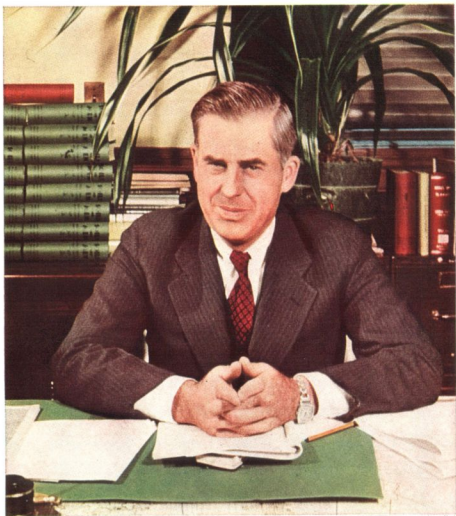


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Harris & Ewing

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WALLACE

He wishes the gunmen would try the piano.

(National Affairs)



NEW WEATHER EYE makes the Nash "Conditioned Air" System* automatic all winter long. Foils outside weather changes... ends danger of foggy windshields... air is as warm and fresher than at home.



SAME FLASHING GETAWAY on hottest desert days and coldest northern nights. Manifolds are sealed away from influence of weather.

Do You LIKE A *Touch of Madness?*

YOU GET A HINT of it before it actually happens... a hint of adventure on a raw, chilly day.

For up to your door glides a car... unlike anything you've ever seen before! Lithe and low, long, and rakish, poised for instant flight. Looks gay as a debutante and fast as light.

You step inside. The air is warm as a day in May. (This is a Nash, and you tune in your weather with a dial!)

Then things happen! Your toe sets off a hurricane of silent power. You shift as fast as 1-2-3—then an Automatic FourthSpeed* gives you an entirely new driving thrill.

Silent as a shadow, smooth as a speeding arrow, you take hills,

curves, and rough country roads in a seven-league stride.

You can't be blamed for thinking again of places you've always wanted to go—those trips you have always planned to take—some day.

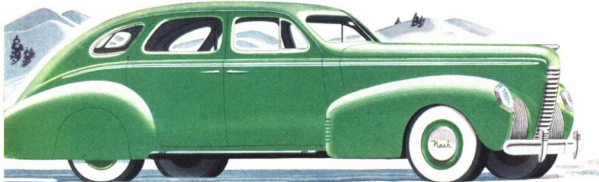
There's no doubt about it... "something happens to you" when you drive a Nash.

Whatever it is, it's fun... and fun you can afford! Ten models are priced right next to the lowest field. See your Nash dealer! NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

(*Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Cost.)

4 series of great cars... 22 models priced from \$770. Delivered at Factory... Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included

\$770



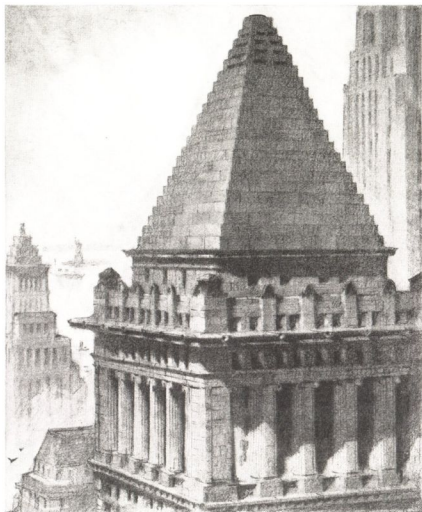
Car Illustrated... Nash LaFayette 4-Door Fast Back Sedan... \$840 Delivered at Factory... Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. White Sidevall Tires and Rear Wheel-shields are optional at extra cost.



PILE THEM IN—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6... and oceans of room for luggage. On trips, you have a double bed in rear.

It's that New **NASH**

A TOWER OF STRENGTH



Executor and Trustee

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

FIFTH AVE. AT 44TH ST.

57TH ST. AT MADISON AVE.

LONDON: 26 OLD BROAD ST.

Member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It's Not a SOAP . . . It's Not Greasy . . . Needs No Brush . . . No Irritating Alkalies

Soaps and lathers have been used for generations to soften men's beards. These serve well enough for men who shave only occasionally. But modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave every day. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

NO SOAP BASE—NO HARMFUL ALKALI

To prevent this daily irritation, a rich, soothing cream without a soap base has been developed. Contains no harmful alkali. It is called Glider and is a complete departure from the ordinary way of manufacturing a shaving preparation.

NO LATHERING—NOT GREASY

After washing face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oily sebum that collect on whiskers every 24 hours, you spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. *Never a brush.* Instantly Glider forms a protective layer between the edge of your blade and the sensitive surface of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to remove your softened whiskers at the base without scraping or irritating the skin.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave every day—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving has for the tender face and leaves your skin smooth and free from unsightly red spots. This special shave cream has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 98 years.

TRY GLIDER AT OUR EXPENSE. We're so positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've ever used that we'll send you a generous tube **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** No stamps—no cartons—no dimes. Just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. TG-15, Glastonbury, Conn., and we'll send you a tube of Glider. On this FREE trial test, we rest our case entirely. Don't delay—send in a penny post card today for your free tube of Glider.

Ernest B. Mulholland
PRESIDENT

Free offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only

LETTERS

Definitely Confused

Sirs:

I note Mr. Andrews is scratching behind his ear. I have worn my finger down to a nub about this goddam Fair??? wages bill. I want to know? Does it apply to my business. After reading volumes and listening to hundreds of opinions, I am still definitely confused. I manufacture upholstered chairs. I have ceased shipping inter-State. I get most of my raw materials from out of State, such as lumber, fabrics, springs, tacks, etc. Does the fact that getting my materials through inter-State Commerce make me subject to this act even if I don't ship inter-State?

I wrote Mr. Andrews several weeks ago, but so far, no answer. This is one of the things that disgusts me with the Administration. They pass a law and worry the hell out of a small businessman like myself because you don't know what to do and can't find out. If I am subject to this law, when are they going to have some local offices so a person can get some additional information?

GEORGE FABER

San Antonio, Tex.

Powder River

Sirs:

Reference is made to Struthers Burt's book *Powder River* in TIME, Nov. 28.

May I suggest that TIME's book reviewer, as well as Novelist Burt, acquaint himself with Montana geography. Pumpkin Creek, the correct name for which is Pumpkin Vine Creek, does not join Powder River! This creek flows into the Tongue River approximately ten miles south of the confluence of the Tongue and Yellowstone Rivers.

E. J. WOOLFOLK

U. S. Forest Service
Miles City, Mont.

► Let Reader Woolfolk acquaint himself with Wyoming geography: a Pumpkin Creek joins Powder River in Wyoming, at 44°15'1" N. Lat., 106°9'29" W. Long.—Ed.

Hall of Fame

Sirs:

Having regard to the manner in which the busts of eminent Americans find their way into University Heights' Hall of Fame a group of twelve men meeting in this town submit the following eminent contemporaries for consideration after 1965. You will note that under the present three-fifths rule only the first four were elected:

Henry Ford	10
Albert Einstein	9
Louis D. Brandeis	9
Frank Lloyd Wright	8
Franklin D. Roosevelt	7
Helen Keller	6

John Dewey	5
Robert A. Millikan	5
Malvina Hoffman	4
George Santayana	4
Grant Wood	4
Walter Damrosch	4

L. J. PATTERSON

Summit, N. J.

Ironical

Sirs:

I own my own farm in central New Jersey and usually raise 1500-2500 laying hens. These last several years I have attempted to obtain a Government loan for the better operation of my farm. . . .

The Federal Land Bank states I am not eligible because I am a "factory"—I cart in raw materials (feed) and cart out the finished product (eggs). They loan to farms only.

The Production Credit Administration resists the impulse to assist, with the explanation that I am too devoid of lienable assets to offer as security for the loan. Real estate is not acceptable and I have no tractors, plows, horses, cows, etc. . . .

The Resettlement Administration protests that I am too affluent for their consideration! They will loan only when all other avenues are closed. Since I am in operation I haven't reached my dead end!

The Emergency Feed and Seed Administration loan is denied because I stated that I wished to plant corn for my hens. Thus, my seed loan becomes a poultry loan and "we don't make poultry loans."

The Farm Credit fieldman blithely informs me that my application for a loan is denied because I work too hard. I run a 2500 hen plant all by myself while my neighbors run a 1000-1500 hen farm with the assistance of a wife and hired man! That makes me a big business man—a tycoon, perhaps—and "we don't loan business, only farmers."

The R. F. C. turns me down because "any loan that might be made would be of no constructive value."

All this I find ironical because although I have an equity of \$6-8,000 in my farm, I am in operation by virtue of a loan from a local "business man" at the small charge of but 5% per year. You see, Tom Dewey's investigation of the loan shark practices does not include the town of Lakewood.

As a magazine of national circulation and great farmer interest, I wonder if you know if any of my fellow subscribers have encountered similar experiences with the Government and if so, how they solved their problems? . . .

STAN BROOKE

Lakewood, N. J.

Cold War

Sirs:

Open our doors to Europe's unwanted! Certain Americans' pronounced interest in

CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE

—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine
330 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for TIME, for one year, and send me a bill (U. S. & Canada, \$5; Foreign, \$7).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

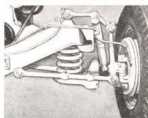
Engineering — That's what Makes Plymouth Great!

A Great New Value

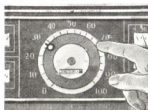
NEW LOWER PRICES!



STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" at no extra cost—Perfect Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission.



NEWMOLA STEEL Coil Springs, finest front springing design in the industry, give Plymouth a wonderful new ride.



NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" Speedometer. Indicator light shows a green, amber, or a warning red light, according to your speed.

Plymouth's Got It... New "Functional Design"... Thrilling New Performance... A Sensational New Ride!

JUST LOOK at the array of great new engineering advancements Plymouth now offers at new lower prices:

...glamorous new beauty, and new streamlined safety headlamps that give greatly increased road lighting.

...thrilling new High-Torque engine performance with new economy.

...a marvelous new ride with Plymouth's

new Amola Steel Coil Springs and patented Floating Power engine mountings.

...new safety and new driving ease with the time-proven, double-action hydraulic brakes and new True-Steady steering.

Easy to own! Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in low monthly instalments.



THE NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH "DE LUXE" Four-Door Touring Sedan. Go see it today!

EASY TO BUY

CONVENIENT TERMS

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.6 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at \$645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes, Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

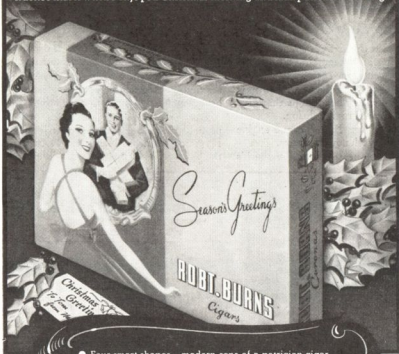
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"



One present that always pleases

WHAT Christmas gift so just right as to give a man something he, himself, buys day after day for his pleasure? For instance, Robt. Burns Cigars. Get him a box of them in the charming, colorful holiday package in harmony with the spirit of the season. Modest in price, yet of recognized social standing. A present you can give to business associate, friend, or relative with confidence that it will be enjoyed Christmas morning and many another morning.



● Four smart shapes—modern sons of a patrician cigar family—provide a cigar to suit the liking and demands of any and every discriminating smoker. All are fashioned by expert craftsmanship. All are full Havana filler cigars—yes, 100% choice Cuban leaf.

Robt. Burns Cigars

Panatela de Luxe 10¢

Corona 10¢

Perfecto Grande 10¢

Queens 2 for 25¢

MODERN SONS OF A PATRICIAN CIGAR FAMILY

COPYRIGHT 1938, GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.

the refugees of oppressed nations abroad should be likened to a father of considerable brood many of whom he has neglected to provide for in essential material and spiritual needs. This father sees a distant group of children being miserably treated at the hands of another; he decides to become magnanimous and rescue them unto himself. . . .

It is shabby drama of America's isolation program and "leave-others-alone" policy. Are we to take the brunt of something which we could have avoided by using other measures that would have proved more worthwhile on an international scale?

Pretty cold view! Why, why get our emotions mixed up with our scientific objectivity now? Get out unemployment statistics, take newspaper, magazine, radio reports of crimes, suicides, starvation, ad infinitum—and ad nauseum—in these United States. Why not retain the isolationism we started? Why not get our house in order before we start accepting guests? Why not be humanitarian on a large scale here before becoming so on the proposed gigantic scale? . . .

DANA FLETCHER

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Y Am Jew

Sirs:

. . . Here Y am representing an american firm. . . in a considerable large district of Northern Yougoslavia . . . and so my life is, what you would call it, "middle-to-do." This country is rich in agrarian products as in minerals, and there is some richness also in this crisisful time; also we had never a famine or relief. But Y am Jew, and so Y have to live in growing difficulties, although officially there would be declared, here in Yougoslavia there is no jewish question. Unfortunately we have to buy all the machineries, chemical and other products we need, in Germany, because this country is our best buyer, so is the german influence growing day after

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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TIME, December 19, 1938

IT'S A THRIFTY THRILL LONG DISTANCE LENDS*



TO HOLIDAY CHATS WITH FAR-OFF FRIENDS!

The holiday season brings back memories of bygone days and old-time friends. You find yourself wondering how they are and what they're doing.

That's the time to pick up your telephone and renew acquaintance across the miles. Greetings are warmer when they're *spoken*. Familiar voices make family news more satisfying. And genuine pleasure goes *both* ways, always.

Try a telephone reunion at holiday time—and you'll want to do it all year round. Rates are low during the day and are even lower to most points after 7 P.M. and all day Sunday.

Long Distance rates for calls to many points are listed in the front of your telephone directory.

** Especially after 7 P.M. or all day Sunday!*



TO TIME'S
819,012 Car Owners
% Letters Section

PENNZOIL



SERVICE

Sirs:

Here's one to remember: The wrong oil can let your motor wear 8 times faster in winter!

That's because the wide changes in winter temperatures call for a quick-starting oil one day, and a tough-film, heat-resisting oil the next. Government reports show that winter temperatures in a single locality can vary as much as 84°!

What to do about it? Your best bet is PENNZOIL—the wide-range oil that flows 'way below zero, yet gives safe lubrication at motor temperatures of 300° and more. Double-refining of pure Pennsylvania crude oil, plus 3 extra refining steps make PENNZOIL as nearly perfect a winter oil as it is possible to produce—give it an extra margin of safety!

I honestly believe PENNZOIL is your best buy in winter oils, else I wouldn't recommend it. I'm an independent dealer and my success depends upon the performance of the products I sell. If you want a better-running car next Spring, my suggestion is to use PENNZOIL this winter.

Your Pennzoil Dealer



day, and understandable is, that very few Jews feel them happy in this situation.

And in this situation, your articles have brought me a real picture from that, what you are thinking about us and the Central-European Question. Not all of these have been exact, but may be that was not always possible. In some regards, everyone must keep some things unpublished, but TIME was speaking in many cases sincerely for us. Y thank you.

Y. J.

Stari Bečej, Yugoslavia

United States of Africa

Sirs:

Of course I'm dumb, diplomatically and politically! Who isn't? But with all the talk about giving the African colonies back to Germany—or what not—why does no one suggest the obvious solution? Why not give them all back to the Africans? Not necessarily to the Negroes, though that might be proper, too; but to the Africans?

Because that's what will ultimately have to be done. Neither England, Germany, Italy, nor Belgium can indefinitely hold any part of Africa as colonial exploitation material. Sooner or later there will be either one United States of Africa—as the American Colonies grew to become the United States of America; or there will be several African states, all independent of Europe, as now in South America. . . .

GRACE VERNE SILVER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Zionists, Americans, Saxons

Sirs:

TIME is glibbie enough to state . . . in its Nov. 21 issue that it finds in publisher William B. Ziff the most persuasive propagandist. . . .

In item 1) Mr. Ziff states that the British policy has been that of divide and rule. I for one agree with him on that point but to go on further and say that the English have carefully nursed Arab anti-Semitism is a shocking blunder. Since when have the Arabs become Aryans and since when have the Jews acquired the monopoly over Semitism? . . .

We have been living with the Jews in Iraq and other Arabic countries for hundreds of years peacefully and amicably. The element that we are fighting now is not the minorities we have with us but that new foreign element Zionism which has been encroaching into Palestine for the last 15 years. . . .

If the measure of civilization is streamlined cars and buildings, offices decked with convenient chairs where dyed blonde secretaries can sit, I can safely say that the Arabs do not care for such civilization. The Jews claim that Palestine is their home because they lived there about 2,000 years ago. I would like to see some Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent go back to England and claim it as their own or, further back, the Saxons going to Germany to claim Saxony which surely was their home.

EDMUND J. NOURI

Washington, D. C.

"2,000,000 Hours"

Sirs:

On p. 43 of TIME, Dec. 12, in your story ["Long Skip"] about United Air Lines' recent accident, you describe the pilot as having "2,000,000 hours of flying behind him."

2,000,000 hours = 83,333 days

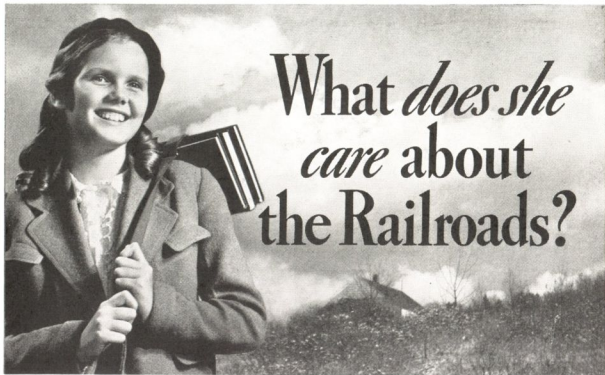
83,333 days = 228.3 years

Has Time unwittingly discovered aviation's Father Time?

MAX KARANT

Chicago, Ill.

► For 2,000,000 hours of flying, "long skip" was an understatement. TIME meant miles.—Ed.



What *does she* *care* about the Railroads?

THIS little miss is one of the more than 1,300,000 children throughout America whose education is being paid for by the \$101,000,000 of school taxes paid each year by the railroads.

And school taxes are only part of the tremendous tax contribution which the railroads make to the activities and welfare of local communities—such things as police and fire protection, public health service, good roads, and a long list of other aids to public safety, comfort and well-being.

Because the railroads are tax-paying citizens of every community they serve, those communities have a mighty important reason for wanting railroads to earn a living under private management.

Can the railroads do that? Of course they can.

What is needed for the railroads is such common-sense treatment as this: *Treat the railroads as a business. Give them reasonable freedom to "price" their only product—transportation service. Give them greater freedom to adjust rates to meet competitive situations; to adjust services to the demands of traffic; and to adjust expenses to the conditions of their business. And give them equality of treatment and opportunity—equality with all other forms of transportation in matters of regulation, taxation, subsidy and the like.*

In the interest of straight-thinking, railroad men have prepared a concise and clear-cut program for a public transportation policy. You'll find this whole program interesting. Send for your copy today.

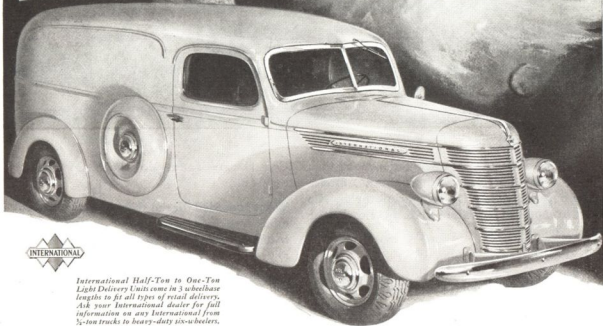
SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

**STRAIGHT
THINKING**
About the Railroads

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

From Every Store
comes
Christmas Cheer



International Half-Ton to One-Ton Light Delivery Units come in 3 wheelbase lengths to fit all types of retail delivery. Ask your International dealer for full information on any International from 1/2-ton trucks to heavy-duty six-wheelers.

NOW, at Christmas Time, the stores of America again play Santa Claus to the nation. Their vital, friendly influence is felt in every community. Crowds of holiday shoppers fill their aisles, and "serve the customer" is the watchword of the hour.

It is estimated that the stores of America deliver two billion packages a year to the homes of America. A large percentage of these packages are crowded into the hectic hours of the holiday season. And what a job the stores do seeing that this tremendous job is done right!

In the service end of Christmas selling, International Trucks play the role of Santa's sleigh to perfection just as they give star performance the year 'round for merchants in every merchandising field. Retail establishments of every kind rely on these famous trucks for unflinching delivery service, and they get it. Powerful,

flexible and fast, these Light Delivery Units travel their routes on schedule at lowest cost per parcel and per mile.

Thirty-three years of truck-building are concentrated in these Light Delivery Internationals. In them the stamina of heavy-duty trucks is combined with the streamlined appearance of luxury motor cars. As a result, many of the biggest retail operators in the country make International Trucks their rolling store fronts, realizing that added profit lies in delivering prestige with every package.

Take stock of your hauling problems now, and in 1939 let Internationals add the prestige of their looks and the economy of their performance to the profits of your business. . . . Merry Christmas!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Into History

In the mind of many a famous man lurks the question of what figure he will cut in History. That was the concern of the last bitter years of Napoleon; it worried vain Frederick the Great; it troubled Lincoln. Franklin Roosevelt, who has long had an eye on his own place in history, last week made plans to occupy it.

Into the oval study on the second floor of the White House trooped the Washington press corps, in response to a summons promising them "the greatest human interest story" in the six years of the Roosevelt Presidency. There they found Franklin Roosevelt, beaming but serious. He had just been host to an impressive array of luncheon guests: Historians Charles A. Beard, Frederic L. Paxson, William E. Dodd, Samuel Eliot Morison; President Frank Porter Graham of the University of North Carolina and President Edmund Ezra Day of Cornell; Economist Stuart Chase and Poet Archibald MacLeish; Mr. Roosevelt's biographer, Ernest Lindley, and his literary handy man, Samuel I. Rosenman; Frank C. Walker, former director of the National Emergency Council; and the Archivist of the United States, Robert Digges Wimberly Connor; Presidential Friend Felix Frankfurter.

Without further ado the President handed out a statement:

"Since 1910 . . . I have carefully preserved all of my correspondence, public papers, pamphlets, books, etc. . . . It is my desire that they be kept as a whole and intact in their original condition, available to scholars of the future in one definite locality. . . .

"That part of my family's country place at Hyde Park on which we live will, without doubt, eventually go to the Federal Government to be maintained for the benefit of the public by the Federal Government. It is, therefore, my thought that funds can be raised for the erection of a separate, modern, fireproof building. . . .

"All of this has the approval and consent of my Mother, who owns the property during her lifetime. . . ."

His guests, said the President, would form a committee to raise funds for his plan, taking as their first contribution Mr. Roosevelt's earnings on his already published papers. A historical precedent will be set: Franklin Roosevelt's home becomes Government property. The homes of such predecessors as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln are all maintained by

private organizations. The Roosevelt history trove will include the President's books and pictures on the Navy (best private collection in the U. S.) and a sizable collection on the history of Hyde Park and Dutchess County. Chief lacuna in the Roosevelt record for posterity: a diary. The President has started one on

"We and You"

Franklin Roosevelt last week conducted a school for ambassadors. Home for a seminar on U. S. foreign policy were Hugh Wilson (Berlin), William Phillips (Rome) and William Bullitt (Paris). On the way from London was Joe Kennedy (nominally



Acme

EDEN, WHALEN & EDEN

Mr. Eden: "Impressive . . . stupendous . . . magnificent."

three January firsts, never kept going later than January 4.

► The President conferred with his Senatorial lieutenant, Jimmy Byrnes, about plans to revive Reorganization next session, indicated that he would probably take Senator Byrnes's advice to adopt the line of least resistance by splitting the measure into several Congressional bills.

► "I am grateful for myself and for a great many future Presidents," said Franklin Roosevelt as he accepted from Maker Theodore Steinway a new mahogany piano with legs carved like eagles to replace the gold monstrosity that has stood in the East Room since 1903.

on his way to Florida to spend Christmas with his son Jack), and called home from China was Nelson Johnson, who by traveling his fastest can reach Washington next month.

Messrs. Wilson and Phillips proceeded to teach the teacher. Both were alarmed at the sharpness with which Franklin Roosevelt—and U. S. public opinion—has slapped at Dictators Hitler and Mussolini, and by implication has frowned upon Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's policy of "appeasing" Fascism. Instead of being told that they should revamp their views to fit Washington's, they persuaded the President to leave foreign policy out of his Chapel Hill speech (TIME, Dec. 12), and further to soften his democratic dander last week.

It was no secret around Washington, however, that Joe Kennedy was in for an admonition for publicly expressing views like those that Messrs. Wilson and Phillips held in private. For Franklin Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull were irritated by Joe Kennedy's speech at the annual Trafalgar Day dinner of Britain's Navy League, praising Neville Chamberlain for the Munich deal. To Secretary

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Hull's mind that excursion into British politics was as bad as if the British Ambassador to the U. S. had intervened in a scrap between Republicans and Democrats.

The problems of the President's seminar on U. S. foreign policy were sharply pointed up by the arrival in the U. S. of an unofficial ambassador from Great Britain. The President took pains to say he would receive ex-Foreign Minister Anthony Eden as one more visiting Englishman. But it was perfectly clear that they would meet this week as one democrat talking to another in an autocrats' world, for Mr. Eden quickly made it obvious that he had come to the U. S. as an apologist for Britain. Personable Mr. Eden had many an advantage for his job. Having quit as Neville Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary because he opposed the Chamberlain policy, he could talk easily to U. S. citizens who did not approve it. He also could expect respect for whatever he had to say, since Neville Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons last week that Mr. Eden was in the U. S. to express, unofficially of course, "the British view."

The National Association of Manufacturers had promised Mr. Eden \$5,000 and expenses to address its Congress of American Industry (see p. 47), and he was in fine fettle when he arrived in Manhattan.* With him was his blue-eyed, brunette wife. In his party also was Ronald Tree, M.P., who served him as coach, buffer and expert on U. S. psychology. Ronald Tree is the Chicago-born grandson of Marshall Field. Thus guided, Anthony Eden endeared himself to street crowds, got along well with reporters. At the start of his speech at the Waldorf-Astoria, he said:

"... This visit of mine . . . has no political significance whatever. It is not official, my visit: it isn't even semi-official or even a sixteenth-part official. It is a visit of friendship."

At this his audience of 4,100 businessmen and their guests laughed long and heartily. Friendly Mr. Eden proceeded to expound the British view via 300 radio stations, saying almost nothing specific, but conveying the impression that Britain now feels that in spite of Munich, she will sooner or later have to fight to preserve democracy from Fascism (see p. 18) and that, when the time comes, she hopes to have U. S. sympathy. Salient excerpts:

"National animosities have not been excoriated. On the contrary, they appear to be intensified under the banner of rival ideologies. Nor has the way of peace been made plain."

