop Papp feed the Ruthenians.

President Masaryk did nothing. The potatoes stayed in Hungary. An official protest by the Hungarian Legation was pigeonholed at the office of famed Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister Edvard Benes.

Abruptly and without explanation President Hoover cabled Abraham C. Ratshesky, U. S. Minister in Czechoslovakia to hurry to Washington "on an official mission."

JAPAN

Purification by Pistols

A welter of bombings in Tokyo and the assassination of Japan's Premier produced last week comparatively little horror, dismay or revulsion but such cool Japanese comments as these:

His Excellency Lieut.-General Sadao Araki, Minister of War (after a 20-minute audience with the Son of Heaven, Emperor Hirohito): "So far as I can learn the events of today were designed to purify politics."

Nichi Nichi, famed Tokyo daily: "Leaflets distributed by the plotters indicate they were extremely worried regarding the economic situation. . . ."

"They aimed to cause a reign of terror by menacing the existence of the Government and thus try to turn public attention to the necessity of entirely changing the present outlook on life. They sacrificed their lives for the nation as martyrs. We deeply regret and deplore the occurrence of the incident but feel that only a few Japanese today remain who are satisfied with existing conditions."

"In view of the worsening depression and incompetent political parties, many people here, like men committing suicide, feel like destroying their lives and everything else in desperation."

Kazuo Edina, editor of San Francisco's *Japanese Daily News*: "We consider this to be one of the Fascist adventures of some young Japanese Navy and Army officers. . . . I use the term Fascist as applied to an organized outbreak against a Parliamentary Government."

Typical, these Japanese comments were partly explained by the fact that Premier Ki Inukai was known as "the Old Fox," famed for slyness and trickery (*TIME*, Dec. 21). Moreover the name of his Seiyukai Party has long been a Japanese byword for corruption. Last week prominent citizens of Tokyo, reluctant to comment on the killing of the Old Fox,

spoke instead about Parliamentary Government, called it "alien," speculated upon the possible benefits of a return to Japanese Medievalism—as though that were possible in 1932.

"Fire!" The day had been warm, sunny, peaceful. Just before sunset Tokyo was terrified by the sudden dashing through her streets of four or five motorcars (one a commandeered taxicab) from which uniformed Japanese petty officers



TAKAHASHI, INUKAI

Young Japanese officers do not like their kind.

and cadets flung bundles of leaflets and hurled bombs.

"Down with the disloyalists!" read the leaflets. "Up with the Emperor! End the old corrupt political leaders! Down with the financial oligarchy! Down with privilege! We are Nationalists—neither of the Left nor Right. We want restoration of the imperial power. Direct action is necessary to save the country!"

Small, weak but exceedingly loud bombs were hurled at the Bank of Japan, the Mitsubishi Bank, the residence of Emperor Hirohito's Grand Chamberlain Admiral Kantaro Suzuki, the Central Police Station opposite the Cherry Village Gate of the Imperial Palace. At the gate a Japanese reporter fell with a bullet in his foot. Other bombs were thrown at the residence of Count Nobuaki Makino, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal and a constant adviser to young Emperor Hirohito, 31.

Meanwhile ancient Premier Ki Inukai, 77, was quietly puffing a cigarette not in his home but in the Official Residence of Japan's Premier directly facing the new Diet Building. With him were his daughter-in-law, her two children and a family friend, Mr. Tanaka. Outside police stood guard.

Suddenly a motorcar drew up with screeching brakes. Out leaped two naval lieutenants, an army sergeant and two corporals of Gendarmerie, all pointing pistols which made the guards run. Burst-

ing into the Premier's lobby, the five attackers found it guarded by Policeman Yasomatsu Hirayama. They shot him, forced their way on into the helpless Old Fox's lair. Screamed his daughter-in-law: "Please let us escape!"

"It is useless," said Premier Inukai, calm as he faced Death. "But what do you want, my men?"

"We will shoot you!" cried a navy officer as four more assailants burst in through a back door. Covered by nine pistols, the Premier said: "Let us talk it over before you shoot."

"Fire!" shouted the officer as Premier Inukai pleaded "please don't shoot! Maybe we can settle this."

For answer the two young officers seized the ancient statesman, pinioned him while their men put two bullets through his head. This was at 5:15 p. m. Miraculously the 77-year-old Premier lived until a few minutes before midnight, died of cerebral hemorrhage after a futile blood transfusion.

Police apparently made no effort to capture the nine killers of the Old Fox as they fled. Later 18 young army and navy men came voluntarily to police headquarters, dramatically gave themselves up but confessed nothing, were not subjected to a third-degree. At 2 a. m. the Son of Heaven received Finance Minister Korekiyo Takahashi, appointed him Acting Premier pending the convocation of the Diet on May 25.

Significance. Acting Premier Takahashi enjoys no more of the nation's confidence than did the "Old Fox." In 1925 there was rejoicing when Mr. Takahashi resigned leadership of the Seiyukai Party. His mere ousting, Japanese thought, would draw better men into the Party.

Today Japan is politically bankrupt. That does not mean that she is financially bankrupt, nor that her Throne is tottering. It means merely that the Army & Navy, making the most of their Constitutional irresponsibility to the Premier and responsibility only to the Throne, have reduced step by step during the past twelvemonth the prestige of both of Japan's great political parties, her Seiyukai and her Minseitō.

As everyone knows, Minseitō Premier Baron Wakatsuki opposed but was unable to stop the Army's plunge into Manchuria (*TIME*, Sept. 28). His successor, the Seiyukai's "Old Fox," pandered eagerly to the Army & Navy, but the costly setback at Shanghai forced the Foreign Office to negotiate what the fighting services were bound to consider a "disgraceful withdrawal" (*TIME*, May 16). This, though not the fault of the "Old Fox," led him straight into a trap of Japanese swash-buckling hysteria which cost him his life last week.

What next? Merely the same old futile thing. As custom decrees, His Majesty sent for the Last of the *Genro* or Statesmen, 83-year-old Prince Saionji. Once again he would advise the Son of Heaven whom to choose as Japan's next Premier. Meanwhile there were rumors (unconfirmed) of mutiny in the Japanese Army & Navy.

AERONAUTICS

Three Men on a Rope

In a huge circle about the mooring mast at Camp Kearney, near San Diego, Calif., ten thousand people assembled one morning last week to watch the U. S. S. *Akron* dock for refueling after a turbulent transcontinental passage. Poking through a gradually lifting fog, the great ship dipped slowly three times, three times was whisked up by rising strata of warm air before the ground crews could grab the spider lines from rings on two dangling cables. The fourth time the crowd cheered as the crew caught hold, started to tug the *Akron's* tossing silver nose toward the stub mast.

With a loud crack the ring on the starboard cable broke. The *Akron* rolled to port like a porpoise. As the ship lurched, 100 sailors in the port ground crew dragged with all their might. Some even climbed up the grab lines the better to hold down the bouncing ship.* A sudden blast of air drove the ship up, jerked the crew into the air. Most of them dropped off, sprawled in a heap on the ground. One plunked down 20 ft., fractured his arm. But soaring rapidly the *Akron* jerked three sailors so high that they dared not let go. Struggling to keep their grip, they lashed about desperately. On the ground women screamed, men wept, officers shouted, sailors ran around wildly. Then Sailor Edfall shot down like a bag of sand, 150 ft. to his death. Two figures still clung to the end of the swinging ropes. One of these soon let go.

"It's the acrobat!" shouted an enlisted man. Kicking and waving his arms as he fell, Sailor Nigel M. Henton, the training station's best gymnast, bounced on the hard-packed earth in a little puff of dust. Ambulances which soon came shrieking up were not needed at all.

The crowd watched the *Akron* rise to 2,000 ft. with the one man still dangling beneath her. The heat grew oppressive. A yell went up as the lump at the end of the cable showed life. Sailor Charles ("Bud") Cowart had straddled a toggle above the ring at the end of the cable, was taking two bowline hitches about his waist. Several times Lieut. Commander Rosendahl maneuvered the tossing ship toward earth, but fearing that Sailor Cowart would be bashed to death, soared again. Firemen stretched nets to try to catch him if he fell.

Airplane men have their Caterpillar Club. Airship men who have dangled on ropes might call themselves Spiders. After two hours the lump at the end of the *Akron's* cable began to rise slowly spiderwise, toward a port in the forward part of the lifeless, floating ship. As the cable shortened Sailor Cowart's oscillations grew more violent. When he disappeared into the port, the crowd murmured with relief but no one cheered.

Aboard the ship Sailor Cowart spurned

*Knowing that if a dirigible lifts them off the earth, it may well carry them up 2,000 ft., experienced ground men will drop the lines when pulled up 3 in., will never jump for a better purchase. Waiting at the Sunnyvale hangar, near San Francisco, was a Lakehurst-trained crew, shipped West to handle the *Akron*.

spirits of ammonia. Said he: "Gimme something to eat." He set off immediately on a curiosity tour of the *Akron*. After the ship was successfully moored later that evening, Sailor Cowart stubbornly refused to tell his story to reporters, despite the friendly coaxing of Commander Rosendahl. A welterweight boxer out for the All-Navy championship, he said: "I'll have to see my manager before I talk." His



COMMANDER ROSEND AHL, SAILOR COWART

Acme

If Caterpillars, why not Spiders?

manager sold the story to the highest bidder, Hearst's Universal Service, Inc.

Commander Rosendahl said: "I am greatly grieved and shocked. . . . It is the first time a fatal accident has occurred in the landing of a navy dirigible. . . . The accident may be ascribed to . . . the weather . . . and the inexperienced ground crew. . . ."

• • •

Over the bad lands of West Texas the *Akron* rode out storms which delayed her a day on her first transcontinental trip, but which demonstrated beyond doubt the ship's structural strength and airworthiness. Numerous alarmed Texans reported the ship laboring in distress. Not realizing that the safest place for a dirigible is the air, amateur ground crews were rushed together. But Commander Rosendahl radioed: "Please inform both San Angelo and Randolph field that no . . . landing is intended but their efforts are appreciated very much."

Delays, however, ate into the ship's food and fuel, forced her to dock at Camp

*In 1928 while attempting to dock the *Los Angeles* at Lakehurst, a snow squall whipped the ship up 500 ft., jerked eight men with her. All were pulled aboard. But not pulled aboard last year was Mascot Tize, nine-month-old ballpup. Always eager to aid the ground crew of Navy blimp J-3, Mascot Tize clamped his teeth in a line as the blimp rose, relaxed his jaws at 400 ft., plummeted to his death (TIME, May 18, 1931).

Kearney. Before the *Akron* cruised leisurely on up to Sunnyvale, Calif., 24 of the crew were sent ahead by plane. In maneuvering at Camp Kearney 33% of the helium had been valved. At Sunnyvale the *Akron* was forced by atmospheric conditions to meander over San Francisco Bay all day before docking.

Three Men on a Spot

Toward a spot on the Atlantic 47 mi. west of Fastnet Light, off the tip of southern Ireland, three men were hurrying last

week. They had no rendezvous. It was sheer luck that when Louis T. Reichers set his crippled monoplane down in a sea whipped up by a nasty blow, Captain George Fried of the S. S. *Roosevelt*, famed for his North Atlantic rescues, was there with his equally famed Chief Officer Harry Manning to send overside in a lifeboat. Chief Officer Manning yanked Pilot Reichers out of his foundering plane, unharmed save for a broken nose, a lacerated face. After they clambered back on board, Captain Fried abandoned the lifeboat, pointed his ship toward Manhattan, wrote a signed dispatch for the Associated Press.

Thus ended an attempt "to determine the practicality of a transatlantic air messenger service, to be backed by Mr. Macfadden." Owned by Publisher Barnard Macfadden, the black-&-gold Lockheed Altair monoplane carried a 50-lb. payload, an additional gas tank in the rear cockpit where Publisher Macfadden was wont to ride about the U. S. Taking off from Newark Airport late at night, Pilot Reichers roared to Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, in 6 hr. 10 min. As he taxied up the field, the plane's tail skid threw a rock through the fuselage, injuring the stabilizer controls. Quickly repairing the damage, he sped off for Paris via Dublin. When finally forced down by a cracked wing and fuel shortage, Pilot Reichers was within 150 mi. of his scheduled stop, 57 mi. from land.

T H E P R E S S

"Buyers' Strike"

Of ebullient young Publisher Roy Wilson Howard, whom he saw at Henry Latham Doherty's 62nd birthday party last week (see p. 42), experienced old Arthur Brisbane wrote in his Hearstpaper column: "He is the man, daring all for science, who grafted the dead New York *Evening World* onto the half-dead New York *Evening Telegram* and said to the world 'Now watch it run.' It doesn't exactly run, but when you consider everything, Mr. Howard has done well. All his friends hope that circulation will improve, and that New York merchants will change their minds and decide to advertise in it. Courage should be rewarded."

Editor Brisbane and all other Manhattan news executives had reason to wish the *World-Telegram* well in its fight with local merchants. Twelve large department stores had withdrawn their advertising from the *World-Telegram*, presumably in protest against a rate increase. Department store lineage—about one-third of a paper's total lineage—dropped 80% in a week. John Wanamaker, R. H. Macy & Co. and James A. Hearn & Son alone remained.

Months ago the *World-Telegram* announced a 3¢ per line increase over old *World* rates, to align the paper's revenue with its merger-increased circulation. Other publishers feared that victory over the *World-Telegram* would spur the retailers to try to beat down other newspapers' rates.

Ever watchful *Editor & Publisher* spoke last month of a secret conference of store managers which preceded the "buyers' strike," hinted darkly at "restraint of trade."

Chicago Chit-Chat

Chicagoans who read society news are now accustomed to reading daily chit-chat which, besides routine news of socialite comings & goings, serves up harmless intimacies. First to adopt the idea was the *Daily News* when alert Col. William Franklin ("Frank") Knox took charge last summer (TIME, Aug. 24). Soon the *Tribune* found it necessary to brighten up its social page. Last week, accompanied by fanfare which included a full-page advertisement and a half-page announcement in the society columns, Hearst's evening *American* appeared with the chit-chat column of them all. Excerpts:

"The whole world, practically, seems to be giving cocktail parties. . . Mrs. Henry Field had on a fantastic and most becoming hat . . . like a parrot with a gardenia under the brim. . . Mother (Mrs. A. H. Granger) is sailing the end of May to spend the summer in and around Vienna. . . I've been a little tired this week and the person who is to blame is Miss Margalo Gilmore, owing to the fact that she has so many friends here. . . We played the piano and sang and in no time it was much too late. . . Like all my parties, everyone just sat on the floor and talked—the reason being that there never seem to be enough chairs to go around. . ."

