

FIFTEEN CENTS

JULY 10, 1939

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Leigh Irwin & Nicholas Langen

INDIANA'S McNUTT

"My friends never have placed me on a limb."

(*National Affairs*)

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG



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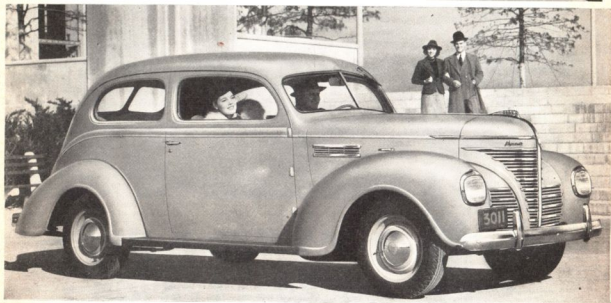
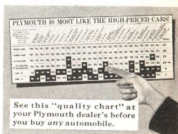
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CAR "2" HAS 9
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☞ Manufacturers naturally put the finest engineering into their *highest-priced cars*.

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☞ But for the first time a manufacturer has put this same quality into his *lowest-priced car*.



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And that's reflected in Plymouth's tremendous gains in sales all over the country!

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ALL-SILENT TRANSMISSION
X-BRACED FRAME
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FOUR RINGS PER PISTON

Of a total of 25 features, the Plymouth "Roadking" has 20...and the De Luxe Plymouth has 24!

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—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ashtray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass, big trunk space (19.4 cu. ft.). Plymouth prices include all federal taxes, Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"





You're always
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• No matter how badly you may be "off your game," take a supply of Websters with you, and you'll still come in a winner. For exercise, fresh air and the soothing comfort of Webster cigars are a combination that can't be beaten.

Websters have "a way" that makes them your inseparable companions. The last one you smoke during the day tastes as enjoyably mild and flavorful as the first.

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WEBSTER
CUSTOM MADE CIGARS
GOLDEN WEDDING **10¢**
Perfecto Chico 10¢
Queens 2 for 25¢
Fancy Tales 15¢

First in the Social Register

Royal Visit (Finis)

Sirs:

When it comes to making fools of themselves, Americans take the cake. I was pleased to find that you had scraped the veneer from the recent Royal Visit (TIME, June 19) and had seen it for what it obviously was—an invitation to the next chestnut pulling. Three cheers for TIME.

FREDERICK B. HILL JR.

University, Va.

Sirs:

Congratulations to TIME on its clear and complete account of the U. S. Visit of the two rulers of a defaulting debtor nation.

M. H. WILSON

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

As one of your Canadian subscribers I want to add my disapproval, along with so many other Canadians, to the recent articles on your King and Queen's Visit to this continent (TIME, May 13 et seq.).

However, my purpose in writing you is to congratulate TIME and also your sister publication LIFE on printing both sides of the story. There are too many magazines (mostly American) which are afraid to publish the letters that are sent in to them condemning their policies and editorials. But not TIME.

So TIME, here is a boost from Canada. Keep printing both sides and you'll always have lots of friends. It is only the small magazine that is afraid to print the truth.

All I ask of you is: don't underestimate your neighbors to the North. We are fine people. Visit our great country and you will soon agree with me.

JOHN ROULSTON

Toronto, Ont.

Sirs:

In regards to the letters you received from Canada about your reports on the Royal Visit (TIME, June 5, et seq.) might I add—I have read TIME for many years. Your style has never changed. In addition to your curt, clear and complete style of reporting news, I must add the words *fair* and *honest*.

As to the authors of all those loyal letters from Canada, I must say I'm an American. I have as much respect for the King and Queen as any such loyal subject of Canada has for them. Little do the authors of those letters to TIME know (or do they?) that the real purpose of the Royal Visit to Canada was to visit the U. S. and its President. The Royal Visit to the U. S. was the all-important phase of the trip—and we Americans are very proud of the outcome of the Royal Visit.

I'm sure we won't mind TIME's report of soldiers stationed but four feet apart along

the route to the White House, nor the tanks and corps of S. S. and F. B. I. men surrounding the cars carrying its most valuable cargoes. They came, they saw, they conquered—God bless 'em.

H. W. PIER

Richland Center, Wis.

Nice, Sour Lemons

Sirs:

This is indeed the bargain for which I have been seeking! Mr. W. B. Harper of Montreal (TIME, Letters, June 5) has nearly a year of "raw, fresh" TIME to his credit and wants no more of it. My own subscription, according to your notice, expires shortly. Perhaps you can just change over the mailing address—or has someone already beat me to it?

Even down here in the heart of the Sugar Bowl we know that you've just got to have nice, sour lemons to make good lemonade. Give Mr. Harper his lump sugar, but continue making the rest a little on the tart side for us good-natured fellows.

FREDERICK ALLEN STEINER

New Orleans, La.

► Sorry, but another TIME reader beat Mr. Steiner to the draw. At Mr. Edward G. MacGlashan's (Hartford, Conn.) suggestion, Former Subscriber Harper's TIME will go to Rev. Theodor Kern, O.F.M. (TIME, June 5, p. 8) and the 18 other missionaries in the Vicariate of the Catholic Mission at Chowtsun, Shantung, China.—Ed.

St. George and the Dragon

Sirs:

Regarding your story, "Press v. Lindbergh" (TIME, June 19), I would like to add my own epitaph to a hero.

Being endowed with sufficient imagination to appreciate the courage and dignity with which Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh have attempted to conduct their lives, I cannot qualify as one of your mystified public in the "twelve long dark years of war between the U. S. people and their hero."

But now, I submit my private epitaph to my admiration for the Lindberghs. It is contained in a cool line of your week's story: "Ideologies in international politics are not his meat."

Either you get it, or you don't. Either you see what acceptance of a decoration by a government of outlaws means, or you don't want to see.

In Western (Christian) Civilization we still have left the conception of heroism based on the Arthurian Cycle. Mothers still tell their children tales of the strong and the brave who conquer the wicked, cruel giant or dragon

CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



A belt that led with its chin always took the count

A typical example of Goodrich development in rubber

IN MINES, quarries, manufacturing plants, miles of conveyor belts of rubber and fabric are turned by pulleys, to transport material cheaply. But what happened at the point the materials (huge rocks, for instance) were dumped onto the moving belt? The belt took a terrible beating. Held rigid by the supporting pulleys, the belt had to absorb the blow—and naturally wore out.

All sorts of devices were tried to let the belt pass on the impact, but none was successful.

Then Goodrich engineers had an idea. They had developed a new kind of spring for street cars, able to carry

enormous loads smoothly. Why not a rubber spring for the pulley supports below a conveyor belt? The pulley would then be floated on a rubber spring, and the belt could pass on its blows to this spring, which would absorb the impact.

Goodrich tried it. Tests show that this new development increases a belt's resistance to impact 4 times, and can increase the life of the belt as much as 10 times! Goodrich Shock Impact Idler Mountings are now at work, saving money for users of conveyor belts, reducing handling costs per ton.

This is typical of the results of

Goodrich research—developments being made constantly in the 32,000 items we make are applied to all others in the line, so that when you order Goodrich belting, hose, rolls, tanks or any other Goodrich product you can know you are getting all the benefits in long life, improved service, low maintenance which this Goodrich improvement program makes possible. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Mechanical Rubber Goods Division, Akron, Ohio.

Goodrich
ALL products problems IN RUBBER



NOTHING
TO DO BUT
*Ice &
Serve*

*2 Cocktails
for 25¢ or less*

With proper shaker-icing,
you get 18 drinks from each
CLUB COCKTAIL bot-
tle. At present prices, this
is two drinks for a quarter
—or less—depending
upon variety.

HELP A HUSBAND TO KEEP COOL BY SERVING

THE CLUB DAIQUIRI & THE CLUB SIDE-CAR



THE WORLD'S FINEST SUMMER COCKTAILS

In warm weather, free a husband from the chore of cocktail mixing. Enjoy the frosty, cool, "hot-day" goodness of Heublein's celebrated ready-mixed CLUB DAIQUIRI and CLUB SIDE CAR.

The DAIQUIRI—made with fresh fruit juices with a base of light-bodied rum. (70 proof.)

The SIDE CAR—made with fresh fruit juices with a base of imported cognac brandy. (60 proof.)

Both are smooth, delicious, mellow... ideal summer drinks. What isn't used from an opened bottle keeps indefinitely. You ought to try these cocktails right away.

OTHER YEAR-ROUND FAVORITES

DRY MARTINI (71 proof). Milshire Dry Gin with two types imported Vermouth.

MARTINI (Medium Sweet) (60 proof). Milshire Dry Gin and imported sweet-type Vermouth.

MANHATTAN (65 proof). Rich, specially blended whiskey and Italian Vermouth.

OLD FASHIONED (80 proof). Made with blended whiskeys rich in bouquet and flavor.

BRONX (60 proof). Fine, fruity-tasting cocktail with Milshire Dry Gin and imported Vermouth.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S The CLUB COCKTAILS



THIS IS, WE BELIEVE, THE
THRIFTIEST "BUY" AMONG REALLY
DRY GINS OF QUALITY!

HEUBLEIN'S
MILSHIRE DISTILLED DRY GIN

90 proof—distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits by G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

Since HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD 1875



or witch. It seems a little too much to swallow when St. George deliberately goes up to the Dragon to be decorated.

ANNE NATHAN

Houston, Tex.

Calculable

Sirs:

Referring to your statement (p. 15, *TIME*, June 19) that "incalculable tons of water has cascaded over Niagara Falls between 1776 and a summery night last week when the great-great-grandson of England's George III was trundled across Niagara River to set foot in the U. S. A.," may I take the liberty of suggesting that the amount of said water is calculable.

The mean average flow of the Niagara River is approximately 212,000 cubic feet per second, which is equivalent to 572,400,000 tons of water a day, which in the 163 years from 1776 to 1939 is 34,054,938,000,000 tons.

In the interest of accuracy, it should be mentioned that in recent years about one-fourth of this water has passed through the penstocks and turbines of the power plants on the American and Canadian shores and consequently did not "cascade over Niagara Falls."

EDWARD H. SARGENT

Albany, N. Y.

▶ Another reader works out the total tonnage at 26,750,000,000,000. *TIME* still thinks "incalculable" the right word.—Ed.

Unfair, Unkind

Sirs:

Your article in *TIME*, June 12 under the heading Power—"Poet, Project, Pork, Progress"—has been called to my attention.

I think it is unfair and unkind to make such charges against the people of South Carolina who were kind enough to vote for me.

For your information, the people of the

TIME
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Time, July 10, 1939

Take the New York Central "Picture Book Route"

... straight to the heart of all New York's
attractions and the World's Fair

MAKE YOUR New York World's Fair trip "pay out" ... in sights seen, in pleasures enjoyed. Go by New York Central—the Water Level Route! See the broad Hudson and its stately Palisades... West Point... Niagara Falls (a free optional stopover)... the Mohawk Valley. Plus the luxury and ease of the trains of the "Great Steel Fleet"... many of which offer thrifty coach accommodations.

You arrive right in the middle of Manhattan! Good hotels all about you... fast, frequent 5¢ subway trains to the Fair Grounds. Radio City is a brief stroll away; two blocks to the great Fifth Avenue shops... famous restaurants, night clubs, theatres, museums, libraries—are all at hand. Plan ahead... budget your time... and count on New York Central Service to help you get more out of your trip!

Write for map of the Heart of New York and local transit lines to New York World's Fair. Address J. W. Switzer, Room 1210, N. Y. C. System, 466 Lexington Ave., New York.

Be sure to visit the Railroads' Building at the World's Fair... and see the great, thrilling spectacle, "Railroads on Parade."

HUDSON PALISADES



GREAT LAKES

NIAGARA FALLS

MOHAWK VALLEY

WEST POINT

VERY LOW FARES

in Pullman and Modern Day Coaches bring the New York World's Fair within the reach of practically everyone. If you wish, you may return via Washington.

Examples of Round-Trip Coach Fares to New York from

Chicago	\$28.20
St. Louis	31.75
Cincinnati	25.60
Detroit	21.45
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Buffalo	16.25

SEE BOTH FAIRS

at a low round-trip fare, \$90 in Coaches... \$135 in Pullmans (plus space charge). Start from your home town... visit both New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.

GREAT REDUCTIONS

have also been made in round-trip fares between all stations. In addition there is 10% reduction in one-way rail and Pullman fares in upper berths. Ask any New York Central Agent about the new fares.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE



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Fight Acid

when you brush your teeth!

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM and Tooth Powder are doubly beneficial. They cleanse and polish safely, and neutralize destructive acids when they come in contact with them . . . no wonder your mouth feels fresher!

After every meal, acids may form when food particles ferment in tooth crevices, often beyond the

reach of brushing. These acids may attack enamel and be a contributing factor in much tooth decay.

Buy Squibb Dental Cream or Tooth Powder today, to be used at least twice daily.

You'll like the feeling of refreshing cleanliness that follows every Squibb brushing!

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



upper section of South Carolina whom you refer to as being "low-born upstate farmers and mill hands" are descendants of those great patriots who gathered at Kings Mountain to defeat the British Army. This victory led to Cornwallis' ultimate defeat. South Carolina has had no immigrants to speak of and we can boast that the people of our State are all of pioneer American stock that has made America what it is.

BURNET R. MAYBANK
Governor
State of South Carolina

Columbia, S. C.

► TIME made no "charges," is at a loss to understand Governor Maybank's. TIME said: "Mayor of Charleston then (1935), and ambitious head of the State Public Service Authority, was Burnet Rhett Maybank, 40, first Charleston aristocrat since the Civil War with the energy and ability to win over enough low-born upstate farmers and mill hands to get himself elected Governor, which he did last year."—Ed.

Banana Fish

Sirs:

The superlatives used by Reader Lawrence Griswold [TIME, June 26] in describing a bonefish (*i.e.*, "world's greatest gamefish," "most elusive speedster") called to mind a tropical piscatory phenomenon known as the "banana fish." . . .

The usual elaborate fish-catching methods all fail with the banana fish.

This is the way it is done. A banana is submerged half its length, vertically, by hand, from either beach or boat in any tropical waters. . . .

The bright yellow of the banana and the almost metaphysical taste or smell it imparts to the water in its vicinity lures the banana fish, which strikes with lightning rapidity. As the fish flashes at the submerged half of the banana, the fisherman instantly pulls the fruit from the water. Now comes the time when the sportsman must outsmart this denizen of the sea.

The momentum of the fish hurtles it out of the water through the hole left by the banana. Quick as a note coming due, the fisherman plunges the banana back into the hole through which the fish has come, cutting off the only possible opening through which it could return to its native habitat.

My friend told me the trapping of banana fish on the surface of the water in this fashion is one of the most highly regarded skills in the South Seas.

MARTIN R. MILLER

Fairport Harbor, Ohio

Monday Holidays

Sirs:

Very definitely would I like to second Norman W. Geare's plea for Monday holidays [TIME, June 26]. I will accept Mr. Geare's arguments to the industrialist, for in them I am only secondarily interested. I speak for the average man, many of whom I know will agree with me when I say that more often than not midweek holidays are a nuisance rather than a help. There is little one can do with one day to get a rest other than to go to bed for the day. With a three-day weekend all sorts of possibilities offer themselves: trips to the shore, mountains, etc.

JOSEPH C. DUVAL

Belleville, N. J.

Matter of Indifference

Sirs:

YOUR SOPHOMORIC RIDICULE OF ME IN YOUR CURRENT ISSUE [TIME, JUNE 19], ALTHOUGH UNTRUE, IS A MATTER OF ABSOLUTE INDIFFERENCE TO ME. BUT YOU IMPLY THAT I REFERRED

TIME, July 10, 1939

3 figures *that took* 4 years to write



FINEST PACKARDS EVER BUILT . . .
NOW AMERICA'S GREATEST VALUES

To see for yourself whether Packard's confidence is justified, go to your nearest Packard dealer and borrow the particular model you fancy.

Drive it. Ask your wife to drive it. Take it over the worst—and best—roads you can find. Test it on hills and

in city traffic. Be as thorough, and as critical, as you know how to be.

Then see if you don't end up more genuinely thrilled and enthusiastic over this Packard than you've ever been over any car since your first one!

A LOT MORE CAR FOR YOUR MONEY!

A FEW YEARS AGO, nobody ever dreamed that a really big, luxurious 122-inch-wheelbase Packard would be priced at the astonishingly low sum of **\$888***.

To make these three magic figures a reality has not been easy. It has taken Packard four years to reach a point where an entirely new and permanent policy of pricing would be possible.

During these four years, significant changes have taken place. Both of Packard's huge plants have been extensively rearranged. Millions of dollars have been invested in ultra modern machinery for more efficient production. Step by step, an important program of expansion has drawn to completion.

Nothing changed but the price

A few months ago Packard's four-year plan was completed—and before a day had passed the prices of 1939 Packards had been reduced \$100 to \$300! And this without the changing of so much as a shackle-bolt on the cars themselves!

Public response has been impressive. Since the establishment of this permanent new pricing policy, Packard business has steadily increased. In these months for which comparable figures are obtainable, nearly a third more people bought Packard cars than last year.

The reason is obvious. Equipped for and schooled in the manufacture of fine cars, Packard believes it can now offer you more quality, and more car, than you have ever been able to buy for a given price before!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD NOW

\$888*

*AND UP, delivered at Detroit, State taxes extra

WORKING NIGHT AND DAY...



TO MAKE THE AIR CONDITIONER EVERYBODY WANTS!

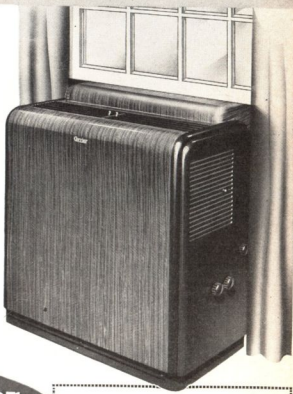
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT! No wonder Carrier's 31-acre plant is forced to run at top capacity to fill the orders for 1939 Carrier Room Air Conditioners! Inside and out, this air conditioner is new, entirely new. It's the air conditioner made possible by 37 years of experience, devoted exclusively to air conditioning. And furthermore, it's the air conditioner that embodies the engineering genius responsible for "indoor weather" in 100,000 places, throughout 99 countries of the world!

NEW EFFICIENCY... for example, the 1939 Carrier Room Air Conditioners bring you even greater cooling capacity. Increased dehumidification to wring the last drop of uncomfortable humidity from the air. Perfected filtering, to clean *all* the air *all* the time—to remove dust and aggravating pollen. New controls, such as the "smoke exhaust" to remove smoke and stale air in a jiffy.

NEW BEAUTY... Lurelle Guild styled the new 1939 Carrier Room Air Conditioners, made them attractive additions to the smartest room settings.

NEW ECONOMY... in fact, Carrier's exclusive development of "sub-cooling" and zoned temperature control enables you to live in true, air conditioned comfort all day, for the cost of a cooling drink! And there are two sizes of Carrier Room Air Conditioners—to meet every requirement!

NEW LOW PRICE... the lowest in Carrier history. And what's more, a small down payment places either model of the Carrier Room Air Conditioner in your home or office. See your local Carrier dealer today—or mail the coupon now!



Visit the Carrier Igloo of Tomorrow,
at the New York World's Fair.

Carrier
ROOM
Air Conditioners

Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y., Desk 108
"Weather Makers to the World!"
In Canada, Box 1050, Station C, Toronto

Yes! Tell me all about the new 1939 Carrier Room Air Conditioner for ☐ home; ☐ office.

Name

Address

City State

TO MISS ELSA MAXWELL, WHOM I HAVE NEVER MET, AS A PRONY. THAT IS WHOLLY UNTRUE. I AM SENDING THIS COLLECT. IF YOU MAKE THE RETRACTION I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO REMBURSE YOU.

MICHAEL ROMANOFF
Beverly Hills, Calif.

► TIME prefers to pay for "Michael Romanoff's" (Harry Gerguson's) collect wire, warns Mr. Gerguson that the next collect telegram from him will be answered by a bill for a year's subscription.—Ed.

"Philadelphia Story"

Sirs:
An article entitled "Philadelphia Story" (p. 36) of your issue of June 26, contains many erroneous statements concerning the Philadelphia Inquirer, and its publisher M. L. Annenberg.

1. You stated that the Philadelphia Inquirer "loses over \$500,000 a year." The fact is, that the Inquirer has always operated at a profit, after all charges, even through the Depression years.

2. You stated that the Inquirer had cost Mr. Annenberg "an estimated \$2,000,000" since he became the publisher. The amounts spent by Mr. Annenberg since August 1936 have been invested in the improvement of the plant so that today it is as fine a newspaper plant as there is in the country.

3. You stated that the Inquirer is spending \$25,000 weekly for promotion. For the past year, expenses for promotion have been less than 6% of gross revenues, and are not one-half the figure mentioned.

4. The Inquirer has no inflated circulation. The fact that its daily circulation has increased from 279,000 to 376,000, and its Sunday circulation from 669,000 to 1,000,000 since August 1936 is due to the improved quality of the paper in every department.

5. You stated that nearly one-half of the circulation of the Sunday edition is made up of a predate edition. The predate makes up less than one-quarter of the Inquirer's total Sunday circulation, and this predate is distributed only through the regular circulation media. Furthermore, your statement that our predate sells 5,000 copies in Peoria, Ill., is a gross inaccuracy, as only 300 copies are sold in that city.

6. You stated that the Philadelphia Record's editorial employees are the best paid in Philadelphia. The Inquirer has what the Newspaper Guild considers a model contract and pays the highest editorial salaries in the city.

I think that a review of the article will convince you not only that it was unfair to the Philadelphia Inquirer, but also to Mr. Annenberg who has done so much in the past three years to make it an outstanding newspaper.

CHAS. A. TYLER
President

The Philadelphia Inquirer
Philadelphia, Pa.

► To TIME's Press reporter a thoroughgoing rebuke; to the Inquirer TIME's regrets and all thanks for setting the record straight.—Ed.

If Winter Comes

Sirs:

Under the Daladier cover (TIME, June 5) you filled three "curr" columns telling us that Spring had arrived in Europe. Two weeks later, under the Lindbergh cover (TIME, June 19), you devoted one "curr" column to the even more spectacular news that it was Hot in Europe. When Winter Comes, let us know, will you? I like to keep in touch.

ROBERT L. COOPER

Portland, Ore.

TIME, July 10, 1939



"I'll tell you why I'm insured in Lumbermens"



When Ray King and I were fishing, last week, he surprised me by saying: "Why do you have your automobile insurance in Lumbermens, Ed?" "For several reasons," I replied. "First of all, Lumbermens is operated for its policyholders. It's giving me the best of protection at the lowest cost consistent with safety."



"Do you realize," I said, "that Lumbermens leads all companies in automobile casualty insurance premiums? I'm with the leader, and their dividends save me more than one-fifth of the cost of my automobile insurance every year."



"What's more," I told him, "I have complete confidence in Lumbermens management, and for a good reason. They've grown through panics, war and depressions, for more than a quarter of a century, and have paid substantial dividends to policyholders every year. And I always get a kick out of their statement. It's reassuring to see their liquid condition."



"With financial stability like that, plus the savings Lumbermens offers in cash dividends, it's no wonder they lead. Besides," I said, "they are represented by a local agent and maintain coast-to-coast service so that no matter where you drive you can always get prompt assistance."



Later, on the way home, Ray said, "The more I think about Lumbermens and the mutual way of doing business, the better I like it. I can't afford to pass up a saving like that. Who did you say their agent is? I think I'd like to look into their proposition."

LUMBERMENS leads all companies in automobile casualty insurance premiums. Since organization, Lumbermens has saved policyholders an average of over 20% on automobile insurance through cash dividends. If you are a careful driver, investigate this opportunity to save with safety. Write us for a free booklet, or see your local Lumbermens representative.

LUMBERMENS
Mutual Casualty Company

JAMES S. KEMPER, President

Home Office:
Mutual Insurance Building, Chicago

Save With Safety in the
"World's Greatest Automobile Mutual"

REMEMBER HOW GOOD BEANS TASTED THEN?



Those are the days you'd love to re-live—when a drowsy, sun-drenched summer afternoon, a cool, mossy bank, a fellow fisherman and a couple of plump, cold baked-bean sandwiches spelled *beaten!*



Saturday nights you always hustled home to supper! Sure enough—there on the table stood the old stanch bean crock . . . sending up puffs of fragrant steam . . . teasing a hungry boy almost beyond endurance . . .



Memories of hunting trips of years gone by are inseparably mingled with the pungent smell of wood smoke, a mellow harvest moon, and a supper of luscious home-baked beans warming in a kettle . . .

BAKED BEANS..as they ought to be



Heinz Offers Four Favorite Kinds of Real Oven-Baked Beans With Rich, Savory Old-Style Sauces!

YOU'LL detect a difference—an extraordinary tenderness and full-bodied flavor—in Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. That's because they're actually *baked* in hot, dry ovens. For Heinz chefs know that only oven-baking makes beans mellow and mouth-watering—so downright mealy each morsel absorbs the rich, savory sauce right down to its very center!

How about an honest-to-goodness old-fashioned New England bean feast Saturday night? Try Heinz Oven-Baked Boston-style Beans. They're fairly drenched in a spicy molasses sauce and generously crowned with tender young pork. Heinz chefs sauce beans three other luscious ways, too—so your family can enjoy Heinz Beans the way they like 'em best. Serve some soon—and often!

- | | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Boston-style
with Pork
and Molasses | 2 In Tomato
Sauce with
our Pork | 3 In Tomato
Sauce with
Pork | 4 Red
Kidney
Beans |
|---|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|

Heinz

OVEN-BAKED

Beans

57



COME AND SEE the gigantic Heinz Dome at the New York World's Fair, and be sure to visit Heinz exhibit of historical kitchens at the San Francisco Exposition.

A 70-YEAR TRADITION OF QUALITY BEHIND HEINZ BAKED BEANS

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Angry Commuter

With 1940 coming up Franklin Roosevelt has every reason to want to be undisputed master of the Democratic Party. For, unless he is master of the Party, he cannot be sure that the Democratic National Convention will nominate a man of whom he approves (whether himself or another). Several times this year Congress has challenged that mastery and last week it was challenged once too often.

The occasion was the action of the Senate in voting to deprive him of his power to devalue the dollar (see col. 3). At Hyde Park he indulged in one of those coldly furious, sarcastic lectures which his press has heard before. He accused Congress of endangering the national defense, of returning power over the dollar to international speculators as it was in 1931. He singled out Felix Belair Jr., correspondent of the New York Times, for a special blast about big newspapers, whom he accused of wishing to see control of the money markets return to private hands. (Next day the Times recalled editorially that in 1922, Franklin Roosevelt was president of United European Investors, Ltd., speculators in German marks.)

Returning purposefully to Washington, the President took personal charge of the fight, and presently the silverites were bought off in conference by a promise of 70.95¢ silver. Effect of this deal was to infuriate the hard-money men to the point of filibuster, and the bill failed to pass before the June 30 midnight deadline.

Earlier the same night in the House, isolationist Democrats ganged up with Republicans to hobble the President on Neutrality (see p. 13). These two blows in one week sent him back to Hyde Park a President angrier, but no less determined, than ever. The session of Congress was by no means over, and Franklin Roosevelt said he would not mind commuting between Hyde Park and Washington all summer. The President and his Congress settled down to a war of wills.

► Before the fiscal year's end last week, in time to function in 1940, the President signed three important bills, with critical comment:

1) The Tax Bill. *Comment:* He had no indication yet that its removal of "irritants" to business would result in a business pick-up.

2) The Farm Bill. *Comment:* Still upon Congress lies the onus of not voting spe-

cial taxes to meet special farm subsidies (\$225,000,000 extra this year).

3) The Relief Bill. *Comment:* It would work a hardship on 8,000,000 people (see p. 17).

► The President further flayed Congress for failing to vote money to run the District of Columbia. To the D. C. Commis-



MARYLAND'S TYDINGS

"I have a feeling . . ."

(See Column 3)

sioners, he wrote a letter directing them to incur debts for vital services (police, fire, water, health, etc. etc.).

► The President signed the Army's final supply bill, \$223,398,047 mostly for new planes. To this sum it was expected he would ask Congress to add \$25,000,000. It would be used to purchase and store strategic minerals such as zinc, chromium, manganese and tin and to buy coffee, rubber and other tropical products under a \$100,000,000 four-year program which would bring total expenditures for na-

tional defense close to \$2,000,000,000. No opposition was expected, as there has been no opposition to any of the record-breaking peacetime appropriations for national defense.

► Of the President's revolving, self-liquidating Great White Rabbit of 1939 (\$3,860,000,000 loan program), nothing was heard last week except a resolution put through the Senate by anti-Roosevelt Senator Byrd of Virginia, asking the Treasury to itemize some \$8,000,000,000 of extra-Budget financing already entered into by the Government. Senator Byrd's point: the 1939 rabbit is superfluous.

► To open-air lunch with the President at Hyde Park, New York's Herbert Lehman carted 17 other Democratic Governors, ten Republicans who had just finished the business of their 31st Annual Governors' Conference at Albany. The Democrats needed comfort, for at the supposedly non-partisan conference such new G. O. P. brooms as Raymond E. Baldwin of Connecticut, John William Bricker of Ohio, had put them on the defensive by hammering at Federal Relief policies (but not at Relief cash).

Host Roosevelt confided his bet on the Louis-Galento fight (see p. 24). Wind tipped a vase of flowers and water into Herbert Lehman's lap, to the confusion of Hostess Eleanor Roosevelt. For the cameras and perhaps for solace, Democrats Stark (Missouri), Cochran (Nebraska) and Lehman ganged up with the President. At the President's feet, beaming innocently, sat a G. O. P. Governor's daughter, Anne Vanderbilt of Rhode Island, and a Democrat's daughter, Julia Holt of West Virginia.

