14th Year of Publication

Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

JANUARY, 1936

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No one who is deeply interested in a large variety of subjects can remain unhappy. The real pessimist is the person who has lost interest.

—William Lyon Phelps

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Fourteenth Year JANUARY 1936 Vol. 28, No. 165

A New Year's Message from the President to Readers of The Reader's Digest

By Franklin D. Roosevelt

ACCIDENTS constitute one of our gravest national problems. To reduce their number, I have appointed a committee under Secretary Roper and Senator Moore and this committee is making a national study in the interest of preserving life and property.

Fortunately, through the wide dissemination of articles and other information depicting the horrors of reckless driving, the facts have been made vivid to millions of motorists. To them I make a personal appeal. For the solution of the problem must finally depend upon all of us as motorists.

Let us but work to make the New Year safer and it will be safer. Pledging ourselves, and our families, to avoid carelessness, discourtesy and recklessness on our highways, we can put a stop to thousands of sudden deaths.

It Can Be Done

"AND SUDDEN DEATH" was published in The Reader's Digest with no other thought than that it would be an unusually impressive sidelight on one of the great problems of our generation. But this now famous article proved rather to be a glaring spotlight that centered the public's attention on automobile slaughter as it had never been centered before. Up to now, nearly 3,500,000 reprints of "—And Sudden Death" have been ordered for distribution by individuals, corporations, traffic authorities and judges. Some 2000 newspapers and magazines re-

printed the article. Many newspapers based local safety campaigns upon it. Total printed circulation exceeded 35,000,000. "— And Sudden Death" is said to have been more widely discussed than any magazine article for years.

Can such a wave of universal response sweep the country only to subside without leaving constructive achievement?

Recent American history shows that it need not — that when we are fully aroused to a national menace, we act. When the gangster terror became insufferable we finally swept the worst offenders from the stage. In 1898 typhoid was a raging killer; even in 1911 it was still claiming 21 lives out of every 100,000 population. We put our scientists and educators to work; by 1932 fewer people were dying of typhoid than of whooping cough — less than four in 100,000. Deaths from diphtheria and scarlet fever in 1932 were less than one fourth the number tallied in 1912. Organized scientific, educational and social action had turned the trick. In 1907 there was a record high of 610 passengers killed on trains. Now the railroads, by unremitting efforts, have made themselves veritable models of safety; and in 1934 passenger deaths were only 6% of the 1907 high. In the five years following 1928, deaths at grade crossings were cut 40%.

Industry has made an impressive safety record. Between 1926 and 1934 accidents in all industries were cut 57%. Even taxis have reduced deaths 60% since 1929. Such conspicuous accomplishments have resulted from planned, organized and determined campaigns, following aroused sentiment.

Now numerous agencies are converging on the problem of highway accidents. The President of the United States, recognizing it as a national emergency, has set up an organization to operate on a nation-wide scale. Already the National Safety Council has done notable work, and has just launched a long-planned campaign to reduce motor accidents 35% by 1941. But no group of such agencies, however ably organized and manned, can be much stronger than the public sentiment behind it.

The present trouble is not that we don't know what to do about automobile accidents, but that we have not yet *used* what we know. When, for instance, only ten states have driver's license laws that are at all adequate; when at least six states have no minimum driving age, so that a child can legally jump from his Kiddie Kar to the wheel of a 100-horsepower automobile and drive it through a crowded thoroughfare; when, in a typical city of 200,000, 40,000 tickets of traffic offenders are

"fixed" through political influence each year, it cannot be said that we have seriously come to grips with the problem.

Yet the National Safety Council has pointed out that if we were to use all the knowledge at our command we could reduce traffic accidents 50% in an amazingly short time. We know, for example, that increasing street and highway illumination will reduce accidents. In 1932, Detroit curtailed street lighting to save the city budget. During the first two months of that year motor deaths jumped to 68, from 47 in the same months of the preceding year. In 1933 normal illumination was resumed; deaths for the first two months went back to 45. One test in Westchester County, New York, showed that night accidents increased 2½ times when lighting was discontinued. Such instances could be cited again and again — you can put it down as a *fact* that when you turn up the lights you turn down the death curve.

We also know something about what traffic engineering can do. A wide-open intersection in Milwaukee caused so many smashups it was popularly known as "the battleground." It was "channelized" for traffic, and accidents were abolished. Chicago's revamping of the signal system on Michigan Boulevard caused a drop of 46% in pedestrian accidents, 27% in all accidents, and 57% in property damage — while traffic sped up 15%. Iowa's state-wide system of highway markings and safety patrols cut deaths by 69 and injuries by 3731 the first year it was in force. Myriad before-and-after studies of street and highway intersections tell the same story: traffic engineering saves lives.

A third great force in the drive against death is education, conclusively demonstrated by the success of the safety campaign among school children. In ten years of teaching safety in the schools, and while adult auto fatalities were increasing 142%, child deaths due to automobiles decreased 3%.

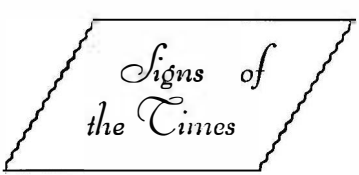
There is conclusive evidence of the value of driver's license laws. Based on deaths per unit of gasoline consumption, deaths in a group of states having no driver's license laws increased 40% since 1926; in the same period a group of states having excellent license laws decreased their motor deaths 20%.

Los Angeles has proved a definite relation between the automobile death rate and *enforcement* of traffic laws. A chart kept from 1929 to 1931 showed clear-cut cycles: when the death rate reached a peak, the public indignantly demanded stricter enforcement — and got it — and deaths went down; when enforcement relaxed again, Death came

back from his holiday. We may look to Evanston and Milwaukee, both winners of National Safety Council awards in their population class, for further lessons in enforcement. In 1928, before Evanston organized her motor squads, 62 hit-and-run drivers were reported and only five convicted. During 1930–32, with the squads at work, 224 hit-and-run drivers were apprehended and 167 *convicted*. Thanks to progressive and energetic handling of the traffic problem, Evanston had a motor death rate of only 10 per 100,000 in a specimen year when Chicago to the south was turning in 26.7 and the suburb to the west 115.4. Milwaukee, as part of a successful safety program, has stamped out "ticket fixing." There the influential offender takes his medicine with the rest. Non-fixable tickets last year led to the conviction of 7103 of 7997 traffic violators (parking not included). Milwaukee's program has reduced her motor death rate to 11 per 100,000, compared with 30, 40, and 57 per 100,000 in adjoining counties.

If the entire nation had applied the available knowledge as effectively as Milwaukee has — and Milwaukee safety crusaders consider their work only begun — *22,800 people who were killed by automobiles last year would be alive today.*

Plainly the thing can be done generally, since such results have been achieved here and there. The tools are at hand. The job calls for unstinting coöperation of every public official; of every schoolteacher; of every police officer — and, as the President points out, it calls for the conscientious acceptance, by every individual, of his personal responsibility to drive safely, *as a social duty.*



PAWNBROKER'S sign: See me at your earliest inconvenience.

BEAUTY SHOP: If your hair isn't becoming to you, you should be coming to us.

LAUNDRY: We Soak the Clothes, Not the Customer.

IN THE elevators of a Duluth hotel: You are never fully dressed until you wear a smile.

TEXAS CAFÉ: Use less sugar and stir like h——; we don't mind the noise.

CHINESE doctor's ad: Insertion of false teeth and eyes, latest Methodists.

¶ Must America go to war in order to remain neutral?

Detour Around War

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Bennett Champ Clark
United States Senator from Missouri

+

THE WORLD is once again in that precarious condition in which the bad temper of a dictator, the ineptness of a diplomat, or the crime of a fanatic may let loose irremediable disaster. No one knows how far the Ethiopian conflict may spread. But of this we may be sure: if the flames sweep Europe there will be mighty forces presently at work to draw us into the insane débâcle to preserve our fancied honor, or freedom of the seas, or "neutral rights."

At present the desire to keep the United States from becoming involved in war seems practically unanimous among American citizens; but it must be remembered that there was an almost equally strong demand to keep us out of the last war. Even as late as November, 1916, President Wilson was re-elected because he "kept us out of war." Yet five months later we were fighting to "save the world for democracy."

If we have learned anything at all from experience, we know the inevitable and tragic end to a policy of drifting and trusting to luck. We know that to avoid being drawn into this war now forming, or any other future war, we must formulate a definite, workable policy of neutral relations with belligerent nations.

Some of us in the Senate, particularly the members of the Munitions Investigation Committee, have delved rather deeply into the matter of how the United States has been drawn into past wars, and as a result of these studies Senator Nye and I introduced three proposals for neutrality legislation in the last session of Congress. The first of these was passed as a stopgap act, to terminate February 29, 1936. It provides for mandatory embargoes upon munitions and implements of war to belligerent nations. The other two proposals, providing for prohibition of loans and credits to warring countries, and for the extension of embargoes to contraband articles other than those strictly defined as war implements, failed to pass but will be reintroduced when Congress meets in January.

It was contended by opponents

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of these proposals in Congress that mandatory neutrality would violate a lot of fine American foreign-policy traditions. It would. That is what I — speaking for myself — hoped it would do. Our neutrality policies have not only failed to keep us out of foreign quarrels, but certainly dragged us into the World War. Unless changed, they will drag us into every major war of the future.

When the conflict broke in Europe in 1914, our statesmen assumed that all we had to do to keep out was to observe the rules of international law and insist upon our neutral rights. Our State Department issued a public circular on the rights and duties of a neutral in wartime. It took the position that "the existence of war between foreign governments does not suspend trade between this country and those at war." It told American merchants and munitions makers that they were free to trade with either or both sides. It took no steps to warn American citizens of the dangers of travel on vessels of the warring nations.

As a neutral in 1914, we claimed the right to trade in war materials and all other goods with the warring nations. This right — with two main exceptions — had been recognized under the rules of international law for more than 100 years. The exceptions were important: A warring nation had the right to capture goods called "contraband." Originally "contraband" consisted of guns and explosives and other munitions. Great Britain, for example, had a legal right to stop an American ship on the high seas if it could prove that the vessel carried munitions bound for Germany. In 1909 the leading sea powers drew up a list of contraband in a famous statement of maritime law called the Declaration of London. In 1914, however, this declaration had not been put in force by any of the governments.

When the World War broke out and our State Department asked the British government whether it would accept this list, the British declined. They argued that under modern conditions of war, food and raw materials, and almost anything except ostrich feathers, were as important as guns and explosives.

By the end of 1916 Great Britain had placed almost every article exported by the United States on the lists of contraband. Our State Department protested that the British had no right to change the old rules of international law. We sent a stream of indignant notes to London. But Great Britain was engaged in a death struggle and knew that one way to win the war was to starve the enemy.

Our Government protested even more violently to Germany. While

British ships were seizing contraband and taking American vessels into port, German submarines were sinking merchant ships on sight. When the *Lusitania* was sunk in May, 1915, with the loss of 124 American lives, our patriots began to shout for a strong policy. Thus in the end we were led to the point where we had to choose: we could try to defend our neutral rights by force of arms or we could give up those rights and stay out.

Monsieur Tardieu, subsequently French premier, saw the situation very clearly. He has said: "To remain logical with itself, Wilsonian diplomacy would have had to declare two wars instead of one, as some people jump into the river to keep out of the rain. Unless the United States wanted two enemies, it had to choose one. Neutrality was admittedly a failure."

Let us foresee that under conditions of modern warfare everything supplied to the enemy population has the same effect as supplies to the enemy army, and will become contraband. Food, clothing, lumber, leather, chemicals — everything, in fact, with the possible exception of sporting goods and luxuries (and these aid in maintaining civilian "morale") — are as important aids to winning the war as are munitions. Let us foresee also that our ships carrying contraband will be seized or sunk. Let us not claim as a right what is an impossibility. The only way we can maintain our neutral rights is to fight the whole world.

"But think of the profits!" cry our theorists. "America will never give up her lucrative trade in munitions and necessities of life when war starts!"

I am quite prepared to admit that this program involves the sacrifice of transitory profits. But I contend that profits are not worth the cost of involvement in another World War. I contend that all the profits of all the wars are not worth the cost of them. I would ask those who point to a "profit" to the United States of five billion dollars from trade with the Allies in 1914–1918, to take a look at the 20 billion dollars of debt — and the world depression — we got in return.

Just who profited from the last war? Labor got some of the crumbs in the form of high wages and steady jobs. But where is labor today with its 14,000,000 unemployed? Agriculture received high prices and has been paying the price of that brief inflation in the worst and longest agricultural depression in all history. Industry made billions in furnishing the necessities of war to the belligerents and then suffered terrific reaction like the dope addict's morning after. War and depression — ugly, misshapen insepar-

able twins — must be considered together. Every war in modern history has been followed by a major depression.

Therefore I say, let the man seeking profits from war or the war-torn countries do so at his own risk. Every man profit-bent in the war-torn areas of the world carries in his body the death of a hundred thousand American boys. His profits from the warring countries are his own business; let his risk be his own business too.

If there are those so brave as to risk getting us into war by traveling in the war zones — if there are those so valiant that they do not care how many people are killed as a result of their traveling, let us tell them, and let us tell the world that from now on their deaths will be a misfortune to their own families alone, not to the whole nation.

The profiteers and others who oppose any rational neutrality shout: "You would sacrifice our national honor!" Some declare we are about to haul down the American flag, and in a future war the belligerents will trample on our rights and treat us with contempt.

I deny with every fiber of my being that our national honor demands that we must sacrifice the flower of our youth to safeguard the profits of a privileged few. I deny that it is necessary to turn back the hands of civilization to maintain our national honor. I repudiate any such definition of honor. Is it not time for every lover of our country to do the same thing?

It's Your Width that Counts

If you're worried about your weight, as compared with the average for your height, forget it — consider your width. That's the advice of Dr. Helen Brenton Pryor, assistant women's medical examiner at Stanford University, who has worked out "width-weight" tables based on five years' study and tabulation of some 10,000 children and college students. Instead of one normal weight as given on height tables, her scales give seven averages based on width as well as height. Thus, if a girl of 18 is 5′ 4″ tall, she might normally weigh as little as 107 pounds if her bi-iliac diameter — the measurement at the crest of the hip bones — is 9.6 inches, or as much as 133 pounds if she measures 12.2 inches.

"Tests that have been made so far indicate injustice has been done to about 30 percent of those measured and labeled too thin or too fat under the old one-dimension table," Dr. Pryor said. The stocky girl who pines to be willowy, therefore, should not starve herself into nervous irritability, but strive to keep her "width-weight." — N. Y. *World-Telegram*

¶The story of Mark Twain's romance

He Fell in Love with a Picture

Condensed from Liberty

Louis B. Davidson

THE *Quaker City* rolled from side to side, spilling Mark Twain and his roommate out of their bunks. Half the Atlantic poured in through the open port. Twain, cursing with all the virility and color he had picked up in his days as a Mississippi River pilot and as editor, reporter and prospector in California, closed the port. Then the door swung open and a specter in a white wet sheet came reeling in. Mark's picturesque language broke off sharply and his face softened as he made the boy welcome. "May I stay with you gentlemen for the night? My room is flooded." Mark laughed and helped him into the dry upper berth.

The young man had shown Mark Twain the miniature of his sister Olivia a few days before; an exquisite face painted in delicate tints on old ivory. After that the author hadn't been able to do enough for Charley Langdon. He made excuses to go into Langdon's room, to look at that miniature; he even asked the boy to give it to him. But Langdon wouldn't part with it.

Now, while the ship tossed in the gale the men began to relate experiences. Twain would refer to the miniature so adroitly that young Langdon began talking of his sister. "We went skating one night in Elmira. Olivia fell and hurt her spine. For two years she was in bed, always in pain. Dad called in the very best doctors, but nothing helped her. One built a pulley arrangement which raised her so slowly that it was an hour before it brought her halfway to a sitting position. And even at that, she fainted."

There wasn't any storm on the Atlantic now for Mark Twain. There was only a girl in a quiet room, being raised by pulleys and fainting with the pain of it.

"One day the wind blew into her room a scrap of paper advertising a faith healer. Mother talked it over with Dad. He didn't believe in this faith healer, but he let Mother have her way, and the healer came—a thin man with flaming eyes. The room was dark. He said, 'Let there be light,' and threw up the curtains. He bent over Olivia and prayed. Then he put his arms about her

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(Liberty, November 30, '35)

and told her to sit up. And Olivia sat up! We couldn't believe it. The next day he told her to stand. And she got up out of bed, without any pain or effort, and stood looking at us. The third time Olivia walked the length of the room to him; and he said, 'Health and strength will now abide with you.' Dad offered him money but he wouldn't take it. We never saw him again. But from that time to this Olivia has been well."

Mark Twain managed to speak casually. "I'd like to meet your sister sometime, Charley. That's the most remarkable cure I ever heard of."

It was half a year before he met her. The *Quaker City* came back to New York in November, 1867, and the young author set about at once to get a job, publish the book he had written on his trip, *Innocents Abroad*, and meet Olivia Langdon. "My people have just come to town from Elmira," Langdon said at Christmas. "I'd like to have you meet them."

Mark was in a box at Steinway Hall, where Charles Dickens was to give a reading, half an hour before the Langdons arrived. He was spellbound when Olivia came. He had never seen so fragile, so lovely a woman. Dickens recited the death of Steerforth that night, but Mark heard little of it. He had fancied himself in love before, but this, he realized, was the great romance of his life.

He called on her on New Year's Day, but after that it was many months before he saw her again. He was in great demand as a lecturer, but he was depressed because there was no word from Olivia. He was planning to drop everything and take the first train to Elmira when he opened a letter from Charley asking him to come and stay a week.

"I'm in love with Olivia," he said to Charley on the last day. Langdon was shocked. He worshiped Mark Twain, but he didn't see this brusque rough Westerner as a fit suitor for his sister. "Father will be dreadfully upset," he said. "There's a train in half an hour. I'll get the coach."

Olivia bade her suitor a gentle farewell. The horses leaped ahead, and the rear seat, which had not been securely locked, fell backward and tumbled the two men to the cobblestones. Mark pretended to be unable to walk. He was in such seeming pain there was nothing for the Langdons to do but put him to bed. Olivia insisted he stay until he was well; she waited on him in his every waking moment. Mark stayed two weeks.

He came often to the Langdon home after that; but he couldn't seem to make any headway in his suit. Not until he invited her to one of his lectures. The night after the lecture she avoided him. The

second night she admitted she loved him, but was sorry she did. But the day after that she confessed she was proud of it.

He had won her at last; but he hadn't won her father. Jervis Langdon, Elmira's "coal king," wasn't going to give his daughter to any fly-by-night writer. "Write Joe Goodman of San Francisco," Mark advised. "I've lied for him more than a hundred times. I suppose he'd lie for me just this once." He gave Langdon time to investigate. In February, 1869, he asked for a showdown. "Your friend says you're a good author but you'll make the worst husband in the world," Langdon told him. "Can you think of anyone else I could refer to?" Mark shook his head. "Well, since no one else wishes to say a good word for you," the old man said, thrusting out his hand, "I suppose I'll have to sponsor you myself."

"Sound the loud timbrel," Mark wrote his friend Joe Twitchell, "for I have fought the good fight and lo! I have won! Refused three times, warned to quit once — accepted at last, and beloved! If there were a church in town with a steeple high enough . . . I would go out and jump over it."

It was a year before they were married. Mark bought an interest in a Buffalo newspaper. He asked Langdon's agent, Slee, to find him a modest boardinghouse. After the wedding Slee drove bride and groom to a magnificent house. They entered, dazzled by a flood of lights. Servants led them through luxurious rooms gaily decorated. Mark was terrified. He couldn't pay for all this.

"Dad's given us this house as a present!" Olivia said. Langdon, smiling, stepped forward with the title deeds; and Mark found his tongue. "Father, you're a brick. Any time you come to town, stay with us, even if it's for the night. It won't cost you a penny."