What interested *American* readers most,

however, was not the column but the fact that its conductor was a young woman who knew whereof she wrote—Mrs. William Mitchell Blair, 31, smart & sociable, whose husband is related to the formidable Chicago clans of McCormicks, Mitchells and Blairs.*

Martha Granger Blair gave up a job in a dress shop to go with the *American*. She has a year's contract at a salary



MARTHA GRANGER BLAIR

"Everyone just sat on the floor and talked."

"much bigger" than before, will write "authentic, interesting, amusing" stories. Whatever Mrs. Blair will say, she will put down either in longhand or by dictation; she does not know how to typewrite, though for purposes of publicity the *American* pictured her "writing her first newspaper story" at a typewriter. Fond of tennis, swimming, riding, mother of two, she dislikes golf and bridge, prefers talking to backgammon. Last winter, long before she knew she was one day to work for William Randolph Hearst, she appeared in a charity tableau representing Cinemactress Marion Davies.

The hiring of Mrs. Blair was by no means the only important change in the *American* last fortnight. Managing Editor James P. Bicket was replaced by quiet, gentle-mannered Royal Daniel Jr., one-time managing editor of Hearst's Boston *Advertiser* and lately of the Washington *Herald*. Reason: small, smart William A. Curley had been in town. Now managing editor of the profitable New York *Evening Journal*, which he has built up as he built up the Chicago *American* and Los Angeles *Herald*, "Bill" Curley is Publisher Hearst's chief "trouble-shooter." From his Manhattan headquarters he dashes about to Boston, Chicago, Atlanta, Milwaukee, doctoring Hearst evening papers, advising changes, sometimes hiring and (a task which he detests) firing.

*William Mitchell Blair is not to be confused with his cousin William McCormick Blair, Chicago partner of Lee, Higginson & Co.

Reporter's Return

Fairly typical of first-rate newshawks is short, swart, banjo-eyed Norman Klein, 35. As a cub reporter he covered churches for the Sioux City *Tribune*, migrated by jumps to the Chicago *Daily News*. For two years he served that paper as War correspondent on the British front. Next he worked for the Chicago *Tribune* as "the world's worst copyreader." Manhattan was his goal. He reached it in 1925, frittered away his money on Broadway before looking for a job. When the tabloid *Mirror* notified him he was hired, he stole an empty milk bottle to raise subway fare to go to work. From the vulgar *Mirror* Reporter Klein went to the patrician *Evening Post* where in the next four years his by-line became so familiar that in 1929 the *American Press* (trade-paper) thought it worthwhile to ask him why he was quitting to take a job in an advertising agency (TIME, Nov. 11, 1929). Excerpts from his reply:

"Newspapering is a young man's game. . . And a newspaperman is young only as long as he can successfully kid himself. I kidded myself because I kept on thinking smugly that I was Somebody. . . A newspaperman's training—his 'deadline' habit of thinking on his feet—will get him further in a money way in advertising. . . I'm out for the jack from now on."

Last week Adman Klein returned to his old desk at the *Evening Post*. He had lasted a year with his first agency, was hired away by another which discharged him after three months. Said Reporter Klein last week:

"I went into it for the money and it wasn't worth it. It was like riding a merry-go-round in an insane asylum. For one thing the 'deadline' habit gets you nowhere. If you hand a piece of copy in the same day it is assigned, the boss assumes it's no good because you didn't take long enough. Hold it for a couple of days and it will be accepted right away. . . A city editor can make up his mind instantly on an important decision and he's right 90% of the time. An advertising man takes a day, a week or a month. . . Most agencies thrive on two or three fat bread-&-butter accounts, and they're neurotic with fear of those clients. Consequently, advertising men eat too fast, smoke & drink too much, suffer from telephone madness, and Bermuda is their sanitarium. The few hep guys in the business are bitterly unhappy and all have some outlet—painting, amateur photography, fiction writing. . . I wrote hundreds of pieces of copy, delivered sausages to 'test consumer preferences,' tested a radio set's reception in Mammoth Cave, ghosted a numerologist's answers to letters of radio listeners, conducted blindfold tests of cigars, wrote speeches for a corporation president, sold mayonnaise to Pennsylvania steelworkers, sat in endless solemn conferences. And now I hope to regain my sanity."

After quitting advertising Reporter Klein retired with his wife and infant son to Westport, Conn., wrote a mystery novel (*No! No! The Woman!*) because someone told him he ought to. Fortnight ago the *Post* asked him to return to work. Another ace reporter, Milton MacKay, had left to write a novel in Connecticut.

“...our wedding trip
will never end”

*Give her the gift
she'll prize forever . . .*

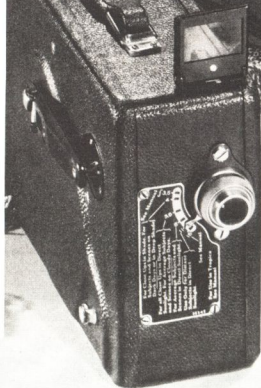
a **Ciné-Kodak**

“We carried our Ciné-Kodak everywhere—brought back our trip to enjoy for years to come.”

How much this means to any bride! For Ciné-Kodak captures in living pictures the glorious days of the honeymoon—literally making them live forever.

With Ciné-Kodak M anyone can take clear, sharp movies from the very beginning. No focusing—just press the lever and you're making a movie. It's as easy as taking a snapshot. Price \$75. Your dealer will gladly show you this uniquely acceptable gift. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

SIMPLEST OF HOME MOVIE CAMERAS



SEE ZOPPOT

CUNARD —

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

NORTH CAPE
RUSSIA CRUISE

ZOPPOT . . . the Monte Carlo of the Baltic . . . gay . . . glittering . . . fashionable summer resort. Next door to DANZIG . . . rich and ornate city of the Teutonic Knights.

[no other American cruise will go to
Zoppot and Danzig]

These visits are typical of the Raymond-Whitcomb — Cunard North Cape — Russia Cruise . . . unusual . . . never-to-be-forgotten.

Sailing June 28 on the S.S. "Carinthia"

*Lower prices than ever before
(\$625 up — shore excursions optional)*

The Cruise ticket includes return passage to America, any time this year, on the "Aquitania," "Berengaria," "Mauritania" or other of the great Cunard liners.

Visits to

Iceland, the North Cape, Norway's Fjords and most interesting cities, Visby and Stockholm, Leningrad, Moscow, Copenhagen.

Send for illustrated book

Raymond-Whitcomb

729 Boylston St., Boston

Cunard Line

25 Broadway, New York

or any steamship agent — anywhere

M E D I C I N E

A. M. A. at New Orleans

At Warm Springs, Ga., whither Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt of New York goes for the lessons in walking which he has needed since infantile paralysis attacked him eleven years ago, he last week clambered onto a wooden table fastened to the bottom of his glass-enclosed bathing pool. Helen Lauer, his physiotherapist, clad like him in a bathing suit, helped him onto the table where he lay supine, partially submerged and buoyed up by a foot of water. Miss Lauer, 35, 5 ft. 5 in., hazel of eye, strong of fist, proceeded to massage one by one the 116 muscles in Governor Roosevelt's toes, feet, legs, thighs, counting 10 as she manipulated each. Then he sat up, swayed his heavy torso forwards and backwards. That was to keep his abdominal muscles in tone.

While Miss Lauer stood by to guard against accidents and too much activity by her patient, he slid himself off his table, caught hold of a horizontal bar affixed to the side wall of the pool. Supported partly by the bar, partly by the deep water, he thrust out his legs alternately as though he were riding a bicycle. Tired of "bicycling," he "abducted" and "adducted" his legs (raised & lowered them sideways), creating great swirls of water. A swim and a walk in four feet of water unsupported by brace, crutch or attendant, are included in his daily 45 minutes of under-water calisthenics, or hydrogymnastics. "Vastly improved," commented Physiotherapist Helen Lauer. With braces and cane and leaning upon someone's arm, Governor Roosevelt now can take short promenades.

The re-education of Governor Roosevelt's muscles interested every one at the New Orleans meeting of the American Medical Association last week. Infantile paralysis was a major topic of discussion. Alice Lou Plastridge, director of physiotherapy at Warm Springs, lectured on her chief client's treatments. She averred: "He's as strong as you and I. He just doesn't walk as well as we do. But I can assure you that despite that impediment in his walk he is in splendid physical shape."

Other topics, other reports at the A. M. A. meeting:

Asthma Cooked. Knowing that malaria fever was proving an excellent treatment for paresis, and that fever caused by scarlet fever, pneumonia or an abscess usually gave temporary relief to people suffering from asthma, Dr. Samuel Maurice Feinberg & associates of Chicago tried out artificial fevers on their asthmatic patients, got good results. Their method is to anoint the patient thoroughly, wrap him in blankets and electric heating pads, cook him for about eight hours at 104° F.

Eyes Reset. A frequent effect of goiter is protrusion of the eyes. Usually the eyes recede and cease staring upon the removal of the goiter. When this does not happen, it is because the muscles surrounding the eyeballs remain swollen to from three to eight times their normal size. Dr. Howard Christian Nagfizer of

San Francisco relieved the pressure by enlargement of the passages through which the optic nerves and the arteries of the eyes reach the eyesocket from the interior of the skull. The popping eyes then reset themselves.

Eyelids Mended. When an eyelid is damaged by injury or disease it can be mended satisfactorily by grafting a bit of skin from another lid, from the inner surface of the arm, or from behind the ear. Skin from those places approximates the thickness of an eyelid. Lids thus mended may blink, wink, close. If his patients insist, Professor Vilray Papin Blair, St. Louis lid-mender, transplants a strip from the eyebrow. Eyelashes from eyebrows usually look straggly. Professor Blair also makes eyebrows with grafts from the



Wide World

WARM SPRINGS' CHIEF PATIENT

His nurse: "He's as strong as you and I."


scalp. These tailor-made eyebrows require frequent barbering.

Bananas & Diarrhea. There is a stubborn, debilitating form of diarrhea called celiac disease. It is most common in children under 5. They cannot digest sugars, starches or fats. Dr. Sidney Valentine Haas of Manhattan found that ripe bananas, for some not fully understood reason, have the power to break up starches and convert cane sugar into more easily tolerated fruit sugar. With carbohydrate (sugar, starch) assimilation taken care of, digestion of fats takes care of itself. Ripe bananas contain all the essential vitamins, except bone-forming D. For times & places where ripe bananas are not available, there are now available preparations of dried, powdered banana.

WANTED: A few more members to join a collegiate party on camping, fishing and hunting trip this summer and early fall. Write for particulars. References asked and furnished. Cable address AGTA.

Alaska Guides, Inc.

Box T Anchorage, Alaska



What your Doctor hears

Have you ever watched your physician use his stethoscope?

What a simple operation it seems. But what an amazingly complicated and vital operation it really *is!*

He is listening to the life-sounds of your body.

Your own ears might detect some of these sounds, but only a doctor's ears, made super-sensitive by years of training and experience, can hear them all and accurately interpret their meaning.

For years your doctor has studied the action and texture of internal organs and tissues. He is so expert in the science of chest-acoustics that he can detect inflammation or any other unusual condition in the bronchial tubes by the delicate shades of

musical pitch caused by the passage of the air from the throat to the lungs. He can hear the sounds of moisture in air-sacs which say, "pneumonia"; the roughness of an inflamed pleura which suggests pleurisy; the defective closing of valves symptomatic of heart-disease.

And when he takes your temperature or blood-pressure, when he examines your nose and throat and ears, when his skilful, gentle fingers search for a tender spot in your abdomen—when he does all these things, he is employing scientific methods whose usefulness in revealing your body's secrets has been developed by decades of study and experience. But only the trained eye and ear and hand can *use* them scientifically.

The original stethoscope invented in 1816 by René Laënnec in Paris, France, consisted of a single hollow wooden tube one foot in length and two inches in diameter. (See above.) The doctor in the large photograph is using the modern type of stethoscope which transmits the body's sounds to both ears.

Your doctor is trained to recognize and cure disease. Make use of his experience and ability. Far too many people suffer needlessly as the result of well-intentioned but unscientific advice of friends and neighbors. When you feel ill, get *professional* advice—call your doctor without undue delay.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

The World's Largest Makers
of Pharmaceutical and Biological Products

**CAN ANY BUSINESS HOUSE TODAY AFFORD TO
IGNORE THE CHANCE TO HAMMER DOWN THE TRAVEL-
COST-PER-BUSINESS-HOUR ONE-THIRD OR MORE?**



WEED OUT **RED INK** HOURS GO BY AIR

The executive's travel hours are *red-ink* hours. Thousands save not only productive time, but dollars, by coordinating air travel with rail travel.

Difficult to believe? Of course. Swift and sweeping changes have taken place in American transportation. Every treasurer, every sales manager, every business executive should know the new facts.

It is easy to apply them to your own individual conditions. Send the route of your next business trip to American Airways Business Travel Planning Service. Indicate the time you will require in each city. Promptly, without charge or obligation, you will receive by mail a complete itinerary showing all departures, arrivals, air and rail

connections, stopovers, exact fares and other information.

Then, compare this new travel-cost-per-business-hour with your old costs. Through this specific dollar comparison proof, business after business, executive after executive has weeded out red-ink hours by adopting *Coordinated Travel*.

Send your route data to American Airways Business Travel Planning Service, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. No cost or obligation.



Reservations, and complete information regarding travel by American Airways also obtainable at all leading hotels, travel agencies and Postal Telegraph and Western Union offices.



AMERICAN AIRWAYS INC.



COAST TO COAST

CANADA TO THE GULF

Yellow Fever Testees. *Dr. Wilbur Augustus Sawyer* of the Rockefeller Foundation offered a method of immunizing against yellow fever, tropical scourge. *Dr. Bolivar Jones Lloyd* of the U. S. Public Health Service suggested that criminals be pardoned if they submitted to Dr. Sawyer's method and then to bites of the yellow fever mosquito. Thus the Sawyer principle of prevention would be proved indubitably. Dr. Lloyd offered himself as a testee, if he can get enough life insurance to protect his family "in case of any untoward result."

Last week John H. Andrus, 50, of Camden, N. J., who has a Congressional Medal of Honor for letting the late Dr. Walter Reed infect him and 15 other soldiers with yellow fever in 1920 to prove that mosquitoes carry the disease, was admitted to Walter Reed Army Hospital at Washington. He is partially paralyzed.