THE CONGRESS

Money at Midnight

The 76th Congress and the 32nd President last week really got to grips once more and both were sore—almost as sore as they were two years ago over the Supreme Court. What they fought about this time was the bill to extend the President's power over money, but what they were principally sore at was each other (see col. 1).

There were four main issues involved in the money bill:

1) The purchase of foreign silver. Congress proposed to end this practice and the Administration did not seriously object.

2) The purchase of U. S.-mined silver at above the world price—a subsidy to

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domestic silver producers. The "economy-minded" Senate proposed to boost the price for domestic silver from 64.64¢ an oz. (world price around 40¢) to 77.57¢.

3) Continuation of the stabilization fund (created in 1934 out of a \$-billion paper "profit" from the devaluation of the dollar) which is used to protect the exchange value of the dollar from violent fluctuations during crises.

4) Extension of the President's power to reset the gold content of the dollar as low as 50% of its old value (present value 59¢). The Administration has not used this power, has no present plans for using it except in some emergency if the pound sterling and the franc should collapse. The Senate proposed to let this power (a threat of inflation) expire—in effect, to take it back into the hands of Congress until it is again needed.

Last fortnight the Senate's hard-money men led by Virginia's Carter Glass killed the section of the bill renewing the President's power to revalue the dollar by getting Key Pittman's silver bloc to join them—the price being 77.57¢ an oz. for domestic silver. In Hyde Park, President Roosevelt hit the ceiling. He accused the hard-money men of returning control of the U. S. dollar to Wall Street's exchange speculators. Secretary Morgenthau announced that U. S. farmers and businessmen had "better start worrying seriously" if the Senate's action stood. Neither announcement improved the Senate's temper. The President returned to Washington from Hyde Park a day early to lead the money fight in person. Only two days remained before midnight June 30, when his money powers expired.

The bill went to House-Senate conference. There Mr. Roosevelt's men contrived a deal with the silver Senators, promised that the Treasury would pay 70.95¢ for domestic silver metal. So with the silverites' consent the dollar devaluation power was restored to the bill. This deal infuriated the hard-money men.

In the House, when the conference report came out, Republicans demanded roll calls to delay matters as the midnight deadline approached. On the Senate side, a grim procession of Republicans filed into Senator Townsend's office, came out resolved to talk the bill to death.

At length the House voted, and the President's men won, 226 to 160. The conference report then arrived in the Senate for final approval. It had to lie untouched for hours while its foes used up time debating the Relief act, which also had to be finished that day. It was dinner time before Senator Wagner, in charge of the money bill, could bring it up.

First, two Democrats, Idaho's Clark and Colorado's Adams, accused the Senate conferees of not trying hard enough to defend the Senate's stand against the President's dollar power. Senator Townsend opened for the Republicans and then Senator Vandenberg asked all factions, who



SENATORS GLASS AND PITTMAN
Mr. Roosevelt hit the ceiling.

Wide World

were agreed on the Stabilization Fund's desirability, to pass a separate resolution to preserve it. This suggestion got nowhere. But it and other speeches took up time. In reply to Mr. Roosevelt's outburst at Hyde Park, Mr. Vandenberg said: "I wonder if our distinguished Executive realized precisely what he was saying . . . that when Congress controls money, Wall Street controls it."

At 11:30 p. m., by prearrangement with the Republicans, Democrat Tydings of Maryland, whom Franklin Roosevelt tried to "purge" last year, got the floor. The galleries were packed. Majority Leader Barkley's jaw muscles twitched in angry impotence. Sweetly relishing his revenge, Senator Tydings cried: "Shall we, now that the time limit is expiring, recapture the right vested in the Congress by the Constitution to fix the value of the nation's money? Or shall we give up that power in advance, without an emergency, to the President of the United States, and deprive ourselves of the power, in case of future need, to take action that Congress may deem wise? . . .

"Thirteen minutes from now will be the first of July, and I have a feeling that even in New York the grass will not be growing in the streets. I have a feeling that the banks will open, too."

The Senate clock's hands met. "I note now that it is Saturday morning," purred Senator Tydings. The President's dollar power was gone, and with it the Stabilization Fund, the higher price for silver.

But was the President's power irrevocably dead? Administration men had said

it would be, until toward the eleventh hour they produced an opinion from Attorney General Murphy stating that the power might legally rise again, after lapsing, should the Senate pass this money bill later on. Until a weary hour Senators debated this point, finally agreeing to vote on the bill this week.

Significance. The practical issue between the President and Congress last week was out of all proportion to the amount of heat engendered. Under the Gold Reserve Act of 1934, with the approval of the President, the Secretary of the Treasury may purchase gold "in any amounts at home or abroad with any direct obligations, coin or currency of the U. S." The price of gold for all practical purposes determines the exchange value of the dollar. If the Secretary should choose to pay \$40 an oz. for gold instead of \$35 he would in effect devalue the dollar. If he should choose to change the price daily or hourly he could use the power for much the same purpose as the Stabilization Fund. Therefore when the money bill failed to pass, the Administration was placed in no serious hole, nor did Congress recover any notable power previously delegated. The real issue between the President and Congress was: Who is boss?

The unfinished money bill's provision against further buying of foreign silver last week caused near-panic in Mexico. In the U. S. all foreign bar silver available was rushed to the mints. The world price dropped to 38¢ per oz. (from 43¢ at the first of the week).

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Half a Halter

Being told what he must do is constitutionally distasteful to Franklin Roosevelt. Being told what he must do in case war breaks out in the world, he considers—and Secretary of State Hull agrees with him—to be a handicap to statesmanship. In seeking revision of the Neutrality law which Congress fastened upon him two years ago, Mr. Roosevelt this year sought primarily to remove his obligation to declare an embargo on "implements of war" for belligerents. The revised Neutrality act offered in the House last month by New York's prognathous Sol Bloom was drawn with this in view, and all seemed set for its passage.

One evening last week the House leadership was weary after a running fight with advocates of repealing the Neutrality act entirely, returning U. S. war policy to due process of international law. This plan was beaten, but then Ohio's Republican Representative Vorys proposed keeping at least half a halter on Franklin Roosevelt, obliging him to embargo at least "lethal weapons." To the House leadership's shocked surprise, this proposal carried. But the vote was only 159 to 157 in committee-of-the-whole. Mr. Roosevelt's men confidently expected to beat it next day in the final voting of the whole House.

Both the President and Secretary Hull had used dark forebodings of crisis again this summer in Europe as arguments for more latitude in the law. But the House took last week's developments in Poland and elsewhere (see p. 18) just the other way. Despite strong pleas by Speaker Bankhead and Majority Leader Rayburn ("Is there any immorality in our shipping arms to a little weak country so it can defend itself?"), the House decided not to turn Franklin Roosevelt entirely loose. The Vorys amendment carried again by 214 to 173, the whole bill by 200 to 188.

Other sections of the measure provided that:

► Congress, as well as the President, might perceive and proclaim a state of war.

► Belligerents must pay cash and take title to purchases in the U. S.

► Belligerents might float no U. S. loans beyond normal short-term commercial needs.

► Latin-American countries were exempt from the most vital provisions (as the President wished).

► U. S. citizens would travel on belligerents' ships at their own risk. (Out of the bill was knocked discretionary power for the President to define combat areas and prescribe U. S. ships' and citizens' actions therein.)

But these items were beside the bill's big point, which was that it prohibited U. S. arms & ammunition to belligerents. That clause alone, gloated Senate isolationists, ruined the bill for the Administration. They predicted it would go on the Senate's shelf, leaving Neutrality as is.

TEXAS

Queens Back

A bright spot in old San Antonio until 1937 was its Hay Market Plaza. There, on the Mexican West Side at evening charcoal blazed under open pots and Mexican "Chili Queens" served hot tamales, enchiladas, tortillas, chili-&-beans, famed *menudo* (tender tripe and hominy) to customers at sidewalk tables. Then San Antonio authorities ran the "Chili Queens" off the Plaza as a "sanitary" measure.

Last fortnight San Antonio's new Mayor Maury Maverick solemnly advised a group of local respectables that they were violating the law by banqueting out-of-doors. If he and they could break the law, Maury Maverick went on to say, why not let the Hay Market Mexicans do the same? He promptly invited the "Chili Queens" to return. This did him no harm with the thousands of Texas Mexicans who are now his staunchest supporters.

One night last week the Mayor and his attractive wife went down to Hay Market Plaza, bought 15¢ portions of tamales,



SAN ANTONIO CHILI QUEEN
If the Mayor could, they could.

enchiladas, chili, tortillas and hot sauce. Guitar-playing troubadours in flaring red ties strummed and hummed *La Cucaracha*, *La Golondrina*, *El Rancho Grande*, and the resurrected Queens (aged 17 to 70) did a booming business at their red and green tables on the Plaza. There was one innovation. Mayor Maverick insisted that the Queens be clean.

NEW YORK

The City

Delivered at \$2 a copy last week was FORTUNE's New York City number, for which 170,000 copies in addition to the regular run of 140,000 had been ordered in advance. In its 248 pages, 23 articles, 179

illustrations were innumerable facts about the world's second largest metropolis, two striking conclusions. The conclusions: 1) many do not enjoy living there, although almost no one would want to move away; 2) "The transfer to Washington of the basic ideas concerning the economy has reduced the New York financier to the status of a highly paid clerk. . . . It is scarcely a heroic role. And it is scarcely a role upon which to sustain—let alone increase—the power of a great city. If New York had never played a more creative role than this in the formation of the capital of the country, the city would never have become the thing it is."

Some of the facts:

► As of 1939, an estimated 7,500,000 people live in New York City, 1,200,000 on some kind of relief.

► A girl can get a free (and good) hairdo at the National School of Cosmeticians (33 West 46th Street) but she probably is starving herself to keep in stockings and clothes.

► Eighteen thousand moneyed "metropolitanites" in Manhattan have: 1) \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year in income; and 2) "the common denominator of swift spending that barely catches up to their expanding wants." A family with \$18,000 a year may spend \$2,000 to \$3,000 for rent; \$1,800 to \$2,100 for food; \$900 for a nurse; \$300 to \$350 for liquor; \$900 for a maid; \$100 for flowers; \$1,500 to \$2,000 for clothes; \$1,800 for life insurance, savings; \$1,000 to \$1,200 on the man's "cash expense at business"; \$300 for his wife's pocket money; \$1,800 in taxes; \$400 to \$600 for entertainment; \$1,000 to \$1,500 for summer "out of town." Add: gifts, tips, Christmas, books (\$50-\$75), automobile, moving, winter trip, etc., etc. Likely annual deficit: \$1,000.

► "To the real Americans there is one New York statistic that incontrovertibly isolates the city from the rest of the country: immigrants and the sons and daughters of immigrants, who make up 31 per cent of the population of the U. S., make up 73 per cent of the population of New York City."

► New York City has 1,070,000 of Italian birth or parentage; 945,000 of Russian; 613,000 of Irish; 600,000 of German; 178,000 of English; 240 Hindus; 136 Icelanders and one Siamese. It has 2,000,000 Jews (of various nationalities); 440,000 Negroes.

► There are 1,150 Italian restaurants ("Very few of them ever serve a bad meal").

► Italians now almost equal Jews of all nationalities in the once predominantly Jewish clothing industry and unions (C. I. O.'s Amalgamated; independent International Ladies' Garment Workers), whose rolls show 100,000 Italian members.

► New York City's 600,000 Germans or German-born have about 1,500 clubs. The Nazified German-American Bund has prob-

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

ably 2,500 members in New York City plus perhaps 25,000 sympathizers.

► New York City imports \$1,000,000,000 worth of food a year, manufactures \$3,962,293,000 worth of products. The city's first two industries are clothing (\$1,200,000,000 in 1937) and printing and publishing (\$500,000,000).

► Under New York City are about 45,000 miles of pipes, conduits, mains and ducts for water, gas, electricity, telephone and telegraph. By concentrating on these subterranean life lines "a small crew of saboteurs could probably make New York uninhabitable within seventy-two hours."

► Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia is tired of being called the Little Flower. His Government costs \$600,000,000 a year.

► New York City's able 19,000 police answer a call every 47 seconds. But the city's felony rate (1.028 per 100,000) is below the nation's (1.168 per 100,000).

► Negro Harlem has an annual tuberculosis death rate of 250 per 100,000 (against 69 for the city as a whole); the median rent in its crowded, stinky black-holes is \$50 a month; in the city at large, \$35. "The first race riot in New York was in 1712. The most recent was in 1935. The last is not yet." But Negroes like their Harlem. ("I'd rather be a lamppost on Lenox Avenue [Harlem's Main Street] than Governor of Georgia.")

► The city's 200,000 acres of land and its buildings are valued at more than \$21,000,000,000. It includes 841,716 parcels of taxable property, 458,597 private homes, 1,118 grain elevators, 141,808 apartment buildings. Owning real estate is not a paying business in New York City, what with taxes, over-supply (particularly in office space), maintenance.

► The U. S. since 1933 has contributed or pledged \$1,029,200,000 to Relief and related public works in New York City. The City has put up \$778,700,000.

► One in every 23 persons in the U. S. at large filed Federal income tax returns for 1937; in New York City, one in every eleven.

► In New York City last year, 102,045 people were born; 73,775 died.

► As the city's surrounding waters warm each spring, 200 bodies rise to the surface.

LOUISIANA

"Jimmy the Stooge"

"Who the hell's Smith?" Huey Long snorted in 1930 when one of his stooges suggested that Dr. James Monroe Smith would make a properly planted president for Louisiana State University. Last week a pertinent question in Louisiana was: "Where the hell's Smith?"

James Monroe Smith was dean of the College of Education at Southwestern Louisiana Institute at Lafayette when Huey snatched him to Baton Rouge. Tall, bald, Dr. Smith shaped into an ideal academic puppet. Huey began to spend \$13,500,000 on L. S. U. for sumptuous

buildings, a monster swimming pool, "professional" footballers, a huge Medical Center in New Orleans. Contractors, politicians and public jobsters fattened, and the student body jumped from 2,100 to 8,550. Midway in this adventure into education, Huey announced: "If there's any title I'm proud of, it's Chief Thief for L. S. U."

That title is now in jeopardy. Dr. Smith installed himself & family in a campus mansion (built & paid for by the university), bought a \$3,000 car in a year when faculty salaries were in arrears.



L. S. U.'s SMITH
The Beef came back without him.

No man to stop the fun was Huey's political heir, Governor Richard Webster Leche (rhymes with "flesh"). "I swore to uphold the Constitution of Louisiana and the United States, but I did not take any vows of poverty," Dick Leche used to say. One of L. S. U.'s new buildings is Leche Hall.

When prospering, arthritic Dick Leche found it wise to quit last week and turn over the Governorship to Huey's brother, Earl (TIME, July 3). James Monroe Smith was nowhere in sight, someone having seen to it that he had plenty of time to vanish after he resigned. By the week-end the man whom L. S. U. students publicly derided as JIMMY THE STOOGE had become a peril to the whole post-Huey machine in Louisiana, and particularly to Earl Long's hopes of being elected Governor in his own right next year.

More was soon known of the educator's finances. Three banks in New Orleans and Baton Rouge disclosed that they had just lent Dr. Smith \$500,000 on notes signed by himself as president of L. S. U. The big brokerage house of Fenner & Beane in New Orleans had just asked him to withdraw \$375,000 in L. S. U. bonds which he had posted as collateral for gambling in wheat futures. The State Attorney General announced that these notes

were worthless and the bonds were unauthorized.

The East Baton Rouge Parish (County) Grand Jury indicted Dr. Smith for embezzling \$100,000. Broker Charles Fenner said that Jimmy Smith in his gambings had acted for perhaps a dozen "friends." First to be so identified was small-fry Business Manager Edgar N. Jackson, who had put \$2,000 on the chance that a European war would boom wheat prices.

All that was publicly known of President Smith's movements for seven days was that Jack Adams drove Dr. and Mrs. Smith to the Chisca Hotel in Memphis on June 25, then returned to Baton Rouge where he was arrested as a material witness.

Next thing Louisiana knew, Dr. & Mrs. Smith had turned up at Brockville, Ont., and State and local authorities were tumbling over themselves for the glory of bringing back the fugitives. Dr. Smith in his hey-day had bought a \$20,000 plane wherein to lug promising athletes to L. S. U. and on week-end pleasure trips. This was the craft in which L. S. U.'s president was to be flown home to face charges. Inasmuch as the flying "football beef" (as the students called it) had only four seats and required a pilot, only one officer could go along if both Dr. & Mrs. Smith were to be returned in it. Sheriff N. H. De Bretton at Baton Rouge demanded the honor for one of his men. "Not in the State's airplane," rejoined General Louis Guerre of the State Police. At this juncture Earl Long settled the row: Dr. Smith should come back by plane, in custody of one State policeman, one local investigator. Mrs. Smith would follow by train, also in custody. The plane flew to Brockville, flew back again without Dr. Smith when he refused to be separated from his wife. Eventually Dr. Smith & wife, with Louisiana officers, set off for Baton Rouge in Dr. Smith's auto. Dr. Smith declared himself in a hurry to get back to fight the charges against him.

Meantime, WPA, FWA, Congress and the U. S. Department of Justice peered more intently than ever into the use of Federal funds and the status of certain income taxes in Louisiana. Attorney General Frank Murphy in Washington intimated that he had known for weeks of matters amiss in Baton Rouge. Recently Mr. Murphy accepted an honorary degree from L. S. U.

Louisiana's second Governor Long on his first day in office put flowers on the grave of Brother Huey. Earl Long also conferred with New Orleans' Boss & Mayor Robert S. Maestri, who is the most potent politician left in Louisiana. For his motto Earl Long picked up a Biblical proverb: "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right."

"This maxim," observed the pious New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, "... is an admirably appropriate motto for an incoming Governor of Louisiana at this time."

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

CAMPAIGN

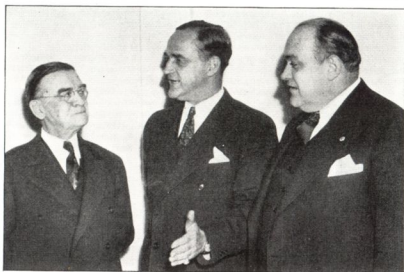
White-Haired Boy

(See Cover)

When a certain train out of Chicago paused in Crown Point, Ind. last week, a tall, robust male of 47 who looked like a white-headed Indian chief descended to the station platform. With a moment-of-destiny air he announced to the reporters present: "I want to put my foot on Indiana soil."

Last week Indiana's soil, as distinct from its station platforms, was dotted with shocks of new-cut wheat, Young green corn was two to three feet high, and high-legged hogs stood up to their chocolate-colored rumps in lush, weedy meadows. Wild hollyhocks and roses splashed the fence lines with color, but nowhere bloomed a fairer flower for Hoosier politicians to gaze upon than their radiantly handsome master, Paul Vories McNutt, returning home to do some hoeing in his own back row. For Paul McNutt's Presidential hopes, carefully nursed through many a long winter, were at last up knee-high with the corn.

In Indianapolis, McNutt-for-President headquarters in the Claypool Hotel have been humming since last winter, in constant touch with the High Commissioner to the Philippines in Manila. That office and Paul McNutt's friends were ready with an efficiently stage-managed homecoming celebration. The timing was just about perfect. Now was the season for political bands, bunting, oratory, ballyhoo. Here was a candidate who could stride upon the national stage like a handsome Ulysses returning from labors abroad to hurl fear and respect into the hearts of Democracy's home-hugging suitors. It mattered not that the welcoming party was synthetic, that the Candidate's wel-



SENATOR VAN NUYS, SENATOR MINTON, BACKER McHALE
Rube Goldberg designed the cross.

come to Indiana was rather warmer than its welcome to him. Now was beginning one of the earliest, boldest, most determined campaigns ever made for a major U. S. nomination. Paul McNutt, with truly towering modesty, declared:

"What happens to me is not important, but what happens to all of us is very important!"

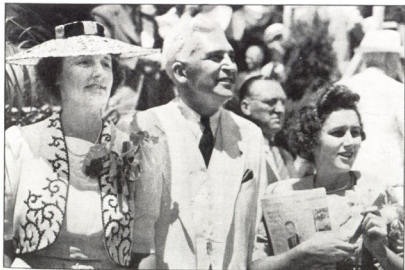
Beef Trust. In 1928, two big men, Frank McHale and Bowman ("Bo") Elder journeyed to the American Legion convention in San Antonio. (McHale weighs 290 lbs., Elder 310 lbs.) Frank McHale was a Logansport lawyer who had played mighty football for Michigan (where his scrawny little brother in Sigma Chi, Frank Murphy, hero-worshipped him), and Bo Elder was

the Legion's national treasurer. To these two it was important that they get the handsome, prematurely white-haired young dean of the University of Indiana Law School elected national commander of the Legion. They did so by shrewdly lining up the second-choice votes of other candidates' backers. They took Commander Paul McNutt back with them to the Legion's national headquarters in Indianapolis and then began planning to make him President of the U. S.

Paul McNutt had a Harvard law degree, a model record among educators as the youngest (34) dean of the Indiana Law School. During the War he became a major of Field Artillery, was never sent overseas. He could make a speech that lifted Legionnaires (or voters) right out of their seats. As national commander, he strode up & down the land making speeches, pumping hands, pounding backs, remembering names, flashing his magnificent smile.

In 1932, his two weighty friends, McHale & Elder, ran interference for Paul McNutt in Indiana's State election. He went across as Governor by a plurality of 118,642 votes. Franklin Roosevelt was elected President that same day but could not take office until two months after Governor McNutt got going. What McNutt and his Beef Trust did to Indiana was a masterpiece compared to what Franklin Roosevelt and his Brain Trust were to do to the U. S.

"Action!" At five o'clock one morning in the Indianapolis Club they completed drafting a State reorganization plan. By noon that day, before a single legislator could have read it, it was law. They ripped out and streamlined expensive departments and bureaus, making many an office appointive. They wrote social security and labor laws à la New Deal, slammed on a



PAUL McNUTT, WIFE, DAUGHTER
Hopes and the corn were high.

Associated Press

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

"gross income" tax which, although tough on small retailers, eased taxes on farmers and homeowners, supported the schools, carried a lot of the Relief load. They backed up Indiana's fiscal year-end from August to June to avoid a first-year deficit. When he left office, they had piled up a \$17,000,000 surplus. They let cities skip the election of 1934, to let Democrats get better entrenched. They put their political cards face up on the table, caused the



GOVERNOR TOWNSEND
He does the reading.

Legislature to exempt from the corrupt practices act a Two Percent Club through which State employees paid that portion of their salaries into a McNutt war-chest. "Action!" was the McNutt watchword. He gave so much of it that even in politically feverish, Klan-ridden Indiana some people called him a dictator. He quelled strikes with the militia. When the Legislature legalized bottled beer but forgot draft, Governor McNutt fixed things up instantly with a proclamation, let the Legislature approve his action more than a year later. Presumably brewers and others were duly grateful. The McNutt war-chest today is reputedly far greater than the Two Percent Club's collections, estimated at \$75,000 to \$200,000 a year.

Interregnum. No man can succeed himself as Indiana's Governor. In 1936 it became necessary for Paul McNutt to have another, better job. The Philippines post, which Frank Murphy had just held, was ideal. It was out of the New Deal limelight. From it Taft and Henry Stimson and Frank Murphy had returned as candidates for greater glory. Frank Murphy was a help in securing it for Frank McHale's handsome friend. Before Paul McNutt went to the Philippines, McNutt & Co. elected as Governor (by way of contrast) Maurice Clifford Townsend, a homely, fish-catching farmer.

Many times in the months that followed

the High Commissioner, breakfasting in Manila, picked up the telephone and talked business with Frank McHale who was having supper, the evening before, in Indianapolis. But they bided their time until January 1938, when Frank McHale stepped in for Tom Taggart Jr. as National Committeeman for Indiana. This was followed by the amazing McNutt boom dinner in Washington (TIME, March 7, 1938). So premature did this performance seem that a reporter asked Paul McNutt: "Have these friends put you out on a limb?"

"My friends never have placed me on a limb," smiled confident Paul McNutt.

Friends & Enemies. Besides McHale, Elder and Townsend, the Indiana gang behind Paul McNutt now included Sherman ("Shay") Minton, whom they sent to the Senate in 1935; Edmund Arthur Ball of Muncie, member of the rich glass-jar family; and Fred Bays, a dapper, saturnine oldtime dancer and circus man. Him they made Democratic State Chairman, to handle ballyhoo. Besides banners, bands and buttons, Mr. Bays uses tap dancers, a singing cop, contortionists. When the McNutt campaign gets going nationally, the country may see something remarkable.

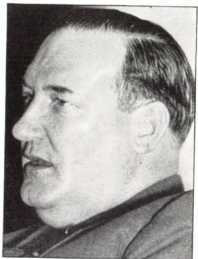
If Paul McNutt is on a limb, it is not his friends' fault. It is Franklin Roosevelt's—or McNutt's own for trying to block Roosevelt at Chicago in 1932. Ever since then Paul McNutt has been polite to the New Deal, but also ever since then Jim Farley has called McNutt a platinum-haired so-&-so, a feeling which is mutual.

Another man who will be no great help to McNutt is Indiana's senior Senator, Frederick Van Nuys. When the New Deal called for a purge last year, McNutt & Co. tried to read Senator Van Nuys out of their party. When they found Mr. Van Nuys too tenacious, they had to read him back in again, which shamed and embittered Governor Cliff Townsend, who was told off to do both readings.

Assets of Paul McNutt for the Presidency begin with his physical appearance and vigor. He is handsome to a Hollywood degree. Women flock to see him. He has a Texas wife (Kathleen Timolat of San Antonio), as wise as she is charming, and a good-looking, 18-year-old daughter, Louise. He has false teeth but able Dentist B. K. ("Kirk") Westfall of Indianapolis sees to it that they do not impede his public speaking, which is of the best. He can pour it out so dynamically that his eyeballs pop. His radio voice is not pale, even beside Franklin Roosevelt's. Consciousness of his mastery over men gives him a dignity which might be ludicrous had he not also a dazzling smile and the ability to throw his head back, laugh uproariously, especially at embarrassing questions. When asked last week if he would discuss 1940 when he sees Franklin Roosevelt, he roared: "Why not? I always have."

His American Legion connections are

nationwide, and the Legion membership is now in its political prime. He has an executive record uncomplicated by such national issues as Relief, Money, Neutrality. Above all he has absolute mastery of Indiana through a machine that is as old-fashioned in its efficiency as it is modern in its set-up. Indiana has only 14 electoral votes to offer, only 28 delegates in the National Democratic Convention. But Paul McNutt can count on delivering



BACKER "BO" ELDER
His trick might work again.

these white chips with greater certainty than even Cordell Hull can be sure of Tennessee or Jack Garner of Texas. At this stage of the 1940 game, no other candidate except Roosevelt has even one white chip.

Liabilities of Paul McNutt begin with a masterfulness so driving it is sometimes repellent. Basic equation of his national political career will be whether he can overwhelm more people than he offends. His autocratic tendency was seen in his "execution" of pleasant Emory ("Pleasant") Greenlee, his popular secretary, whom he dismissed abruptly for aspiring to succeed him as Governor. Labor views him with some alarm because he called out the militia. Many Legionnaires feel that he exploited his national commandship too brazenly to build up a personal following; they are now reminding each other of the Legion's rule against official partisanship. Also reports that New Deal investigators are snooping into the finances of their machine, are not reassuring to the McNutts, even though old friend Frank Murphy is Attorney General.

Should Paul McNutt override these obstacles and win the Democratic nomination for President, he would undoubtedly make a stirring campaign. But between him and the White House one other obstacle would remain, unfair and unfortunate, but essentially American: the name Mc-

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Nutt. Cartoonist Reuben Lucius ("Rube") Goldberg's moronic, shock-headed character "Boob McNutt" has been retired from the comic strips for six years, but he lived in them for 15, and not for nothing did Cartoonist Goldberg, student of the U. S. funnybone, choose that name. It is a heavy cross for even so magnificent a crusader as Indiana's white-haired boy to bear.

Crippled Elephants and Pawpaws. Last week Paul McNutt spent the night before his homecoming party at Bo Elder's \$100,000 mansion at Traders Point. When they motored into Indianapolis next morning, the sun was as bright & hot as in Manila. Most of the townspeople went about their regular business but perhaps 25,000 from town and country thronged Monument Circle to hear Fred Bays's bands (theme song: "Back Home Again in Indiana"), to see his well-disciplined county delegations of farmers, housewives, Legionnaires, and clowns disguised as crippled elephants. For the benefit of the crowd around the Soldiers' & Sailors' Monument President Edward Charles Elliott of Purdue University welcomed the McNutts "back to the homeland of the pawpaw* from the far-away land of the papayas." Quite a few hearers drifted away as Paul McNutt, preserving the proprieties by speaking as High Commissioner to the Philippines, not as a candidate for President, urged that the U. S. keep the Philippines for their wealth† and to preserve peace in the Orient. Indianapolis was not greatly stirred about Manila.

Program. Candidate McNutt was to go to Washington this week, to report to "my chief." An early sound-off spot is arranged for him at the Institute of Public Affairs (University of Virginia). Just when he will openly avow his candidacy was not announced last week, but not before resigning as High Commissioner to the Philippines. First big stop for his bandwagon will be the Young Democrats' national convention at Pittsburgh in August.

Strategy of the McNutt drive for nomination will be precisely the same as at San Antonio eleven years ago. Already emissaries have poured out of the Claypool Hotel to friends of other States' favorite sons, cheering those sons on and inviting second-choice votes for Paul McNutt. With the President ahead of him and Jim Farley against him, Paul McNutt's only possible chance of nomination is in a deadlocked convention, like the Republican one out of which an Ohio gang brought Warren Harding. If he gets up enough steam beforehand, he may help create the deadlock.

* Referring of course to the custard-apple. In some parts of the world the pawpaw, a tropical tree with melon-like fruit, is also called papaya.