Mark Twain and his wife were opposites in many ways; but their marriage was idyllic. Mark was mercurial, explosive. Olivia, William Dean Howells wrote, "was the loveliest person I have ever seen — the gentlest, the kindest, without a touch of weakness; and Clemens not only accepted her rule implicitly, but he gloried in it."

Thirty-four years this romance lasted, through happy days and sad. Olivia was never very strong. Her first child died in infancy, and there were other tragedies that took toll of her. For more than two years before she died she was an invalid; and for many days her husband could be with her only for a few minutes at a time. The least little change in her alarmed him or made him happy. Mark couldn't write; he could do nothing but wait for the moments in the sickroom.

By June, 1903, she had improved, and the doctors recommended a winter in Italy. Mark rented a fine old palace overlooking Florence and it was here, on June 5, 1904, that the romance came to an end. Mark was permitted to stay an hour with her this day, because she was so animated. When he was summoned, he chided himself for remaining so long; but she said there was no harm, and kissed him. "You will come back?" she asked. "Yes. To say good night."

He felt exalted. He went upstairs to the piano, something he hadn't done since his daughter died, and played and sang old Jubilee songs — *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, and *My Lord, He Calls Me*. Mrs. Clemens heard the music and smiled tenderly. "He is singing a good-night carol to me," she said. She asked to be lifted up; and in that moment life went out of her. Mark played on, his heart glad, filling the old Italian palace with the music of Negro spirituals.

When he came in to say good night — "I looked in her face, and I think I spoke — I was surprised and troubled that she did not notice me. Then we understood, and our hearts broke. . . . I am tired and old; I wish I were with Livy."

They brought her back across the ocean, deep in the hold of the *Prince Oscar*. And no doubt, as he turned and twisted in his lonely bunk, the world's most famous author remembered those days so long ago, on another boat, when she was but a picture to him — a face in a miniature.

Clemens ordered a simple marker for her grave, with the words on it — "May God be gracious to you, O my radiant joy." And in his *Eve's Diary* he epitomized his romance with her: "Wheresoever she was, there was Eden."

He was old and tired, as he had confessed, and done with life. And when it came his time to die, in 1910, he was not unhappy — for he would lie again beside her.

Things You Know About Won't Hurt You

WILLIAM OSLER, the eminent doctor, once said that if an individual discovered early in life that he was suffering from a chronic disease the probability was that he would not die of that particular disease. He would deliberately take care of himself in respect to that handicap so as not to allow the disease to gain headway; some disease he didn't consider might readily overwhelm him. — Louis E. Bisch, M.D., author of "What Overcompensation Can Do for You," December Reader's Digest

Speak Up for Courtesy

Condensed from Review of Reviews

Henry Morton Robinson

WHILE we Americans are not internationally celebrated for our elegant manners, we have developed a fairly serviceable social technique to help us through our daily lives. Courtesy of a hearty, post-pioneer kind is a rather common thing with us — so common, in fact, that we are apt to be jolted when it isn't forthcoming. Indeed, usually we are so taken aback that we neglect our positive duty to do something about it. If enough of us habitually spoke up whenever we encountered public bad manners, there would soon be a great change for the better.

Pondering several recent experiences with insolent public and semi-public servants, I'm convinced that I was remiss to have let them pass unchallenged; I might have performed a public service by protesting.

Robert Millikan, the scientist, once remarked that the men who operate the filling stations have done more to teach the American people courtesy and good manners than all the professors in the colleges. A shrewd economic reason underlies Millikan's observation: gas station employes realize that their business is a highly competitive one, and that the slightest discourtesy to patrons will be reflected in waning revenue. Which accounts for the gallantry one usually meets with at a filling station. Employes in larger organizations — stores, railroads, public utilities — despite the best efforts of executives, all too often fail to recognize that the public has a right to demand considerate treatment. One of the most disagreeable fellows I've run into recently was a ticket agent in a large railway station. Did the fact that I *had* to travel on his line give him a license to treat me with brusque indifference? At the time, I took his bad manners in silence, but I ought to have pulled him up short with a protest. Nothing smart-alecky or controversial. Just a straightforward assertion of my title to the courtesy that the officials of the road want me to have. Perhaps something like this: "The officers of this company are trying to build up a satisfied passenger traffic. If they could watch you selling tickets, they wouldn't exactly compliment you for the help you're giving them."

With millions of men out of work, there is no reason why a poorly-qualified person should

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hold a job. And discourtesy is a poor qualification for any work. I quietly mentioned this fact to a supercilious hotel clerk last week, and was gratified to see an improvement in his attitude when I next asked for service. After all, these chaps are supposed to be specialists in tact and courtesy, and it pays to remind them of it occasionally.

Traffic cops have much to contend with, and doubtless the fine edge of their patience gets frazzled after an eight-hour trick at a busy corner. But this is scant excuse for some of the verbal lacings they give to motorists. A friend of mine, profanely assailed by a traffic cop for a minor violation, decided to stand his ground as a taxpayer and a responsible citizen. "Officer," he said, "before you hand me that ticket, please step into my car and we'll drive over to see your Sergeant. I'm surehe'd like to hear you repeat, in the same tone of voice, the language you've just used on me." Of course my friend did not get the ticket. Every policeman knows that his uniform gives him no right to vent his verbal spleen on the citizenry. He can arrest you, or hand you a summons, but abusive oratory on his part is distinctly extra-legal, and your firm announcement that you don't propose to take his personal guff will usually impress him.

The very Ace of Discourtesy is often the personage behind the grilled window in the theater box-office. He is by nature a superior fellow with a chilly disdain for everyone who tries to buy theater tickets. His stubborn disregard for my purse and seating tastes, his evident haste to be rid of me, amount to positive discourtesy, very difficult to combat. But I have decided that henceforth I am going to combat it on every occasion. How? By "calling" him in language something like this: "My dear fellow: the producer of this play, the actors, and everyone connected with it, have gone to great trouble to provide me with an evening's pleasure. You, by your unmannerliness, have just done your best to mar that pleasure. If it happens again, the management will be notified."

A few courageous souls, registering their complaints in dignified accents, could do much to check the blight of discourtesy among us. The shorter the speech, the better; the important thing is to remind the offending doorman or plumber or headwaiter that his discourtesy is keenly resented and will no longer be passively borne. As a result, you and everyone else are likely to receive more painstaking attention and a finer brand of courtesy in the future.

There is another side to the story: for every brush with discourtesy we probably experience a dozen instances of cheerful ex-

tra service, unsolicited, and — in most cases — unrewarded. A few weeks ago I bought a suit and received such excellent counsel and treatment from the salesman that I felt genuinely grateful. The man was a gentleman; it was impossible to show my appreciation by tipping him, so I did something that we should all do much oftener. I wrote a brief note to the president of the store, mentioning my courteous salesman by name, and expressing pleasure at his splendid treatment of me. I am sure that everyone, including myself, profited by that simple note, and that the salesman in particular was heartened by the thought that his courtesy was not unvalued by his fellow man.

Courtesy is not the king of virtues, but it is certainly one of his noblest aides. I suppose its true function is to lubricate the surface of those countless casual human contacts in which our deeper emotions are not called into play. It is so valuable a human commodity that we are justified in extending ourselves mightily to promote it; if it comes freely we are fortunate, but when it is stingily offered we must not be afraid to demand a more generous share. I do not mean to suggest that we should go about the world bellowing complaints at tired, overworked servitors; there are dozens of occasions daily in which restraint and patient silence are the only courses open to the considerate man or woman. But if discourtesy is to be checked, heroic methods must be invoked. We must boldly speak up for good manners and let our voices be heard in every boorish corner of our world.

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Ponderables

PSYCHOLOGICALLY, marriage does men more good than it does women. Raymond R. Willoughby of Clark University declared that "maladjustment" plagues fewer husbands than bachelors but more wives than spinsters. — *News-Week*

TO WOMEN, beauty is what money is to man — power.
— Dorothy May

IN THE LAST resort nothing is ridiculous except the fear of being so.
— Henri Fauconnier in *Malaisie*

THE ONLY difference between a rut and a grave is in their dimensions.
— Ellen Glasgow

The End of Party Labels

FOR AT LEAST fifty years the mugwump tenth of American voters, acknowledging no party allegiance, have been able to swing national elections, shifting freely from one party to the other. Now they are going to lose their balance of power because the other nine tenths of our voters — "the hidebound Republicans and dyed-in-the-wool Democrats" — will be compelled to choose on the basis of fundamental issues rather than party loyalty. This is the forecast of Frank R. Kent, the Baltimore *Sun's* famous political commentator, writing in the December issue of *The American Magazine.*

Instead of a standard Republican vote canceling a standard Democrat vote, with the mugwumps determining the outcome, Mr. Kent declares we are likely to have in 1936 a clean-cut cleavage on the line of policies instead of labels.

"Party regularity," says Mr. Kent, "has ceased to be intelligent." The New Deal has so shattered the old political alignments that "even the most hidebound partisan must recognize the facts.

"For half a century the Democratic Party has opposed centralization of power in the Federal Government and the intrusion of government into private business. Yet the expansion of governmental power and its extension over business are the very essence of the New Deal. For a hundred years the Democratic Party has stood strongly for states' rights. Yet under the New Deal the rights of the states have virtually disappeared, and through the distribution of Federal billions for relief and public works, the Federal power has become irresistible."

Furthermore, Mr. Kent points out, nearly all of the present Democratic policies under President Roosevelt have in the past been part of the Progressive Republicans' platform: public works, relief appropriations, the AAA, unemployment insurance, devaluation of the dollar, abandonment of the gold standard, silver purchase, the development of Muscle Shoals, the destruction of public utility holding companies.

And the consequence, in Mr. Kent's opinion, is that the G.O.P., without a positive platform of its own, without acknowledged leadership, and with the Democrats solidly in control of erstwhile Republican positions, cannot hope to achieve victory in 1936 unless it "adopts the Democratic states' rights principle and the Democratic platform of 1932. Upon that, the anti-New Deal citizens of both parties should be able to unite."

Thus the New Deal has sounded the death knell of blind *partisanship* — the curse of American politics since the Civil War — and has heralded the emergence of two *true parties* — Conservative and Liberal — rooted in the two opposing social principles from whose interplay Mr. Kent sees the best hope for sound national progress.

Russia Postpones Utopia

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Eugene Lyons
Former United Press correspondent in Russia;
author of "Moscow Carrousel"

RECENT dispatches out of Moscow convey an impression of far-reaching changes in mood and manners. The lighter side of mortal existence, such as dancing, comedy, romantic love, neat dress, are finding indulgence. Outmoded sentiments like respect for parents and gallantry toward women, neglected institutions like durable marriage, have been restored to official favor.

Men are being put on trial for marrying and unmarrying too often, and parents have been punished for neglecting their children. It is characteristic of Bolshevik technique that new policies even in the direction of conservatism should be dramatized for the population in terms of naked power — trials, punishments, decrees. Social opinion elsewhere may plead and exhort — the Soviet Union simply *orders* its men to be gallant, its children to be more considerate of their elders, its families to remain unified. The change, however, is none the less fundamental.

The last important Soviet official whom I interviewed was Alexander Kosiarov, the 30-year-old head of the Communist Youth League. Except for the swathings of Marxist formulas, his code of conduct could have been accepted almost in toto by a Y.M.C.A. conference: true love rather than license, lasting marriages, many children, loyalty to friends and family, amusement in moderation, and the other staples of conventionality.

There is no question that a revolution in manners has taken place and is being consolidated on all "fronts" — domestic, literary, theatrical. The crude factory-made propagandist play or movie is giving way to productions with human beings and human emotions instead of machines, slogans, and wooden symbols. Human interest stories are creeping into the newspapers, a little timidly as yet. Elementary cleanliness in personal appearance and personal conduct are being insisted upon, and even exalted officials are expected to shave in the morning.

The significance of the change, I believe, goes much deeper than its surface effects would indicate. Underlying the new manners is a tacit recognition that the Soviet system of today, a halfway house

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on the road between capitalism and socialism, will remain essentially unaltered long enough to make it a resting place for a number of generations anyhow. In short, the "transition period" is being accepted for all practical purposes as permanent.

As long as the revolution was on the march, with Communism in our own generation as the ostensible goal just around the corner, the decorative aspects of life were out of place. Happiness could be postponed until the corner was turned, and every ounce of energy devoted solely to achieving that crucial maneuver. But with the abandonment of hope for speedy Communism and the realization that the intermediary stage would be prolonged, it has become not only possible but necessary to relax. The morality of guerrilla warfare must give way to the conventionalities of a stable society. Existence must be adjusted as comfortably as possible on the present social basis.

Five years ago, when the initial Five-Year Plan was in its most vociferous and difficult phase, there was still a sense of wrongdoing in living better than your neighbor. When a G.P.U. officer, a good Communist, or a well-paid engineer threw a party there was a good deal of secrecy about the proceedings. It was not quite respectable to dress well, eat sufficiently, or live more amply. Cushions, white collars, and jazz records were still the symbols of bourgeois degeneracy. You could immediately spot the villain of the piece on the stage by his clean shave and shined boots; and the hero, conversely, by the stubble on his chin and the mud on his boots.

The momentous change brought by these recent years, and especially in evidence at this time, is that economic advantages have become altogether respectable. The pretense of utopian equality as a national ideal is being ridiculed by Stalin and his lieutenants as "petty bourgeois romanticism," and the clean-shaved, ruddy-cheeked, well-groomed Soviet leader can now face the unwashed and as yet underfed proletariat without the slightest self-consciousness.

It is evident that certain elements of the Soviet population by this time have a sizable stake in the "transition period" and that the normal conservatism of human nature — product of habit and fear of change — is operative. The intrenched bureaucracy, large classes of privileged police and military officials, administrators, better-paid technical workers and the new Soviet-made intelligentsia — most of these are anxious to remain at the present in-between point. They want more food and goods and leisure, but certainly no radical changes in the immedi-

ate social equilibrium. Even large slices of the ordinary workers and better-placed peasants in the collectives are loath to risk their slight present possessions and prerogatives for a problematical utopia.

Moreover, the enjoyment of larger incomes and higher cultural standards has been sealed by official approbation. Indeed, it has become the social duty of the individual to improve his personal lot by qualifying himself for skilled labor or responsible administrative posts, pretty much as under capitalism. The policy now is more pay for better work, larger rewards on more responsible posts, monetary inducements for improving one's skill — all part of the Kremlin's desperate effort to reinject personal initiative into its economic system by reviving the outlawed incentive of personal gain. And today new shops, restaurants, cafés, hotels, summer resorts, and coöperative apartment houses cater openly, under government aegis, to the needs of those in the higher income brackets or with more ample political power.

Thus the Soviet Union is now shaking itself down for a long enjoyment of triumphant statehood, with new classes in control. That, it seems to me, is the deeper significance of the new conservatism. Family unity, the relaxation of moderate pleasures, the revival of romance in personal relations, a rational code of conduct — these are at once the products and the instrumentalities of Soviet social stability.

Two Tickets for a Twain Ride

MARK TWAIN met a friend at the races one day in England. This friend came up to him and said, "I'm broke, I wish you would buy me a ticket back to London."

"Well," Mark said, "I'm nearly broke myself, but I will tell you what I'll do. You can hide under my seat and I'll hide you with my legs."

The friend agreed to this.

Then Mark Twain went down to the ticket office and bought two tickets. When the train pulled out his friend was safely under the seat. The inspector came around for the tickets and Mark gave him two. The inspector said, "Where is the other one?"

Tapping his head the humorist said in a loud voice, "That is my friend's ticket! He is a little eccentric and likes to ride under the seat."

— *Mark Twain Wit and Wisdom*, edited by Cyril Clemens (Stokes)

The Ski's the Limit

By

Paul Gallico

Well-known sports enthusiast and writer

+

THERE IS, in taking an open ship off the ground, always one magnificent, unforgettable moment just before she takes her wheels from the grass, when you are skimming along at 70 or better, and you do not know whether you are rolling or flying, so light is the touch. The ground whizzes by beneath you, objects ahead leap at you with alarming rapidity. A moment later, the earth drops away and you are off, and never again do you have that breath-taking sensation of speed.

Skiing downhill on a smooth, steep slope is like that, only magnified a hundredfold. There is nothing else that will give you the same sense of personal speed, of having left your mortal shell and become a god. Speeding motorboats and cars have thrills all their own. But it's still a ride. You sit and the machine does it.

But fasten a pair of skis to your feet, well bound, properly waxed, take off from the top of a mountain, secure in the necessary knowledge and technique, and you become for the few minutes of the descent, speed itself, something no longer of this earth, flying down the hillside at 40 miles an hour, sometimes 50 where the drop is sharp, on your own legs, trees and rocks hurtling past you faster than from a railway window, the wind of your tremendous passage tearing at your face and body, watering your eyes, filling your lungs. Here is a drug for mortals — speed and power. The addicts are never the same again. When the moment of the descent is over, they live only for the next one, and the magnificent elation that comes not only from such blinding passage, but the ability to control it — swerve, turn, stop, start again, swoop and fall away like a hawk, blend oneself into rhythms incomprehensible to non-skiers.

Once the amateur has learned the art, his only limitations are gravity, and his own nerves. One sacrifice, and one only, he (or she) must make. The technique *must* be learned. There is nothing natural about skiing any more than there is about golf. When you hit a speed of thirty or so miles an hour on your own legs, you are monkeying with dynamics, and you had best learn something of the action of forces applied to swiftly moving bodies, and also how to apply them.

Two discoveries have given a sudden impetus to skiing in the United States as a participation rather than a spectator sport. The first of these, and perhaps the more important because it will permit ski practice in any part of the country, at all times of the year, is the pine needle track, originated by the Newport, N. H., Ski Club in 1933.* But the most amazing innovation that the sport has ever known was introduced here by John Potter, Paris-born American and ski enthusiast, who came across it in Berlin. It was discovered there that ordinary borax sprinkled plentifully over carpet material with a good stiff nap not only looks like snow, but gives you action on skis just like light powdered snow on old snow crust.

He suggested the idea to Saks Fifth Avenue, New York department store, which immediately turned it into one of the smartest bits of merchandising on the street. Smack up against their sporting-goods department, they built a carpet slide ten feet high, 63 feet long and some 16 feet wide, peppered it thoroughly with borax, engaged Mr. Sig Buchmayr, the snappy little Austrian champion, to teach aspirants, and set up a flock of odd skis and poles that you don't even have to buy. And now you may devote half your lunch hour to studying the famous Arlberg technique. In ten lessons Herr Buchmayr, a blond gentleman who speaks excellent English and does simply incredible things on the small borax slide (such as pausing halfway down to dig in both poles together and do a merry-go-round around them), guarantees to teach you enough to go out into the snow and have yourself a whale of a time without winding up with a sprained ankle or a twisted knee. You will, you know, if someone doesn't teach you properly at the start.

Ten lessons are sufficient for a starter. From there on, if you have been properly instructed, practice will in a short time make you and your whole family excellent ski runners. You may not want to come thundering down such well-known and recognized American trails as the Taft at Peckett's-on-Sugar Hill, Franconia, N. H., or Hell's Highway at Moosilauke, or Tuckerman's Ravine at Gorham, but you will go plenty fast and plenty far.

The sport is intrinsically not difficult, once the muscles are hardened and the stiffness goes out of the knees. Yes, it gets you in the legs and knees. For, using the Arlberg or Alpine technique (which is described as the safest, and is taught in every modern ski school in Germany, Austria, Switzerland and the United States), it is all done with the knees bent, in

* See The Reader's Digest, December '35, page 57.

a crouch, as opposed to the old Swedish and Norwegian stand-up style. It isn't a squat, but the knees are bent and thrown ahead, and in this position, with the skis spread slightly apart, all downhill work is done. There are occasional gentle grades or level stretches where knees may be unbent, easing tension and leg fatigue, but for fast work, it's the crouch, always ready for the spring that will "unweight" the skis and prepare them for the turns or stems or christies that will slow your speed, or keep you from taking off over a thousand-foot precipice.