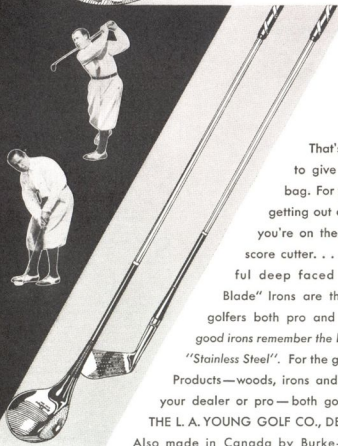
Appendicitis. *Dr. Frank Kells Boland* of Atlanta re-emphasized the fact that purgatives and delayed operations are the outstanding causes of death from appendicitis. More men have the disease than women. More men die from it than women. Negroes show comparatively few cases of appendicitis until they abandon simple foods and eat more meat, sugar and "things that have been polished, pickled, frozen, thawed and sterilized." Some whites have learned not to take a physic for every stomachache, observed Dr. Boland. But not many Negroes. Favorite purgatives of Negroes are castor oil and epsom salts.

Birth Control Shelved. To the satisfaction of every opponent of Birth Control, notably Episcopal Gynecologist Howard Atwood Kelly of Johns Hopkins, who keeps snakes in his bathtub and graces every meal with a verse from his ponderous Bible—Mrs. Margaret Higgins Sanger Slee was in an exasperating fix last week. After several years' effort Mrs. Sanger had persuaded the Ways & Means Committee of the House of Representatives and the Judiciary subcommittee of the Senate to consider duplicate bills which would permit physicians, hospitals & clinics complete freedom to learn about contraceptives. Fortnight ago the House committee—at the insistence of Massachusetts Representative John M. McCormack (Knight of Columbus, Elk, Moose, Forester, Hibernian)—pigeonholed Mrs. Sanger's bill. Her angry clatter stirred Birth Controllers throughout the land to telegraph their displeasure to their Congressmen last week, while the Senate committee was diffidently hearing other of her supporters. After listening to advocates of the movement the Senators postponed the hearings a week.

Meanwhile in New Orleans the physicians of the nation, for whose professional discretion in the matter of contraceptives Mrs. Sanger has made herself champion, were flabbergasted when *Dr. Jacob Daniel Brook*, 56, county health officer of Grandville, Mich., rose up in the House of Delegates and proposed a resolution on Birth Control. Let the A. M. A., urged Dr. Brook, appoint a committee to spend one year pondering the effects of contraception on health, wealth, morals, happiness. Dozens of physicians leaped from their seats to shout pro & con on the long sup-



**ANY WAY
YOU PLAY IT
IT'S A
SUPERIOR BALL**



That's the beauty of the Hagen ball. It's built to give maximum results for every shot in the bag. For your drives—for your approach shots—for getting out of trouble—for getting into the hole after you're on the green, the Hagen ball is a dependable score cutter. . . . And when it comes to clubs, the powerful deep faced Hagen Woods and Hagen "Compact Blade" Irons are the first choice of the world's first class golfers both pro and amateur. In selecting good irons remember the best are always stamped "Stainless Steel". For the greatest thrill use Hagen Products—woods, irons and the Hagen ball. See your dealer or pro—both good men to know. . . .

THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF CO., DETROIT. Hagen Products.
Also made in Canada by Burke-Thumm, Ltd., Toronto.



Vacations

are all
ACES
in
NEW ENGLAND



PEOPLE LIVE FOUR YEARS LONGER IN NEW ENGLAND

YOU SCORE at the first stroke when you broach the subject of a *real vacation* in New England—six celebrated states where the food is as good as the fun and the fame of summertime enjoyments makes all the family eager.

Come early this year. *Easy travel—lower costs!* Now's the time to make plans. Here are camps where sons and daughters of important families will spend the summer growing more robust and more resourceful! Mountains or seashore—cool seclusion or smart colonies of gay and interesting people—wonderful fishing waters, houses for the season and hospitable hotels! All are within a day's journey in New England.

And this year, one spectacular day of sudden and majestic darkness—TOTAL eclipse of the midday sun, Aug. 31! Plan to stay through.



WHERE TO GO—WHAT WILL IT COST? What brought three million people here last year? Send for this new book. It's authentic. Covers all types of vacations and all recreation-regions of 6 famous states. Includes directory.

THREE MILLION VACATIONS IN NEW ENGLAND

NEW ENGLAND COUNCIL, Statler Bldg., Boston
Send me FREE official 1932 VACATIONS book, M-3.
Also map-folder on Total Eclipse of the Sun, visible in U. S. only in New England.

Name _____

Address _____

pressed topic. Retiring President Edward Starr Judd cleverly put discussion over to the next day.

Next day the physicians made Mrs. Sanger appear foolish in Washington and gave the Senators a good excuse to put her off. The doctors decided that not yet did they want anything to do officially with Birth Control.

U. S. Medicine Today. Dr. Edward Starr Judd of Rochester, Minn., outgoing president of the A. M. A., and Dr. Edward Henry Cary of Dallas, Tex., incoming president, left a survey of "present-day trends of private practice in the U. S." to Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the A. M. A.'s scientific *Journal* and popular *Hygiea*. Of 160,000 physicians in the U. S., Dr. Fishbein observed, 40,000 list themselves as specialists in the *American Medical Directory*. Among medical students the situation is now reversed. Three out of four medical school graduates go into one of the specialties. The specialist's income is greater than the general practitioner's. Yet "90% of all disease seen by physicians represents the type of disease that any good general practitioner can diagnose suitably and treat suitably with the amount of equipment that he can carry in a handbag.

"Such cases as tumor of the brain, acute hemorrhagic pancreatitis, hypertrophy of the prostate of Raynaud's disease may demand consultation with specialists or their technical services. . . . But to the wage earner who is attempting, with his family, to subsist on \$30 a week, a pain in the epigastrium is just cramps and not allergic abdominal migraine."

To the public Editor Fishbein submitted: "Good medical care differs greatly from the best medical care. In view of the advances of modern medical science, it is questionable whether or not the best medical care can ever be furnished to all the people at a price they can afford to pay. It would seem rather that we must work toward the period when all of mankind in this country will receive the best medical care that they can be furnished for what they can afford to pay."

Health insurance seems to promise adequate medical attention for everybody and adequate livelihood for the physician. Exclaimed Dr. Fishbein, spurring to the end of his long discourse: "People know that death is inevitable. In teaching preventive medicine, we have emphasized that sickness may be prevented. Today we know that some sickness for every family is just as inevitable as death, and unless obstetrics continue to be inevitable there will be no population for the future. Let us, therefore, teach the worker that 2,000,000 people are sick every day in 120,000,000 population, and that this number is not likely to change greatly in the future. . . ."

New President, elected to succeed Dr. Cary next year, is Dr. Dean De Witt Lewis, professor of surgery at Johns Hopkins University, surgeon-in-chief to Johns Hopkins Hospital. When Dr. Lewis, 57, was a Kewanee, Ill. boy his great ambition was to be a professional ball player. He became a proficient pitcher. While he studied medicine at Rush Medical College he spent almost every free afternoon at ball games. The great pleasure of his in-

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ternship was the free passes which he received for tending the minor injuries of Chicago players.

Professionally he is rated a speedy, cracker-jack general surgeon operating on "anything below the throat." The cliché



Acme

DR. DEAN DE WITT LEWIS

"Anything below the throat."

is misleading. He has done notable research on the pituitary gland (in the skull) as well as on the elastic tissues of the larynx and on bone cysts. For his reconstructive surgery on mutilated War veterans he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. Surgery, he remarked last week upon his election as president of the American Medical Association, "is a long, hard grind."

Louisiana Medical Centre

Built in New Orleans during the red-hot political régime of Huey Pierce Long, opened to medical students last autumn, the Medical Centre of Louisiana State University was dedicated during last week's A. M. A. meet. Said Dean Dr. Arthur Vidrine: "We have no apologies to make for the dedication of this medical school. Neither have we any explanations to make for our motives. Instead, we are glad to have beaten down the petty prejudices of petty politicians who every time the project was mentioned would try to put a stop to the move."

Mr. Long, now Louisiana's loud Senator (TIME, May 16 *et ante*) contributed: "I believe that this was one of the buildings for whose construction I was charged with the larceny of about a million dollars. As a matter of fact, the architect's estimate kept going up and I had to 'take' about two millions." He promised *ex officio* that "there is not going to be anything but friendly relations between the medical schools of Tulane and L. S. U. . . . The Governor . . . sits on the boards of both institutions."

*Dedicated at Baton Rouge last week with the inauguration of Oscar Kelly Allen as Governor of Louisiana (successor to Alvin Oliver King, acting Governor since Mr. Long went to the Senate) was the State's new \$5,000,000 Capitol with a 33-story tower, locally nicknamed "Huey Long's Silo."

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



... his GUMS get none
and he has "pink tooth brush"!

IF YOUR racket got as little attention as your gums—it soon wouldn't be much good in a fast game of tennis.

When you were young, your gums were as hard as a lightweight's chin. But you've eaten the soft foods of civilization for years—and they haven't done your gums anything but harm.

Lazy and inactive at first, *now* your gums are flabby and touchy. And unless you're a lot luckier than *most* people in this day and age, they are tender—and you have "pink tooth brush."

Better get rid of it—unless you are willing to take chances on gingivitis, pyorrhea, or Vincent's disease! Or even

endanger your good, white, sound teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana, regularly. Then rub a little *extra* Ipana right into your gums. Ipana and massage will make up for the exercise they don't get! Don't rinse off the Ipana. The zirator—the toning agent in Ipana—works better if left right there.

Within a few days, after you begin with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, you'll notice that your teeth are much whiter and brighter. Before a tube is gone, your gums will be firmer—*decidedly* firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, twice every day, and you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush."

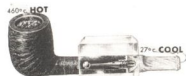
A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY



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17 times as cool...

The secret alloy in the New Drinkless Kaywoodie reduces heat from 460° centigrade at the bowl to 27° at the mouth—17 times as cool! Great University tests prove it. Just like smoking through ICE—no hot sting, no bitter juice, no harsh bite. Pipe above is No. 7240—Suntan Finish with the new exclusive Rock Ambera mouthpiece. \$3.50.

NO OTHER PIPE IS LIKE IT

Send for world's most complete book on pipes... shows 362 different pipes... actual size in full colors. Enclose 10c for mailing. Address Dept. T.

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MILESTONES

Engaged. Aviatrix Amy Johnson, 24, (England to Australia 15 days); and Aviator James Mollison, 26, (Australia to England 8 days 21 hr.).

Married. William Samuel Paley, 30, president of Columbia Broadcasting System; and Mrs. Dorothy Hart Hearst, 23; two weeks after she divorced Publisher Hearst's third son John Randolph Hearst; in Kingman, Ariz. Honeymoon: Hawaii.

Married. Henrietta, daughter of Editor Ellery Sedgwick of the *Atlantic Monthly*; and John Edwards Lockwood, Manhattan lawyer.

Sued for Divorce. Mrs. Pauline Diston Wanamaker; by John Wanamaker Jr. (grandson); in Reno. Grounds: undisclosed.

Awarded. To Juan de la Cierva, Spanish inventor of the autogiro; the 1932 Daniel Guggenheim gold medal for promotion of aeronautics.

Installed. Dr. Thomas Darlington, 73, of Manhattan; as Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society (Hall) to succeed the late centenarian John Richard Voorhis (TIME, Feb. 15).

Birthdays. Rev. Dr. Augustus Field Beard, 99, oldest living graduate of Yale ('57) and of Union Theological Seminary, oldest living minister of the Congregational and Christian churches; Bishop William T. Manning, 66; Henry Latham Doherty, 62 (see p. 42).

Died. William Andrews Clark III, 36, grandson of the late Montana copper tycoon and Senator, William Andrews Clark, who in 1925 left a fortune of \$50,000,000; instantly, when an airplane in which he was flying a few miles from his estate near Phoenix, Ariz. plunged 2,000 ft. in a tailspin.

Died. Morris Gershwin, 62, father of Composer George and Lyric Writer Ira Gershwin, at various times a designer of women's shoes, bookmaker, proprietor of cigar stores, billiard parlors, Turkish baths, restaurants; after long illness; in New York.

Died. Alexandre Gastaud, 63, chef and director of kitchens of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; of heart disease; in Manhattan. From the ship's gallery, to a Bordeaux Inn, to the great kitchen school of Escoffier in Monte Carlo's Grand Hotel, he rose to officiate at London's Savoy and Carlton Hotels, Paris' Ritz and for royalty. Best known Gastaud dish on the Waldorf menu: "The Black Pot," a highly seasoned bean stew.

Died. William Henry Todd, 64, president of Todd Shipyards Corp., close

*Last year reported engaged to 18-year-old Lady Diana Wellesley.

I N D I A



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Cool alpine air—awe-inspiring trails over the Blue Ridge. The James River Gorge leading to peaks 2,000 feet high. The sky-winding Virginia Tyrol. Swim—fish—ride—hike—enjoy old Virginia cooking. Open all year. Visit it during the Washington Bi-centennial.

Rooms \$1.50 to \$5.00 a day.

Write for booklet.

Manager—Natural Bridge Hotel,
Natural Bridge, Va.

friend of Alfred Emanuel Smith; a few minutes after falling downstairs in his son's Brooklyn home. Son of a boiler-maker, he lived to be called "the master shipbuilder of the Western Hemisphere." After the War, for which he had built many scout cruisers and minesweepers, he gave \$1,000,000 to the 15,000 men on his payroll. Asked if he did it to prevent labor troubles, he replied, "Hell, no! I gave it to the boys because they earned it. . . . You can't buy the loyalty of labor with a million times a million."

Died. Andreas Dippel, 65, once famed tenor and co-director (with Giulio Gatti-Casazza) of the Metropolitan Opera Company, oldtime (1910-13) director of the Chicago Grand Opera Company; of heart disease, in Los Angeles. Lately, until a street car accident put him in the hospital, he had been working in the synchronization department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Hollywood studio.

Died. Henry Barnes Tremaine, 65, president & board chairman of Aeolian Co. (pianos); after a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Alma, Marchioness of Breadalbane, 77, widow of Gavin Campbell, seventh Earl, first Marquess of Breadalbane; at her home in Oban, Scotland. Remembered was her ownership of the million-dollar set of gold plate often loaned to the Perth Railroad Station to sharpen the appetite of Queen Victoria on stop-overs between Windsor and Balmoral; her feat at 74 of stalking, shooting and killing six stags with six successive shots.

Died. Robert Dollar, 88, shipping tycoon, "Captain" through courtesy; in his San Rafael, Calif. home; of heart trouble aggravated by intestinal infection and cold. Scotland-born, he began his career as a cook's boy in a Canadian lumber camp, later became the owner of great timber stands in California. Not until 1907, when he was 57, did he turn to the sea. His first ship was the steam schooner *Newsboy*, a freighter to carry his timber. Shipping fascinated him and he increased his investment, going many times to the Orient to "drum up trade" with Chinese merchants. In 1924, aged 80, he established the first round-the-world passenger-freight service on a regular schedule. Many of his maritime adventures have been idealized in the "Cappy Ricks" stories by Capt. Dollar's fellow Californian Peter B. Kyne. Outstanding Dollar characteristics included extreme frugality, shrewdness, religious devotion. Surviving him are his widow, Margaret Proudfoot Dollar, and three sons, Alexander Melville Dollar, 54, Robert Stanley Dollar, 50, John Harold Dollar, 44. Robert Stanley Dollar has long been president of Dollar Steamship Lines.