† Philippine business interests are reported ready to back McNutt-for-President with \$1,000,000, to keep the islands within the U. S. tariff and defense walls.

Last week he had got nowhere near that objective. He was thoroughly vexed because his friend Senator Shay Minton had blurted out last fortnight: "Our whole [McNutt] campaign is based upon the assumption that President Roosevelt is not going to be a candidate." Paul McNutt is an able politician who can cover a lot of ground, and if he is to have a chance in the Democratic convention of 1940 he has a lot of ground to cover. Last week he may have regretted that he has been so long out of sight and out of mind of the U. S. electorate.

RELIEF

For 1940

Actress Tallulah Bankhead's uncle-&-father-hugging act of last fortnight (TIME, July 3) had the effect of winning Uncle John and enough other Senators to restore the Federal Theatre Project to the 1940 Relief Bill. Miss Bankhead should have hugged more Representatives. When the bill went to conference, the House men simply would not warm up. They killed FTP dead, but they did agree to some other Senate generosity. As sent to the President and signed by him sorrowfully ("definite hardship and inequality on . . .



Associated Press
WALTER B. PITKIN
"Turn on the light first!"
(See Column 3)

8,000,000 if we count in their families"), the act:

- Provided \$1,753,600,000 in all; \$1,477,000,000 of it for WPA, to support an average of 2,000,000 workers.
- Provided that \$11,000,000 be set aside for white-collar projects other than theatre.
- Fixed at \$52,000 the size of any WPA building project.
- Retained one-man control of WPA. (Federal Works Administrator Carmody promptly announced he would retain Colonel Francis ["Pink"] Harrington

whose Army pay of \$7,200 the Senate supplemented with \$2,800.

► Restored to WPA \$125,000,000 which the House wished to divert to PWA.*

► Provided that workers shall be furloughed without pay every 18 months, but only for 30 days (instead of 60 as desired by the House).

► Raised Farm Security Administration's allotment to \$143,000,000, left National Youth Administration's at \$100,000,000 (still \$20,000,000 above last year).

The President received and signed the bill two hours before the end of fiscal 1939.

POLITICAL NOTES

Middle Rouser

The poor have their champions. The rich need none. The British middle classes had one in William Ewart Gladstone (1809-98) and today the U. S. is offered another by Walter Boughton Pitkin, 62, Columbia University publicist who discovered seven years ago that "life begins at 40." Last year prodigious Professor Pitkin explained "why we need a rabble rouser of the right" (TIME, Sept. 19). Last week he tried rousing Elyria, Ohio and so many people (over 600) went to hear him that he called for a League of the Middle Class.

That class, says Professor Pitkin, is patient, mute, productive, yet is put upon by the predatory rich, the predatory poor, the lunatic fringe, the criminal fringe, the racketeers (including crooked politicians). He wants the Middle Classers to fight back. He wants to start a newspaper, a magazine, a radio forum. Joiners will pay 2¢ per day dues. The Middlers' revolutionary committee (headed for the time being by Professor Pitkin) was urged by the professor to "use the nonpolitical organizations you already have, such as Rotary, Kiwanis, teachers' federations, labor organizations and all the rest; have a clearing house and through it make an analysis of the problems, air them and apply corrective measures. If you want to turn on the heat, turn on the light first!"

"Just as long as [the Middlers] do not rebel," cried Professor Pitkin, "they will be trimmed, sucked dry and then thrown away. They will sink into the ranks of the poor, and America will end as ancient Rome ended.

"Fascist? . . . I have been called worse! . . ."

* As the new fiscal year began last week, Reorganization took effect and PWA merged with WPA, which now means Works Projects Administration. A last act of Harold Ickes before turning his PWA over to its new big boss, John Carmody, was to rescind a \$21,600 grant to the University of Georgia because he had learned the "dormitory" it would build was a new lodge for Sigma Nu, fraternity of Lawrence Wood ("Chip") Robert, secretary of the National Democratic Committee and adroit wangler of Federal grants & contracts. Mr. Ickes had previously raised Cain over commissions claimed by Mr. Robert's construction firm for PWA work in Georgia.

FOREIGN NEWS

POWER POLITICS

German Drums

Last week occurred the 20th anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, the treaty that was going to insure the peace of Europe forever and ever, Amen. No celebrations marked the date. Instead, all eyes were on the man who had torn that document to shreds, Adolf Hitler. That day he was on a Bavarian mountain top directing a campaign to reclaim for the German Fatherland the Free City of Danzig, neutralized and placed in customs union with renaissance Poland by the treaty-makers. As the Führer's well-oiled propaganda machine went into high gear, as his high-powered Army stood by prepared, if need be, to enforce the Leader's will, Europe's war drums throbbed louder and faster.

War of Nerves. No longer was there any doubt that Adolf Hitler is determined to have Danzig this summer, preferably without war, but, if necessary, with war. Nor could there be any doubt last week that, as matters now stand, Poland would fight rather than give up the mouth of the Vistula (see col. 3). But the big question was whether Poland's allies, Britain and France, would also go to war. Despite a great Anglo-French outcry of resonant warnings that further aggression would be met "by force" (see col. 3), the Nazis believed that when the showdown came Britain and France, as they did last summer over Czechoslovakia, would not only back down but would try to restrain Poland from resisting.

As the Nazis followed through their by now familiar routine of the "war of nerves" by massing troops on the Polish border, smuggling SS men and ammunition into Danzig, spreading tales of terror, creating incidents and sounding false alarms, the outline of the coup could be foreseen. Danzig would have an "internal uprising." The eight members of the Danzig Senate—all Nazis—would declare the Free City absorbed into the Reich. At that moment police and soldiers would evict the Polish customs guards on the area's borders and take over. If the Poles decided then to march into Danzig, they, and not the Nazis, would be placed in the position of being the aggressors.

Die. While war fears rose in Britain and France, in Germany the people believed that their Führer was again going to have his way by simply threatening to fight. That was not the situation, however, reflected to the outside world by the German propaganda machine. A purported Hitler speech to a purported "War Council" that the Führer hastily appointed "leaked" through the *Reichswehr* and somehow got into the hands of French Rightist Deputy Henri de Kerillis, who also happens to be editor of *L'Espece*.

"The die is cast," Herr Hitler was quoted as saying. "We cannot retreat now.

Our backs are against the wall. It is not a question of knowing if I am right or wrong in posing so brutally the Danzig question. What is done is done, and we must accept the consequences. We must have our way, whatever the cost, in the few weeks which still separate us from the autumn months.

"Some of you will perhaps tell me that if that is my decision a general war will result. If so, so much the worse. I do not believe that we can meet, in the future, circumstances much more favorable than those that exist today. I hold that Germany, Italy and Japan are in a position to conquer today all their enemies combined. The hour, therefore, has sounded to take the supreme risk."

Though many thought this terse style highly unlike the author of *Mein Kampf*, and very much like the Political Section of the German Intelligence, the story did much to make the French jittery. They frankly expected a Danzig coup last week-end. The week-end passed without one, but early this week so many alarming rumors (and war preparations) had spread over Europe that Adolf Hitler apparently decided that the hour was not quite as propitious as he had thought. An "authorized" (but unidentified) Nazi spokesman delivered an extraordinary announcement, prompted by Neville Chamberlain's statement to the House of Commons that armed Germans had already entered Danzig. Said he: "We have no desire to go against the territorial integrity of Poland.

one. There are many more week-ends to go before Europe can be sure that it is not headed this summer toward another bloody destiny.

Polish Oath

Faced with the certainty that powerful Adolf Hitler would try this summer to steal at least one of their Baltic "windows" and probably the entire Polish coast (see above), the Poles last week showed much the same steadiness and bravery that little Czechoslovakia showed last summer before she was forced by her own allies to back down. The Poles' big advantage was that they had lived and learned by the Czechs' experience.

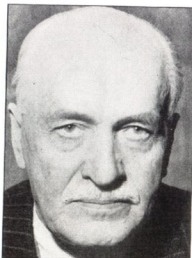
At Gdynia, only 13 miles from Danzig, President Ignacy Mościcki delivered a nine-minute patriotic speech which thrilled his country. "The Baltic seacoast, Pomorz [the Polish Corridor] and our two ports, Gdynia and Danzig, are the air and sun of our national life and the basis of our political and economic independence," said the 72-year-old former professor of electrochemistry who has been Poland's President for the last 13 years. "Through this narrow gate, through a small strip of seacoast, is done three-quarters of our business with foreign nations. This is our free unhindered way to all the other countries in the world and the more they are menaced the stronger is our determination to defend Pomorz and the seacoast."

On the same day, in every Polish city and town as well as Gdynia, Poles massed and took a public oath: "We swear to defend the eternal right of Poland to the Baltic and to protect the maritime future of our country, to maintain an invincible guard in the mouth of the Vistula [Danzig]. . . . So help us God."

Chief week-end worry of wily Foreign Minister Josef Beck, returning from his country estate after a brief holiday, was the recruiting of a Danzig Army and the building of fortifications in the Free City (see p. 20). One Nazi stratagem last week seemed to be to take over the city little by little, ousting first one Polish official and then another, eliminating this Polish function and then that, until finally there would be no more Polish officials in Danzig. At some unspecified point in the Nazi eliminations the Poles were prepared to intervene.

British Talk

The British Government's hardest job last week was to convince Adolf Hitler that this time Britain means business, that when it signed a treaty last April to assist Poland in case of aggression it meant it. Even British cartoonists, like Middleton of the *Birmingham Gazette*, complained that the Nazis would pay no attention even to the direst warning a British statesman could give (see p. 19). Führer Hitler and his coterie obviously did not believe a word of it, and there were even non-Nazis who shared the Führer's skepticism. It was all



POLAND'S MOŚCICKI
His people have lived and learned.
(See Column 3)

If we had wanted to let the matter come to military action, we could have done so any day. . . . There are no German soldiers going into Danzig with tourist skirts on. . . .

This declaration failed to reassure any-

FOREIGN NEWS



BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE ON CRISIS
The Führer did not believe a word of it.

Westminster Press Provincial Newspapers

very well to talk of determination to obstruct "aggression," "attack," "force," "domination" and such like, but why should British (and French) statesmen be so skittish in mentioning the simple word *Dansig*? Not one did. Even so, the parade of British orators giving Germany advice last week was impressive:

► Anthony Eden, former Foreign Secretary who could not stomach appeasement, outlined a new foreign policy: "Not only to be tough, but to look tough, to talk tough, and to act tough is the best contribution we as a people can make to peace today."

► First to talk tough was Winston Churchill, Wartime First Lord of the Admiralty. He addressed to Führer Hitler a warning to "pause, consider well before you take a plunge into the terrible unknown. . . . The British nation and surely also the British Empire have reached the limit of their patience."

► Foreign Secretary Viscount Halifax made an address to the Royal Institute of International Affairs, a body set up during the Paris Peace Conference for the study of contemporary diplomacy. The British press unanimously hailed the speech as the truest expression of British opinion ever made by a member of the Chamberlain Government: "What is now fully and universally accepted in this country, but what may not even yet be as well understood elsewhere, is that in the event of further aggression we are resolved to use at once the whole of our strength in fulfillment of our pledges to resist it."

For cries of "Encirclement" by the Nazi propaganda machine, the Foreign Secretary had a sharp rebuttal: "We are told that our motives are to isolate Germany. . . . Germany is isolating herself and doing it most successfully and completely. . . . The last thing we desire is to see the individual German man or woman

or child suffering privations; but if they do so the fault does not lie with us. . . for any day it can be ended by a policy of cooperation. . . . I come next to *Lebensraum* [living space]. . . . It can only be solved by. . . adjusting and improving. . . relations with other countries abroad. [But it is] impossible to negotiate with a Government whose responsible spokesmen brand a friendly country as thieves and blackmailers."

► That night German and Italian translations of the Halifax speech were broadcast by the British Broadcasting Corp. to the people of the Nazi and Fascist nations. Goaded by the contempt that greeted its appeals to the Nazi Government, the British Government was trying to cut through the curtain of censorship and speak directly to the German people.

With the approval, if not at the request of the Prime Minister, the Council of Labor, representing the Trades Union Congress and the Labor Party, begged the German workers "to do whatever you can to make it known to your Government that you want peace and not war. . . . Herr Hitler is encircling himself and you. . . . Far from wishing to encircle your country. . . we invite you to come into the circle yourselves, to join up with a worldwide combination of nations, so that the great abilities of the German people may make their contribution to the establishment of a friendly world in which man can prosper." Not only was this broadcast to Germany by B. B. C., but it was amazingly announced that the appeal would be circulated in Germany through the underground anti-Nazi movement. This was, indeed, strange behavior for the British Government in peacetime.

► With the verbal warnings came actual preparation for war. Fleet maneuvers were moved up from September to August. The first 34,000 of 200,000 conscripts were ordered to report July 15. A White Paper announced that the regular Army was to be increased by 89,000 men. The 406,000 members of the Territorial Army were ordered to clean up all personal affairs before they report for training in August. The first batch of regular Army reserves is now in training and the second contingent will be called up in August. By the end of the summer Britain will have at least 750,000 men under arms. But most important, the Air Ministry allowed the news to "leak" that Britain is spending \$10,000,000 a week on airplanes and that plane production passed Germany's in April. This week 1,000 first-line planes will engage in maneuvers.

The Government nonetheless lagged far behind public opinion in its campaign to halt Germany before it was too late.



ANTHONY EDEN, WINSTON CHURCHILL
Mr. Eden would have Britain act as he talks.

FOREIGN NEWS

Former Appeasers were the most violent of all. The once pro-Munich *Observer* declared that if Britain "bilked her pledges" no one in the world "would believe that we had the guts for any test. Our name would smell. Our diplomatic connections would dissolve. Our reputation would vanish." The press beseeched the Prime Minister to declare unequivocally that the annexation of Danzig to the Reich, no matter how carried out, would mean war. He did no such thing.

Sunday night, after the King and Queen had reviewed 20,000 men and women representing all corps of the 1,500,000 Britons enlisted in Civil Defense, Neville Chamberlain spoke of throwing "our whole strength into the scale . . . to resist aggression," but of Danzig he said not a word.

French Dirge

If the British will fight before they will let the Nazis take Danzig, nothing seems more certain than that the French will too. Last week the French Government was not yet sure of its ally, however, and French statesmen, like the British, were not so specific over Danzig as the Paris (or London) press thought they should be. Nevertheless, the Government was ready to put the nation overnight on a war footing.

► Premier Edouard Daladier keynoted the crisis in a speech of such solemn brevity it sounded like a funeral rite. "For 20 years," he warned the Chamber of Deputies, "the situation in Europe has not been so delicate nor so grave as now. On the other side of our frontiers there are 3,000,000 men mobilized. In their factories the manufacture of armaments is being pushed forward feverishly. Reports keep reaching us of maneuvers and troop concentrations. It may be this summer that the issue between those who desire the pacific collaboration of nations and the attempt at domination of some of these powers by others will be joined."

To this dirge M. Daladier, preparing to meet the situation without parliament, packed off his 618 Deputies for summer vacations which, he warned, "may be briefer than you think." He then had them herded into the lobbies, where a new gas mask enclosed in a grey-green tin box was issued to each Deputy, clinching the points of the Premier's speech.

► With a great show of hustle-bustle Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet received Polish Ambassador Julius Lukasiewicz and French Ambassador to Warsaw Léon Noël. Later he summoned German Ambassador Count Johannes von Welck to the Quai d'Orsay, and word was subsequently passed out to the press that M. Bonnet had told Count von Welck that France was fully backing her Eastern European ally.

► A national defense loan was floated, and the French Army opened its ranks to foreigners who wish to pledge during peace that they will fight "for the duration of the

war." The Premier called a meeting of the Cabinet, which approved "measures to strengthen the action of France and to end any misconception of the firmness of her resolution." Then appeared a very incongruous announcement that Germany and France were about to initial an agreement to increase trade.

But while everybody last week was pledging France to defend Poland, nothing



FRANCE'S DALADIER
"It may be this summer. . ."

was said about defending Danzig. The Poles consider Danzig a part of Poland. But whether the French or British do remained last week a question mark.

DANZIG

Holiday Spot

The proud old Hanseatic City of Danzig and its small surrounding hinterland worked and played last week so normally that uninformed visitors could scarcely have guessed what international storms were gathering about it. Churchgoers went in and out of St. Mary's, the great brick Gothic Cathedral, nicknamed "Stout Mary" because of its square plump tower. Foreigners (Danzigers not allowed) played roulette at the elegant casino at Zoppot. Thousands played on the gloriously white sands or swam in the cool waters of Danzig Bay. Up in the heavily wooded section south of the city, picnicking still went on. Couples promenaded on Danzig's patrician avenues lining the canals. City Hall was open as usual and the Nazi-operated radio station invited listeners to "come and see Danzig and spend your summer holidays here."

There was a Nazi demonstration last week at Tiegenhof, in the rich meadow land across the Vistula, but it scarcely compared to the turnout which had already been staged for such Nazi bigwigs as Field Marshal Hermann Göring and

Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess. Against the Poles, who are outnumbered by Germans 24-to-1 but who run the public services in Danzig, Adolf Hitler can never lay the complaint that they suppressed Germany in the Free City. But despite the surface calm, Poles could list last week numerous serious complaints against Germans. It was these which caused so much apprehension in Poland and a first-class European scare.

Filtering into the Free City by air (Danzig is two hours by commercial plane from Berlin), sea and land were German "tourists," all men between 25 and 40. By week's end the Poles estimated there were 7,000 of them. They were housed in the barracks at Langfuhr, northwest of the city, and soon were observed installing machine guns and building fortifications on the Bischofsberg, the hill to the city's southwest. Moreover, Danzig itself started a local Nazi *Heimwehr* of some 10,000 men. Authentic reports had it that boatloads of artillery and anti-aircraft had arrived by German ships. In the Danzig shipyards German employers were ordered by the political leaders to dismiss Polish workers. Out beyond on the fortified Hel Peninsula, which is Polish, anti-aircraft guns took a shot at a German plane after giving it a warning salvo.

Obviously Danzigers were not raising an Army for attacking near-by Poland; what they hoped to be able to do was to stave off the Polish Army until German forces from East Prussia could cross the Nogat and come to their relief.

Massed by the thousands outside Danzig were Poland's troops. But they scrupulously stayed on the Polish side of the border. The Free City of Danzig's government is supervised by a League of Nations High Commissioner. Poland's rights there are limited to the administration of customs, railroads, and foreign relations. Internally Danzig is autonomous. Thus the treaties which gave Poland an outlet to the sea through Danzig prohibit Polish military occupation of that outlet. On the Westerplatte, a low bank at the entrance to Danzig Harbor, however, is generally harbored a small garrison of Polish troops which guards a Polish ammunition warehouse. Behind those troops is an incident of 1920, when German Communist dock workers held up a shipment of arms to Poland, then fighting for its life against Bolshevik Russia. It was then that Poland saw the light and began to plan at Gdynia, 13 miles northwest, a new port. Poland knows that an occupation of Danzig would give Germany a stranglehold on Gdynia. To keep Danzig alive (the city always depended on the Polish hinterland for its business) Poland continues to allot almost half her sea cargo to the Free City. Last year Gdynia handled 8,173,400 cargo tons, incoming and outgoing, almost twice as much as New Orleans handled; Danzig's share was 7,127,200 tons.

On the face of it, the seizure of Danzig

FOREIGN NEWS

by Germany would mean no more than another Hitler conquest, another large Baltic seaport (of which Germany already has three), another 791 sq. mi. and 407,000 more Germans added to the Reich. To Poland the loss of Danzig would probably eventually mean the loss of the Polish Corridor and landlocked economic if not political domination by Germany.

Despite the fact that the Free City's inhabitants are 96% German, Poland has an argument against their incorporation in the Reich. The vital interests of a nation of 35,000,000 persons must come before the sentimental desires of less than half a million persons to return to their homeland.

GREAT BRITAIN

Royal and Historic

Two years ago last December, when the Duke of York changed his name and title at a few days' notice to George VI of Great Britain, he also performed changed his address from 145 Piccadilly to Buckingham Palace. Since February 1937, 145 Piccadilly, a few steps from the main entrance to Hyde Park, has remained closed. Last week it was thrown open to the public with a show of 1,300 "Royal and Historic Treasures" which, to the public at least, constituted the most spectacular exhibition of the season.

In rooms carefully designated as Their Majesties' Dining Room, H. M. The King's

Study, Their Majesties' Morning Room, The Royal Nursery, etc., curious Londoners gaped at such curios as:

- ▶ The bed the Duke of Wellington slept in during the Waterloo campaign.
- ▶ The surgeon's saw used to amputate Lord Nelson's arm at Cape St. Vincent.
- ▶ A hoof of Marengo, Napoleon's Arab charger, matched by a hoof of Wellington's Arundel.
- ▶ The cap worn by African Explorer Sir Henry Morton Stanley when he made his immortal remark: "Doctor Livingstone, I presume."
- ▶ Lord Byron's hollow snake's-head ring, for carrying poison.
- ▶ William Ewart Gladstone's ax.

Tips for Tourists

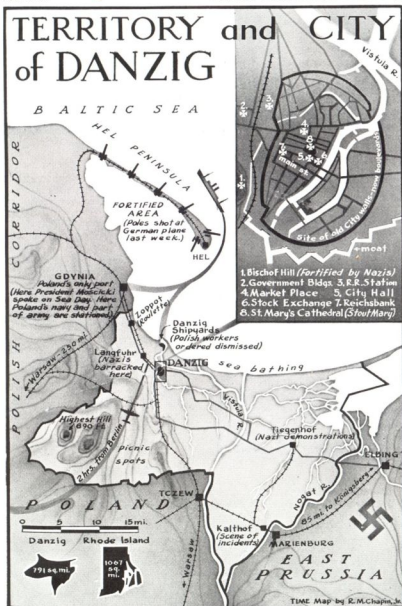
For Britons planning to brave the terrors of tourism in the New World, especially to see the "exhibitions" in New York and San Francisco, the *Manchester Guardian's* New York correspondent last week sent to his paper timely warnings and encouragement:

- ▶ Do not regard Americans "as just transplanted Englishmen. . . . The differences between the American and the British temperament are profound." Americans most resemble Frenchmen though they are a little like Russians.
- ▶ Never try to speak his native slang to an American: it changes every six months. "Almost innumerable groups" of Americans "have languages of their own."
- ▶ Touch gingerly on the subject of the World War. The average American is "greatly disillusioned about it."
- ▶ "It is wise not to praise American skyscrapers to informed citizens of the United States except on esthetic grounds. The skyscraper is regarded as a bad mistake. It is unlikely that many more will be built."
- ▶ Do not refer to U. S. trip as "coming out here." "To the American this suggests he is on the periphery, a provincial, perhaps even a colonial. . . . The truly ingratiating phrase would be 'over here.'"
- ▶ "Every train that a tourist is likely to use is now air-conditioned. . . . Many of the leading hotels in the chief cities are also air-conditioned. When they are not, a firm request that all the heat be turned off and kept off will usually help."
- Final warning: Look left when crossing a street. "You will live longer."

RUSSIA

Personal Opinion

Andrei Alexandrovich Zhdanov, pudgy, cagey head of the Russian Communist Party's *Agitprop* (Agitation & Propaganda) Committee, is generally regarded as the heir-apparent to Dictator Stalin's job. He became next in line when a bullet removed the original runner-up, Stalin's "Dear Friend" Sergei Mironovich Kirov. The idea that Heir-Apparent Zhdanov can have a personal opinion about anything



FOREIGN NEWS

not shared by the Kremlin would make even dour Comrade Stalin laugh.

Last week readers of *Pravda* were treated to this joke in a front-page spread of Comrade Zhdanov's "personal opinion" that the Anglo-Soviet pact negotiations are deadlocked, that France and Britain are deliberately dragging them out in order to have an excuse for making a pact with Germany. Wrote Tovarich Zhdanov archly: Some friends disagree. One friend who obviously did not disagree was "Dear Friend" Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili Stalin, who took this typical way of prodding on the plodding powwows.

Main stumbling-block in the Anglo-Soviet talks from the start has been Russia's insistence that Britain specifically guarantee Estonia, Latvia and Finland against German aggression. Last week Führer Hitler appeared in the singular rôle of playing Stalin's game for him as the British Government, alarmed over the Danzig situation, was reported virtually to have conceded every Russian demand. Concessions were: 1) Specific military guarantees to the Baltic States; 2) Anglo-French-Russian staff consultations before the alliance becomes effective; 3) specific pledges by Britain and France not to make a separate peace during war, leave Russia holding the bag. Sole outstanding issue left to quibble over was Russia's demand that the Baltic States also be guaranteed against a change of internal regime, *i. e.* Nazification. If the pact reports proved true and the Anglo-Russian Pact is at last to be signed, it could mean just one thing: this time Britain is in a fighting mood.

FRENCH WEST AFRICA

Cinderella

Two months ago grizzled blackmoor Prince Batoula, 44-year-old scion of a once potent Senegalese dynasty, came to the U. S. His father, Sheik Mamadou, is the "ruling notable" of nearly 2,000,000 Senegalese of French West Africa, although the French Governor General's word in that section of the world is generally considered final. The Prince, Heir Apparent to the "throne," were flowing blue robes, the green and gold skull cap of the Senegalese sovereigns. He also carried a ram's horn suspended from his neck, ten World War decorations and a fountain pen across his chest. He hoped Impresario Grover Whalen would permit him to spread the word of the French West African Negro at the New York World's Fair. Mr. Whalen was not impressed. New York's Harlem was.

Miss Harriette Mercer, 26, a strapping, dusky laundress, was presented to His Highness at a Harlem reception. It was love at first sight; and the fact that the Prince had some four wives—the limit under Mohammedan law—back in Africa seemed unimportant. Before the Prince returned to Paris, where he is correspond-

ent for *Le Sénégal*, West African weekly, they were engaged to be married. Said the Princess-to-be last week before she sailed to join her fiancé: "Every girl dreams of meeting a Prince and marrying him, and it looks like my dream will come true. . . .



N. Y. Daily News
MISS MERCER

"Those wives are in Africa."

I really consider him a bachelor. After all, those wives are in Africa and we'll be in Paris."

Next day it appeared that Miss Mercer also had previous entanglements. Pullman Porter Carson Clarence Rollins Jr. popped up and casually informed newsmen that he had married her in Stroudsburg, Pa. in 1931.* But he was indulgent about it, observing: "Imagine my surprise on learning that my wife was about to become a Princess!"

CHILE

Hispanic Custom

No privilege is more zealously guarded by Latin American nations than the right of asylum in a foreign embassy or legation. In the topsy-turvy politics of South America no statesman can tell from one day to the next when the wheel of political fortune is going to turn violently against him. It is only practical that he should foster the tradition which provides him a soft spot on which to light in the event of an explosion.

When the Spanish Civil War started, Latin American embassies in Spain gave refuge to and probably saved the skins of thousands of Generalissimo Francisco Franco's sympathizers. Moreover, the Latin Americans always demanded (and most of the time got) safe conduct for their refugees to the border. Argentina once threatened to send a battleship to Spain to protect refugees held at the sum-

* Stroudsburg officials, however, could find no record of the marriage.

mer embassy in San Sebastián, and Argentine protection allowed Ramón Serran Suñer, Minister of Interior in the present Franco Cabinet, to escape from a Madrid prison to Nationalist territory. Peru one time protected 360 Nationalists in



David E. Schermus

PRINCE BATOULA

Madrid consulate and Chile had 2,000 in its Embassy. Both got stamping mad when the Loyalists demanded the refugees' surrender.

Three weeks ago the victorious Franco Government refused free departure to 17 Loyalist refugees lodged in the Chilean Embassy in Madrid. Chile, now governed by a Popular Front government, got very wrath, and Argentina, El Salvador, Venezuela, Cuba, Uruguay and Mexico joined in demanding that the Generalissimo respect the old Hispanic custom of the right of asylum. Unhispanic indeed sounded the humane statement of the Chilean Foreign Office on the matter: the right of asylum is not a matter of politics, simply a humanitarian principle to avoid useless reprisals. Last week in Santiago, Chile let it be known that victory was hers in the asylum dispute and that soon the luckless 17 would be on their way to safety outside Spain.

OUTER MONGOLIA

Bombers or Bustards

Not satisfied with having seen 131 of their bombers and fighters mowed down by an enemy that lost only eight planes, footsore Soviet Mongolian aviators again dared to violate Manchukuoan territory one day last week. Over the border they roared, 60 strong; up to meet them climbed three spunky Japanese fighters. Machine guns rattled and sheep-herders in the Lake Bor district scurried for shelter as flaming Communist planes filled the sky. In a few minutes it was all over,

FOREIGN NEWS

and a pitiful remnant of the Red raiders was tailing for home.

At least that was the Japanese story. According to other Japanese stories, in the past six weeks 251 Soviet Mongol planes have been shot down on the remote Manchukuoan-Mongolian frontier by numerically inferior Japanese defenders who lost only eleven planes. There was no one to contradict them but the Russians. And contradict them the Russians did. Moscow reported that Soviet Mongol casualties were only 32 planes, far less than the 91 Japanese planes they said they had shot down.

No matter who is winning whatever conflict is now going on on the Mongolian-Manchukuoan border, the credibilities of the world's newspaper readers are taking a terrific beating. No news correspondent has reported the battles, which were so remote and whose results are so impossible to check that they might have taken place on another planet.

This much about the skirmishing is authenticated: Outer Mongolia is a backdoor, not only to China, but to Russian Siberia. If and when the Japanese and Russians decide to fight for keeps, the barren Mongolian plateau will see its biggest battles since the days of Genghis Khan. In preparation for that day, Russia has declared a virtual protectorate over the Mongol Peoples' Republic, raised a Mongol Army of 250,000 and equipped it with modern military gadgets—artillery, tanks, machine guns, fighting planes. The Mongol Army's greatest accomplishment has been to keep some 350,000 of Japan's crack troops and much of its best equipment tied up, far from the front.