The principle of unweighting skis is something no novice, trying to instruct himself, would ever think of. Those ten preliminary lessons make a pleasant short-cut. There are, as you know, two parts to a ski: the ski proper, which is the long, narrow strip of wood, edged in metal sometimes to secure a better bite into the snow, and curled up at the end; and the binding, the special contraption that fastens your toe to the skis and leaves your heel free to rise from the wood. The single toe-strap is absolutely useless for real skiing.

Now, you may well imagine that there is some difficulty to be encountered trying to turn two slats over seven feet in length, five inches wide, and 1¼ inches thick, with a strap and metal binding fastened only to your toe. Thus one of the most important things you will learn in all the curriculum is to unweight your skis by a leap into the air. There will be one fractional moment during that leap, just before you start to come down, when the diminishing force that you have exerted to overcome gravity will exactly equal gravity's downward pull. At that moment, neither you nor your skis weigh anything, and you will find that you can very easily turn them sideways, and down you come, your skis at right angles to your former course, in a sliding stop.

You watch Ski Master Buchmayr putting his class through its preliminary drills of knee bending. They are all clad in long, navy blue or black pants and coats, heavy socks, thick deerhide ski-boots with slotted heels. The students crouch on their skis with hands held together in front, poles pointing diagonally back of them. As he cries — "Hup . . . Hup . . . Hup!" they shoot their knees forward and crouch and straighten in a curious bobbing motion, not unlike posting on a horse.

Then they walk through the various maneuvers, learn each move separately first, then put them together, still in slow motion, and finally repair with him up to the top of the slide for the laboratory work. There is always a breathless moment before they push off and come charging down

headed straight for astounded-looking old ladies, small boys, and trim matrons watching outside a guard rail. Sometimes they brake themselves with a creditable "christie" or inverted "V" stem or snowplow, and sometimes they fall on the flat of their backs, and finish that way. But skiing seems to be a Lethe that holds them in a dream. They are not on the sixth floor of a huge department store, brushing powdered borax from the seats of their pants, while spectators giggle. They are immortals-to-be, preparing for flight.

Skiing used to be a silk-stocking sport, and if you didn't have the price of two weeks at the Lake Placid Club, or Peckett's at Franconia, why then you just didn't. But modern ski technique, reasonable hotel prices ($3.50 per day and all found), and the spreading interest in the magnificent sport has changed it to something within the reach of everyone, young and old. The country dweller has the advantage, because where there is snow and a hill, there is skiing: downhill, cross-country or slalom (a sort of obstacle run around objects). But more and more snow trains are pulling out of New York, Boston, and other cities on one-day tours that do not cost an entire family more than five or six dollars provided it brings its own lunch. The railroads watch the condition of the snow and the spots most likely to yield a fine day's slithering; the fans watch the papers. For instance the Boston & Maine Railroad advertises: "Fun-aplenty for all aboard the Snow Train. Every Sunday from Boston, and also certain week-ends. Destination selected only after careful study of reports by special observers. Watch Friday's Boston papers, or telephone Cap. 6000." Fans never know where they're going. They never care. Snow and a slope, at a cheap round-trip, ski talk and ski lore. It's enough.

For sheer joy and breath-taking beauty the western ski trails need yield nothing to the Tyrol or the Swiss Alps, and they offer the sport the year round. Mt. Ranier in Washington is ski land, and so is Mt. Baker and the slopes surrounding Mt. Shuksan, the Mont Blanc of America. Mt. Adams and Mt. St. Helens in Washington, and Mt. Hood in Oregon have some of the finest skiing resorts in the Northwest; and the Arlberg Ski Club of Colorado operates in and around the famous Berthoud Pass. The Great Divide itself is rich ski country, and the experienced runner there can shoot down over the original Pony Express trail that in the old days was the only known way over the barrier.

There are schools now in America, at Franconia, N. H., and Woodstock, Vt., comparing favorably with the great ski schools

in the Austrian Tyrol. There startling young men who have been ski champions in the past will teach you how to walk uphill as simply as you slide down the other side, how to wheel like a gull, spiral like an airplane, or make leaping turns far beyond anything Nijinsky ever dreamed.

And there you will learn to hunger for the unforgettable joys of a new sport, for speed afoot beyond your wildest imagination, for mountain days, and snows, and hot sun that will burn you worse than any summer rays, and people who are young, laughter, and daring up to your own limit. Because there seems to be nothing else quite like it for speed, for sport, and for camaraderie and blood brotherhood. And if you cannot reach the snows, try the hissing pine needles. Or as a last resort, there is always the department store with its borax slide.

The Well-Undressed Skier

You don't have to bundle up to go skiing. Bathing suits are a popular costume in European resorts, and a snow tan is just as healthful as a beach tan.

In the Tyrol or the Arlberg, the bodies of men and women skiers are tanned almost to a chocolate brown. Inexpert skiers who do not want to risk a cold tumble go in for snow sun-bathing. It is the fashion to eat out of doors, and rest in deck chairs as you would on a beach. On the balconies of big hotels in the Italian Alps sun-bathers may be seen stretched full-length in their bright yellow (yes, bright yellow) ski underwear.

American resorts are colder and windier, and bathing suits are not in order till February, when the sun is hotter. But enthusiasts insist that undressed skiing is not a fad: they point to the famous Swiss sanitariums where tubercular children play unclad in the snow, and become as brown and vigorous as their skiing parents. — Katharine Peckett, ski instructor at Peckett's, Franconia, N. H., and authority on ski clothes

He was one of the few elderly men I have known who seemed never to grow homesick for the old . . . He never left the prow of the boat where he loved to feel the spray of the future against his face. — Glenn Frank, of Zona Gale's father

The Robes of the Kingfish

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Walter Davenport

WHEN a brooding young intellectual thrust his automatic into the belly of Senator Huey Long and pulled the trigger, a kingdom collapsed in a second. For, before Huey Long's funeral was over it became clear that what the country had looked upon as an invincible political machine which was to become a national government was nothing more than an overinflated bubble, due at any moment to burst of its own accord.

With the exception of two or three, none of Senator Long's deckhands loved or even respected him. He had double-crossed his own associates and made them take it. He had told his legislators to their faces that he didn't give a damn what they thought of him as long as they did what he asked — that he could "buy and sell them like sacks of potatoes."

He got away with it because he was clearly their master in everything except physical courage; and he didn't need that as long as his gunmen had it. His arrogance and incredible egotism were entirely too much for a young state representative who, one night when Huey was herding the legislature like befuddled sheep, made bold to tell the dictator that he didn't think a political organization built so high-handedly could survive.

"So," sneered Huey, motioning to his bodyguard to close in, "so you've decided to go in for thinking, hey? Well, we don't want no thinkers in jobs like yours — just listeners. Get the hell out of here. When I want punks like you to think I'll let you know."

And that representative did get out. The Senator's gunmen escorted him out of the capitol and kept him out. He was not permitted to vote that session. All thought of retaliation was banished when his wife told him that she had been informed by telephone to tell her husband to behave "if he had any regard for the safety of his family."

In his personal affairs Huey was the most reactionary of conservatives, doing business with the same profit-scenting ruthlessness that was characteristic of the wealth he excoriated (for political expediency), and in his private councils he frequently denounced members of Share-the-Wealth as "suckers." Sharing the wealth wasn't even his own idea. He grabbed it one convivial night

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(Collier's, November 23, '35)

when a companion, thinking merely to be humorous, jeered at the old slogan: Share the Work. Who wanted to work at the wage offered by wealth? The thing to do was share the wealth — take it from those who had it and distribute it among those who hadn't.

"Sure," agreed Huey. "And after the smart guys get it all back from the suckers we split it up again. There's twenty million votes in that these days. Let's go." Thus Huey's Share-the-Wealth was his own political racket, his national organization with which he was to whip his foes into line or out of office.

In Louisiana, when Huey died a tyrant died. And few have reason to mourn a tyrant. The moment he was shot Louisiana began to breathe easier. Almost invariably news-seekers wanted to know: "Will he live?" Very few asked: "Is he going to die?" He had very few friends — just camp followers. He was eminently the rowdy who, like the schoolyard bully, dominates because his associates are afraid he is as tough as he sounds.

Before we had traveled half the length of Louisiana it became apparent to us that to a vast number of hitherto silent people (people who had been afraid to state their honest estimate of Huey) the announcement of his death was the best political news they had heard in months. Lawyers told us that "this assassination has saved the courts of the state from becoming political side shows" and that "now a lawyer can accept a case without fear of being disbarred by Long's personal bar association because Long did not like your client." A merchant said: "Thank God he's gone. It was bound to happen anyway and lots of us have been surprised he lasted this long. He put murder in my heart and I can name a dozen men who felt that way. We don't know what his successors will try to do but somehow we aren't afraid of them. They are ordinary politicians. Maybe graft and inefficiency will continue. But we can fight average politicians. For four years we've been ruled by a maniac."

In Shreveport we talked to a man who had been foolish enough to declare openly that he would never vote for Long and would be glad to contribute half of all he had to overthrow Long's dictatorship. Long disposed of the case in typical fashion.

"Double this guy's taxes," he commanded. "If that doesn't make him holler, triple them. Then tell me what he says."

The outraged man held out for a year under doubled taxes, then surrendered. Thereafter he voted on Huey's side. He was one of the throng attending the funeral of Doctor Weiss. He says he wasn't ashamed of the tears that

wet his face as he looked at the riddled body of the young man who is gradually being hailed in Louisiana as Emancipator.

And so today they tell you the stories they didn't dare utter before. For example, how Huey's local captains went in for cheap buccaneering on their own.

They would walk into the office of, say, a dentist and demand a weekly tribute of 10, 20 or even 50 dollars, particularly if the dentist happened to be an independent in politics. He would be told, perhaps without direct authority, that the levy had been dictated by Huey. If he refused his office might be wrecked. He might be arrested on a framed charge of malpractice and his license revoked. Anything.

Such a victim of Huey's lads — a chiropractor — had his license revoked and, reasoning that he had no more to lose, went directly to Huey.

"Never heard of it," roared Huey — probably truthfully. "Who did you say cracked down on you? Never heard of him. But he sounds like a smart guy. I'll look him up. A smart guy. Listen, if I was you I'd come to terms. You gotta do business with active guys like he sounds. Me too. Wait a minute, Doc."

And Huey called in one of his strongarm boys.

"Listen," he said to the muscle man, "the Doc here says a mug up his way has been collecting in our name. Go on up with the Doc and look into it. If this mug's got any dough that belongs to us, get it. We're going to need it next fall."

But there was no machine; just Huey. He was the chief engineer and all the assistants. He had a lot of errand boys: he appointed men to office or dictated their election but almost to the extremity of signing payrolls they had to consult him.

Technically (and technically only) Governor Oscar Kelly Allen wears the robes dropped by the Kingfish. A wealthy man, he was Huey's financial angel in the early days. Huey rewarded him by making him governor. Mr. Allen, however, lost his taste for politics the moment the Kingfish died, faithfully insisting that his former secretary, Judge Richard W. Leche, be the crowd's nominee for governor because Huey had wanted it that way. Governor Allen always obeyed his master's voice. In his name, Huey called extra sessions of the legislature, issued statements and made appointments — frequently without bothering to consult him.

None of Huey's scrambling heirs are aspiring to anything greater than to hang on to the sorry local fragments. The senator's Share-the-Wealth movement — his national political organization — has been left to

worry out its own destiny. Evangelist Gerald L. K. Smith, whom Huey appointed its national organizer, will carry it on from Washington in connection with his post of secretary to Wade Omer Martin, newly appointed United States Senator, designated to fill in Huey's unexpired term.

Huey lies buried beneath a concrete block in the gardens in front of his $5,000,000 capitol. Guards chosen apparently for their tonnage patrol the site. And they take their post pretty seriously. We asked a citizen of Baton Rouge whether they were there to keep the souvenir hunters from hacking the block away.

"Well, that's the general idea," he said. "But most people think it's not so much to keep people out as it is to keep Huey in."

Patter

THE AUTOMOBILE approached the coroner at 60 miles an hour. — *Pathfinder*

Our sympathy to the man who comes home dog tired, only to find his wife feeling kittenish.

Our bookkeeper says it's great the way things are beginning to look black again. — John A. Straley in *Forbes*

Apparently Italy wants to succeed Japan as mistress of the seize. — Weston (Ore.) *Leader*

Lawyers earn a living by the sweat of their browbeating. — James Huneker

"I visit my friends occasionally," remarked the book lover, "just to look over my library."

A newspaper is a portable screen behind which man hides from the woman who is standing up in a streetcar.
— Los Angeles *Times*

A judge who was asked to ban a book ruled that it was not obscene. The author is expected to appeal. — *Punch*

When they kiss and make up, she gets the kiss and he gets the make-up. — George Storm

The first law of repartee — better never than late.

Curiosa Americana

Excerpts from "Mrs. Astor's Horse"

Stanley Walker
Author of "City Editor," "The Night Club Era," etc.

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IT IS SAID that Paul D. Cravath, New York lawyer, built a house on the north shore of Long Island at a tremendous cost. When it was all finished he said, a little wistfully, that he wanted a brook. The landscape architect said that a brook could be arranged, though it would cost a pretty sum. "Do you," asked the architect, "want a brook that gives forth a swish, a murmur or a gurgle?" "All three," was the answer. Today, by pressing a button, one may start the brook going. Other buttons control the sound, making it either swish, murmur or gurgle.

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A RICH horse-lover, with an establishment in central New York State, has 110 horses on his place, and he gives them puffed oats — not merely oats — by the ton.

❖

WALTER WINCHELL predicted, and accurately, that the wife of one of the Vanderbilts was going to become the mother of twins. This news beat marked one of the greatest advances in journalism since the first transatlantic cable.

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THE MOST withering comment one person can make about another in Hollywood is that "he's not big." An example of this attitude is an experience of Charles Laughton, the British actor. A short time after his arrival in Hollywood, Laughton bought a small car and had a pleasant time driving himself to and from work until Paramount officials intervened.

"What do you mean driving a little car like that?" one of the officials asked. "You're letting Paramount down. Do you want people to think we're not paying you anything? Get a Rolls-Royce and a chauffeur."

The passion for being "big" extends to entertaining in Hollywood. It is a common custom to meet visitors at the railroad station with a brass band — the more oompahs the better. When a visitor departs, or when a Hollywood resident starts East, he is showered with *bon voyage* gifts delivered at the train, many of them in crates. The bigger and more unwieldy the gift the more appropriate. Live ducks quacking in their crates often add a neat touch. It is still more fun to give a basket of reptiles, or anything that is calculated to scare hell out of the recipient.

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JACK DELANEY, who once was a jockey, and whose love for horses and horsey touches has persisted through the years, opened a new

© 1935, Stanley Walker, and published at $3 by Frederick A. Stokes Co., 443 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C., *"Mrs. Astor's Horse" recounts some of the more bizarre vagaries that amused the author as he surveyed the American scene during the 1920's and '30's from the vantage point of a newspaper editor's desk.*

saloon and restaurant in Sheridan Square. He fitted up his bar so that customers could sit on saddles instead of the usual stools or chairs. To carry out the horse motif, the man's room is labeled "Colts" and the women's room "Fillies."

◆

THE toilet seat of the late Lilyan Tashman was covered with ermine. And there is a nameless fellow in Hollywood, an incurable prankster, who has designed an outdoor house to which he likes his guests to retire. As soon as the guest flushes the toilet, an elaborate mechanical device is set in operation, causing the walls of the house to open and fall to the ground, much like the opening of the petals of a beautiful flower, leaving the victim of the jest exposed to the howls of the host and the other guests.

◆

THE CHAMPION of all indorsers, for sheer volume of business, is Constance Talmadge, the motion picture actress. Her manager, Emil Jensen, a man of infinite resource, was requested by Joseph M. Schenck to do something special for a forthcoming picture called *Breakfast at Sunrise*, in which Miss Talmadge was the star. He conceived the idea of getting national advertisers to pay for the promotion of Miss Talmadge's picture; he sent out a notice that she was ready to indorse anything, provided the advertisement would say a few kind words about her. Time was short; the picture was coming out soon; Miss Talmadge herself was on her way to Europe and would be in New York only one day. But Jensen made this one day count.

Into the Talmadge rooms at the Hotel Ambassador in New York came Jensen and his staff of photographers and technicians. All day long the furious indorsing and picture-taking went on. It was an amazing day. Among the items indorsed, with photographs, were candies, beds, wardrobe trunks, soap, creams, electrical apparatus, hosiery, bedroom slippers, corsets, opera cloaks, pianos, radio sets, alarm clocks and waffle irons. Jensen got busy with the developed photographs the next day. In one issue of a national magazine Miss Talmadge appeared in advertisements as indorsing and using eight different products. It was a high spot in history.

◆

A WHIMSICAL FELLOW is William F. Kenny, New York contractor and long-time friend of Al Smith. It is no secret that Mr. Kenny is, and has been for many years, almost bald. Once, while in Paris, he decided he needed a haircut. By transatlantic telephone he talked to one Louis Arico, a talented and affable barber who ran a basement barber shop in New York. Mr. Kenny asked Arico to take the *Leviathan*, come to Paris and cut his hair properly. Arico obeyed, but when he arrived he found that the impatient Kenny had engaged a British barber to trim his scanty fuzz.

A Hans Brinker Boyhood

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

David Cornel DeJong

THE NAME of the old Dutch town is Wierum. It is still there, no doubt as secluded as ever, hugging a shallow bend of the long dike. It is in the province of Friesland, perhaps the most untouched section of the Netherlands. Tourists seldom come; the railway does not touch it.

In the old town was real beauty, and calm and age. In spring the dike was white with millions of daisies, and the canals blue reflections of sky between deep green fields; above, huge clouds traveled importantly all day, and the sea's voice was like a huge contented purring cat over the red roofs.

But there also were storms when the sea roared tremendously above us. When I was four years old there came a night when no one slept. From time to time someone would tap on the window to announce in a gruff, weathered voice how high the sea stood behind the dike. Before midnight we were carried out of the house and Father waded waist deep through water before he deposited us in the old church which stood on the only mound for miles around.

Fortunately ebbtide came soon and most of the dike held. But the next morning my brother and I walked along the battered dike and saw the remnants of a street which had been swept entirely into the canal, and even watched men lift the body of a woman from the canal, her long hair full of broken shells and silt. Also, there was a strange, very large fish on top of the dike and, in the old cemetery, skulls and skeletons lay clean and washed in regimental order.

But the village and sea had shown their worst. After that came much that was beautiful and peaceful and certainly no little that was colorful. Life was neither gray nor monotonous. Even as children, stolid as Dutch children are rumored to be, we had our perpetual round of excitement. Even on wooden shoes, for that is all we ever wore on our feet except in skating time or a few weeks in summer when we might dare try low leather ones. And wooden shoes are comfortable. Leather ones seemed like feathers and too light for reality. Many and varied were the uses of wooden shoes. (Sunday wooden shoes were glossy black, adorned with gilded buds and leaves; everyday shoes were unpainted.)

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When rains came the mud on roads was ankle deep and leather shoes were impossible. Furthermore, no Dutch boy fights with fists, but with wooden shoes, resulting in battered and bloody heads, and at least one thoroughly soaked foot. Girls fight in the same way.

Wooden shoes were admirable for sliding on ice, and even better as sailboats in the canals, with an improvised mast and sail held by a piece of putty, something each boy was provided with in his ample pockets. Besides, in a country where streets and stoops are scrubbed almost weekly, and the inside of houses are given a good turn twice daily, it is expedient to wear shoes which can be kicked off in one second even before one steps on the scoured stoop. To determine if one's friends were at home, one needed only to look at the row of wooden shoes in front of the door. In school each one had his numbered cubbyhole for his shoes, as we sat in the schoolrooms simply in our socks.

Usually all of the village children played together, at hoops, or balls, or tops or kites, subject however to periodic civil wars between the children of fishermen and those of land workers. Some of our games were the despair of parents. One of the worst was ditch-jumping, wherein every child set out for the country — with jumping poles or without — to jump ditches. Total immersions would be frequent, and drownings sometimes occurred.