Died. Count Chedomille Miyatovich, 90, three times Serbian Minister to Britain; in London. In 1886, after an eight-month war, he wrote the world's shortest peace treaty: "Peace between Serbia and Bulgaria is restored."

**"FOR THE GOOD
OF YOUR SOULS
and incidentally
FOR THE GOOD OF
YOUR POCKETBOOKS"**

"Let me recommend to folk here who have lost their usual optimism . . . and I hear there are not a few . . . to spend, as I have, three months in England for the good of their souls, and incidentally, with exchange so much in their favor, for the good of their pocketbooks. The pound is still the pound in England, and the situation has been greatly strengthened by a complete absence of a rise in prices."

—Sir Ashley Sparks

from a Statement to the Press
aboard Cunarder MAURETANIA
arriving March 21, 1932.

*Go to Europe
this year*

England is showing the way . . . out of the bog of doubt . . . to the confidence and courage which are normal with us all. Let your spirit revive in the persuasive atmosphere of optimism; go to Europe this year!

CUNARD . . . proud in tradition, high in prestige, pioneer in all that furthers the art of ocean travel . . . reflects from the day of your sailing the new note of mental cheer, of smiling efficiency.

**COSTS ON SHIP AND ON SHORE ARE
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C I N E M A

The New Pictures

Sinners in the Sun (Paramount) is a poor man's story of the wages of luxurious sin. But the picture gets stuck in the advertising sections of the fashion magazines. It is loaded with women's underclothing, hatching suits, furs, jewels, unbricked champagne, custombuilt limousines—all with an air of cheap display. Carole Lombard is a model in a couturier's, Chester Morris a garage mechanic. Depression keeps them from marrying. Never forgetting each other, they drift toward becoming, respectively, a rich man's whim and a rich woman's whim. They whim along hysterically in ballrooms and gambling palaces, trying to forget, failing to rise to the top of their new professions. At length they meet and call names, but no short ugly ones. At last the double standard begins to operate. In order to get clean, it seems necessary for Carole Lombard to work in a sweatshop, but Chester Morris is allowed to rise a little above a garage mechanic before he meets Carole's clean eyes with clean eyes of his own.

When A Feller Needs A Friend (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a medium of self-expression for Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale. It has a horse-car for laughs and a cripple boy for tears. Jackie is coddled by his parents but Uncle Jonas (Chic Sale) makes a little man of him by teaching him to fish and fight. Fishing, he cheerfully falls into the water. Fighting, he tearfully loses his first few bouts. Chic Sale loses his horse-car job for letting Jackie drive and is on his way to the poor-farm. Tragedy stalks the pair. But Jackie wins a bout, saves Chic Sale from the poor-farm, everything is going to be all right.

Congress Dances (Eric Pommer) is a lyrical fantasy of good clean fun at the Congress of Vienna (1814-15). Rated a 1932 top in cinema technique by European audiences and critics, it strikes U. S. observers as well done but not epochal. The production is German, the characters speak English. Bilingual Lilian Harvey is a little Viennese shopgirl who throws advertisement bouquets into the carriages of the arriving princes until her bouquet for handsome Tsar Alexander of Russia (Henry Garat) is taken for a bomb. The police save her from lynching, the Tsar saves her from a police whipping and installs her in a palatial love-nest. Then the romance theme is dropped. Instead, a duel of wits between Prince Metternich of Austria (Conrad Veidt) and the Tsar is vaguely indicated. Super-urbane Metternich, an affable young spider who is playing on his own home grounds, eavesdrops, bambooizes the sub-urbane diplomats, tries to keep the Tsar away from the Congress. The Tsar counter-bambooizes by substituting a facsimile Tsar whenever he is expected to fall into one of Metternich's traps. The Congress of debauched clothes-horses goes to Metternich's grand ball. Metternich finishes the business of the Congress alone.

Romance returns to the shopgirl and the Tsar. It is all sustained in a key of unreality: Metternich's plotting, the shopgirl's dreams, the Tsar's philanderings. At the end this landscape in a bottle is shattered with the news that Napoleon has escaped from Elba, the satire returns to reality.*

Congress Dances is a new cinemusal type, noteworthy for its formality, charm, wit and innocence. It accents spectacle and pace, largely ignores plot implications. Conrad Veidt, an expert in menace parts who resembles Alfred Lunt, lets his face alone in this picture and is as cheerful a villain as he can be a gloomy hero. Lil Dagover is also on view as Tsar-bait. The Hollywood technique of getting the maximum out of a gag or situation is notably lacking in *Congress Dances*, hence its U. S. success is doubtful. Good shots:



LILIAN HARVEY

Lil Dagover is also on view as Tsar-bait.

Metternich in a dark-room reading code despatches against an illuminated glass screen; legs in the ballet; the fake Tsar doing fancy needlework, singing the "Volga Boat Song."

Germany's touted Lilian Harvey is a gay open-faced little girl (85 lb., 5 ft. 1 in.) who is willing to make faces and can dance. She is 23, born in Muswell Hill,

*The Congress of Vienna was never very far from reality. The Treaty of Paris had concluded peace in May 1814, incidentally mentioning a general rendezvous two months later in Vienna, to parcel out Napoleon's empire. No official summons was ever issued but in two months nearly every major European diplomat was in Vienna. Most of them might as well have been cinemactors; only five nations had anything to say: victorious Russia, Prussia, Austria, England and defeated France. They dealt behind doors, not in open Congress, through shrewd diplomats, not benumbed clothes-horses. Metternich, the Tsar, and France's Talleyrand were the most important. Talleyrand, although he represented the losing Power, was able to break into the negotiations and alien England and Austria against Russia and Prussia. Nor did the Congress break up when Napoleon escaped from Elba. It stayed until shortly before Waterloo, until the last scrap of Napoleon's empire had been disposed of.

a London suburb, of a German father and English mother. Her parents chose May 1914 to go to Germany for a vacation. She has since lived in Central Europe, studied dancing under Mary Zimmerman, was discovered in Vienna by German Cinema Director Richard Eichberg.

Radio Patrol (Universal) is a story of the radio-car police. Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton, rookies at the police training school, painfully learn their lessons from Sergeant Sidney Toler, get rough & tough themselves. At the graduation dance Armstrong takes Hopton's best girl, Lila Lee, later marries her. The two cops work together in the same radio patrol car. Armstrong takes bribe money because his wife is going to have a baby. When Armstrong tries to drive the car out of the district to leave the bank-robbers a clear field, Hopton forces him to drive back, fight it out, get killed. Hopton is free to court the widow.

Shots: A drug addict locked in a room with a woman he is about to murder; Armstrong dying on his way to the hospital, hearing the news of his child's birth over the police radio.

The Rich Are Always With Us (Warner) is a story of sacrifice, divorce and romance among the serious rich. It is also any egocentric woman's dream of the life she would like to be able to look back on. Ruth Chatterton, as one of the richest women in the world, resists her hero (George Brent) to be true to her husband (John Miljan) who is opportunely snared by another woman (Adrienne Doré). Miss Chatterton is free to suffer a little, agreeably, and say the right, the irreproachable things to her husband's hussy. She gets a divorce and is gallant by transatlantic telephone. Men try to forget her but cannot. She fights against her better instincts but all she has are better instincts. When her ex-husband is badly hurt and his new wife killed in an automobile accident she rushes from George Brent to hold her ex-husband's hand, thus saving him from death. But Mr. Brent is at last bored by sacrifice. He persuades her to marry him—and immediately leaves for China. Miss Chatterton stays behind to hold her first husband's hand. She is a martyr and happily married at the same time.

Ruth Chatterton's tough, handgloved, her husky refined drawl ending on a raised note, go well with the foreverwandering emotions, too poignant for tears, as one gentleman to another. She can say: "I love you more than anything on earth" and sound as though she might mean it. She can say: "Please kiss me into needing you" without making the customers scowl. George Brent's underacting goes well with Miss Chatterton's. He is shown as a white man because he will not marry an unmarried girl with money, but cinemalinity impels him to want to marry a married woman with more money.

Director Alfred E. Green has used specific properties—New York's Club Lido, the S. S. Bremen. The famed toothpick-against-bedroom-door trick used by Kentucky detectives at Theodore Dreiser's expense (TIME, Nov. 23) is borrowed with a hairpin variation.

\$25,000! for "BLURBS"

Can you write one?

464 cash prizes this month

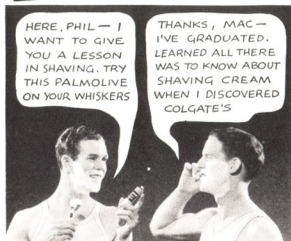
Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"

1st . . .	\$500
2nd . . .	125
3rd . . .	50
9 next . .	25
20 next . .	10
200 next .	5

For best Palmolive "blurbs"

1st . . .	\$500
2nd . . .	125
3rd . . .	50
9 next . .	25
20 next . .	10
200 next .	5



THOSE are "blurbs", men—those words coming out of Phil's and Mac's mouths. Read 'em over. Who do you side with—Phil or Mac? What's your choice—Palmolive or Colgate's?

Write a "blurb" of your own—in your own words. Help Phil out—or help Mac out. Send in your boost for Colgate's OR Palmolive. We're putting up big money for the best "blurbs" sent to us. Get yours in!

All over the country you'll find men like Phil and Mac. Millions boosting for Palmolive. Millions pulling for Colgate's. In fact—more men use these famous shaving creams than any other. They lead a field of 176 competing brands. Think of it!

Which side are you on? In one of the empty "blurb" spaces at the right (or on a separate sheet of paper) write your "blurb" in favor of Colgate's OR in favor of Palmolive—not both. Write it now!

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Depr. F-5, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling \$4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs"

received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29. \$4200 Mar. 31. \$4200
April 30. \$4200 May 31. \$4200
June 30. \$4200 July 31. \$4200
(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is only open to residents of the United States and Canada. Employees of the manufacturers and their families are not eligible to compete.

Come on you shavers—get in on this
\$25,000 argument

Mac wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Phil says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.

Palmolive Users

Colgate Users



In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

*It takes a lot
of yesterdays to create*

That EXTRA Something

THAT deeper, richer flavor for which Clicquot Club is famous is the result of long, slow blending. The choicest of flavoring ingredients are combined with expert care and AGED 6 MONTHS to ripen and mature. Then, and only then, is the blend sweetened and mixed with Clicquot's sparkling water. This is created Clicquot's distinctive taste—the secret of its world-wide popularity.

CLICQUOT CLUB

GINGER ALE



- These full pints—16 ounces instead of 12—give you your money's worth. Bottled in brand-new bottles.

Quink

PECULIAR name, isn't it? What does Quink mean? Quink means a Quick-Drying and NON-CLOGGING ink that's better than any ink you ever wrote with before.

HOW BETTER?

- 1ST Quink will keep moist longer on the pen point than common ink.
- 2ND Quink will dry 31% faster on paper than common ink.
- 3RD Quink makes your Desk Set far more efficient. Leave your pen in your Desk Set Saturday noon and Monday morning you will find the point moist and ready for immediate writing—without jerking.
- 4TH Quink is a Non-Clogging ink—actually cleans pens as they write.



The use of this ink will make any pen work better than common ink.

Quink is a triumph in chemistry research. Ask for Quink if you want better ink. Small sample bottle free to the skeptical.

THE PARKER PEN CO., Dept. T-10, JANESVILLE, WIS.

Makers of the famous PARKER DUOFOLD pens, pencils and desk sets

ANIMALS

Babe & Chimpanzee

Nine months ago Dr. Winthrop Miles Kellogg, professor of experimental psychology at Indiana University, got a year's leave of absence, moved to Orange Park, Fla., with his wife and 10-month-old son. From his friend Professor Robert Mearns Yerkes of the Yale Experimental Station he borrowed a 7½-month-old chimpanzee. He clothed his chimpanzee in cap, jumper and diaper, fed it with his child, kept it in the baby's room, where it spent long hours playing on the floor with Junior Kellogg.

For nine months babe & chimpanzee were inseparable. They quarreled occasionally, but not often. Together they learned to wear shoes, eat with a spoon, drink from a glass, use a rake & hoe, untie a slip-knot. When the chimpanzee was scolded it cried like a baby. Soon both learned to understand a few words. At first the chimpanzee understood better than the baby. When Dr. Kellogg left the room the chimpanzee remembered for 30 minutes which door he used; the child forgot after five minutes. When Dr. Kellogg called, the chimpanzee was the first to answer.

Last week Dr. Kellogg completed a comprehensive series of tests, reported on his experiment to the Mid-Western Psychological Association at its meeting in Bloomington, Ind. The tests tended to show that most of the behavior of both human and simian infants is not natural but acquired through teaching. The chimpanzee, having a shorter life-span, develops more rapidly than a human being.

Maine's Lobsters

As the cod is to Massachusetts and the shad to Delaware, so is the lobster to Maine. Found only on the Atlantic coast from Henley Harbor, Labrador, to Cape Hatteras, N. C., the American lobster (*Homarus americanus*) is at its best off the coast of Maine, grows larger than its cousins down South. This advantage, upon which Maine's lobster industry was built, last week threatened to ruin it. Lobstermen setting their traps for the new season with halibut, herring and codfish heads anxiously questioned one another for news from Wallace, where Maine's Congressmen Wallace Humphrey White Jr. and John Edward Nelson were pressing for passage of a bill to save the ailing business.

Maine's law forbids the taking of lobsters under 10½ in. from nose-tip to tail-tip. At that size a female lobster is about six years old, has usually spawned between 50,000 and 100,000 eggs for the propagation of her race. But all other lobster States and Canada permit the taking of 9-in. lobsters. To prevent the importation of 9-in. Canadian lobsters Congressmen White & Nelson would set 10½ in. as the minimum legal length for all lobsters entering the U. S. That Maine needs such a law is suggested by the fact that the price of lobsters dropped from 60¢ per lb. three years ago to 25¢ last winter. It costs a Maine lobsterman 20¢ per lb. to catch a lobster. Canada's industry is government-subsidized, and its lobsters

enter the U. S. duty free. Though Canadian lobsters grow as large as Maine's, immature ones are caught under a law which provides for two months of intensive fishing, then a ten-month closed season.