"... We are acutely conscious of the need to defend ourselves . . . to make sure where we stand, what it is we stand for, and having made sure, to stand firm."

* The Economic Club of New York previously offered Anthony Eden \$1,200 and expenses, was turned down.

"We and you stand for democracy. . . .

"We know that we must champion our ideals. . . . I speak now as a citizen of Great Britain—we know that this endeavour will once again tax our strength and our endurance to the uttermost. For all of this in spirit we are preparing. Nor, I beg you to believe, are we calling out for help to others, nor seeking to lure others to pull our chestnuts from the fire."

To Franklin Roosevelt who also champions democratic ideals, these must have



SENATORS STORKER, PYLE, BARRY

The gentleman from California: "This is just a honeymoon."

been ominous words. For although he has no intention of getting the U. S. into another war in Europe, if Britain finds her strength and endurance taxed, the day is measurably closer when, willy-nilly, U. S. strength and endurance may be similarly taxed for the same reason.

As an apologist for Britain's recent record as a champion of democratic ideals, Mr. Eden in private dinners and talks with bigwigs and editors in Manhattan found explaining it all away difficult, but when he turned to an ambassador's lighter duties he had a good press. Newsreaders noted that he retired immediately after his speech for the manufacturers, breakfasted on orange juice and scrambled eggs, went sight-seeing, chinned for 45 minutes with New York City's libertarian Mayor La Guardia, Mrs. Eden meantime danced until 2 a. m., lunched at swank "21," impressed U. S. women with the "quiet perfection" of her clothes, admired and bought U. S. stockings. Together the Edens saw (and were appalled by) the vaudecomedy hit, *Hellzapoppin*, visited the site of New York's World's Fair of 1939 with Director Grover Whalen.

Anthony Eden's red carnation definitely outdid Mr. Whalen's white one. But Mr. Eden's adjectives delighted Mr. Whalen. Said Mr. Eden: "... Impressive . . . stupendous . . . tremendous . . . magnificent."

When a British newshawk inquired whether a political explosion in Europe was likely to mess up the Fair, Grover Whalen—who says that Europe is thinking more about his Fair than about war—gasped and hastily led Mr. Eden away.

THE CONGRESS

In-Between Senators

Representing their electorates last week were three Senators who will never know what it is like to fidget through a filibuster. Reason: they were elected to fill vacancies from November 9 through January 2, and the Senate will not sit until January 3.

With her mother, a stenographer and a clerk, grey-haired, bustling Interim Senator Gladys Pyle (Rep.) drove all the way

from South Dakota to Washington "because," she said, "I wouldn't feel like a Senator unless I did." First woman to serve in the South Dakota Legislature, Senator Pyle was a candidate for Governor two years ago. As soon as she arrived in Washington, she personally screwed her nameplate on the door of her temporary office; spoke at a luncheon of the Republican National Committee; had a look at the Capitol; hurried down to the Interior Department to discuss "South Dakota problems"; drew doodles on a pink Senate memo pad. "This life," she exclaimed, "is a hectic whirl."

Interim Senator Alexander Grant Barry (Rep.) from Oregon spent about as much money getting elected as he will be paid for serving (\$1,511.12, plus \$1,818 for five clerks' salaries and \$18.75 for stationery). A Portland lawyer and one-time State Liquor Commissioner, Senator Barry worries more about his girth than a Senator ought to. His successor, full-time Senator Rufus C. Holman, will be the fourth Senator in the seat within eleven months.

Plump, ruddy-faced Interim Senator Thomas More Storker (Dem.) of California is editor and publisher of the Santa Barbara *News-Press*. He has long been such a close friend of his neighbor, Senator-reject William Gibbs McAdoo, that California papers call him "Deputy Senator." In Washington he knew enough not to take the 20 job-hunting letters he received every day too seriously. Instead he read Jim Farley's instructive autobiography, dined with friends at the Shore-

ham Hotel, danced to his favorite tune—*The Last Roundup*. "This is just a honey-moon," he said.

Meanwhile, in Minneapolis, Minn., one-time Interim Senator Guy Victor Howard totted up the financial and political rewards of the two months he served in 1936-37. His accomplishments, he said, were to 1) land a couple of WPA projects, 2) help a man get out of jail, 3) get some Congressional Directories and Capitol calendars for friends back home. His rewards: he has enough stationery to last the rest of his natural life; he gets invited out a lot more than he used to be. "For instance," he says, "I now go to two or three funerals a week."

ARMY & NAVY

Robots by Denny

Cinematographer Reginald Denny last week sold to the U. S. War Department six radio-controlled airplanes, to be used as targets for anti-aircraft gunners and pursuit pilots. First developed in California as a Denny hobby, the miniature (8 ft. by 12 ft.), gasoline-driven robots need no pilots, can fly at 7,000 to 8,000 feet for 30 minutes. Until the planes are delivered next summer, practicing gunners must continue to get along with colored streamers towed behind full-sized craft.

Rearmament v. Balderdash

When Franklin Roosevelt submits his 1939-40 budget to Congress next month, U. S. taxpayers will learn what he has in mind for Rearmament. Meantime, it became apparent last week that Rearmament talk has been liberally larded with balderdash.

Franklin Roosevelt himself dished up something that looked like balderdash. At a White House press conference he conveyed the contradictory ideas that military spending must be on a pay-as-you-go basis and that this does not mean that the U. S. must pay in the same year that it spends. On top of this, he declared that pay-as-you-go Rearmament does not necessarily entail new taxes. Since the U. S. is still running whopping deficits, the implication was that Rearmament must replace some other form of spending, but the President went on to say that military spending is to be solely for military purposes, and not for pump-priming or re-employment.

So confusing was this mélange that White House Secretary Stephen Early afterwards undertook to clarify it. In doing so, he volunteered the most revealing statement yet made on the subject. The President, said Mr. Early, has not decided whether to expand Rearmament at all. This amounted to saying that U. S. citizens lately have been gazing at nothing but a huge trial balloon. Not even this, however, was the most astonishing thing in the Administration's Rearmament fuss.

General Malin Craig, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, up to last week had not

been consulted about the big new Rearmament plans. The law makes it his job to formulate military policy for his Commander-in-Chief. For weeks he has peevish in silence, loath to admit in public that he knows little more about the Administration's ideas for remaking the Army than ordinary newspaper readers. Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Naval Operations, is in much the same fix, with the difference that the Navy already had a big expansion program under way when three ex-officio strategists began to fiddle with the Administration's plans.

These militarists pro tem were none other than Janizaries Tommy Corcoran, Harry Hopkins and Aubrey Williams. Their nearest approach to a professional consultant was Assistant Secretary of War Louis Arthur Johnson, who likes to ignore generals. Nor was aggressive Mr. Johnson loath to leave out Secretary of War Harry Hines Woodring, who has been making cause with the snubbed general against his nominal assistant.

What put Corcoran, Hopkins & Co. into the armament business was a chance to hitch New Deal pump-priming to National Defense. In the democratic jitters after Munich they saw a glittering opportunity to butter up and stimulate heavy industry without surrendering to it on the issues

ning. In the tremendously increased Army Air Corps, anti-aircraft defenses and other armaments projected by Corcoran & Co., they foresaw fundamental changes in balance between Army and Navy, between related branches of the Army.

They could not speak out, but last week several retired officers did so in a symposium published by the *United States News*. Gruffest was Major General George Van Horn Moseley, who last September directed a blast at the New Deal when he retired. Last week he wrote: "Much of our present weakness is in the fear and hysteria being engendered among the American people for . . . political purpose. . . . A nation so scared and so burdened financially is not in a condition to lick anybody. And then, who in hell are we afraid of? With Japan absorbed . . . with the balance of power so nearly equal in Europe, where is there an ounce of naval or military strength free to threaten us?"

Columnists, correspondents, Congressmen and such military critics as astute Major George Fielding Eliot (*The Ramports We Watch*) wanted to know whom and where the U. S. expects to fight with an expanded Army. Just as big a question after the President's press conference last week was whether he was talking politic bosh with "pay-as-you-go," or whether he was about to haul down his trial balloon, restore Messrs. Craig and Leahy to command, and reduce Rearmament from big talk to a small practical matter for Army, Navy and budget.

MASSACHUSETTS

Mayor Kane's Moon

Mayor William Edward Kane of Woburn, Mass. (pop. 19,700) once bought a lion's cage wherein to parade drunks through the streets. He also pecked through tavern windows, struck from welfare rolls the name of relievers whom he saw in their cups.

Last week abstemious Mayor Kane embellished his reputation for quixotic administration. Noting that the moon was full over Woburn, he ordered the local electric plant to switch off the street lights and leave them off on future moonlight nights. When astonished constituents protested, the Mayor explained that: 1) he saved the city \$70 a night; 2) combined moon and street light was so bright as to blind automobilists. Mindful that the moon is treacherous, he planned to hire two WPAsters as moon watchers. Their job: to call the Boston Edison Co. and order the juice turned on when moonlight fails.

HOUSING

"Broke but Happy"

Administrator Nathan Straus of the U. S. Housing Authority, which has been granted \$800,000,000 from Congress for slum clearance since its organization 13



LOUIS ARTHUR JOHNSON
Amateur militarists consulted him.

of labor, utilities, regulation. The bright prospect to them was that businessmen who got Government millions in armament orders could hardly object to continued and even intensified regulation, especially if it were in the name of National Defense. Public health, housing, power, all could be tied to Rearmament-for-uptilt, and Franklin Roosevelt would have a new touchstone for his general program.

Not at all averse to military spending, such professionals as Messrs. Craig and Leahy of course prefer professional plan-

months ago, last week slammed his books shut, announced that the Authority was "broke but happy." Although there were only 46 local housing authorities when USHA set up shop, there are now 221 (in 31 States) qualified to take advantage of USHA's bargain terms—90% of the cost in long-term, low-interest loans—for slum clearance and low-rental housing programs. Not actually broke, USHA has signed \$291,656,000 worth of contracts, earmarked \$355,919,000 more, will keep the rest of its nest egg as a "safety margin" until fresh funds are forthcoming. Without directly asking for any, Administrator Straus broadly hinted: "This agency could easily earmark \$500,000,000 more if it had it."

CRIME

Chaperau's Way

Albert Nathaniel Chaperau (né Shapiro) was a poor boy, and had to make his own way in the world. His way led him from Poland to Philadelphia, Manhattan, London, Paris, Brussels, Australia, Hollywood. It frequently brought him into contact with police and prison keepers, and last week it led him into U. S. District Judge William Bondy's Manhattan courtroom. There three indictments were read to blond, but-tery Albert Chaperau. Having heard himself charged with conspiracy, smuggling, faking a passport and fraudulently claiming U. S. citizenship, imperturbed Mr. Chaperau observed: "My past is not a phonograph record to be played over and over again."

His immediate past interested not only U. S. authorities but respected people in Manhattan and Hollywood. Most interested was Mrs. Elma N. Lauer, wife of New York Supreme Court Justice Edgar J. Lauer. She was indicted along with Albert Chaperau for conspiring to smuggle \$1,833 worth of Paris finery into the U. S. If convicted on all counts, she might have to go to jail for eight years, pay \$25,000 in fines.

"I blame it all on Adolf Hitler," said Chaperau. The Führer's connection was via one Rosa Weber, until lately a maid in the Lauer household. According to Albert Chaperau, she overheard much anti-Nazi conversation while she was serving Mr. and Mrs. Lauer, Chaperau, Publisher William Weintraub of *Kew*, "a London and Paris financier" named Serge Rubenstein, and three other guests at dinner in October.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Rosa Weber is supposed to have announced, "I am a true German. I love Adolf Hitler. If you don't stop talking against him, I will stop serving the dinner right now."

Justice Lauer then & there fired Rosa Weber. She went to customs authorities with a story about Mrs. Lauer's new clothes.

Albert Chaperau explained that he liked to bring in gifts for his friends. Acquaint-

ances of Mr. Chaperau were called upon to explain that they accepted his gifts in good faith. Among the embarrassed donors were Comedians Jack Benny and Donkey Pearl; Cinematographer Wallace Ford, Hotelman Ralph Hitz, Twentieth Century-Fox Executive Joseph Moskowitz. Professing great "amusement" over it all last week, Albert Chaperau cracked:

"I smuggled in a dwarf for Snow White, a wig for Shirley Temple, shoes for Garbo,



ALBERT NATHANIEL CHAPERAU
George Burns did not amuse him.

size 9, a necktie for Charlie McCarthy, a rattle for Mickey Mouse and a cornop pipe for Popeye."

Shortly afterward Albert Chaperau ceased to be amused. He was twice more indicted along with Comedian George Burns (sidekick of Gracie Allen) for smuggling \$4,885 worth of diamond bracelets and a ring. To make matters worse, jolly George Burns admitted making payments to Chaperau, pleaded guilty to nine counts, laid himself open to a maximum sentence of 18 years in prison and a \$45,000 fine.

FARMERS

Hay Down

(See Cover)

In drowsy, cupolaed courthouses, behind the flyspecked fronts of general stores, in thousands of voting booths in a belt stretching through 19 States of the South and West and jumping over the Pacific to Hawaii, Election Day dawned last week. The voters were the nation's growers of cotton, rice, and flue-cured tobacco, 2,500,000 strong. They were asked to give a straight Yes or No on the strictest controls possible under the Agricultural Adjustment Act: The imposition of prohibitive taxes on any producer who markets more than a fixed crop quota in 1939. To the question of how the farmers of the U. S. feel about the most ambitious farm

program ever undertaken on their behalf, the Election might spell out a huge Yes, No, or Maybe.

When day was done, it had spelled out a Maybe. Secretary of Agriculture Henry Agard Wallace called the outcome "a clear cut example of economic democracy." Of cotton farmers 82% voted their confidence in a quota—but 92% had been willing to try it for this year, when neither the U. S. surplus had piled up to the 10,000,000 bales, nor the world supply to the 51,000,000 bales reached last week. Only 56% of the tobacco farmers said Yes, less than the two-thirds necessary to invoke the quota, far less than the 86% who shouted Yes last spring. And rice farmers, whose reserves did not reach the 11,974,000 bushels quota level for this year, made their first vote a hearty 64% No.

Concretely, the election changed the farm picture only for flue-cured tobacco.* By voting No, tobacco men rejected Secretary Wallace's offer to fix a rigid quota for each seller, levy a penalty of one half the market price for excess sales. By voting No, they also ruled out loans on whatever portion of their 1939 crop they may keep off the market. Unaffected by the Election was the "voluntary" half of the farm program—acreage restriction which growers of all three crops make in return for soil conservation payments and other cash benefits.

For the future, the Maybe might mean a great deal. It might not mean opposition to the whole farm program, but merely that farmers are not feeling bad enough just now to be willing to take castor oil. But one thing it did not mean was the whole-hearted vote of confidence AAA was looking for, and that last week it needed as never before.

The Farm Problem has been a major political issue for 20 years. For the last six Congress has followed the gyrations of farm income more closely than the Supreme Court is supposed to follow the election returns.

In 1932, with farm income at \$4,328,000,000, a post-War low, Herbert Hoover lost every State in the Farm Belt.

In 1933, AAA handed out its first big farm subsidy, \$162,000,000 in benefit payments: to plow under 10,500,000 acres of cotton, kill 222,149 brood sows, 6,188,717 little pigs. Farm income rose to \$5,117,000,000.

In 1934, Congress extended benefits to more crops, farm subsidies rose to \$56,000,000, farm income to \$6,348,000,000.

In 1935, the program was consolidated with subsidies at \$583,000,000, income up to \$7,090,000,000.

In 1936, the Supreme Court invalidated AAA's processing taxes, which had been paying most of the subsidy bill, and a worried Congress hastily patched up the old soil conservation law to deliver as "soil conservation payments" the checks the farmers wanted. With subsidies at

* Burley and dark tobacco vote this week.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

\$287,000,000 and income at \$7,920,000,000, Franklin Roosevelt carried 46 States.

In 1937 subsidies amounted to \$367,000,000, and Congress, deciding to make a good thing permanent, wrote a new AAA providing compulsory controls as well as voluntary (i.e., subsidized) crop reductions. Farm income hit \$8,521,000,000.

In 1938, the first year under AAA II which was designed to keep five major crops up to "parity prices," only one crop (at average farm prices), tobacco, is selling above parity. Corn, at 41¢, rice at 58¢, cotton at .08¢, all stand just above half. Wheat, at 52¢, is less than half. For the first time in five years farm income has backslid—10%—to \$7,625,000,000. Over Franklin Roosevelt's budgetary wails, Congress voted a \$212,000,000 appropriation for direct parity payments plus the \$500,000,000 earmarked for soil conservation payments; but in the election farm States elected many an anti-New Dealer.

A fortnight hence the Farm Problem will be in the hands of the 76th Congress. Since a good part of the 76th is made up of men who got their jobs from discontented farmers, Administration farm policies face their first real test. Last week's farm referendum confirmed the indications of last month's political elections. Secretary Wallace has no reason to look forward hopefully to the 76th Congress.

Henry III. One autumn evening in 1932 when Candidate Franklin Roosevelt was scheduled to make his "farm speech" in Topeka, Kans., one of Des Moines, Iowa's leading citizens had dinner with a group of friends. At the dinner Henry Wallace, the shockheaded editor of *Wallace's Farmer and Iowa Homestead*, raised his fingers, ticked off one by one the things he would say if he were making a farm speech. When guests and host repaired to hear the candidate, Franklin Roosevelt raised his hand, ticked off practically the same things. Henry Wallace broke out in one of his engaging smiles. From that day there has been a Wallace-Roosevelt farm program, with accent on Wallace. Never in the same sense has there been a Morgenthau-Roosevelt fiscal program or a Roper-Roosevelt policy toward business.

In Des Moines the Henry Wallaces were either renowned for their independence, or cursed for their stubbornness. Henry Wallace I, a Presbyterian preacher, launched *Wallace's Farmer* ("Good Farming, Clear Thinking, Right Living.") at the age of 60 despite the best professional opinion that it would fold in six months. In his 70s he told off Roosevelt I about Agriculture. Into his 80s, to half of Iowa, he was beloved "Uncle Henry." His son Henry Cantwell Wallace was a big, frail man who wore himself out as Harding's Secretary of Agriculture in jurisdictional disputes with Herbert Hoover's Department of Commerce. He left his son with a distrust of politics and a dislike of Herbert Hoover so strong that in 1928 Henry III deserted

his traditional Republicanism to support Al Smith.

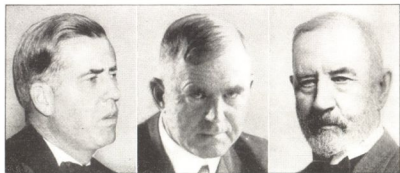
Though the Roosevelt-Wallace farm philosophies meshed, in 1932 Franklin Roosevelt did not get the ideas in question direct from Philosopher Wallace. Candidate Roosevelt took advice on the farm problem from others who shared the Wallace idea that farmers needed something more than price rigging. Among them was Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell of Columbia University, who in 1928 had tried to sell Al Smith a farm program which that salty sidewalk philosopher somehow couldn't swallow. Among them was red-faced, downright George Peek, who had grown interested in export subsidies while he and his partner Hugh Johnson were trying to sell Moline plows. One piece of advice that seemed to crop up wherever Mr. Roosevelt turned was that as Secretary of Agriculture he should get Henry Agard Wallace.

The Secretary. "The most Christlike man of his generation," New Dealers gushed when the new Secretary appeared, a simple, heavy man with slept-in looking clothes and a way of saying exactly what he thought. Dressed to the nines for the Inauguration, Henry Wallace plaintively asked his colored houseman, Edward, whether he had to wear clothes like that for every Cabinet meeting. It was told that as a child he loved his dog so deeply that he learned to bark and bury bones; that as an idealistic experimenter he had

changed. And gradually he has surrounded himself with men who share his own homely background. As Harry Hopkins' WPA is filled with social workers and reminds visitors of a settlement house, so Henry Wallace's Agriculture looks like the agricultural extension bureau of a mid-western university.

This year when Wallace revamped Agriculture (primarily to lessen the conspicuousness and vulnerability of AAA by splitting its functions among other divisions), he upped four trusted men to the chief jobs around him. Bald Howard R. Tolley, a thinker like his boss, was relieved of his tasks as Administrator to head the revamped Bureau of Agriculture Economics. Economist Albert G. Black, an energetic, 42-year-old idea man, was given Marketing & Regulation. Promoted to head new divisions were Soil Conservator H. H. Bennett (Physical Land Use) and Chemist Henry G. Knight (Research & Technology). Closer than any of these to the Secretary is lean, loyal, Lincoln-esque Under Secretary Milburn Lincoln Wilson, a fellow alumnus of Iowa State College whose father used to read him *Wallace's Farmer* by kerosene lamp, with special emphasis on Uncle Henry's Sabbath School lessons.

"Hay Down." In the days before George Peek, the first Administrator, infringing on the solid departmental autonomy of Agriculture and, after a battle with Idealist Tugwell & Co., was cast into the cold, he used to worry when the Wallace



HENRY WALLACE III, II, I

"Good Farming, Clear Thinking, Right Living."

International, Paul Thompson

lost twelve pounds trying to live on a diet of corn; that he so disliked his big mahogany desk when he went to the Department of Agriculture that he worked on only one end of it.

Gradually Washington came to recognize that the Secretary of Agriculture was something more than a rural curiosity. He was a man of ideas which he liked to ponder long and deeply. At first a number of braintrusts were enrolled among his aides—Rex Tugwell and Jerome Frank among them. But their idealistic social dreaming was not in the same key as Henry Wallace's slow digestion of ideas.

Henry Wallace got involved in few rumpuses. After five years his tempo is little

enthusiasm for new ideas outran the Peek caution. "Henry," Peek would warn, "we've got more hay down now than we can get in before it rains."

Last week Henry Wallace had plenty of hay down and it was raining hard. But as he believes his Hi-Bred Corn® is the best seed on the market, so he believes his agricultural program is the best U. S. farmers can find. As he believed in 1933, so he be-

* His strain of thoroughbred seed corn, sold through the corn belt by Pioneer Hi-Bred Corn Co. in which Wallace is now a small stockholder. He holds no stock in *Wallace's Farmer* which after an expensive 1929 merger with its competitor, *Iowa Homestead*, passed out of the family's hands in 1932.

LABOR

believes now that his twin policies, controlled production and stabilized purchasing power, are the best compromise farmers can make with the present U. S. economy. Believing him, Congress has given the Department of Agriculture over \$6,524,656,163 to carry them out and Henry Wallace still thinks they are worth the price.

In previous years when Congress assembled, Mr. Wallace generally had a new program to offer and the political forces of farm discontent could be induced to sit down at the piano and try the new composition. Now he has no such program and the same forces will go gunning for his past policies. He wishes the gunmen would try the piano. Although farm income is down, he argues that farmers should leave well enough alone, asks Congress to believe that the farm laws are good as they stand. He and the New Deal will, it appears, play an unaccustomed defensive role.

This year, urged on by Congress, he tried his hand at subsidizing export of wheat, 100,000,000 bushels of it. Some 30,000,000 bushels have been exported under the subsidy. But with other nations practicing self-sufficiency and opposed to dumping, he has little hope of expanding this policy. The only new idea, which he might have offered Congress, was a proposal by Planner Black and others of Agriculture's thinkers to establish a two-price system within the U. S. To sell farm products cheap to the poor. This raised no hosannas when Mr. Wallace suggested it publicly two months ago, and farm belt Senators spoke slightly of it. So Mr. Wallace is ready to stand pat on AAA as it is.

The strength of this defensive position is that critics are almost equally short of new plans. The only seriously agitated alternative to his farm policy, now being pushed in the Cotton Belt, is the scheme sometimes called "domestic allotment," for guaranteeing the cost of production on all crops consumed in the U. S., dumping the balance at world prices. Henry Wallace insists that to try this or any other form of price rigging without production control would be Agriculture's quickest road to disaster.

Now all Henry Wallace's hay is down. He now hopes that it won't take too bad a wetting before the barometer of farm income turns up again. Already the rain has made his Presidential boom soggy. Jim Farley's assertion that the Democrats could not pick an ex-Republican as their candidate in 1940 and the Janizariat's anger at Wallace's refusal to help purge Iowa's Senator Gillette did not do the Wallace boom so much damage as the defeat last month of his Iowa political ally, Governor Kraschel. As a boy, however, at the age when most moppets hope to grow up to be President, Henry Wallace once answered a kindly visitor who asked what his ambition was: "To make the world safe for corn breeders."

Buzzer

Buzzing around to boost the Federal Wages & Hours Law, Administrator Elmer Frank Andrews last week buzzed off the following opinions for Denver and Chicago businessmen:

► "Anyone who insists on working overtime without the knowledge or consent of his boss should be fired."

► "If a man has an office with a desk on which there is a buzzer, and if he can press that buzzer and have somebody come dashing in response—then he's an executive," i.e., exempt from the law's overtime regulations.

One Big Union

San Francisco employers long ago learned from Labor that in bargaining the group is mightier than the individual. In several industries they formed potent associations, first to beat down Labor then to deal with it when unions came to stay.

Last week a leader in this evolution toward unionism for employers succeeded in doing for San Francisco business what Labor has never been able to do for itself. In the newly incorporated San Francisco Employers Council, Shipowner Roger Dearborn Lapham offered his fellows one big union of their own, a master association of employers associations. He thus



ORGANIZER LAPHAM
He beat Labor to it.

put San Francisco a long jump ahead of any other U. S. city and injected a new factor into Pacific Coast labor relations.

Organizer Lapham acknowledged a debt to Great Britain and Sweden. He recollected that Franklin Roosevelt's commission on British labor practice found effective associations of British employers dealing with unions on a regional basis, observed: "It is evident that the employers learned a good deal as they went along."

Having enrolled established associations of wholesalers, hotel operators, building owners and managers, automobile dealers, general contractors, water-front employers and draymen, Mr. Lapham's council announced its intention of becoming "the recognized spokesman in a broad sense for all employers, whether group or individual."

Replaced and disbanded was the less inclusive Industrial Association of San Francisco, long feared and hated by Labor. At the council's head will be hardheaded Almon E. Roth, now president of the Pacific Coast Waterfront Employers Association, who like many another Coast employer has learned to deal with but not to love organized labor.

POLITICAL NOTES

Out for Deer

Folks in Red River County, Texas, where John Garner was born, have never forgiven Uvalde, where he now lives, for getting the jump on them in starting a Garner-for-President boom in 1931. Last week they repaid Uvalde in full. Six miles southwest of Detroit, Texas, around the cabin where John Garner's mother was born in 1851, they assembled to "direct the attention of our fellow citizens to his outstanding qualifications for President of the United States."

Bigwig Texas Democrats who are nursing the Garner embryo would rather have waited awhile. But when Red River County invited them to its party, they could do nothing but accept.