Stilt walking also caused gray hairs for mothers. On self-made, wobbly, terrifically high stilts one clattered disastrously downward on heavy wooden shoes, either into deep mud or perhaps with broken bones upon the pavement. Then there were marbles. For successful marble weather, it must have rained for days, the roads must be impassable, the mud must ooze at least a foot deep. Marble playing called for one knee on the ground, the right fist well buried in the mud, aiming at marbles several yards away, likely wholly invisible. After a few hours' play, coats, shirts and faces were plastered with mud, and shoes were often irrevocably lost. But all parents bowed to the game. All except the minister, whose immaculate children watched us through windows with languishing eyes.

We had school, of course, and plenty of it. Two long sessions a day, of four hours each. Compared with American standards, our schooling was hard. As Frisians, we did not know a word of Dutch when we started school at the age of four. In the fifth or sixth grade we had to start on other languages — German, French, and English — for as Hollanders, our teachers told us, we were predestined to roam over the earth.

In the sixth and seventh years we were given sound fundamentals of geometry and algebra. And the study of tides, stars, moon, and winds were stressed especially and were of intense interest to children whose fathers sailed the seas. We had only two weeks' vacation during the whole year, barring skating days.

Perhaps the high tide for unalloyed enjoyment came during skating time. Not only our town, but nearly all of Friesland participated. The ice is slow to form, the water in the canals being brackish. But as soon as the weather forecast indicates frost of any severity, all shipping in the canals stops, and for a reason very likely different from any other in the world: a ship pushing through the newly formed ice would spoil any skating, a sin which would be unpardonable.

As soon as the ice would bear a man, no matter how it groaned and bent, the adventurous would be on hand with skates. If the frost continued, everybody would be on the ice the next day; and thereafter for perhaps two weeks, schools and workshops would close, and stores would open only for an hour or two.

To be unable to skate in Friesland is a disgrace. At four one has to learn. And each child learns willingly, in order to join every living soul of the town on the big canals. A holiday spirit pervades everything. For once housekeeping is neglected. Mothers are on the ice, and grandmothers. No one works. And in the afternoon whole families — single file, father ahead, mother next behind him, hooking her hand into his which he holds on his back, then each child according to age — set out together for distant parts, zooming and swaying along with the utmost gusto and speed.

Every town is connected by the network of canals, and men are paid to keep the snow off. Only cripples are on land, and they partake of the festivities by setting up stands where they sell drinks, cookies and chocolate. On the canal one meets other family groups, large and small, all swooping past in perfect rhythm, no one out of stroke. One visits relatives miles away for the first time during the year — rather, one meets them on the ice, for no one wants to sit inside. Ice days are perfect days. Good will reigns.

In Wierum, Christmas is not celebrated beyond one church service. The gift day, mainly for children, is Sint Nickolaas Day, the sixth of December. The eve of Sint Nickolaas proves a ghastly ordeal for the children. On that evening horribly dressed men, with raw intestines of cows and pigs hanging from their sides, painted frightfully, with eyes of dead barnyard animals glued to their faces, come to the house to

put one in the right spirit for Sint Nickolaas. Anyone is allowed to come, and the more popular your parents are, the greater will be your suffering during the evening.

The men proceed to frighten the children by all possible means and devices, until they have been driven to a point of hysteria. Not until then do parents dare intervene. When enough fear and fright have been administered, the men depart, leaving a small gift for each child in the kitchen, and other men come to practice their arts. I remember Sint Nickolaas Eves when I was so frightened that I was afraid to go to sleep for nights afterward. But to keep their good standing in the community, parents simply have to tolerate this.

I was 13 when I left the town. I have not been back, yet I know much of it remains unchanged. There are a few automobiles, and tourists can reach it now by bus, but tourists don't. Life seems to go on as before. The boys still jump ditches and play marbles in the mud; families still have holidays on the ice. The old town remains by the gray North Sea with gulls shrieking over it. It is a part of me.

Journalistic Coup

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT not only reads hair-raising yarns, but hatches plots for them. To Fulton Oursler, editor of *Liberty*, who writes thrillers under the name of Anthony Abbot, the President gave an original puzzler: A rich man, fed up with a successful career and bootlicking friends, wants to disappear, play dead — but take his money with him. Problem: How can he carry off $5,000,000, largely in negotiable securities, and not be traced?

Mr. Roosevelt didn't know: "For years I have tried to find the answer. In every method suggested I have been able to find a flaw."

Oursler called in some of America's nimblest typewriter detectives, among them S. S. Van Dine and Rupert Hughes. Last month *Liberty* splurged "The President's Mystery Story" — to be solved in six installments. And to make doubly sure Mr. Roosevelt's problem got settled, the editor offered his readers $1250 in prizes for their own solutions.

First independent guess came from Raymond Clapper, Washington *Post* columnist: "If a man wants to disappear with only $5,000,000 . . . , why couldn't he hide in the Works Progress Administration?"

— *News-Week*

What of 1936?

Condensed from Today

W. M. Kiplinger
Washington political and economic analyst

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WHERE are we going, in business and in politics, in 1936? Take business prospects first. Assume that business is now about halfway up from the depression bottom of 1933 toward something like normal. The majority of Washington analysts hold that there will be a moderate degree of further recovery in 1936, that it will be perhaps 10 or 12 percent better than 1935. Not before 1937 or 1938 will there be what may fairly be called a normal business year. This is supported by many statistical studies.

Wholesale prices, now about 82 by the Bureau of Labor Statistics index, should average somewhere around 85 for the whole of 1936. This isn't a big rise, but it is a healthy trend, and is not enough to cause any big hullabaloo over the rising cost of living.

Farm cash income should be about 10 percent better next year than this year. This is good for farmers and for the millions of others whose material welfare is tied up with farmers.

Industrial production, which is always a good fundamental indicator of business activity, is now around 87. Chances are it will rise to 95–97 for 1936 as a whole. Railroad buying, long delayed, must start again some time in 1936. Railroad loadings and earnings seem about due for a turn for the better. Automobile production is likely to be 20 percent better next year than this.

Residential construction is bound to be very much better, probably twice as high in 1936 as in 1935, which means 200,000 new dwellings or family units as against 100,000 for 1935. But this is still far below the normal figure of 500,000 new dwellings per year.

Credit inflation is on the way, but I see no reason to assume that it will do anything spectacular. The strong effects of inflation will not be apparent until 1937 and 1938. Then we shall have a "boom," and it probably will be followed by another depression somewhere around 1940. (We have not yet learned how to prevent, how to control.)

Unemployment is bound to diminish in 1936. The estimate is that 10,000,000 are now unemployed (without reference to those who have public jobs under WPA, PWA, etc.). Perhaps 2,500,000 of these can get jobs with business by the end of 1936. (This is an exceedingly rough guess.) The point is that there will still be millions of unemployed during the election campaign next year.

There, in a few words, is the approximate business picture for next year. It is encouraging, but it is far from perfect.

Now turn to the political aspects. The betterments ahead are enough to help Roosevelt in 1936, but not enough to assure his re-election. Smart Democratic politicians know

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(Today, November 9, '35)

this. Consequently the Roosevelt band is playing new tunes — business tunes — hoping to keep the audience from walking out.

Among business elements, 80 percent have already walked out. Perhaps as many as 20 percent of this 80 percent can be lured back by new tunes.

Among farmers, those in the East are disgruntled, for there has been no play to them. Those in the West are thankful for benefit payments, and probably will stick.

The middle classes everywhere are appalled at the spending.

Relief recipients are reasonably appreciative, but they aren't happy, for most want jobs more than relief. It is a common belief that government is responsible for "good times" or "bad times." The business cry that New Deal experiments have retarded business recovery is beginning to find echo among the unemployed.

The union labor groups are semi-satisfied; they will stick.

Look to home building as a new tune of the Roosevelt band in the near future. The New Deal's housing program is one of its greatest flops to date, but the new emphasis will be on home building by private agencies.

Look for new talk of economy. The word has slipped back into the New Deal vocabulary. Look for new balanced budget talk, without going so far, of course, as to make a balanced budget.

Look for more attention to consumer interests. Reason: the woman in the home does most of the buying and is a fluent talker on the subject of higher prices. Women's tongues can make or break any President.

The Republican opposition probably will not develop any hard and fast program between now and November, 1936. Everyone says they should but the simple and often unrecognized truth is that it doesn't matter much what the Republicans cook up as a program. If they should win, it would be not that they were voted in, but that the New Deal was voted out. The New Deal is the issue.

The New Deal is vulnerable because it has done so many things, and done so many imperfectly. It has crammed an ordinary generation of reforms into three years. It has a superabundance of good ideas, good intentions, imagination and courage — praiseworthy qualities. But its internal administration is confused, chaotic, tangled. It is worse than most of its officials know, for they are so immersed in their particular jobs that they do not see the whole.

The fault is mainly that of the chief administrator, the President himself. This is said with full sympathy, for he has a man-killing task, and no one man can do all that a President is supposed to do. But he has failed to organize his big job so that its responsibilities would not focus on him as an individual.

He has less than a year left to reorganize and establish some method and system within his far-flung government. He may do it. If he lets it slide, it is the thing which will lower his re-election chances dangerously close to the even-money line. Right now, I should say, those chances are about five to four.

The Rock

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Frederick R. Bechdolt

THE SPANIARDS called the island Alcatraz, "the pelican." In those days the big, ungainly seafowl flew to its cliffs by thousands. But many changes have come since then, and the birds that now occupy these crags have renamed their roost The Rock.

It lies just inside the Golden Gate, a mile and a half north of the San Francisco docks. In March, 1934, the Department of Justice took it over for the confinement of those convicts whose presence in other Federal penitentiaries was a menace to their guards and fellow prisoners.

The Rock thrusts itself above the waters of the bay, 12 acres of bare stone, gray concrete and toolproof steel. Secrecy enwraps it like a Pacific fog. Only relatives of prisoners, a few Federal officials and occasional citizens of high standing are allowed as visitors. Alcatraz is one of the world's most scientific prisons. Its policies include four main points: a maximum of security, a minimum of privileges, a complete isolation of its convicts from the outside world, and 100 percent humanity.

No man is sentenced to Alcatraz. When the warden of a Federal penitentiary finds a prisoner to be a source of trouble or a danger — the man may be a smuggler of drugs; he may be plotting a break; perhaps his outside connections are breeding disturbances within the walls — the case is reported to the Federal Prison Bureau. If the Bureau so decides, the convict is transferred to Alcatraz.

So much for generalities. To know the details, let us take a purely fictitious convict, whose experiences might be those of any prisoner on The Rock. We will call him The Owl. In the eastern penitentiary from which he was sent, his name awakened memories of looted banks and murdered men. His fan mail was equal to Clark Cable's. In Alcatraz he will find that no convict is ever pointed out by name.

When The Owl, with a group of other convicts, was brought ashore at Alcatraz from a barge convoyed by a Coast Guard cutter, he stared at the cliffs of rock and concrete. Just another prison, he decided. "And there never was a stir that can't be beat."

The line of convicts crossed the dock and halted before a little building that looked like a hot-

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(The Saturday Evening Post, November 2, '35)

dog stand. There was a painted box in the ground beside it.

The Owl was second in line. The man ahead of him stepped forward. A guard confronted him; another guard was standing inside the booth. The convict began emptying his pockets. He placed their contents on a shelf within the open window of the booth. The Owl noticed that the guard in there was paying no attention to the objects on the shelf. He was gazing upward at something inside the cubicle. The convict finished emptying his pockets. "I'm clean," he said.

The Owl wanted to smile. He knew the man's reputation as a smuggler of prison contraband.

The guard in the booth did not shift his eyes from the object overhead. "This fellow has still got a batting average," he announced. Then the guard outside began searching. He explored pockets, shoes, seams and hair. At last he thrust a pair of tweezers into the prisoner's ear and brought out a short piece of watch spring wrapped in brown cigarette paper. His companion looked down for the first time and nodded.

"All right. Pass on."

The Owl took his place before the booth. He did not know the details of this "mechanical stool pigeon" — the dial with its telltale needle which revealed small bits of steel or iron; the buzzer and the light which came on at the instant anything as large as a knife or revolver passed within the magnetic field — but he had guessed at their entirety and he was impressed.

A closed prison van took them up the hill to the administration building and cell block — a single structure of concrete and toolproof steel. The only outside telephone is on the warden's desk. A separate telephone system connecting with every guard station on the island centers here. There is also a wireless which can tune in for the San Francisco Police Department and the Coast Guard cutters at a moment's notice.

They took The Owl through a series of steel doors to the cell block, and his cell door was unlocked by a guard who threw a lever in another room. There were two runways overhead, inclosed by steel bars. A guard walked back and forth in each of these, armed with a submachine gun. The cell was four feet by eight; it contained a narrow bunk which folded to the wall when not in use; a toilet, washstand; a shelf with three clothes hooks, and a stool. On the shelf were two towels, a box of tooth powder, a toothbrush, a cake of soap and a metal cup.

They booked The Owl that day; they took his fingerprints and photograph. They led him to the showers and a trained guard searched his person with a scien-

tific thoroughness which left no room for secrets, even in the recesses of his inner being. They gave him a number and a uniform of prison gray, and the deputy warden explained the rules to him in an impersonally level voice. Back in his cell, The Owl reviewed the instructions. Privileges were few and far between. Hard work. Strict discipline. And, behind it all, a rigid impersonality. The Owl recalled a boast which he had heard more than one man make after sentence had been passed on him:

"I can do it standing on my head." He smiled the wrong way of his mouth. "Not in this stir," he told himself.

At 6:30 the next morning a shrill whistle sounded in the cell block. The Owl climbed out of his bunk. Twenty minutes were allotted for dressing and making up the cell. The floor guard came by for the morning count. Then the turnkey pulled levers from his unseen cage; the noise of the receding bolts was like machine-gun fire. The Owl stepped out into the line of workers for the shoe factory. The line filed down the corridor in silence, and through barred doors into the mess hall. It was a large room, surrounded by a high steel gallery in which a guard stood with a submachine gun. Four silver-colored metal cylinders hung from the ceiling. The Owl wondered what they were.

The line filed past a counter where they got their knives, forks and dishes and helped themselves. The menu this morning was oatmeal, milk, fried bologna sausage, fried potatoes, bread, oleomargarine and coffee. At the table The Owl glanced at his neighbor. He recognized that hard young face; three years ago the nation's newspapers had carried pictures of it under banner headlines announcing the owner's identification as pay-off man in the kidnaping of a millionaire.

"Those silver tanks on the ceiling?" The Owl asked under his breath.

"Tear gas. There's four push buttons in the gallery. That screw up there touches a button and the tank dumps bombs on us." The pay-off man smiled unpleasantly. "Like ringing for ice water!"

"A scientific stir," muttered The Owl.

"You ain't seen half," his neighbor answered.

A whistle sounded and the convicts rose. As they marched in line toward the shops The Owl had something on his mind. A man can do a good deal with an ordinary table knife if he knows the ropes. But the line halted before another little building that looked like a hot-dog stand. The "mechanical stool pigeon" again. "I might have known there'd be a catch," he thought.

The deputy warden had said,

"You can talk at your work." The Owl was looking forward to that. He found that his work was cutting soles; so many soles to finish during his eight hours. If he did not complete them, he had the remainder added to those for the next day; and, if he still failed, he would be punished. He set to work. When noon came, he had not had time even to look around the busy room. . . .

As the weeks wore on, The Owl absorbed more facts. He learned that there were four guard towers, commanding every foot of space outside the building walls; that any business with your lawyer had to be carried on through the warden; that no prisoner remained long in one shop — transfers came without notice; that you could get reading matter from the prison library, or could subscribe for a magazine, but that stories of crime and sex were always deleted.

Saturday afternoon at 1:30 the lines filed out of the mess hall into the yard for the weekly two-hour recreation period. The Owl had been counting on this; he looked about him eagerly and found the pay-off man. There were two matters on which he wanted information. One of these was the guards.

"They're poison," the pay-off man warned. "Hand-picked from other mills. Target practice, scientific frisking, jujitsu, reading codes. They're as hard-boiled as G men."

The Owl's heart sank. In other penitentiaries he had known, the guards were often the warden's greatest worry. But hope dies hard.

"The trusties?" he inquired. The pay-off man shook his head. "That's out," he said. "There ain't a single trusty in this stir." The Owl swore wearily.

Sunday morning there were religious services in the assembly room, but The Owl chose to write to his wife instead. The rules concerning letters were explicit and the space allowed was small. He took a long time filling it, for this was, it seemed to him, his last bet.

When he had been doing time in other institutions, he had worked out a sort of code. He had a comfortable fortune in stolen securities hidden away in the safe-deposit vaults of an Indiana bank. If he could send his wife word concerning these, it would be possible to communicate on other matters later on. He read the letter over when it was done. It certainly looked innocent enough.

Monday afternoon a guard came to the shoe factory and summoned The Owl to the warden's office. The deputy warden had The Owl's letter in his hand. "You tried to slip one over," he said. "No mail for you this month. That's all." The guard

took The Owl back to the shoe factory.

It was not the punishment. That was easy compared to penalties he had paid elsewhere. It was the system behind it. The knowledge that he was facing something he could not beat.

That evening he lay down on his bunk and tried to read, but the words had no meaning. He wanted to shout, to split his throat. Next day he "boiled up."

It happened in the mess hall at noon. They had pork and lima beans. He had never liked pork. He was sitting at the table, staring at his plate. Suddenly he found himself on his feet; the dish was on the floor where he had swept it. A guard came to his side and led him from the hall.

They locked The Owl up for two weeks. It was not a dark cell, but the opportunity it offered for concentrated reflection was limitless. Out of the multitude of thoughts that crossed The Owl's mind, one kept recurring: "They've got you beat before you start, here."

The weeks dragged by. Dull, eventless routine. He got the first letter from his wife. It was not in her handwriting, but he was prepared for that. He read the typewritten copy, and noted the dotted lines where deletions had been made. When his first four months were up his wife came to visit him.

They sat in the reception room, The Owl on one side of a table, his wife on the other. Between them a sheet of plate glass rose to the ceiling. At the base of this glass there were two strips of perforated steel with a thin metal diaphragm between them. It was in the nature of a loud-speaker. Unless you raised your voice, the diaphragm did not vibrate. A guard stood behind every visitor.

They were allowed 45 minutes. They gazed at each other through the plate glass. To The Owl it seemed like talking to a being from another world. When their time was up and they rose, he took a last look at his wife's face; her lips were white and trembling. He went back to his cell.

That night the fog came drifting into the Golden Gate, and he lay awake for hours listening to the hoarse bellowing of the lighthouse siren. In the morning it was clear. The sun was shining on the waters of the bay when the lines went to the shops. A ferryboat was passing the island, so near that the passengers were clearly visible, and the automobiles in which they would drive away over roads through golden valleys into redwood forests. But the world to which these things belonged was as remote from The Owl as a planet. The line filed on into the shop. There we will leave him.

What effect has this new institution on the other penitentiaries?

For answer we have the word of Sanford Bates, Director of the Federal Prison Bureau, who told a congressional committee that the influence of Alcatraz has already proved distinctly salutary. The dread in which The Rock is held by criminals arises, not from the severity of discipline and punishment, but from their absolute inflexibility.

Little Lost Pup

Excerpt from "Death and General Putnam"

Arthur Guiterman

He was lost! — not a shade of a doubt of that;
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the wind blew raw
With a drooping ear and a trembling paw
And a mournful look in his pleading eye
And a plaintive sniff at the passer-by
That begged as plain as a tongue could sue,
"O Mister! please may I follow you?"
A lorn wee waif of a tawny brown
Adrift in the roar of a heedless town.
Oh, the saddest of sights in a world of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!

Now he shares my board and he owns my bed,
And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread;
Then, if things go wrong, as they sometimes do,
And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,
He asserts his right to assuage my woes
With a warm, red tongue and a nice, cold nose
And a silky head on my arm or knee
And a paw as soft as a paw can be.