Maine lobstermen say other U. S. lobsters are inferior to theirs. Maine lobsters are sturdy, cannibalistic, pugnacious. They will stand on their hind claws, lift their fore claws and strike out like boxers. They molt three or four times a year. After a young lobster has cast its shell it turns around and eats it. After some 23 molts the shell is tough, the lobster considers himself a man and goes off in search of a batch of eggs to fertilize. In the winter lobsters live in mud at the bottom of the sea five or six miles from shore. In April and May they move shoreward to feed. In its old age a lobster may reach the length of 23.75 in., as did one caught off the New Jersey coast in 1897, weight 34 lb. In his *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* (Rome, 1555), Olaus Magnus states that between the Orkneys and the Hebrides lived lobsters large enough to squeeze a swimmer to death.

A R T

Prix de Rome

Henri E. Chabanne of Tompkins Corners, N. Y. won the Prix de Rome award in landscape architecture last week for his solution of the problem: "The development of an addition to a private estate." The announcement caused excitement because Landscape Architect Chabanne never went to Yale, has nothing to do with the Yale School of Fine Arts. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, has been working for a year with the Taconic State Park Commission at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Yale made up for this in the other departments. The Prix de Rome in Architecture went to George Nelson of the Yale School of Fine Arts. The Prix de Rome in Sculpture went to Robert Johnson McKnight of the Yale School of Fine Arts. The Prix de Rome in Painting went to James Owen Mahoney Jr. of the Yale School of Fine Arts, making the eighth successive year that Yale has won the painting award.

For many years students of rival academies have referred to the Prix de Rome painters as "Little Savages" (TIME, May 19, 1930, May 18, 1931). By this they refer to Yale's Leffingwell Professor of Painting & Design, bristle-tipped Eugene Francis Savage, a muralist best known as the decorator of that amazing fane, the Elks National Memorial in Chicago. Professor Savage is an active member of the Fine Arts committee of the American Academy in Rome. Almost all recent winners of the Prix de Rome have painted in the manner of Eugene Francis Savage. Finding little in their own time to interest them, "Little Savages" paint greenish, many-muscled nudes in extravagant attitudes before Italianate backgrounds of rolling hills, almond blossoms, firmly white Tuscan oxen.

Yale authorities deny that Professor Savage has any particular influence over the Prix de Rome and its winners. They

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point out that Professor Savage is a very intermittent teacher at Yale, and that, though a trustee, Professor Savage is not a member of the Prix de Rome jury. The eight consecutive winners were really students under Professors Edwin C. Taylor and Deane Keller (a "Little Savage" in 1926) who teach the way Professor Savage paints.

James Owen Mahoney Jr., latest winner, was born in Dallas 24 years ago, graduated from Southern Methodist University before going to Yale. Twice he has won prizes for the Beaux Arts Ball program cover. His winning canvas is entitled *Sunday Afternoon*. It shows a U. S. family of the Iron Stag era grouped round a little ornamental fountain on a croquet lawn. The models this time have all their clothes on. The painting has considerably more humor than most Prix de Rome projects. But there remain the same studio



International

JAMES OWEN MAHONEY JR.

... still a little Savage.

attitudes of the figures, the same theatrical treatment of background. Critics found it still a little Savage.

To those who saw the work of other candidates from other schools there could be no suggestion that the jury (Artists Barry Faulkner, Allyn Cox, Ezra Winter, James Monroe Hewlett, Abram Poole, Gari Melchers) was biased in its decision. The Yale School of Fine Arts may be imitative, slightly archaic, but it does give its pupils a knowledge of drawing and the use of paint apparently unequalled in other college art schools.

Unique Growth

In Boston last week a congress of art directors from all over the U. S. assembled in the Museum of Fine Arts to discuss their problems and their prospects. They were told that new art museums, despite Depression, continue to sprout like mushrooms over the continent. Said Director Laurence Vail Coleman:

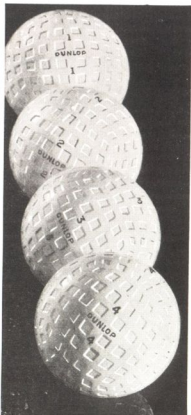
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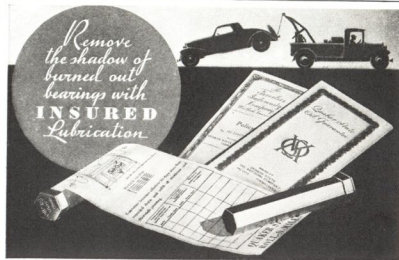
Wisconsin's New Fight

In the seven years he has been president of the University of Wisconsin, urbane Glenn Frank has more than once been in danger of being caught in company with the wrong set of principles. Elected as a progressive to revitalize a reactionary institution, he soon found himself at odds with other Wisconsin progressives. Soon after young Philip Fox La Follette was elected Governor in 1930—and while he was still a member of the university's faculty—he accused President Frank of failure to eliminate "deadwood" from the faculty, of extravagance,* of not paying enough attention in the agricultural school to the farmers' problem of marketing. Since then President Frank has been attacked bitterly and often for not being progressive enough by Progressive Editor William Theodore Evjue of the *Capital Times*, La Follette organ. But last week President Frank and Governor La Follette again found themselves progressive bedfellows, with President Frank springing nimbly to their common defense.

The man who put President Frank back in the progressive bed was a vocal young editor named John Bowman Chapple, whose *Ashland Daily Press* is one of the loudest denouncers of La Follettism. Young Mr. Chapple became Pink, not in the radical West, but at conservative Yale University. After being graduated from Yale in 1924, he went further East, to Russia, returned with his political complexion bright Red. But a few years' distance changed it back again. Now he mortally hates & fears anything touched with Red as a triple threat against morals, religion and the U. S. economic system. Last month Editor Chapple decided to run for the U. S. Senate as a Republican stalwart. He went to the White House and got Herbert Hoover's blessing. He stumped the State against what he calls "the La Follette racket," charging that the Governor and his brother Senator Robert ("Young Bob") were trying to establish state socialism. Soon he turned on the university, accused President Frank of "undermining the American home and moral code." He said faculty "pinks" were turning the campus into a hotbed of Communism, sowing seeds of atheism and free love. With the university issue threatening to become the basis of this year's political campaign and the La Follette press suddenly silent about the institution, President Frank refused "to dignify absurdity by a reply."

Last week he changed his mind. Calling faculty & students together for a special convocation, he sharply defended the American Civil Liberties Union (a focal point of the Chapple attack), called attention to the fact that 80% of Wisconsin's 8,000 students are members of some denomination or have expressed their preference for certain churches. Said he: "The University of Wisconsin is under constitutional mandate to observe a theological neutrality as it is under mandate

*That year Wisconsin paid \$1,641.30 for the upkeep of the Frank automobile (Lincoln). Governor La Follette drove a Ford.



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To President Frank's support against Chapple of Yale promptly went the University of Wisconsin's undergraduate *Daily Cardinal*. Stated the *Cardinal*: "We have absolute and definite proof that the university is being used as a political football by John B. Chapple and the Republican party officials."

But ambitious Editor Chapple declared that President Frank had been "smoked out."

Chicago's New Films

Since last autumn, when President Robert Maynard Hutchins effected sweeping changes in the University of Chicago's system (TIME, Jan. 4), some 2,200 educators have made inquiries about the experiment, asked for syllabuses on the new courses. But few of the other institutions had the laboratory equipment or the trained teachers that Chicago possessed and its courses required. Last week President Hutchins took steps to increase Chicago's usefulness.

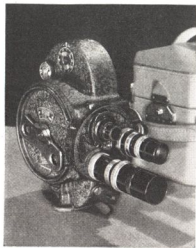
Next October Erpi Picture Consultants, Inc. (subsidiary of American Telephone & Telegraph Co.) will offer for sale a set of 20 one-reel sound pictures produced in the Physical Sciences Department at Chicago. The pictures will show detailed scientific experiments, synchronized with lectures by Chicago professors. Subjects include: the flow of protoplasm in plant and animal life, the excavations of Nineveh and Megiddo, the heartbeat of a dog. Price for the set will be \$1,400 including projector. The university will receive no profit beyond publicity. Not intended to take the place of professors or to reduce teaching time, the films are planned as addenda to regular instruction in institutions of limited facilities. Production of the first films will begin immediately. Later, other departments will be filmed.

Said President Hutchins: "Although there have been many educational films before, this is the first organized large-scale effort on the part of a single university to make them.* And it fits very nicely into what you might call our 'experimental tradition.' But we aren't going into the entertainment business. We aren't trying to jazz up education."

*Erpi has been making educational pictures for two years, illustrating important lectures by university professors. Some of the subjects: Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale on the study of infant behavior; Chicago's Professor Guy Thomas Buswell on individual differences in mathematical conception; Dr. Charlotte Bühler of the University of Vienna on child growth; fast-motion pictures of plant growth and fertilization; micro-photographs of blood circulation. Other makers of educational cinemas are Fox Film Corp. and the University Film Foundation of Harvard.

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Brokers

In New York Harbor aboard a ferry boat, Harold Donahue and John Cusack, brokers, eyed a man of scholarly mien for a long time. They approached the man, peered into his face. "You're Stalin!" accused Broker Donahue. The man protested that he was Dr. Cornelius Mezei, pathologist of Sea View Hospital. "You're Trotsky!" contradicted Broker Cusack, grasping Dr. Mezei firmly by the cravat. When the boat docked, Brokers Donahue & Cusack turned their find over to Federal agents, who promptly released him. Said Dr. Mezei: "They wanted to see my passport. They said they were Secret Service men. I never carry a passport on the ferry."

Ventriloquist

In St. Paul, because he was unable to collect a \$15 judgment from David Gilman, theatre manager, Kenneth Spencer, ventriloquist, marched across the street from the theatre, made his dummies engage in a dialog anent the integrity of Manager Gilman. Chirped Dummy Spencer: "Say, Gilman, when are you going to pay me?"

Dummy Gilman: "Times are tough; \$15 is a lot to get together at once."

Dummy Spencer: "Nertz!"
Ventriloquist Spencer was told to move on.

Inferior

In Minneapolis, A. K. Johnson sued Mrs. Vera L. Ferrin for \$65,000, alleging that she was responsible for an automobile crash which left him with an inferiority complex.

500¢

In Manhattan, irked because Magistrate Renaud fined him \$5 for infraction of a parking ordinance, Frank Shapiro, salesman, paid the fine in pennies.

Handyman

In Peekskill, N. Y., planning to paint his house, William P. Nabal borrowed a blow-torch to remove old paint. Absorbed in the operation of the blow-torch, William P. Nabal burnt off paint, clapboards, wall, house and all, returned the borrowed blow-torch.

Detective

In Wilmington, N. C., Deputy Sheriff C. T. Hargrove studied and studied to solve the murder of Richard Laceywell, a Negro found shot to death. He remembered a detective story sleuth who deduced his man from the picture of the slayer that the dead man's eyeballs had retained. Sleuth Hargrove photographed the dead man's eyes, enlarged the photographs, beheld a likeness of another Negro, one Tyman Graham. Confirming science, Suspect Graham confessed. Said Sleuth Hargrove: "Knowledge is power," not knowing that the human eyeball retains in death no picture whatever.



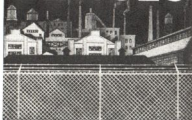
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MUSIC

Native Opera

Baritone Lawrence Tibbett will make himself a flat, broad nose next season. He will clap on a kinky black wig, cork his face. He will wear scarlet breeches, light blue coat, patent leather boots, brass spurs and swagger importantly around, swagging off his pearl-handled revolver loaded with five ordinary bullets and a special silver one. All of a sudden he will hear the distant beat of tom-toms, 72 to a minute, and he will start supposedly into a forest, spend his first bullet at thick of night on formless, bright-eyed creatures who will mock him. His second bullet will go for a Pullman porter, dead long before from a razor-slash in a crap game; his third for a prison-guard whose head he has already bashed with a shovel; his fourth and fifth for an auctioneer and a planter trying, he will imagine, to thrust him back into slavery. Rather than sacrifice himself at the command of a Congo witch-doctor he will shoot his sixth, silver bullet at a squirming, green-eyed crocodile. But other black men will come after him with silver bullets then, still beating their tom-toms. They will bring him out of the forest dead, all his fine clothes gone except for underpants torn to look like a primitive breech cloth. It will be time then for people to decide whether or not Russian-born Louis Gruenberg has successfully translated Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* into opera.

Last week it became known that Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera had decided to produce *The Emperor Jones* next season, that Conductor Erich Kleiber had decided to give it at the Staatsoper in Berlin. In both places it will be staged with the chorus of pursuing savages grouped out of the audience's sight at first, some underneath, some in front of the stage. As they draw nearer to Jones, first their hands will emerge, then their arms, then slowly their bodies. Jones's encounters in the forest will be shown on small, raised stages to indicate that they are taking place in his imagination.

The music will make climactic use of the tom-tom beats conceived by Playwright O'Neill. There will be a few lyric moments at least, when Jones calls on the Lord to save him. No one would predict the rest last week. Composer Gruenberg wrote his *Jazz-Suite* and *Enchanted Isle* in ultra-modern vein but the score he wrote for *Jack & the Beanstalk* (TIME, Nov. 30) was as simple and childlike as John Erskine's libretto.

The Metropolitan's financial woes have kept it prominently in the news all season and last week was no exception. The subscription sale opened for the shortened 1932-33 season, went better than it has for 25 years. Baritone Clarence Whitehill's contract expired and as he announced his departure, his intention to enter motion pictures, he took a parting thrust at Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza: "The Metropolitan is an Italian institution. . . . It needs a new American director, unbiased against Americans. . . ."

Mr. Gatti became personal too: "He [Baritone Whitehill] asked me to give



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him a contract for next season with possibly a larger number of performances than during the past season. . . . I was very sorry to be unable to accede to his request, for two reasons: 1) because his vocal condition in the past few years was such that complaints had been made by patrons of the opera; 2) because, having reduced the duration of the season from 24 to 16 weeks we already had enough contracts with other artists and were unable to offer him an engagement. . . ."

Three native operas besides *The Emperor Jones* will soon be on the market. *Merry Mount*, an opera dealing with the conflict between Puritans and Cavaliers, will be given by the Metropolitan season after next. Rochester's Howard Hanson wrote the music. Richard Leroy Stokes, critic of the defunct New York *Evening World*, the libretto. In Paris Alonzo ("Zo") Elliott, the Yaleman who wrote "There's a Long, Long Trail," is busy making an opera out of Laurence Stallings' & Maxwell Anderson's rip-roaring *What Price Glory?* In Vienna Composer Robert Russell Bennett (Kansas City) will spend the summer writing music for a libretto by smart, versatile Robert A. Simon of *The New Yorker*. Maria Malibran, an oldtime Spanish prima donna, will be the heroine. The scene will be downtown Manhattan in the early 19th Century.