Out in front for Garner is snow-topped, dandyish Roy Miller of Corpus Christi, a well-paid lobbyist for Texas Gulf Sulphur Co. Roy Miller was of course the principal speaker at Red River's send-off last week. Perched on the rear stoop of the weather-blackened Garner shanty, he addressed the gathering of country folk from Possum Trot and Coon-Soup Hollow and assembled cameramen—anticipating most of the obvious objections to Garner-for-President: that he is too old (70 now; 72 by inauguration day in 1941); that he is reactionary by New Deal standards, that he is knifing Franklin Roosevelt or Franklin Roosevelt's man for 1940. Said Key-note Miller:

"Today he is at the peak of his mental and physical vitality. . . . The only thing old about John Garner is his philosophy. He still believes in the old-fashioned virtues of economy, thrift and self-reliance. . . . We do, however, plant our feet firmly upon Democratic and American tradition in respect to terms of service."

This at least summarized John Garner's chief strength as a 1940 candidate, his potentialities as a Third Term blocker.

Meantime, remote and mum, the Vice President hunted deer and superintended the digging of two new wells on his 23,000-acre ranch in Webb County.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Esther and Magda

An interpretation of the Book of Esther, appearing in Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels' Berlin *Der Angriff* last week, was of greater interest to diplomats than to Bible students.

The *Der Angriff* version of Esther was labeled *The Tale of a King and His Jewish Girl Friend*. It told how King Ahasuerus of Persia was lured into marriage by the



International

"ESTHER" LUPECU
Her King was compared to Persia's.

Jewess Esther, how she persuaded him to banish the Jew-baiting Vizier Haman, and thus saved the Persian Jews from massacre. Adding details not found in the original, *Der Angriff* related that the King was later murdered and his kingdom, "infected and poisoned by Jews," finally went to pieces.

Just so none of *Der Angriff's* readers would miss the contemporary point of this parody-parable, the face of Mme Magda Lupecu, the part-Jewish mistress of Rumania's King Carol, was used to illustrate the article. And to run it home, next day the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* comment on Carol's shooting of Rumanian Nazis was concluded with the observation: "At some time, one is inclined to believe, Rumania will see a revolution, perhaps very soon."

Elsewhere the controlled Nazi press began a campaign which suggested that Rumania had now been definitely nominated as next on Germany's list of bloodless conquests.* The *Essener National-Zeitung* announced that the Rumanian Nazi-shooting had been ordered by a Jewish and Masonic camarilla which included friends and relatives of Mme Lupecu. When 2,000 more Nazi-backed Iron

Guardsmen were arrested in Rumania, Adolf Hitler and Carol Hohenzollern—who shook hands at Berchtesgaden a few weeks ago—had definitely parted ways.

Those Iron Guards who fled from Rumania to Germany found a welcome not unlike that given to the Sudeten "refugees" in September. That Germany would threaten to invade Rumania was improbable, since the two have no common frontier. That Germany might foment a Nazi revolt in Rumania, under the slogan FIGHT AGAINST WORLD JEWRY, had become increasingly probable.

At Lima

Representatives of the 21 independent States on the American continent met at Lima last week for their eighth Pan American Conference. Advertised purpose was to discuss common political, military and economic policies by which the "American Democracies" could oppose "European Dictatorships."

Some idea of how realistic might be the results of the democracy 21 dictatorship discussions could be got from the character of the building in which the delegates sat down to business. It was the hall of the Peruvian Congress, Hispanic, charming, but a little small for the 136 delegates. The Congress has not met for more than two years, having been sent home in 1935 by General Oscar R. Benavides, who has run Peru singlehanded ever since.

This situation, however, was no embarrassment to Dictator Benavides, for of the 21 "democracies" represented at the Conference, only nine—U. S., Chile, Argentina, Colombia, Costa Rica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama and Uruguay—could be defined as States under popular rule. Said Strong Man Benavides, with more subtlety than he perhaps intended: "We cannot offer you, on as grand a scale as some of the other American nations, the harmonious spectacle of a great city that could shelter you as could other capitals. But we do claim your attention to the evolutionary processes of our nationality."

Reservations. The other twelve "democracies" represented at Lima are governments of as many different shades of oligarchy and totalitarianism as there are colors in their flags. Their economies are also heterogeneous, ranging from that of Bolivia, which exports almost nothing but minerals, to Argentina, which exports almost nothing but agricultural products. The U. S. differs from all of them in that it is the only country of the lot in a position to lend money heavily and sell industrial products. About the only things which the 21 nations have in common are their location in the same hemisphere and their anxiety to protect themselves against the growing disturbances on the other side of the world.

This lack of basic harmony among the conferees was nowhere better reflected than in the Conference's opening. Most

of the delegates had come with resolutions to propose, and most of the others were willing to accept them—with reservations. They were willing to endorse hemispheric defensive military cooperation from the U. S.—but no military alliances. They were willing to damn totalitarianism in general—but no specific totalitarian state in particular. ("The position of America is one of collaboration, not rebuke," said General Benavides.) They were willing to accept the principle of Argentina's stric-



Wide World

PERU'S BENAVIDES
He called attention to evolutionary processes.

tures against disruptive foreign political movements—but those who still clung to the principle of civil liberties could not accept it in detail. The South and Central American States were ready to trade their coffee, rubber, ores for U. S. money and machinery—but the U. S. could not take any of their cotton or much of their beef. That left the unbuckled dictatorships like Germany to continue bartering in South and Central America with *aski* marks.

Hull Technique. In this bumpy atmosphere the man who was running the show if anyone was—the gentle Tennessee judge, Secretary of State Cordell Hull—moved with the care and caution of a captain trying to land a dirigible in a high wind. Hope, confidence and cooperation were the keywords of his non-specific and resoundingly applauded opening address, saying: "The world's greatest need today is that there be created and maintained conditions which will give to nations and to individuals peace of mind and of spirit. Toward producing those conditions, we must strive with all our strength in every field—political, social, economic and moral. . . ."

"We of the Americas are fortunate beyond words in being so situated that we

*On the grounds that Austria could no longer control its internal disorders, Nazis marched into Austria March 12, 1938.

can make our example and our influence a potent factor in promotion of conditions in which there may be peace with justice and with security. Nor do we stand alone. There are in other parts of the world powerful forces, actual or latent, working toward the same end. . . ."

As indicated at the Conference's opening, the Hull technique will be to remain as inconspicuous as possible, announce no U. S. proposal until sure it has unanimous support, lend a willing ear to all other delegates. In his corner, Secretary Hull had the benefit of a great deal of emotional good will from many of the delegations, largely as a result of the good impression he, Franklin Roosevelt and the reassuring Good Neighbor policy made at the Buenos Aires conference in 1936.

Strictly emotional, for instance, was the response Good Neighborism got from Dr. Carlos Concha, Peru's Foreign Minister. "President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy," cried that eloquent Latin, "which is now exercising such a healthy and promising influence on international relations on this continent, is the best expression of the new routes that Pan-Americanism is taking in these times. Therefore, free of suspicions and misgivings, which, I am sure, will not arise anew in the future, we meet here today under the best possible auspices, animated by the intention of perfecting the juridical measures that govern our American way of living together."

On the more practical side were the instructions which some delegations—largely Central American—had brought from home: vote solidly with the U. S. With this support, Secretary Hull was able to push three modest objectives, to obtain which he was ready to pass up Christmas at home: 1) secure peace within the Americas, 2) further economic cooperation between the 21 nations, 3) harmonize international law in the hemisphere.

Dictator Dollar. "Observers" in the Conference galleries included watchful eyes from Italy and the Reich. Something less than sympathetic to the goings-on, they were inclined, with their home papers, to characterize the meeting as "laughable." Mr. Hull's speech as "professional," an "attempt to excuse Washington's brutal hegemonic wishes before the South Americans."

"The latter," scoffed the *Berliner Lokaleisenzeitung*, "will on their part supposedly be thankful for this, for they have experienced in their own lives the fact that His Majesty the Dollar is one of the most inhuman dictatorships in all world history."

That investing dollars south of the Rio Grande has its happy and unhappy aspects was made clear by two developments before the conference was a week old. Cubans received with thanks promise of a \$50,000,000 public works loan from a U. S. bank. Mexico, continuing its expropriation of domestic and foreign holdings, took over the U. S.-owned United Sugar Co. plant at Los Mochis.

Hatchet Buried?

The Foreign Ministers of those two implacable enemies, France and Germany, signed last week in Paris a vaguely worded, three-article declaration in which the two countries: 1) pledged "pacific and good-neighborly relations"; 2) recognized the



FOREIGN MINISTER RIBBENTROP
... signed a vague pact with an old enemy.

"frontier of their two countries as it is at present established"; 3) promised to consult together in case of international tension. The new pact was widely accepted as meaning: 1) that Germany in black & white renounced all claims to Alsace-Lorraine (which Adolf Hitler has verbally already done); 2) that France agreed not to interfere with Germany's political, economic drive in the Balkans.

Many points of possible Franco-German friction were left hanging. Nothing whatever was said about German (or Axial) claims to French colonies (like Algeria), protectorates (like Tunis) or mandated territories (like Cameroon, formerly German). Nor was there any mention of the moribund but unrenounced treaty of mutual aid between France and Russia, always a sore point with Germany. However, three days later the Chamber of Deputies voted (315-to-241) confidence in Premier Daladier's foreign policies, of which the French-German "friendship" declaration is a keystone. Strangely, it was from the Right, which for 15 years scorned any diplomatic appeasement toward pre-Nazi Germany, that M. Daladier drew his support. The Left, traditionally friendly to the German Republic, voted against him.

In friendly conversations with French Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet, youthful, good-looking Joachim von Ribbentrop, the Reich Foreign Minister, pointed out Germany's deadly fear of Communism and her desire to see a stable government

in Spain—i.e., to see Generalissimo Francisco Franco win the Spanish War. M. Bonnet got a quibbling answer when he asked Herr Ribbentrop point-blank whether Germany supported Italian claims to Tunisia (see below).

On the constructive side, it was reported from Berlin that Führer Hitler had agreed to delete from *Mein Kampf* certain uncomplimentary references in which France was described as a "bastardized, negroid" country, an "eternal danger to the white race of Europe," an "enemy-to-the-death of the German people." There were also suggestions that France in turn might tone down the inscriptions on some World War monuments which bitterly refer to the "ravages of Huns."

It was at least the fourth time since Armistice Day, 1918 that the hatchet of the 1,000-year-old Franco-German enmity had been officially buried, and the realistic French public, which remembered how Adolf Hitler had emasculated the Locarno Pact, the League of Nations Covenant and the Kellogg-Briand Pact of Paris, was skeptical about the new pact's length of service. Even some members of the Daladier Cabinet looked with suspicion on the new "friendship." Noteworthy it was that the guest list to the French Government's banquet for the visiting Nazi diplomats did not include the names of Jean Zay, Minister of National Education, and Georges Mandel, Minister of Colonies, both Jews. Minister of Marine César Campinchi, denouncing the pact as a "smoke-screen," returned his invitation.

In general, no foreign diplomat on a big mission to Paris ever had a thinner time than Herr Ribbentrop. There was no public acclamation for him. The police scarcely let his top hat come into public view. So numerous were the guards around the Arc de Triomphe when Herr Ribbentrop, wearing the German Iron Cross, laid a swastika-decorated wreath at the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier, that few saw this unprecedented ceremony.

Some idea of the new pact's domestic popularity was given by the large number of prominent French politicians who went to hear a speech given in Paris the night of the signing by Alfred Duff Cooper, former British First Lord of the Admiralty. Warned Mr. Duff Cooper, who resigned because he could not "stomach" the Munich Pact: "War cannot be avoided by perpetual concessions."

Algers to Alsace

Unlike befeating Britishers, an average Frenchman is not acutely Empire-minded, but last week Frenchmen from Algiers to Alsace took to the streets to protest against giving one square mile of French territory to Italy. This was France's answer to the "spontaneous" outcry in Rome's Chamber of Deputies fortnight ago that the French possessions of Tunisia, Corsica, Nice and Savoy be given to Italy.

On. Most of the French demonstrators,

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and many of the Italians in private, refused to take seriously Premier Mussolini's "unofficial" campaign for French lands. In Paris some 6,000 non-serious Sorbonne students paraded the streets with placards demanding "We want Vesuvius! We want Venice! Ethiopia for the Negus!" (see map). At the quiet Alsatian border town of Strasbourg, students answered Italy's demands with shouts of "We want Sicily! We want Sardinia!" and in Algiers, capital of the French colony which adjoins Tunisia, hundreds of natives joined university students and chanted "Sicily and Sardinia for France—Italy for the Negus Negusti!"

More seriously, 1,000 French and Arabs, marched to the Italian Consulate General at Tunis, capital of Tunisia, and hurled bottles of red and blue ink at the white walls until its sides were splattered with France's national colors. One bottle arched through a window and reportedly splashed a portrait of King Vittorio Emanuele. Bands of Italians and Frenchmen roamed the streets singing their rival national hymns, *La Marseillaise* and *Giovinetta*.

Meanwhile in Italy a studied unofficial campaign against France continued. The controlled press fumed against "French provocations" and in every Italian city of any size "spontaneous" delegations of school children, excused from classes, were sent tramping through the streets to shout "Down with France! Tunisia, Corsica to

Italy!" Some 1,000 Nazi Strength Through Joy visitors in Naples enlisted for one of these parades to show the "solidarity" of the Axis.

As the demonstrations and press fulminations grew in intensity, the situation took on a grave aspect. With as much publicity as possible an Italian royal decree was issued which provided special armaments appropriations of \$65,000,000, a 20% increase over the regular military expenses already appropriated. Italy's Chief of Staff and Under Secretary for War, General Alberto Pariani, who has recently visited Berlin, was pointedly dispatched to inspect the defenses on the island of Sardinia, eight miles south of Corsica.

On his side of the border, French Premier Daladier announced that he plans to visit Tunisia and Corsica in January. French submarines and an airplane squadron, ostensibly on "routine duty," appeared in Tunis and the Tunisian armed forces of 25,000 men were held ready to man the Little Maginot Line, a string of small forts, pillboxes and airplane landing bases dotting the Tunisian-Libyan border. To Paris French Resident-General Erik Labonne sent a report recommending strengthening of defenses, strict limitation of Italian immigration into Tunisia.

Off, The French Government, despite official disavowal of responsibility for the campaign by Italian Foreign Minister

Count Ciano, could no longer ignore the demonstrations and attacks. French Foreign Minister Bonnet requested his German counterpart, Herr Ribbentrop, then in Paris to sign the Franco-German "friendship pact" (see p. 16), to ascertain Adolf Hitler's position. The Führer made no public statement but Paris diplomatic sources allowed it to leak out that Hitler had assured them that the Italian demands were "ill timed" and would receive no immediate support from him.

At week's end, as suddenly as it was turned on, the anti-French campaign was ordered off. Italian newspapers, which receive daily orders on what to play up, were ordered to cease howling about "Italian national aspirations" and a few student groups who took to the streets to demonstrate were quickly discouraged by stern-faced Carabinieri.

Why? Many and varied are the explanations offered for Italy's actions in the past two weeks. The most obvious explanation is that Il Duce, like Hitler, is determined to shake down the British-French program of "appeasement" for all he can get. British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain is scheduled to go to Rome early in January and Premier Mussolini hopes to wangle from him certain concessions which will further improve Italy's position in the Mediterranean. For a fortnight Mussolini acted in the best dictatorial manner—demanded everything in the hope that he may settle for something out of court.

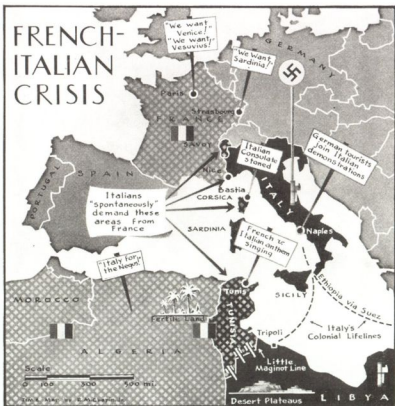
The main things Signor Mussolini is anxious to get out of court are: 1) an increase in Italy's stake in the British-French dominated Suez Canal, and 2) the transfer to Italy of control over the French-owned and French-built Addis Ababa-Djibouti railroad, Ethiopia's only rail outlet to the Red Sea. Both these measures would strengthen Italy's hold on her colonial lifeline and would provide a cheaper supply route to and from Ethiopia.

FRANCE

"A Bas Moscou!"

Premier Edouard Daladier was put in power last April by the votes of the Popular Front (his own Radical Socialists, Socialists, Communists). The Premier's Popular Front support cracked after Munich. After he broke last fortnight's general strike, it washed out. Nevertheless, Edouard Daladier remained Premier of France, With Socialists and Communists voting solidly against him, with 28 members of his own party and a few others abstaining, but with almost the whole Right coming to his aid in the Chamber of Deputies, Premier Daladier won a respectable vote of confidence: 315 for, 241 against.

It was not the easiest Parliamentary victory a French Premier ever won. Twice the all-day and all-night session seemed



on the point of degenerating into a fist fight between Deputies. In one crisis the situation was saved when Edouard Herriot, the Chamber's President, put on his hat and walked out, thus automatically ending the session.

For two hours M. Daladier addressed the Chamber in language that impressed even the reporters. He charged that the Communists had plotted the general strike to shake him out of office, claimed he had police records and Communist manifestoes to prove it. "Its aim," M. Daladier said, "was to bring about the resignation of the government through a popular demonstration. To do that the strike leaders did not hesitate to try to hold up the whole life of the country."

M. Daladier was supported vigorously by Jean Chiappe, former Prefect of Police whose name was considerably clouded by the Alexandre Stavisky scandals of 1934. "Put Chiappe in prison!" roared the Left. "A bas Moscou!" ("Down with Moscow!") came back to Right.

The Premier, a Wartime infantry captain, declared that he and all other veterans wanted "peace with Germany." "Have I ceased to be a patriot because I defended peace?" he asked, and his supporters shot back a vociferous "No!" Denying the Leftist accusation that he had dictatorial ambitions, the Premier again rhetorically shouted: "Am I no longer a Republican because I insist upon respect for republican law and order?"

Concluded M. Daladier: "The victory on November 30 was not a personal victory for me, but a victory for the entire French nation. . . . Somebody must save the country, and I will fight to the end to do so."

No less important than the Premier's defense was a long speech by Paul Reynaud, Finance Minister, author of the recent unpopular series of decrees reducing governmental expenses (by cutting public works appropriations and War veterans' pensions) and increasing income taxation. Claiming that France had already benefited by his laws, he pointed out that as a result of the rise in the value of Government bonds, a gain of \$352,420,000 had accrued to government bondholders. This showed increased confidence in French finances which was also reflected in the fact that in five weeks Finance Minister Reynaud had been able to reduce the interest on Treasury borrowings from 4½% to 2½%.

He thought it was a good sign that there were 560,000,000 francs in French savings banks during November 1938, than November 1937. In 1936 the Government had to borrow 30,000,000,000 francs to meet its deficit, in 1937, 40,000,000,000. This year M. Reynaud said he would get by with only a 35,000,000,000 franc loan. The Finance Minister summed up optimistically. "We are entering upon an era of rehabilitation of the public finances."

GREAT BRITAIN

Apparatus Oiled

The olive branch of peace that Neville Chamberlain said he had brought back from Munich was little more than two months old last week and had already begun to lose its foliage. In fact, Mr. Chamberlain was clutching not much more than



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GEORGE VI

The King was also making friends.

a bare stick as he watched the "appeased" Germans unleash their full brutality against the Jews and agitate revolution in Rumania (see p. 15), as he watched the Rumanians shoot and jail their own Nazis, as he watched two wars still going on while French and Italians were worried about another (see p. 16).

A general war in Europe cannot fail to involve Great Britain. That such a war had been stalled but not stymied at Munich many a Briton was suddenly made aware. An old people, with a long tradition of troubles, the British have an easily recognized, traditional trouble-shooting apparatus. With high officials sounding dire warnings, with politicians patching up internal differences, with smooth persuaders out trying to make friends abroad, it looked as though the old apparatus was being oiled up last week.

► In a speech at Bradford, President of the Board of Education Earl De La Warr (pronounced "Delaware") despaired of ever appeasing the dictators: "There is a growing feeling that there is nothing we can do to satisfy them, that friendly words and friendly actions are mistaken for cowardice, and that only armaments can speak effectively."

► In the House of Commons Prime Minister Chamberlain denied that his subordinate's speech represented official policy, admitted, however, that it expressed widespread disappointment at the "response the Government's policy of international ap-

peasement had evoked in Germany." Mr. Chamberlain added that he saw no inconsistency in trying to be friends and arming to the teeth at the same time.

► Oswald Pirov, lion hunter and air pilot as well as Minister of Defense for the Union of South Africa, returned to London after making the rounds of authoritarian headquarters (Lisbon, Salamanca, Berlin, Rome). Encouraged by the British Government to sound out Adolf Hitler on just how much colonial "appeasement" would satisfy him and to ask other powers how much of their colonies they would hand over, Mr. Pirov's trip turned out to be a flop. When the Jewish pogroms flared up, German stock in Britain fell to zero, and all thought of giving Germany anything now had to be dropped. Mr. Pirov directly predicted: "Unless there is a complete change of outlook within a month or two, the international tension will reach the breaking point during spring of next year."

► The House of Commons adopted a resolution which made it plain to Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini that no colonial handout was in the immediate offing, but did not completely slam the door to future bargaining. The resolution read that "no change in the status of colonies, protectorates or mandated territories could at any time be considered which did not take full account of the interests and wishes of the inhabitants."

The vote was 253 for, 127 against, the opposition Laborites voting "no" only because the resolution wasn't strong enough for them. Said Colonial and Dominions Secretary Malcolm MacDonald: "The peoples of the colonies are not merely content to be His Majesty's subjects; they are happy and proud to be so."

► To dinner last week at 69 Eaton Square, London, the home of former Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, now Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, went His Majesty King George VI. Tory that he is, Earl Baldwin invited to eat, drink and smoke informally with His Majesty eight Laborite and Liberal leaders who had never before met the King. Some thought that Earl Baldwin, privately vehemently critical of the Chamberlain Government, was hatching a palace plot against the Prime Minister. Better explanation: the King, symbol of the nation, was simply making friends with men who might be needed in a crisis. This could be gracefully done under the sponsorship of an elder statesman no longer in active politics. No newspaper printed the diners' names, Buckingham Palace having passed the word down that they should be omitted from news stories to prevent "unfortunate speculation."

► The Duke of Windsor, in his Prince of Wales days, used to be the British Empire's most valued traveling salesman and goodwill ambassador. Last week Britain had a scarcely less effective goodwill-winner—as far as the U. S. was concerned—in idealistic, handsome Anthony Eden, former British Foreign Secretary. He arrived in Man-

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battan on the *Aquitania* just in time to change from tweeds to tails and go to the annual banquet of the National Association of Manufacturers at the Waldorf-Astoria. There he delivered a long, rambling, formless speech on *Democracy and the Modern World* which contained many a plug for Britain, many a warily delivered hint that the U. S. and Britain were pretty much in the same boat.

To tall, youthful, handsome Mr. Eden, who resigned as Foreign Secretary rather than try to appease the dictators, it didn't seem cricket to criticize the Chamberlain Government while in this country. But the British Government had bestowed their blessings on Mr. Eden's seven-day visit to the U. S. (which was also his first), and many were the rumors in Britain last week



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OSWALD PIROW

"Unless there is a complete change of outlook. . ."

that, if his U. S. mission was a success, Anthony Eden might return to the Cabinet. More accurately, the Cabinet might return to Mr. Eden.

CANADA

Underground Runaway

In the sooty town of Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia there was cheer one morning last week. The Princess Colliery, owned by Dominion Steel & Coal Corp. Ltd., had announced that it was putting on extra shifts so that the miners could earn something for Christmas. Shops broke out with holiday decorations and Sydney Mines was festive. But the cheer lasted only a day.

The Princess mine, one of the oldest in the Cape Breton area, was opened in 1867. So many tons have been gouged from its insides that the main shaft now runs nearly two miles out under the salty waters of Sydney Harbor, more than 1,000 feet below the surface. In the early morning, as a clammy fog began to blow off the harbor,

grizzled old colliers and young shavers, eager to put pick to coal again, tramped to the mine mouth. There they stepped aboard the "cage," a rickety elevator which dropped them 700 feet to the mine-deep, starting point of the sloping shaft which runs out under the sea. To reach their diggings the miners boarded a "rake," a string of small narrow, flat cars fitted with wooden benches, which are let down the tangle-deep slope by a wrist-thick steel cable.

The first 200 miners to reach the mine-deep were lowered to the end of the shaft and the cars were reeled back to the starting point. Some 250 more miners scrambled on the 26 little cars and started down the slope. Suddenly there came a cannon-like crack—the cable had snapped off about 1,000 feet behind the last car. "She's running away!" shouted one collier. Those who sensed quickly what had happened rolled off the cars. Frozen to their seats with shock and fear, the others held on until it was too late. Faster, faster, faster rolled the rake, rocking crazily as it gathered speed. Panic-stricken miners flung themselves over the side. Some were bounced off the bedrock walls, hurled under the wheels of the rear cars as they whizzed past. A few miners grabbed at a heavy, covered power line which ran along the roof of the low shaft and hung on, knees pulled high to clear the rows of seats, until the rake hurtled by into the blackness. Crazed with fear, men forgot the first rule of the rake-rider and jumped to their feet. They were decapitated by the jagged hunks of coal sticking out of the shaft roof. Halfway down the shaft the whole rig left the tracks and piled up with a crash heard at the mine mouth a mile away.

At the pit head the company siren was already wailing. Before long hundreds of miners' wives and children, thankful for the prospect of a Christmas pay check an hour before, stood frozen-faced at the mine entrance. Toll: 21 dead, 32 critically injured, not one of the 250 unhurt. It was the worst mine disaster in Nova Scotia since 1918. In Sydney Mines some shopkeepers took down the Christmas decorations from their windows.

RUSSIA

Beria For Yezhov

Next to Stalin the most powerful man in Soviet Russia for the past two years has been Nikolai Yezhov, Commissar for Internal Affairs since September 1936. Comrade Yezhov is the man who in 1937 put on the largest and costliest purge to date, for which he provided the evidence, the victims and the executioners. Last week a small, back-page notice in *Izvestia* informed Russians that Comrade Yezhov had been relieved of his post at his own request, would be superseded by Laurentius Pavlovich Beria, until last summer head of the political police in the Transcaucasus, since then Yezhov's assistant.

Least ominous explanation of the change

is Comrade Yezhov's "ill health." He is known to be suffering from tuberculosis, overwork, and possibly from poisoning, if the fantastic accusation that his predecessor, Henry Yagoda, sprayed the executive office in the Commissariat for Internal Affairs with atomized mercuric poison be true. Comrade Yezhov will continue to be Commissar for Water Transportation, secretary to the Central Committee of the Communist Party and a member of the Politburo.