When we rove the woods for a league about
He's as full of pranks as a school let out;
For he romps and frisks like a three months' colt,
And he runs me down like a thunderbolt.
Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair
Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air!

"Death and General Putnam" is a collection of over 100 of Arthur Guiterman's poems, © 1935, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

The Puppets Are Stealing the Show

A RUSSIAN FILM introducing the most extraordinary cast ever seen in the movies — 3000 puppets and only one living figure — has been fascinating New York audiences. In this picture, a Soviet propaganda version of *Gulliver's Travels*, a 14-year-old boy dreams himself shipwrecked on a desolate coast, and is captured by the Lilliputians, who are portrayed by animated artists the size of a hand, made of rubber, metal, wood and cloth. All their joints move gracefully, and even their faces express anger and elation, joy and suspicion, cowardice and courage. The puppets were not operated by strings, as are marionettes, but by human hands which changed their position and expressions between exposures. Twenty-five shots were needed just to make a single puppet lift his hand. This process gives their activities the staccato quality of a Walt Disney cartoon, as they rush and prance about the scene in a weird parody of the strange Lilliput world created by the immortal Swift. [1,8]

IN THE first days of the depression, Russell Patterson, painter-illustrator then at the flood of his vogue, haunted by the growing flexibility of the camera, decided to make it his savior instead of his destroyer. He created a series of model stages, set them himself, and peopled them with puppet figures, fully dressed and executed in detail. These he photographed as a new illustrative medium for magazines. It took him precisely one minute and 17 seconds to sell his first effort to a magazine. When it appeared, it turned large advertising offices upside down. He was asked for more by magazines, as illustrations, and for still more by corporations that wanted their advertising dramatized. In a few weeks he found himself master of a factory. He had engaged technicians, modelers, carvers, painters, women experts in selling doll clothes, and a business manager. He planned a puppet musical show, complete with scenes, music, costumes, characters and sketches. A friend, operating a large supper club in New York, saw it. He ordered the revue into the supper club where it now delights scores.[2]

PUPPETS received the name marionettes in the middle ages. Used in Church plays, the girl puppets received, from their fancied similarity to statues of the Virgin, the endearing title of "Little Marias" — or "marionettes." [3]

PUPPET SHOWS are being used as a means of discovering what ails misbehaved children at the Bellevue Psychopathic Hospital (New York). The puppets act in specially written plays that dramatize various situations, either baldly or in the guise of fairy tales. The response of the "problem children" to these situations often reveals neurotic attitudes which, left untreated, might result seriously in later years.[4]

IN ENGLAND in 1642 the conflict between the Puritans and the theater closed all the theaters — except the puppet shows. Puppeteers flocked to England from France and

Italy. In the course of time the puppets became bigger and bigger and at length puppets and living actors appeared on the same stage at the same time. The foes of the theater were appeased, however, by the fact that the actors played only virtuous people, the parts of the villains being assigned to soulless puppets.[3]

TONY SARG was in London vacationing 20 years ago when he saw the performance of a famous puppet troupe — the Holden family. Fascinated, he made strenuous efforts to learn the art. The Holdens pointed out that the secrets had been in the family 200 years and politely declined to share them with him. Sarg, not discouraged, attended 50 performances of the troupe, arriving early to make certain of a front seat. Often he viewed the show lying on his back (to the amazement of staid Britishers) that he might peer into the flies and see the puppeteers at work. Little by little he penetrated their secrets. On his return to America, he persuaded Winthrop Ames to aid him in producing a marionette performance deluxe. He designed the figures, built them, and even wrote plays for them. The theater stayed three months on Broadway. Today there are more than 50 professional marionette troupes presenting over 500 plays in the United States. Courses in puppetry have been introduced in Johns Hopkins, California, Wisconsin and other universities. Last summer 100 schoolteachers took a course in puppetry in New York. During recent years there has been such a general addiction to doll theaters that national associations of puppeteers belong to the International Marionette Society.

THE PUPPET THEATER has its unique conventions. Only one actor in a drama moves at one time, as a rule, and the moving actor is the one who is supposed to be speaking. Otherwise, the audience would not know whence the voice is supposed to come. An orchestra or a group of dancers, of course, does no talking, and several puppets can move at one time. The curious walk of the puppets is another necessary convention. A puppet figure, for all his articulation, does not sit down in quite the human manner. He places himself in a sitting position and then slides into a chair. But, withal, the marionettes are convincing. The stranger in the marionette show soon forgets the strings, pays no further attention to the prancing walk of the figures — and follows the action of the drama with the same attention and interest that he would give to a play performed by living actors. So perfect is the illusion that when, at the conclusion of a show, one of the puppeteers steps on the stage, one feels that a representative of a gigantic race has entered the world, to take his bow.[3]

AT THEIR puppet theater on New York's lower East Side, Papa Manteo, his wife and five children have been performing the same cycle of plays for 15 years. This unbroken series gives the Manteos every record for long runs in New York theatrical history. All the Manteo puppets are about five feet high. The feature of each night's show is a battle scene between the legions of Charlemagne

and the hosts of Turkish pagans. The Manteo boys operate the heavy dolls by springs and cables. When the battle scene is under way, some 50 warriors are propelled by these four, and they enter into the spirit of the thing with a gusto that leaves them all exhausted at the finale. Papa chants a prolonged battle cry that rocks the walls; he often steps right out and takes part in the battle, hacking at the *pagani* with all his strength.[5]

IN THE ORIENT, shadow plays are carried on by means of puppets that are flat and seen only in silhouette shadows cast on a screen. The figures are made of translucent buffalo hide, intricate perforations giving the effect of features, jewels or even the texture of garments. In Turkey there is religious significance in the fact that the players are seen only in shadows. Mohammedans believe that he who makes an effigy will be called upon to provide a soul for it the Last Day. Shadows do not cause this embarrassment to their makers.[3]

THE doll theater in Osaka, Japan, is the oldest marionette theater in the world. There the puppets are finely carved, richly clothed wooden dolls about three feet in height, and unlike the Italian marionettes, they are not dangled on wires controlled from above, but are frankly carried onto the scene, each by four puppeteers. One of these merely holds the doll, the others manipulate the strings that control the head, arms and feet. The vocal part is entrusted to a reader who sits cross-legged at a lectern on a platform in the place occupied in our auditorium by the stage box. The reader enacts the whole play, using a dozen different voices, laughing, sobbing, weeping and shuddering like a somewhat intemperate Ruth Draper. The incredible thing about the whole proceeding is the complete invisibility of those puppeteers. They are clad in black from tip to toe, their hands enclosed in long black gloves, their faces masked by black visors. You really forget after the first moment or so that the black boys are there at all.[6]

MASTERY of the extremely intricate mechanics of marionette manipulation is, paradoxically, no mere matter of mechanics. Unless the marionettist "feels" for his puppet, enters into the spirit of its part, he cannot infuse life into it, however beautifully it may be fashioned and costumed. "The operator," says the world-famous Podrecca, whose Teatro dei Piccoli is one of the standard attractions of Rome, "is like a violinist — he draws sounds from a docile or a rebellious instrument by means of a string. But first he must know and love his wooden creature, and study how much it will yield."

Podrecca's manipulators have been with his theater for as long as 20 years, and all of them are drawn from families who have been marionettists for generations. Rhythm, declares Podrecca, is the supreme mistress of the marionette theater, and unerring synchronization is the secret of the marionette's illusion of flesh-and-blood reality.[7]

1. N. Y. *Herald Tribune*. 2. *Literary Digest*. 3. *Oil-Power*. 4. N. Y. *Times*. 5. *Stage*. 6. Alexander Woollcott in *Collier's*. 7. Ethel Mannin, *Forever Wandering* (Dutton). 8. *Time*

Arch-Traitor of the Revolution

Condensed from "The Lees of Virginia"

Burton J. Hendrick

✦

AMERICANS have committed a great injustice in making Benedict Arnold the arch-traitor of the Revolution. That eminence rightfully belongs to Dr. Edward Bancroft, friend and confidant of Benjamin Franklin. Arnold was guilty of one act of treason, which failed, while Bancroft, for eight years, was daily betraying his country — and successfully.

Vignettes of History —XXVII—

In 1776, Congress appointed a Commission to France, with Benjamin Franklin as its head. One of his associates was Arthur Lee, of the famous "Lees of Virginia." The Commission was installed in a beautiful mansion at Passy, which served throughout the war as the American Embassy in France. There Lee, returning from a mission in Berlin, found Franklin already established, and there, serving as chief confidential man to Franklin, was Edward Bancroft.

Lee was astonished, for he already possessed proof of Bancroft's duplicity. He informed Franklin that the man was a spy in the pay of the British government — and he submitted evidence. But Franklin's backbone stiffened at the accusations. Edward Bancroft, his long-time friend, to be accused by this Virginia upstart, as the paid betrayer of his inmost secrets! Amiable as he was to others, to Lee, Franklin's manner became henceforth little less than savage. And his indignation has been echoed by his biographers, for to admit that Bancroft was a spy "would involve grave imputations on the sagacity and the vigilance of Franklin." Yet had Lee's protests been heeded, probably the Revolution would not have lasted seven exhausting years.

No one can understand the secret workings of the American Revolution without examining the famous Stevens Facsimiles, finally released by the British government in 1889 — 25 huge volumes of its Secret Service reports during the Revolution. One's first impression on reading these mighty tomes is admiration at the accurate completeness of British Intelligence. During those years the British were far better informed of American activities than was Congress itself. Frank-

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lin's embassy appears almost a branch office of the British Secret Service; every happening there found its way instantly to Downing Street — and to Windsor, for it was the chief delight of George III to read the reports of British spies. And the agent mainly responsible for providing this royal reading was that same Dr. Bancroft who so completely bamboozled Franklin and who found so many apologists in America. The prolongation of the war was owing, more than to any other single cause, to the information constantly supplied by this man — for money — to the British ministry.

A gentle and scholarly soul, this Edward Bancroft — a naturalist and chemist, of good standing in literary and scientific circles, educated as a physician in England, and possessed of social graces. His written account of his own misdeeds is one of the most extraordinary bits in biographical literature. In a plea for renewal of his pension, stopped at the end of the war, Bancroft gives, over his own signature, a résumé of his services to the British crown — a long catalogue of treasons against his native land, and adds: "As an inducement to continue my services in France, my pension of £200 was to be increased to £500 *at least.* Confiding in this promise, I resided in the same house with Dr. Franklin and regularly informed this government of every transaction of the Commissioners."

Amazing as this confession seems, Bancroft's contract with the British government is still more astounding. In it he promised information on all diplomatic concerns — America's negotiations for European alliances; details of American attempts to obtain foreign credits; copies of all the Commissioners' letters to and from Congress and foreign powers; also details about every ship sailing for America: its cargo, its port and date of sailing, its projected course — so that British ships might be placed advantageously for interception.

The manner of conveying all this intelligence appears also in this contract. Anyone accidentally discovering Bancroft's letters might think he had stumbled upon an illicit love affair. They were to be written "in gallantry," upon white paper, with liberal spaces, and to comprise confidences, as if to one's sweetheart. But in the voids the real matter was to be inserted, written in "white ink," that is, invisible ink — "the wash to make which appear is to be provided." The letters were to be sealed in a bottle, and placed in a hole at the root of a certain tree, to be called for every Tuesday evening.

Bancroft's sedulous use of these postal facilities did the American

cause vast harm, for his missives contained details of the sailings of ships carrying supplies sorely needed by Washington's troops. Ship after ship cleared French ports for America, only to be scooped in by the British cordon. Valley Forge would have been much less distressing had the blankets, shoes, tents and clothes dispatched from Europe not been taken, through information given by Bancroft. From May, 1777 to April, 1778, Congress received no information from its representatives in France, for all ships carrying it were captured.

Bancroft's frequent trips to England might have awakened Franklin's suspicions, but the man always returned with information about movements of British troops and navy — news which seemed important, but was really false or inconsequential. Bancroft actually drew a salary from Congress for services of this kind, and once wrote protesting the slow arrival of his compensation. And the British ministry, to lend color to American confidence in him, even had Bancroft arrested as an American spy.

Others besides Lee knew that something was wrong at American headquarters. Even Franklin's equanimity was disturbed when the French Minister protested that the embassy was sheltering a traitor. Bancroft, ready for this emergency, insisted that the traitor was Beaumarchais, of the French King's Secret Service. Lee, meanwhile, was unerringly pointing the accusing finger at Edward Bancroft. But Franklin could not be persuaded. Denunciation seemed only to link him stronger to the man. That he sincerely trusted him is unquestioned.

Benjamin Franklin went to his grave without losing confidence in the associate who had sold out his country. He even took Bancroft in a confidential service to the peace conference that ended the Revolution — Bancroft, of course, being still on the British payroll. In 1785, Franklin wrote to him in England in most friendly terms. "My best wishes attend you. We shall be happy to see you here when it suits you to visit us; being with great esteem, my dear friend, yours most affectionately, B. Franklin." So ends what was perhaps the most calamitous instance of misplaced confidence in American history.

¶ THE TEST of a good letter is a very simple one. If one seems to hear the person talking as one reads, it is a good letter.

— A. C. Benson, *Along the Road* (Putnam)

¶ Italy's sea-sled navy threatens the mightiest naval power afloat

Can Britannia Rule the Waves?

Condensed from Review of Reviews

Richard Barry

AT FOUR o'clock on the morning of October 17, 1935, Premier Laval, in Paris, got Mussolini on the phone and asked for the best Italian terms. Mussolini replied that if the British did not change the dispositions of their fleet within 24 hours, Italy would attack the 17 British war vessels lying in Alexandria Bay.

At 3:50 on the morning of October 18, Sir Eric Drummond, British ambassador to Italy, rushed up the steps of the Venezia Palace in Rome. It was more than an hour before dawn, an excellent moment for launching a surprise attack. It was 23 hours and 50 minutes after the ultimatum.

Later in the day announcement came that the British would trade the shift of a battleship or two for the shift of an Italian division from Libya. The entire situation has been shrouded in diplomatic evasions, but it seems fairly certain that in the gray pre-dawn of that October morning war between Italy and Britain was averted by a mere 10 minutes.

Or was Mussolini bluffing? We shall never know. At any rate, the British did not call his hand. *Why?*

The British then had in the Mediterranean (and the Red Sea) 147 war vessels including the largest superdreadnought afloat, and perhaps 200 battle planes. It was the bulk of the world's greatest navy, steam up, battle flags ready to break — and with the prestige of 400 years of unbroken naval triumph.

What had Italy? Four battleships out of date, two in dry dock and two without steam up; no battle cruisers; 15 smaller cruisers, all several years old. But Italy had not been relying on them for several years. She was relying on new weapons: (a) 3000 battle planes capable of 200 to 250 miles an hour, and all equipped for bombing and torpedo launching; (b) over 100 submarines, new, small and fast; (c) 300 sea sleds.

Italy is the only nation that has these sea sleds. They are called M.A.S. (a capitalization of D'Annunzio's phrase *Memento*

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Audere Semper, or "always remember audacity"). A MAS is a long frail shell of aluminum and light wood which makes 60 knots at contract speed. (One has touched 80 knots; often they go 75.) Each carries two torpedoes. (*One* torpedo properly placed will destroy a battleship.) A rifle bullet or a gust of wind may destroy a MAS. They are operated by picked volunteer officers, three to a boat. To be chosen for the MAS is the most hazardous and honorable post in the Italian navy. It is the sort of job Stephen Decatur would have relished.

Because of her strategic position in the Mediterranean these three arms (planes, subs and MAS) are Italy's primary naval weapons. With them she can strike any vital part of the "Roman lake" in one jump.

When things were hot in October, it was the cordial habit of the Italians to send out a flight of 50 MAS to Alexandria to salute the British warships. Whenever more than two British war vessels got together anywhere in the Mediterranean, an Italian submarine would pop up between them, salute and submerge. Practice flights of battle planes in shock formation went back and forth.

When the gigantic *Hood* was steaming majestically from Gibraltar to Alexandria, conveying a proper sense of the might and dignity of Britain, two MAS crossed her bows going south and a little later the same MAS crossed her stern going north. Both times there were proper military salutes. Later the radio in Rome announced (in English so the officers on the *Hood* might not be mistaken about it) that the two MAS had crossed *from Sicily to Africa and back to Sicily* while the British battleship was going 40 knots. A neat little demonstration of how to "cut the life line."

Some British naval officers went jittery. While this writer is without definite information of confidential British diplomacy, he asserts that Italian MAS, subs and planes may have motivated Sir Eric Drummond not to wait for daylight, but to call at the Venezia Palace before four o'clock that morning. After all, one major naval disaster might wreck the British empire.

The headlines of the world stem not from Ethiopia, but from the Mediterranean. When and if a naval battle occurs there it will settle the 30-year-old controversy as to which is superior — the battleship or the airplane. In this case, the plane will have swift lethal aid in the sea sled and the submarine. If the war prize goes to the air (the MAS at 60 knots is kin to the airship), then that battle will be one of the major decisive moments of history.

Gang Warfare, 1935

Condensed from The Nation

Emanuel H. Lavine
New York newspaperman

WAY BACK last March police found the murdered body of Sam Druckman in a Brooklyn garage. Druckman was a bookie who had gone to the loan sharks for $10,000 when he lost bets on the horses. When he was unable to pay his obligation, the loan sharks said, "Get it — or else."

Druckman was able to beg, borrow, or steal only $3000. So the "or else" was accomplished, but not with the customary neatness and dispatch, for some passer-by heard his screams when he was being given the works — including burning the soles of his feet with lighted candles — and the police cars came screeching. The boys who had just tortured him to death were caught red-handed. Whereupon the loan-shark big shots went into action in a hurry. One of them phoned their financial backer.

"We got to have one hundred grand right away to square a 'burning rap,'" he whispered to the backer, a supposedly reputable Brooklyn business man. This business man, with about a million dollars in cash, had decided that the loan-shark business would double his money in a short while. He was right, for he received regular weekly payments with high interest rates on all loans. When he was asked to cough up $100,000 to square the murder rap, he grudgingly paid it, but it gave him food for thought.

The case was hushed neatly with the $100,000 — a detective confessed later to his superiors, when this slaying became a *cause célèbre* in Brooklyn politics, that $100,000 was offered for a ten-way split. But in the Druckman murder lies the answer to the question, "Why did they drill Dutch Schultz?"

After the backer of the loan sharks was forced to part with $100,000 hush money he tried to free himself from the clutches of the murdering racketeers. Chief among his clients were the Amberg brothers — Oscar, Joe and Louis. Louis controlled the newly founded big-scale moneylending racket. He was doing nicely, thank you, by lending at rates of interest ranging from 160 to 1040 percent. Joe Amberg controlled the white-apron and white-coat laundry racket, exacting his tithe from dentists, bartenders, butchers, cafeteria workers, and so on.

When you use a blackjack to

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impress on the debtor the urgency of paying up, it is easy to collect. This principle impressed Schultz. It looked like even easier money than the policy-game racket and it sounded almost respectable — like being a banker. Schultz talked the thing over with "Bo" Weinberg, his right-hand helper. "Bo" thought it sounded good, too, and started a few inquiries which led to the big business man in Brooklyn, who was looking for an out in his entanglement with the Amberg racketeers.

"Look here," "Bo" told the gentleman, "Schultz can make you a much better proposition than the Ambergs and you won't have any more headaches. We'll give you a more generous cut-in for the use of your money. We're going to operate big in New York and Brooklyn so that Louis Amberg will look like a punk." "O.K.," the business man said, and handed Weinberg $10,000 to seal the bargain. "I'll tell Louis I'm pulling out from his mob." Then Schultz sent Frank Dolak and Benjamin Holinsky into Brooklyn to start a rival "Shylock" office.