Such was the probable basis of last week's titanic paper war. At reports of far-flung air battles engaging several hundred planes, the skeptical New York *Herald Tribune* cocked an editorial eyebrow, suggested that the Japanese had drunk too much native sorghum whisky and mistook Lake Bor hussards for Soviet bombers. The other alternative conclusions were: "Either the units of the Japanese Kwantung Army . . . have developed a talent for fiction . . . or they are engaged in an undeclared war with the Soviet Union on a scale that deserves a more sophisticated audience than the local nomads and their herds."

WAR IN CHINA

Puppet No. 1

Traveling mysteriously about Japanese-conquered China last week was a suave, subtle Oriental named Wang Ching-wei. Seven months ago this Chinese statesman was one of the powers at Chungking, China's temporary capital; last week he was reported about to become Japan's No. 1 puppet at Peking, seat of the North China Government. From Chungking to Peking these days is a longer distance ideologically than geographically, and the fact that Mr. Wang, elder revolutionary, onetime collaborator with Generalissimo

Chiang Kai-shek, one of the old "Big Three" in Chinese affairs,* has made the ideological as well as geographical trip was quite a victory for Japan's China diplomacy.

To Wang Ching-wei the city of Peking must be filled with memories of a rebellious youth. In 1910, when he was 26, he went there to plot the assassination of Prince Chun, Prince Regent of Imperial China. Coplotter was Miss Chen Pi-chun, his fiancée, later to become his wife. She was entraining for Tokyo, and the youth left his hiding place temporarily to see his bride-to-be off at the station. As the train pulled out he politely tipped his hat, and thus revealed to the Regent's vigilant police his false queue—in those days the sure mark of the revolutionary. They followed him to his hideout and there found enough guns and dynamite to arrest him. He confessed handsomely and was put in chains. In old China that meant that in about three years the Government would get around to decapitating him, but in the meantime the revolution of October 1911, led by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, broke out; he was released and his chains were thereafter displayed in the Peking Museum.

Wang Ching-wei was the favorite student of the revered Dr. Sun, wrote many of the Leader's manifestoes, even took down the famed Will that Dr. Sun Yat-sen delivered on his deathbed. He was a graduate of the Law College at Tokyo. He traveled often in Europe, learned to speak



PUPPET WANG
A false queue meant chains.

fluent French, several times took diabetes cures in Germany. He was there when the present war started. For more than two years he was China's Premier.

Wang Ching-wei and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek are temperamentally poles apart, but even after the war began

* Other "Big Three" members: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the late Hu Han-min, longtime chief secretary to Sun Yat-sen.

they continued to work together. As deputy leader of the Party, Wang Ching-wei followed the Government on its trek from Nanking to Hankow to Chungking. But last winter he took his sons out of school, sent them out of the country, packed up his own belongings and one night left Chungking secretly for Hanoi, French Indo-China, and Hong Kong. The old Oriental instincts for compromise had got the better of him, and he declared himself for "peace" with Japan. Chiang Kai-shek read him out of the Party, arrested his followers.

From Hong Kong he went on to Shanghai, later to Japanese-conquered Hankow. The Japanese recognized him as a good catch for their puppet regime. With Wang Ching-wei signed up, Japan's military diplomats hoped that a new Chinese central government could be established this week, second anniversary of the war's outbreak.

"Necessary Action"

For a few days last week the British Government persuaded itself that the worst of the Tientsin affair was over, that the Japanese, who had agreed to a conference at Tokyo, were willing to settle it as an isolated problem without discussing the fundamental issues—Britain's rights in her Chinese settlements and her privilege to help whom she pleases in the Sino-Japanese War. The British were heartened when the Japanese eased the blockade of the British Concession at Tientsin; partial milk delivery was resumed, food became more plentiful, and the stripping of British subjects was discontinued.

Suave Major General Masaharu Homma, the man on the spot, even feigned surprise to find the British so annoyed because a few of their citizens had been undressed. He received 40 correspondents at his headquarters, which were lavishly spread with liquor, caviar, plates of ice cream, and other goodies now scarce in the British Concession, and there explained how it all happened. Some Japanese sentries, said the General, are simple peasants who do not understand European standards of modesty. His countrymen, he explained, do not mind disrobing in public or even parboiling in a public bath with members of the opposite sex. To prove his good faith, the General offered to take his own clothes off then & there for the correspondents.

But at week's end General Homma's simple peasants were again stripping Britons who crossed the Settlement boundary as the blockade became tighter than ever. The Japanese, moreover, let it be known that they had no intention of settling the Tientsin problem as an isolated issue and announced that the Tokyo conference would be the occasion for demands for British "cooperation." If the British refuse to reverse their whole policy in China, "the necessary action" will be taken to make "a fundamental solution of the concession issue."

Gallant Galento

"I just hit 'em and they go ah-h-h-h-h-h!" For the last five years barrel-bellied, beer-bibbing Tony Galento, a New Jersey saloon-keeper, has made this boast to anyone within earshot. And for five years everyone within earshot has smiled at the pasty, pudgy little prattler and his self-appraised ability to knock out the best prizefighter in the world. He looked as unfit for the prize ring as a dachshund for a greyhound race.

Last week, after a year of extravagant ballyhoo on the part of his manager, shrewd Oldtimer Joe Jacobs, Two-Ton Tony (weight 233½) was given his chance against the best prizefighter in the world, Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis. Not in years had a world's championship heavyweight match been given such a jocular press. Boxing experts noted that 29-year-old Galento had been around for eleven years, had been defeated 22 times, was a slow-moving human tub whose boxing technique consisted of roughhouse butting, wrestling, sticking thumbs in opponents' eyes. They agreed that the little fat man had nothing but a roundhouse left, elephantiasis of the ego and an honest conviction that Louis was a bum.

However, there was always a chance that a miracle might happen, and what a laugh it would be if a barkeep who trained on hops and did his roadwork in a Chevrolet were to win the world's heavyweight championship! So, one moonlit night last week, largely out of sardonic curiosity, 35,000 fight fans turned up in New York City's Yankee Stadium. No miracle happened. But ringsiders had to admit that no one since Max Schmeling in 1936 had got into a ring with Joe Louis with less fear of him.

Crouched over so that the effect was that of a turtle trying to annoy a mastiff, Galento looped up and over with his left, time after time, during the first round. He even crowded Louis to the ropes, belabor-

ing him picturesquely but not damagingly. In the second, Louis, peering down mastiff-like for an opening, let go. Over went Turtle Galento on his back. But he got back on his feet and in the third he even caught the mastiff off balance and rolled him over for a count of one. After that it was like all Louis fights, save the one he lost to Schmeling. He straightened the turtle up and subjected him to a swift and terrible mauling.

After 1:49 sec. of the fourth round, Referee Arthur Donovan untangled Galento from the ropes, awarded a technical knockout to Louis and dragged Galento to his corner. When he came to and had his fat face put back together with 23 stitches, the gallant little tavern-keeper set some kind of world's record by being just as unafraid of Louis as when he went into the ring. He still thought he could beat him. "I just got a little careless," he explained through lacerated lips. "That bum's way overrated. He's not even a patch on Jack Johnson's pants."

Meanwhile, more disinterested sportsmen hailed Joe Louis as the greatest pugilist of all time—no one had ever successfully defended the world's heavyweight championship seven times.

"It's Just Luck"

In Glenview, Ill., last week a golf pro named Cyril Wagner, pool-pooling the failure of a Michigan City colleague to make a hole-in-one after 17 hours of trying the week before, made a locker-room bet (\$325 against a brand new automobile) that he could not only make one hole-in-one but two of them within 24 hours. Accompanied by three suitcases of balls, six caddies and two scorekeepers, he took his stance on the 17th tee of the Elmgate Country Club at 8:15 in the evening, began to wham away—at the rate of three drives a minute. At 12:20, on his 805th wham, a ball trickled into the cup.

Smiling wanly, Marathoner Wagner took

time out to bow to the handful of on-lookers gathered on the fringe of the flood-lighted tee, then continued to wham—all through the night and all through the day. Though six out of ten balls landed on the green (131 yards away), he failed to get another ace in 2,289 more attempts. After he had lifted his leaden arms for the



CYRIL WAGNER
Most golfers already knew.

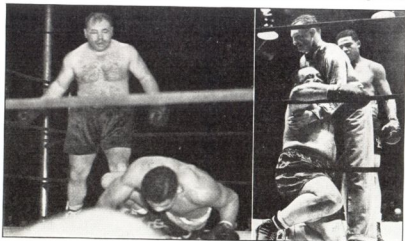
3,094th time. Scoffer Wagner admitted defeat. "After you hit the green, I guess it's just luck," he sighed—discovering by painful experience what most golfers have long known.

Jumping Railbirds

Treated to a strange sight last week were antipodean U. S. tourists who happened to be in the cozy little seaport of Napier, New Zealand and followed the crowds to its racetrack for the annual Napier Steeplechase, one of the island's most outstanding horse races. A few jumps from the finish line, only one horse had a rider. All the others had lost their jockeys somewhere along the stiff, three-mile course. Like a crazy dream, first one spectator, then another, scampered onto the course, mounted riderless horses, took them over the remaining jumps and finished on the heels of the horse & rider that had stuck together. When the results were posted, the horses with railbirds up took second and third money. No New Zealander raised an eyebrow. For it is a common occurrence Down Under—just as it was a common occurrence in the U. S. up to the turn of the Century. Only stipulation: the railbird must not weigh less than the original jockey.

Who Won

► The nonpareil New York Yankees: a double-header against the Philadelphia Athletics, 23-to-2 and 10-to-0; in which they set two new major-league records (eight homeruns in one game and 13 homeruns in two successive games) and a new American League record (a total of 53 bases in one game); at Shibe Park, Philadelphia.



LOUIS DOWN, GALENTO DOWN
Galento stayed down.

Acme, International

IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE THIS MARVEL, BUT IT'S SOMETHING *Grand* TO OWN!

This new Double Eagle Airwheel—made by Goodyear—is more than a new tire—it's a thrilling new kind of travel—a sensation in soft-rolling, super-mileage luxury—new in principle, new in material, built with RAYOTWIST



READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:

- ★ The new Double Eagle* tire—built with Rayotwist—revolutionary in design, material and performance, the finest luxury tire money can buy.
- ★ The new Goodyear Centennial "G-100" tire—the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% more tread mileage.
- ★ The new YRL* truck and bus tire—built with Rayotwist for high-speed, long-distance, any-weather-duty—phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.
- ★ The new Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather* tire—favorite of millions; gives you full center traction—blowout protection in every ply—tough, long-wearing tread—at a lower price.
- ★ The new Pathfinder* tire—sets a new standard of Quality with Economy—bushy, durable, good-looking; a tough, sturdy performer in the lowest price class.
- ★ The LifeGuard*—a safety tire within your tire which takes the place of the conventional inner tube and makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak. You can't get better protection to save your life.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES
THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



HERE'S WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

ORDINARY CORD—consists of thousands of tiny fibres a little more than an inch long twisted together, forming a rough, thick, bulky cord.



RAYOTWIST CORD—composed of smooth, slender, continuous rayon filaments—lighter, stronger and cooler-running because they cause less friction in flexing.



A YEAR ago you couldn't have bought a tire like this stunning new Double Eagle Airwheel®.

Ten years in the making, it is entirely different from any tire you've ever used, both in the way it's built and in its magnificent all-round capability.

It's really difficult to give you the picture—the Double Eagle's performance so far out-ranges the overworked superlatives of conventional tire talk.

But if you've a yen for de luxe travel, here's the plain unvarnished story, free from all puffery and garnishment.

In mileage the Double Eagle averages up to 50% longer wear than the best previous tires.

It is so free from road-fighting stiffness—you actually get more miles from every gallon of gas!

It rolls with such nimble smoothness you feel a quicker, livelier response to both wheel and throttle, a thrilling new agility in the way your car handles.

And this lithe mobility makes a softer-riding tire that soaks up bumps like a blotter absorbs ink.

The secret of this sensational performance is a new basic material called RAYOTWIST*—a feather-light, amazingly tough, satin-like rayon cord spun from cotton cellulose and like carbohydrates.

Rayotwist is so wirily durable it gives a 4-ply Double Eagle more fatigue-resistance than 6-ply tires built of ordinary cord—provides strength to carry the toughest, longest-wearing tread ever compounded.

It's this combination of lightness with strength—of long wear with fleet-footed road-skimming flexibility—that makes the Double Eagle the greatest tire improvement in a quarter-century.

If you like to be out in front you want the Double Eagle. It costs a little more, but man, what a wonderful difference it makes!

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Safety Special



Add to Double Eagles the complete blow-out protection of LifeGuards and you ride on the finest, safest, most luxurious tire equipment ever enjoyed by man!

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR



Cool off with a Calvert Whiskey Collins!



"WHEN THE SUN BEATS down and the mercury shoots up—this sure is the trick to beat the heat!"

"YOU BET! Nothing like a tall, icy Calvert Whiskey Collins—it's the finest summer drink of them all! I remember the first time you put me wise to a Collins made with whiskey—it sure was a grand surprise on a hot day!"



"AND HERE'S A TRICK to keep in mind, Bill—to make that Whiskey Collins taste its best, be sure to use Calvert. Here's the recipe: 1 jigger Calvert 'Reserve' or 'Special'; juice of 1 lemon or $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and $\frac{1}{2}$ lime; 2 teaspoons sugar. Shake well—strain into tall glass adding club soda and plenty of ice. Then decorate it with fruit."



Call for Calvert

America's First Choice Whiskey

TRY CALVERT DISTILLED GIN
... for a marvelous Martini, a
smoother rickey or Tom Collins!

Calvert's "Reserve" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert's "Special" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distilled Gin—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

CINEMA

Protected

On September 19 California will put into effect its "Jackie Coogan Law," by which the courts will set aside half the cinema earnings of minors in a trust fund protected from their parents. Approved last week by Superior Judge Emmett H. Wilson was the first contract written to conform with the act, between Universal Pictures and 16-year-old Deanna Durbin. Cinematress Durbin's earnings in the next five years will total \$975,000.

Jimmy Gets It

When anyone makes a hit in Hollywood, first recognition is to get his signature on a long-term contract. Last week such recognition came to one of Hollywood's biggest and newest names, 31-year-old James Roosevelt. After six months as vice president of Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., Jimmy got from his bald, bombastic and highly pleased boss a new, two-year contract, enlarging his studio duties, providing a salary increase next year from \$25,000 to \$30,000.

Oldest quirk in the saga of Jimmy-in-Hollywood is that under another name Mr. Roosevelt might well make more money. When Cinemagrate Goldwyn hired him last year, just as Trust Buster Thurman Arnold had poised his ax over the cinema

European promotion trip for *Wuthering Heights*, high-lighted by a Paris premiere at which French Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were his guests. Under his new contract Jimmy will spend more time in Hollywood, continue his cinema education by taking a hand in the production of the new Goldwyn picture, *Raffles*, starring David Niven.

In movieland Jimmy Roosevelt lives as quietly as he can, in a Beverly Hills house with two bedrooms and a swimming pool. Except for command appearances at Goldwyn parties and entertaining an occasional celebrity, he goes out little, devotes one evening a week to his duties on the executive committee of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. He has taken Merle Oberon out to dinner. Although he has transferred his 40-foot motor cruiser, *New Moon*, to a Pacific anchorage, he has left his wife in the East, keeps his voting residence in Framingham, Mass. Jimmy how first names most of Hollywood but respectfully speaks of his employer as Mr. Goldwyn. To an interviewer Cineman Roosevelt recently observed: "I won't say I'm not going to go back into politics, because if I do say so, and then later decide I will go back, people will say I don't know my own mind."

The New Pictures

Man About Town (Paramount) was before the cameras when its star, Jack Benny, was convicted of cheating the U. S. Government of duty on trinkets for his wife. Paramount's chin-up reply to this embarrassing publicity was to hold a world premiere of the film in Waukegan, Ill., where Comedian Benny was born Benjamin Kubelsky 45 years ago. The film, another Jack Benny performance of his standard screen personality, a garrulous, cigar-chewing gull ready to be talked into anything once, is almost an exculpation in itself.

As lavish, tuneful, talent-packed as a good radio variety hour, *Man About Town* is just about as entertaining, just about as memorable. Pleasant surprise: that Rochester Van Jones (Eddie Anderson), Benny's radio valet, can tap as expertly as he can stooge.

Bachelor Mother (RKO Radio), despite a title calculated to arouse the curiosity of censor boards, is as wholesome and comic a twitting as bastardy has ever received. Although Polly Parrish (Ginger Rogers) is not the mother of the seven-months-old baby she brings to a foundling home, no one will believe her, because the infant howls when taken from her arms. Her predicament is complicated when her ex-boss's scapegrace son (David Niven), solicitous for the baby's welfare, gives her back her old job and a raise. Polly and her pals proceed in persistent misunderstandings and the baby keeps accumulating fathers until her no-nonsense boss (Charles

Coburn) abruptly produces a solution by announcing that he does not know or care who the father may be, but is sure that he wants to be the grandfather.

Bachelor Mother was adapted from an eight-year-old German musical which song-writing Producer B. G. ("Buddy") De Sylva found tucked away in his sock. It was directed by RKO's current wonder boy, hawk-faced, 26-year-old Director Garson Kanin (*A Man To Remember*, *The*



ROGERS AND COPLIN
For bastardy, a comic twitting.

Great Man Votes). The picture is fresh, bright, human, hilarious, but its production was a series of crises:

► Actress Rogers demanded the right to supervise the script of Kanin's first A production.

► Director Kanin and Screenwriter Norman Krasna in collaboration produced an excellent script, but Krasna got so jittery in the process that he says he "began looking longingly at a river I know."

► Seven-months-old Elbert Coplen Jr. demoralized his associates by learning to talk on the set, caused one expensive retake when he uttered his first word, "Polly," another when he cut four teeth amidscenes.

► When the Hays Office at first thumbs-downed the picture's title, Producer D. De Sylva and Director Kanin, an old Samuel Goldwyn man, offered the company a \$200 prize for the best substitute. The contest was abandoned when Actor Frank Albertson solemnly submitted as his entry "De Sylva Threads Among the Goldwyn."

CURRENT & CHOICE

Maizie (Ann Sothern, Robert Young; TIME, July 3).

Clouds Over Europe (Laurence Olivier, Valerie Hobson, Ralph Richardson; TIME, June 26).

Five Came Back (Chester Morris, Joseph Calleia; TIME, June 26).

Young Mr. Lincoln (Henry Fonda, Marjorie Weaver, Donald Meek; TIME, June 12).

Good-Bye, Mr. Chips (Robert Donat, Greer Garson; TIME, May 22).



GOLDWYN AND ROOSEVELT
The boss is still "Mr."

industry, Hollywood feared that if he were paid too much he would be resented as a last-minute Pocahontas. Jimmy Roosevelt has stayed as far away from the antitrust prosecutions as possible, although he was named as a defendant in the Goldwyn suit. He has served as Goldwyn representative on the board of United Artists and as Mr. Goldwyn's liaison with his New York sales and distribution organization. He easily earned a year's salary by his successful



TO EUROPE on the famous MANHATTAN and WASHINGTON

**America's largest,
fastest, finest liners**

Cross the American Way,
and enjoy the hospitality,
service and outstanding
VALUE which have made
these two vessels two of
the most popular liners
ever built.



★ ★ Next Sailings ★ ★

■ **WASHINGTON**
JULY 12, AUG. 9, SEPT. 6

■ **MANHATTAN**
JULY 26, AUG. 23, SEPT. 20

Cabin, \$186 up; Tourist, \$127 up

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Cabin Class, \$141 up

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MEDICINE

Apple Juice

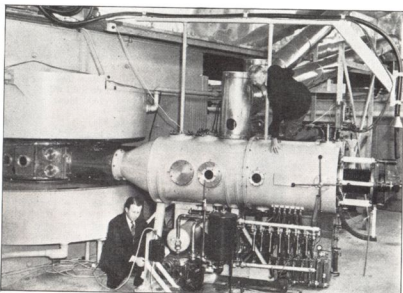
If anybody wants to drink liquor without getting drunk, Dr. Ira Albert Manville of the University of Oregon Medical School thinks he can tell him how. Recommended by him last week was a generous portion of apple juice along with the drinks. Dr. Manville administered enough alcohol to one dog to cause stupor and death, the same amount accompanied by apple juice to another dog. The second dog lost a certain amount of muscular coordination, but remained in such good shape that he did not even fall asleep.

Pure but Practical

"There is a great period of darkness in our understanding of what this tiny gangster does when he enters the body. He disappears for about 14 days after he enters

of telltale emanations. Then, after injection into laboratory animals, the emanating germ's first furtive fortnight may be observed.

The cyclotron is a type of atom-smasher which speeds atomic projectiles up to enormous energies by whirling them in magnetic fields. When the University of California's smart, jovial Physicist Ernest Orlando Lawrence invented it about a decade ago, it was used for the purest sort of research in experimental physics. Three years ago the cyclotron switched from pure science to practical science when it was discovered that beams of neutrons produced by the cyclotron destroyed cancer cells in mice. A regular program of medical cyclotron work was set afoot, in charge of the inventor's brother, Dr. John Hundale Lawrence, who has a medical degree from Harvard. One of his latest dis-



DR. E. O. LAWRENCE (BELOW) AND ATOM-SMASHER
For a tiny gangster, tracer bullets.

Wide World

the body and before he shows up in a living cell. It may be that a knowledge of his movements in that two weeks' spree will lead to some method of blocking his entrance...."

So last week declared Dr. William Charles White of the National Institute of Health addressing the National Tuberculosis Association in Boston. The hiding gangster he spoke of was the tuberculous bacillus. Dr. White announced that a grant had been made to study the bacillus under the new world's biggest "cyclotron" or atom-smashing machine at the University of California, which weighs 225 tons and has just produced a record-breaking beam of 19,000,000-volt particles. By stuffing the bacillus with radioactive phosphorus produced in cyclotron bombardments, the California researchers will try to make it give off a continuing stream

coveries, announced last week, is that different types of cancer cells assimilate the element phosphorus at different rates. This was learned by attaching radioactive tags to phosphorus atoms and shooting them into cancerous mice. It may eventually yield valuable clues for cancer treatment.

Beneath Genteel Externals

A man telling an obscene limerick is not just a man trying to amuse his friends. Such is the conclusion of Dr. Raoul Weston LaBarre of Uniontown, Pa., social anthropologist who has studied the customs of Bolivian Indians, done psychiatric research at the Topeka clinic of Dr. Karl Augustus Menninger (*The Human Mind, Men Against Himself*). Young Dr. LaBarre, observing gatherings of limerick-telling U. S. males, and analyzing the content of the limericks, decided that he

was in the presence of otherwise normal people unconsciously betraying their repressions and inhibitions. These categories of limericks indicated to him these inhibitions and repressions in their narratives as well as composers:

1) A prevalent Oedipus complex, broadened to encompass resentment of authority and pompous persons in high places, is betrayed by a number of limericks which demean the King of Siam, the King of Baroda, the Queen of Baroda and other dignitaries, public and private.

2) Feelings of sexual inadequacy are betrayed by limericks which describe persons with deficient or fantastic sexual equipment, and by others which represent sex relations as difficult, impossible, or attended by disheartening accidents.

3) Feelings of sexual frustration are manifested by limericks which ridicule women (the frustrators) or describe sadistic practices perpetrated upon women.

Dr. LaBarre's conclusion: "Such repression is merely the price which our culture must pay to support its genteel social externals."

Lithopedian

Thirty years ago in Russia, not far from Kovno, a Jewish peasant woman awaited her seventh baby. When her time came, she had mild labor pains, but nothing happened. Months later a doctor suggested an operation. She refused. Years passed, the family emigrated to the U. S., settled in Detroit.

Last fortnight, bothered by a heaviness in her belly at night, the old woman screwed up her courage to see Dr. Joseph Gilbert Israel, crack Detroit gynecologist. Dr. Israel palpated her abdomen, discovered a hard, round object like a baseball. His first astonished thought was that she, aged 66, was going to have a baby. But the object was too hard to be a living baby's head. Besides it was outside the womb.

Dr. Israel hospitalized his patient last week, called in two colleagues and an X-ray technician. The X-ray photographs showed that she was carrying in her belly what doctors call a lithopedian ("stone baby")—a retained fetus which has calcified. It was in the normal knee-chest position, head down and perfectly formed. Obviously the baby had died just at full term. Other lithopedians have been recorded, but they were invariably formless round masses. Dr. Israel decided that he had the only full-term lithopedian known to medicine.

After hearing the old woman's story, Dr. Israel guessed that what probably happened was this: After the ovum was fertilized, instead of traveling normally down the fallopian tube, it traveled upward, broke out into the abdominal cavity, caught and clung to the outside of the womb, received enough nourishment there to develop normally. But since it was outside the womb, the labor contractions could not expel it, and it died.

Last week Dr. Israel tried to make up his mind whether it would be better to leave the 30-year-old lithopedian where it was or take it out. At latest reports he had not decided.

WHY ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS?



© In doing this job for machinery manufacturers and users, the ball bearing is outstanding.

Because friction is practically eliminated in the ball bearing, there is no adjustment due to wear. This in turn means extreme Accuracy—not only in new machines, but throughout their longer life.

So advantageous are New Departure ball bearing applications...in lower maintenance costs, in increased accuracy during production, in longer machine life...that first costs are hardly an important consideration. Accuracy means greater profits!

For interesting brochure, T3, "Accuracy Pays Extra Dividends," write to New Departure, Division General Motors Sales Corporation, Bristol, Connecticut.

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Throughout ten gruelling years, of two and three shifts every day, much of it at high speeds with carbonyl tools...these New Departure ball bearings proved their ability to maintain accuracy under severe conditions.

NEW DEPARTURE



BALL BEARINGS

Nothing Rolls Like a Ball



NEW DEPARTURE...PIONEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS

Globe Trotter on the loose!

Your wanderlust will guide you on this *different* round-the-world jaunt. Just pick the route and let the "World's Greatest Travel System" see to the details. One all-inclusive ticket, good for two years, allows stopovers anywhere.

Route 5

Round the world
via Hawaii,
New Zealand,
Australia,
Cape Town,
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Combined Classes,
\$712.45 up.

Balinese Dancer



Maori Chieftain

Route 2

Round the world
via Japan,
Bali, Java,
Singapore,
Suez Canal,
England.
Combined Classes,
\$734.25 up.

Information regarding any round-the-world route from your agent or any Canadian Pacific office.

Canadian
Pacific
World
Tours

MUSIC

July Records

Some phonograph records are musical events. Each month *TIME* notes the noteworthy.

SYMPHONIC, ETC.

Bach: Partita No. 6 in E Minor (Walter Gieseking, pianist; Columbia, 4 sides). Beautifully sculptured; best piano recording of the month.

Liszt: Fantasia on Beethoven's Ruins of Athens (Egon Petri, pianist, with the London Philharmonic under Leslie Howard; Columbia, 3 sides). First recording of one of the numerous eggs which Liszt, a musical cuckoo, laid in alien nests.

Strauss: Viennese Music (Vienna Choir Boys; Victor, 8 sides). Choral arrangements of waltzes, operetta songs, a polka, a march; by three Strausses; amusingly chirruped by Vienna's touring youngsters.

Schumann: Duets (Lotte Lehmann, soprano, Lauritz Melchior, tenor, with orchestra; Victor, 4 sides). Top-notch singing of first-class *Schwärmeri*. One duet, a charming Germanization of Robert Burns's *What Is That at My Bowery Door?*, would bring down any house.

Schubert: Symphony No. 4 in C Minor ("Tragic") (New York Philharmonic-Symphony, John Barbirolli conducting; Victor, 8 sides). First modern recording of a work not frequently played, which nonetheless stands up alongside the Schubert Eighth ("Unfinished") and Seventh ("Of Heavenly Lengths") symphonies.

Haydn: Symphony No. 98 in B Flat Major (Salomon No. 4) (Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Howard Barlow conducting; Columbia, 6 sides). Another first recording, competently performed.

Mozart: Trios in E Major and C Major (Kurt Appelbaum, piano, Roman Totenberg, violin, Fritz Magg, cello; Musicraft, 8 sides). Both first recordings, limpidly played; the second, one of Mozart's finest.

POPULAR

Guess I'll Go Back Home (Glenn Miller; Bluebird). Able new band of able old trombonist plays Willard Robison's (*Old Folks*) newest nostalgia.

All I Remember Is You (Tommy Dorsey; Victor). Schmaltz-of-the-month.
Pickin' for Patsy (Jack Teagarden; Brunswick). Heart-lifting guitar work by Allen Reuss.

Comes Love (Artie Shaw; Bluebird). Most tuneful version of the most tuneful number of *Yokel Boy*, new Lew Brown musical.

Bing Crosby (The Lion and Sa Gones Rhythm Boys; Decca). Having celebrated Franklin Roosevelt, the Duke of Windsor and the late *Graf Zeppelin*, Trinidad's Calypso singers turn to a famed U. S. colleague. Personal appraisal:

Love Thy Neighbor was his most thrilling song and "Git along little dogies, git along."



Pleasure bent or
business bound you'll
like the welcome of
HOTEL CLEVELAND

• Tourists like Hotel Cleveland because it is on all through motor routes, with convenient garage and parking space directly connected with it. Pleasure bent guests like Hotel Cleveland because it is convenient to sporting events in the Stadium, and the theatres.

Business men like Hotel Cleveland because it adjoins the Union Terminal... is directly connected to the Terminal Tower, the four other Terminal office buildings and is at the very center of all business and industrial Cleveland.

So on your next trip let us welcome you to the convenient, comfortable, friendly hotel you'll enjoy—Hotel Cleveland.

Rooms from \$3

HOTEL CLEVELAND
Cleveland

KEEP COOL!
HOTEL Mayfair ST. LOUIS
ALL ROOMS AIR-CONDITIONED "30° UP

Wise motorists tour with
BANK OF AMERICA
Travelers Cheques

Acceptable everywhere! If lost or stolen before countersigned, your money is refunded by the bank.