On the other hand, if Boss Stalin has at last concluded that Nikolai Yezhov's drastic thinning of the top-rank Soviet administrators, generals and diplomats was itself a peculiarly subtle kind of sabotage, then Comrade Yezhov's removal last week was the beginning of his end. Every previous Commissar of Internal Affairs has eventually fallen victim to his successor.

Unlike Nikolai Yezhov, who is small, saturnine, mysterious and narrowly intelligent, new Commissar Beria is tall, heavy-set, fond of speechmaking and public appearances. Not so uncouth as his predecessor, Laurentius Beria, despite a more polished exterior and pince-nez, can be just as bloodthirsty and relentless, has been a professional man hunter since his first assignment to the Cheka soon after the Bolshevik Revolution.

A Georgian peasant like Stalin, Beria in 1917, when still a student joined the



Sovfoto

NIKOLAI YEZHOV
Beginning his end?

Georgian Communist Party, then presided over by Stalin. Until last summer all his work was in the Transcaucasian republics, especially Georgia, where he headed the secret police for 16 years. He is known as the "Stalin of the Caucasus." Now 39, he is one of several younger officials recently given high government posts which the oft-purged older generation of Bolsheviks is apparently either incompetent or afraid to fill.

WAR IN SPAIN

The Big Push?

Three days of rain and bird-walking weather last week gave the battered seaboard towns of Loyalist Spain their first respite in three weeks from incessant, systematic bombings by Insurgent Generalissimo Franco's airplanes. Late last month, infuriated by the refusal of Britain and France to grant him belligerent rights, Franco listed 100 Loyalist towns and 58 villages as "legitimate objectives," announced that they would be ceaselessly bombed in "retaliation." A fleet of Italian Savoia and German Junkers bombing planes, based at Majorca, was ordered to blast the towns in shifts. At last reports they had dumped their loads on 30 towns, killed at least 300 people, injured more than 1,000.

For weeks official war communiqués from both sides have reported "nothing worth mentioning on any front" but from the activity behind Insurgent lines last week it was evident that some front would soon be blazing. Despite the fact that snow blankets many sectors of the front and that many of his troops are war-weary after eight counter-offensives to retake the Ebro River salient, Generalissimo Franco is determined to throw everything he has into one Big Push before Britain's Prime Minister meets Premier Mussolini at Rome early in January. A Franco success, such as his smash-through to the Mediterranean last April, would give Il Duce a good talking point on which to demand belligerent rights for the Insurgents from Mr. Chamberlain.

Most likely spots for the Big Push are the Sagunto sector, where the Insurgent drive on Valencia was halted by the Loyalist counter-offensive on the Ebro four months ago, or the area around Lérida in the north, where an Insurgent breakthrough would place Franco within striking distance of Barcelona.

Meanwhile, Loyalist Spain made ready for the attack, possibly the biggest of the war. Two more classes, men of 37 and 38, were called to the colors by the Catalan Ministry of Defense. All army leaves were canceled.

Chief hope of the Loyalists when the Big Push gets under way is to start a diverting counter-thrust at some inactive section of the front. So far this maneuver has always stopped Franco sooner or later because he has never had enough men to fight in two big areas at the same time.

LITHUANIA

Heil Memel

In the semi-autonomous district of Memel, Lithuania, last week, the greeting everywhere was "Heil!" Uniformed storm troopers marched through the streets. Banners proclaiming the familiar *One People, One Reich, One Will* stretched across buildings. The only Nazi trappings missing

were pictures of Adolf Hitler and swastikas. Lithuanian State police moved out. Lithuanian troops kept strictly to their barracks and the Lithuanian Governor, his decrees defied, resigned to be replaced by another who refrained from issuing orders.

Memel technically went to the polls to elect deputies to its new Diet, but actually the German majority there was holding a plebiscite to return to the Reich. As in regular German elections, the opposition did not dare to campaign. The United Memel German Party won easily, claiming at least 26 of the 29 Diet seats. Said 50-year-old Horse Doctor Ernst Neumann, Führer of the Memel Germans: "We are still Lithuanian State citizens in name, but inwardly we no longer have any connection with Lithuania." Adolf Hitler did not think that last week was a propitious time to take over Memel.

As for Lithuania, her statesmen feverishly tried to make friends with the Reich to save what pieces there were left to save. Memel, a district of 1,099 square miles on the Baltic, formerly part of East Prussia, was detached from Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, was taken by Lithuania in 1923. The port of Memel, with 38,545 inhabitants, contains iron foundries, ship-building yards, breweries, chemical plants. Because it is the country's only developed outlet to the sea, its formal appropriation by Germany would be almost irreparable to Lithuania. But Lithuania had some friends left, however ineffective. British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain told the House of Commons that the French and British Embassies in Berlin had been instructed to express the official hope that the German Government "will use its influence to insure respect" for the 1924 Memel Statute finally giving the district to Lithuania.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Lee and Davis

Gallant lost causes leave sad afterthoughts, and one of the saddest is the plight of the broken leaders. London last week was the temporary refuge of a Robert E. Lee and a Jefferson Davis of the late Republic of Czechoslovakia. They are Eduard Benes and Jan Masaryk, two men who devoted 20 years of their lives to a cause which no longer exists. Like Lee and Davis, they did not know what to do next.

The University of Chicago has provided a professorship for Eduard Benes—as Washington College at Lexington, Va. provided one for Lee—as soon as Czechoslovakia's last President will take it. But the tired little man was seriously ill. His ears were being treated for an ailment which has affected his sense of balance.

No steady job was found for Jeff Davis, and none has yet been found for Jan Masaryk, for 15 years Czechoslovakia's Minister to Great Britain and the strongest pleader for his country in western

Europe. The Nazified government of his homeland is now busy tearing down statues and paintings of Jan Masaryk's father, cofounder with Eduard Benes of Czechoslovakia. Soon after Munich, Minister Masaryk's Legation in London, ordered to remove resigned President Benes' portrait, complied. A second order, requiring removal of a portrait of Jan's father, was not immediately obeyed. At last Jan himself volunteered, silently lifted his father's picture from the wall, bowed, left the room. Last week there was no longer a place for able Jan in the diplomatic service. On January 1 he will move out of the Legation in Grosvenor Place, has no other plan than a projected two-month trip to the U. S.

Last month the name of Czechoslovakia was officially changed to Czecho-Slovakia. This week the hyphenation was made significant when the autonomous Slovak Government took occasion to discharge Czech (and Jewish) professors and officials in the Slovak area. "Slovakia for the Slovaks," was the slogan of a campaign which marked another big fissure in the disintegration of the State of Eduard Benes and Thomas Masaryk pulled but could not hold together.

JAPAN

Aces Shift

Japan last week recalled General Count Juichi Terauchi from command in North China and about 8,000,000 copper 1-sen pieces from circulation in Japan. General Terauchi will be replaced by General Gen Sugiyama, the copper coins probably by aluminum slugs. By the latter measure Japan hopes to save 900 tons of copper annually for her munitions industries. By the former measure she probably hopes to speed a decision regarding the personnel and character of the new central Chinese Government she proposes to establish.

The prestige of Terauchi's name (his father was Minister of War throughout the Russo-Japanese War), his own rank as one of Japan's full generals and a former War Minister, and his recent military achievements and experience in North China may enable him to smooth relations between the army's two China experts, Generals Doihara and Kita, who have rival plans for China's "final" Government. Doihara is reported to favor a government with wide powers headed by old Warlord Wu Pei-fu. Kita to favor a government with severely limited powers suitable to a "puppet state" headed by Wang K'e-ming, present chairman of the North-China Provisional Government.

Generals Terauchi and Sugiyama are a hard team to beat, deal each other the aces regularly. When one is in power the other has a good job. In the past three years they have both been Inspector General of Military Training Department, Minister for War, and commander-in-chief of the Japanese Armies in North China.



COME AND GET IT!

BRING your briskest appetite! Prepare for hearty eating! Your place is set with a plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup, just waiting for your spoon. Ready to show you, in every savory sip, why it is the world's favorite soup by long odds.

Such delightful tomato flavor! Only fine tomatoes, plump and red and ripe, can produce flavor such as this. And only such tomatoes, you may be sure, are picked for Campbell's Tomato Soup. Campbell's control of them begins at the very source, the seeds. Campbell's really know tomatoes from the ground up.

Into a smooth tomato purée, Campbell's chefs stir golden table butter, then add seasoning sparingly. That's Campbell's Tomato Soup, the choice of soup-lovers everywhere. Have it for lunch or dinner soon. Watch the family "Come and get it!" Hear them ask for more!

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Across the land, my bugle sounds,
And people come by leaps and bounds.
They drop their work and give a whoop
For Campbell's grand Tomato Soup!



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RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Holiday Greetings
and a Suggestion for Holiday Cheer from
OLD ANGUS
 A NOBLE SCOTCH
Gentle as a Lamb

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
 Liqueur
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 EIGHT YEARS OLD
James Watson & Co. Ltd. Glasgow & London
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CINEMA

Shorts

Deals. In London, Douglas Fairbanks Sr. announced the formation of Fairbanks International, with \$2,500,000 from American, English and Swiss backers. The new company plans three pictures, to be released by United Artists in 1939: *The Californian*, which Raoul Walsh may direct; *The Tenth Woman*, where Lord Byron, in Technicolor; a remake of *The Three Musketeers*, also in Technicolor.

In Manhattan, Twentieth Century-Fox announced that it had taken over all U. S. distribution for London's Gaumont-British, which will shortly close its U. S. offices.

Scandal. In Bernarr Macfadden's *Photoplay* appeared an article called *Hollywood's Unmarried Husbands and Wives*, purporting to "expose" the relationships of couples like Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, Virginia Pine and George Raft, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin, Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland. Excerpts: "Barbara freezes homemade ice-cream for Bob from a recipe his mother gave her. . . . Before George and Virginia teamed up as a tight little two-some, George gloried in flashy, extremely-cut clothes. . . . No real father could be more infatuated than George with Virginia's five-year-old daughter, Joan. . . . For Clark, Carole stopped, almost overnight, being a Hollywood playgirl. . . . Paulette still entertains her guests, when she wishes, on Charlie Chaplin's yacht. . . ."

One of the functions assumed by the Hays organization is to help studios prevent fan magazines from outdoing Hollywood itself in bad taste, scandal and pornography. Said Hays Organization Public Relations Man Tom Pettie: "The article is pretty bad. The title is even worse. . . . I don't know what we'll do about it but we'll certainly take some action."

The New Pictures

A Christmas Carol (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) leans a little too heavily on the assumption that cinemaddicts' eyes, starved by months of Hollywood's thin fare, will not be able to keep from water-logging over Charles Dickens' famed classic about Scrooge, Marley, Cratchits and Christmas spirit. Consequently, while *A Christmas Carol* is doubtless an invaluable addition to holiday lists of worthwhile pictures for juvenile audiences, it cannot be recommended unreservedly to adults—unless to those who feel that the mere transposition of such a classic to the Hollywood screen constitutes an excuse for general hosannas.

In the deep drifts of artificial snow, cold storage poultry, painfully quaint mannerisms and hideously false joviality which load this tender fable, certain genuine bits stand out by contrast. One is Reginald

Owen's well modulated performance as Scrooge, which should long remain a model for enthusiastic neophyte actors who essay this role in high-school productions of the same work. Another is the reading of the nerve-racking part of Tiny Tim by eleven-year-old Terry Kilburn, who almost manages to make his notorious curtain line ("God bless us every one") seem warranted under the circumstances. Least appetizing shot: the greedy members of



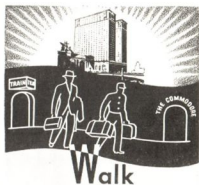
KILBURN AND OWEN
A tender fable is loaded with deep drifts.

the Cratchit family gleefully fingering the pitiful corpse of their uncooked Christmas goose.

Heart of the North (Warner Bros.). The *Arctic Queen* is steaming up the Yukon River with a shipment of gold and furs. And then? Bandits in fur caps remove its cargo. And then? The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who keep their coats on even when paddling canoes, contrive to catch the bandits.

For *Heart of the North*, not to be confused with *Spawn of the North* (TIME, Sept. 5), Warner Bros. dumped 1,500 lbs. of dye into the studio lake to make it blue enough to serve as a satisfactory Technicolor background for innumerable fights, canoe trips, duels and hairbreadth escapes of a lively, old-fashioned, fir-tree melodrama. Typical shot: Dick Foran and Russell Simpson wrestling on the edge of a cliff, while Allen Jenkins watches from the underbrush.

Thanks for Everything (Twentieth Century-Fox), not to be confused with *Thanks for the Memory* (see p. 22), explodes the theory that a genuinely funny story would be out of place in musically. Instead of a show-girl heroine who gets her name in lights in the last reel, it presents, without apologies, the sad case of Henry



From your arriving train to The Commodore's ready comfort . . . it's just a few steps . . . and you're at the heart of everything in New York . . . Service that invites you to relax . . . Quality meals at reasonable prices . . . and

2000 large, comfortable, outside rooms, all with private bath, from \$3.50



Frank J. Crohan, President
Right at Grand Central Terminal

Millard Sheets, noted American painter, pictures the century-old hospitality of friendly Hawaii—when natives greeted visitors from across the sea with luscious fruits.



Happy Holidays from Hawaii
Greet them zestfully
with DOLE Pineapple Juice—rich in
natural fruit sugars





A storehouse of the world's treasures could hold no gift to replace *your presence* at home this Christmas. If you think distance prevents you from getting there and back on the job in time, *think again* and consult any of the airlines listed below.

Even though your home be across the continent... you can get there for a right Merry Christmas and back again aboard a swift... secure Douglas-built Airliner, with no loss of a business day. Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc., Santa Monica, California.

DOUGLAS

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NORTH AMERICA: American Airlines, Inc.; Braniff Airways; Eastern Air Lines; Pan American Airways; T.W.A. United Air Lines; Western Air Express; Wilmington-Catalina Airline. **SOUTH AMERICA:** Pan American Airways; Pan American Grace Airways. **AUSTRALIA:** Airlines of Australia; Australian National Airways. **EUROPE:** A. B. Aerotransport, Sweden; Air France, France; Avio Linee Italiane, Italy; C. L. S., Czechoslovakia; K. L. M., Netherlands; L. A. P. E., Spain; L. A. R. E. S., Roumania; LOT, Poland; Swissair, Switzerland. **ORIENT:** China National Aviation Corporation; K. N. I. L. M. in Netherlands Indies; Japan Air Transport.

Smith (Jack Haley) of Plainville, Mo., winner of a \$25,000 prize for the Average American.

Henry Smith is so average that J. B. Harcourt (Adolphe Menjou) and his assistant, Brady (Jack Oakie), promoters of the contest, decide to make him a sort of industrial guinea pig to serve as an inexpensive substitute for the Gallup Polls and FORTUNE Surveys. The system works to everyone's advantage except Henry's until he is called upon to decide when and why the average U. S. citizen would go to war. At this point *Thanks for Everything* explodes into a climax which combines



OAKIE AND HALEY
They help explode a theory.

straight slapstick with vigorous satire on such U. S. preoccupations as the advertising business, manufactured war scares, quack psychiatry, 1939 World's Fairs.

Originally intended as a vehicle for Eddie Cantor, *Thanks for Everything* might have been made to order for Jack Haley, who contrives to seem just as woebegone as Cantor with much less facial exertion. Best song: Gordon & Revel's *You're the World's Fairest*.

Also Showing

Thanks for the Memory (Paramount). Bob Hope and Shirley Ross in a fragile little comedy about lower-income-bracket newbies. The picture will remind audiences, without incurring their gratitude, of its previous appearance in 1930, as *Up Pops the Devil*.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Pygmalion (Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller; TIME, Dec. 5).

Angels With Dirty Faces (James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Dead End Kids; TIME, Dec. 5).

Sixty Glorious Years (Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook; TIME, Nov. 28).

Submarine Patrol (Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene; TIME, Nov. 28).

Ballerina (Mia Slavenska, Janine Charat; TIME, Nov. 28).

The Cowboy and the Lady (Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; TIME, Nov. 21).

To every man who plans to spend \$1000 for a present for his wife

A 26,000 mile world cruise on an American President Liner is easily within your limit!

Imagine the pattern of sunny days on a famed, informal President Liner's friendly decks, sailing through the seven seas!

Through the Caribbean to Havana and the Panama Canal; to incredible Los Angeles. Out of San Francisco's Golden Gate, across the Pacific to Hawaii, Japan, China and the fascinating Philippines. Down the China Sea to Singapore. And from Penang, across the Sea of Bengal to Colombo, on the Island of Ceylon.

To India's Bombay. Through the Red Sea to Suez, Port Said and Alexandria. Into the Mediterranean, to Naples, Genoa; Marseilles.

And finally, home across the south Atlantic to New York.

Thus do the big, smooth-riding President Liners circumnavigate the globe . . . stopping at twenty-one storied ports in fourteen different, thrilling countries—showing off the world for \$970 First Class!

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The complete 26,000 mile trip may be made in no more than 104 days (85 days if you cross America by train). Or you may plan it to take the two full years that President Liner tickets allow . . . stopover anywhere, visit ashore or make sidetrips, continue on the next or another of these regularly-scheduled, almost identical ships.

Every President Liner has every stateroom outside, high amidship. Each has ample public rooms, and big play decks and an outdoor swimming pool. And each serves the same



fine American food—to which are added the luxuries of every foreign port of call.

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Skating..

Merry groups gather on the ice ponds—skate to the tune of rhythmic waltz music.

Sleighing

Sun Valleyites find moonlight rides in cutters drawn by real Alaskan reindeer a unique experience.

Swimming

Even in midwinter swimming is a popular pastime. In the outdoor pools, sheltered by glass walls, the water is warmed to a comfortable temperature.

AND OTHER ENJOYABLE WINTER SPORTS

Sun Valley Lodge provides unexcelled accommodations, facilities and service. Challenger Inn features double rooms from \$4 per day up. Both Lodge and Inn are "European plan."

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W. P. ROGERS, General Manager
Sun Valley, Idaho

or
W. S. BASINGER, P. T. M.
Union Pacific R. R., Omaha, Nebr.

Let's
Go!



ANIMALS

Whale Slaughter

Whaling is not what it used to be in the days of *Moby Dick*. Stinking old sailing whalers have given way to stinking little steamers. Earringed harpooners have yielded to modern marksmen, who earn as much as \$10,000 a season for shooting harpoons from a cannon. Instead of being dragged alongside, the whale is pulled aboard a "floating factory" ship and converted into oil right on the spot.

Of the world's 39 "floating factories," which annually take 3,000,000-odd barrels of whale oil, only two fly the U. S. flag. Smaller of the two is the American Whaling Co.'s 6,400-ton *Frango*, mother ship and rendering plant for a fleet of six whale chasers. Last spring, when the *Frango* was about to set out for Shark Bay off Western Australia, the U. S. Coast Guard asked for a volunteer to see that no international treaty provision was violated. Lieutenant Thomas Robley Midtlyng, 29, volunteered for the job.

Back in Manhattan last week, Midtlyng told a whale of a story. His life aboard ship had been clear sailing as far as Shark Bay. There Captain Johannes Smith and his crew found that the bay was overhunted: killing many of the whales that were left (small ones and cows with their young) was prohibited. Largest taken the whole cruise was 49 feet long, 14 feet above the minimum. Captain & crew were tempted to kill undersize whales. According to Lieutenant Midtlyng, they did. Each day the high-bowed, gun-mounted chaser boats set out, each night returned, tugging their targets behind.

Lieutenant Midtlyng had known little about whaling when he boarded the *Frango*, but reported that he soon had reason to believe that the crew were violating the law. He said they brought in hump-back whales shorter than 35 feet and whales which were nursing their young. Although the crew had insisted at the outset that they were experts at telling the length of a whale in the water, they now argued: "It's difficult to tell how long they are." Then they told him that they found the whales "dead and floating." When Midtlyng pointed out that the dead whales bore harpoon marks, the whalers had no comeback.

After that, he said, they took illegal whales in the daytime, did not bring them aboard until they thought the snooping Coast Guarder had bunked in for the night. Melodramatic climax of his tale: when he caught them blubber-handed, they began to treat him as a social outcast, and he lived for months in increasing apprehension, among black looks and whispered threats.

When the *Frango* put in at its pier off Staten Island, N. Y., Lieutenant Midtlyng hopped ashore, made his report. Twenty-four hours later U. S. officials seized the ship's \$500,000 cargo, sealed it, filed a libel action against 423 tons of her whale oil.



THE PROGRESSIVE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



This picture tells the story of a sight soon to gladden thousands of hearts as it has on many a previous Christmas eve



They're saying "Chevrolet's the Choice" of the low-priced cars. And when you see it you'll certainly say one great big reason is its safer, more comfortable, more beautiful 1939 Body by Fisher.

security, comfort and air of well-being it brings those to whom it is given • You have only to ride in the 1939 Body by Fisher to appreciate that—to

IT'S her first sight of the family's number-one present — a new General Motors car. And what makes it such a thrill to behold—what catches her eyes and stops them—is its stunning Body by Fisher • Somebody has been mighty thoughtful, selecting a car with this world-famed body—thoughtful of the

understand how much extra value Fisher craftsmen have packed into its solid construction and greater roominess — to appreciate its improved Fisher No Draft Ventilation — to see with what rare facility they have enhanced its luxuries and increased its safety with new visibility • Naturally, it's the only motor car body almost everyone knows by name. Listen, and you'll hear them saying, "For '39 better pick the car with Body

by Fisher." And everyone knows what that means — a General Motors car of course.



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Crown Whiskies
"America's Finest"*

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"Soft-stilled" by an exclusive Seagram process, this richer tasting gin is distinguished for its finer bouquet and the smooth, silky flavor it gives a Martini or any other gin drink. An exceptionally high quality—always uniform. Distilled from 100% American grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE 8-Year-Old Rye or Bourbon

A hearty, robust 8-year-old whiskey, bottled in bond under Canadian Government supervision. 100 Proof. Distinguished for its rich aroma and its deep mellowness of flavor. Quart size packed in beautiful molded reproduction of an antique volume. Pint size in attractive duvety bag.

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"America's Finest"
A rich tasting whiskey without a trace of heaviness. This famous Seagram blend is a perfect gift for those who like a full-bodied whiskey. It is "America's Finest" rich whiskey, blended by master craftsmen. 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof.

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This delicious whiskey is "America's Finest" mild whiskey. The craftsmanship of master blenders keeps the flavor perpetually uniform. An appropriate gift for men who prefer a delicate-tasting American whiskey. 72% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof.

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Deliciously delicate—yet deeply satisfying. For the man who appreciates fine Canadian Whiskey, Seagram's "V.O." is an ideal gift. 86.8 Proof. 6 years old. Extremely light, clean-tasting. A masterpiece of the blender's art; in our opinion, "Canada's Finest."

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"Come Landlord fill the Flowing Bowl"

The above painting was inspired by an old English verse, composed by John Fletcher, a contemporary of Shakespeare. This hearty old melody is still sung today as a popular expression of good fellowship and good cheer.

Since 1857, the name "Seagram" has been a hallmark of quality, a symbol that stands for "the finest." At this season of good fellowship and good cheer, your taste cannot be questioned when you give Seagram's.

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DOW HAS NEVER INCLUDED in its own program the development and production of chemicals designed expressly for destructive purposes. "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war" and the business of Dow has always been and will ever be, short of the imperative demands of national defense, the chemistry of peace.

In inaugurating this policy nearly fifty years ago, the very first effort of the late Dr. Herbert H. Dow was not without its symbolic significance. For his initial undertaking was to develop new and more efficient means for the production of bromine on which so many of our indispensable sedatives are based.

And so down through the years the connotation of chemistry, so far as Dow is concerned, has continued to be products that assist industry in its economic de-

velopment—products that aid pharmaceutical manufacturers in the alleviation of suffering—products that in every way promote the greater well-being of the American people.

The fruit of this policy is a long line of notable contributions of a constructive nature—more than 300 in all. They include such outstanding achievements as Dowmetal that presents industry with the lightest of all structural alloys—Dowflake Calcium Chloride, the product that makes our gravel roads dustless in summer and

combats the hazards of icy highways, sidewalks and steps in winter.

There are also synthetic dyes for the beautification of textiles—crop-protecting insecticides—synthetic rubber—the current and exhaustive efforts in the field of plastics—synthetic solvents that make dry cleaning a finer, faster service than was hitherto possible—and many other products of genuine importance.

It is with a feeling of gratification that Dow looks back on the results of this program and policy. Now at this gracious holiday period of good will, Dow also looks forward to even greater and more helpful contributions that characterize the chemistry of peace.

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RELIGION

Hardship's Handmaiden

Above the drum roll which U. S. parsons beat week in, week out, a flute note piped up last week. The flutist was feminine. In Manhattan's Town Hall, under the auspices of the League for Political Education, a comely young Ph. D. named Ruth Alexander pleaded religion's cause in a lecture, *Religion as a Force in Government*, which she has delivered up & down the land.

Dr. Alexander's piping, to an intent ear, hit some strident notes. Although she de-



Newspaths

DR. RUTH ALEXANDER

"Have a religious experience for your country's sake."

clared she is seeking "a renaissance of religious consciousness" in the U. S., by her candid admission the purpose of that renaissance would be simply to put new life into Capitalism. A religious revival, said Miss Alexander, could well be brought about by arousing people's fears, by showing them that, if they do not behave themselves, an authoritarian U. S. Government will teach them how. Miss Alexander's message: "Have a religious experience for your country's sake."

Dr. Alexander has lectured before the Pennsylvania Electric Association, the Indiana State Bar Association, the D. A. R. Her contented-looking Town Hall audience last week nodded and applauded vigorous agreement with such of her points as: "Hardship is the only builder of character known to mankind."

Friends' Service

Tall, 75-year-old Dr. Rufus Matthew Jones, retired Haverford College philosophy professor, is a great & good member of a great U. S. sect, the Society of Friends. Two decades ago Quaker Jones helped found the organization he chairs today—the American Friends Service Committee, universally respected for its good works.

During seven years after the War, the Committee raised and spent \$25,000,000 to care for 7,000,000 people, regardless of race, throughout Europe and Russia. During the Socialist uprising in Austria in 1934, the Committee was designated the official relief agency by consent of both the Socialist party and the Austrian Government. In the U. S., working among West Virginia coal miners, the Committee is Mrs. Roosevelt's favorite charity, to which she gave the \$100,000 she made from three years' speaking on the radio.

The Friends could take in their stride such a job as helping to get the Jews out of Germany. Last fortnight Rufus Jones and two other Quakers—Headmaster George Arthur Walton of George School near Philadelphia, and Businessman D. Robert Yarnall of Germantown, Pa.—set sail on the *Queen Mary*, bound for Germany. They hoped to discuss the Jewish problem with German officials: with Adolf Hitler, even, if they could gain his ear.