When Louis learned that his money man was being stolen from him, he told Dolak and Holinsky: "You better tell Schultz to keep his nose out of here." The Schultz henchmen reported the conversation. Schultz felt just a slight tremor, for Weinberg had been mysteriously missing for several days. Could it be possible the Ambergs had done away with him — maybe sealed him up in a barrel of wet cement, waited for it to dry, and dumped him in the river? Well, he wouldn't back down for a bunch of punks. He'd muscle in and stick.

"You go back with music and flags," Schultz ordered. A few days later the bodies of Dolak and Holinsky were found riddled with bullets, and the Ambergs were thereby credited with two notches in the guns they had trained on Schultz. Schultz immediately had a heart-to-heart talk with several members of the former Coll and Rao gangs; 13 days later hired killers got Joe Amberg.

Joe and his chauffeur were having a bite to eat before driving to the golf links, when Joe received a phone call to come over to Manhattan and pick up a couple of thousand which had just been paid off by a man who had been suspected of holding out on the moneylenders. That pleased Joe. He'd run over to New York for a few minutes and then go to the links. His big La Salle with the bullet-proof body was in a nearby garage. When Joe and his chauffeur entered the garage, three men stood them against the wall and let them have it.

Schultz gave his short, snorting laugh when he heard the job had

been done. When Frankie Teitelbaum, bosom pal of the dead Joe, heard the tidings he vowed revenge and made no secret of his intentions. He gave his watch, set with 79 diamonds, to Louis Amberg to keep for him. "I may not come back alive," he said, although he was pretty sure that his automatic would bark first. But eleven days later they got Frankie and didn't treat him very nicely.

A girl friend suggested a drink in a nearby hotel. There an "entertainment" committee met Frankie. The boys hacked away at him with a small sharp ax while telling him funny stories and then stuffed his body into a trunk which went down the freight elevator of the hotel. The trunk was loaded on a small truck and near the Brooklyn Bridge the driver pushed the trunk off into the street and sped away. When the trunk was opened, Frankie's body was still warm. Schultz chuckled. He'd show these punks what made him overlord of Manhattan and the Bronx.

Louis, when he heard of the deed, didn't like it. So Schultz was really going to get tough! All right, he'd show him how tough an Amberg could be. He made a proposition to a Paterson, N. J., mob of machine-gun artists, backing it with a thickish packet of $100 bills.

"I want Schultz rubbed out and as many of his mob as you can get," Louis said.

"O.K., pal, we'll do it with pleasure," he was assured. "We'd even do it for nuttin'. We don't like him anyway. But who'll put the finger on Schultz? He ain't showing himself these days where we can get at him and make an easy getaway."

"I'll attend to the details," said Louis.

He went to work right away, too, and soon had the date and place of Schultz's execution in the bag.

Meanwhile Schultz wasn't asleep. He had already arranged with his boys to put Louis out of the way. Louis went to keep a tryst with a friendly moll who had been compelled to make a telephone call with an automatic pressed to her side. Two well-dressed young men picked him up for a little talk and he knew he was through. They took him to the same hotel used for the other "conference" with Frankie Teitelbaum. They went about their work in cold blood. With a small Boy Scout ax they beat a tattoo on his head, inflicting over a dozen deep cuts; they hacked at his body and watched Louis die a death of torture. Then they bound blankets around the nude body dripping blood, and took it down the freight elevator. They placed him in a car and near the Brooklyn Navy Yard poured

gasoline over the blanketed body and set fire to it. The charred body was found after residents called the firemen. The fingerprints identified it.

In the meantime the Paterson mob felt it a solemn duty to get Schultz even if Louis was dead. Louis had paid them their $50,000 fee; besides, Schultz was making his headquarters in their territory and giving the place a bad name. New York punks, they opined, ought to stay in their own back yards.

So two men with hats pulled down over their eyes entered the chophouse where Schultz and some of his men were conferring. They drilled Schultz's three henchmen with 17 shots and then shot Schultz through the abdomen. They didn't kill him or his pals instantly, but left them mortally wounded to suffer a while and ponder over their pasts. In Times Square during the theater rush several Harlem boys shot Marty Krompier, who was on Schultz's books as a lieutenant at $1500 a week, as he emerged from a barbershop. His pal, Sam Gold, a cheap bookie who loved to associate with big shots, was also riddled. They both recovered.

The boys in the know insist that "Bo" Weinberg, last of the Schultz hierarchy, also went out of a hotel room. They say he was carried out in an undertaker's casket and taken to a garage where there is a big shallow tank. There "Bo's" body lies in a lye solution. In a couple of months not even his teeth will be recognizable. At least that's what the boys are saying. But that's only hearsay.

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Toward a More Picturesque Speech

How Else Would You Say It?

HE'S a pilgrim on the path of least resistance (Reynold Brodene)

HE WAS not made for climbing the tree of knowledge (Sigrid Undset)

THE AUDIENCE strummed their catarrhs (Alexander Woollcott)

HE LIGHTS one question on the stub of the last (Marguerite Henry)

FAR OFF in the darkness the train mourned like a lonely dog. (P. M. Sterling)

SNORING with all stops open (O. O. McIntyre)

NERVES as jumpy as popping corn. (*Detective Fiction Weekly*)

SHE WAS like the air he breathed, necessary, but scarcely noticed. (O. Henry)

I SHOOK DOWN the thermometer of my wealth and found it nearly at zero. (D. H. Lawrence)

I Am a New England Puritan

Condensed from The American Mercury

Anonymous

I AM a New England Puritan. Everybody has written about me but myself. I have been eulogized and reviled, psychoanalyzed and branded with strange desires under my shady elms. And of course the world knows that I am haunted by the famous New England conscience.

To know the real Puritan you first must realize the part played in his life by the Town. He has made a religion and a conscience out of it.

My father, the Deacon, was a sort of perennial moderator at Ridgeford Town Meetings. He was the kind of Republican who asserted that he would not vote for his own father if the latter were a Democrat. But the Deacon did a pretty good job of judging issues and candidates; in preparation for state or national elections he thought long and seriously. And of course local questions were of prime importance to him and to others who were less of the statesman type.

Martin Fielding, our hired man, could just manage to qualify as literate, but he and the Deacon would gravely discuss civic problems; and even John Cooper, our other hired man, who couldn't read, would join in the discussions. I remember his comments on one local candidate: "I'll be damned if Clif Steele ain't got a nerve running. Why, he can't hardly cipher. Ain't there no decent men in town?" John was no angel himself, but he wanted good men in Town offices.

A New England Town Meeting is not quaint; it is community life at its best. The Town pulls us all together; as a body we are wiser than as individuals. Old Stanley Beckett, woodchopper and a "drinking man," Lucius Harper, wealthy and respectable farmer, and the Reverend A. A. Warren — three men with different private lives and codes — work together for the common good. We are all interested in Town affairs.

I am not sure that the rural Puritan is more honest by nature than anyone else, but I do know he has created a working code which keeps him from being a social menace. He is a member of the Community and, as a result, even the low class Puritan — the totally dishonest type in other places — will distinguish between civic probity and his privilege to educate a rich and gullible newcomer. Thus, though little steal-

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(The American Mercury, December, '35)

ing is ever done in Ridgeford, it is a ticklish place for an innocent city man. In the old days the visitor was cheated on horses and cattle, was sold elder swamps as woodlots, and bought brush pastures as blueberry plantations. Today city folks buy rotten-silled houses with wells that run dry if the toilets are used too much. The better citizens are never dishonest, but they are surprisingly likely to laugh at a weaker brother's nefarious dealings.

Dishonest town officials are rare. Our town elected Patrick Kelly as tax collector one year over the protests of horrified summer folks who had employed Pat previously. Fred Warren, who was starting a model farm, went around asking how we could think of trusting a man who would sell a mean scrub bull as a registered sire. Pat heard of the accusations. He said: "I never told him nothing wrong about that bull. I just said his mother was a thoroughbred. And what in hell has a trade got to do with my turning in all the taxes? The man's a damn fool!"

New England thrift is proverbial. We are supposed to be so stingy that we scratch between rocks with an old hoe and live on potatoes and salt pork. In reality we have the only completely-shared beauty of house and land that exists in America; we have taxed ourselves for a democratic school system, built noble churches and all the time have lived better than any other rural people. Puritan thrift is seldom so stingy as to be disastrous to the individual's efficiency.

My father's generation taught me certain lessons in ordered economy. To them any debt was a disgrace. They might run a bill at the store for a month, but they felt better if they paid cash. Charge accounts in the cities were unknown, taxes were met, and hired men paid promptly. This distrust of credit may seem medieval today, but it enabled many a farmer to leave about twice as much money as anyone thought he would.

Bernard De Voto once said: "In New England you buy a Chevrolet on a Buick income and drive it for five years." His remark needs amending. The instinct of the New Englander is to get a cheap article; but if greater efficiency as a worker can be gained by buying something more costly, he will do so. If you are investigating a Puritan's stinginess, look at his barns, his tool shed, and his livestock, and forget about his children's clothes. This may be a hard economy, but it works.

We heartily disapprove of the wealthy summer people who try to impress everyone while they leave their bills unpaid. We don't like flaunting our wealth, and that

explains why you never see a New England town with a dominating Big House.

We Puritans are supposed to hate sin so much that we are morbidly attracted to it; we are pictured as scourging ourselves and stoning other sinners. But the Puritans I know are either exemplary in conduct or else uninhibited sinners in a small way. And verdicts against the sinner almost always take into consideration the effect on the Town of the sinner's conduct.

A "drinking man" is not approved of, but then he is generally shiftless and likely to come on the Town. But a prosperous drunkard, and I have never seen one on a New England farm, might theoretically be pardoned. Gambling is practically unknown in Ridgeford, but swearing is common; in fact, to gain the reputation of a "hard swearer" requires unlimited application and great natural talent. My father, the Deacon, never swore, but he did not regard profane neighbors as depraved.

Of course there is sexual immorality in Ridgeford, and about once a year a couple is suddenly married "just in time." Respectable people frown upon such cases, but there seems to be a silent agreement that the flesh is weak and that too much should not be expected of children of the soil. The moral majority keeps to its code and is lenient toward others, believing that the individual should develop his own standards of morality. New England is the one really tolerant section of our country.

The Puritan is also reluctant to blame a man or woman for faults traceable to heredity or environment if he or she has really tried to live a decent and hard-working life. Let me tell of two men; then let the reader judge for himself how his part of the United States would treat them.

Horace Burns, the illegitimate son of a mulatto housemaid and a well-to-do farmer, married a girl from the shiftless Boyle family. Oddly enough, the girl developed into quite a woman, and Horace worked hard on his farm. Eventually he became a selectman, a deacon in the church, and was sent to the state legislature. Not once did I ever hear Horace called a "nigger." Even old Emily Blair, our most malicious gossip, didn't talk about him, and once silenced a visitor, who was scolding about the disgrace of having a half-breed as a deacon, by saying: "What if he has got black blood? He's a good straight man. I don't hold with this bringing-up of bygones."

Ike Gull was the most respectable of our local Jukes. His brothers were idiotic or criminal; his sisters prostitutes. But Isaac paid his bills, farmed as well as his rather limited intelligence per-

mitted, and went to church every Sunday. He never married, saying, "There's too tarnal many o' us Gulls already," and his house was filthy. But Ridgeford respected his honesty and his struggle, and when he died, leaving $1000 to his church, half the town went to his funeral. The Gulls were an awful family as a whole, but we let the individual prove his worth.

If one knows what is meant by "keeping your place up" and feels the urge to do so, he is fit to live in New England. It is not an accident that our villages are esthetic delights: the Puritans of today inherited an artistic sense which may seem too neat and subdued to the casual observer, but which is nevertheless as authentic as the more colorful modern urge. When I was a boy the good farmers detested piles of rotten lumber, patches of weeds, brush around the walls, broken-down fences, hens in the yard — all the evidences of untidiness. Part of their cleaning-up was done for the sake of efficient farming, but they often did things which brought no economic returns. Many a man cut the brush around a four-acre lot simply because he hated to see it there. His house was painted a spotless white, though yellow ocher would have preserved the wood as well. The village street of Ridgeford has smooth lawns, good gardens, and neat dwellings. I use an edger on my raspberry patch, mow so much lawn that it tires me, and pile neatly all the stones I take out of the vegetable garden. Since I am devoid of other artistic ability I must satisfy my Puritan inheritance by keeping up my place. I have always been homesick in Middle Western and Southern towns; people there don't know how to respect their homes.

New England encourages individualism, and this creates both admirable and disagreeable qualities. One of the latter, perhaps, is our lack of gregariousness. Thus Lew Waterman asserts that he can't be bothered with fools, so he hangs out a sign NO VISITORS WANTED. Miss Eliza Freeman lives in one kitchen-bedroom and won't let her relatives come for even a meal. She is not stingy; she just doesn't like people.

Accordingly, if you want to live in New England without too much pain you must agree with Stella Ladd when she said the last word on Mrs. Beach of Beach Acres, who wanted to start a series of "home suppers" where the people could be sociable and merry together. "She has the gall of a sick rooster," said Miss Stella. "Don't she know we all have houses of our own and want to stay in 'em?" So don't pity "a poor little old New England lady" who is living "all by herself"; she is probably supremely happy.

Way for the Mounted

Condensed from The New Yorker

Morris Markey

EVEN the most commonplace sort of fellow acquires an air of authority when he is looking down at you from the back of a horse. He may be the meekest chap in the world when standing on his own two feet, but from the altitude of a saddle he has all the appearance of a man who intends to be obeyed, and no foolishness. That, in essence, is the reason we have mounted policemen. An ordinary Irish copper becomes a commanding personality when he has a thousand pounds of horsemeat between his legs. And when crowds get unruly commanding personalities are needed by the gross.

The mounted police do a lot of traffic duty, but that is really just to keep them occupied when no riots are handy. Their essential task is to be present, with all their lofty arrogance and all the plunging might of their animals, when crowds get out of hand: whether the crowds are celebrating a football victory somewhat too rambunctiously or gathering to complain that the bread has given out.

I was down at the headquarters of the New York City Mounted Division one day, talking with Captain Thomas Byrnes, the commander. He told me that the Division consists of about 360 men and about 385 horses. The men come up from the ordinary ranks of the police force, by their own voluntary application. To be seriously considered, a cop must weigh not more than 165 pounds, and must show that he really knows something about staying in the saddle, and that he is an acceptably tough fellow, for all his lack of weight. He is put into the hands of three sergeants who teach men and horses alike. The schooling of the men lasts a month or two and follows rigidly the methods of the United States Cavalry, derived from the French school, which propose that a man should control his horse as much as possible with his legs, leaving hands free to clout people over the head.

Horses are harder to train than men, and it takes about four months. There are about 30 new ones a year. They are bay geldings, from four to seven years old, bought in the open market, according to strict specifications which account for the uniformity of the mounts in the Division.

For the first two months of

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(The New Yorker, October 26, '35)

training the horse is worked riderless, on a long line. He learns, through punishment and reward, through voice and pulling of the line, when he is supposed to go into the various gaits, when to back up or move sideways, when to press steadily into some resisting object, like a mass of human beings. Later a saddle is put on him and he is mounted. Now begin the subtleties of the schooling, and the most subtle item of all is the job of training the animal to appear wild, out of hand, uncontrollable. Nothing frightens a mob so much as a plunging horse which appears to have gone completely crazy. The mob does not know that this is part of the act — that the rider always has sure control of the animal and does not intend to let him beat out any brains with his striking forefeet.

When a horse has completed his training at the school, one of the training sergeants takes him out into the streets, into the midst of heavy traffic, under elevated structures, and past blaring radio loud-speakers. Parades are hunted up particularly, so that the horse may become accustomed to band music.

A sound horse frequently gives as much as 16 years of service, being too old for work when he is 20 or a little beyond. Then he is turned over to the S.P.C.A., which finds a home for him. There are always scores of applications for old horses on file. The Society looks up the applicants and lays down the rules: The horse must do only a certain sort of work, very mild. He cannot be sold or destroyed. He must have a comfortable stable, good pasture, plenty of feed.

Each mounted policeman has a horse assigned to him, which becomes virtually his property. One of his most delicate jobs is to be nice to the sentimentalists he encounters in the streets. The average police horse would have to eat four or five pounds of sugar a day if he were not protected by his rider. And he has to be protected, tactfully, from less orthodox tidbits: morsels of Honey Bar, whole sandwiches, nuts, licks of ice-cream cones.

The men are devoted to their animals. There is a story in the Division about the policeman who grew, in middle years, too fat to ride any more. His horse was taken away from him, and he was put back on duty afoot. This proved too much for him, and he shot himself. I suppose the story is exaggerated, but I can see that it would be a dreadful comedown: to be told that never again could one get up into that high saddle, far above the heads of the mob — looking like an equestrian statue and charged with that self-confidence which only a seat on a horse can give a man.

Whimsy by the Mile

Condensed from Esquire

Nick Grinde

TIME WAS, and not so long ago either, when if a pen-and-ink hero of the screen wanted to get to the top of a fence, he grabbed a strawberry crate, broke it into wings, fashioned a propeller from his shoe soles, took off his tail for a crank, and airplaned to his destination.

Today this is frowned upon. The same character will now climb up by a series of boxes and barrels, all legitimately there, and at no time violating the laws of gravity, logic, or good sense. The grotesque is taboo.

The result is that the cartoons are getting a good-sized foothold through their emotional appeal. The *Three Little Pigs* of course made animated history. It had a meaty subject wherein, quite logically, good triumphed over evil and thrift was rewarded.

The immediate taking of this classic to the collective bosom of the world did more than anything else to develop the story-consciousness of cartoon makers. For a long time the cartoon had been just a series of gags. Now the story has become important. You are seeing stories like the unhappy skunk who is not like other little boys, and the mouse who wanted to fly, and who when his wish was granted was neither a mouse nor a bat. "Nothin' but a nothin'" to quote the film. *The Tortoise and the Hare* was based on the ever-fresh theme of human frailties, and *the Lost Chick* and *Vienna Woods* were pastoral musicals with a strong suspense.

It takes 20 men about four weeks of drawing to produce a one-reel subject. Before the drawing starts, six or eight weeks have been spent in conferences, conceiving the story and the gags, and in casting, choosing locations, and working out the timing charts.

A couple of the conferees are artists, who dash off preliminary sketches of the characters. The location man makes sketches of the backgrounds, and it is here that the charm of the little world of these puppets is born. The flower-covered cottage of the leading lady and the spider-webbed cave of the heavy are of his brewing.

When all the details of the story have been agreed upon, the scenario is written. It looks like a mad musician's idea of double entry bookkeeping, and is called a timing chart. Starting with the known fact of 16 pictures per foot of film

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(Esquire, December, '35)

No More Report Cards

THE PUBLIC elementary schools in Ventura County, Calif., have abolished the formal report card and competitive marks and substituted informal notes and interviews with parents. A survey showed that 99 percent of the parents unreservedly approved of the new method. This type of report eliminates the cutthroat competition which was formerly a source for the development of inferiority complexes, and provides the incentive to do well without the artificial stimulus of ratings. Differences in children are recognized, and if the pupil is failing it tells *why* he is failing and invites the parents' coöperation in helping the child. — *The Nation's Schools*

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Studies from Life

FOR MORE than a year classroom activities of all grades at the Anne Hutchinson Public School in New York City have centered about the PWA municipal housing project, Hillside Homes, colossal dwelling place for 5000 New Yorkers, which is just across the street from the school. Arithmetic was studied with computations of materials used, men employed, capitalization required. Geography and a bit of history were learned from research into the sources of the building supplies. English lessons consisted of writing about various phases of the construction; drawing classes made pictures of men at work. Information about wages and the various aspects of trade unionism was obtained at first hand from men employed there. During the year two books were produced by the children, containing the pictorial results of their investigation.

—N. Y. *Times*

◆

Course in Dude Ranching

THE University of Wyoming has just started a four-year course in Recreational Ranching for prospective dude ranchers; studies will include geology, botany, hotel management, bookkeeping, public speaking, journalism, wild life and history of the West. — *Time*

◆

Afternoon Acting

A NUMBER of well-known educators in New York City are sponsoring a theater of, by, and for children, with regular Saturday afternoon performances. All the players are between the ages of 8 and 18; all will be given training in acting, dancing, music, and crafts. The child in the audience will have the opportunity of attending a "real" theater, yet one where the plays, which range from Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Racketty Packetty House* to Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, will be within his comprehension and enjoyment, developing his taste in drama.