Booms, Yips

England last year gave the world the Lambeth Walk. This summer England expects every man and woman to do a dance to a corny waltz tune whose words run:

Hands, knees, and BOOMPS-A-DAISY!

I like a bustle that buds.

Hands, knees, and BOOMPS-A-DAISY!

What is a BOOMP between friends?

Annette Mills, a British song writer of some popularity, made up *Booms-a-Daisy*, donned a gown with a bustle and, with a partner, began demonstrating the dance a month ago. It was featured in London dance halls, in provincial ice



Borrett's

ANNETTE MILLS AND PARTNER
"What is a BOOMP between friends?"

shows. This week *Booms-a-Daisy* went into the big time when Band Leader Jack Hylton opened a ten-week revue at London's Palladium, had an Edwardian-costumed chorus perform the dance, invited the audience to join in at the aisles. *Booms-a-Daisy* goes as follows: face partner, tap hands; clap hands to knees; "with great delicacy and discretion," boom hip against bustle; place hand on heart, bow; waltz for four bars; repeat the whole thing. *Booms-a-Daisy* was launched in the U. S. on a television program in Manhattan last fortnight, is to be tried out at Manhattan hotels in mid-July.

► Last week Band Leader Vincent Lopez announced that he had discovered Alaska's first swing song, *The Ice-Worm Wiggle*, or *Akh-Tu-Wu-Ye-Keh, Cheechako* ("Welcome Stranger"). The piece begins: *See the sneaking, peeping ice worms wiggle.* Its chorus:

*Turn the Ice-Worm Wiggle loose!
Glaciers gleam with misty dew.
Thrilling ice-worms lurk for you
Where Alaskan icebergs cruise,
"Akh-tu-wu-ye-keh" to you!*

Let's mosh on to a sourdough stew!

... Mr. Lopez proposes, at the Claridge Hotel in Memphis this month, to popularize the Wiggle, a shuffling, hopping dance which ends with everyone pointing in the air, shouting "Yip."

*"That's the
busiest book
in our
house!"*



Never before has a Rand McNally Atlas been quite so indispensable!

Overnight, "new cities" leap from nowhere into headlines. An Atlas shows you their exact location... gives you an accurate, factual background for an intelligent interpretation of world events.

Novels and travel books are also twice as fascinating when you can follow the action on a handy map.

If you don't already own an Atlas, order one today. Your favorite book-

store, stationer's, or department store has an impressive selection of Rand McNally Atlases from 10c to \$35.

Remember, every Rand McNally Atlas is authenticated by a tremendous organization which keeps constantly in touch with world events—and which has had the experience of several generations in interpreting history in terms of maps.

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Schoolbooks—School Maps
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MINNEAPOLIS

While cities from Miami to Seattle have tooted the municipal advertising horn, a quiet, scientific study of cities has droned on. Curious whether some cities are provably better places in which to live, Dr. E. L. Thorndike of Columbia University has just spent three years, much effort and \$100,000 to find out.

Discovered: Minneapolis is America's No. 1 city of its size (half a million population) in desirability as a place to live. Thorough-going Thorndike survey x-rayed 310 "chief" American cities, measured by formula: health, physical comfort, crime, economic and social, recreational, cultural and educational advantages.

Livable Minneapolis has its own famed symphony orchestra, two fine art galleries and America's largest university in number of students of collegiate rank located in one city.

What the survey DOESN'T mention, economic prosperity, is handled by Sales Management's annual survey of effective family buying income (April 10, 1939), finding Minneapolis third highest in America in cities of more than 100,000 population.



MINNEAPOLIS
—best city to live in

Not surprised, only pleased, was The Minneapolis Star to have this scientific verification of what it has long believed, long publicized—that Minneapolis is a grand city both for living and for doing business.

Minneapolis, in turn, has certainly been good to The Star, having put The Star into an overwhelming first in home, in city and in total daily circulation, in one of the most rapid newspaper-preference shifts in journalistic history. Minneapolis merchants, with the finest retail stores between Chicago and the Pacific, have alertly heeded their customers' preference by shifting their own advertising patronage increasingly to The Star, so that again in May The Star was first in daily retail advertising lineage.

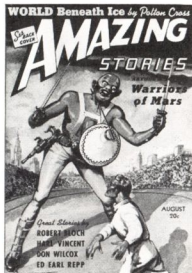
For the first five months of 1939, The Minneapolis Star's advertising gains have exceeded those of every other big city daily in the U. S., save only Harry Grant's splendid paper in Milwaukee, whose afternoon Hearst contemporary some months ago suspended publication.

THE PRESS

Amazing! Astounding!

Sold at U. S. newsstands are about a dozen pulp magazines with such titles as *Amazing Stories*, *Astounding Stories*, *Startling Stories*, *Strange Stories*, *Fantastic Adventures*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, *Unknown*, *Marvel Science Stories*, *Weird Tales*. In the pulp trade they are known as "pseudo-scientifics" or "scientifiction." This week in Manhattan this amazing group of publications produced an amazing show: a convention of their fans.

Scientifiction, which deals almost exclusively with the world of tomorrow and life on other planets, was inspired by Jules Verne's and H. G. Wells's fantasies.



Ziff-Davis
SCIENTIFCTION

"Gosh! Wow! Boyohboy! The mosta and the besta!"

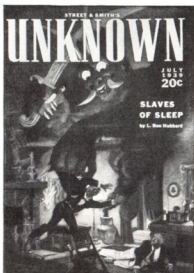
Father of pseudo-scientific magazines was a shrewd, fat old man named Hugo Gernsback, an old-time radio fan, who in 1926 started *Amazing Stories*. It zoomed like a moonward rocket. Today the magazines in this prosperous publishing group (chiefly controlled by the big pulp firms of Street & Smith, Standard Magazines and Ziff-Davis), average about 150,000 readers apiece (sometimes much more), make a good living for many a shamo-scientific writer.

Among famed writers of scientifiction are Edgar Rice Burroughs, Eric Temple Bell (penname: John Taine), Abraham Merritt, editor of the *American Weekly*, and onetime Wisconsin State Senator Roger Sherman Hoar (penname: Ralph Milne Farley). Hoar is 1¢ to 4¢ a word. Many a well-known author who commands higher rates in slick-paper magazines writes these stories for fun. But writers as well as readers take their predictions seriously. Ray Cummings, a veteran pseudo-fictioner who once was Thomas Edison's secretary, claims to have originated in his stories the word *News-caster* and the phrase

The World of Tomorrow. Says he: "It is astonishing how many things come true."

Chief themes of scientifiction are rocket trips by earth-dwellers to other planets, invasions of the earth by Martians, Mercurians. Authors may be as fantastic as they like in their inventions but publishers warn them not to do violence to the commoner scientific principles lest readers denounce their errors.

Scientifiction's fans, mostly boys of 16 to 20, are the jitterbugs of the pulp magazine field. Many keep every issue, and a copy of the magazine's first issue often fetches \$25 from collectors. Publishers soon discovered another odd fact about their readers: They are exceptionally artic-



Street & Smith

ulate. Most of these magazines have letters columns, in which readers appraise stories. Sample: "Gosh! Wow! Boyohboy!," and so forth and so on. Yesiree, yesiree, it's the greatest in the land and the best that's on the stand, and I do mean **THRILLING WONDER STORIES**, and especially that great, magnificent, glorious, most thrilling June issue of the mosta and the besta of science fiction magazines. . . .

Having formed, through correspondence, an organization called the New Fandom, some 200 fans gathered in a small Manhattan hall this week from California, New Mexico, the metropolitan area for three days of speeches, pseudo-scientific movies and discussion of stories with their authors. Cried Fan Will S. Sykora, from Astoria, L. I.: "Let us all work to see that the things we read in science fiction become realities." Said Leo Margulies, managing editor of Standard Magazines (*Thrilling Wonder Stories*, *Startling Stories* and *Strange Stories*): "I am astonished. I didn't think you boys could be so damn sincere."

Ken's End

In March 1938 *Esquire's* smart Publisher David Smart and Editor Arnold Gingrich began to publish the magazine *Ken*. It was a political chip off *Esquire's* editorial block. Its editorial program was to tell the "inside story of world events," the inside usually being more dirt on the dictatorships. But it did not go really leftist and its original leftist editorial connections—Jay Cooke Allen (*Chicago Tribune's* foreign correspondent), George Seldes (*You Can't Print That!*), Ernest Hemingway—gradually drifted away. Editor Gingrich went on publishing sensational "inside" stories, not consistently taking any political side, while *Ken* drifted also as a business venture.

Nevertheless *Ken*, appearing bi-weekly, maintained a nine-month circulation average of some 250,000, but failed to attract any substantial amount of advertising. Then subscriptions began to fall off. Last March, hoping to meet its total monthly circulation guarantees to advertisers, it began to publish four issues a month instead of two. In June *Ken* tried again to bolster circulation by cutting its price from 25¢ to 10¢ a copy. Last week Messrs. Smart and Gingrich announced *Ken's* end with the issue of August 3. Editor Gingrich wrote to subscribers: "Rather than to employ inflationary methods, the publishers preferred to admit that 'they backed the wrong horse.'"

Mr. Dieter

One of the liveliest of current press feuds breaks out now & then between Chicago's rumbling, reactionary *Tribune* and its tabloid, *New Dealing Times*.

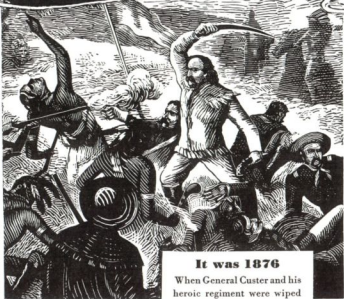
Last week the *Tribune*, pawing an A. P. regional report for dirt on the New Deal, let out a roar. Its 857,963 readers were informed that, although one Edward M. Dieter had been listed as postmaster for Woodstock, Ill. (pop. 5,471), no one in Woodstock or Washington had ever heard of Mr. Dieter. After assuring itself in Washington that the Woodstock appointment had gone as scheduled to William W. Desmond, the *Tribune* exulted: WOODSTOCK GETS POSTMASTER, BUT WHO'S DIETER?

That evening the *Times* read the A. P. report a little more carefully than its rival, informed its 359,844 readers that Mr. Dieter had been nominated for Naperville, Ill. (pop. 5,118), "perhaps 30... miles from here." The *Times* had even called him up. "Dieter answered the telephone," reported the *Times*, "and revealed without hesitation that he is Edward M. Dieter, 70, pharmacist and postmaster of Naperville. . . . That's all there was to it, *Tribune*. Anybody could have done it."

Old Lady

"Although it may be depriving its readers of a bit of information which they have been accustomed to find in the press, the *Courant* is now omitting to mention in its obituary columns the nature of the disease or ailment to which death was attributable. . . . If we can make through the policy here announced a small contri-

The Oldest Name in Scotch



It was 1876
When General Custer and his heroic regiment were wiped out by the Sioux Indians under Chief Sitting Bull.

249 YEARS BEFORE CUSTER'S LAST STAND...

the Haigs were making Scotch!

Only a very fine product can keep on pleasing the public—century after century! And Haig & Haig has a 312-year-old record of continuous satisfaction behind it. Yet—despite this exclusive distinction—Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame.



Don't be vague - Ask for Haig

Haig & Haig

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

BLACK THOUGHT

I'd like
to sue
him for
that
aura



Non Heroed ADMITS

They can't arrest you
for NOT using MUM

It's no legal offense to go places with a perspiration aura.

(Maybe it ought to be. Women would like to have a lot of men arrested. And there are many sillier laws than that.)

It's social offense, however. It's poor sportsmanship. It's not cricket. It's not fair to the fair sex. And it's not fair to yourself.

There's nothing that will set you back like broadcasting the unpleasant short waves of unfresh perspiration.

In kindness to the world or as a smart social or business precaution, use Mum to guard against the blunder of under-arm offensiveness.

Thousands of men now have the habit of using dabs of Mum underarm after their daily bath and again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh. Mum is a pleasant cream, harmless to skin and clothes, which definitely annuls perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration itself.

An easy way to look into this matter of Mum is to send your name today on the margin of this page—for a free sample—on Bristol-Myers Company, Inc., Dept. N1-79, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City.



**MUM TAKES
THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

tribution to the peace of mind of those who foster gloomy predictions we shall be well satisfied. . . ."

This unique journalistic backward step was news last week because it was taken by the 175-year-old Hartford *Courant*, which has the longest continuous publishing history of any paper in the U. S. The *Courant* has not missed an issue since Thomas Green pulled its first from a hand press on October 29, 1764. It printed the Declaration of Independence as news, numbered George Washington among the subscribers who read the lively, eye-witness war correspondence of Israel Putnam. Republican since the Connecticut branch of the party was founded in its editorial rooms by Publisher Joseph R. Hawley, who was



COURANT'S CONLAND
... made a small contribution.

the first man in his State to enlist in the Civil War, and who returned a brigadier general, the *Courant* opposed women's suffrage and the direct election of Senators as steadfastly as it now opposes Franklin Roosevelt.

The *Courant* is still published within a stone's throw of Founder Green's hand press. It is now ruled in its obituary policy and otherwise by sober, stamp-collecting Publisher Henry H. Conland, who joined the paper as an office boy 39 years ago, and Editor Maurice S. Sherman, a good-natured fisherman whose editorial style is compared with that of the *Courant*'s most famed leader writer, Mark Twain's crony, Charles Dudley Warner. Together they have helped restore respectability to the "Old Lady of State Street," who lost it briefly after the World War in a red-&-yellow whirl under the editorship of Emile Gauvreau, later editor of Bernarr Macfadden's late New York *Graphic*. The *Courant* readers (44,000 daily, 67,000 Sunday) get for their 4¢ no big headlines but plenty of features, local tidbits, hobby news. Today the Old Lady is reaping the reward of her most impressive campaign, a consistent fight on Prohibition. Hard pressed by Frank Gannett's Evening *Times*, which refuses liquor advertising, the *Courant* enjoys about \$50,000 worth a year.

**Days instead
of weeks**

Imperial Airways giant flying-boats leave England with clockwork regularity for Egypt, Africa, India, the Orient, and Australia. Voyages that were measured by weeks now take days. Passengers can enjoy meals, lie back and smoke or drink, or stroll on promenade decks. The *Frobisher* air liners have set up a new record for European air transport by an eight times a day service between London and Paris in seventy flying minutes

**imperial
airways**

Bookings and information from your local agent or from any office of Cunard White Star Ltd., who are General Agents for Imperial Airways in the United States



**We're Going to
Europe... and it
won't Cost Much**

A leisurely crossing . . . more days of shipboard life and enjoyment . . . deck sports, dancing, movies, bridge. Cunard White Star's modern turbine luxury liners (20,000 tons). A cost-per-day that is extremely low.

**SCYTHIA
LACONIA
SAMARIA
CARINTHIA
FRANCONIA**

N.Y. via Boston weekly to Galway, Belfast or Cobh, Liverpool. Reduced Tourist and Third-Class excursion rates Aug. 7 to Oct. 15. Your local agent . . . or 25 Broadway, 638 Fifth Ave., New York.

\$159 UP
CABIN CLASS

**CUNARD WHITE STAR
LOW COST LUXURY LINERS**

RELIGION

Pastoral Parson

Genial, white-haired Rev. George B. Gilbert has lived near Middletown, Conn. for 42 years, never moving his residence more than a mile and a half. An Episcopalian, he calls himself a circuit rider. First with a buggy, then with a Model T Ford, now with a big, seven-passenger Nash, he has cared for an area 100 miles square. Three churches claim him in turn every Sunday, one of them giving him hot coffee to go with his picnic lunch: Em-

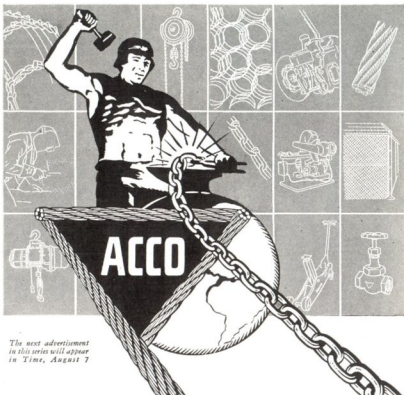


PARSON GILBERT AND FRIEND
Motor repairs are also gratis.

manuel in Killingworth, Epiphany in Durham, St. James in Haddam.

Mr. Gilbert has been chaplain of the Connecticut Senate, sat in its House from 1927 to 1929, has been on the Middletown City Council, is now on its school board. For 25 years he has written for the *Rural New-Yorker* a homely column, full of health and heart, called "Pastoral Parson and His Country Folks." Sample: "Here comes a man and says . . . 'Can any be possibly saved who are not Episcopalians?' 'Well,' the Parson answers humorously, 'hardly any, perhaps a few choice souls.'" Mr. Gilbert in his youth learned barbering, still cuts his parishioners' locks gratis. He is good at tinkering with automobile motors, also gratis. Lately, singlehanded, he built a wading pool for some of his youngsters.

Last week the *Christian Herald* decided that, among rural clergymen in the U. S., Middletown's George Gilbert had most to tell about his life. Harper & Brothers, when their *Horse and Buggy Doctor* was a success last winter, had asked the *Christian Herald* to discover a parson as kindly and old-fashioned as best-selling Dr. Arthur Emanuel Hertzler. The Protestant monthly (most successful in the U. S.) opened a \$250 contest for 500-word descriptions of rural parsons, received 1,000 entries. Par-



The next advertisement
in this series will appear
in Time, August 7

Industry needs more assurance in buying than price alone . . .

● It is perhaps significant that so large a percentage of American Chain & Cable products move from the maker to the user with so little discussion of price.

This may be due to the Company's good fortune in winning and holding the confidence of careful, analytical buyers.

To the Company's customers the deeper meaning of "In Business for Your Safety" includes many definite assurances against personal risks and business hazards.

Prevention of accidents is one. But the Company's 137 products, from Weed Tire Chains to Tru-Lay Preformed Wire Rope and other ACCO Quality Products, provide "safety" in additional forms. Among them are dependable delivery—reduction of breakdowns and delays—maintenance of production schedules—security of the investment.

On such a foundation the American Chain & Cable Company will continue to build in the future—as it has in the past—for Good Will, Confidence, Permanence.

See our exhibit, Metals Building, New York World's Fair

AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT • CONNECTICUT

AMERICAN CHAIN DIVISION • AMERICAN CABLE DIVISION • ANDREW C. CAMPBELL DIVISION • FORD CHAIN BLOCK DIVISION • HAZARD WIRE ROPE DIVISION • HIGHLAND IRON AND STEEL DIVISION
MANLEY MANUFACTURING DIVISION • OWEN SILENT SPRING COMPANY, INC. • PAGE STEEL AND WIRE DIVISION • READING-PRATT & CADY DIVISION • READING STEEL CASTING DIVISION • WRIGHT MANUFACTURING DIVISION • IN CANADA: DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LTD. • IN ENGLAND: BRITISH WIRE PRODUCTS, LTD. • THE PARSONS CHAIN COMPANY, LTD. *In Business for Your Safety*



WHAT A DIFFERENCE OIL CAN MAKE!



... MAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF
On a level stretch of highway, with a fresh fill of your present oil, approach a road-side marker [tree or pole] in high gear at 10 miles-per-hour. As you pass it, push throttle to floor and hold it there. The instant your car accelerates to 40 miles-per-hour throw a

marker on the road [egg, tomato or small sack of flour]. Now repeat exactly the same test with a fresh fill of RING-FREE, same SAE grade. Then get out and pace off the difference in distance between the 60 miles-per-hour markers. You'll be surprised! [Importantly: be sure to let each oil circulate thoroughly

through motor before starting tests.] Ask your service station, garage or car dealer for Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil. If he hasn't got it, he can get it for you.
MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
30 WEST 50TH STREET, NEW YORK • 624 SOUTH MICHIGAN BLVD., CHICAGO • 530 WEST 6TH STREET, LOS ANGELES

son Gilbert will write, *Christian Herald* will print serially, and Harpers will publish in *toto* next spring Parson Gilbert's life story. Tentative title: *Horse Sense and Homelike Religion*.

For Pacifists

A pacifist is a person who, on religious or moral grounds, objects to all wars, defensive or offensive. A conscientious objector is one who refuses to himself the right to decide whether to support his country in a particular war. When the U. S. entered the World War, more than 64,000 citizens applied, on grounds of conscience, for exemption from combat service. But fewer than 4,000 went further, demanded exemption from noncombatant duty. Most of these were sent to farms and camps; 486 were sentenced to prison, 17 to death. (But no one was executed; at the war's end all sentences were commuted.)

Last week seven U. S. peace bodies issued a *Pacifist Handbook* designed to inform and guide pacifists and conscientious objectors for the next war. The *Handbook* is factual, realistic, anything but meek and mild. In some 60 questions and answers, it shows pacifists what happened to their fellows in the last war, what will probably happen to them in the next, not excluding "the concentration camp and even the firing squad." The *Handbook* summarizes the arguments against pacifism to which its adherents will be subjected, suggests various courses of action in such dilemmas as: whether to refuse to pay war taxes ("nothing more than a gesture"), whether to fly the U. S. flag ("whichever action he takes, he will be misunderstood"), whether to economize on flour and sugar (possibly, as a means of helping needy pacifists).

The case for the pacifist the *Handbook* states as follows: "He considers himself a patriot because he is confident that the nation will be better off if it adopts his method. . . . Against 'aggressors' he advocates the practice of nonviolence, seeking to remove the injustices which give rise to 'aggressors.' . . . He does not believe that Christianity, or democracy, or liberty, can be successfully defended by being compromised from the outset."

How many conscientious objectors there will be, the *Handbook* does not attempt to say. It estimates that there are 1,000,000 pacifists in the U. S.—on the basis of questionnaires circulated among ministers and churchgoers in recent years, and of the enrollment of the avowed pacifist churches (Quakers, Mennonites, Brethren, Churches of Christ, Assemblies of God). Moreover, some of the biggest Protestant churches, among them the Northern Baptist, Methodist and Disciples of Christ, have gone on record as claiming for their conscientious objector members the same exemption from combatant service which the Quakers and others will expect. The compilers of the *Handbook* do not fool themselves as to what will happen

* American Friends Service Committee (Peace Section), Brethren Board of Christian Education, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Friends Book Committee, Methodist World Peace Commission, Mennonite Peace Society, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

FEET NEED NOT ACHE

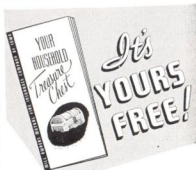
Feet tired at the end of a long day? Pains occasionally shoot up your legs? All you need is a pair of smart-looking Wright Arch Preserver Shoes with their four patented features. Metatarsal and long arches of feet receive scientific support. Flat forepart, crosswise, eliminates pinched toes and squeezed nerves. Arch, as well as foot, receives individual fitting. Visit your nearest dealer. One hundred and twenty-two models say, "We'll keep your feet from aching!" Or write for free foot test.



One of
222 styles

**WRIGHT
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOES** FOR ACTIVE MEN

E. T. Wright & Co. Inc., Rockland, Mass.



If your home burned down tonight, could you recall the thousand-and-one items that might be destroyed? If not, you'd be the loser—for your insurance company couldn't reimburse you for articles you couldn't remember.

Why take chances? Keep a room-by-room record of every item in your home. To make it easy, send for a copy of our booklet "Your Household Treasure Chest." It will help you to determine your insurable values, and provide a convenient record of your household possessions. Write Dept. G.

Write for your free copy NOW

MILL OWNERS MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of IOWA
Home Office: Des Moines, Iowa

to these commitments "in the emotional stress of war."

More determined to keep their backs up are the independent pacifist organizations, whose membership is small but whose zeal for propaganda is great. Typical of these is the Fellowship of Reconciliation (8,500 members), whose vice chairman, Rev. Abraham J. Muste, is the No. 1 U. S. pacifist. Lean, sparse Preacher



REV. A. J. MUSTE
"Go to the front but refuse to kill."

Muste, director of Manhattan's Labor Temple and chairman of a new United Pacifist Committee, is, as far as pure pacifism goes, a Johnny-come-lately; a Marxist, he used to advocate revolution by violence.

Non-cooperation in war is the course recommended to pacifists by the *Handbook*. As a matter of strategy when conscription begins, the pacifist is advised to set his affairs in order, provide for his family, get his pastor to accompany him before a draft board where he will state his position. If he appears to be defying the law, he should seek to be tried early in Federal court rather than later by court-martial. A pacifist might exhaust every means, legal or otherwise, of avoiding war service, and still be forced into the trenches. The *Handbook* lists a series of non-cooperating steps which he might take. The list ends: "8. Go abroad but refuse to go to the front. 9. Go to the front but refuse to kill the enemy."

"Niemöller or I"

In Berlin's suburb of Dahlem, two years ago last week, the Gestapo (secret police) arrested Rev. Martin Niemöller, onetime U-boat commander, took him to Moabit prison. Pastor Niemöller was no Marxist, no pacifist, no libertarian. He had, indeed, been an early supporter of Nazism, and the bourgeoisie and old army families who made up his congregation accepted, broadly, a Nazi view of "the Jewish problem." But for Martin Niemöller, Nazism could go just so far. When "German Christians" sought to Nazify the Evangelical Church, when the Reich sought to

apply the "Leader Principle" to church government and the "Aryan paragraph" to the church's personnel, Pastor Niemöller spoke up in sharp, open opposition. Eight months after his arrest, he was tried, on such charges as "making agitatory addresses," found guilty, given a suspended sentence. But Adolf Hitler had said: "It is Niemöller or I." The pastor was re-arrested, put in Sachsenhausen concentration camp.

Last week Pastor Niemöller began his third year in the Reich's custody. He was reported in good health but morose, convinced he would not be free before the collapse of Nazism. The Government, which has offered him release on condition that he refrain from preaching, gave the screw a turn by threatening to evict Niemöller's wife and seven children from his old rectory. Two thousand members of the Dahlem congregation approved a protest declaring: "This is not . . . Christian. . . . We consider Pastor Niemöller, though he may be imprisoned, as our rightfully chosen minister. . . ."

On the anniversary of Pastor Niemöller's arrest, many a German church dared to toll its bells. In the U. S., 100,000 Protestant ministers were urged by Dr. Henry Smith Leiper of the Federal Council of Churches to preach sermons on "the modern Luther." Eleven oddly-assorted citizens (among them: Alf M. Landon, Walter Damosch, C. I. O.'s Philip Murray, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Columbia University's Dr. Franz Boas) cabled Pastor Niemöller "our great admiration for your moral courage."

Most remarkable of recent edicts of Germany's Ministry for Ecclesiastical Affairs was reported last week: no foreign



PASTOR NIEMÖLLER
Two thousand still protest.

clergyman may preach in a German Protestant church, or even converse with a German pastor, without first signing a statement dissociating himself from the views of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who lately in the House of Lords advocated an Anglo-Russian alliance.



Eaton's "In Flight" Letter Paper is used on all P. A. A.'s Flying Clippers

Faith, vision and an insistence upon perfection created the majestic Yankee Clipper. Inherent in the smallest detail of equipment and service is the Pan American Airways' uncompromising demand for the ultimate of quality and dependability. And it is no mere coincidence that P. A. A. has chosen EATON'S HIGHLAND THIN as its "In Flight" stationery.

From the beginning of Air Mail history, Eaton has pioneered in the manufacture of the special lightweight stationery required for the economical dispatch of letters via Air. Because of this specialization, Eaton today offers the widest-known variety of fine quality lightweight writing papers designed to command preferred attention for Air Mail correspondence. Among these are

EATON'S HIGHLAND THIN and FOREIGN MAIL,
for social letters

EATON'S BERKSHIRE AIR MAIL
for business correspondence

SEE THE COMPLETE SELECTION
OF EATON'S AIR MAIL PAPERS
AT YOUR STATIONER'S



EATON PAPER CORPORATION, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

"Frigidaire
Air Conditioning
Sure Pays Me a
Handsome Profit"



Ask FRIGIDAIRE to Prove the Profit of Air Conditioning for Your Business

●Thousands of business men are finding that air conditioning pays a profit far in excess of the owning and operating costs. Now, Frigidaire's exclusive "Investment Value Analysis" reveals *before you buy* whether you, too, can secure a profit, and how much return on your investment you can reasonably expect.

Tested for over a year, this sensational plan is well worth your investigation. It uses facts about your business that you furnish—gives you pertinent cost and profit information that you can get in no other way.

Profit possibilities are greater because Frigidaire's compact Unit Air Conditioners give you *more cooling per watt of current used*. In addition, these efficient units can be quickly installed, easily moved, and usually require no duct work or building alterations.

Demand the Proof—Act Now!

Get the facts for your business. Phone nearest Frigidaire or Delco-Frigidaire dealer today. Find his name under "Air Conditioning" in your classified telephone book. Or wire collect to Frigidaire Air Conditioning Division, Dept. TST-10, Dayton, Ohio, for representative. No obligation.

FRIGIDAIRE
Air Conditioners

Made only by General Motors, Dayton, O.

SCIENCE

Magnetic Storks

If gaping peasants in northern France, Germany or Poland last week thought they saw six white storks with wings dyed pink and green, aluminum bands on their legs and magnets strapped to their heads, the peasants had not lost their minds. The storks were indeed so equipped. They were subjects of a scientific experiment, prepared by Professor Kazimierz Wodzicki and two other Polish naturalists at Warsaw's College of Agriculture.

European storks migrate to Africa for the winter and many come back year after year to the same nests in northern Europe.