Mindful of German dislike of outside interference, they kept mum about their plans. At least two newspapers, the *New York Times* and the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, knew what the three Friends were about, and kept mum too. But the *Philadelphia Record* got wind of the story, telephoned numerous Philadelphia Quakers, finally got hold of Quaker Jones on the *Queen Mary*. Despite his pleas, the *Record* splashed the story on its front page last week.

Philadelphia Friends called the publicity "tragic" and, in view of the fact that the *Record's* Publisher Julius David Stern is a Jew, "the worst crime in newspaper history." Their concern was justified when, on the day the Quaker delegation reached Berlin, Dr. Goebbels' organ *Der Angriff* sniggered: "We hope they will make themselves known. . . . Then we will know, you see, when to begin to quake—quake duly before the Quakers of the U. S. A. . . ."

Protestantism's Voice

Nearest thing to a voice which U. S. Protestantism possesses is the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. That voice is often a timid stammer, since any of the 24 member churches of the F. C. of C. may secede at a hat's drop. Last week the Federal Council took a big red heckling from a Lutheran, whose church has never joined it—Professor Theodore Graebner of Concordia Theological Seminary in St. Louis.

Professor Graebner told the Dies Committee in Washington that the Federal Council "meddled incessantly in political affairs, invariably sponsoring the ideals of radical groups." The Federal Council then holding its biennial meeting in Buffalo, did not tell Heckler Graebner or Congressman Dies to go chase himself. Instead it telegraphed a long defense, listing the "distinguished church leaders" who were present at its deliberations.

The church leaders heard speeches and

Give HIM this Aristocratic Pipe Tobacco with the Champagne Bouquet

Fragrant HEINE'S BLEND PIPE TOBACCO

FOR the pipe smoking "blue bloods" on your list, a kingly luxury...historic HEINE'S BLEND...the world's finest tobaccos endowed with new witchery by the master craftsmanship of three quarters of a century. Soothingly mild, kindly cool, and fascinatingly flavorful as fine champagne, HEINE'S BLEND also has a cultured fragrance sure to delight even the most scent-sensitive femmes. Originally an exclusive private brand, but now procurable in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins at leading Clubs and smart Smoke Counters everywhere. If your Club or Dealer cannot supply you, write...

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LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS
HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO
AT 1018 SOUTH WABASH AVE.

reports last week, of which the most outspoken was the report of the Committee on the State of the Church, headed by President John Alexander Mackay of Princeton Theological Seminary. Critical of present-day church life ("smug and complacent"), the report said: "The churches as we know them are at a great disadvantage in the new spiritual conflict that begins to loom before us..." Of current preaching: "Multitudes who are aware of moral weakness and realize their sinful enmeshment in situations they cannot change are being goaded to despair by moralistic sermons."

"Absolute Honesty"

Like patent-medicine manufacturers, the Oxford Groups of Dr. Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman esteem testimonials. From their London and Manhattan headquarters they send out batches of statements from the great and the near-great, praising their trade-marked remedy—or at least denouncing the ills it is meant to cure.

The Groups have lately circulated a triple-shot testimonial containing the following items: 1) a letter from Dr. Henry St. George Tucker, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, calling attention to a speech by the Archbishop of Canterbury; 2) the Archbishop's speech, in which he mentioned the Groups as one of many evidences of a new interest in religion; 3) a copy of the *Church of England Newspaper* devoted to extravagant praise of the Groups.

Last week the *American Church Monthly* (high-Episcopal) editorially charged that the Groups were trying to make it appear that Bishop Tucker and the Archbishop of Canterbury "esteemed the Groups as highly as the enclosed newspaper did (of which there is no evidence)." One tenet of Buchmanism is "Absolute Honesty" (along with Absolute Purity, Love, Unselfishness). Cracked the *Monthly*: "We do not for a moment suppose that Dr. Tucker was a party to this devious and dubious business, nor the Archbishop either; but it does go to show what happens to 'absolute honesty' in an advertising age."

Not Authorized

Rev. Charles Edward Coughlin, Detroit's rabble-rousing radio priest, has repeatedly offended large sections of the U. S. population, has repeatedly been rebuked by leading U. S. prelates. But he has never been silenced by the Roman Catholic Church, which possesses crushing machinery to deal with heretical or inconvenient priests. Lately Father Coughlin has been abusing Jews. Last week the nation's most popular and liberal Cardinal, Chicago's George William Mundelein, fresh from a visit to the Vatican, issued a statement over the radio that "Father Coughlin is not authorized to speak for the Catholic Church, nor does he represent the doctrine or sentiments of the Church." Retorted Father Coughlin: "No priest... no bishop... and no Cardinal speaks for the whole Church. Only the Pope speaks for the Church."

RADIO

Dauntless

India is a fabulous place and Indian radio runs true to type. Last month All-India Radio's Bombay station broadcast one of a series of talks on the Maratha poet, Narmad. Many listeners do not like Narmad and his radical views. Like U. S. listeners, they wrote the station letters of protest. But the Bombay letters were anonymous, threatening consequences which included murder if the talks were continued. When the broadcasts were continued, Station Official C. C. Mehta was taken for a ride, beaten, thrown out on a lonely road. Last week's news from Bombay reported that the talks were still going on, that Station Director Z. A. Bokhari said C. C. Mehta's beating did not scare him.

Cuba Joins

No U. S. network had been able to guarantee a sponsor much advertising coverage outside the U. S. and Canada until last week, when NBC picked up its 166th affiliate—station CMQ (Havana). Appearance of station CMQ on the NBC rate card moved Cubans out of the eavesdropping fringe right into the U. S. radio listening family. For \$200 a sponsor can buy one hour on station CMQ, and the Cubans will throw in an additional, concurrent hour on short-wave station COCQ (Havana), bringing in additional South and Central American listeners.

Programs Previewed

For seven days beginning Friday, December 16. All times are EST. All programs subject to change without notice.

Tommy Farr v. Lou Nova (Fri. 10 p. m. NBC-Blue), heavyweight fight, from Manhattan's Madison Square Garden.

Mignon (Sat. 1:55 p. m. NBC-Red), Tenor Richard Crooks, Contralto Risé Stevens head the Metropolitan cast in Ambroise Thomas' opera.

Artur Rodzinski (Sat. 10 p. m. NBC-Blue) conducts the NBC Symphony in Weber's *Euryanthe Overture*, Dvořák's *Fourth Symphony*, Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* symphony, Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*.

Charles Haubiel (Sun. 3 p. m. CBS) conducts the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in the first performance of his own *Passacaglia in A Minor*. With John Barbirolli conducting, the orchestra plays Beethoven's *C Major Piano Concerto, No. 1* (Hortense Monath, soloist), Franck's *D Minor Symphony*.

William McChesney Martin (Tues. 10:45 p. m. CBS). Young stock-exchange president makes his first radio speech from St. Louis, his home town.

Dr. Douglas Hyde (Thurs. 6:45 p. m. NBC-Red). Eire's scholar-President, discusses "Irish Culture" by short wave from Dublin.



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Be really different this year... give them a box of Havana Cigars.

GENUINE HAVANAS - MADE IN HAVANA!

Every man loves the aroma of a REAL Havana Cigar. Genuine Imported HAVANA CIGARS cost but little more than good domestic cigars. Men everywhere recognize the fact that Cuban-made Havanas are the finest cigars that money can buy.

GENUINE IMPORTED

HAVANA CIGARS

Sold wherever good cigars are offered!

* GET THE GENUINE — Look for the green Warranty Stamp of the Cuban Government. This official seal will be found on the outside of every box of REAL HAVANA CIGARS.



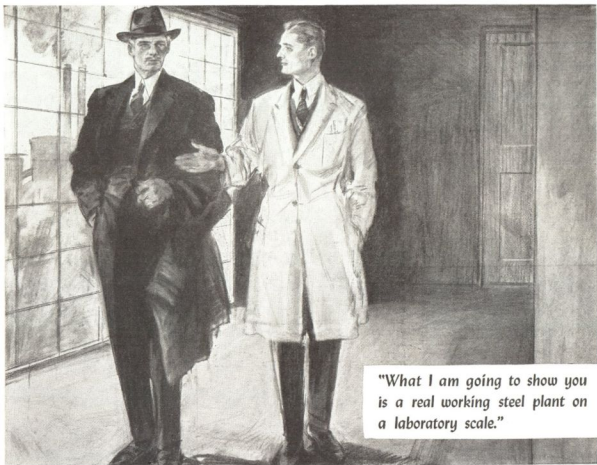
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PILOT PLANT—THE FIRST AND ONLY ONE OF
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OF **CONTROLLED QUALITY** IN STEEL.



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"As a user of steel, you benefit by our accomplishments here. We've been making quality steels for a good many years. We feel we know as much about the art of making steel as anybody. But quality steel making today calls for something more than the judgment and experience of the melter and the roller. It's a matter of scientific knowledge, measurement, control. With this Pilot Plant the skill of our workmen is now supplemented by the science of the laboratory to develop new steels for you—and better ones.



From a drawing by ORISON MacPHERSON

"This laboratory adjoins our Works, making possible quick application of its findings to actual plant operations.

"It's a pilot of progress, all right, holding a steady course toward improved steel quality—controlled quality—a course J & L has pursued for many years.

"But we'd better be getting on for it's time to tap a heat from the Pilot Plant open-hearth furnace. 'Pint size' it may be, but it's full scale in value."

JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION

AMERICAN IRON AND STEEL WORKS

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

J & L — PARTNER IN PROGRESS TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY



Virginia's Smith

In 1923 a portrait of Captain John Smith by Sir Godfrey Kneller was purchased in London and presented to the State of Virginia by 15 dignified citizens. The portrait was hung in the Governor's office in Richmond. It showed the old hero in a cuirass and heavy whiskers; an Oriental headdress covered the scalp preserved to him and Virginia by the love of Pocahontas. This headdress roused the suspicions of Richmond's polished, witty Alexander Weddell, U. S. Ambassador to Argentina.

From Richmond last week came the report of Mr. Weddell's investigations. Sir Godfrey Kneller, court painter to Eng-



KNELLER PORTRAIT

Wide World

An engraver got mixed up with a hero.

land's King Charles II and signer of the Richmond portrait, did two pictures of Piotr Ivanovich Potemkin, Russian envoy to the Court of St. James's in 1681. Comparing Richmond's John Smith with both, Mr. Weddell found the subject identical. Vaguely London dealers murmured that Sir Godfrey's favorite engraver was named John Smith: maybe that was how Piotr Ivanovich Potemkin passed for Virginia's Smith.

Historic A B Cs

To be whole and healthy a body has great need of a brain. The vast realm of modern commercial designing has a similar need. No candidates for this cortical job in the U. S. have appeared with sounder title to it than a half-dozen recent emigrants from Germany. Their common background: the famous Bauhaus (Building House), which had an incandescent pioneering success in Germany between 1919 and 1933. To show what this background was, Manhattan's rich, responsible Museum of Modern Art last week opened the first comprehensive show of Bauhaus work yet held in the U. S.

At the social opening gathered a full quota of German artistic elites remember-

ing the days of their youth. Among the 700-odd items assembled and installed by old Bauhausler Herbert Bayer were photographs of their first, free, jazz age capers as Bauhaus students in Weimar in the early '20s. About the only exhibits that seemed thoroughly dated were these and an elaborate peep show of ballet figures by Oskar Schlemmer, heavily fantastic, machine-obsessed, dusty and dull.

Fascinating to many visitors, however, were the spare, delicate, geometrical results of Bauhaus workshop experiments in wood, metals, textiles, glass and color. Few could stand alone as impressive works of art, but the best: proof of Bauhaus importance lay in the field to which all its experiments were, in theory, preliminaries: architecture and industrial design. Examples: tubular and wood furniture, frosted glass and metal lamps, pottery and other useful goods made in the '20s, which no U. S. manufacturers yet surpass; advanced photography done by or under the direction of Bauhaus Instructor Ladislav Moholy-Nagy; the second Bauhaus building at Dessau by Founder-Director Walter Gropius, called by the Museum's Director Alfred Barr Jr. "architecturally the most important structure of its decade."

Nip & Gyp. Rugged, ruddy Walter Gropius has been at Harvard two years and is now the popular chairman of the Department of Architecture. He helped assemble last week's show, found its success satisfying for one reason in particular.

Last year in Chicago, Gropius' trusted friend and colleague, brilliant, bland Moholy-Nagy, was hired by a businessmen's Association of Arts & Industries to conduct a New Bauhaus, sponsored by Gropius and embodying Old Bauhaus principles. Last autumn the Association refused to reopen the school because of "lack of funds," then changed its tune to a violent but vague splutter about Moholy-Nagy's "Hitlerism" (TIME, Oct. 24). All that appeared to be at the bottom of this fuss was Moholy-Nagy's earnest and methodical teaching discipline; nine out of 13 New Bauhaus teachers stoutly stood by him and Bauhaus believers were shocked at the shut-down.

Last week a little selection of obviously promising work from the New Bauhaus' first year was included in the Old Bauhaus exhibition. Walter Gropius made it plain that he thought his friend had been gyped, his cherished school nipped in the bud. Said he: "What has been done to Moholy makes me very sad. I will not let the Chicago Association use the Bauhaus name for its own advantage."

Mountain Man. A Bauhaus alumnus who has had better luck than Moholy-Nagy since he landed in the U. S. in 1933 is Josef Albers, a granitic little man who once taught preliminary workshop courses in Weimar and Dessau, and is now the pride of Black Mountain College in North Carolina. In Manhattan for the exhibi-

tion last week, Josef Albers had a show of his own at the Artists' Gallery on Greenwich Village's Eighth St.: 20 expert abstract paintings, whose clarity and subtle kick showed up the usual dilettante work in that line.

Bauhausler Albers also brought a fresh illustration to spring on people who asked him about art education: "Everybody knows one and one is two. That's arithmetic. But as soon as we see that with an artistic eye, we can see one and one makes three" (here solemnly holding up two fingers parallel and a finger-breadth apart), "or in this way" (laying one finger across the other), "one and one makes four. . ."

Epstein's Boudelaire

The massive, primitive and impassioned works of Sculptor Jacob Epstein have shocked London for 30 years. Last week Londoners were not so much shocked as



EPSTEIN'S "LES FLEURS DU MAL"

A new way to shock old critics.

surprised by Epstein's latest exhibition, which consisted not of sculpture but of 37 pencil drawings displayed at Tooth's New Bond Street Galleries. They were part of a set of 60 illustrating *Les Fleurs du Mal* (Flowers of Evil) by the 19th-century French poet, Charles Baudelaire. "This Bible of the modern man has long called to me," explained Sculptor Epstein.

In Baudelaire's imagination, sensuality had tragic grandeur. He lived with a fat mulatto and wrote the most magnificent French verse since Racine. He was also the only art critic of his day who recognized the greatness of Daumier. He died, broken by drink and opium, in 1867. Though not precisely a Bible to modern man, the *Flowers of Evil* has been abundantly profaned by illustrators who interpreted it as high-class pornography.

This Epstein did not do. All seven of the drawings shown were directly derived from the text, reflected its despair and horror as well as its sensuous music. Examples: *Danse Macabre*, a female skeleton posturing on a bed, and *Flowers of Evil* (see cut), which even conservative London critics, shocked again, conceded to be true to the poet.

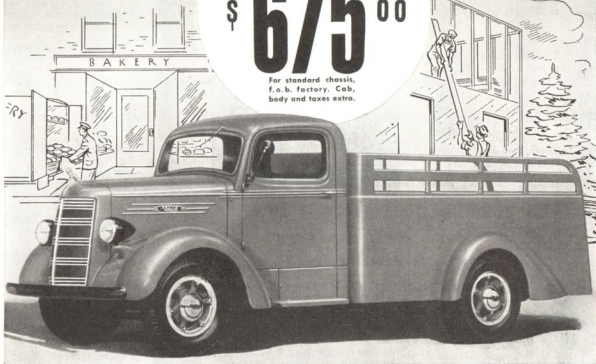
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For standard chassis,
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Fill the glass about two-thirds.



Add a little ice.



Cinzano is best at 32° or below.



Then add a twist of lemon peel.



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The superb aperitif... also makes better cocktails.

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TRANSPORT

Yankee Toast

Aboard the luxurious 22-passenger Imperial Airways liner *Frabisher*, speeding from Paris to Croydon Airport one evening last week, were a group of travelers that might have been chosen by a cinema director. They numbered 13. Main characters were a sophisticated Manhattan night-club songstress, an aloof British movie actress, an equerry to the Duke of Gloucester, a fun-loving mademoiselle from Paris, a Connecticut Yankee. There were also three solid businessmen, extras.

During the crossing the passengers kept largely to themselves. But when the liner

party. So did the Duke's equerry, Lieutenant David Scrymgeour (sometimes pronounced skinner) Wedderburn of the Scots Guards, Yankee Celler raised a glass. Yankee Maddux proposed a toast. "To disaster," she chirruped, adding cannily, "if it comes." To disaster they drank. Then, prudently refraining from smashing the glasses, they proceeded to polish off both bottles.

Meanwhile the ship's crew had got at the stuck landing gear after a half hour's work and hand-cranked it down into landing position. In the gathering night, the *Frabisher* sat neatly and easily down on Croydon field.

Safely aground, Yankee Celler added a honey touch. "All the time we were up there I was thinking, 'This will be a first-page story in New Haven if we smash.' What a vacation for me! Only a week ago I was in one of Hitler's prisons for taking pictures without permission." Said brunette Miss Maddux: "It was fun. I think I made some good friends during that half hour." Then the toasters set off for a party at a London hotel, equerry and all.

Fluid Drive

Every 1939 Custom Imperial Chrysler sold last week had as standard equipment a hydraulic clutch which eliminates any mechanical connection between the engine and the wheels. Called fluid drive, Chrysler's innovation removes the necessity for gear shifting and clutching except when a car is pulling heavily or backing up.

A conventional clutch is a cushioned disk (connected to the transmission gears), which takes power from the engine when it is forced against a disk on the face of the engine's spinning flywheel. In fluid drive the flywheel is equipped not with a disk, but with a sort of water wheel. Facing the blades of this water wheel is a similar set of blades on the transmission shaft. The two sets of blades are enclosed in a sealed compartment filled with light oil. As the flywheel gathers speed, the blades attached to it set the oil in motion, and the moving oil drives the opposite set of blades. These in turn rotate the transmission gears and, through them, the drive shaft and the wheels. A fluid drive automobile can be braked to a stop in high without killing the motor. It can be started in high without bucking or stalling.

Parent of fluid drive is the hydraulic turbine principle, almost as old as the automobile itself, but until recently not made efficient. Already in use in the British Daimler's "fluid flywheel," it is also the basis for hydraulic transmissions being installed this year by General Motors on 150 busses. The General Motors adaptation replaces not only the clutch, but all transmission gears except reverse, relieving the bus driver of the job of clutching and shifting gears in ordinary stop-and-go operation, making less harried the task of driving, opening and closing doors and collecting fares.



SONGSTRESS MADDEX
"To disaster—if it comes."

skimmed down over Croydon, then unaccountably roared back up into the air, the plot began to thicken. A mechanic came back into the cabin, lifted up a corner of carpet, pried at a section of floor board. Those who ventured to look below saw fire apparatus and ambulances gathering on the field. The ship's electrically retractable landing wheels had jammed.

The situation is not new, but each time it happens it is unforgettable to passengers. Sometimes they sit tight. Sometimes they get hysterical. The *Frabisher's* passengers provided a gay variation. Yankee John Anthony Celler, a tourist from New Haven, Conn., stood up. "Anybody got a flask or something?" he coolly inquired. "I'd like to celebrate this occasion." The equerry looked a bit startled, the businessmen surveyed him askance. But Mile Anne Chagnon of Paris came characteristically into the action. She broke out two bottles of champagne. The businessmen quickly found some tumblers. Yankee Celler popped the first cork.

At this point Frances May Maddux, with the aplomb of many a speakeasy and night-club experience at her command, and Cinemactress Grace Evans joined the



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Only your best superlatives can do justice to the newest ELGINS. Knowledgeably styled—smart—born to be cherished. Each brilliant watch embodies exclusive technical advances that place it years ahead.

The 21-jewel Lord Elgins and 19-jewel Lady Elgins merit extra attention. See your ELGIN jeweler now.

Thoroughly American—honest in materials and workmanship



\$24.75
"Classic"



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\$29.25
15 jewels
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Model 2269



\$33.21
15 jewels
"American Beauty"

Styles that are distinctive.
Interesting . . . vital



\$37.50
17 jewels
"Crusader"



\$37.50
17 jewels
"De Luxe"



\$42.80
15 jewels
"Streamline"



\$39.75
17 jewels
"De Luxe"

SOUND AMERICAN TRADITION SINCE 1865!

For generations, leading American families have found in gift ELGINS the perfect expression of their sentiments on Christmas day. This Christmas you may choose from the finest ELGINS ever produced. Only ELGIN'S celebrated craftsmen, aided by scientific instruments heretofore unknown in watchmaking, can create such watches. When you give—give the finest! Choose an ELGIN, star-timed for accuracy. Prices are very pleasing.

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19 jewels
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Dubney Parrish, South Carolina

"My most memorable Christmas," says Miss Parrish of Greenville, "was when I received my beautiful Elgin." This young descendant of Vice-President John C. Calhoun is an enthusiastic swimmer, plays fast tennis. Miss Parrish's mother and brother also wear ELGINS.



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JUST AN OLD

The Spirit of Christmas Present, like the Spirit of Christmas Past — is always Hiram Walker.



GLASS IS RAISED...a toast is made...old friendship is renewed, new friendship pledged—this always has been holiday custom. And each year since 1858 part of the custom has been a gift or glass of Hiram Walker's fine whiskey. So, again in 1938, remember—

Say it with Hiram Walker's. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

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*The Grandest Gift
of All.....mellow
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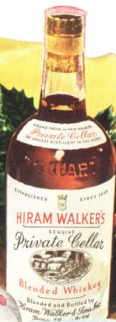
The very label on the Canadian Club bottle says, "I wanted you to have something special—something for which there is no substitute!" The world-acclaimed flavor of Canadian Club is a tribute to your friend's discriminating taste as well as to your own. For, although there are several choice Scotches, a few great ryes and bourbons—there's only *one* Canadian Club. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whiskey. This whiskey is 6 years old. 90.4 proof.



THE GIFT FOR SCOTCH CONNOISSEURS
STODART'S Rare Old HIGHLAND Blended Scotch Whiskey, a favorite in Scotland for 103 years. Blended in Scotland of twenty-one choice Highland malt whiskies from Hiram Walker's Scotch stocks for subtle, pleasing flavor. All 8 years old. 85 proof.



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FOR SMOOTHER CHRISTMAS EGGNOGS

Hiram Walker's PRIVATE CELLAR Blended Whiskey. Blended for smoother flavor in the world's largest distillery from Hiram Walker's rare stocks of extra fine blending whiskies: 90 proof, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from grain.

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America buys more Hiram Walker Gins than any other kind—proof that Hiram Walker knows America's taste in gin. Hiram Walker's NINETY-PROOF Distilled LONDON DRY GIN. Always perfectly balanced in flavor and smoothness. Distilled from grain.



Good Cheer...
on the alkaline side



THE PRESS

"Something of a Dilettante"

A frank interview with the most hated German of 1938 would be news in any language. Last week, *Ken* ("The Insider's World"), carried, well inside its lush pages, something that purported to be such a scoop. Titled "The Kaiser on Hitler" and signed by "W. Burckhardt," it described an interview at Doorn during "that tense last week of September." Author "Burckhardt" pictured the once All-Highest pacing up and down and throwing off such amazing indiscretions as: "There's a man alone, without family, without children, without God. Why should he be human? . . . He has got rid of, or even killed . . . Papien, Schleicher, Neurath—and even

papers had been systematically violated.

Striking photographers snapped the Guild's solid picket line in front of the Hearst Building (see cut), the bleeding head of Organizer Charles Cain as he and seven other Guilders were roughed up and carted off to a police station. Hearst trucks as they backed up to the line and kept their motors running. Strikers promptly dubbed handsome Publisher Merrill C. ("Babe") Meigs of the *American* "Monoxide Meigs." Two pickets put on gas masks.

Last January the Chicago Hearst management and the Guild signed a one-year contract. Now pending are over 60 charges of contract violations preferred by the Guild. Meantime, two new A. F. of L. newspaper unions (Editorial Association of Chicago, headed by *Herex* Rewrite Man Larry



CHICAGO *HEREX* AND AMERICAN STRIKERS
Publisher Meigs's trucks supplied the monoxide.

Blomberg. He has nothing left but a bunch of shirted gangsters!"

This statement was promptly smeared by a member of the Doorn household as an "invention," but *Ken's* Editor Arnold Gingrich insisted the "interview" was authentic. It first appeared in the September 30 issue of *Vaill*, a Paris weekly that specializes in nude pictures and pornographic reporting. Mr. Gingrich said he could not get permission to print the real name of Author "Burckhardt," who was reported by *Ken's* Paris agents to be "something of a dilettante who hobnobs with the royal bunch."

Showdown

Police clubs clunked on the heads of Newspaper Guildsmen and blood was spilled in the shadow of Chicago's Civic Opera Building on Wacker Drive last week as the Guild staged its biggest strike. Out of the Hearst-owned *Herald & Examiner* and evening *American* had walked 600 editorial, business and circulation workers on the grounds that their contracts with the

Kelly, and Newspaper Commercial Associates of Chicago) began signing up Hearstlings right & left. The climax came when Publisher Meigs declined to negotiate a new contract with the Guild before the NLRB settled the inter-union squabbles.

Claiming a walkout of more than half the 1,000 employees eligible, the Guild closed 71 of the 91 Hearst home circulation offices the first day. On the second the *American* advertised "\$5 FOR PHOTOS." Later the *Herex* offered "\$50 WEEKLY FOR NEWS TIPS AND NEWS PICTURES. . . ALL INFORMATION IS CONFIDENTIAL." But both papers continued to get editions out with police assistance. Most distant striker: *American* Sports Writer Jim Gallagher, who was in New Orleans for a baseball meeting. Notable strike breaker: Margaret ("Maggie") Sikora, who has been working as a *Herex* stenographer since her "Model Husband," Rudolph, was acquitted of killing his sweetheart.

At week's end, 46 *American* strikers announced through a Hearst spokesman

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The trend is toward Winter-Vacations—"vacations that do you the most good." So make yours enjoyably complete. *Ride* in modern comfort with protected speed.

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FLORIDA SPECIAL—"Aristocrat of Winter Trains." All-Pullman to Palm Beach and Miami. Only Recreation-Entertainment car in the world—Games . . . Music . . . Hostess, Begins 52nd year Jan. 2. Two trains daily after Jan. 12. **THE MIAMIAN**—"Seven Half a Day." All-Pullman. Lounge-Observation car. Morning arrivals East Coast Resorts.