—N. Y. *Times*

◆

Architecture from the Ground Up

THE School of Architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has introduced a new course by which it is hoped that first-year

students will gain a clear conception of the many problems which usually are encountered only after an architect begins his professional career. The work includes the purchase of a suitable lot, planning a modest-sized house, selecting a contractor, and supervision of every step of construction. Studies of interior color schemes and landscape treatment of the grounds complete the project. When completed the house is sold and the proceeds used to finance the building of another house for next year's class.
— *School and Society*

Cooking for Boys

As the outgrowth of requests from managers of hotels, clubs and restaurants, a new vocation — that of chef — has been opened to boys in California, through the Central Trade School of Oakland. Besides cooking, classes for this new vocation emphasize proper combinations of food, quality, and purchasing. Three years are required for the training for a position as chef. — *School Life*

Youthful Farmers

Finding that city boys are interested in farming, a Paterson, N. J., high school carries on supervised farm projects. Under this plan, boys pursue a classroom course from October 15 to April 15, and spend the period from April 15 to October 15 on farms, where they receive substantial pay in return for their work. By continuing in school for a fifth year, the student may qualify for college entrance. — *School Life*

High-School Pilots

Teaneck, N. J., has the only high school that can point to licensed airplane pilots trained from the ground up in its flying course. Up to last June, students had made some 5000 flights without injury, and nine boys and one girl had done solo flying. Four now have Department of Commerce licenses. — *News-Week*

Textbook of Today

Building America is a new type of illustrated textbook, alive with problems facing the world today, dealing with every important phase of contemporary life. Each issue presents to the student problems to be solved, as a challenge to his constructive thinking. About three-quarters of the page space is devoted to photographs, maps, charts or picture-graphs which, with the reading matter, present an informative account of the problem, its present status and its future possibilities for improving the quality of American life, materially and culturally. The first issue deals with food — its production, processing, and distribution. Food prices and the problems facing consumers and farmers are given thoughtful consideration. This issue is to be followed by texts on Men and Machines, Transportation, Health, Communication, Power, Recreation, and Youth Faces the World.
— N. Y. *Times*

and the time needed to play a given musical score at the desired tempo, the two are synchronized on paper. The artists and musicians work independently, from a scheme which says that the hero lands on his neck at the end of the 16th frame, and that a bass drummer in another part of town (who probably will never see the picture) hits his means of income a mighty swat at exactly the same beat. That's boring through the mountain from opposite sides and meeting in the middle.

Even dialogue is put into the mouths of these rascals by characters who stand before a microphone with earphones giving them the timing by rhythmic beats. They can be much more accurate this way than by trying to watch the picture itself. The folks who make the sounds and do the dialogue come mostly from radio. There's a girl whose throat never grew up, and who does most of the baby talk. And there's a man who can imitate a bird so naturally that, as Fred Allen once said, you don't dare look up. And an anonymous ex-grand opera star sang for the drawings of a pig to the largest audience of his career.

Now as to the actual drawing of the pictures. The background man turns out the backgrounds or sets, and the head animator starts the actual drawing of the figures in their various positions. These drawings are made with pencil and on paper, and give only the beginning and end of each movement. Assistants then finish the job.

The head animator's worth to the picture is inestimable. Like any good caricaturist his trick is to catch significant poses. Some of these boys are veritable storehouses of information on the details of motion. They know that each animal has its own distinctive movements in walking and running. How does a deer cover the ground? Or an elephant? How does a duck's waddle differ from a chicken's mincing? What does a dog's backbone do when he scratches a flea? The head animator knows.

Old people have telltale movements that must be reproduced just right. And a knowledge of the characteristics of children is a study in itself. Today, moreover, the conscientious animator is not satisfied with the speaking jaws' mechanical opening and closing regardless of what is being said. He is becoming a lip reader, and is conversant with the various lip moves connected with each syllable. Thus refinements in drawing are growing daily; and many animators are fine artists.

When the pencil drawings are completed, girls in the copying department trace them onto sheets of celluloid about the size of typewriter paper. Then the drawings are passed on to still more girls

who color them. Usually each girl has but one color, and tints just those parts of the drawing that her color-key tells her to. Let's say that Mabel is working in red, and a sequence comes her way that shows a dragon about to devour a little boy. Only the rolling tongue is to be red, and so all morning her bloodlike brush follows the voracious course of the old meanie's taster. Some of the drawings have as many as ten shades and so pass through the hands of ten girls.

The cartoons took to sound like an actor to applause, and now they make you think that color was created just for them. They have the jump right now on everyone else in color work, and they have hardly begun to develop its possibilities.

Just as the picture business sneaked into the theatrical world, so are the cartoons tiptoeing into the picture setup. Their history parallels that of the movies themselves from their small unpretentious beginnings to their present status.

They have always gone ahead, creating and absorbing, making better use of new inventions and ideas than the originators. And now that they find themselves with a mechanical technique which is clamoring for more substantial fare, it takes very little prophecy to say that we are viewing the dawn of a new medium for story-telling.

Better and better technicians are already being attracted. Men who are more than just cartoonists, artists in every sense of the word, skilled in composition and color, will find work worthy of their efforts. Disney has a training school which is actually looking for new men to train.

They will branch out from the *Mother Goose* type of thing and find a welcome in unsuspected fields. There are types of stories that can be told so much better by drawings than by humans that they will take their place by the side of regular features. In stories like Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, *Peter Pan*, *The Arabian Nights*, *The Little Lame Prince*, countless Biblical tales, and many others, we have examples of narratives, the very chemistry of which can best be preserved by keeping flesh-and-blood actors away.

At this writing the Harmon-Ising plant is turning out its first two-reeler, *The Nutcracker*, based on Tchaikovsky's famous suite, and the Disney studio is actually at work on a feature-length picture called *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

All good movies satisfy vicariously and the cartoon has within its grasp the ability to do so even more. With an improved technique, and more attention to composition and color, these celluloid dreams will unfold into a pure fantasy hitherto unknown.

A Poke at Poker Faces

Condensed from Vanity Fair

Paul Gallico

✦

BACK in the riotous days of the Golden Decade, all athletes were heroes and the sports pages were soaked with the gay colors of careers and personalities. They were the days of Jack Dempsey and Babe Ruth, of Big Bill Tilden and Earle Sande and Bob Jones and Lenglen. And er . . . Helen Wills. Helen was a cute little girl with pigtails who could outbat all the other girls at tennis, but Helen didn't have any color. One of the brighter young men watched Miss Wills playing a tournament, apparently without changing her expression, and named her Little Miss Poker Face, and Little Miss Poker Face she has remained.

Yet the actual truth is that while Miss Wills, now Mrs. Moody, appeared to have during play a face that completely masked her emotions, actually she hasn't. I proved this to myself many years after her nickname had become firmly fastened by taking a pair of powerful field glasses and bringing her face up so close that I could see beneath her inevitable eyeshade, and in a rather tight match I read practically every emotion on her lovely face — alarm, pain, exasperation, delight, laughter, fear. Later she told me that she wore the famous eyeshade not to keep the sun out of her eyes, but to keep her opponents from reading her face and taking advantage of what they saw written thereon.

The damage, however, had been done. The dead pan had been introduced in sport as something admirable. Professional and amateur athletes enlisted under the sign of the cold fish. You see them still going through terrific competitions coldly, expressionless. They give me a pain. If they only knew it, they give the average spectator a similar ache. Because the whole psychological basis of spectator attendance at sports events is vicarious participation.

Some of the greatest thrills I have ever had from watching sport have come from catching some fleeting expression on the face of an athlete that told me a story. There was the night that Tunney and Dempsey fought for the second time. Dempsey knocked Tunney down in the seventh round and then tried to knock him out. Tunney, desperately hurt, ran — that is, kept moving backwards — to save himself. And

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Dempsey chased him. Tunney's legs, though still numbed by the paralysis of the chin punch, were young and strong. Dempsey's were the tiring, inelastic limbs of a fading athlete. Around and around the ring they went, Tunney, his face to his foe, fleeing — Dempsey, scowling, lusting for victory, following. Finally, Dempsey stopped. He could go no farther. I watched his face. He stood staring at Tunney with contempt, and motioned him to come in and fight. Tunney was too smart. And then there came into the face of Dempsey such a strange and bitter look — self-realization. He was in that moment a has-been. The championship had been in his leather mittens, and *he* had failed to take it. What a helpless, despairing, dramatic look. Sharply and painfully, for a second, I felt everything that Dempsey felt. That look had taken me into the ring with him.

Joe Louis, the new colored knockout sensation, features a poker face, cold and expressionless even when his glove is raised in token of victory. The crowd will never warm to him as they do to fighters who have the knack of letting the spectators fight along with them.

The collapse of the famous New York Giants in 1934 during the race for the National League championship was a peculiarly dramatic story and one of vengeance. At the beginning of the season, Bill Terry, the player-manager of the Giants, had ridiculed the Brooklyn Dodgers. To reporters he had said, "Brooklyn? . . . Are they still in the League?"

To have the despised Brooklyn team turn out to be the instrument that overthrew the Giants in the last two games and knocked them out of the World Series money sounds like the invention of a Hollywood script writer, but that is exactly what happened. Thousands of fans jammed the stands as the Brooklyn batters knocked the Giant pitchers from the field, and their war cry was — "Is Brooklyn still in the League?" When Bill Terry, who had spoken that boomerang sentence, came to bat, he was hissed and booed, not only by the Brooklyn, but also by the Giant fans.

I don't think Terry's expression varied a shade the entire two days. When he came to bat his face was a mask, and a mask it remained. There was little sympathy felt for Terry. And yet one little gesture on his part would have melted that vast gallery of haters and sent them home enriched by a real sensation of having participated in the series. Had he just held his arm in front of his face for one moment in mock shame and then grinned a little, every soul in the park

would have felt — "Never mind, old boy! *We* know how you feel. We've had many a wisecrack of our own come back and pin us . . ."

Sports spectators are pathetically eager to share the thoughts and emotional experiences of their heroes. One little revealing look or gesture will please them more than perfect performances or winning scores. To see Babe Ruth hit a home run in a World Series was always a great thrill, yet it was only a fine mechanical performance. But not one of the 40,000 present will forget the World Series game between the Yankees and the Cubs, when with two strikes and two balls on him, Babe pointed with his bat to the center-field fence and then hit the next ball out of the park on exactly that line. The utterly mad, courageous, impudent, self-confident swashbuckler. The nerve of him! And to get away with it! Friend and foe alike came away that night loving him for it.

And when Fred Perry, the great English tennis player, throws his racquet high up into the air after winning a difficult championship, or bows his head in disgust at gumming up a shot, I am delighted at being permitted to share his experiences.

This sort of thing is often miscalled color. It is something quite apart. It is more the human, natural touch, the courage and the ease to give way to emotions as we all do. Your so-called good loser with his phony smile and warm, what-a-good-sport-I-am handclasp always makes me a little ill. My kind of guy is the loser whose attitude is — "Well, you louse, congratulations. You beat me all right, but if you think I like it, you're crazy. I feel awful."

Lawson Little, British and American amateur golf champion, looks the same sinking a chip shot from 30 yards off the green as he does when a two-foot putt rims the cup and stays out; and Enid Wilson never raises her head or changes her expression from first tee to last green. They shut me out, and I wouldn't walk a hole behind either unless I had to. If I want to see a golf ball hit perfectly I can go to any golf-ball factory and watch their electric driving machine.

And so *'raus mit* your Dead Pan Looies and your Poker Face Petes and Stone-Eyed Sams. They aren't playing the game and giving money's worth. When I buy a ticket to see you perform, I'm paying to see you writhe if you lose. So never mind the icebox stare. Squirm a little, and find yourself, strangely enough, loved for it.

¶ The song of bureaucracy: "Congressmen come, and Congressmen go, but I go on forever"

They Never Die

Condensed from Country Gentleman

Bennett Champ Clark
U. S. Senator from Missouri

+

SOME YEARS ago a veteran member of the House of Representatives, retiring from that body after 18 years' service to become governor of a great state, sagely remarked that the secret of his success had been never to vote for a tax or against an appropriation. Sadly enough, this viewpoint, not quite so blatantly expressed, pervades the executive departments of our Government, is quite prevalent in the legislative branch, and has assisted mightily in building up what, for lack of a better term, is called "Bureaucracy."

Bureaucracy is state and local as well as Federal. It may be defined as a vast organization of administrative officials of every category, who, once on the public payroll, devote their efforts, rarely in unison but always persistently, to increasing the public expenditure. The fact is that we have never created a government department, commission or bureau which did not immediately start in to multiply itself by discovering new fields for its regulatory or inquisitorial authority over the ordinary citizen — and new necessities for increased personnel and greater appropriations. Very few of the new jobs created are ever abolished; and when they are abolished, two or three new jobs are created in their places.

Although a part of the executive branch of the Government, the bureaucracy is something apart from the President. It is a permanent, aggressive force. And in the matter of reducing its numbers or doing away with its activities, Presidents have found themselves as helpless as Congress.

Some of these bureaus are of mushroom growth like the NRA and the AAA. Others have been of slower growth, like the Department of Agriculture which started in 1839 as a modest bureau with an appropriation of $1000 to collect agricultural statistics. Today its annual appropriations for ordinary activities, exclusive of the AAA, run close to $300,000,000 and it comprises literally hundreds of divisions and bureaus within itself. One of these, the office of Solicitor of

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the Department of Agriculture, is among the most powerful offices in the Government, employing scores of lawyers, clerks and investigators. Astonishingly, it was never created by Congress at all, but like Topsy has just "growed" — from a thousand-dollar item for a law clerk slipped into an appropriation bill back in the '80's.

These bureaus have one characteristic in common. They never die. Let a bureau be once established, let it go through its normal growth for a brief period, let it get its personnel well fixed upon the payroll, and the task of ending it is appalling.

After the NRA had been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, Congress authorized its continuance in "mere skeleton form" for the collection of information. Two months later this skeleton was still employing nearly 5000 persons, with a payroll of nearly a million dollars of the taxpayers' money a month.

And despite the fact that the NRA had originally been limited by law to two years, a fact known to every employe from the start, a demand went up as a matter of right that employes laid off by the NRA should be taken care of in other Government agencies. In addition, officials of the NRA promptly came to Congress with a scheme for its resurrection in a slightly different form, and lobbied actively — and will continue to lobby — for its passage.

The bulwarks of bureaucracy are a powerful and active lobby and an enormous engine of propaganda, supported by the taxpayers' money.

There has for many years been a law against using directly or indirectly any part of any appropriation to pay for any personal service (which of course includes salaries), advertisement, telegram, telephone, letter, printed or written matter, or other device, intended to influence a member of Congress. Exception is made for recommendations to Congress through proper channels.

This salutary statute has been flagrantly disregarded. Today nearly every branch of every department maintains a publicity department of its own ostensibly for making information of governmental activities convenient to the public, but more largely used to create public sentiment in favor of their pet legislative measures. Tons of literature are sent out, hundreds of hours of radio time are consumed, multitudinous speaking tours of the country made.

As for their personal lobbying, the corridors of the Capitol are thronged almost as much by officeholders as by office seekers — each trying to get something for himself or his department.

It is by no means to be under-

stood that there is coördination between the activities of bureaucracy. Far from it. Innumerable instances might be cited of bureaus, departments and administrations spending the taxpayers' money in pursuit of divergent or even conflicting aims. One perennial row is between the Reclamation Service of the Department of the Interior and the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. The former is attempting to reclaim arid or unusable lands for cultivation; the latter is trying to restore to water certain ancient nesting places for migratory birds in order that the species may not be extinguished. In their latest battle, over the bitter protest of the Biological Survey the Reclamation Service insisted on draining a large lake in a western state on the ground that it would furnish rich wheat land — to find, after large expenditure in draining, that all the lake bed with the exception of the edges consisted of peat, which speedily took fire and has been afire ever since.

While the AAA and other agencies are taxing the consumers of the United States vast sums to retire land from cultivation, on the theory that this will help the deplorable farm situation, the Reclamation Service strides sturdily ahead bringing new land into cultivation to wring from the soil products to replace those retired by the AAA. And in so doing it is only performing its plain duties under the law.

President Coolidge once said: "Of all forms of government, those administered by bureaus are about the least satisfactory. Being irresponsible, they become autocratic. Unless bureaucracy is constantly resisted it breaks down representative government and overwhelms democracy."

For instance, the effort is now being made to reach down to regulate the smallest and most insignificant transaction in the most inaccessible village in the nation. Some clerk in Washington is to determine the price for pressing a pair of pants in Bluebell Valley, Nevada. For be it remembered that when such powers are granted to the President, he cannot perform them. He turns them over to an administrator, who turns them over to a deputy administrator, who turns them over to a division chief, who turns them over to a subdivision chief, who turns them over to some clerk.

Now the clerk will be as thoroughly imbued with his bureaucratic authority as the administrator himself, and so he proceeds with gusto to pass on the lives and well-being of our people.

Who is to blame? Well, the Executive is to blame (and when I say Executive I mean a long line of Presidents and their ad-

visers) for always boring in for new powers. And Congress is to blame for meekly yielding, and for occasionally creating or expanding agencies of its own.

Congress is also to blame for its supineness before the forces of propaganda. Every time it is proposed to abolish or curtail an agency, Congress is bombarded by the friends and relatives of everyone on the payroll, and even more so by the special beneficiaries of that agency's activities. Then, of course, we have the pressure of the great forces of organized propaganda, the farm organizations, the manufacturers' organizations, etc., etc., each of which has its pet agencies in the bureaucracy.

The remedy? There is no remedy until the taxpayers of the United States awaken to a factor which contributes so greatly to the intolerable tax burden and enforce their will for reform. And even then, with the country thoroughly aroused, it will be a gigantic task for any group of elective officials to rout the entrenched forces of bureaucracy.

Hire Education

TWO PROFESSORS were talking between halves at a football game. The professor from A University said to the professor from B University, "I see Zilch is playing on your team this year. He flunked out of our school."

"Really?" said the professor from B University. "He has done very well here."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, we figured that if you required an average of 75 for most students to pass, it would be only fair to require an average of 50 from him."

"That sounds all right. So he made an average of 50?"

"Yes. Of course, we gave him a special examination."

"I see. How many questions did you ask him?"

"We decided that if you asked the average class 10 questions, it would be fair to ask him two. So we did. And he passed."

"I see." The professor from A University was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Would you mind telling me what the questions were?"

"Not at all. First I asked him what was the color of blue vitriol acid, and he said 'Pink,' and that was wrong. Next I asked him if he knew how to make sulphuric acid, and he said 'No,' and that was right, so I passed him."

¶ Next to the Queen, a lady from Virginia is the best-known woman in England

Nancy Astor, Pioneer

Condensed from The Forum

Robert Bernays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO Lady Astor entered the House of Commons as the first woman Member. In that time she has become, next to the Queen, the best-known woman in England. She does not seek publicity, but her personality is so vivid that everything she says and does is front-page news. Though she is the only woman who has adopted a Parliamentary uniform like the dark coat and striped trousers of the men, her object is not to attract attention. As she said on the eve of her first election, "I want to be regarded as a regular working Member of Parliament and not as a curiosity."

What, then, is the secret of her hold on the public imagination? Partly admiration for the woman who, with every obstacle in her path, has "arrived." It was not easy, in the starched atmosphere of the Edwardian Era, for one who was an American and had a sharp tongue. But she took the fences of London society as easily as when, as one of the lovely Langhorne sisters, she had galloped over her father's plantation in Virginia. Then came the war and the breakdown of barriers against women. Lord Astor succeeded to the peerage, creating a vacancy in the Sutton Division of Plymouth, and Lady Astor — a woman and a foreigner — carried all before her, and within a month was being escorted up the floor of the House of Commons.