Prospector's Son

Last week a tall, tanned geophysicist and petroleum engineer named Herbert Clark Hoover Jr. addressed the Institute of Radio Engineers in San Francisco. He told them how seismographic or "artificial earthquake" methods of prospecting for oil had improved in recent years. Technique at present is to bore a hole 500 ft. deep, drop a dynamite charge to the bottom. When the charge is exploded, vibrations resembling earthquake waves ripple out in all directions. Some travel straight down, and part of them are reflected back up with different intensities from layers



HERBERT HOOVER JR.
Like his father, unlike his neighbor.

of rock, sandstone, limestone, shale. Geophones on the surface pick up these reflected waves, and from the time intervals the prospecting engineers can tell how far down the different layers are beneath various points on the surface. If by this means they can plot something that looks like an oil dome, they indicate the probability of oil. It is then up to the driller to find out if oil is definitely there.

It was natural for Herbert Jr., a graduate of Stanford and Harvard Business School and since then a radio engineer, to get into seismographic oil prospecting, not only because his father has prospected off & on all his life (and still does), but because the sound technique leans heavily on radio principles. Herbert Jr., at 35, is a prospector in a big way, employing 200 men in five laboratories. He lives with his wife and three children in a secluded whitewashed brick house behind Pasadena, rides and plays little tennis, but has little time for social doings and no time for country clubs. Most of the time he works. Unlike Jimmy Roosevelt, son of another U. S. President, who lives only 20 miles away (see p. 27), Herbert Hoover Jr., has no interest whatever in politics.

European storks migrate to Africa for the winter and many come back year after year to the same nests in northern Europe.

Honorary Secretary C. I. Blackburne of Surrey's Haslemere Educational Museum, who managed the British end of the experiment, had no idea last week how soon, if at all, the storks would get back to Poland. "If they find a nice farm," he said, "with a frog pond they might decide to stay quite a while."

Herbert Hoover Jr. is a geophysicist and petroleum engineer. He is the son of Herbert Hoover, 31st President of the United States. He is currently a radio engineer and is involved in oil prospecting. He is also a tennis player and has a country club. He is married and has three children.

RADIO

Red & Black

However radio broadcasting may stack up among the arts, it is no slouch as a business. Last week the Federal Communications Commission, after looking at the records of the 660 active U. S. commercial broadcasting stations and the three major networks which feed 350 of them, revealed how radio stood in 1938. Its plant value and investment totaled \$1,068,339,901. Total revenues (time sales, talent placing, rental of network facilities, etc.) were \$111,358,378. Broadcasting expenses (talent costs, advertising, promotion, administration, etc.) were \$92,503,594. Net income from broadcasting in 1938: \$18,854,784, 17% less than 1937's net.

But if broadcasting business generally was comfortably in the black for 1938, a peep at who made how much revealed some disquieting statistics. Of the 660 stations in business, 419 made money, one broke even, and 240 were in the red. Of the luckless 240, 175 were "tea-kettle" stations doing a time-sales business of less than \$25,000 a year, most of them low-wattage local stations. The 350 network-affiliated stations as a group had 77% of the industry's revenue.

FCC's statistics on radio as an employer revealed radio as the highest-paying industry in the U. S. Of its 1938 payroll of \$45,663,757, some 18,300 full-time employees averaged \$45.20 a week, 4,000-odd part timers, \$23.55 weekly. This put radio, by comparison with 1937, a cut above cinema (\$41.33), well above Wall Street (\$34.47), way above manufacturing (\$22.46).

Vacationers

Most big-time radio programs like to take summer vacations because: 1) their performers usually need the rest, 2) radio listening falls off during the summer. Many sponsors this year, to keep the pot boiling during the dog days, are replacing their regular shows with others less expensive, some are giving their time over to try-out shows or sustaining programs, taking advantage of new policies of both NBC and CBS which, under some circumstances, assure vacationing advertisers of their accustomed air spots again, come fall.

This summer's main vacationers:

- Bing Crosby, for 13 weeks starting last week. Bob Burns carries on for him as master of ceremonies of the Kraft Music Hall over NBC.
- Fred Allen and the Bristol-Myers Town Hall Tonight company, NBC. Substitutes starting this week: George Jessel, *For Men Only*; *What's My Name?*, a guessing-game program that made its fame last year over MBS for Philip Morris.
- Jack Benny and the Jell-O troupe, NBC. Substitutes, starting this week: the *Aldrich Family*, a problem household recruited from the Broadway play *What a Life* and groomed by General Foods on Kate Smith's hour this season.
- Kate Smith & Co., CBS. Substitute,



Whew! It's good to get in where it's really cool!



"Yes, the Frigidaire Portable Air Conditioner increases comfort—and efficiency, too"

• Take this sure way to escape summer's stifling, energy-robbing heat! Invest in a low-cost Frigidaire Portable Air Conditioner and you'll feel better, work better all summer long. This full-sized, efficient air conditioner circulates cool, dry, filtered air... removes tobacco smoke... excludes outside noises... allows finger-tip control of amount of cooling and direction of air flow as well! Complete in one cabinet, it's quickly installed and easily moved.

Built and backed by General Motors, the Frigidaire Portable Air Conditioner is so dependable that you are

**Drastic
PRICE
REDUCTION**
Now in Effect
on Portable Model

protected for five years against any service expense on its current-saving Frigidaire Meter-Miser, world's simplest cooling mechanism.

Beat the heat—Act Now!
Make up your mind to be cool for only a few cents

daily. It takes only a moment to get all the facts from your nearest Frigidaire or Delco-Frigidaire dealer. Look for his phone number under "Air Conditioning" in your classified telephone book. Or wire collect to Frigidaire Air Conditioning Division, Dept. TL7-10, Dayton, Ohio, asking for representative to call. No obligation at all.

• IT PAYS TO KEEP COOL! —Phone or Wire Today!

Portable
Model has
Frigidaire
METER-MISER
Protected for five years
against service expense
on the mechanism.



FRIGIDAIRE
Air Conditioners

Made only by General Motors, Dayton, Ohio

THE MIRACLE OF JOHN MacMONUS



FROM BAD . . . Just look at his hair. Dry as a bone. Wild as a wolf . . . A morning of golf. The hot drying sun. No wonder!



TO WORSE . . . After a swim, look at his hair. Matted. Coarse. Drier than ever. That's what water does to hair.



THEN PRESTO! . . . Use Kreml and cheer! Gone is dryness, gumminess. Hair feels fine as silk. Looks lustrous. Gentle as a lamb to comb.

After every exposure to water, sun, wind, dust or sand—use Kreml.

This wonderful tonic-dressing replaces lost oils, leaves hair lustrous and easy to comb—the scalp feeling refreshed.

Removes dandruff scales. Checks excessive falling hair.

Women say Kreml puts hair in splendid condition for permanents—makes permanents look lovelier, last longer.

Ask for Kreml at drug stores and barber shops.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made with an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair easy to manage.

starting last week: *Summer Calling*, a musical variety hour with Crooner Buddy Clark.

► *Lux Radio Theatre*, CBS. Substitutes, starting July 17: Hollywood Gabster George McCall; Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

► *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*, CBS. Substitute: *Ford Summer Hour*, on the air since June 11 with light, instead of symphonic, music and, instead of sermons by Ford Spokesman William J. Cameron, chats about River Rouge plant doings by a Rouge reporter (Ken Laub).

► Kellogg's *The Circle*, NBC. Substitute, starting July 16: *Sunset Symphony*, sustaining.

► *Big Town* (Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor) for *Rinso*. Substitute, starting July 25: *The Human Adventure*, a series of dramatizations, by CBS and the University of Chicago, of technological discoveries in the U. S. university research laboratories.

► Eddie Cantor's *Camel Caravan* show, CBS. Substitute, starting last week (perhaps for good): *Blondie*, a radio version of the cinema version of a Hearstpaper comic strip.

Notable among the non-vacationers: Chase & Sanborn's Charlie McCarthy, who this Sunday visits the New York World's Fair to interview Grover Whalen on the high price of hot dogs.

Cause

To wealthy, trim, fiftyish Mrs. Rushmore Patterson of Manhattan and Washington, sometime Prohibitionist, occasional poet, politician, busy bee, life in the last 25 years has been just one Cause after another. Two months ago, with no immediate Cause to occupy her, ardent Mrs. Patterson had time to contemplate something that had been bothering her. What this thing was she was not sure, but it had something to do with foreign isms, and was probably due to hard times.

"I felt it so strongly I just burst!" she says. "I got busy." Soon, after running up quite a telephone bill, she had a committee organized—Red-fearing Laborites William Green and Matthew Woll, Red-baiting Dean William Russell of Columbia University Teachers College, TVA's Foe Wendell Willkie. Soon contributions trickled in (from \$1 to \$1,000) for a radio venture called U. S. Drama, Inc., to foster 15 (time free) programs dedicated to preserving "the true spirit of Americanism . . . the blessing of free initiative."

First program, broadcast over MBS on a quarter-hour contributed by Manhattan's WOR on the eve of Flag Day, was designed to appeal to Americans of Italian ancestry. Main speakers: two Italian urchins from Greenwich Village (one planned to exercise his U. S. freedom of initiative to become a prizefighter) and Italian-born New York City Treasurer Commendatore Almerindo Portfolio, who rose from a \$2-a-week messenger to the presidency of the Bank of Sicily and the head of a cloak & suit concern (which in 1924 he gave to six employees). Commendatore Portfolio's talk was rapturous, anti-nobody, fairly brief.

VACATION BAGGAGE? ...JUST PHONE RAILWAY EXPRESS



Your trunks, bags, boxes—everything—will be called for at your door in all cities and principal towns without extra cost. They will be receipted, insured and whisked away on fast trains to destination. You board your train with peace of mind. When you return home, just repeat!

RAILWAY EXPRESS is the same swift, convenient service used by shippers and gift senders—at low, economical rates. Remember, for quick, dependable shipping service, merely phone the nearest RAILWAY EXPRESS office.

1839 . . . A Century of Service . . . 1939

RAILWAY EXPRESS
AGENCY INC.

See our exhibits at the two great Fairs!

ENJOY THE BEST IN NEW YORK

A truly fine hotel
A distinctive address
A convenient location
Large, luxurious rooms

SINGLE . . . from \$6
DOUBLE . . . from \$8
SUITES . . . from \$12

HOTEL
Ambassador
Ownership Management
J. C. THORNE • J. J. ATKINSON
PARK AVE. • 51st to 52nd STS. • NEW YORK

The fan-mail response to the first program was not great, but included notes of appreciation from such listeners as Supreme Court Justice James Clark McReynolds and Little Steelman Charles R. Hook, ex-president of the National Association of Manufacturers.*

Last week U. S. Drama, Inc. put on Irish night over MBS, featuring William J. Bailey, the Singing Fireman, rendering *Rose of Tralee*, and famed ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, the unhappy Democratic warrior, who pitched right into Communism.

To generous radio station WOR, time donated to pure Americanism is time well-spent. But free time attacking a specific political view usually means, in radio's unofficial code, more free time defending it. Last week, just before Mrs. Rushmore Patterson rushed off to South Dakota to attend ceremonies with the Gutzon Borglums at Mt. Rushmore† (named for her late, great lawyer father, Charles E. Rush-



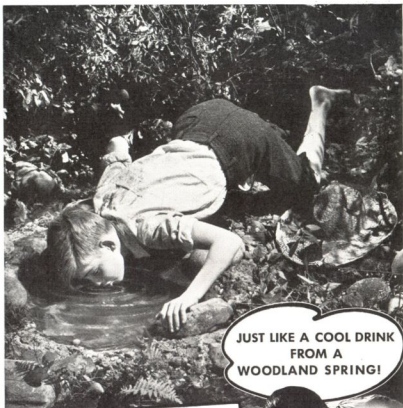
MRS. RUSHMORE PATTERSON
A bee got busy.

more) WOR officials queried her as to the future trend of U. S. Drama, Inc. She revealed that she hoped to present Liberty Leaguer John W. Davis in a program soon. The officials wondered if it might not be circumspect to put someone of opposite political faith on the program, too—perhaps a New Dealer.

Snapped Mrs. Patterson: "I can't think of any New Dealer of whom I approve."

* Another grateful hearer was anti-Semite Allen Zoll, National Commander of the American Patriots, Inc., organizer of the picketing since last December of Manhattan radio station WMCA because the station dropped Father Coughlin from its network. Last Saturday in Manhattan, Patriotizer Zoll was nabbed by two detectives in the act of collecting \$200 advance payment (in marked money) on \$7,500 they said they heard him demand from Donald Flamm, president of WMCA, as the price of calling off his pickets.

† Sunday night, before 15,000 people at Mt. Rushmore, rockets and floodlights unveiled a heroic figure of Theodore Roosevelt, carved on the mountain's face by Sculptor Borglum beside his already completed figures of Washington and Jefferson.



General Electric Water Cooler

The Best "Pick-Me-Up" of All!

A General Electric Water Cooler in your office or reception room is like having a cool woodland spring just a step from your desk! Get a General Electric and treat yourself, your employees and customers to deliciously cool, refreshing drinking water every day the year 'round.

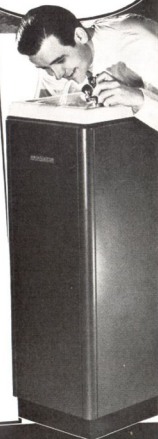
Physicians say properly cooled drinking water is nature's greatest "medicine." It's a grand "pick-me-up" for sluggish minds and bodies. Helps keep that 9 A. M. efficiency all day long!

Pennies a Day Pay for a G-E

For as little as 15c a day (with small initial payment) you can own one of the new economy model G-E Water Coolers. See them at your G-E dealer's today or write for Free Catalog to General Electric Company, Commercial Refrigeration Section TI-7, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

America buys more G-E Water Coolers than any other make. Dependable, thrifty performance and long life give G-E the preference!



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

EDUCATION

Propaganda Purge

Since 1927, when Stuart Chase and E. J. Schlink scared the wits out of consumers in *Your Money's Worth*, courses in consumer education in U. S. high schools have multiplied like mosquitoes. Because the object of this propaganda is to persuade buyers to be skeptical of advertising and be guided by such agencies as the U. S. Bureau of Standards and Consumers Union, admen view this trend with alarm. Fortnight ago, at the annual convention of the Advertising Federation of America in Manhattan, they decided to do something about it.

This week the Federation urged its 60 affiliated groups to campaign against the use in schools of textbooks which carry anti-advertising propaganda. With its message went a pamphlet attacking a text which the Federation considers particularly obnoxious: *An Introduction to Problems of American Culture* by Professor Harold Rugg of Columbia Teachers College.

The Federation's research director, Alfred T. Falk, reported that Professor Rugg's book is used by 4,200 school systems which teach an estimated 3,500,000 of the 7,000,000 U. S. high-school students. Mr. Falk found it full of "quaint economic theories." He was especially aroused by its chapter on advertising.

This chapter accuses advertising of improper use of testimonials, of "widespread" misrepresentation of goods, of inducing people to want more things and become extravagant, of taking advantage of human psychology by playing on people's vanity and emotions. It concedes that "it is impossible to carry on our economic life today without advertising," but adds: "we must ask ourselves if all the advertising today is wise and necessary." Among other things it credits Mr. Falk's organization with having done much to eliminate unfair advertising practices. Mr. Falk retorts: "We regret that his discussion of [our work] is much too brief, compared with the opposing text, and that it does not change much the previously built-up picture of advertising as a pretty rotten sort of institution."

Mr. Falk accuses Mr. Rugg of:

- Creating the impression that most advertising is dishonest by citing exceptional examples. Widely advertised products, argues Mr. Falk, are more likely to be of good quality than those not advertised, because a producer of identifiable goods "is usually wise enough to protect their reputation by delivering quality products."
- Implying that advertising's purpose—"to make us buy"—"is the very essence of wickedness." Says Mr. Falk: "Business has to sell goods, and has to sell more goods, if all of us consumers are to have greater national income and enjoy higher standards of living."
- Representing that advertising increases selling costs and therefore raises prices. Mr. Falk disputes this on several counts: a) "It is a well-known fact that advertis-

ing is the cheapest form of selling effort"; b) the total cost of advertising in the U. S. (\$1,500,000,000 a year) is less than 2% of the total income earned and spent in the country; c) prices of widely advertised products (e.g., autos, radios) have steadily declined as advertising made mass-production economies possible.

"I'm Agin You"

In the Hobby Club of Bellingham, Wash. one day six years ago, a big, solidly built, well-dressed educator named Charles Henry Fisher suddenly remarked: "If I had money I would invest it in Soviet bonds. They are paying 7%." The manager of Bellingham's *Herald*, angular old Frank Seftit, turned fierce eyes on him



CHARLES HENRY FISHER
Burton Holmes was a "Bolshevik."

and barked: "That's the most radical statement I have ever heard made in this club." Tapping the educator on the chest, he added ominously: "Fisher, I'm agin you and I hope you know what that means." By last week it meant a national educational scandal and a first-class political battle in the State of Washington.

In Bellingham (pop. 30,823), a turbulent town long torn by private feuds and political cat-fights, Newspaperman Seftit is known as "Little Hearst." Charles Fisher, an educational progressive, for 16 years has been president of Western Washington College of Education at Bellingham, which he made one of the most esteemed teachers' colleges in the U. S. To kick Fisher out of his job became Seftit's ambition. With other enemies of Fisher he formed a committee, which filed charges that the college seldom displayed the U. S. flag on the campus, had invited subversive speakers to talk to its students. (Among President Fisher's speakers were Burton Holmes, U. S. Senator Robert La Follette, Lincoln Steffens, Elmer Rice, George E. Sokolsky.)

The college trustees, appointed by con-

servative, Democratic Governor Clarence D. Martin, found the charges false. Thereupon Seftit's cronies went to see the Governor. The Governor summoned his trustees. Six weeks ago the trustees, without public explanation, announced that President Fisher would lose his job in August.

President Fisher promptly decided to fight against his removal, charged that Governor Martin had flatly declared his job was political. His shocked friends declared that his ouster was a flagrant case of "interference by Fascist-minded reactionaries in an American school." By last week protest had been made to Governor Martin by the entire college faculty and student body, all six of the State's Representatives in Congress, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the American Federation of Teachers, labor unions, the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, many an educator, many a Washington Democrat.

Recalling that the dismissal of the late Henry Suzzalo (subsequently president of the Carnegie Foundation) from the presidency of the University of Washington 13 years ago led to talk of impeaching former Governor Roland H. Hartley, Governor Martin's opponents began to build up the Fisher dismissal as a major political issue for 1940.

Work in Progress

A scholar who set out to count the number of times the word the occurred in Shakespeare would be chagrined to learn when he finished the job that someone else had had the same idea, counted faster. To spare scholars such disappointments, James M. Osborn, a young Yale research associate, this week undertook to tell them what their fellow scholars were doing. With an assistant (Robert G. Sawyer), he compiled a comprehensive list of studies being made by researchers in the humanities throughout the world. His list, *Work in Progress* (not to be confused with the famed working title of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*), was produced by the international Modern Humanities Research Association and will be revised and published annually. *Work in Progress* lists 5,577 studies. (A sample compilation last year listed less than half as many.)

Favorite subjects of research are Shakespeare (102 studies), Milton (46), Chaucer (44), Balzac (40), Goethe (39) and Spenser (33). U. S. writers in whom scholars are most interested are Whitman (16), Melville, Emerson and Poe (14 each). Compiler Osborn found many duplications, e.g.: Two scholars, at Southern Methodist and Ohio State Universities, are compiling bibliographies of Poet Archibald MacLeish's works.

- Some odd current research topics:
- *The Proverb Concerning the Bird that Feeds Its Own Nest.*
- *History of the Word "Humour."*
- *Political Slang.*
- *The Forth-Putting Woman in Middle English Romance.*
- *The Business Man in American Fiction, 1865-1900.*
- *A Vocabulary Study of the Congressional Record Since 1900.*

TIME, July 10, 1939

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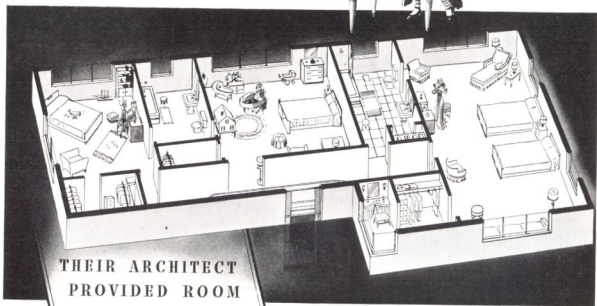
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LOOK FOR



THE LABEL

ART

Largest Statue

Along the poplar-flickering roads south of Paris last week rolled two camions each bearing an enormous head. They were bound for the little village of Le Mas-Rillier, which has sunned itself for 2,000 years on a mountain top near Lyons, overlooking the Rhone Valley. The heads were those of a Virgin and Child. Joined to concrete bodies, they will complete the largest statue in the world.

Notre Dame de Sacré Coeur was designed in simple, flowing lines by Georges

Since 1906 the nationally owned Smithsonian Institution has had a Gallery of Art, but it is wedged into the massive, domed Natural History Building, the Institution's principal monument. Function of the new gallery is primarily to house and exhibit art owned by the Government, including presumably the immense quantities lately accumulated by the Treasury and the Federal Art Project.

Congress last year named to the Smithsonian Gallery of Art Commission a number of political and artistic heavyweights headed by President Roosevelt's uncle

ture court beside the main entrance. Its site will be a two-block plot of ground on the Mall directly—and dramatically—opposite Jack Pope's National Gallery, now in construction—a \$9,000,000 pantheon with marble wings. Cost of the functional Smithsonian Gallery of Art (which Congress has not yet appropriated): \$1,500,000.

Art for Exchange

German museums have kept their excellent modern collections in cellars since the Aggrandizer of the Reich defined modern art as "degenerate." Last week they attempted to sell some choice examples of degeneracy on the international market. Up at auction in the big ballroom of the Hotel National in Lucerne, Switzerland, after having been displayed appetizingly for six weeks there and in Zürich, were 125 works by van Gogh, Gauguin, Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Modigliani, Lehmbruck, Barlach, Chagall, Hofer, Klee, Grosz and others.

This was not all or even mostly a brave gesture of contempt for the schools of art represented. It was one more of Germany's ingenious efforts to get foreign exchange. Total value placed on the collection was about a quarter-million dollars. But after the hammer had fallen all one stifling hot day amid a quiet, correct and much photographed international crowd, Nazi sellers were greatly disappointed. Six pictures remained unsold and returns on the others totaled only \$135,000.

Chief buyers were not individual big names but a small, mysterious cartel of French and Dutch art dealers who were suspected of acting for interests in the U. S. Highest price paid (by Editor Alfred M. Frankfurter of the U. S. *Art News*) was \$39,400 for the famous van Gogh *Self Portrait* which used to hang in the State Gallery at Munich. Manhattan Dealer Pierre Matisse paid \$945 for his famed father's *Three Women*, from the Folk Museum at Essen. Principal acquisitions of the Franco-Dutch cartel were Picasso's *Soler Family* (1903), from Köln, *Two Harlequins* (1905), from Wuppertal-Elberfeld.

Newark & Dana

Visitors to New York City this summer may banquet on fine art until they bust. The Metropolitan Museum has lavished its space, taste and scholarship on "Life in America" as artists have seen it through 200 years (TIME, May 8). The new, glassy Museum of Modern Art holds a festival exhibition of "Art in Our Time" (TIME, May 22). At the World of Tomorrow, 1,214 examples of "American Art Today" show contemporary ferment among U. S. artists; not far away are hung 400 serene successes by Old and still Older Masters (TIME, June 26). To assemble all this took the combined resources of a World's Fair and a big city.

Comparatively unresung across the Hudson, the Newark Museum last week completed its array of summer attractions. Reconstructed in its big, walled garden and restored to the last detail was a one room building of local sandstone, dated 1784—



SERRAZ (CENTRE) WITH VIRGIN & CHILD
Her weight: 440 tons.

Serraz of Paris, a grey little man who is considered France's finest religious artist. Cost of his colossus was 1,000,000 francs, raised during the past two years by the energetic curé of Le Mas-Rillier. Holding the child high in her arms and gazing down, the Virgin of Le Mas-Rillier will face south over 100 miles of the French Alps. Her weight: 440 tons. Her height with foundation: 174 feet.*

Pantheon's Vis-à-Vis

Progressive architects regard the capital of the U. S. A. as a gleaming shirt front, dignified but stuffed. During its last great construction years the design of Government buildings was a monopoly of a few urbane neo-classicists, notably the late Cass Gilbert (Supreme Court, U. S. Chamber of Commerce) and the late John Russell Pope (Archives Building, National [Mellon] Gallery). Last week an open architectural competition brought forth the first modern design ever chosen for a national building in Washington. Its subject: a new Smithsonian Gallery of Art.

* Other heights: *Statue of Liberty*, 151 feet; *Christ the Redeemer* (on Mt. Corcovado near Rio de Janeiro), 130 feet. Projected: San Francisco's *St. Francis*, 180 feet; *Lenin* (atop the Palace of the Soviets, Moscow), about 328 feet.

Frederic A. Delano, chairman of the National Capital Park & Planning Commission. Appointed professional adviser was liberal Dean Joseph Hudnut of the Harvard School of Design. Granted an appropriation of \$40,000 and all aglow with its opportunity, the Commission made no bones about what was required: a museum of modern art for Washington.

From 408 competing designs the jury* first chose ten finalists, allowed them five weeks to refine their work, then last week sweated for three days to pick the winner. Not only architecturally but politically popular, it was a design submitted by debt-paying Finland's clear-headed, apple-cheeked Eliel Saarinen, his broad-shouldered, brilliant son, Eero, and his son-in-law, Robert Swanson, all of Cranbrook Academy, Michigan. Professor Hudnut called the prize-(\$7,500)-winning design "well organized, logical and reasonable... yet with classical feeling. . . ."

About 250 feet long, five stories high, with two main wings parallel to the main exhibition building and a glass and marble façade, the proposed Gallery is without frills except for a curving pool and sculp-

* Harvard's Walter Gropius, Chicago's John Holabird, Boston's Henry Shepley, Philadelphia's George Howe, and Chairman Delano.

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... AND AT HOME TOO"



the oldest schoolhouse still standing in Newark. In the airy Museum itself were: 1) a full-scale reconstruction of a Tibetan lamasery altar; 2) fine lace and silverware; 3) "The Human Body & Its Care," an exhibit featuring a skeleton; 4) American "primitive" paintings; 5) 200 electrically driven, slow-motion models showing all the physical principles used "in the art and science of mechanics"; 6) a retrospective show of paintings by burly, grey-haired Joseph Stella, one of the first and most gifted "modern" U. S. artists.

To visiting professionals in the arts this catholic display had an interest which none of the big city shows could boast. It proved that the Newark Museum remains the seat of the most sensible program of small museumship yet formulated in the U. S. This program took shape 30 years ago when the Museum was created as an adjunct to the Newark Public Library by an extraordinary librarian, the late John Cotton Dana. Dana's fame as a museum director has spread farther and wider ever since.

A tall, salty Vermonter who just missed being a preacher, John Cotton Dana became a surveyor for his health, then took charge of the public libraries of Denver, Springfield, Mass. and Newark (beginning in 1902). He believed in making books useful. He started the first children's library in the U. S., the first business branch libraries, the first extensive public files of periodicals and newspapers. On the fourth floor at Newark he set aside two rooms and a corridor for Art; in 1909 it was incorporated as a museum and received \$10,000 from the town to buy an Oriental collection. Director Dana wrote a little piece called *The Museum of Interest and the Museum of Awe*. Said he:

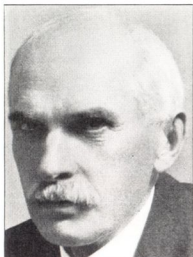
"If a museum does not care to be of immediate practical use to the people who maintain it, help them to more intelligent enjoyment of daily life by adding interest to the common interest of that life, and seeks only to arouse astonishment, awe, and a harmful reverence by means of objects rare, old, costly, and of aristocratic history, it needs only acquire such objects, place them on walls or pose them in cases, speak with seeming authority of Art, Beauty, Esthetics, Styles, Periods, and the like, and rest content."

So the Newark Museum was chartered not for awesome Art alone but also for the exhibition of works of science, history and technology. Newark was an industrial city and a satellite of Manhattan; its upper class even then was beginning to find homes in the country and entertainment in the metropolis. Dana made his museum of interest to working people and the middle class. In 1912 he got up the first industrial arts exhibition ever held in the U. S.; 1,300 items of Austrian and German craftsmanship. He arranged an exhibition of jewelry (something Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art has not yet got around to), displayed New Jersey textiles, New Jersey bath tubs. New Jersey citizens came in droves.

A great consultant of the public, John Cotton Dana sat him down in 1914 and in 15 homely chapters cut through the welter

of U. S. snobbery and callowness about Art. In his classic *American Art: How It Can be Made to Flourish*, he observed that the ability to tell a well-designed teacup should precede precious talk about Giotto; and he urged the purchase and study of contemporary work by U. S. designers and artists. The Museum lived up to this so consistently that in 1925, when Dana was in Italy and a rich Newark lady sent him \$10,000 with which to acquire old Italian things, he saved the money and persuaded her to let him spend it on American paintings. The next year the Museum moved into a \$750,000 building given by Department Storeman Louis Bamberger, held a long remembered exhibition of New Jersey leather products and processes.

Meanwhile Director Dana had brought art to the people by such further innova-



THE LATE JOHN COTTON DANA
... interested rather than awed.

tions as museum branches (in his own branch libraries), free tours for school children, exhibitions of well-designed articles bought for a dime apiece in the city stores, a "lending collection" of art objects ranging from Tibetan to Pennsylvanian, packed in neat boxes and borrowed like library books. When John Cotton Dana died ten years ago this month, he had coaxed the annual city appropriation from \$10,000 to \$150,000, upped annual attendance to 125,000, won the title of "Newark's First Citizen."