"Pet Puppies"

Berlin's leading functionaries gathered proudly a month ago to celebrate with music and speeches the 50th birthday of their city's great Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler turned around to the audience for a change, started to talk. The audience shifted uncomfortably. This was no happy ending to a happy occasion. The conductor was praising his own orchestra at the expense of others. His auditors were startled when he referred to U. S. orchestras as "*Luxushunde* [pet puppies] which one keeps without inner necessity."

The speech started a great how-do-you-do in Berlin. The newspapers rebuked Herr Furtwängler for making unnecessary, unfriendly remarks. The U. S. Embassy protested to the German Foreign Office. Last week steam from the Berlin metaphor reached the U. S. The pet puppy metaphor was headlined in the news, vigorously attacked. People who remembered the circumstances of Herr Furtwängler's New York Philharmonic engagement were inclined to dismiss his statement as a case of wounded vanity. His first U. S. concerts (1924-25) were brilliant. But after Toscanini came he let himself be heckled by adverse press criticism, lost his confidence, his force. At the end of his 1926-27 engagement he was not invited to return for the next season. He has been invited since then, by the Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra, but he has been quoted as saying he will never return until the "Toscanini menace" has ended. Toscanini and Furtwängler were at Bayreuth together last summer (TIME, Aug. 3). Out of many unpleasant stories came Toscanini's statement that he would never return there.

*TIME erred when it accepted New Haven chit-chat, attributed "The Long, Long Trail" to the late Edward J. Moriarty. New Haven bar-keep (TIME, March 28).





CAN HE TAKE THE HURDLE?

The radio entertainer may be thrown by the broadcasting equipment — unless it's *Western Electric* quality . . .



To get on the air right is to half win the race for attention.

Many a star performer falls down because the sending apparatus is not all it should be. About 200 leading broadcasting stations are using Western Electric equipment, supplied by Graybar. They know that natural toned broadcast is necessary to your full enjoyment of a program.  Western Electric's leadership in this field is the result of more than fifty years' pioneering. It was a logical step from making telephones to making microphones and amplification control equipment. Drawing on its experience in manufacturing sound transmission apparatus for the Bell System,  Western Electric made the first successful talking picture equipment. It has also been foremost in radio telephony for aviation, police and marine uses.

Western Electric
LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

Vacation in California *Play in* SAN FRANCISCO



This is California's greatest vacation year. And costs are cut way down. Come by train at lowest roundtrip fares in history. Or come by auto. Or by steamship through Panama Canal.

However you like best to spend a summer—playing hard outdoors, or loafing for your healthy tan—California is a thrilling vacationland. This year we've added some special thrills:

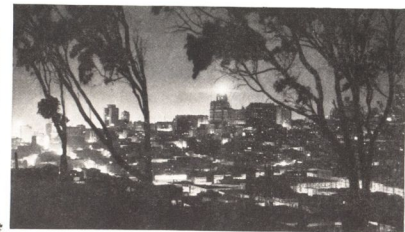
See the Tenth Olympics. See the I. C. A. A. A. A. and the British-American Games. See the colorful Shrine Conclave, and many other picturesque events.

And play in San Francisco. The city within a Golden Gate that is different from every other famous city anywhere in the world!

Play at the Beach and in fabulous Golden Gate Park. Take your choice of dozens of sporty golf courses, and sail great San Francisco Bay. Explore the largest Chinatown outside of China, and the long Embarcadero with its ships and men from far away



San Francisco's Chinatown. A city that came across the sea.



Ten million laughing lights, light San Francisco nights. And every single one says: Play!

...Dance to celebrated orchestras (in the town where jazz was born). Climb high, towered hills in cable cars; look out on 'half of California.' And see the *Presidio* and *Mission Dolores*—whence, in a sense, our whole Pacific Coast Empire sprang...

Thousands come every summer to San Francisco...to recoup the smile that months of work wears off. And you'll be glad all your life, if you come, too.

It is a fascinating city, this center

of the whole California vacationland...and it is *America's coolest summer city*. You'll find each summer day mild and invigorating; each night kept cool by soft sea breezes.

Come this summer!

Make this your best vacation!

If you would like a free, illustrated book to help you plan your vacation, write Californians Inc., Room 1505, 703 Market Street, San Francisco.

Tell anyone to come here for a glorious vacation, but advise persons seeking employment not to come here at this time lest they be disappointed.

Many are the thrills in store for you in San Francisco. See the I. C. A. A. A. A. meet, July 1-2, the British-American games, August 1-6, the great Shrine celebration, July 26-28. And see California's most varied vacationland from San Francisco—in the center.



Under the privileges of new, low summer roundtrip railroad fares, San Francisco may be included on any Pacific Coast ticket at little or no additional cost!



BUSINESS & FINANCE

Bankers at Work

How did Ivar Kreuger gull austere and powerful U. S. bankers? Will any of these bankers who sold his securities and sat on his boards be tried for fraud or negligence?

Last week the second question was still unanswered. But much that may have an important bearing on it was revealed when the receiver for bankrupt International Match held hearings in Manhattan in an attempt to learn just what the company's position was. Out of the testimony could be gathered the first detailed account of Ivar Kreuger's manipulations. The whole afforded a remarkable close-up picture of the U. S. banker at work.

Who killed Cock Kreuger? What was the final thing which ran him to ground? Last week it became clear that his end was written when Sosthenes Behn, Chairman of International Telephone & Telegraph, with all the deliberateness of a Dane, refused to believe in the sly Swede; and when Gordon Rentschler, astute president of National City Bank, stood by Mr. Behn and asked Ivar Kreuger for facts, more facts, clearer facts.

This final Kreuger chapter started in June 1931, when he sold control of L. M. Ericsson Telephone Co. to I. T. & T. He was given a down payment of \$11,000,000 and promised some I. T. & T. stock as soon as an audit was made. This audit was merely a routine matter so far as I. T. & T. was concerned.

Up to Stockholm went the accountants of Price, Waterhouse & Co. After much investigation they cabled I. T. & T. that Ericsson's cash account had been misrepresented, cheap foreign bonds being carried in the cash account at par value. In Manhattan Ivar Kreuger tried to pass this off. It was a mistake in translation he insisted. Oh yes, the bonds had been placed in lieu of cash but that was just a temporary loan Ericsson Telephone had made to Kreuger & Toll—he would soon put the cash back and take the bonds in return. And did not Sosthenes Behn see that Ivar Kreuger himself had guaranteed the Ericsson accounts? There was nothing to worry about.

But Sosthenes Behn cared little for the guaranty he had been given. And neither, apparently, did his bankers, J. P. Morgan & Co. and National City Bank. Soon Ivar Kreuger was closeted with National City's Rentschler. After ten days of meetings Mr. Rentschler said that Ivar Kreuger would have to cancel the deal, give back the \$11,000,000. These dollars I. T. & T. has yet to see.

After his conferences with Kreuger, Banker Rentschler telephoned George Murnane, a partner in Lee, Higginson & Co., bankers for Kreuger's International Match Corp. Lee, Higginson had just floated a \$50,000,000 International Match debenture issue in the U. S. "for important new investments in Poland . . . and other purposes." Banker Rentschler suggested that Banker Murnane ought to hear Kreuger's explanation of the failure of the Ericsson deal. It was Sunday, Feb. 21. Banker Murnane went off to church, then summoned his good friend and partner

Donald Durant who was personally very close to Ivar Kreuger. Together they went to the Kreuger penthouse at No. 791 Park Avenue. Asked for his explanation Herr Kreuger again muttered something about "an error in translation," grew white, slumped into a chair. Bankers Murnane and Durant politely did not press the issue, called a doctor, withdrew. If they smelled a rat they did not follow their noses.

At last week's hearing Banker Durant, face white, lips twitching, testified in a nervous voice regarding this interview. Spectators grew restless at the obvious suffering he was going through. Nerves almost cracked when on the street outside



Keystone

LEE, HIGGINSON'S DURANT

He was polite in a penthouse.

a tinnish German band struck up. Many times Banker Durant failed to remember things, always insisted that he and his partners had faith in Kreuger up to the time of his death.

Six days after the penthouse interview a \$4,000,000 unsecured loan made to International Match by several big banks fell due. Ivar Kreuger admitted he could not pay it. National City Bank, despite its recent experience in the Ericsson deal, offered to renew. S. Sloan Colt, president of Bankers Trust Co., renewed the loan after a cursory glance at a forecast of International Match's income. On the forecast were two items which should already have been collected by International Match. Neither had been received but that was not commented upon. No willing renower, however, was Pittsburgh's Union Trust Co., the "Mellon Bank." Union Trust insisted on cash & collateral. On Feb. 27 the \$4,000,000 loan was reduced \$200,000 and 350,000 shares of Diamond Match Co. were put up as collateral. Last week this block of stock still had a market value of \$4,550,000.

None of the Lee, Higginson partners who testified last week admitted that they had felt any alarm over the coincidence of irregularities in the Ericsson deal and

International Match's inability to pay a \$4,000,000 loan although its 1931 income had been reported at \$20,000,000. Last week they seemed to listen with surprise to the description of International Match's bookkeeping as given by James Naumburg Rosenberg, counsel for the receiver.

Between 1923 and 1931 International Match sold \$169,890,000 worth of securities in the U. S. A \$15,000,000 debenture issue was retired at over par, so that \$154,000,000 was actually invested in the company. Last week the market value of this \$154,000,000 was \$1,787,000. Practically all of the money received was transferred to Europe and used by Herr Kreuger as he saw fit. Not until last week did Lee, Higginson & Co.'s partners hear that International Match's chief assets are \$75,000,000 owed it by little known Continental Investment Co. of Liechtenstein



SOSTHENES BEHN

It took a Dane to catch a Swede.

and \$15,000,000 by Garanta Co. of Holland. Apparently both these companies used the money to some extent to buy properties for Swedish Match Co. They paid interest to International Match on a sliding scale, the scale being just large enough so that International Match would appear to earn its dividend. One year the "interest" went as high as 24%.

In addition to this remarkable bookkeeping method which multited International Match for Swedish and also gave Ivar Kreuger immense sums of money to use as he wished, two other frauds were shown. 1) International Match bought \$50,000,000 worth of German bonds which were placed in a Kreuger-controlled bank for safekeeping. A few weeks ago these bonds turned up in Stockholm where they had been used by Ivar Kreuger for a personal loan. 2) Many of International Match's so-called concessions were false. On the stand last week Fred Allen, large senior New York partner of Lee, Higginson & Co., looking 25 lb. lighter in the past two months, testified that so far only the Turkish concession (made in 1930) and the Guatemalan have been found to be real.

Most fanciful of all were concessions listed as "X," "Y" and "Z." Lee, Hig-

Lancaster



Bond

The Aristocrat of Bonds

If a gem worthy of being set in an ornament of gold be set in lead, it neither tinkles nor shines; the blame belongs to the setter.

—HITOPADESA

Or its modern version would read "If a well written business letter is typed on a low grade bond paper it is neither impressive nor convincing." Why not choose Lancaster Bond, "The Aristocrat of Bond Papers," for the fine "gold setting" of your business or professional correspondence paper?

GILBERT PAPER COMPANY
MENASHA, WISCONSIN

● Lancaster Bond is a 100% rag content bond paper. Its rich "feel," beautiful white ripple surface and impressiveness easily distinguish it as "The Aristocrat of Bonds." Write to Gilbert Paper Company, Menasha, Wisconsin for latest sample book.

One of the
GILBERT
Quality
Papers



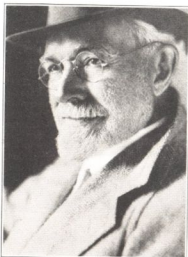
Lancaster Bond is now obtainable in convenient Executive Cabinets, with envelopes to match from the Kalamazoo Stationery Company, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

ginson were content with Kreuger's story that these assets must remain anonymous for high diplomatic reasons. In 1931, when President Joseph R. Swan of Guaranty Co. asked for detailed information, Herr Kreuger reported about \$70,000,000 invested in "X," "Y" and "Z" but still insisted on anonymity. Last week it was revealed that X stood for Italy, Y for Spain, Z for Diamond Match Co. But the "concessions" did not exist, the \$70,000,000 "investment" was pure falsehood.

Return of Doherty

A moonbeam, a birthday, a treasure chest, a skyscraper and a reality engaged Henry Latham Doherty of Cities Service Co. last week.

After six years of "sick-leave" from direct command of Cities Service and Henry L. Doherty & Co., he decided to celebrate his 62nd birthday by returning and becoming again the active executive head of



Underwood & Underwood

HENRY LATHAM DOHERTY

... had moonbeams for his birthday.

both. Coincidentally with his birthday was the opening of his new building in Manhattan, "Sixty Wall Tower" (at No. 70 Pine Street). The building cost \$7,500,000, stands on land of the same value. Its 67 stories and 950-ft. height rank it as Manhattan's third tallest. Notable innovation in it are double-deck elevators, one compartment of which stops at even floors, the other at odd floors.

A treasure chest bound in brass was given to Mr. Doherty by a representative of a Dutch bank at a large birthday luncheon in his honor. Hosts included Standard Oil's Walter Clark Teague, Westinghouse's Andrew Wells Robertson, Consolidated Gas's George Bruce Cortelyou. Speaking on economics, politics, education, Mr. Doherty was applauded when he said: "At the age of 62 I find myself with more plans and ambitions than I had at 22."

Moonbeams entered the festivities that night. A mirror on the 64th floor and a

*At 22 Mr. Doherty was general manager for Columbus Gas Co.



34

Common Stocks and a Plan

DURING periods of depression the average investor has opportunities which come only three or four times in his lifetime. A wise use of these opportunities may mean fulfillment of his dreams of financial independence.

● We should like to send to every investor—large or small—a copy of a booklet which tells what the investor has reason to expect from a conservative faith in the Law of Averages.

● This is the story of an investment in a broadly diversified selection of outstanding common stocks. It tells how an interest may be obtained in common stocks of not one or a few but of 34 great companies, the market value of whose outstanding common shares is approximately half the market value of the more than 800 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

● The booklet—*A Participation in the Future of America*—outlines a plan for the investor with \$150, or the investor with \$150,000.

● This plan should be of special interest to investors who seek reclamation of losses. NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES, 1955 and 1956, provide an interest in 34 great American corporations. These companies have more than 1500 subsidiaries and do business in virtually all parts of the world.

● A copy of *A Participation in the Future of America* may be obtained from the address below or through any of the more than 1600 investment houses and banks now distributing NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES.

DISTRIBUTORS GROUP INCORPORATED

63 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
(Owned by a nation-wide group of investment houses.)