GULF COAST LIMITED—"Through Florida by Sunlight." Two trains daily: Boston and all Florida Resorts; New York and all Central, South and West Coast Resorts. Through sleeping cars to major cities. "Sun Room" car.

HAVANA SPECIAL—"The Year Round Florida Train." Pullmans, Coaches. Through cars to leading Florida cities. Famous Lounge car. Save business day. **VACATIONER**—"Outstanding All-Coach Train." Featuring new super de luxe coaches. Reclining individual seats, commodious dressing rooms—but and cold water, etc. No finer coaches have been built! Moderate-price diner.

PALMETTO LIMITED—"Serving the Nearest Southland." Pullmans and coaches. Observation car. Through train: East and Carolinas—Georgia. All trains between Jacksonville and East Coast Cities via F.E.C.

Why the RIDE is so Fine!

No wonder Coast Line carries more Florida Visitors than any other rail road serving the state. Note this Exclusive Combination of Features: All cars Air-Conditioned and Air-Cooled . . . New, Powerful Locomotives . . . Double Track . . . 100-lb. Rails . . . Sea Level, Rock Ballasted Roadbed . . . Automatic Signaling and Train Control . . . Faster Schedules!

Ship Your Car Ahead—4¢ a Mile! When accompanied by two Pullman fares or three Coach fares, your car . . . no bother . . . no hazards, \$915 cars shipped last year.

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ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD

**Diesel-
Powered..**

*Now
Streamlined*



**CAPITOL
LIMITED**
BALTIMORE • WASHINGTON
CHICAGO

Only Diesel-Powered train between Chicago and the East, B & O's CAPITOL LIMITED—now Streamlined—reflects the newest in smart styling—with its alluring blue, gray and gold colorings and the newly-designed interiors.

You'll be fascinated by its inviting decorations and appointments—its many unusual travel comforts. And if you've never ridden behind a Diesel-Powered locomotive, you'll marvel at the smooth, quiet ride! No jolts or jars to disturb your rest. It's like *gliding*!

All-Pullman and Air-Conditioned. Everything for your travel comfort—including Sunroom Observation Lounge Car; Private Bedrooms, Drawing Rooms, Compartments and Section Sleepers; Colonial Diner, Club Car, Train Secretary, Barber-Valet, Maid-Manicure, Radios. No extra fare.



**BALTIMORE & OHIO
RAILROAD**

that they were going back to work, adding "It was fun while it lasted!" Guild headquarters insisted their main lines were holding fast.

Audiences v. Circulations

Lusty competitors for the national advertisers' dollars are radio and mass circulation magazines. Oddest aspect of their rivalry is the dissimilarity of their respective yardsticks for sales effectiveness. Radio's known quantity, the number of sets within listening range of transmitting stations, are scaled down in order to ascertain the actual audience at a given moment. But magazines' known quantity, net paid circulation, is rarely scaled upward to ascertain the corresponding potential audience of a given issue.

Last week, one magazine, LIFE, made public not only for itself but for three other big-selling weeklies, the first results of a survey, conducted by independent experts,* showing that if admen preferred to buy audiences, magazines could make an impressive showing under that system of scoring.

Estimating a total potential U. S. reading public of 107,300,000 persons over nine years old, excluding the blind, deaf-mutes and inmates of institutions, LIFE's experts made 8,030 interviews to appraise the number of people who see, open and read some part of an average issue of *Collier's*, *Liberty*, LIFE, *Satevepost*, found that 14.8% were *Collier's* audience, 13% *Liberty's* 16.1% LIFE's and 12% *Satevepost's*. These net percentages were established after 5,700 more interviews eliminated exaggerators and nitwits through "confusion control" tests. When the final percentages were applied to the 107,300,000 total, the magazine audiences appeared as follows:

	Net paid circulation	Estimated "audience"
<i>Collier's</i>	2,633,878	15,900,000
<i>Liberty</i>	2,485,395	14,000,000
LIFE	2,029,761	17,300,000
<i>Satevepost</i>	3,055,123	12,900,000

These findings, published in eight newspapers, aroused Crowell Publishing Co. (*Collier's*) to deny publicly any connection with the study, deny its attributed audience of 15,900,000, declare such figures "unsound and confusing." *Advertising Age*, admen's newspaper, reported a long background of discussions toward a cooperative study by advertising agencies and leading magazine publishers to measure "the limits of magazine audiences, thus giving advertisers a readership potential comparable with the number of radio sets," hazarded a guess that publication of LIFE's first findings might accelerate this cooperative project.

Anderson's End

As it must to all reporters, Death came last week to Paul Y. Anderson, who was one of the greatest. It came in the form of a handful of sleeping tablets, which he swallowed while arguing with a Negro

* Paul T. Cherington, independent marketing consultant; Archibald M. Crossley and Samuel Gail, Crossley Inc.; Dr. Darrell B. Lucas, N. Y. University.



**FOR THE
SPECIAL OCCASION...**

Serve Gold Seal Champagne... the low cost will surprise you... its superb taste, bouquet and effervescence will please you.

Made by the true French method of fermentation in the bottle in the "champagne district of America." It's all wine... no duty or ocean freight added.

**GOLD SEAL
Champagne**
NEW YORK STATE

Sent for free book, "Let's Tell About Wine,"
Urban Wine Co., Inc., Urban, Hammond, N. Y.



"We're going to

San Francisco's Fair...

Reserved rooms at the
Whitcomb... It's such a
convenient hotel."

Moderate Rates Folder on Request

Hotel Whitcomb

Market at Eighth Street - At Civic Center



**Banish "WASHROOM
INFECTION"**

**Install
APPLY**

Onliwon Towels and Tissue

Write A. P. W. Service, Albany, N. Y.

maid on the stairs of his home in Washington. A few minutes before she had found him trying to kill himself with monoxide gas in his garage. At 45 Reporter Anderson was tired, sick, determined to die. "I'm going to do a good job of this," the maid thought she heard him say. "My usefulness . . . at an end."

Only once before had Paul Anderson's reportorial usefulness been openly questioned. That was last January when he was fired from his \$16,000-a-year job as Washington correspondent-at-large of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Since then he had begun what looked like a comeback, working in Washington for the St. Louis *Star-Times*, writing on the side for the *Nation* and the *United Automobile Worker* of Detroit. His earnings from all three were around \$275 a week. More import-



THE LATE PAUL Y. ANDERSON
Tired, sick, determined to die.

ant, he showed again the off-hours crusading zeal that led him to crack open the whitewashed Teapot Dome scandal almost single-handed, a feat which won him the 1928 Pulitzer Prize.

There was only one real enemy to Paul Anderson's usefulness, and he well knew its name: alcohol. It had been the subject of recent quarrels between him and his pretty, blue-eyed third wife. One day last week the *Nation* received the copy for Anderson's last piece, a witty, cynical review of current Washington investigations. At 3 a. m. the next morning he was dying in an easy chair. From the mantelpiece a framed photograph of Nebraska's great Liberal, George Norris, looked down. Across it was written "To my friend, Paul Y. Anderson. The best newspaper reporter in the nation."

Next day at a brief funeral service in Washington, old Senator Norris wept openly and John L. Lewis declared: "I am happy that Paul Anderson considered me his friend." Franklin Roosevelt regretted the loss of "a grand fellow" and "a very old friend of mine." But perhaps the best tribute came from the Washington *Post*: "His usefulness, far from being over, had . . . only just begun."

TIME, December 19, 1938

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY



86 PROOF

Wish a mellow "Merry Christmas" with a gift of Teacher's Scotch. Its smooth richness brings so much pleasure.

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY - IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Patapar NEWS

No. 50T DEC. 19 1938



It's Paper, But...

This attractively printed celery wrapper is paper. But it is a most remarkable kind. It is Patapar Vegetable Parchment.

Ordinary papers cannot stand a wetting. They soak up water quickly, and disintegrate. But Patapar is different. It is *insoluble*. It likes water.

It's Not Afraid Of Water



Patapar is strong when wet!

To protect moist products such as celery, butter, meats, fish and many of the other good things we enjoy every day, a special wrapping material is needed. It must be strong and sturdy, and not afraid of moisture. Patapar is just such a material. It has amazing strength when wet!

Resists Grease, Too

When Patapar is used for wrapping products that contain fat or grease there is no penetration. Its outer surface remains clean and free from tell-tale stains. *Strong when wet, grease-proof, too...* that's Patapar!

BUSINESS EXECUTIVES: Patapar may suggest possibilities to you. Tell us the use you have in mind and we will send full information and sample sheets of the weight and finish suggested for your particular purpose.

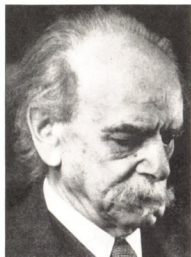
Patersen Parchment Paper Company
Bristol, Pennsylvania
West Coast Plant:
210 Bryant Street, San Francisco, California
Branch Offices: New York, Chicago

SCIENCE

Manifesto

Last week New York City's hen-shaped Mayor LaGuardia was belaboring the Nazis of Germany with his customary vigor—and so, less loudly and more indirectly, was handsome Anthony Eden, who had just arrived in the U. S. from England (see p. 9). Few days later another blast at Nazi and Fascist ideology came from a quarter which has hitherto been relatively silent—U. S. science.

Johannes Stark is a crusty old "Aryan" German, whose researches in physics were good enough to win him a Nobel Prize (1919). For a long time he has whooped up the merits of hardheaded experiment as against those of dreamy theory. Last



Rudolf Hoffmann

FRANZ BOAS

He lined up 1,284 against a Nazi.

spring, in the British journal *Nature*, he succeeded in getting published a manifesto entitled "The Pragmatic and the Dogmatic Spirit in Physics" (TIME, May 23). In this he declared that the Jews—e. g., Einstein—have always tended to be theorists and dogmatists in science, that their influence is evil. The editors of *Nature* pool-pooched this tirade, but printed it for the scrutiny of scientists in free countries.

In the U. S. the Stark statement made many scientists thoroughly angry. They formed a committee, chose as its spokesman "Papa Franz" Boas, 80-year-old Columbia University anthropologist, Papa Franz, a Jew of German birth, has been attacking German racial theories for a quarter-century, and after the rise of the Third Reich his books were burned at Kiel. The Boas committee drew up a counter-manifesto condemning the Stark statement from beginning to end, decrying the "ruthless political censorship" which is crippling science in Germany.

The manifesto of U. S. science, made public last week, was signed by 1,284 sci-

entists, including three Nobel Laureates (Millikan of Caltech, Urey of Columbia, Langmuir of General Electric), 64 members of the National Academy of Sciences, 85 college presidents, deans, directors of industrial laboratories and experiment stations. It declared:

"American scientists... hold fast to their conviction, that... science is wholly independent of national boundaries and races and creeds and can flourish only when there is peace and intellectual freedom.... It is in this light that we publicly condemn the fascist position towards science. The racial theories which they advocate have been demolished time and again. We need only point to the work of Heinrich Hertz in physics, Fritz Haber and Richard Willstätter in chemistry, Ludwig Traube, Paul Ehrlich and August Wassermann in biology and medicine, all German Jews and all empirical [observational and experimental] scientists. The charge that theory leads to a crippling of experimental research is... a denial of the whole history of modern physics. From Copernicus and Kepler on, all the great figures in Western science have insisted, in deed or in word, upon the futility of experimental research divorced from theory."

Nut News

For a hungry small boy to crack one walnut, or even a dozen, is no problem. But cracking walnuts in hundreds of thousands is what the California Walnut Growers' Association does, and it wanted a cracker which did not break up the meats.

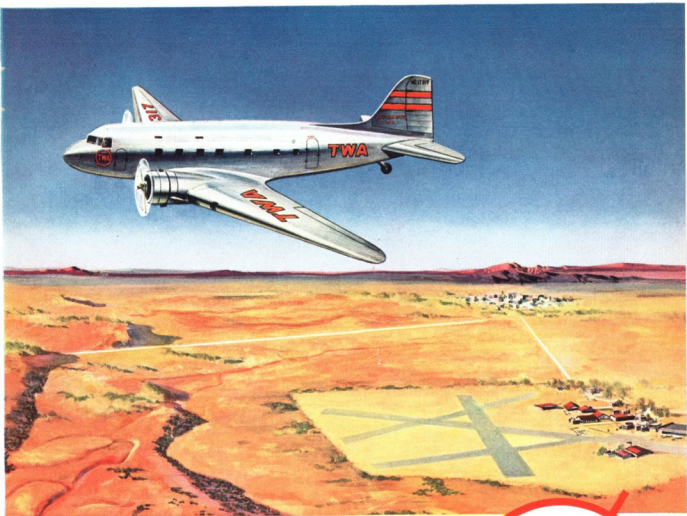
For the supplicant walnut men, the University of California's College of Agriculture invented a machine in which the walnuts ride on whizzing belts past a buzz-saw. The buzz-saw nicks a groove in the shells of the nuts. Then, as the nuts pass a tiny aperture, an explosive charge of acetylene and oxygen is shot into each nut. The nut then drops into an ignition chamber where a gas flame ignites the charge. *Pop!* goes the walnut. Most of the shells drop into one hopper, the meats into another.

Amid the gentle, staccato popping of many walnuts in their test machine, the designers were able to boast last week that their device delivers no less than 66% of the output in fat whole and half meats. Previous gadgets were good if they produced 20% unbroken meats. The inventors are taking out a patent on their machine, think explosive nut-crackers can be built in quantity for \$200 each.

Spray

Since September 21, meteorologists have devoted much study to the hurricane which on that day cut a swath of destruction through New England. Last week Director Charles Franklin Brooks of Harvard's Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory at Milton, Mass., declared that sea spray picked up by the storm was carried 50 miles inland.

NATURE MADE IT...TWA FLIES IT— THE SUNNY SANTA FE TRAIL



TWA Flies this Natural Route—Shortest Coast-to-Coast!

Fly this great, natural transcontinental route—since pioneer days the nation's most popular coast-to-coast travel-way.

The shorter, more direct route of the Santa Fe Trail—carefully selected for TWA—has many advantages. You fly over the broad, open stretches of the Southwest—over the

Painted Desert, Meteor Crater, Boulder Dam—a route unsurpassed for *winter sunshine!*

TWA's giant Douglas Skyliners fly three coast-to-coast schedules daily, each way—plus convenient flights between major cities throughout the nation. Next time, fly TWA! TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, INC.



CONSERVATIVE FLYING IS TWA TRADITION

Experienced air travelers have confidence in TWA. They like TWA's conservative policy... its unexcelled equipment, personnel and service!



SHORTEST...FASTEST
Coast to Coast

If ye gie a hoot about a Mon...gie him
JOHNNIE WALKER



BORN 1820...still going strong

Johnnie Walker brings greetings and cheer to historic old Jeddburgh, founded in 1147.



Your gift will be remembered long after Christmas...if it's JOHNNIE WALKER Red Label, 8 years old... 86.5 proof.



One of Scotland's rarest treasures, laid away 12 long years ago... JOHNNIE WALKER Black Label... 86.8 proof.



JOHNNIE WALKER in the special Holiday Package containing three bottles of Red Label or Black Label. A supreme gift.

There are gifts and gifts...but every bottle o' Johnnie Walker carries wi' it thoosands o' miles o' thoughtfulness! For Johnnie Walker is not only an *imported* gift...it's an *important* Scotch! Aye, there's no better whisky than Scotch, and Johnnie Walker is Scotch at its smooth, mellow best! A merry Christmas to ye, from Johnnie Walker. And —Johnnie Walker for a verra merry Christmas to your verra best friends!



IT'S SENSIBLE TO GIVE

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



MUSIC

NEARER THE SUN!

Family Choir

Twenty years ago a patch-mustached Austrian nobleman, Captain Georg von Trapp, commander of an Austrian submarine, came home from the War to his family castle near Salzburg. There he and his buxom wife, Frau Maria Augusta, settled down to the serious business of raising their family. The family flourished. By 1921 it included seven small von Trapps; and there were more to come.

Because the aristocratic von Trapps had a good deal of time on their hands, and

trian peasant clothes, which they never exchange for citified dress, are all homemade. They even weave some of the cloth themselves. Says ample, athletic Frau von Trapp: "We are having the time of our lives in God's own country."

Mozart Letters

Last autumn English Critic W. J. Turner published a biography* of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (TIME, Sept. 6). To make his portrait of 18th-Century Composer Mozart accurate, Critic Turner pondered anew the numerous letters of the



CAPTAIN GEORG VON TRAPP AND FAMILY†

From fun at home to the time of their lives on tour.

because Father & Mother von Trapp were both good amateur musicians, the family developed the pleasant habit of making music together. On crisp Tirolese evenings they all gathered in the hall of their mountain castle to sing and play hoary Latin masses and lusty Tirolese folk songs.

The musical von Trapps always sang and played just for the fun of it, never thought of turning professional. When Soprano Lotte Lehmann heard them, she suggested concerts. When Austrian Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg heard them over the radio, he invited them to sing in Vienna. Soon the von Trapps were touring the whole map of Europe.

Last autumn they decided to go to the U. S. Traveling all together in a specially chartered bus. Papa von Trapp, Mama von Trapp and the seven young singing von Trapps barnstormed the Middle West and South, surprised many a gas-station attendant with their dirndl dresses and *Lederhosen*. Last week they wound up in Manhattan, singing a program of Renaissance music and Austrian folk songs at Town Hall. Manhattan critics found their singing the last word in freshness and refinement.

One of the world's most musical families, the von Trapp family is also one of the world's most self-sufficient. Their Aus-

trian family. When the portrait was finished, it showed Mozart, not as a super-fastidious, classically-restrained courtier, but as a hearty, bluff personality.

Last week the taste of Mozart's letters offered by Critic Turner was extended into a whole banquet by the publication for the first time in English of the complete Mozart family correspondence.** Gathering, editing and translating the 600-odd letters of the collection had cost Emily Anderson, a publicity-shy British music-lover and scholar, ten years of scholarly effort. Readers of the newly-published letters found Critic Turner's impressions confirmed, found further that Composer Wolfgang Amadeus and his shrewd, harried Father Leopold Mozart were penetrating and sometimes irreverent observers of the manners of their time, gasty reporters with great fondness for the seven-and-eight-letter German equivalents of four-letter English words.

* MOZART, THE MAN AND HIS WORKS—Anopf (\$4).

† Bottom row, left to right: Johanna, Rupert and Agathe.

Centre: Frau and Herr von Trapp.

Top: Maria, Martina, Werner and Hedwig.

** LETTERS OF MOZART AND HIS FAMILY, By Emily Anderson, 3 volumes, Macmillan (\$18).



MIAMI

IT'S TIME TO MOVE
NEARER THE SUN

Over 1000 miles south of the Riviera, hundreds of miles nearer the equator than our southernmost Pacific Coast points—nearest major U. S. City to the Sun. This is the "open secret" of Miami's warmer climate, its more concentrated sunshine, its amazing array of outdoor sports and pastimes all winter long.

TIME OF YOUR LIFE—Because of this simple geographic fact, Miami has become a magnetic tropic metropolis that annually draws thousands for golfing, gaming, fishing and funning, surfing and sunning. Nearer the sun, but nearer you, too—literally just a matter of hours, not days or weeks away from 85% of the population.

TIME TO ACT—The example of Miami's sun kissed thousands proves that you, too, can probably come here this winter. Miami's new official booklet gives full details: Costs, pictures, everything. Mail the coupon for your copy, today!

FREE MAIL THE COUPON
Chamber of Commerce
MIAMI, FLA. Please send me copy of Official Miami Booklet (s)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Pure as the Driven Snow



When you ask your dealer for *Acid-Free Quaker State* Winter Oil, you are taking the maximum precaution to insure care-free Winter driving. Quaker State pioneered in the development of motor oils for Winter use. Its *low cold test* will relieve you of starting troubles. Each drop of oil is rich, full-bodied lubricant—pure as the driven snow—as pure as you are free from worry about sludge, carbon or corrosion. Use Quaker State and your car will run better, last longer. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.



Retail price
35¢ per quart

EDUCATION

Obstacle

College graduates, like the rest of the U. S. population, believe three children in a family is ideal. But while the average family on relief goes over that quota, the average college graduate's family falls short. To find out why, Dr. John C. Flanagan, assistant director of the American Council on Education's Cooperative Test Service, made a minute study* of 300 families of professional people.

Last week Dr. Flanagan reported that he had proved definitely that college graduates are no less capable of producing children than other groups. But most of his group, whose median salary was more than \$5,000, believed they could not afford to have as many children as they wanted. Chief reason: the high cost of educating their children. No nest egg for college, no children.

Bootstraps

Will Keith Kellogg, 78, makes breakfast food for children, but he has more than a commercial interest in them. Eight years ago he established the W. K. Kellogg Foundation in Battle Creek, Mich., gave it \$36,000,000 to improve children's health & happiness, soon decided to expand the Foundation's work so it could help grown-ups, too. By last week the people it had helped were helping themselves so enthusiastically that even Will Kellogg was astonished.

Mr. Kellogg appointed as general director of the Foundation Dr. Stuart Pritchard, onetime president of the National Tuberculosis Association. Dr. Pritchard went to work in seven counties near Battle Creek.† First he persuaded these counties to establish health departments, with the Foundation footing most of the bills. He saw that youngsters got medical examinations and treatment (free, when necessary), that mothers had doctors to help deliver their babies, that sanitary engineers told people how to dispose of their sewage. But he soon concluded that this sort of thing was like patching a rusty roof.

Chief obstacle to the well-being of these seven counties, as of the rural U. S. generally, was poor schools—dark, dirty, manned by ill-prepared teachers whose time was spread over so many classes that some pupils had only two weeks of actual instruction in a year.

To improve the schools, however, Dr. Pritchard saw that he had to educate the adults who ran them. So he provided tuition in universities and psychiatric clinics for groups of teachers, supervisors, school board members, ministers, newspaper editors, physicians, nurses, dentists, veterinarians. The Foundation also offered to help build new schools. At first the inhabitants voted down these offers, were apathetic to this attempt to lift the general

* It was financed by the Pioneer Fund, took a year and a half.

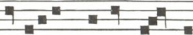
† Allegan, Barry, Branch, Calhoun, Eaton, Hillsdale, Van Buren (pop.: 220,000).

Pedro Domecq wears a White Tie

No formal dinner party would be right without white ties and formal gowns. Nor would it be quite correct without wine—a glass of Amontillado with the soup, a table wine with the entree, and a mellow, sweet Oloroso with the dessert.

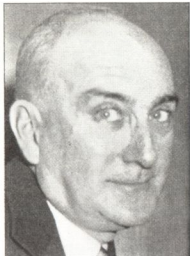
Ask your dealer to show you Pedro Domecq's range of Sherries. Your cellar without a noble Sherry like Domecq would be as incomplete as your wardrobe without evening clothes.

COMEX TRADING COMPANY, INC.
Radio City, New York 300 Bush Street, San Francisco
Bottled in Jerez, Spain. Alcohol 18 to 20% by volume



level of living of the whole community. But gradually the Foundation saw to it that the schools acquired toilets and electric lights, better instruction and medical attention, and in general the darkened communities began to grow bright, cheerful and happier.

Last September, believing that the time had come to find out how fully the seven counties realized the measure of their improvement, Dr. Pritchard sent to 80,000 voters a report and a ballot. The ballot asked voters whether they were willing to tax themselves 25¢ per capita to continue



KELLOGG'S PRITCHARD
... helped seven counties help themselves.

their health departments, relieving the Foundation of part of its burden. Last week the votes were counted: Yes, 65,329; No, 863.

Now prepared to show the rest of rural America how it is done, the Foundation offers to pay the expenses of physicians, engineers and teachers to come to Michigan to study the remarkable spectacle of 220,000 people pulling themselves up by their own bootstraps.

Thoroughbreds and Scrubs

Residents of Oklahoma City, whose schools are ugly and overcrowded, several of whose school officials are in prison or under indictment (TIME, Dec. 5), last fortnight suffered even worse disgrace—loss of local pride. In 84-point type the Oklahoma City Times admitted: FORT WORTH SHAMES OKLAHOMA CITY. While "embezzlement, bribery and politics" have made "a shambles of Oklahoma City's school system," grumbled the Times, schools in comparable Fort Worth are "an educational fairyland." The paper proceeded to rub it in with two pages of photographs and text picturing Fort Worth's Fairyland.

Pointing out that to run its inferior schools Oklahoma City spends \$429,000 a year more than Fort Worth, the Times sought to bestir citizens to long-overdue school reforms, cried:

"It costs no more to raise a thoroughbred than it does to raise a scrub."

TIME, December 19, 1938

MARTELL

COGNAC *Brandy*



BOTTLED IN
COGNAC, FRANCE
SINCE 1715



84 PROOF

*A Traditional Gift
for over 222 years*

Imported by PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

AFTER DINNER
enjoy



COINTREAU
Liqueur

80 Proof

How to use Cointreau in
Crepes Suzettes, Souffles, Sauces. Send for new recipe brochure.
BROWNE VINNERS CO., INC., DEPT. F, 630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

YOUR KEY TO
COMFORT



IN *St. Louis*
**HOTEL
Lennox**

9th and WASHINGTON
50¢ OF ALL ROOMS 12.50 OR LESS, SINGLE
15.00 OR LESS, DOUBLE



**The Morning After Taking
Carter's Little Liver Pills**

SPORT

Jockey Race

There are some 700 licensed jockeys in the U. S. Last week, coming down the home-stretch of the 1938 horse-racing circuit, 28-year-old Johnny Longden of Calgary, Canada, and 24-year-old Johnny Adams of Iola, Kans. led the field in a neck & neck race for the jockey championship of the year. Solemn, sharp-faced Jockey Longden was in front with 222 winners; jolly pink-faced Jockey Adams, last year's champion, close behind with 208. Both

has raced on the "big apple" (New York tracks), has matched his skill against the top-notch jockeys of the country at all the Eastern tracks, is the second highest money winner (\$250,000) as well as the leading rider. Ever since 1935 when he made his Eastern debut by winning five out of six races on Bert Baroni's Top Row, Johnny Longden has been in great demand. A contract rider for the famed Wheatley Stable until two months ago, he is now under contract to Don Cameron, trainer for the stables of Mrs. John



JOHNNY LONGDEN
Coming down the stretch . . .



JOHNNY ADAMS
... Canada led Kansas.

were racing at the Tanforan track outside San Francisco, riding six or seven mounts a day, and flying down to Mexico for Sunday racing at Agua Caliente in their attempt to chalk up the most winners by December 31.

For California racing fans, impatiently awaiting the opening of Santa Anita on the last day of the year, the Adams v. Longden rivalry was particularly exciting. Although neither jockey is as well known nationally as Eddie Arcaro, generally considered the best rider in the country, or Nick Wall. No. 1 money winner of the year (some \$400,000 for his employers), Johnny Longden and Johnny Adams are great favorites on the West Coast.