Since then the Newark Museum, under Director Dana's devoted successor, Beatrice Winsor, has gone through lean years and come out with no activities lost. Meanwhile, the rest of the country has been catching up with it. Museum workers trained in Dana's "apprentice classes" (another first in the U. S.) have taken his fresh attack into a dozen important museums. Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art has adopted a policy of exhibiting industrial design, has added architecture. Most important of all, John Cotton Dana's social philosophy of art inspired the nation's first Federal Art Project through its director, Holger Cahill, who worked under Dana from 1922 to 1929.



THE MAN WHO INSISTED ON SLEEPING IN HIS OFFICE

[until he found he could keep his bedroom just as cool]

ONCE there was a man who had one of the new room air conditioners in his office.

("Oh, yes," we can hear you say; "I get the idea." But read what finally happened...)

After this man had taken to deserting wife and family and even sleeping in his office, his wife decided to do something about it.



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STATE OF BUSINESS

December Forecast

Last December Secretary Henry Morgenthau Jr., who eight years ago was an agriculturist but now talks economics with some assurance, hooked his pince-nez on his nose and looked a twelvemonth ahead. Prosperity, he told his economic experts in the Treasury, would be back in 1939. By prosperity he meant something much closer to 1937's \$69 billion national



SECRETARY MORGENTHAU
Figures fogged his forecast.

income than to 1938's recession income of less than \$65 billions. Last week, while Henry Morgenthau was waving out the old fiscal year (*see p. 11*), the Commerce Department issued its figures on national income for the first five months of calendar 1939: it showed national income running at the rate of \$65.4 billions, only 3% above the rate of 1938. Nor did the Department of Labor uphold the Secretary of the Treasury's inner circle reputation as a prophet when it announced that factory employment for May was off 1.1 points more than seasonally (to 90.1 on index).

Many a U. S. businessman saw a patch of blue sky early in May, when there was a flurry in steel (*TIME*, May 22), but last week it seemed only to have been a hole in the overcast.

► Before the July 4 holiday or the Danzig crisis could be blamed, Bethlehem Steel shut down two furnaces at its mammoth Buffalo (N. Y.) works.

► Steel prices wobbled as all companies cut sheet prices \$8 per ton to the low reached in the brief price war two months ago. Steel estimated that the price cuts would cost the industry somewhere between \$13,200,000 and \$50,000,000, reported that one typical producer (on 50% operation) was losing \$12.50 on every ton of sheets he turned out to sell at \$50.

► Until last week Wall Street wags were describing 1939's spring bull market as the one that walked away from the steel stocks and left them right where (some below) the last bear market had flung them. Last week the market ended its sorriest month in 18 years (11,667,390 shares traded), was slipping back toward depressed steels: after the rail stocks failed to Dow-confirm June 10's industrial high of 140.14 (*TIME*, June 26), the industrials had fallen more than 10 points.

MARKETS

Relatives Watched

SEC has long been anxious to stop partners in brokerage firms from margin speculating. Last week the New York Stock Exchange issued a new regulation to satisfy SEC. It forbade general partners of member firms from trading on margin through their own or other member firms. (Like other investors, they can, of course, trade on borrowed money if they obtain it elsewhere.) Exempt from this rule were specialists and certain technical transactions. The Exchange warned partners that the brokerage accounts of their close relatives would be scanned to see that the spirit of the new rule was observed.

MINING

R. M. F.

In 1927, the year slight, greying Josephine Roche became heir to the minority interest of her late conservative father, John J. Roche, in the Rocky Mountain Fuel Co., blood was spilled on another page of the grim history of Colorado's mine wars. To Vassar-educated Miss Roche, who had spent 19 years as a social worker, that was bitter: six diggers had been killed in a strike riot within sight of the gaunt tipple of Rocky Mountain Fuel's Columbine mine.

Long an outspoken opponent of the non-union policy of the Colorado coal field, she got ready to fight it. Within a few months she bought the interest of Denver Capitalist Horace Bennett and gained control of \$10,000,000 R. M. F. Then to Josephine Roche's office was summoned Rocky Mountain Fuel's general counsel, the late progressive U. S. Senator Edward Prentiss Costigan. To Senator Costigan went leaders of Colorado's struggling mine unions. Late in the summer of 1928 they signed a famed document: the first mine union contract in Colorado's history. Its far-seeing purpose: "To establish industrial justice, substitute reason for violence, integrity and good faith for dishonest practices, and a union of effort for the chaos of present economic warfare."

It worked. Colorado union men bought R. M. F. coal, as a contribution to the high wages and good working conditions that Josephine Roche's workers enjoyed. R. M. F. diggers were R. M. F. salesmen,

and once, when the company was threatened by a price war by nonunion mines, went without pay for 2½ months to lend \$80,000 to the management.

But while R. M. F. did better than others because of its union policy, the whole Colorado coal industry grew sick. The year that Miss Roche took over, a pipeline which had snaked its way from the natural gas fields of the Texas Panhandle went into operation. Owned jointly by Standard Oil of New Jersey, Sinclair Oil and Colorado



JOSEPHINE ROCHE
In . . . out again . . . out again.

Public Service Co., it knocked the spots off the coal business. In 1929, 9,934,000 tons of coal were mined in Colorado. By last year production had fallen to 5,722,899.

Meanwhile, under the pressure of the New Deal and public opinion, the entire Colorado coal field had been unionized. Paradoxically, it hurt Rocky Mountain Fuel. Union men who once had demanded R. M. F. coal, were now willing to buy from any union mine. R. M. F. sales leveled off, ran a deficit year after year.

For a few years Josephine Roche and other officers lent money to the company to pay interest on its \$3,971,000 bonded debt. Some five years ago Miss Roche stepped out of the presidency to become Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, turned over the job of running the company to able J. Paul Peabody. Last year, after his death, she returned to the job, later asked bondholders to take interest cuts in their R. M. F. 5s. They refused.

Last week, unable to effect a compromise that would keep R. M. F. out of ruinous reorganization, she stepped out. Old Vice President John R. Lawson, onetime president of Colorado's Federation of Labor, resigned and took three months' pay. Into Rocky Mountain Fuel's offices in Denver moved William Taylor, president of Cleveland's Coal Mine Management Co. His

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Information may also be obtained through any branch of The National City Bank of New York

aim: to reorganize R. M. F., put it back on a paying basis. Colorado mine union leaders talked to Reorganizer Taylor, said they were satisfied no change in labor policies was intended.

MINING

Potash Politics

Ever since 1860 the U. S. has been almost entirely dependent on Europe for one very essential chemical: potash.* Last year the U. S. made history by producing 52% of its potash at home. Recently the annual report of the Bureau of Mines revealed that fact. Last week the consequences of it became apparent: Europe launched a potash war to recover the U. S. market.

Potash politics come easy to Europe's masters of power politics. Europe's Cartel is about two-thirds Potash Syndicate of Germany, some French, less Polish. Its bankers are British. Spain, an independent producer, thoroughly undercut the trust's prices in 1933 and 1934. But in the spring of 1935 the Syndicate, thanks to German control of Spain's oldest potash company, made a tentative deal with Spain. Immediately the world price snapped back from its trade war low.

This deal was soon voided when Spain's Republican Government nationalized the potash fields. Since Russian potash (fully occupied feeding the soil of the steppes) was the only other European rebel against Cartel discipline, German and French potash magnates sniffed the rise of a rival Socialist combine. So did their London bankers and sales agents—J. Henry Schröder & Co.—a firm which is an economic booster of the Rome-Berlin Axis. Franco's victory ended their fears, brought Spain back into the potash axis.

Meanwhile, Schröder & Co. had helped to form a company named Compensation Brokers, Ltd., which gave Germany strategic raw materials on the cuff. Germany's resultant debt served as an argument to push such German exports as potash in order to increase Germany's ability to pay. Last year, however, was a poor year: Schröder & Co. reportedly sold only \$20,000,000 worth of the German Syndicate's potash.

Last week the appeasement-minded potash interests of Europe's democracies, and dictatorships, far from preparing for a war against one another, banded together more firmly than ever to keep the expanding U. S. potash industry from depriving them of the U. S. market. U. S. consumption in 1938 was 467,000 tons (15% of world production) which provided \$23,260,400 worth of business, with the Cartel cut down to \$13,512,110. Down came the Syndicate's U. S. price (50¢ to \$1.75 a ton) on three important grades.

Irony of the Syndicate's sudden discovery that it had a real rival in the U. S. potash industry is the fact that U. S. pro-

* Used in soaps, chrome tanning, optical glass, electroplating, photography and, above all, fertilizer. Originally potash was obtained from wood ashes. Now it is obtained more economically from mineral deposits or extracted from very salty water such as the Dead Sea—being highly soluble, it is not found in surface deposits except in deserts.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Relic of a day when cigarettes and cigars brought fancy prices, the cigar store Indian now brings a fancy price at auctions.

The products he advertised were rolled and packed by hand and smoked by strong men with whiskers.

Now the price of popular cigarettes is 15c for 20, and nearly half of that is tax. (The 163 billion cigarettes sold yearly support a tax program of \$491,000,000.)

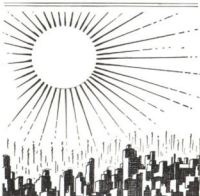
How has this been done?

Modern methods of mass production, to supply national markets created by national advertising.



Patapar NEWS

No. 57T JULY 10 1939



Hot Weather Puts Food Wrappers to Severe Test

Most foods contain both moisture and fat. And in hot weather the fatty oils and moisture have a tendency to come to the surface. Then, look out.

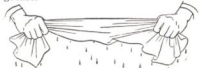
Ordinary Papers Disintegrate



If an ordinary paper wrapper is used, the combination of moisture and grease causes it to disintegrate. The fibres give way. The grease comes through. What a mess!

Patapar Stays Strong And Firm

But, if Patapar is used, it will stay firm and strong—and the outer surface will remain clean and appetizing. For Patapar can resist both moisture and grease.



Patapar Does The Trick

Yes. For a real job of protection, food men have learned to trust Patapar Vegetable Parchment. For this reliable paper is **STRONG WHEN WET and GREASE-PROOF, TOO.**

EXECUTIVES:

Think it over. Maybe you're not in the food business. But you may have a job for a double-duty paper, like Patapar. Tell us the job you have in mind and we'll gladly send samples and full information. Patapar comes in rolls and sheets in many weights and finishes.



Paterson Parchment Paper Company
Bristol, Pennsylvania
Established 1885
West Coast Plant:
210 Bryant Street, San Francisco, California
Branch Offices: New York, Chicago

duction has been subsidized by no tariff. Had the foreign producers not set up monopoly prices, the U. S. industry might have grown more slowly, but the Cartel's greed was all the "protection" that the infant industry needed. The Syndicate's final stupidity was to maintain its prices during the 1938 depression. As a result its sales to the U. S. fell from 351,445 tons to 193,609 tons (45%), while sales of domestic potash expanded by 7%.

Last year, Potash Co. of America (owned in Denver) profited from the Syndicate's attempt to rig the market, and doubled its plant capacity at Hobbs, N. Mex. Union Potash and Chemical Company, also of New Mexico, and 50% owned by International Agricultural Corp. (big fertilizer company) acquired three new leases to Government potash land, sped up shaft sinking to new deposits.

No. 1 U. S. producer is American Potash and Chemical Corp., partly British-owned. Its plant at Seales Lake, in the Mojave desert in California, is a monument to U. S. chemical progress. In 1926 American Potash and Chemical, taking over a property three times bankrupt since 1896, began to research the problem of deriving potash commercially from its abundant borax properties. Directed by famed Chemist Dr. John Edgar Teeple (died: March 23, 1931), it perfected methods for producing potash—two tons of potash for each ton of borax.

This company's difficulty was that as it increased potash production it had to sell more borax. To accomplish this, borax prices were halved between 1926 and 1930—when all other prices were skyrocketing. The price cut worked and borax exports rose from 14,000 tons in 1926 to 80,000 tons in 1929. Today, American Potash and Chemical and its two competitors can readily increase their capacity to supply all U. S. potash needs.

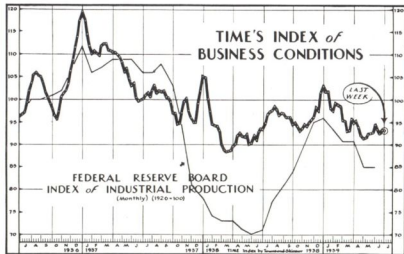
SCANDALS

Gaiety & Honesty

Back in January 1937, few shrewd investors would have wasted a second look at bonds of the tiny Philippine Railway Co., sick sugar-hauling road on the islands of Panay and Cebu. Selling around \$11, the \$8,549,000 issue was about to mature, apparently a total loss to U. S. bondholders. Then came rumors that Washington might act, that the Philippine Commonwealth would redeem the issue at \$65. Bonds shot up to \$31 in January and February as speculators bought for the rise, crashed when President Manuel Quezon denied his Government was buying them. Smelling a rigger, SEC investigated, found the flurry had cost speculators about \$1,000,000.

Convicted last week in Manhattan Federal Court for their part in this fruitless flurry were suave William P. Buckner Jr., 32 (bibulous distant relative of sermonizing New York Life Insurance Co. Chairman Thomas A. Buckner), and his associate William J. Gillespie, 37. Unlike most U. S. Government prosecutions, handsome Bondster Buckner's trial produced a flashy array of Government witnesses: Cinemas Frank Morgan and Herbert Brough Marshall, Everett Crosby, brother and manager of Crooner Bing (none of whom yielded to Buckner's urgings to get rich in the Philippine bonds), Doris ("Peewee") Donaldson and two other Broadway cuties.

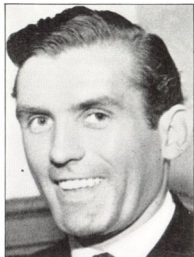
Absent from the fortnight trial was Massachusetts' Senator David Ignatius Walsh, who introduced a bill to help the bond redemption by Congress legislation. To lobby for the bill "Peewee" and her pals were flown to Washington for champagne parties. Said Buckner, "It never occurred to me that I had to become a monk. . . ." But for throwing away \$12,500 of bondholders' funds on the parties, as



Index Down. Because the Federal Reserve Board reports were delayed by the weekend holiday, last week's figure for TIME's Index of Business Conditions, estimated from Dun & Bradstreet's bank clearings compilation and from partial FRB reports, is subject to revision. The estimated Index figure: 93.3—down fractionally from the previous week's 93.4 and exactly the same as a year ago. (TIME's Index, derived from money and banking figures, reports not on business volume but on changes in underlying conditions likely to affect the volume of U. S. business.)

chairman of bondholders' protective committee, as well as the bond rigging, Bondster Buckner and his friend Gillespie were convicted of mail fraud and conspiracy, may have to spend 37 years in jail.

One of the saddest men in the court room was little Felipe Abreu ("Goodfellow Philip") Buencamino, 53, whip of the Philippine Assembly, longtime confidant



BONDSTER BUCKNER
Associated Press
No monk, he.

of President Quezon. Because he offered to cooperate in the bond redemption plan for an alleged \$50,000, he was denounced by the Federal prosecutor as the "Judas of the Philippine Assembly." Leaving last December to face the SEC inquiry, he told loyal followers: "I wish to break a little confidence which the Chief Executive (Quezon) has told me. . . . He said he . . . did not believe me guilty of the accusations laid at my door." Last week he was convicted of a part in the conspiracy, may be sentenced to two years in jail.

BANKING

Direct Action

Unable to find enough sound private borrowers, unable to get more than a tiny return on Government securities, U. S. banks have in the last decade faced dwindling incomes. Service charges have been inaugurated or increased, bank interest rates have been cut or abolished. Few weeks ago New Jersey's banking department ordered banks to cut interest to a maximum of 1% on savings and time deposits, and local bankers were somewhat apprehensive of mass withdrawals. Quite different was the situation in Booneville, Iowa (pop. 142).

Month ago the Booneville Savings Bank solved its low income problem by announcing that it would go out of business. Its 300 corn-belt customers were invited to come and get their \$267,000 on deposit. To its depositors, the bank promised full payment, to its stockholders, the \$10,000 capital they put up 33 years ago to found the bank, plus \$21,000 surplus and undivided profits, \$11,000 in real estate.



**Oops...and there went \$4.29
right out the window!**

"*Blatford & Busby. Jussaminit. Here's your party . . . Blatford & Busby—Oh hello, Ethel! Tonight? . . . that's dandy. I'll see you about ten after five . . . Early? No I don't have to stay late any more? Didn't I tell you? I almost got fired—Jussaminit . . . Yes Mister Jones. All rightie . . . Ethel? Well, it was Friday before last, awful hot but windy, remember? An' Mister Jones, our office manager, tells Lily to hold down the board and asts would I send out the reports for the week. Yeah, we send out copies of everything to all the factories. O boy, the number of carbons is terrific . . .*

"*Blatford & Busby. Okay . . . Ethel? So I stuff carbons into the big yellow envelopes, and then I get the scales and ten dollars' worth of postage and move over by the window where you can get a breath of air once in a while. . . Blatford & Busby. I'll connect you . . . And I am tearing the stamps apart very careful on account of it is so hot and sticky, when all of a sudden that fresh egg from Purchasin'—you know who, Ethel—opens the door with a whoosh, and a terrific draft comes through the room and there goes \$4.29 in stamps right out the window! I coulda killed the dumb—*

"*Blatford & Busby. He's outta the city. . . . Then Mr. Jones comes in and has a duck fit when he finds out what has happened and is very sarcastic. But I say Mister Jones, if this office was real efficient we would have a Postage Meter and not go*

on foolin' with stamps. . . Well, Mister Jones asks me how I know about a Postage Meter and I tell him all about yours. . . Yeah. Ours came in last week. It's kinda cute, isn't it? And Johnny sends out all the mail by himself now—*Hello? Jussaminit—and that's why I don't stay late any more. See you tonight. So long . . . Blatford & Busby . . .*"

WHEN you have a Pitney-Bowes Postage Meter . . . there are no stamps to tear apart, or worry about, because the postage is in the Meter—foolproof, theft proof, safe; no stamps to stick, because the Meter prints your postage; no stamps to stock, because the Meter supplies any value of stamp needed; no stamps to count, because the Meter keeps count of postage on hand, postage used, pieces mailed. . . The Postage Meter prints postage, postmark and advertising slogan, and seals envelopes neatly, swiftly, efficiently; saves mailing time, stops stamp losses and misuse, cuts postage costs. . . Metered Mail need not be faced, cancelled or postmarked in the postoffice, gets on its way hours sooner. . . Models for every business, large or small. . . For a demonstration in your office on your own mail, call the nearest office of The Postage Meter Co.

FREE—A POSTAGE COMPUTER. Pocket size, "slide rule" type. Easy to use, invaluable. Shows instantly postage costs for all classes of mail; pared post all zones up to 44 lbs.; with digest of important postal information. Write to address below.



THE POSTAGE METER CO.

1223 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.

PITNEY-BOWES

Branches in principal cities . . . Consult your telephone directory
IN CANADA: The Canadian Postage Meters & Machines Co., Ltd.

NATURAL GAS

Ready Fuel for a Growing Industrial Empire

• In the Gulf South, Natural Gas fuel is always at the valve, ready for use. Flexible, economical and dependable, Natural Gas provides home and industry with energy in one of the most practical forms the world knows.

The Gulf South offers unusual opportunities for trade and industry. Raw materials abound. Mexico, Central and South America multiply nearby markets. Rail, water, motor and air transport lead to world trade. Weather is mild the year 'round. Land is readily available. Schools are numerous and good. Intelligent, reliable white labor is at hand. Taxes are low—ten years' remission in certain localities!

Industry is decentralizing southward to a friendlier atmosphere. Move to the Gulf South, where you are wanted and appreciated by your neighbors!

★

THE
Gulf
SOUTH



America's
Industrial
Frontier

★

For information on GULF SOUTH opportunities write to
INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT

UNITED GAS PIPE LINE COMPANY

FOR TEXAS, Mail received at: Beaumont, Beeville, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Longview, San Antonio and Wichita Falls. **FOR LOUISIANA**, Mail received at: Baton Rouge, Lake Charles, Monroe and Shreveport. **FOR MISSISSIPPI, FLORIDA and ALABAMA**, Mail received at: Jackson, Mississippi.

ALL INQUIRIES CONSIDERED CONFIDENTIAL

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Yawning, the local farmers let their money be, figuring that they would take their 2½% interest as long as possible.

Last week grey-haired C. C. Cook, first and only cashier of the Booneville bank, got sore. He announced that the bank would pay no interest after June 30. If they still refused to come for their money, he threatened to mail it to them by check.

LIVESTOCK

Rising Birthrate

Caught between AAA pig purges and the historic drought of 1934, the pig population of the U. S. took a mighty tumble. In 1933, when little pigs first got the attention of Franklin Roosevelt's planned agricultural economy, the porker crop was a whacking 84,200,000. For 1935 the crop fell to 55,086,000 and pork prices soared (peak: \$10.95 per cwt. in September). Since then the crop has increased every year but 1937.

Last week the Department of Agriculture, having canvassed hog-farmers in its semiannual survey, announced its best guess for 1939: a six-year record of about 83,000,000. Three days after the estimate was announced, July lard futures fell to 5.7¢ per pound, a five-year low. Average hog prices in Chicago, which last month hit a five-year low (\$6.02½ per cwt.) will not feel the 1939 crop until this fall when pigs farrowed this spring begin to go to slaughter. Chief beneficiaries of the booming pig population: the corn farmers, 40% of whose product will go to fatten hogs for a glutted pork market. But their returns are not likely to be handsome. For 1939 nature has been bountiful beyond New Deal rules and a large crop of 2,518,000,000 bushels is forecast. Thus, while pigs in increasing numbers eat corn, corn (currently selling in Chicago at slightly more than 50¢ per bu.) will likely become a market glut, too, with a huge carry-over into 1940. July futures closed last week at 49½.

PERSONNEL

Collegian Director

Homeric was the proxy fight launched by tall, studious Langbourne Meade Williams Jr. in 1928 before the ink was fairly dry on his Harvard Business School diploma. On his side was the family banking house into which he had been born 25 years before, the firm of John R. Williams of Richmond, Va. On the other was the established, close-mouthed management of the \$19,303,681 Freeport Texas sulphur syndicate headed by old E. P. Swenson, onetime board chairman of Manhattan's powerful National City Bank.

Starting his campaign without help from Manhattan brokerage houses, which had no desire to exchange shots with National City interests, young "Lang" Williams spent two years collecting proxies, saw his ammunition dump scattered to the four winds of Depression in the frenzied selling of the fall of 1929. But carrying the banner for his family house he started over again, by April 1930 had gathered enough proxy shot & shell to dislodge the Swenson management.

At that time Lang Williams was 27 and too young—he decided—to be Freeport's president. But from the vice president's chair he saw that officers' salaries were cut 30%, that expenses were pared all around, that dividend rates were lowered. (In 1928 the company had paid \$6.50 a share, earned only \$4.49.) By 1933 Lang Williams was 30 and old enough to be president. Baltimore Financier Eugene L. Norton, who had held the job "in trust" for him, stepped down and Williams stepped up.

Today at 36 Lang Williams is president of Freeport Sulphur Co., corporate successor (in a reorganization in 1936) to Freeport Texas. Board chairman is socialite John Hay Whitney who is only 34. Between them they operate the second

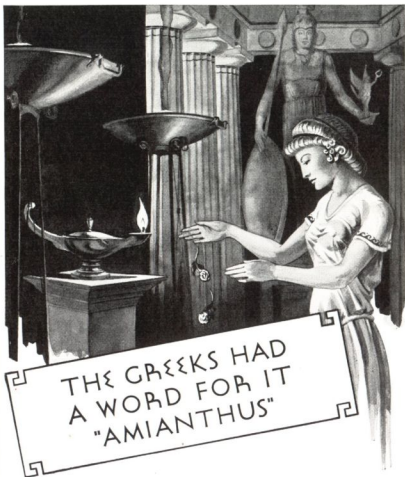


ROCHESTER'S VALENTINE
... joined the others.

largest sulphur company in the world (the largest: Texas Gulf Sulphur), which supplies some 27% of the world's supply of brimstone sulphur. Last year gross sales were \$10,050,355. With its financial socks pulled up, Freeport Sulphur paid dividends of \$2 on 796,380 shares of common stock, has paid a total of 50¢ in the first half of 1939.

Last week Lang Williams and "Jock" Whitney decided the time had come to bring another youngster into the business, to keep it in step with present-day social trends. They announced an old friend of Lang Williams' as a new director of Freeport Sulphur: husky, 38-year-old Alan Valentine (onetime Swarthmore footballer and Phi Beta Kappa), now president of wealthy, Eastman-endowed University of Rochester. Alan Valentine will commute from Rochester, N. Y., to Manhattan for directors' meetings, will draw the regular director's fee (normally between \$10 and \$20 a meeting).

Said Jock Whitney, in announcing his appointment: "The future of the country ... is closely bound up with the contributions of corporate business to the job of making democracy work. ... We feel we are adding ... a man who ... has a practical understanding of present trends."



THE Greeks held Pallas Athena, goddess of wisdom, in their highest esteem. In her temple at Athens, they kept a light burning perpetually from a golden lamp. It burned a whole year on a single filling of oil, but even more remarkable was its wick, which was everlasting. This was woven from the silky fibres of a mineral dug from the earth. The Greeks called it "*amianthus*," meaning "incorruptible." Today, we call this same material "*asbestos*."

From the fifth century B.C. until modern times asbestos remained chiefly a curiosity. The pioneer in commercial asbestos development was the Keasbey & Mattison Company, who first utilized its durability and fire-resistant properties to bring greater safety, comfort and economy to homes and industries.

From experiments with combinations of asbestos and other basic materials K & M developed insulation for pipes, boilers and furnaces, unburnable shingles for safer roofs, corrosion-proof pipe for water mains, and sheet building materials that defy time and the elements. Nature made asbestos ... since 1873 the Keasbey & Mattison Company has made it serve mankind.

See K & M's Fiery Snowman and Exhibit in the Home Building Center at the New York World's Fair.

KEASBEY & MATTISON
COMPANY, AMBLER, PENNSYLVANIA



This announcement appears as a matter of record only and is under no circumstances to be construed as an offering of these securities for sale, or as an offer to buy, or as a solicitation of an offer to buy, any of such securities. The offering is made only by the prospectus, dated June 28, 1939.

NEW ISSUE

\$27,300,000

Gulf States Utilities Company

**First Mortgage and Refunding Bonds
Series D 3½%, Due May 1, 1969**

Price 106¾%

Plus accrued interest from May 1, 1939, to date of delivery

Copies of the prospectus may be obtained from the undersigned only in States in which the undersigned are qualified to act as dealers in securities and in which such prospectus may legally be distributed.

Stone & Webster and Blodget
Incorporated

The First Boston Corporation

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Blyth & Co., Inc. Kidder, Peabody & Co. Bonbright & Company
Incorporated

June 28, 1939.

Indulge your face in this

"MILLION-DOLLAR" LUXURY!

Few men can afford a string of polo ponies, but anyone can indulge in the luxurious feeling Aqua Velva gives your face after shaving. Nothing sets you up like a dash of this cool, refreshing lotion after your morning shave. Its cleansing action helps close skin pores—leaves your face smoother, fresher, feeling like a million!

HINT to ELECTRIC SHAVERS—Use Aqua Velva before and after shaving for finer results.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE. Just write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. TN-19, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.



PEOPLE

Said Vegetarian **George Bernard Shaw**, 82: "When I am dead my funeral will be followed by herds of oxen, sheep, swine, flocks of poultry, and a small traveling menagerie of live fish, all wearing white scarves in honour of the man who perished rather than eat his fellow creatures."

Twenty-one years ago a red-headed giant from the Tennessee mountains named **Alvin Cullum York** singlehandedly killed 20 German soldiers, captured 132 more



HERO YORK

... doesn't know what it was about.

with a squad of seven men, returned to rugged Fentress County as No. 1 U. S. war hero. Last week Sergeant York, fat, arthritic and peace-loving, visited San Francisco's Golden Gate Fair, confessed: "I don't know what the last war was about."

British Labor's newspaper, the London *Daily Herald*, reported Rumania's smooth-cheeked Foreign Minister **Grigore Gafencu** forgot his umbrella while calling on the Greek Patriarch at Istanbul, hastily sent a man back to fetch it, exclaimed in consternation: "What is a diplomat without his umbrella?"

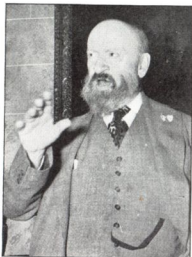
When fun-loving, beer-bibbing, golf-playing Prince **Fumitaka** ("Butch") **Konoye**, 24, flunked out of Princeton (TIME, March 6), he expected to get what-for from his father, former Japanese Premier **Fumimaro Konoye**. The family's "face" was saved when Butch was appointed Dean of Japanese-sponsored Tungwen College in Shanghai's French Concession. Last week, with flying colors, Butch passed an examination given by a conscription board and was admitted to the Japanese army.

In Cambridge, Mass. Councilman **Michael A. Sullivan** told the city council

TIME, July 10, 1939

that Harvard Square (named after **John Harvard** who sailed into Massachusetts Bay in 1637 and willed his library to the college when he died in Charlestown, Mass. in 1698) should be changed to Washington Square. His reason: "[John Harvard] was just another foreigner who never set foot in this country."

When Boston's burly, tiger-hunting, spade-bearded Republican Representative **George Holden Tinkham** rose to speak in the House for the first time in half a dozen years he was saddened by a new kind of heckling. Again & again as he warmed to his theme (neutrality), and strode dramatically across the rostrum, his choicest



Associated Press

REPRESENTATIVE TINKHAM

"These damned microphones!"

passages were drowned by shouts of "Mike! Mike!" Finally he grabbed the microphone with both hands as if it were a python that he was about to strangle and bellowed the rest of his message at it. Afterward he grouched: "These damned microphones! They talk back to you—just like a Democrat."