North American
TRUST SHARES

photoelectric cell were employed to carry Mr. Doherty's voice by moonbeam power to a microphone while he spoke over a nationwide radio hookup, greeting the members of Doherty's Men's Fraternity (employees). More moonbeams were used to close a switch turning on the building's floodlights.

The birthday, the moonbeams, the skyscraper and treasure chest were pleasant things. The reality was not. It was the same reality which has caused many a semi-retired executive to return to his desk, including John North Willys, Errett Lobban Cord, Henry Holiday Timken, Otto Hermann Kahn. It was the reality which has so upset Mr. Doherty's fellow utilitarian, Samuel Insull.

Depression has not been without effect on Cities Service. Earnings for 1931, before depreciation and depletion, were \$18,165,000 against \$46,423,000. After all charges, a deficit for the common stock resulted. Fixed charges and preferred dividends were just earned and fixed charges alone were covered with only 20% to spare. Last week Cities Service shares sold at \$3½ against this year's high of \$6½. Its 5% bonds were at \$32. Mr. Doherty, agreed Wall Street, has hard work ahead of him.

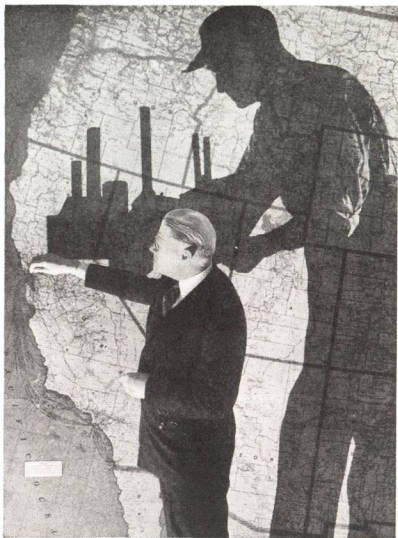
Deals & Developments

Postal Shift. Because of the outcry that was raised at revelation of how Kreuger & Toll, acting with full legal rights, had shifted the collateral behind its bonds, the New York Stock Exchange lately passed a rule that it must be notified immediately of such changes. More than two years ago Postal Telegraph & Cable made such a shift. It removed and retired Commercial Cable Co.'s first mortgage bonds and debenture stock, replacing them with Commercial Cable unsecured notes. The amount involved was about \$20,000,000. Leading statistical services have been aware of the change, as have sharp-eyed investors. The New York Stock Exchange has known of the shift for some time, has willingly told all inquirers about it. Last week the Exchange's bulletin said "notice has been received" of the change. Newspapers copied it.

Postal Telegraph bonds, of which some \$50,000,000 are outstanding, last week sold at 15½ on the \$1 against a 1932 high of 39½. In 1931 the company had its gross business fall only 8% against the total drop of 16% in U. S. telegraph business but its cable and wireless business was off sharply.

Last week Postal's parent, International Telephone & Telegraph, made its 1931 report. Salient points: 1) Net income: \$7,654,000 against \$13,750,000. 2) Telephones in the system provided 50% of the gross revenue, increased from 688,000 to 760,000. Of the gain 50,000 was from acquisition of the Rumanian system. 3) I. T. & T.'s telephone business is distributed as follows: South America, 33.4%, Asia, 3.2%, Europe, 27.9%, North America (Mexico) 7.8%, West Indies, 7.7%.

Although last year's earnings were more than double interest charges, last week I. T. & T.'s three bond issues sold at forbodingly low prices of from 19½ to 24½.



COMING EVENTS

Coming events in industry throw significant shadows on the San Francisco metropolitan area. Eastern observers of business trends say that this region in the next decade will experience the greatest advance in the history of this country. Significant shadows are: Center of a consuming population of 12 millions • Cheapest power in the West (natural gas, electricity, oil) • Superior labor efficiency • Moderate living costs • Accessibility of raw materials • Established center of diversified industry • Gateway to the commerce of the Pacific • Seat of western banking and finance •

Comprehensive analyses of all these factors have been made. The Crocker institutions will be glad to supply pertinent information to all concerns interested in the Empire of the West. Our information is derived from authentic sources and has been selected with the discrimination resulting from 62 years of broad regional banking activity throughout the West.

Write to Business Service Department

CROCKER FIRST NATIONAL BANK
CROCKER FIRST FEDERAL TRUST COMPANY • SAN FRANCISCO



You need IRON FIREMAN now!

EVERY DAY that your boiler or furnace is operated without Iron Fireman automatic forced underfiring, you are losing money. The chances are you are paying 50 per cent more for heat units than you would pay if you had an Iron Fireman.

★ Combined fuel savings of business men who have awakened to this opportunity for economy now total many millions of dollars annually. When Iron Fireman is installed in your own boiler room, you begin to share in these savings. And there are other savings, too: You save labor costs, you prevent smoke, you hold temperatures and boiler pressure absolutely steady—*automatically*—a feature which may mean much added income both directly and indirectly.

The Iron Fireman method is to get the facts by making a survey of your boiler room at our risk. With the facts before you it is easy to decide. Do not deny yourself this free service. Ask for a survey. Write, wire, or telephone. Iron Fireman Mfg. Co., Portland, Oregon; Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Canada. Dealers everywhere.



IRON FIREMAN

Automatic Coal Burner

Iron Fireman Mfg. Co., 3170 W. 106th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

☐ Send Literature.

☐ I request a survey of my heating plant.

☐ Residence

☐ Industrial

Name _____

Address _____

on \$1 and the common stock below \$5. In March it was reported in the Press that Clarence Hungerford Mackay, chairman of Postal, director and big stockholder of I. T. & T., had fallen in his bathroom, hurt his head. Last week it was an open secret that Chairman Mackay still lay abed, worried and fretful, may never attend another board meeting.

"Other Income." Mushrooms grow in dark, cool places. Boston Elevated Railway Co. last week asked for permission from the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities to rent a portion of one of its subway stations to a mushroom grower. No opposition developed.

5½¢. On April 1 the copper industry agreed on a new ratio of curtailment which brought production down to 20% of capacity. It takes copper 120 days from mine to market so the effect has not yet been felt. Last week copper dropped to 5½¢ per lb., lowest price in history. *Metal & Mineral Markets* said nothing has occurred to justify the present wave of pessimism. But observers thought that low prices, possibilities of complete shut-downs, might influence Congress' attitude towards a copper tariff.

Mirror to the Fight. Feelings run hard in the soft drink industry where brand-names and goodwill mean much. On every can of *Pepsi-Cola* is the following label:

"\$10,000 reward will be paid . . . for information leading to the detection of any dealer substituting *Pepsi-Cola* for any other 5¢ drink."

Obvious reason for the label is to show that *Pepsi-Cola* is not being sold deliberately as a substitute for *Coca-Cola*. When *Coca-Cola* Co. saw the label it scouted about, wrote *Pepsi-Cola* Co. last month that "your product . . . has been and is now being substituted and passed off for *Coca-Cola* . . . at ten Loft, six Happiness and seven Mirror stores. . . This detection . . . entitles us to the reward . . . and we herewith . . . make demand upon you for the payment . . . of the sum of \$30,000."

Last fortnight Loft and *Pepsi-Cola* answered with \$7,000,000 worth of damage suits, charging *Coca-Cola* has maliciously attempted to break *Pepsi-Cola's* contracts, to hurt Loft's business (*TIME*, May 16). Last week the Mirror stores (operated by Loft) joined the fray and brought suits for \$1,250,000 in damages. A million dollars was asked for general interference with the Loft-Mirror-*Pepsi-Cola* contracts, charging that *Coca-Colans* had bribed Mirror employees, had attacked Mirror's stock, had interfered with customers, had stolen goods. The second suit for \$250,000 was because of *Coca-Cola's* letter to *Pepsi-Cola* which, said Mirror Stores, had injured its good name, credit, business.

Personnel

Last week the following was news: *Richard Whitney* was re-elected, for the third time, to presidency of the **New York Stock Exchange**. There was no opposition. Excerpt from the Exchange's resolution: "Never before has a president of the Exchange been subjected to such a trial . . . because never before has the modern business world passed through such a shattering convulsion."



BELLEVUE STRATFORD PHILADELPHIA

ITS faultless attendance and genuine hospitality give even the most transient guest a sense of quiet comfort in the very midst of Philadelphia's social and business life.

Rates consistent with present times
CLAUDE H. BENNETT
General Manager



CORPORATE TRUST SHARES

(Original Series)

Bearer Exchange Warrants, evidencing the right of holders of old series to exchange for Corporate Trust Shares, Accumulative Series, or Series AA, on a preferential basis, expire June 15, 1932.

Authorized Distributors are now providing Warrants to holders, together with full details of the exchange. On your request, the undersigned will supply names of local Authorized Distributors.

American Depositor Corporation
Depositor

120 Wall Street, New York

PEOPLE

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

After 61 U. S. concerts, **Jose Iturbi**, sportive Spanish pianist, sailed for Europe taking with him first U. S. citizenship papers, a Ford, a power plant for generating electricity and water, an electric refrigerator, a set of bathroom fixtures. The contrivances are for a home Iturbi is building in his native Valencia.

Heckled in the House of Commons for referring to "the late Mr. Fisher," **Lady Astor** retorted: "When people leave this House they are dead to me!" Cried another female M. P.: "What about **Lord Astor**, your own husband?" Bound to



British Illustrations

LORD & LADY ASTOR

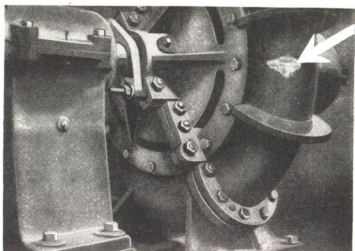
She: "Oh, he's practically dead most of the time!"

win the argument Lady Astor found herself saying: "Oh, Lord Astor! He's practically dead most of the time!"

In San Francisco **Bernard Goldfish**, brother of Film Producer **Samuel Goldwyn**, had his name changed to **Fish**. He explained that Brother Samuel had copyrighted the name Goldwyn, adopted after he joined forces with Producers **Archibald** & **Edgar Selwyn** in 1916. A third brother, **Ben Goldfish** of Chicago, has already become **Fish**.

A gift of \$250,000 to establish and endow a school for Boy Scout leaders was made by **Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff** as a memorial to her son the late **Mortimer Leo Schiff**, Kuhn, Loeb partner and Boy Scout president.

Ill lay: **Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont**, onetime wife of **William Kissam Vanderbilt**, in Paris, following a paralytic stroke; Soprano **Rosa Ponselle**, in New Haven, Conn., following removal of a fibroid tumor; **King Camp Gillette**, 77, razor tycoon, in Los Angeles.



BRONZE WELDING

restores Costly Machine to service

A FLAW was discovered in a big rotary pump casting. Replacement would have meant dismantling the entire unit, involving costly delay and considerable expense.

At the suggestion of an experienced welder, Bronze welding was resorted to. Within an hour after the casting was prepared, the weld was completed and the pump again ready for service—as good as new.

Because their low melting points minimize or eliminate pre-heating, Copper-alloy rods are extensively used for the welding of cast, malleable and galvanized iron, steel, Copper and Copper-alloys. Repair-welding with Bronze saves industry an immense sum annually in the speedy, economical reclamation of broken castings, ranging from small pipe-threading tools to

immense heavy duty castings weighing hundreds of tons. And in many production processes Copper-alloy rods have been found ideal for oxy-acetylene and electric welding of iron, steel, Copper and Brass sheets, tubes and plates.

Welding is but one of the countless ways in which Copper and its alloys serve industry. Special alloys offer exceptional forming properties . . . others can be machined at high speeds . . . all are durable and inexpensive to polish and plate. Their use results in a superior and more salable article that can frequently be produced at lower cost.

Let us help you to determine the most effective use of Copper, Brass and bronze for your specific needs . . . write to us, we will gladly cooperate.

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RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

25 Broadway, New York.

TIME HAS PROVED THE SERVICE OF COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

Spare *your skin!*

Other blades may *look* as keen—but your face *feels* an amazing difference—when you use the Gem Micromatic Blade.

Only a genuine Gem Micromatic is so sharp that the lightest touch smooths away the toughest whiskers at the base.

Made of heavier, sturdier surgical steel, it takes a keener edge and stays keen for shaves... and shaves... and shaves. It is the one blade that shaves perfectly in new or old Gem Razors. Demand it!

P. S. The Gem Micromatic Razor is the first real razor invention in 20 years. Investigate and you'll invest!
American Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEM MICROMATIC BLADES

S P O R T

Davis Cup

In Rome, Copenhagen, Havana, Torquay, Warsaw and New Orleans last week a conspiracy began to close in against France. Six nations' tennis teams eliminated six others from the second round of international Davis Cup play. The U. S. defeated Mexico; Australia, Cuba; England, Rumania; Denmark, Yugoslavia; Poland, Holland; Italy, Egypt. The French, defending Davis Cup champions since 1927, were alarmed, but not by numbers. They knew that only three nations had a chance and that at least one new tennis phenomenon must be found to take the Davis Cup away from France. Failing the phenomenal, aging (32) Henri Cochet would be enough to keep it another year in France especially if aided by Jean Borotra, 33. Also at hand this year is René Lacoste, 27, who helped take the Cup from the U. S. in 1927, retired in 1929 and will attempt a comeback this week against the British.

Critics were unimpressed by the U. S. victory, 5-0, over third-rate Mexico at New Orleans. Gangling, nervous Ellsworth Vines, U. S. national champion and leading candidate for phenomenon, was still short of his top form. He seemed absent-minded, possibly because of his planned marriage in June to Verle Low of California. Texan Wilmer Allison, a plodder, showed a few moments of brilliant tennis. The supposedly invincible doubles team of Allison & John Van Ryn needed four sets to win. This team will play Australia next; then, if victorious, the winner of the European zone finals; then, possibly, France (July 29-31) at the Stade Roland Garros in Auteuil. Notable is the fact that all the U. S. players have taken turns beating each other, none is invincible. Experts pin the dubious U. S. chances on the incalculable Vines.

Other candidates for phenomenon are: Australia's Jack Crawford, fireball player of the 1928 and 1930 Davis Cup matches; England's Frederick J. Perry, unbeaten ping pong player, Herbert Wilbur ("Bunny") Austin and C. R. D. Tuckey, British Army mystery man, a harder hitter than the other Englishmen.

Who Won

♣ Burgoon King, Col. E. R. Bradley's Derby-winning colt; the 41st Preakness, becoming the third horse in history to win both the Derby and the Preakness; at Pimlico, Md.

♣ Three University of Pennsylvania crews (varsity, 150-lb., freshman): races with Harvard, Navy & M. I. T.; at Annapolis. Navy won the junior varsity race.