Many Californians will never forget the thrill they experienced when Jockey Adams rode six winners in a row (five of them long shots) at Bay Meadows one afternoon last spring—a feat that only seven U. S. jockeys have ever accomplished. Others who had seen him break a leg during a race at Del Mar last summer, marveled at his ability to be out in front again after being dismounted for two months. A barrel-chested pee-wee (4 ft. 8 in.) who learned to ride on the Western "bush" tracks (county fairs), still lives in a trailer and looks as clumsy as Ichabod Crane on a horse. Johnny Adams has an extraordinary flair for getting the best out of the cheapest player.

Unlike Johnny Adams, Johnny Longden

Hertz, Vera Bragg and J. Shirley Riley, at \$17,000 a year—highest salary of any U. S. jockey.

In addition to his salary (for first call on his services), Jockey Longden, like most of his colleagues, receives \$10 for every race he enters (up to last week he had entered 1,091 this year), \$15 extra for every race he wins and 10% of the winning purse. His income this year is about \$50,000. Although some earn more than many a bank president and others earn less than plumbers, all jockeys complain that they have to spend 50% of their earnings for expenses.

Every jockey has a valet (to carry his tack and help saddle his mounts) and an agent (to get engagements for him). To his valet he must pay \$2 every time he races, an extra \$1 every time he wins. To his agent he must pay a similar sum plus 10% of his 10% share of the winning purse. A jockey also pays for his saddles (the usually owns two or three of varying weights), whips, boots, breeches and rubber reducing suit—if he has to keep his weight down. Next to losing their bank rolls, jockeys dread gaining weight. Longden and Adams are both so small (105 lb.) that they need not diet, but most riders court their calories, knowing well that a heavy rider (118 to 125 lbs.) gets infrequent engagements, soon discovers that he must look for a job as jockey's agent or exercise boy.

Epilogue

Last week while Coach Jim Crowley of Fordham exhibited a troupe of postgraduate U. S. college football players to 25,000 Frenchmen* in the first stand of a two-week barnstorming tour, the stars of the U. S. Football Show of 1938 were taking their bows before the curtain.

Most applause was for little Davey O'Brien, 150-lb. quarterback of undefeated Texas Christian, who was handed the Heisman Trophy, annual award for the No. 1 player of the year. The award for No. 1 coach of the year went to Bill Kern of Carnegie Tech, after 200 rival coaches and athletic directors had chosen him—because in two years he took his team from nowhere to rank among the top ten. Defeated only once (by mighty Notre Dame), Coach Kern's Skibos (named after the late Andrew Carnegie's Skibo Castle) skyrocketed into the football sky after they licked powerful Pitt and Holy Cross, were rewarded with an invitation to play Texas Christian in the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans.

While U. S. fans were applauding their heroes, the owners and coaches of the ten teams in the National (professional) Football League met to decide whom they would have selected had they been asked to pick the outstanding college players of the year. Center Ki Aldrich, teammate of Davey O'Brien at Texas Christian, was the No. 1 choice, Columbia's Sid Luckman No. 2. Parker Hall, Mississippi halfback, was third choice, Davey O'Brien fourth.

No idle kibitzing was last week's selection by the professional football clubs. It was their "preferred negotiation list." The draft system whereby they annually select their "freshmen" (20 each) for the following year.† Having earmarked their 1939 freshmen, The National League club owners adjourned, joined the 50,000 customers who packed Manhattan's Polo Grounds for the season's epilogue: the play-off for the U. S. professional championship.

Both contestants were evenly matched. The Green Bay Packers, champions of the Western Division, had won eight games, lost three. The New York Giants, Eastern champions, had won eight, lost two, tied one. Those who expected a titanic tug-of-war were not disappointed. In perhaps the most brilliant football show ever staged, each Giant and each Packer played in a way that made Dink Stover look like a cheap sissy. Nip & tuck until the very last second, victory finally went to the Giants, 23-to-17. For their performance each Giant got \$504, and the team, receiving the Ed Thorp Trophy, took a bow as the No. 1 professional footballers of the year.

* A Parisian sportswriter called the performance a combination of rugby, soccer, basketball, wrestling and bullfighting.

† Each club in rotation (the last-place club first) is given one choice, has exclusive right to negotiate for the services of that player after he (or his class) has graduated. Of the 274 professional footballers in the league this year only one, Dick Schweidler of the Chicago Bears, did not go to college.



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A CASE OF GUINNESS, imported from Dublin—there's a welcome gift for any man! Guinness' flavour is bracing and hearty. Its head is fine and creamy. Its colour is deep and rich. That's why more people drink Guinness than any other brew on earth!

Give yourself a case, too! If you've never tasted Guinness—or if you've tried it only "Half and Half" with lighter brews—you'll enjoy Guinness, straight, with your Christmas dinner!

GUINNESS STOUT has been brewed in Dublin for 170 years. It is made from four ingredients only—choice barley malt, fragrant hops, special Guinness yeast and County Kildare spring water. It is mellowed over a year in oak vats and in Bottle. Like draught beer, Guinness is unpasteurized. And it is never filtered . . . Guinness gives you every bit of its natural goodness, including vitamins B and G.



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From England—eh? It must be . . .



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Like the Yule log and plum pudding, Bass Ale is an English contribution to holiday cheer that Americans find particularly pleasing . . . either served with meals or whenever the occasion suggests a tall drink. During the 161 years that Bass Ale has been brewed, its distinguished flavor has become famous over the entire world.



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Manhattan's finest residential center! Eminently correct for discerning guests. A few minutes walk to "Radio City." One block to Fifth Avenue and Central Park. 68 W. 58th St. Augustin D'Arcy, Mgr.

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Greatest shore value. Just off Broadway. Famous food. Special low holiday rates. Convenient to N. Y. World's Fair. Write for folder.
A. G. Tower, General Manager
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ATLANTIC CITY - N. J.

**THE
SENATOR
HOTEL**

PEOPLE

When the Princeton University catalogue gave **Thomas Mann** the superfluous middle name of "Schriftst," eagle-eyed Princeton scholars pounced upon its editors, learned they had taken the information from *Who's Who in America*, whose editors in turn had it from Thomas Mann himself. He had filled out a form: "**Mann, Thomas, Schriftst.** [abbreviation of *Schriftsteller*, German for 'author'],"

Manhattan members of the Russian Nobility Association were outraged to discover their president, Prince **Alexis Obolensky**, playing the part of a Soviet Commissar in the musical hit *Leave It to Me*, under the stage name of Alexis Bolan. Given the choice of quitting office or his job, the Prince said: "I am a professional actor," resigned from the Nobility Association. Said his wife: "It is too bad that



Associated Press
PRINCE ALEXIS OBOLENSKY
... made a Commissar look foolish.

some members . . . failed to understand that my husband really is serving the interests of loyal Tsarists . . . by making a fool of the character he plays."

Musing on fighting words that could be and had been legally sent through the mails, General **Hugh Samuel Johnson**, himself no tyro at invective and abuse, suggested a few more: "asymptote" ("a daisy of a word"), "parasang," "Cushing Dishpit," ("an evil sound and no meaning"), "yellow-bellied sap-sucker," "boat-bottomed grackel," "bottle-nosed puffin."

Sued for divorce was **Frederick John Perry**, 29, famed British tennis, by his cinematress wife, 31-year-old **Helen Vinson** (real name: Helen Rulfs Vickerman Perry). Her complaints: he not only used rough language but forced her to attend his tennis matches.

THEATRE

Show Business

► When *You Can't Take It With You* closed in Manhattan after a two-year run, Producer Sam H. Harris wired the cast: "Better luck next time."

► Called before the Dies Committee to answer charges that the Federal Theatre Project had Communistic leanings, FTP Director Hallie Flanagan was accused of quoting from "a Communist named Marlowe." Patiently she explained that the Communist was Christopher Marlowe (1564-93).

► For this year's show, *Once Over Lightly*, Princeton's Triangle Club wanted two pandas, unsuccessfully petitioned the New York and Chicago zoos for the only two in captivity. Replied Dr. William Reid Blair of the New York Zoological Park: "Your suggestion . . . raised my blood pressure to an alarming degree. You may have the loan of my wife's crown jewels, but the panda is out of the question."

Idealist

A veteran of vaudeville, cinema, radio, Comedian Phil Baker—as well known for his accordion-playing as for his clowning—for years wanted to play a legitimate role. "I'm tired," said he, "of being an Edgar Bergen." Recently his ambition soared at the thought of playing the lead role of a hooper in Robert E. Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight*, while his "idealism" was aroused by the play's anti-war message.

Baker made arrangements with the Theatre Guild and Alfred Lunt, chucked his lucrative radio work, took *Idiot's Delight* on tour. Hailed as a natural for the hooper role, he got rave notices. But the show did poor business, wound up its brief tour last week \$10,000 in the red.* "Ten thousand dollars," said Baker, who is returning to radio to recoup before taking another crack at the stage, "is more than it was worth."

New Plays in Manhattan

Here Come the Clowns (by Philip Barry; produced by Eddie Dowling) is not, as the title suggests, a lighthearted comedy, but the bitter, twisted story of a modern Job. Scene-shifter Dan Clancy (Eddie Dowling) has been blinded in one eye, has lost his home, his job, his child, and been deserted by his wife. Literally searching for God to find an answer to his sufferings, he stumbles on a group of vaudevillians in a speakeasy. One of them has the sinister talent of worming the truth out of people, and drags from a dwarf and a ventriloquist their tragic, bleeding stories. Appalled by the knowledge of so much other suffering in the world, Clancy momentarily damns the world as evil; then affirms that man, through the exercise of his will, can make the world good.

What is powerful in *Here Come the Clowns* is not its tricky story nor its Sun-

* For its closing, Baker angrily blamed Alfred Lunt, charging Lunt would not let him take the show to "the best theatre centres."

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day-school philosophy but its ominous, troubled atmosphere. The hypnotic "illusionist," with his Mephistophelean sense of evil; the hysterical emotions of the dazed people he operates upon; the submerged, intolerable griefs that he forces them to stammer out—these have the kind of horror found in Thomas Mann's famed story *Mario and the Magician*. Melodramatic, a little shrill, a little unearthly, *Here Come the Clowns* is like a grotesque time played on a broken fiddle.

When Barry attempts to sum up his allegory of good and evil in words, and to affirm man's redemption through his own powers of godliness, it is all too plainly the



PLAYWRIGHT BARRY
... unclassifiable.

author speaking, not the characters. If this summing up is bad because of its clumsy preaching, it is also bad because its very explicitness shatters a mood whose strength lies in its eerie, wordless power of suggestion. Barry's people, never quite real, can haunt the audience as unhappy spectres; as stock symbols in a morality play, they merely irritate it.

The Author. At 42, with 17 plays behind him, Philip Barry is one of the most unclassifiable of U. S. dramatists. He earned his greatest popularity with such smart comedies as *Holiday* and *Paris Bound*. But he is most warmly admired by the elect for an ironic fantasy, *White Wings*. And he has most thoroughly puzzled and stimulated theatre-goers with his mystical play, *Hotel Universe*, in its intentions something of a precursor to *Here Come the Clowns*. Two contradictory kinds of talent are apt to keep Barry from ever becoming a cut-to-measure playwright: on the one hand, a keen eye for manners, a suave wit, a gift for fresh, pointed dialogue; on the other, a restless imagination, great moral heat, a feeling for below-the-surface tragedy.

Born in Rochester, N. Y., of Irish-Catholic parentage, Barry was graduated from Yale in 1918. At Yale he was part of a literary flowering that also included Stephen Vincent Benét, John Farrar,

Thornton Wilder. Later Barry enrolled at Harvard in George Pierce Baker's famed 47 Workshop, went from there to Broadway with his successful Harvard Prize Play, *You and I*. Married and the father of two young sons, Barry for years lived abroad, now lives in Florida. His good friends include such well-known sophisticates as Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker, Donald Ogden Stewart. This fall Barry published his first novel, *War in Heaven—Here Come the Clowns* in fiction form.

Spring Meeting (by M. J. Farrell & John Perry; produced by Gladys & Philip Merivale in association with Lee Ephraim & George Jessel). The season's first whiff of drawing-room comedy, *Spring Meeting* is not the usual neat English specimen, but very Irish and a trifle peaty; politely eccentric and richly brogued. The plot deals with getting the better of a crusty old tightwad (A. E. Matthews) who dominates over his crackpot old-maid sister, makes his daughter wear Cousin Maud's ill-fitting castoffs, forces his family to use the same bath water over & over again. In the end the family completely routs him, scores a number of financial and matrimonial triumphs.

In its more farcical moments, full of whacky antics and loopy Irish wit, *Spring Meeting* is fun. When the pace slackens and the play exhibits a whimsical snobbery and a fondness for repeating its own jokes, it is not. But in this kind of comedy, acting speaks louder than words; and the acting—particularly Jean Cadell's, as the woody old-maid sister—is much of the time first-rate.



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For TIME to be keeping a Yuletide date!

But stop your fretting and cease your worry.
There's time for TIME if you hurry, hurry.

So fill in this card and let it scoot
To TIME by grace of the airmail route,

And we'll tell your friends, both far and near
That you're sending them TIME for the whole New Year.

That you're sending the news to deck their trees,
You're laying the world upon their knees.

But hasten, hasten! Be quick as thought.
For TIME may wait, sirs, but time will not.

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IS IT TRUE THAT many soft-drink manufacturers do not advertise because they're "just local manufacturers"? Or are they "just local manufacturers" because they don't advertise?

In other words, which comes first, the manufacturer's cart or the advertising horse? We have a suspicion that neither one can do much without the other.

Take the case of the firms who do a national business—and have advertised nationally as long as you can remember.

"They must spend lots of money advertising," you say. Are you sure? How much is a good customer worth? A family with children, for instance, in a good neighborhood, in a good

town—how much would their soda-water purchases add up to a year?

You may be surprised to know that the average of *all* U. S. families is roughly \$10 a year!

Contrast this with the advertising cost per family in the leading magazine for such advertising. A full-page advertisement to a Post-reading family costs only about *one-quarter of a cent*. Make it 52 advertisements a year—one every week—and you have still spent only 13¢ per family!

* * *

FOOTNOTE: Studies of one company doing national advertising show that during the period when sales jumped from 35,360 gallons to 26,981,874 gallons, the advertising cost per gallon reduced itself by more than half. Advertising seems to pay its way in sales when manufacturers use it properly.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ECONOMICS

To Create Employment

Because Roosevelt Recovery, from both Depression I and Depression II, stimulated consumer industries (liquor, shoes, automobiles, etc.) but left heavy industry (steel, coal, railroads, etc.) in the lurch, no genuine U. S. prosperity has resulted. Last week one grandiose cure-all and one specific remedy were expounded before a Senate sub-committee considering incentive taxation as a spur to industrial adoption of profit-sharing plans (TIME, Dec. 5).

Cure-All. Clarence William Hazelett is a taciturn man with a small metal works and a large mission. His Hazelett Metals Co., of Greenwich, Conn. licenses a process and sells machinery for making molten metal directly into sheets (instead of rolling sheets from ingots). His mission is promoting the doctrine that all the nation's economic ills can be cured by incentive taxation.*

Last week the Senate committee heard Mr. Hazelett's views, which are extremely simple: "Only way to prevent depressions, balance the budget, insure maximum employment and raise the standard of living is to increase the nation's production of wealth; therefore, taxes should be graduated to penalize companies which do not operate at full capacity, banks which do not employ their funds, landowners who do not use their land."

Such a program, according to Mr. Hazelett, would not result in overproduction, provided prices and wages were not fixed but were allowed to reach the highest possible levels "consistent with maximum production." He believes that putting all the nation's productive facilities to work would automatically create enough demand to consume the increased output. In short, he agrees with the famed Brookings Institution concept that real prosperity is a result of increasing production and lowering prices, and he suggests taxation as a method of putting the theory into effect.

Tending to support Mr. Hazelett's ideas last week was a survey made by the Tax Research Institute of America at the request of the Senate committee. Sample findings: 82½% of firms questioned would expand if tax laws provided deductions or credits for expansion; such expansion would cause 74% of these firms to increase employment.

Specific. The man who heads the biggest company in the biggest U. S. industry, Chairman Alfred P. Sloan Jr. of General Motors Corp., also appeared before the Senate committee last week, also espoused the Brookings concept. Said he: "I believe that the specific application of the tax incentive principle that offers the broadest opportunity for accomplishment . . . is a plan to stimulate the sub-

stitution of new instruments of production for the old, thus creating employment in the capital-goods industries which are vital in any continuing prosperity. . . . Speaking generally, it is a fact today that America's production plant is obsolete, as measured by today's technology. The true way to enlarge present pay envelopes and provide more pay envelopes for more workers is to do those things that mean



CLARENCE WILLIAM HAZELETT
"Maximum production."

lower prices." Such price reduction, said Mr. Sloan, "can only be accomplished by increased productivity"—i.e., modernizing U. S. production.

The obsolescent state of the U. S. production plant has long been on record. In 1937 the *American Machinist* found that 61% of the machinery in the metal-working industries was over ten years old, age at which engineers consider most machinery technologically obsolete. In 1935 the Machinery & Allied Products Institute made a survey of what industry would spend for up-to-date machinery if good times returned: it came to \$18,574,600,000—enough to keep 4,000,000 men busy for two years.

THE GOVERNMENT

Diplomats

One good reason why the Temporary National Economic Committee has been unable to shake off its pseudonym of Monopoly Committee is that it has done a lot of talking about monopoly. Last week the committee was busy looking into the possibilities of patent monopoly. Chairman Joseph O'Mahoney and his conferees chose first to hear from the automobile industry, probably the most beneficent of all patent users. This astute stage-managing will make all the more pointed the conclusions from this week's quizzing of

the glass industry, which the committee considers a bird of just the opposite color.

There are three methods of automotive patent use: one exemplified by Ford, another by Packard, the third by practically everybody else. Ford grants royalty-free license of its patents to anyone. Packard charges and pays royalties. Chrysler, General Motors and all other big manufacturers subscribe to the Automobile Manufacturers' Association's cross-licensing agreement, granting free interchange of all patents taken out before 1930.

President Edsel Ford explained his company's traditional aloofness with a 1903 anecdote: "My father inquired of one of the officers of the [A.M.A.] association if it were possible to join this association. . . . He was told, I understand, he had best go out and manufacture some motor cars and gain a reputation and prove that he wasn't a fly-by-night. . . ."

President Alvan Macauley of Packard remarked: "We measured what we had against what the other fellows had and thought it [free-licensing] not worth while." Packard has collected some \$4,000,000 in patent royalties in 30 years, paid out \$550,000.

That patent monopoly has occasionally been used to the detriment of society, few would deny. Nor would many deny the basic worth of the 102-year-old U. S. patent concept—giving an inventor, who may have struggled for years, a 17-year monopoly on his idea. But there is evidence that invention is moving out of the garret and into the laboratories of Big Business. Packard's Macauley and General Motors' famed inventor, Charles F. Kettering, felt, however, that even in laboratories patents have value both as protection during the "shirt-losing" stage and as incentives. Said "Boss Ket": "The young fellows look on them just like diplomas."

MANUFACTURING

"Making America Click"

Last week the National Association of Manufacturers met for its 43rd annual congress with the biggest attendance ever, come to Manhattan to ogle Guest Speaker Anthony Eden (see p. 9) and mull the keynote of "Making America Click."

For its first 37 years N. A. M. helped America click chiefly by being a clearing-house of industrial information, a super trade-association. But under Roosevelt N. A. M. has become more and more the Voice of Industry, first pro-New Deal, then so bitterly anti that N. A. M. sound-offs sounded like Republican campaign speeches. Two years ago under the guidance of Chairman Colby Chester of General Foods Corp., N. A. M. developed a new attitude, something which might be termed "reasonable liberalism," approving certain New Deal reforms, asking for modest changes, waving the olive branch rather

* In 1936, after some 15 years of study, Mr. Hazelett published his theory in a terse, dogmatic book called *Incentive Taxation*.



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The Gift Without an "IF"

Doubt vanishes when Webster cigars are chosen for the men folks. Every smoking man has heard of Websters . . . thousands prefer them—smoke them exclusively. Luxury cigars at reasonable prices! At the counters that count.

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CUSTOM-MADE CIGARS

First in the Social Register

than the hatchet. Last week the Voice of Industry, despite some raucous cracks from the gallery, maintained this conciliatory tone.

The conception of industry having a united voice is of course, entirely illusory. Last week the opinions of the assembled bigwigs ran the gamut of virtually every major subject and only after 17 versions of the resolutions had been composed could they agree. The results naturally were as vague as the results reached by similar compromise in political platforms. But in backing collective bargaining and many New Deal reforms, while pleading for tax revision and cessation of government competition with industry, N. A. M. was also obviously sincere in its good intentions, its belief that it is now meeting the New Deal and Labor at least half-way.

Though America is still far from clicking, retiring President Charles R. Hook felt justified in remarking: "I believe in all sincerity that our activities during the past year have brought industry and the Government substantially closer to mutual understanding, respect and cooperation."

TRADE

Drug Mystery

Frank Donald Coster graduated from Heidelberg with an M.D. and a Ph.D., practiced medicine in New York City from 1912 to 1914. He quit practice to become president of Girard & Co., a small drug manufacturer owned by his mother's family. In 1926 he bought control of McKesson & Robbins, old and honored New York drug house, and made it the nucleus of a nationwide manufacturing and distributing business.

To McKesson & Robbins, Inc., whose 1928 expansion was underwritten by Goldman, Sachs and Bond & Goodwin, Dr. Coster transferred a private enterprise of his own, the business of trading in crude drugs from far places—China wood oil, camphor from Japan, Javanese quinine. McKesson & Robbins' crude drug department was very much the private concern of President F. Donald Coster.

Last week Dr. Coster and his crude drugs became the X and Y of a mystery-equation. Other factors were forged Dun & Bradstreet reports, dummy trading companies, phantom warehouses, vanished inventories and missing assets of \$18,000,000.

Chapter 1. Before Judge Edwin Stark Thomas in the U. S. District Court at Hartford, Conn., last week appeared Vincent W. Dennis, a McKesson & Robbins' stockholder and corporation counsel of Hartford. Representing that at least \$10,000,000 in nonexistent assets had been fraudulently written up on the company's books, Stockholder Dennis asked for a temporary equity receivership and got it.

Chapter 2. In Manhattan that evening Lawyer Wilbur Love Cummings, a McKesson & Robbins director, was called on the telephone by the company's treasurer, Julian F. Thompson, and told about the receivership. Mr. Cummings thereupon turned amateur detective. He tipped off another director, Partner Sidney J. Wein-

berg of Goldman, Sachs, who is a governor of the New York Stock Exchange, and the Exchange suspended trading in McKesson & Robbins next morning.*

Chapter 3. Two days later Mr. Cummings, who had gone to Bridgeport to pick up the scent, appeared before the Exchange's Stock List Committee to report. With him was Treasurer Thompson, no mean detective himself. Said Mr. Cummings: "The facts are really comparatively simple, but they're so darn fantastic that we still can't believe them." The fantastic facts:

All the mystery was in the crude drug department, which Dr. Coster ran with the help of Assistant Treasurer George E. Dietrich. Each year the department reported a nice inventory profit from its operations abroad and this profit was added to the inventories and accounts receivable on the books. Accountants Price, Waterhouse & Co. certified that the inventories had been "certified . . . by re-



International
McKESSEN & ROBBINS' COSTER
Missing: \$18,000,000

sponsible officials" without certifying the inventories themselves.

Last month, while checking up on inventory insurance, Treasurer Thompson found that the insurance did not cover crude drug inventories. Dr. Coster told him the insurance was handled by W. W. Smith & Co., the company's Montreal agent. Mr. Thompson found several Dun & Bradstreet reports in the company files showing W. W. Smith to be a worldwide trading company with assets of between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000. Suspicious Mr. Thompson went to Dun & Bradstreet and was told the reports were forgeries. Next Mr. Thompson began checking up on W. W. Smith and on another Montreal firm, Manning & Co., which seemed to be "a sort of fiscal agent, a sort of a fiscal agent in the English sense, a sort of a banking firm." Manning's Montreal staff consisted of a female secretary. W. W. Smith had moved its New York office to

* In over-the-counter trading the company's bonds broke from 103 to 56.75, its common stock from \$7.50 to \$1.25.

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THE BOSS USING
OUR WASHROOM?

SURE, WE
HAVE SCOTTISSE
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EXECUTIVES who wish to improve washroom conditions in their plants or offices will be interested in the Scott Washroom Advisory Service. This service helps in the economical and scientific arrangement of washrooms to relieve congestion ... reduce waste and overhead expense ... and create good will among employees. At your request a trained Scott Washroom Engineer will make a scientific survey of your washroom facilities without obligation to you. Please write Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

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HALSEY, STUART & CO. Inc. OTIS & CO.

Subject to certain terms and conditions, the above Underwriters have agreed to purchase from the Company the
Series F Bonds at 100% and accrued interest to the date of delivery. These Bonds are offered subject to prior
sale when, as and if issued by the Company and accepted by the Underwriters, subject to authorization by the
Interstate Commerce Commission of their issuance and sale, and also subject to the approval of Messrs. Squire,
Sundberg & Dempsey, Cleveland, Ohio, Counsel for the Underwriters. It is expected that Definitive Bonds will be
ready for delivery at the offices of Halsey, Stuart & Co., Inc., in Chicago and New York on or about Jan. 2, 1939.
December 12, 1938

*This is an announcement and is not to be construed as an offer to sell or as a solicitation of an offer to buy
the securities herein mentioned. Offering is made only by the Prospectus.*

Central Illinois Public Service Company

\$38,000,000

First Mortgage Bonds, Series A, 3½%

To be dated December 1, 1938

To be due December 1, 1968

Price 100½% and accrued interest

\$10,000,000

Serial Debentures, 3½%-4%

To be dated December 1, 1938

To be due December 1, 1939-1948

AMOUNT	CORPOR.	MATURITY	PRICE-S	YIELD	AMOUNT	CORPOR.	MATURITY	PRICE-S	YIELD
\$500,000	3½%	1939	101.98	1.30%	\$ 800,000	4%	1944	102.68	3.50%
\$500,000	3½%	1940	102.03	2.00%	800,000	4%	1945	101.53	3.75%
600,000	3½%	1941	102.87	2.50%	800,000	4%	1946	101.02	3.85%
800,000	3½%	1942	101.87	3.00%	900,000	4%	1947	100.38	3.95%
800,000	3½%	1943	101.15	3.25%	3,500,000	4%	1948	100.00	4.00%

*Full interest stated

*The Prospectus may be obtained in any state in which this announcement is
circulated from any such of the undersigned as are registered dealers and are
offering these securities in compliance with the securities laws in such state.*

HALSEY, STUART & CO. Inc.

GLORE, FORGAN & CO.

A. G. BECKER & CO.

HARRIS, HALL & COMPANY

BONBRIGHT & COMPANY
INCORPORATED

BROWN HARRIMAN & CO.
INCORPORATED

LAZARD FRERES & CO.

BLUTH & CO., INC.