*Vir lepidissime, facetissime, venustissime, jocosissime, ridibundissime, te cum turba tua Leporum Facietiarum Venustatum Iocorum Risuum, ego . . . admitto ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa,** said George Stuart Gordon, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford to P. (for Pelham) G. (for Grenville) Wodehouse.

Planning to raise cash for Spain by staging bullfights in the U. S. and other nations, Matador **Marcial Lalanda**, president of Spain's Bull Fighters' Syndicate, announced: "We are going to give them [the horses] morphine so that they will not suffer even if they are gored by the bulls. People in the United States who like rodeos should like our bullfights."

* "O Sir, of all men most polished, facetious, graceful, whimsical and uproarious, I hereby . . . admit you and your whole crowd of ditto creations to the degree of honorary Doctor of Letters."



New Department of Health

Gone are the days of scrubbing bare wood floors. Gone, too, is the job of polishing the ugly cast iron cook stove. Gone are all the unsanitary furnishings and back-breaking labor that once were part and parcel of the kitchen. Today, gleaming white surfaces reflect health and happiness. Cheerfully patterned linoleum or tile covers the floor. Walls smile back in dainty shades of yellow and green.

DeVilbiss was a large contributor to the development of this new department of health. DeVilbiss spray finishing equipment, both automatic and hand operated, is used by leading manufacturers to apply handsome, durable finishes to refrigerators, ranges, sinks, linoleum, furniture, and scores of other home furnishings.

DeVilbiss Experts have improved the finishing methods of many industries. The experience gained is available to any manufacturer faced with the tasks of reducing finishing costs or doing a better job of finishing. If this interests you—get in touch with DeVilbiss! Without cost a DeVilbiss Expert will be sent to confer with you.

THE COMPLETE DEVILBISS LINE CONSISTS OF: Spray finishing equipment • Automatic coating machines • Tanks for spray materials • Spray booths and exhaust fans for vapor and dust elimination • Air regulators, cleaners and dusters • Air compressors • Respirators • Specialized hose for paint, air, water, gasoline, welding and pneumatic tools • Hose connections • Water and oil guns • Equipment to prevent offset in printing • Paint strippers • Medicinal atomizers • Perfume atomizers.

Copied, 1939, The DeVilbiss Co.

DEVILBISS **SPRAY SYSTEMS**
THE DEVILBISS COMPANY • TOLEDO, OHIO • U.S.A.

RICH MAN'S PIPE-TOBACCO AT EVERY MAN'S PRICE!

Don't miss it!



This is the most amazingly different aromatic pipe-mixture you have ever heard of!

It smokes... tastes... smells... even looks like an expensive, blended-to-your-order tobacco. Yet BOND STREET is only 15¢.

Rare tobaccos give it extraordinary flavor... smooth-coolness... and excellent aroma which even women like.

Try BOND STREET today... and you'll be enthusiastic tonight!

NOTE: If your dealer has no BOND STREET, write Philip Morris, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



BOND STREET 15¢
PIPE TOBACCO
A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS



Step to Cool Central Park!

One block to Fifth Avenue...
5 minutes walk to Radio City...
15 minutes to World's Fair...

From 53.50 single... 55 double
Write for a free Guide-Map of New York and the World's Fair.

HOTEL PARK CHAMBERS

4th Ave. at 18th St., NEW YORK

TRANSPORT

Poor Things

Decade ago Manhattan Publicity Counselor Harry Bruno attended an airmen's wine & dine shindig, cracked that he thought fliers were strong, silent, quiet birdmen. Result: "The Ancient & Secret Order of Quiet Birdmen," with such noted members as Charles Lindbergh, Roscoe Turner, the late Wiley Post. Qualifications: good flying, good fellowship. Chief function: convivial hell-raising.

Last week another air-minded prankster, Air Insuranceman Jerome ("Jerry") Lederer, launched what may become the Quiet Birdmen's feminine counterpart, dubbed it "League for the Wives of Men in Aviation, Poor Things," issued a manifesto. Excerpts:

"To counteract the resulting sequestered existence, the wives of these men have decided to band together for their mutual amusement. . . . The symbol of the organization will be a question mark upheld by a pair of wings (worn upside down while the old man is at home). . . ."

Noble to Holy Name

Promptly after his election last March Pope Pius XII tossed a lifeline to a sinking friend, once-honored General Umberto Nobile. Mussolini had busted Airman Nobile out of the service when his 1928 Polar expedition ended with the crack-up of the dirigible *Italia* which killed eight crew members, ended Italy's lighter-than-air-craft dreams. In his small flat near the Tiber, where few friends dared visit him, Umberto Nobile silently endured the usual fate of Fascism's failures—ostracism. Only honor left was his membership in the Pontifical Academy of Science, conferred by the late Pius XI.

Not long ago Pius XI's thoughtful successor appealed to George William Cardinal Mundelein, asked him to find good Catholic, bad Fascist Nobile a U. S. job. Few weeks later Cardinal Mundelein found one barely twelve miles southwest of his own Chicago Archdiocese. The job: head of the aeronautical engineering department of Lewis Holy Name School of Aeronautics near Lockport, Ill. Last week, lonely, greying, but still vigorous at 54, Umberto Nobile boarded the *Conte di Savoia* for the U. S.

No less extraordinary than the appointment and the appointee is the institution to which he is going. It is the only Roman Catholic aviation school in the U. S. It is also free. Proud setting hawk of unique Lewis Holy Name is Founder Bishop Bernard James Sheil of Chicago, who nursed it from a fledgling (in 1932) in one hangar, one building and a cow pasture to lusty, soaring adolescence. A pious local farmer donated 620 flat acres; rich Chicago Manufacturer Frank J. Lewis financed 14 roomy buildings (the gymnasium is a memorial to son Joseph, killed in a plane crash). By this year's end, air-minded Bishop Sheil expects to have three

more big runways, a 180-acre improved landing field, an approved CAA flying school rating and an Illinois State license to confer Bachelor of Science degrees on his first graduating class in 1940. Current expense money comes partly from Holy Name's own farm produce, partly from the coffers of the Catholic Youth Organization (also founded by Bishop Sheil).

Every fall some 350 youngsters hammer



Wide World

UMBERTO NOBILE

For a sinking Fascist, a Catholic lifeline.

at Holy Name's gates, about 35 get in* (present student body numbers 93). The curriculum includes technical high school and scientific college courses of four years each. High school students study conventional courses with emphasis on mechanics, little or no aeronautics.

For the advanced college courses, high-school graduates must take stiff competitive examinations (about 20% pass). On these picked few, Holy Name's faculty (non-Catholic Superintendent John Wilson, seven lay instructors, one Viatorian brother, one Carmelite priest) lavish care not to be found in many U. S. scientific colleges or U. S. aviation schools. Although they get 250 hours' solo, the students are prepared for careers in aeronautical engineering rather than commercial flying.

Ticked pink with his four juniors is Superintendent Wilson. To an aviation tycoon who tried to lure students away with lucrative jobs, Superintendent Wilson boasted: "It can't be done."

* Though non-Catholics are not excluded, only one has been enrolled.

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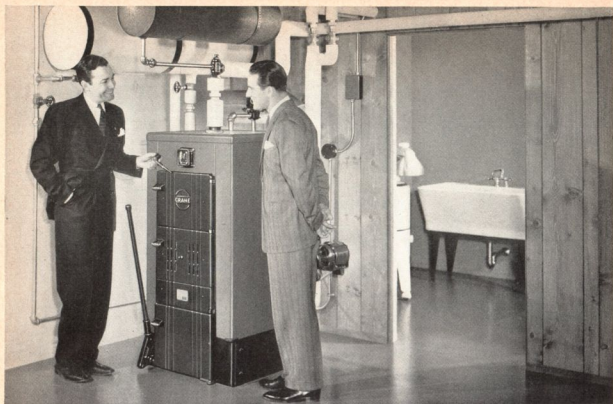
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BOOKS

Literary Life

Growing Up. Christopher Robin Milne no longer goes hippy hoppy, nor looks behind curtains for tickly brownies, nor muses over a name for his dear little dormouse. The hero of *When We Were Very Young*, now 19 and a crack squash player, leaves Stowe prep school this term, goes next fall to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he is winner of a £100 scholarship in mathematics.

Literary Exercise. Pseudo-duels, arty riots (incited by everything from Dadaism to literary prize awards), political squabbles and fishwife furies are traditional components of the French literary life. Dean of French literary stirrer-uppers is scrawny, deaf, 71-year-old Charles Maurras, libeling editor for 41 years of the Royalist-Catholic *Action Française*. Last Maurras scandal occurred a year ago when he was elected to the French Academy (TIME, June 27, 1938), following close on the finish of his eight-month prison sentence for urging assassination of Léon Blum.

Last month, a few days before he was formally received among the "forty immortals," Charles Maurras was challenged to a duel. Challenger was Jean Prouvost, publisher of *Paris-Soir*, whom Maurras had charged with "flattering the basest instincts of the masses." Maliciously courteous, Publisher Prouvost offered, in view of Maurras' extreme age and deafness, to fight any proxy he might name. Academician Maurras declined the challenge, but not because of old age. "So far as my age is concerned," said he, "M. Prouvost can rest assured that it has left me all my strength. But I shall not employ it to whitewash him." Thereupon punctilious M. Prouvost drew up a *procès verbal*, which declared formally that, inasmuch as M. Maurras had not shown up, the duel was off.

Cheap Books

In Phenix City, Ala., a prosperous town of 13,862 inhabitants, you can buy pretty much everything in the way of standard U. S. commodities, entertainment, even a good many luxuries. But if you want to read a book in Phenix City, you must either borrow one or go across the Chattahoochee River to Columbus, Ga. Phenix City has no bookstore. It has no library either.

Phenix City is a good example of a bookless U. S. town, but it is by no means unusual. Literary deserts also are Shelbyville, Tenn. (pop. 5,010), Ficher, Okla. (pop. 7,773), Jenkins, Ky. (pop. 8,465), Kingsford, Mich. (pop. 5,526), Manville, N. J. (pop. 5,441), many another U. S. town. Of 3,072 U. S. counties, 897 have no libraries. Of 982 cities over 10,000 population, 40 are libraryless. Thirty-two million people (geographically two-thirds of the U. S.) have no bookstores to go to.

Question Mark. It is this vast, un-

tapped, bookless audience that most excites those concerned with increasing U. S. book-reading. It has been claimed that if a way could be found to irrigate this desert, U. S. book sales would soar by 85%. Most observers agree that there are only two possible channels for this irrigation: 1) cheaper books, 2) better distribution.

Last fortnight in Manhattan observers looked sharp at a promising cheap-book experiment. It was called "Pocket Books," consisted of ten former best-sellers, printed in full-size type on good paper, with washable paper binding. Priced at 25¢, Pocket Books were the best-looking, most readable paper-bound books so far. Promising also was the publisher,



ROBERT FAIR DE GRAFF
... boldly into a literary desert.

tall, dynamic, 44-year-old Robert Fair de Graff.

From 1925 to 1936 Publisher de Graff (cousin to smart Publisher Nelson Doubleday) headed Garden City Publishing Co.'s successful Star Dollar Books, sold 15,000,000 reprints at an annual profit of around \$70,000. In 1936 he went to Blue Ribbon Books (non-fiction reprints, 95¢ to \$2.49), last year launched the successful Triangle Books (39¢) for them. A top-flight book salesman who knows all the tricks of cutting cost corners, Publisher de Graff figures a profit of 1¢ a copy, on editions of 50,000. To the original publisher he pays royalties of 1¢ a copy (of which the author gets 3¢).

Tryout of Pocket Books—10,000 copies of each title—was confined to the New York area. At first week's end they were a sell-out. (First to go were *Wuthering Heights* and Dorothy Parker's *Enough Rope*, with *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and Felix Salten's *Bambi* bringing up the rear.) Macy's sold 4,100 copies in six days. Booksellers said they brought new faces into their stores. Newsstands did an arm-

aching business, as did Grand Central Terminal "train butchers."

Next printing of Pocket Books was 25,000 copies of each title. With these in his pack, Prospector de Graff will plunge boldly into the great U. S. literary desert. Behind him he leaves a big question mark: Can he equal the success of Penguin Books and Tauchnitz Editions in Europe (combined sales of 25,000,000 a year)?

Quicksand? With the exception of smart Simon & Schuster, who have a share in the business, most publishers were skeptical. Said one: "We are cooperating because of all the agitation for cheap books and the success of cheap books in Europe. We feel we ought to give it a chance—to show that it won't work here. If we thought it would really go, we would hesitate much longer about letting him have our plates." Said another: "The price is still too high for paper-bound books—they have to sell at 10¢ or 15¢, compete

with magazines." A third publisher said the initial success in New York was no guide, was due to novelty appeal and Pocket Books' \$2.00 full-page ad in the *New York Times*. Pocket Books will hit quicksand, he declared, in the distribution problem.

Actually the sale of cheap books in the U. S. is a good deal bigger than most people suppose. Reprints, at 39¢ to \$2.49, total at least 10,000,000 copies a year. Biggest sellers: Grosset and Dunlap and Garden City (about 3,000,000 each). Another 10,000,000 is added by the non-profit-making National Home Library's "Jacket Library" (15¢ & 25¢), Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books (5¢), Whitman Publishing Co.'s 10¢ Woolworth items such as *Snow White*.

.0675. But these are all reprints. What cheap-book advocates want to know is why original editions cannot be sold for less than \$2.50 to \$5. Again publishers have a ready answer: they cannot sell big enough editions (50,000 copies) to make money. Once they tried it. In 1930 four Manhattan publishers—Doubleday, Far-

Fortune for July

• This is *not* a World's Fair issue. Fair or no Fair, the Editors of FORTUNE have long hankered to do a bang-up job on America's biggest business center, richest market, most popular resort, financial capital, etc., etc. This is it—the most ambitious issue that even FORTUNE has ever published. Its physical total of 230 pages, 100,000 words, hundreds of superlative pictures can give you little inkling of the tremendously exciting journalistic assignment FORTUNE handed itself. For what the Editors have attempted is to present a man-sized view of the world's hugest metropolis.

PART I: THE PEOPLE

Raw Material for making Americans:



• FORTUNE takes you on a World's Tour around New York—to Italy, China, Germany, Hungary, Syria, Bohemia and a handful of other lands, including the Scandinavian. Shows you the lives of that 73% of New York's populace who are immigrants and their sons and daughters. The occupations and pleasures that engage them. The problems of poverty and assimilation that beset them. Gives you a glimpse of the color they add to New York life. Their enriching contributions to America—in business, in industry, in art, in music, not forgetting to mention the many great Americans who are immigrants. THE MELTING POT. FORTUNE for July. Page 73.

What Kind Of Lives Do New Yorkers Live?

• To "Smart" East Side Ivy Leaguers \$18,000-a-year means a struggle. But knowing West Siders do very nicely on it—and get a lot more out of all that New York offers in the way of theatres, music, and other metropolitan delights. Guess which spends most on food, entertainment, charity and education—then look at their budgets. There's also a hint on how to live on \$20-a-week, and have fun, too. THE METROPOLITANITES. P. 84.

PART II: THEY GOVERN THEMSELVES

Three Governments — only one LaGuardia:

Besides the city's own government, Mayor LaGuardia must cope with the county governments, and the borough governments. And on top of all this the New York City dog is wagged by the New York State tail. FORTUNE describes this cockeyed political set-up. Shows you what manner of man LaGuardia is—scholar, business man, showman and astute politician. And how this Pericles of New York's city-state transformed one of America's worst governed cities into one of its best. MAYOR LA GUARDIA'S NEW YORK. Page 93.

HERE COME THE COPS



• Respect, trust, confidence were hardly the words to describe the average New Yorker's feeling towards the police a few years back. But Commissioner Valentine has changed all that. These days they've got to be good, and they've got to be straight. They are, too. In a tour of the world's biggest police force (it's bigger by far than Norway's army), FORTUNE takes you to precinct after precinct to see what goes on—from bouncing a drunk to arresting a murderer. Outlines some of the myriad jobs the Department has to perform. And gives you an understanding of why New Yorkers have come to admire their NINETEEN THOUSAND COPS. Page 101.

PART III: THEY EARN A LIVING

Sidewalk Superintendents' Patrol: New Yorkers at work. In the shipping district—the offices, docks, ship chandler's stores on South Street. Wall Street. Fulton Fish Market. Coffee-redolent Front Street. The commodity exchanges trading in cotton, sugar, metals, raw silk. The leather jobbers of "The Swamp." The vast wholesale market, between Worth and 34th Streets. Then uptown to the entertainment centers. The art dealers of 57th Street. The periodical publishers and advertising agencies surrounding Grand Central. A BAEDER OF BUSINESS IN NEW YORK. Page 109.



Sewed up tight is Garment Business. New York's biggest, gambling-est manufacturing industry is dominated by two huge unions that equalize everybody's labor prices—a government blessed

AN ENTIRE ISSUE
DEVOTED TO

NEW YORK CITY

price-fixing device no manufacturer is going to yell about. But the unions also keep a scissors-grip on the comparatively puny manufacturers, who have to smile politely when the union accountant arrives (without notice) to examine the books. Between them and the orchid-swallowing resident buyers, the manufacturers tread a gingerly, headache-ridden path. AMERICA COMES TO SEVENTH AVENUE. Page 122.

PART IV: WHAT IS THIS CITY?

Underneath it all: Why no smokestacks on skyscrapers? Why no telephone poles on New York streets? It's all done with pipes—over 45,000 miles of them, and nobody knows where *all* of them are. If you scare easily, you won't like to know how New York could be made uninhabitable by a few hours' concentrated deviltry. FORTUNE ferrets beneath the sidewalks of New York. UNDER THE ASPHALT. Page 126.

New York as Artists' Model:

FORTUNE brings you a color-portfolio of eleven fine paintings by eleven fine artists—paintings that reveal the city's warmth and life and New York-ishness. The artists: Sloan, Bellows, Luks, Schnakenberg, Lee, O'Keefe, Coleman, Kantor, Hopper, Marsh, Grosz. THE PAINTER'S CITY. Page 133.



By George Grosz, 1934. Courtesy of Walker Galleries

The Factory in the Bedroom: Manhattanites laugh when you say Brooklyn, yawn when you say Queens. But you can't laugh off the fact that Brooklyn and Queens together rank with Philadelphia in manufacturing. And nothing to yawn about is the peculiar thing that is happening to the dollar volume of their heterogeneous business. BROOKLYN AND QUEENS. Page 145.

But are the Skyscrapers too High? In conclusion, the Editors of FORTUNE present you New York in terms of four enigmas. First the enigma of the seaport that grew to be the capital of U. S. economy. Then the enigma of New York's estimated \$6,000,000,000 income. Next the enigma of New York's relationship to the U. S. as a whole, and why its position is resented by the interior. Finally, the enigma of the economic power New York has lost to Washington. THE TROUBLE WITH NEW YORK. FORTUNE for July. Page 148.

AND: HARLEM: A gay and tragic revue of the capital of black culture and New York's most wretched slum. Page 78.

THOSE NEW YORK PUBLISHERS: This is the world, or thinks it is, of the New York Intellectual. Page 89.

HEALTH AND HOSPITALS: New York City spends \$32 million a year, has cut its death rate by two-thirds in 70 years.

\$21,000,000,000 OF REAL ESTATE: Which means everything from soaring Rockefeller Center to moderate cost housing in Queens. Page 112.

MANHATTAN HACKIE: The New York taxi business rolls in \$35,000,000 a year in fares, over 1,000,000 miles a day. To Harry Faber and his fellow hackies it stinks. Page 115.

X-RAY OF A SKYSCRAPER: At 40 Wall Street the elevators travel 4,400 miles a week, to carry a population of 5,000 people to various points within its 927 feet. Page 116.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS: They bring the glamour to Broadway—but not the profit. Billy Rose got that by adding food, liquor, dancing, ummph—and elaborate cost accounting. Page 119.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: A shop for sportsmen, where harpoon guns, elephant rifles, cocktail shakers, and dog candy make the great outdoors habitable for the classes. Page 124.

VICE: It's not what it used to be. The great empires of organized prostitution, gambling and narcotics are broken. The free lances now ply their trades, with little glamour and less profit. Page 48.

UPPER FIFTH AVENUE: Once the home of the Dollar Makers of The Golden Age. Page 80.

EAST SEVENTIETH STREET: In whose tree-lined shade live the men upon whose shoulders the cloaks of The Golden Age have fallen. Page 82.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION: Clearing 139,000,000 passengers a year on their way somewhere else. Page 132.

TRANSIENT'S NEW YORK: The life of the convention delegate. The shopper and sightseer from out of town. The hotels, their character and their clientele. Page 10.

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rar & Rinehart, Simon & Schuster, Coward-McCann—published some first editions at \$1 to \$1.50. They sold more copies, but lost money, dropped the experiment. To break even on a \$2.50 novel, publishers figure they must sell at least 2,500 copies. On this number, they figure average costs as follows:

Author's royalty	\$0.32
Discount to bookseller	1.0325
Plates	.21
Printing, paper, binding, wrapper	.31
Advertising	.17
Overhead (office, editors, etc.)	.39
Profit	.0675

Above 2,500 copies, with the plates paid for, the profit goes up. But only half their books sell more than 2,500 copies. Only one in ten sells above 20,000 copies. Roughly, they figure nine duds to one best-seller. Thus, say publishers, their business is part sweepstakes lottery, part humanitarianism.

As further proof of their inability to lower prices until huge new audiences are found, publishers point to Modern Age Books, which two years ago set out to publish paper-bound original editions at 35¢ to 50¢. Backed by the Richard Storrs Childs fortune, Modern Age advertised heavily, cut costs by using the Rumford Press between printings of *Reader's Digest*, set up elaborate distribution machinery. Its losses the first year (attributed in part to inexperience) were reported at around \$500,000. Since then Modern Age prices have risen nearer the \$1 level.

The outlook for cheap books in original editions is not rosy. But Publisher de Graff evokes a rosy hope. First, he visualizes new thousands of booksellers in newsstands, drug and cigar stores, resident agents combing the back roads like the Fuller Brushman, even service stations. Through them would come new millions of buyers. This picture may be a Pocket Book pipedream. But the U. S. book business offers no more exciting possibility than a future Phenix City, Ala., where good cheap books sell by the thousands.

Boo's Bow

THE LONG DREAM—Sigrid Boo—Dutton (\$2.50).

Americans think of Norway as a cold slice of northern forest and fjord, of Norwegian writers as weighty (like Sigrid Undset) or gloomy (like Knut Hamsun). But a Norwegian novel published this week is as different from this preconception as its author's startling name. It could have been written in any country of Europe.

An Oslo Kathleen Norris whose eight books have been translated into 13 languages, Sigrid Boo (rhymes with Hoo) at 40 makes her first U. S. bow with *The Long Dream*. As befits the country that originated the *langlauf* (long-distance ski race), her novel is slow in starting, spends nearly half its length on the heroine's retrospective thoughts during a train journey back to her native town after seven years' absence.

Novelist Boo weaves a leisurely ring

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around the triangle of Dagrun Styhr, her husband, Paul, and Steffen Thomsgard, the man whom Dagrun had first loved and whom she returns to see. So slow-paced is the book that even its climax, when Dagrun and Steffen are marooned overnight on a deserted island, seems unexciting. Sigrid Boo thinks her book would make a good movie, hopes that fellow Scandinavian Garbo will play the lead. It would take the Garbo face and voice to put umph in such a gentle boo.

Festive Vertebræ

CANNIBAL CARAVAN—Charles ("Cannibal") Miller—Furman (\$2.75).

Sunk in the plateau that surrounds the Sterren Mountains, snow-capped backbone of Netherlands New Guinea, is a triangular-shaped, 40-acre swamp with no visible outlet. On hands and knees, Charles Miller gazed down into its reeds. A quarter mile away something moved. Charles Miller's blood froze. Lashing across the swamp was a dinosaur. It was 35 feet long, a yellowish color, with scales laid on like armor plate, a bony-flanged head, and snapping-turtle beak. Half blinded by cold sweat, Charles Miller pressed the release on his camera.* The dinosaur reared up on its hind legs, its small forelegs dangling, hissed roaringly, shot its snakey neck in his direction and slithered out of sight. Concluding that his rifle would be "about as useful as citronella," Explorer Miller fled.

Ex-barnstorming aviator and Hollywood cameraman, Miller tells as many tall ones as Trader Horn, makes some of them sound convincing. The first white child raised in Netherlands New Guinea, he began his jungle jaunts at five, and while still an adolescent became a blood brother of the Marind-Anim tribe. He returned to his native islands to make a travel film, having married the expedition's backer in Java and taken her along for the honeymoon. He says that some day he is going to bring back the dinosaur he saw and confound his skeptics. Meantime, he has brought back a passel of tales which raise the hair and eyebrows as high as any published since William Seabrook's *Jungle Ways*.

Author Miller took cannibalism much more easily in his stride than did Seabrook. On one occasion he says he led a highly successful head-hunting expedition to save his own neck, spares few details in describing it and the three-day orgy which followed. As other races use lanterns, flags and bunting for celebrations, the natives of New Guinea string up their victims' vertebræ.

Adventurer Miller tells how boys' noses are bored to take inch-wide bamboo plugs in each nostril, how a native village smells two days' travel away ("an acrid odor . . . like smoke from a bonfire of rubber boots"), how a trail-cutter can die from a cobra bite before hitting the ground. His accounts of jungle sex are more colorful if less accurate than an anthropologist's. For squeamish readers there is always the dedication: "To Mother and Dad."

* This shot is not among the 33 reproduced in his book.



CANE FANS THE FAME OF THE NEGRITA PLANTER'S PUNCH

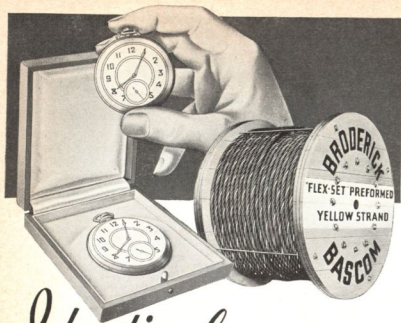
Perfect your Planter's Punch with that remarkable RHUM NEGRITA . . . distilled only from the juice of fresh sugar-cane grown on the tropic, volcanic islands of Martinique in the West Indies and Reunion in the East. Voyaged 10,630 nautical miles to France, blended by Bardinet of Bordeaux, RHUM NEGRITA is imported to peak your pleasure in this frosty Planter's Punch.

NOW TRY A NEGRITA PLANTER'S PUNCH—Mix Jigger of RHUM NEGRITA, juice of lemon or lime, two teaspoonsful of sugar. Shake and strain into tall glass filled with cracked ice. Decorate with orange or pineapple, and cherry.

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How about the works? You know that a watch case doesn't even suggest the character of the mechanism inside.

It's the same with a wire rope; nothing on the outside indicates its degree of toughness, strength, and flexibility -- unless the rope is branded to show who made it. "Flex-Set" Preformed Yellow Strand is branded by painting one strand yellow.

That Yellow Strand is your infallible guide to the purchase of highest quality wire rope -- a guide in which you can place the utmost confidence; for it belongs to the Broderick & Bascom Rope Co. whose reputation as "quality" manufacturers has been gained through 63 years making nothing but wire rope, and making that rope so good that long life has always been an outstanding feature.

"Flex-Set" Preformed Yellow Strand is the highest grade Broderick & Bascom product, to which the "preforming" process has given additional endurance and economy. Wherever used -- in road or general construction, rotary drilling, mining, quarrying, lumbering, plant operation -- it has more than earned a profit on its cost.

Try "Flex-Set" for economy. Complete details and prices will gladly be supplied by any of our offices, branches, or distributors.

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Branches: New York, Chicago, Seattle, Portland, Houston. Factories: St. Louis, Seattle, Peoria. Manufacturers of all grades and constructions of wire rope, preformed and standard, for every purpose.

"FLEX-SET" PREFORMED YELLOW STRAND

MISCELLANY

Rade

In Knoxville, Tenn., Revenuer Sam McKinney, after raiding nine Cocke County stills, received a tearful letter: "In rades made last two weeks you got our forth licker, one forth our pots and barls. So ples let us alone awhile til we get good start again. We want work. Wer ashamd to beg. Wer afraide to steel. We can't starve. So ples let Cocke and Cosby rest 10 days til we get started again."

C. I. O.

In Manhattan, to inform the public that they wanted a closed shop, C. I. O. cleaners & dyers released 500 placarded balloons from Times Square hotel windows.

Boy

In Johannesburg, South Africa, Professor Raymond Dart of the University of the Witwatersrand made a startling report: From the jungle where he had been rescued by baboons, white policemen reared a 12-year-old Negro. The boy could at first make only baboonlike noises. When he learned Afrikaans, he told goggle-eyed Professor Dart: "My food consisted mainly of crickets, ostrich eggs, prickly pears, green mealies and wild honey. . . . While with the baboons I walked on all fours and slept in the bush entirely naked."

Gypsies

In Vienna, the Nazi Press suggested punishment for gypsy fortunetellers, who have taken to wishing their customers: "That you may not be sent to Dachau concentration camp and forced to hew stones." The proposed punishment: send the gypsies to Dachau.

Provoked

In Chicago, Rudolph Spielvogel, whose wife, Erika, wanted a divorce, told the court: "When my wife would provoke me. I would hit and kick myself. Then I would know how much it would have hurt her. . . ." Countered Wife Erika, his aim was sometimes poor: "He swung a pot of hot coffee and struck me with it." She got the divorce.

Bed

In London, Marion Lovell, a onetime chorine who had run to fat, got so mad she bounced up & down on her boardinghouse bed, finally broke it. When her landlady sued her, her solicitor pleaded: "She is rather a heavy woman; she will obviously need a fairly substantial bed." But Bouncer Lovell had to pay.

Phi Beta Kappa

In Cambridge, Mass., 92 years ago, Harvard's Phi Beta Kappa chapter banished liquor from its dinner table, for cause. Last week, saturated with its ice-watery annual banquets, reuniting members unanimously voted to bring liquor back.

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