♣ The Princeton track team: a dual meet with Yale (Princeton's first track victory against Yale since 1925) by 80 to 55; at New Haven.

♣ Henry Cotton; from W. T. Twine: the 1,500-guineas golf tournament, at Southport, England.

♣ Charles Cabot, New Haven, Conn. garageman: the Albany-to-New York outboard motorboat race (132½ mi.) in 2 hr. 56 min. 39 sec., a record.

B O O K S

Anarch Monarch

ROMANCE OF A DICTATOR—George Slocombe—Houghton Mifflin (\$2.50).

Out of his twelve-year experience as a star newspaper correspondent, during which he has covered every major assignment in Europe, attended every Peace or Reparations conference, red-bearded Britisher Slocombe has distilled a modern political romance that will intoxicate readers accustomed to drinking Dumas with their mother's milk. The book is a thinly disguised, none too complimentary adumbration of Dictator Mussolini.

Though soon to become Dictator of Thalia, Hannibal, when Journalist Slocombe first encounters him in Switzerland, is an anarchist of the deepest dye. Though politically a he-man, personally he has traits barely infantile. When a girl at his Swiss boarding house repulses his torrid advances, in a pet he plants a dummy bomb under his bed to terrify the boarders, decamps for England. From anarchist lair to lair he jumps. In Paris he meets Luciana, who recognizes the star of fortune burning over his beetling brow. She becomes his mistress, mothers him and his destiny with incomparable tact.

During the War Hannibal and Luciana suddenly appear in Thalia. Hannibal starts a newspaper and, against all anarchistic precedent, begins to harang Thaliens to join the Allies. While grinding his teeth at Communists, Socialists, Pacifists, he grinds his own axe as well. His paper is subsidized by the Allies. His fame and popularity grow to such proportions that, after the War, when he marches on the capitol, Mirasol, he is immediately proclaimed Dictator by the helpless King. For a time, with Luciana helping, he is king-pin. But he needs king-pin-money from U. S. Financier Stedford to keep going. At first Stedford, who has a passion for Luciana, grants the loans. But when Hannibal makes up to Elena, the King's youngest daughter, finally marries her, Stedford subsidizes Conspirator Gandolfo and Hannibal is exiled. A fugitive with Elena, he is attacked by an anarchist, but his wife saves his life with hers. After years of lonely wanderings he returns to Luciana, who takes him in hand, teaches his star to rise again.

In the life of Benito Mussolini there is in fact no Stedford, no Luciana and no Elena. Not a "Stedford" but Wall Street's greatest banks have supplied the Fascist Regime with loans. So many women have brightened the Dictator's leisure that to pick out one and call her "Luciana" is mere English understatement. Finally the Dictator, who was a proud, prolific father long before his rise to power, has most certainly never aspired to marry a daughter of King Vittorio Emanuele III.

City Jungle-Book

THE CITY JUNGLE—Felix Salten—Simon & Schuster (\$2).

Above the European city's sleepless roar that throbs across the city's zoos, rises every night a roar of animal voices, voices from Africa and Asia, from the polar ice, the plains of Tanganyika, the primeval

forests of Borneo. Lions groan and tigers moan. Elephants trumpet like thunder. Wolves howl, hyenas laugh, monkeys screech. But all cry the same thing: "How long must we remain captive? What have we done that we should suffer so horribly? Why are we here? Why?" Sleepy humans do not answer, do not even hear.

In what some readers will consider the slightly mawkish accents of gratuitous pity Author Salten tells delicate stories of the zoo's inhabitants. To the orang-utans Lily and Bobby (their names in the jungle were Yppa & Zato) is born their first child, a male whom they name Tikki. Lily begins to find captivity bearable, but Bobby wants to hold the baby too. When he gets hold of him he will not let him go, plays with him until he begins to starve for mother's milk. Only after Bobby has been drugged with bananas loaded with veronal



FELIX SALTEN

... takes his pity to the zoo.

can Tikki be taken from him. When he awakens Bobby realizes his drugged indignity; no more bananas, no more of any of Man's food for him. Slowly, reproachfully he starves to death.

Other animals have other miseries: Hella, the lioness, whose second prison-born litter is taken from her when the cubs reach circus age; Mino, the little red fox, who periodically runs, chasing insanity, in narrowing circles around his cement cage. But there are human sufferers as well. A young man who makes friends with the girl who takes care of Peter, the bicycle-riding chimpanzee, is so horrified by the animals' sufferings that he plans to sacrifice himself in atonement. One night he steals into the elephant's cage, deliberately begins to lead away the elephant's pet, a little white goat. In the morning the curator finds the boy's body wedged high between the bars; the great elephant swaying to & fro beside his softly bleating goat.

The Author. His father cowed by business disaster, himself bullied as a school child, Author Salten learned young to pity both men and animals. Born in

Ofenpest, Austria, in 1869, he had to make a living out of family charity until his writing began to pay. Thereafter, besides practicing journalism in Vienna, he has written some 20 books. *Bambi*, his first book published in America, telling the life story of a buck in the Wienerwald, was a great success. Others: *The Hound of Florence*, *Fifteen Rabbits*, *Samson & Delilah*.

Posthumoresques

STROKE OF LUCK; DREAM OF DESTINY—Arnold Bennett—Doubleday, Doran (\$2.50).

Two novels, one short, one unfinished, make up late Author Bennett's book. The two heroines, who outclass the heroes, are actresses. Both plots are rather theatrically professional, in Author Bennett's later, lighter style. Handled with ambivalent success, these somewhat inconsequential stories will barely satisfy serious-minded Bennett fans, but his reputation can stand the strain.

Stroke of Luck tells of Etta Wickhamstead who, to escape poverty, took to the stage. As Ruth Rutven she had an accidental success in a vampire's part. Producers tried to make her repeat in other plays; but, no flapper, Etta always flops. Her poverty returns, consigns her to rooms in Chelsea where she lives with her cousin, Stocky. Etta is strait-laced, but Stocky is voluptuously convex. One day Etta, returning from an employment agency unemployed, snatches a boy out of the path of Mr. Leverton's car. Flowers follow, and Mr. Leverton follows the flowers. Just when Etta has succeeded in arousing Mr. Leverton's interest (he is a wealthy theatrical man), Stocky barges into the room. Mr. Leverton has interests other than professional, cannot take his eyes off Stocky's luscious shape. Though both girls are then & there employed, there follows an uncivil war between them for Mr. Leverton. Everything seems to be militating against Etta until Mr. Leverton discovers that she understands him. He asks her help in finishing a play. Wedding bells ensue.

Dream of Destiny, the unfinished novel, invades territory near that amply inhabited by late great Novelist Henry James. When, at a fashionable garden party, Roland Smith meets Star-Actress Phoebe Friar, he realizes that she is the girl of whom he has lately dreamed—married to him, lying in a hospital, dying, dead. But there is nothing mortuary about Phoebe and the two strike up a friendship gradually deepening into love. At the height of her theatrical success, Phoebe suddenly falls ill. Roland is distressed; terrified when details of her illness remind him of his dream.

Checked Czech

THIRTY YEARS IN THE GOLDEN NORTH—Jan Welz—Macmillan (\$2.50).

Wrecked off the U. S. Pacific Coast in 1924, on a return voyage from San Francisco to New Siberia, Trader Welz, lacking identification papers, was deported to his homeland, Czechoslovakia. He had never heard of the place. Long before the War he had left Moravia to wander far & wide. Returned there a Czech, he lectured, dictated reminiscences (made lit-

erate by others), collected money enough to return to his polar home.

After youthful wanderings his odyssey started at Irkutsk where he was employed as a locksmith on the Trans-Siberian Railway. A chance meeting with two political prisoners who had escaped across northern Siberia made up Author Welz's mind. That spring he bought a horse and cart, made tracks for the Arctic Ocean alone. Too uneducated to follow maps he followed his nose, and the rivers flowing north.

Two winters Traveler Welz hibernated on the way. At one settlement coquettish women made advances by biting their larger fleas in two, swallowing one half, tossing the other half at him. At last he reached the Arctic tundra, exchanged his horse and cart for reindeers and sledge. Reaching the Bear Islands he stayed there with Eskimos until a whaler came by, took off to the waters north of Novaya Zemlya, "where the ocean flowed like a huge river among the icebergs."

On the return from the whaling trip Traveler Welz was disembarked, at his own request, on the barren island of New Siberia. He discovered a cave abandoned by Eskimos, dug himself in before the polar storms broke. The winter night descended, the cold stiffened the tossing waves flat. High winter tides exploded the whole ocean's frozen surface into the air, with thunder-claps, bellows, sea-quaking crashes. At those sounds many a polar settler has burst out of his cave, run yelling along the shore waving his arms, insane. Traveler Welz never stirred outside his cave, where the temperature touched 86° below. Though lonely and cold the life was Eskimo Pie to him.

With spring's arrival he unearthed himself, discovered other cave-dwellers in the frozen land. Fast learning the local lore he quarried himself another home and, besides providing for his own wants, worked up a profitable business on the side. Not a tree grows on those islands; but the summer influx of gold-miners and coal-miners must have wood. Trader Welz wangled wood from whaling boats, finally imported provisions from Alaska. Soon he was rich enough to buy a \$100,000 share in a trading boat. Tales of his adventures in New Siberia and elsewhere, an account of the Eskimos' extraordinary way of life, his own election, under the jaw-cracking time Mook-Ojaak, as Chief of New Siberia, wind up his undreamed of, not incredible, romance of fact.

Of Thee I Sing (Cont'd)

THE DIARY OF AN EX-PRESIDENT—John P. Wintergreen—Minton, Balch (\$1.75).

Public interest, already awakened by the staging of President Wintergreen's political activities in the Pulitzer Prize-winning success, *Of Thee I Sing*, will be further aroused by the publication of the ex-President's *Diary*. Edited by Author Morrie Ryskind, collaborator with George S. Kaufman in the play, it is the product of that scholar's diligent research: only after six months' digging (in the new subway on Manhattan's Eighth Avenue) did he finally succeed in unearthing it. It covers roughly the first four months of ex-President Wintergreen's administration.

In its confidential pages the ex-President makes a clean breast of his official hair shirt.

"Awoke this morning, fully clothed" is the keynote struck early in his diary's pages by Mr. Wintergreen, whose inauguration marked what newspapers called "the beginning of a new era in Prohibition." During the daytime the ills of office and the Ways & Means Committee had a sobering effect. But at nights he forgot his troubles with the British Ambassador, assisted by whiskeys & soda (bicarbonate). Administration affairs were just beginning to straighten out when Jim Doolittle, the President's brother-in-law, who married his sister Tess under compulsion, was arrested for legging in Montana. That scandal was the prelude to worse troubles. In its effort to balance the Budget, the Senate taxed landlords 50% of any rent they charged, 150% of what they got. What with Wall Street



Vandamm Studio

JOHN P. WINTERGREEN*

"Awoke this morning, fully clothed."

investigations, the Depression got so thick that Julius, the Secretary of Commerce, disappeared. Sole memento of him was the White House parrot who kept saying "The Depression is over! The Depression is over!" In the uncanny way the little polly repeated Julius' slogan, and with that beak of his, Mr. Wintergreen was almost tempted to believe in reincarnation.

At last the suffering populace could stand it no longer, began to advance on the White House. Blocked, the President and his family lived on tinned beef and dried apricots until, at the crucial moment, Julius, the missing Secretary, reappeared. He brought with him Man-That-Jumps-Like-a-Flea, an Osage Indian who was to save them all. The complaint of the raging mob outside was that Throtlebottom, the Vice President, had not a Constitutional amount of Indian blood. A transfusion appeased the mob and the day was saved. Ex-President Wintergreen concludes: "I had done my duty by America and . . . I'd be damned if I'd do it again."

*As played by William Gaston, who made the part a parody of Mayor Walker.

SCIENCE

Homeless Explorers

On a wall of the Explorers Club in upper Manhattan is a painting, done in the Arctic, of the late Rear Admiral Robert Edwin Peary (1856-1920) examining a meteorite. The canvas came from a pair of the North Pole discoverer's brown pants. The artist was Albert Operti, a Peary companion on two Polar trips. Particularly interested in that painting is Josephine Diebitsch Peary, the widow, first white woman to winter with an Arctic expedition. She lives at South Harpswell, Me. Next month her daughter, Mrs. Marie Ahnighito ("Snow Baby") Stafford, who was born "farther north than any other white person," and Mrs. Stafford's two sons are going sailing with Capt. Robert Abram ("Bob") Bartlett to Cape York on the Baffin Bay side of Greenland and there watch the construction of a monument to Peary.

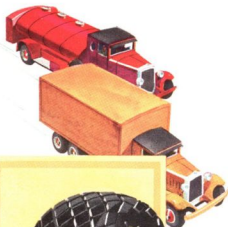
When they return to the U. S. the picture-on-the-pants will not be in its present location. The proud Explorers Club last week concluded that mortgages on their new eight-story building were too heavy to tangle through Depression. The late James Bishop Ford, vice president of the U. S. Rubber Co., who assembled most of the money to begin construction of the clubhouse, died aged 84 (*TIME*, April 9, 1928) without arranging for funds to complete it. The clubhouse carries a \$225,000 6% first mortgage which must be repaid May 24, 1933. A second mortgage of \$300,000 at 6%, mostly held by Explorers, will be forfeited when the Manhattan Life Insurance Co., first mortgage holder, takes over.

New quarters of the club will probably be in the Hotel Majestic (72nd Street & Central Park West). Thither will be moved paintings, photographs, maps, instruments, weapons, mounted animal heads—trophies from the six Centinets, the Seven Seas, the air. Most precious is the Explorers' library valued at \$100,000. From the Club's books, atlases and journals an explorer can get full information for a trip to any part of the world.

Club members now abroad include Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews who sailed for inner Mongolia fortnight ago; Gene Lamb in Tibet; Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey leading his "dude" expedition down the Amazon. Lincoln Ellsworth was last week preparing a 1932 flight with Bert Balchen across Antarctica. Sir George Hubert Wilkins sailed from Manhattan last week for, it was said, a conference with Premier Benito Mussolini concerning another submarine trip toward the North Pole.

No longer a member or a visitor to the Explorers Club is Dr. Frederick Albert Cook, from whose Arctic Club the Explorers Club evolved.* A venerable member is Major General Adolphus Washington Greely, 88, whose expedition to set up a U. S. meteorological base for the first (1881) Polar Year was lost and, save for seven men, destroyed by the Arctic.

*Last week Dr. Cook who, since his 1900 disgrace, spent five years in Leavenworth Prison for stock swindling, was working for the Boys Brotherhood Republic in Chicago as its physical instructor.



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