CENTRAL REPUBLIC COMPANY

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

W. C. LANGLEY & CO.

LEE HIGGINSON CORPORATION

F. S. MOSELEY & CO.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS
INCORPORATED

December 8, 1938

Brooklyn, where Mr. Thompson interviewed a "funny looking customer" named Vernard who remarked: "I hear you're doing a lot of alcohol business these days." Mr. Thompson found that the crude drug department warehouses were nothing but addresses—one a stenographer's, another a mimeograph operator's. While he was wondering what to do next, the receiver-ship was granted.

Chapter 4. Messrs. Cummings and Thompson didn't like the Hartford receivership. They suspected that Dr. Coster was somewhere behind it. Only a few days before, Mr. Thompson had refused to sign the papers for a \$3,000,000 bond issue Dr. Coster wanted to sell. Assistant Treasurer Dietrich was reported by one of the receivers to have "shouldered the entire blame." So Messrs. Cummings, Thompson and others went to New York, got trustees appointed for reorganization of the company under the Chandler (bankruptcy) Act.

Chapter 5. By the fourth day of the case possible missing assets had grown to \$18,000,000—\$10,000,000 in inventories and \$8,000,000 in accounts receivable. Five investigations began—by the SEC, Department of Justice, U. S. Treasury, New York State Attorney General John J. Bennett Jr., and New York County District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey. Mr. Bennett got started first, sent a man to Canada to try to find some warehouses.

Chapter 6. At week's end Mr. Bennett got a court order tying up a \$100,000 brokerage account of Dr. Coster's wife, Carol, on the ground that "she is in all probability in possession of funds which . . . may be . . . derived from . . . fraudulent practices." That seemed to point to a possible answer to one question in the mystery: what happened to the money? Other questions remained unanswered. What the crude drug department's real business was, nobody knew. Whether there were any real warehouses where drugs or liquor might be cached, nobody knew. How long the crude drug department had been making false inventory reports, or whether it had ever traded in legitimate drugs, nobody knew. Unless Dr. Coster would talk, it might take six months to answer these questions. McKesson & Robbins directors, without waiting for the answers, invited Dr. Coster to resign.

Shoppers' Haven

For St. Louis shoppers allergic to holiday crowds, Junior Leaguers Etta Weld and Margaret Chandler Porter last week provided what they were pleased to call a *Musée De Noël*. In the Hotel Jefferson they displayed a roundup of 351 articles at \$5 or less, "selected impartially from St. Louis' smartest stores." Shoppers were given pencils and cards on which to note the articles and stores selling them; then orders could be telephoned.

Furnishing the stores with 4,000 customers in 10 days, *Musée De Noël* did so well that its sponsors (who charged retailers for each item shown) planned to copyright the name and open shoppers' havens in other cities before next Christmas.

Florida Fling

To 200 wives of "distinguished business executives" went pretty pink & white invitations last week. Would they spend a fortnight at the Palm Beach Biltmore Hotel this winter as "personal guests" of Mrs. Bernice Challenger Bost? All they need do is bring their husbands—as paying guests at \$16 a day.

Promoter of smart shops, smart travel, and now smart hotels, Bernice Bost is a bustling, buxom divorcee. Last fall, when



BERNICE CHALLENGER BOST
"Dear-Miss-Kindly-Secretary . . ."

Papal Knight George MacDonald acquired an interest in Henry Doherty's hotel and resort properties, she went to New York, charmed his secretary with a telephone call and a "Dear-Miss-Kindly-Secretary-Whose-Name-I-Do-Not-Know" letter, sold MacDonald on the plan.

If Mrs. Bost fills her quota of 200 wives & their husbands, the Palm Beach Biltmore stands to do \$44,800 worth of extra business in bed & board, maybe that much more in fun & liquor. Another \$26,600 lurks behind invitations to "100 of the most popular debutantes" of the season. Those who join this "Fledgling's Fling in Florida" must bring along mother or a chaperon at \$19 a day.

MARKETS

Sour Securities

In 1886 the late Roland M. Smythe began buying old Southern bonds that were considered worthless. But some of them proved valuable. In 1904 he published *Smythe's Valuable Extinct Securities Guide*. Last week Otto Peretz Schwarzschild, who bought the business in 1930, brought the guide up to date. Listed were 5,500 such extinct securities as those of Amethyst Mining Co., Kowkash Holdings, Ltd., Unique Operating Co. Announced Mr. Schwarzschild: "While the activities of the SEC have curtailed the output of sour securities, it will be a long time before the obsolete security business faces extinction."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

No generation of investors has ever faced as many threats to the existence of capital or pondered as many problems in its safe investment. Today you confront in bewildering succession the acts of dictators and diplomats, of lawgivers and tax gatherers against a background of shifting monetary, social and economic standards. As an investor, you must endeavor to determine the probable effect of each unprecedented development on the securities you own. Small wonder, then, that even the most conservative find their investments no longer a symbol of security but rather a cause for concern.

Merely to gather, sift and interpret the effect of each day's news on the future value of just one security is in itself a formidable task. To attempt to manage a list of investments in a few minutes unwillingly diverted from the business day or from the seclusion of retirement—to evolve prudent investment policies from fragmentary facts, to act promptly and realistically in the purchase, sale or retention of specific securities, that is too heavy a burden for any one man.

Successful management of investments in these uncertain times demands the facilities, man-power and organized knowledge of a large group of investment specialists to scrutinize each new situation and judge dispassionately how it will affect the value of securities. That is the job that Moody's Investors Service is doing for investors.

Your inquiry will be held in confidence and will involve no obligation.

MOODY'S INVESTORS SERVICE

JOHN MOODY, *President*

65 BROADWAY

NEW YORK CITY

105 WEST ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO

THEY SOUGHT INDEPENDENT GUIDANCE

THE BOSTON TRUSTEE first came into prominence over a century ago, when stout merchant ships carried the house flags of historic Boston firms to the far corners of the world. A steady stream of commerce contributed to the growing wealth of Boston sea captains and merchants, a class of stalwart citizens whose strongest traits were family pride and a sense of property.

Busy with their own problems of trade, these early Bostonians sought independent advice and guidance for their family financial affairs. As a result, there developed the Boston Trustees who made a life-work of administering investments for others. In the last decade, time-tested principles of Boston Trusteeship have been adapted to administration of investment Funds of the Boston-type, creating a new standard of conservative financial management for the American business man, busy with his own affairs.

We shall be glad to send, upon request, an interesting booklet on the origin and history of Boston Trusteeship and its application to Boston-type investment Funds.

MASSACHUSETTS DISTRIBUTORS, INC.

85 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

MILESTONES

Died. Gaston Bullock Means, 59, notorious national rascal, onetime Secret Service operator and private detective; of a heart attack; in Springfield, Mo., where he had been taken from Leavenworth Penitentiary for an operation. Born in North Carolina, Gaston Means at ten rode around the country eavesdropping on prospective jurors for his attorney-father. He joined the William J. Burns Detective Agency in 1910, then became a German spy, was later tried and acquitted of murdering a client. When the Bureau of Investigation hired him for War fraud investigations, he helped block them instead. Discharged, he supplied the Senate's Teapot Dome committee with material intended to drive Harry M. Daugherty out of the Cabinet. Few years later he was sent to Atlanta for three years for conspiracy against the Dry Law. In 1928, he published a book, *The Strange Death of President Harding*, quoting the late President's wife as admitting she had poisoned her husband. In 1932 Rascal Means was put behind the bars for good for diddling rich Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean out of \$100,000 on the pretext that he could find the Lindbergh baby.

Died. Martin Egan, 66, onetime war correspondent, later for 25 years in charge of J. P. Morgan & Co.'s press relations; of heart disease; in Manhattan. He was correspondent for the San Francisco *Chronicle* at Manila during the Spanish-American War. Later as Associated Press correspondent during the Russo-Japanese war he scored a notable beat on the siege of Port Arthur. In 1908 he became editor of the *Manila Times*; in 1913 became the Morgan pressagent, proving indispensable to Partner Thomas W. Lamont in dealings with China, to Partner Henry P. Davison in War-time administration of the Red Cross.

Died. Katharine Augusta Carl, eightyish, U. S. portrait painter; scalded by hot water in her bathtub; in Manhattan. In 1923, after arrangements requiring infinite tact and ceremony, Miss Carl started to paint the portrait of China's Dowager Empress. When she had finished three, Her Majesty was so pleased with the whole procedure that she wanted Miss Carl to continue painting her picture indefinitely.

Died. Dr. William Moore Guilford, 106, oldest U. S. country doctor; of pneumonia; in Lebanon, Pa. Dr. Guilford's recipe for longevity: "Choose a hardy, healthy and long-lived grandfather."

Died. The four favorite saddle horses of the late British-born Queen Maud of Norway; destroyed (according to her wish, because she could not bear to think of them passing into other hands); at her English home in Sandringham.



Christmas Hints

Don't forget to hang lots of mistletoe.

Don't forget to mail early.

AND DON'T FORGET YOUR

Vitamins Plus

GIVE TO OTHERS WHAT VITAMINS PLUS HAS GIVEN TO YOU

370 LEXINGTON AVENUE • NEW YORK

A LOSS IS A LOSS ...no matter what the cause

Protect what you have . . . home, business, automobile and other possessions . . . against not only fire but every hazard that threatens financial loss. Consult any North America Agent, or your broker, as you would your doctor or lawyer.



Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life

MEDICINE

Deflation

Three years ago a 395-pound Russian housewife waddled into the office of Professor James Joseph Short of Columbia University Medical School and announced that she wanted to reduce. Undismayed, Dr. Short gave her a thorough physical examination. She was only 32 years old, was in good health. The cause of her obesity was not malfunctioning of her thyroid gland but plain overeating. Dr. Short prescribed a well-balanced diet of proteins, carbohydrates, fats, vitamins and minerals amounting to only 600 calories a day.

Last week in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* Dr. Short described the historic deflation which followed, the case of a human being who parted with 60% of her body and lived to tell the tale. During the first month she lost twelve pounds, in 20 months she got rid of 239 pounds. Only discomfort she suffered was the surgical removal of an apron of skin, two feet long and one foot wide, which hung loosely over her deflated abdomen. When she weighed in at 156 pounds, said Dr. Short, "she was in excellent health and spirits."

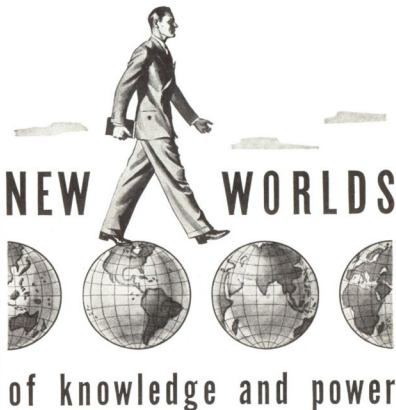
Kepnuk v. Eek

The Eskimos, those scientifically invaluable little people, have long been pointed to as having fine teeth simply because they shunned the mushy diet of our milk-toast civilization. Last week Columbia University Bacteriologist Theodor Rosebury, who has been to Alaska himself, disputed this standard theory of dental decay. According to his investigations, reported at a medico-dental session of the Greater New York Dental Meeting, previous theorists had been drawing the wrong conclusions from Eskimos.

Before his trip to Alaska he had observed that many rats fed on coarsely-ground raw rice and corn developed tooth decay; but over 200 rats which had been fed soft, cooked cereals had perfect teeth. He set out to find foods in the human dietary which would correspond to the coarse corn and rice.

The Eskimos at Kepnuk, Alaska, found Dr. Rosebury, eat little besides fish and seal meat which are soft and rich in fats and proteins. They have no tooth decay. The Eskimos at Eek vary their fish and seal diet with hardtack. Many of them have decayed teeth. Dr. Rosebury became convinced that in hardtack he had found a food analogous to the coarse corn and rice. On his return to Columbia, he and his collaborators, Maxwell Karshan and Genevieve Foley, set to work feeding hardtack to more than a hundred rats, soon produced decayed teeth in many of them.

Thus an important cause of dental caries, concluded Dr. Rosebury, is not mushy, refined foods but "certain hard, compact, carbohydrate-rich foods" which become forced into the crevices of the



● The day is past when Americans, the pioneer urge in their blood, could plunge westward into unknown regions. Daniel Boone . . . Lewis and Clarke . . . are heroes of an era that is history.

But there are those who carry on the pioneer tradition. Their theater is not an unknown continent—it is *whole new worlds of knowledge!*

In every industry in America, there are those who see the wheels turn . . . and want to know **WHY!** Not content to accept the Diesel engine, the dynamo, the mysteries of management or the miracles of chemistry and physics as the province of a chosen few, these men demand a way to **KNOWLEDGE!**

It is these men who turn to the International Correspondence Schools. Guided and encouraged by I. C. S., they plunge resolutely into a truly great adventure—the adventure of acquiring knowledge!

In opening up the frontiers of their own knowledge, they discover the thrill of learning, take the drudgery out of study—and train themselves for leadership in Industry and Business!

Today, 100,000 men devote their spare time to I. C. S. studies. From among them will come leading engineers . . . technicians . . . plant managers . . . executives. A booklet, "The Business of Building Men," will be sent free on request.

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WE ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS

Of TIME's 1938 Christmas Contest . . .

. . . and the completion of one of the hardest—and most satisfying—jobs the judges ever tackled!

More than 10,000 TIME Subscribers entered our contest for the best letter suggesting TIME as a Christmas present.

We are willing to bet that no contest ever brought forth so many thousands of letters of high literary quality—so many letters with real and vital ideas—so many letters with the ring of conviction and sincerity.

We congratulate the winners, and we thank all you who did not win a prize from the bottom of our hearts for giving TIME its grandest, most gratifying Christmas.

FIRST PRIZE

MRS. J. HAROLD DENIKE
Belmont, Mass.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

W. D. Abel, *West Los Angeles, Cal.*
Albert B. Colby, *North Bergen, N. J.*
Donald M. Douglass, *Wilton, Conn.*
George P. Gagnet, *New Orleans, La.*
J. Y. Tipton, *Salt Lake City, Utah*
B. E. Wilschek, *Racine, Wis.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Curtis D. Anderson, *Austin, Tex.*
Weldon Bailey, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Hoffman Birney, *Glen Mills, Pa.*
L. J. Buckan, *New Orleans, La.*
Mrs. John B. Dempsey, *Cleveland, Ohio*
Mrs. D. D. Duncan, *Greenboro, N. C.*
John J. Givney, *Troy, N. Y.*
Robert T. Herz, *Chicago, Ill.*
R. D. Hoffsummer, *Harrisburg, Pa.*
Gordon K. Hard, *West Medford, Mass.*

Fred B. Hurt, *Cicero, Ill.*
B. Krodol, *Washington, D. C.*
Laura L. Laeflein, *Trenton, Pa.*
Leonard Lassier, *Los Angeles, Cal.*
John H. Marion Jr., *Durham, N. C.*
E. C. Potter Jr., *Bradford, Pa.*
John Rodick, *New York, N. Y.*
Frank L. Smith, *Xenia, Ohio*
J. D. Thomson, *Wilmington, Del.*
Clara Valentine, *Terre Haute, Ind.*

AND we wish you all as Merry a
Christmas as you
have given TIME!

teeth and remain there as breeding grounds for bacteria.

Another explanation for tooth decay was offered by Dr. E. F. Briggs of Bangor, Me. The parathyroids (small bean-shaped glands surrounding the thyroid) regulate the amount of calcium absorbed by the body. Emotions, claimed imaginative Dentist Briggs, influence the parathyroids. "If a young man is disappointed in love, his teeth may decay in a few months," he said. "The emotions that cause decay are those that depress. . . . Middle-aged patients who suddenly present caries (tooth decay) . . . invariably have . . . passed through a period in which they had extra work, deep anxiety or added responsibility."

Lung Cancers

Cancer of the lung was formerly considered rare, but in the last 20 years it has increased steadily, not only in the U. S., but in Canada, England, Germany. Before he died last June, Dr. Philip B. Matz, U. S. Veterans' Administration research chief, examined 138 clinical and post-mortem records from the veterans' hospitals to find out where lung cancer came from and how long it was going to be here.

Fortnight ago the *Journal* of the A. M. A. printed Dr. Matz's conclusions. He found that: 1) almost 40% of the cancer victims had been engaged in occupations which irritated their lungs, such as certain types of mining and metal grinding; 2) almost 60% of the patients had suffered from influenza or pneumonia before the onset of cancer.

Influenza, said Dr. Matz, inflames the delicate lining of the lungs, causes erratic growth of new cells. Thus the widespread increase of lung cancers in the U. S. may be a result of the influenza epidemic of 1918-19. If this hypothesis is true, said Dr. Matz, "the increase should be transitory." But, he warned, if the increase is due primarily to "industrial expansion and irritation of the respiratory tract by noxious chemicals and gases," cancer of the lung is here to stay.

Stomach Irritants

Two London doctors, Arthur Henry Douthwaite and G. A. M. Lintott, have been examining the effects of certain substances on the stomach's wall, and last week in the *Lancet* they let other doctors in on what they had discovered:

That mustard severely irritates the stomach, that alcohol taken in small quantities does not inflame the stomach at all. Drs. Douthwaite and Lintott had noticed that many patients suffered heartburn after taking aspirin. They collected 16 patients who were willing to endure the discomfort of a gastroscope, gave them three tablets of aspirin (acetylsalicylic acid) crushed in one ounce of water. Through the gastroscope the doctors saw most of the 16 glistening pink stomachs turn at once to a "dusky red."

"Aspirin," concluded the doctors, "is a gastric irritant. . . . If taken after food, or with milk, it probably has no deleterious effect."

BOOKS

De Luxe

One fine spring-fever day in 1929 a high-keyed, hawk-nosed, 28-year-old publisher named George Macy paid a well-plotted call on a Wall Street broker named Jack O. (for nothing) Straus. Publisher Macy was in search of an angel. He outlined for Broker Straus a heavenly publishing scheme: limited editions. "Wait here for me," said Straus. A few minutes later he reappeared, handed Macy a fistful of checks. They were for \$1,000 each. To fellow brokers downstairs on the floor of the Stock Exchange he had merely whispered the compelling cantrip of the bulls: "I've got a good thing!"

The most revealing thing that can be said about the fine books of 1929 is that in those brash days even Wall Street believed limited editions a good thing. Once only millionaires and professional bibliophiles collected first editions. By the late 20s, however, even plain readers were buying a few, just as they bought a few stocks. And even printers began publishing de luxe editions. Of the whole lot, only two de luxe publishers survived Depression I: George Macy's Limited Editions Club, and Eugene Virginius Connett III's Derrydale Press.

The Limited Editions Club, de luxe adaptation of the Book-of-the-Month Club,

Macy had sold 11,000 copies of an anthology of F. P. A.'s light verse, organized his own firm, Macy-Masius. In 1928 he sold out to head the Vanguard Press, his last connection with plain publishing.

The Limited Editions Club is a one-man concern. George Macy writes its prospectuses, selects its books, designs such important ones as the five-volume King James Bible, drives a shrewd bargain with printers and illustrators, runs his swanky Madison Avenue offices like an efficiency expert. Within walking distance is his Park Avenue home, where he lives with the pretty mother of his Linda, 7, his Jonathan, 1. He races to his office before nine, usually eats lunch at his desk, stays long after his 25 employees have gone home. Last year he organized Heritage Club, a subsidiary for mass-production of imitation limited editions at \$2.50 a copy. Also last year he bought control of England's famed Nonesuch Press, has now intensified his transatlantic commuting schedule.

Macy's publicity reads as though he were selling some rare, internationally compounded medicine instead of reprinted classics. Printed all over the world, Limited Editions books include such native volumes as *The Psalms of David*, being printed in Palestine, *Oedipus Rex*, being printed in Greece. *The Analects of Confucius*, printed in Shanghai, reads from back to front, is boxed in carved Chinese redwood. In France, "the owner of a paper mill seeks 100,000 chemises (and diapers, and castoff socks)" in order to make a paper which will "give you delight in its appearance and in its feel."

Interesting as exhibits of international bookmaking, Limited Editions publications sometimes (not always) become collectors' items. Significant, however, is the fact that of 109 so far published, one of the most enhanced values (signed copies now quoted at \$55) is Joyce's *Ulysses*, one of the four volumes by living writers.

The Derrydale Press. Offices of The Derrydale Press are a paneled dining room in an old brownstone mansion off Manhattan's Park Avenue. Unforewarned, an old-line author would probably think he had stumbled into the home of some eccentric country gentleman. Like as not he would be snuffed by a bird dog. On the reception table is sometimes a bag of quail. The stenographer keeps her clips and pins in a dry-fly box. The bookkeeper uses a dippy (sinker) for a paperweight.

But these sporting accessories are as much a part of Derrydale's business as the hard chairs which another publisher provides to lure unwanted callers. Originally Derrydale headquarters was a cluttered print shop in Manhattan's garment centre. After one visit, Derrydale authors flatly refused to go there. "The smells around a print shop," they objected, "are too exciting for my dog."

The only publishing house in the world devoted exclusively to sporting books, The Derrydale Press, like The Limited Editions

Club, is a one-man concern. And among publishers, big, affable, 47-year-old Eugene Virginius Connett III, is a rare bird. Until twelve years ago his business was hats. One of the best dry-fly fishermen in the U. S., he is descended from an old New Jersey sporting family which owned one of the oldest U. S. men's hat factories. Publisher Connett liquidated the business during a strike, then sold printing for two years, printed 89 copies of a sporting book on a hand press at home. When he started The Derrydale Press in 1927, that was the sum of his publishing experience. The



EUGENE VIRGINIUS CONNETT III
Bird dogs declared a boycott.

name Derrydale he got "from a bottle of whiskey and a map of Ireland."

He knew sportsmen like a book. His first publication was a book of sketches, priced at \$7.50, which he peddled himself. Booksellers took one look—an unknown publisher, an unknown author, an unheard-of price!—and wrote him off as crazy. Publisher Connett, a serene glitter in his eye, was not crazy at all. For men who paid \$500 for a gun, \$75 for a fishing rod, \$250 for a dog, \$1,500 for a horse, said he, Derrydale prices were chicken feed. He was right. Derrydale books sold just as well at \$25, \$50, \$125. Last year Connett sold 44 copies of a book on salmon fishing for \$250 each. Even Derrydale's tenth anniversary catalogue is published in a limited edition: 950 copies at \$3.50 a copy. A student claims to have worked her way through Vassar speculating on the rise in Derrydale publications.

Like their readers, Derrydale authors are yachtsmen, private preserve owners, dog fanciers, fox hunters, polo players, bankers, judges. Their standards are high, but they are not literary standards. Typical Derrydale authors:

► Nash Buckingham, Derrydale's headline author, is unknown to most plain readers, will probably remain so. But to sportsmen, who buy his sporting tales on sight, this middle-aged, powerfully built Tennesseean is famed as the world's greatest long-range duck shot.

► Gordon Grand is a retired lawyer. His



David E. Scherrman

GEORGE MACY
100,000 French chemises, diapers, cast-off socks.

mailed its first choice to 1,100 subscribers on Black Wednesday (Oct. 23, 1929). It was a handsomely printed, illustrated edition of *Gulliver's Travels*, cost \$10 C.O.D., \$9 to subscribers who paid in advance (\$108 a year). Compared with the limited editions of George Macy's rivals, it was a bargain. Later in Depression the bargain seemed less evident, but The Limited Editions Club flourished just the same. The reason was George Macy. A publisher before he was out of Columbia University,

most successful Derrydale book was inspired by a visiting English sportsman who told of luring rats to a baited brushpile, potting them as terriers chased them out. Author Grand developed the idea that here we had a fine method for teaching children the first principles of fox-hunting. Charles Phair, heir to a Maine starch fortune, wrote Derrydale's most expensive book, *Atlantic Salmon Fishing* (hand-illustrated, \$2.50). His only literary work, it was mostly rewritten by Publisher Connett. To sportsmen, Charles Phair is a potent name. At 63, he has killed over 5,000 salmon.

Prosperous Publisher Connett wants to publish a full sporting history of the U. S. but his most serious problem is getting his sharpshooting authors to write at all. So urgent is Publisher Connett's search for new authors that he has cut down his own hunting and fishing to two days a week, has resigned from all but three rod & gun clubs, one yacht club.

How much do de luxe publishers contribute to the cause of literature? They give esthetic pleasure to a few genuine book lovers, a big boost to the technique of book design. But mainly they still thrive on snob appeal. There is probably one chance that de luxe publishers may genuinely further the cause of contemporary letters—if The Derrydale Press should discover a writer who writes half as well as he handles guns and fishing rods.

Books of the Year

In the first eleven months of 1938, U. S. publishers brought out 9,049 new titles. There were 1,590 new novels, 606 biographies and autobiographies, 329 travel books, 1,158 new titles in the field of belles-lettres which includes poetry and criticism, 764 titles which come under the general head of politics, economics and the social sciences. In this enormous mass of books—good, bad, ponderous, specialized, dull, exciting, original, confused, confusing—a few stand head & shoulders above rivals in their respective fields. Some emerge from the year's crowd by their wide popular appeal, a few because of their unquestionable literary significance, still fewer because they offer contributions of importance to the consequential issues of the modern world. Outstanding titles:

NOVELS

NO STAR IS LOST—James T. Farrell—Vanguard (\$3).

COUNT BELISARIUS—Robert Graves—Random House (\$3).

MAN'S HOPE—André Malraux—Random House (\$2.50).

JOSEPH IN EGYPT—Thomas Mann—Knopf (2 vols. \$5).

THE YEARELING—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings—Scribner (\$2.50).

BLACK IS MY TRUE LOVE'S HAIR—Elizabeth Madox Roberts—Viking (\$2.50).

HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS—Christina Stead—Simon & Schuster (\$3).

THE FATHERS—Allen Tate—Putnam (\$2.50).

WHAT PEOPLE SAID—W. L. White—Viking (\$2.75).

SHORT STORIES

THE UNVANQUISHED—William Faulkner—Random House (\$2.50).

THE FIFTH COLUMN AND THE FIRST FORTY-NINE STORIES—Ernest Hemingway—Scribner (\$2.75).

THE WAY THINGS ARE—Albert Maltz International (\$2).

THE LONG VALLEY—John Steinbeck—Viking (\$2.50).

UNCLE TOM'S CHILDREN—Richard Wright—Harper (\$2.50).

BIOGRAPHY

FANNY KEMBLE: A PASSIONATE VICTORIAN—Margaret Armstrong—Macmillan (\$3).

EAGLE FORGOTTEN: THE LIFE OF JOHN PETER ALTGELD—Harry Barnard—Bobbs-Merrill (\$4).

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON—Hermann Hagedorn—Macmillan (\$3).

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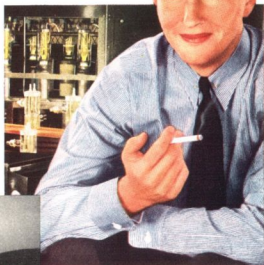


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