A powerful section determined to make her membership so uncomfortable that she would not seek it again. "Men whom I had known for years would not speak to me if they passed me in the corridors," she told me. "They said I would not last six months. But I stuck it out." I like particularly the story of a distinguished cabinet minister noted for his caustic comments, feeling at last compelled to offer congratulations on her election. "But I have been in the House six months," replied Lady Astor, "and you have not taken the slightest notice of me." "No," he said, "I don't like women in Parliament and when you took your seat I endured the same kind of embarrassment as I would if a

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lady invaded my bathroom." Lady Astor flashed out, "If I were as ugly as you I should have no fear of any lady invading my bathroom."

Lady Astor has not an easy constituency to fight, in the heart of industrial Plymouth. But she has won through against all comers — Labor, Liberal and brewers' candidates — by a combination of practical sympathy with the needs of the poor and the sheer audacity of her methods of electioneering. When she is on the platform the electors know it will be as exhilarating as a good football match. I know of few men who can hit harder at interrupters. "Your husband is a millionaire," taunted a heckler in one of her campaigns. She was on him in a second. "Well, wouldn't you like to be a millionaire? Let any man in this hall stand up, who would not like to be a millionaire." None stood up.

But she can be serious and still remain deadly shrewd. "Christ would have been a socialist," shouted another interrupter. "Oh no," she said, "Christianity is discontent with yourself, socialism is discontent with your neighbor."

Lady Astor is no respecter of persons. She just blurts out what is in her head. "Oh, you old ruffian," she addressed Mr. Lloyd George once, "I cannot help liking you." Her critics pretended to be shocked when, with reference to the Prince of Wales, she said one day at a public gathering, "I love that boy." There was no affectation in it. The Prince, increasingly a champion of social causes, has appealed straight to her heart.

There is a tendency among women Members of Parliament to join with the smug among the male Members in condemning her as "bad form." They might be more charitable if they remembered that Lady Astor had once to bear alone the brunt of incredible male prejudice in the House of Commons. She met it and beat it, and the unruffled life of the woman Member of Parliament today is the result.

She has political courage of a high order, as was shown only last July in her advocacy of birth control. It is in England the most dangerous cause that any Member of Parliament can champion. It entails the implacable hostility of the Catholic voters, who can often sway the issue of an election. But Lady Astor has decided that birth control is right, and nothing will prevent her from saying so.

She gets things done, too. However ridiculous may have been some of her remarks on the drink trade, her extraordinary persistence secured the much-needed reform by which persons under 18 cannot be supplied with

wine or spirits. She has extracted from the government a solemn pledge to introduce child labor legislation the moment that the state of trade permits. She may create an uproar at question time by making grotesquely irrelevant queries about nursery schools, but she has put them on the map as a practical subject for legislation.

Critics who deride Lady Astor's parliamentary methods forget what courage it takes to face a hostile chamber. It cannot be pleasant, every time you rise to force home a point, to be greeted with a roar of "Sit down!" "Shut up, Nancy!" "Go back to America!" Not many men are willing to face prolonged barracking of that kind. I fancy that Lady Astor is as sensitive as any political youngster, but outwardly she is imperturbable. She just goes on until, exasperated by its failure to silence her, the House allows her to be heard. To see her, flushed but determined, carried away by zeal for her cause into, perhaps, some rather undignified passage of arms with opponents and patently steeling herself against their insults is to understand the militant suffragette of pre-war days.

As a political hostess she has no equal. At the Astors' house in St. James' Square there are no party labels. You will meet there politicians, Salvation Army lasses, Rhodes scholars, society débutantes, social workers and left-wing authors by the dozen, and droves of distinguished foreigners. It is perhaps the only house in London where the Prince of Wales can meet ordinary men, freed from the formalities of official dinner parties or grand inspection tours.

Lady Astor's week-end parties at Cliveden, her West Country place in the Thames valley, are a national institution. Cliveden is St. James' Square extended from a single evening to a Saturday-to-Monday affair. All the same crowd is there, but the guests have a real opportunity to know each other. Lady Astor presides with infectious good nature. She will keep the breakfast table in a ripple of merriment with her sallies and then will spirit away a social worker, one of her guests, to plan some new campaign against sweated hours. She will be back an hour afterward to organize a foursome on the local golf links and at lunch she will be in deep conversation on disarmament with some cabinet minister who has just arrived from London to meet a foreign statesman, away from the prying eyes of a too inquisitive press.

Americans, I believe, find it difficult to understand our political week-ends. It is therefore all the more remarkable to find an American perfecting the art of

political entertaining. A week-end at Cliveden is not merely the greatest fun but of the greatest value. When the gulf between parties is widening and there is real danger of a reaction toward extreme socialism and of a reaction from that to some kind of Fascism, the bridge that Lord and Lady Astor are at such pains to build is of very high social importance. Party government depends on the existence, despite fierce differences, of a mutual respect between opponents and of a common agreement upon fundamentals. Lady Astor does not a little to provide it. That is why I regard her as one of the most vital forces in English politics.

Hilarity Bred Contempt

WHEN Maxim Gorky visited America he was taken to Coney Island by friends who wanted him to behold this huge playground swarming with holiday throngs. They took him through the crowded concessions, where he saw one dizzy contraption after another, swinging people through the air, swirling them in eccentric curves, shooting them down breathtaking inclines. They took him underground and overground, into bewildering mazes, museums of freaks, palaces of jugglers, theaters of dancing ladies and living statuary. They were giving Maxim Gorky the time of his life! Finally, at the end of what may have seemed to them a perfect day, they asked him how he had liked it. He was silent for a moment. Then he said, very simply, "What a sad people you must be!"

— H. A. Overstreet, *A Guide to Civilized Loafing* (Putnam)

Tea for Two

I HAVE small patience with our 20th-century habit of whining. People got through their troubles without whining in the old days and should be able to do so now. For example, there is a story about General Lee. For four days after his surrender, he would eat nothing. At last, at the insistence of the lady in whose house he was staying, he asked for a cup of tea. She had just enough for one cup left, having lost everything in the conflict, but when she brought that in, Lee refused to drink it unless she had some, too. She went back, got a cupful of muddy James River water, brought that in and sipped it with him. People didn't whine then.

— Ellen Glasgow, quoted in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

¶ Jewish students and Greek letters —

I Learn About the Social System

Condensed from "Personal History"

Vincent Sheean
Author of "American Among the Riffi," "New Persia," etc.

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MY EXPERIENCE with the fraternity system of American colleges was a weird one. I entered the University of Chicago ignorant of even the names of the Greek-letter societies. On my first or second day I was asked to lunch at a fraternity house and went. Later, when I was asked to pledge myself to join it, I accepted at once.

Followed a grand tragicomic episode. I moved into the fraternity house, where lived the friends, ready-made, among whom I was supposed to pass four years. My roommate was Alan Le May, a dour, dark and silent freshman with a sharp intelligence. Above my other brothers-in-the-bond there dwelt the supreme god, A. B., the editor of the *Daily Maroon*. He was kind to me, suggested books to read, talked tome about the scraps of verse I used to write. I never saw anybody afterwards who possessed quite his Olympian quality. In all, I was happy in that life; but it was not prolonged.

On the day preceding initiation into the fraternity, three months after the taking of the pledge, a girl asked me to cut my classes and take a long walk with her. She was a pretty girl, a freshman, whom I had met in the office of the *Maroon*. It was bitter cold as we walked.

"I've been talking to various people around the *Maroon* about you," she said. "We all think you're a pretty good freshman. You might amount to something if you had any sense. I don't think you know what you're doing."

This meant nothing to me, and I said so.

"Oh, don't pretend that you don't understand," she said. "It's that damned fraternity. You'll be miserable in another year. No girl will go out with you — no nice girl, that is. And you're barred from everything that makes college life what it is. Of course, I know you're not Jewish, but everybody doesn't realize that."

In my entire life I had never heard a more surprising series of statements.

"But what are you talking

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about, anyway?" I asked. "Why on earth should anybody think I was Jewish?"

"Because you belong to a Jewish fraternity," she said.

Ensued a ludicrous, painful, silly and melancholy conversation. In the course of it I made acquaintance with (a) the social system of the University; (b) the Jewish problem; (c) the way of the world; (d) my own colossal ignorance. Incredible though it seemed afterwards, I had never known a Jew in my life. I thought of them as bearded old gentlemen with magic powers and vast stores of gold. I had never thought of the Jews as a possibility in the here and now. To Lucy, my pretty little girl-friend, I must have seemed an imbecile.

"You're 16 years old," she scolded. "My God, boy, do you mean to tell me you don't know a Jew when you see one? Look at them, idiot. They have noses, hair, eyes, features, mouths, all different from anybody else's. Can you honestly tell me you didn't know that ——— was a Jew?"

And then the melancholy catalogue began. One by one we ran through the list of all the members of my fraternity. They were all, it seemed, Jews. The last name, the one I dreaded to pronounce, was that of the godlike senior, the editor of the *Maroon*. And he too, as Lucy proved by a merciless analysis of his name and appearance, was certainly Jewish.

After this I walked along for a long time in silence. Lucy kept on talking, but I scarcely heard what she said. I was shocked, humiliated, and angry, not because my fraternity brothers were Jewish, but because I had not known about it. The shock would have been the same if they had all turned out to be Swedenborgians, or Spaniards, or vegetarians. It made them a special caste, to which I could not possibly belong. To have failed to recognize a quality so singular was a proof of abysmal ignorance. I was naïf and provincial, of course, but I had never realized to what a degree.

"Well, Lucy," I said at last, combatively, "I don't believe a single thing you say. But what possible harm can it do me to belong to a Jewish fraternity?"

She began a recital that horrified me. It horrified me more afterwards, as I came to know that the state of affairs described was by no means peculiar to the University of Chicago or to university life. The Jews, it seemed, could not possibly go to the "nice" parties in college. They could not be elected to any class office, or to office in any club, or to any fraternity except the two they had themselves organized; they could not even walk across the quadrangles with a "nice" girl if she could possibly escape. And so on. Hitler himself could not have invented a

more savage and degrading system of anti-Semitism than that worked out by those little monsters, the undergraduates.

"But," I argued, "I've got the map of Ireland in my face. Not to speak of my name. How on earth could anybody think I was Jewish?"

"It doesn't make any difference," she said. "You belong to a Jewish fraternity. That's enough. Lots of Jews take Irish names, and lots of Jews don't look especially Jewish. You'll be marked as a Jew, all right. You must break your pledge to the fraternity."

After the walk I rushed back to the fraternity house. "Lemmy!" I said, coming into my room, "I've got to talk to you. Do you think that A. B. is Jewish?"

"Of course," he said. "What's the matter?"

I told him. And then Lemmy completed the education Lucy had begun. With the door of our room locked we sat and talked in the quiet voices of conspirators. Our fraternity, he told me, had been founded to include Jews and non-Jews; it had only succeeded in getting itself labeled as wholly Jewish. He too was a Gentile.

Like Lucy a few hours earlier, Lemmy found my ignorance hard to believe. He said, patiently enough, that everybody knew these things; that the difference between Jews and Gentiles was as obvious as that between men and women. He further corroborated everything Lucy had told me about the opprobrium, the ridicule, the complicated varieties of discrimination and prejudice, to which any Gentile who belonged to a Jewish fraternity would have to submit. He had known all this when he was pledged, he said; and he had still taken the pledge because (in his humility) he had supposed the "bid" to join a fraternity to be a rare thing, and a Jewish fraternity to be better than none. He agreed that no house could be pleasanter than ours, no friends more satisfactory; but he was convinced that remaining in the fraternity meant accepting a kind of permanent ostracism from the life of the Gentile part of the undergraduate body. For my part, I was not knowingly anti-Jewish, and yet the accumulated prejudices of 2000 years — absorbed from the romances I had spent my childhood reading — had so subtly and insensibly poisoned my mind that it came as a shock to hear that my particular friends, the most admired of my acquaintances, were Jews.

We agreed, in a high state of hysterical agitation, to do "something." But that "something" could not be long delayed. The following day we were to take the solemn, irrevocable oaths of the formal initiation. Lemmy said: "We can pack a bag and go to

Aurora." We both felt that it would be impossible to face the assembled brethren, headed by A. B., and tell them our decision.

After dark that night, with the precautions and terrors of an elopement, we dropped a bag out the window and jumped after it. From the narrow garden side of the house it was a quick scramble to the street, to a taxicab, to the train. We arrived in the middle of the night at the house of Lemmy's astonished parents in Aurora and remained there for the next two days. It was Lemmy who wrote to the fraternity to explain what we had done.

On the following afternoon A. B. arrived to talk to us. In that painful interview, all the arguments were brought forth in their unrelieved ugliness. Lemmy and A. B. did most of the talking. In the end A. B. said that since our decision was not to be changed, he would accept it, and that it would make no difference to either of us on the *Daily Maroon*. In a state of suicidal gloom, all three of us then returned on the afternoon train to Chicago and to the University.

A. B. seemed to me, then and afterwards, the most admirable person I knew in Chicago. He could not have been more than 20, but he was invested (in my eyes at least) with the wisdom of the ages. He had apparently founded great hopes for the fraternity on both of us, and our desertion was a blow to him; but he had a sense of justice. He could see that there was something to be said on our side, and having accepted the monstrous situation he made the best of it. During the rest of the year A. B. seemed to be little changed, and in the spring, when the freshmen were weeded out for the next step in the *Daily Maroon's* hierarchy, it was A. B. who offered me the job of night editor for the following year. Anybody who knows the fierce antagonisms and merciless injustice of the fraternity system can see that in treating a renegade so fairly, A. B. was showing a character rare among undergraduates. There may have been other fraternity men with enough maturity of mind to rise above the system, but I never knew one.

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Career for Cats — PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, with its many silver fox farms, offers a highly specialized career for lady cats. The mother foxes have a habit of killing their young. The cats make admirable wet nurses. The sad thing is that their own babies are drowned, but they get very fond of the little foxes, and they lead pleasant lives on the farm, supporting their husbands in idleness. — Eleanor Booth Simmons, *Cats* (© McGraw-Hill)

¶ Model airplanes and boats driven by tiny gas motors provide a thrilling and worthwhile sport

And Now It's Miniature Motors

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

Edwin Teale

AT FLYING FIELDS all over the country model airplanes are coming to life, powered by miniature gasoline engines. Hardly larger than an automobile spark plug, and constructed with watchlike precision, these vest-pocket power plants have produced amazing results.

Last year a one-cylinder engine barely four inches high drove an eight-foot model airplane on a flight that lasted two and a half hours, carrying the little ship 8000 feet high over three states. From the Camden, N. J., airport the midget rose slowly into the air and soared off toward the south, followed by its builder, Maxwell Bassett, in a big plane. With the baby engine chattering away, the model passed over Philadelphia, left Pennsylvania behind, and soared out over the farms of northern Delaware. When its fuel finally gave out, a mile and a half in the air, it coasted down for a perfect landing. It had traveled more than 50 miles on 17 ounces of mixed oil and gas.

The motor used on this flight weighs only 11½ ounces and develops approximately one-fifth horsepower. Small flashlight batteries supply current for the ignition system. With its single cylinder, having a seven-eighths inch bore and a stroke of one inch, the pygmy motor "winds up" to 6000 revolutions a minute. With an engine of this type the model which carried off the prize at the National Championship Model Plane Meet at St. Louis last summer reached a top speed of more than a mile a minute.

In official competitions each model is allowed an eighth of an ounce of gasoline for every pound it weighs. This cuts down the length of the flights, thus reducing the number of lost models, and puts all competitors on an equal footing. At present, the world's record for models carrying the prescribed amount of fuel is held by Joseph Kovel of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Last spring, during a meet at Hadley Field, N. J., Kovel's 10-foot machine soared to an alti-

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tude of 3000 feet and circled away into the southwest. Official timekeepers followed it in a fast car. For half an hour they raced down country roads. A blowout stopped them. They changed to a second car and continued the pursuit. Again tire trouble overtook them and they had to watch the model disappear from sight. Two days later it was found in a field 35 miles from its starting place. As the torque of the propeller keeps such models turning in wide circles, its total air mileage must have been much greater.

Crashes provide much excitement at a gas-model meet. How much one of these planes will stand was demonstrated by a spine-tingling, 1000-foot power spin at Caldwell, N. J. During a meet there, one of the machines was circling high overhead when one wing folded back and the ship gyrated down in a power spin. It struck so hard the nose and motor were buried in the soft ground. The owner dug out his machine, washed the motor in gasoline, put on a new wing, and had his plane back in the air in an hour.

Once in Los Angeles the realistic drone of the little motor, as a 7½-foot model circled overhead before crashing, deceived the residents into thinking a real plane was in trouble. When it struck they telephoned an alarm which brought three radio police cars, an ambulance, and several thousand spectators.

Five years ago almost every flight made by a gas model ended in a crash. But designers have learned how to avoid this. Now when one of these machines takes off, the controls are set at the best gliding angle of the ship. The pull of the propeller is sufficient to make the model climb or fly on a level keel as long as the motor runs. When the engine cuts out, the ship automatically goes into a glide that brings it to earth in a long, easy descent. Interest in gas models has increased rapidly in the past two years. At this year's national contest in St. Louis, 65 gas-powered planes were entered. One designer alone has sold over 800 little engines, and scores of enthusiasts all over the country are building their own power plants. One enthusiast is even installing a tiny radio outfit with which to control the movements of his model in the air.

The same tiny gas motors have also given rise to model motorboat racing. On some California lakes, contests for these homemade craft are held once a week, and in the East, when the annual classic sponsored by the New York Society of Model Engineers takes place, entries come from hundreds of miles away.

Imagine yourself at one of the competitions on a West Coast lake. An old skiff puts off from

shore. In it are the contestants with their little one-meter boats, looking like oversized wooden shoes. The skiff anchors and the first contestant attaches a fishline of 150-pound strength to his boat. This line runs to a stubby fishing rod with which he will hold the model to its course. Next, he blows up a small rubber balloon which he puts under the gunwale of his boat and attaches to the air intake of the gasoline tank; the air pressure force-feeds the carburetor during the race.

Finally he jerks a rope wrapped about the flywheel of the engine; with a roar, the thunderbug is off, planing, bucking, making almost as much noise as a class-F outboard running wide open. Gradually the contestant plays out the line until the little boat is circling the skiff at the end of a taut, 50-foot string. Then out come the timers' watches and the race is on. Each boat runs until fuel gives out. Then the next entry charges off in an attempt to better the speed. Speeds of from 20 to 25 miles an hour are common. Unofficial reports from England tell of a 39-inch model that was clocked at 48 miles an hour. If Gar Wood's *Miss America X* could travel as fast, in proportion to its size, it would flash over the water at more than nine miles a minute.

In shallow lagoons like the Conservatory Lake in Central Park, New York, contestants wear armpit boots. A swivel-topped pole at the center of the pond forms the hub about which the racing boats whirl at top speed. Occasionally one of the boats breaks the line that holds it. Running wild, it usually ends by ramming the bank full tilt, tearing the engine to pieces and smashing the hull.

Midget motor enthusiasts are experimenting with a thousand and one innovations. For instance, one California model-boat builder, seeking to increase stability, has discovered that a flat, horizontal fin, placed on the strut back of the propeller, will end bucking, without reducing speed. Similarly, in the field of airplanes, gas models are leading the way to new discoveries. In Kovel's machine the center of gravity was moved much farther back than in most full-sized ships, and the area of the tail surface increased. The result, tests have shown, is a stall-proof ship. Time and again, as the plane has lost speed in climbing too steeply or the engine failed because of a clogged gas line, it has simply floated down in a gentle curve instead of diving violently in the manner of the conventional airplane.

Thus, the thrilling new sport of racing midget models is developing into a proving ground for new ideas that may be of far-reaching importance to larger craft.

Chores

Condensed from "A Goodly Heritage"

Mary Ellen Chase
Author of "Mary Peters," "Silas Crockett," etc.

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SPECIALISTS in language tell us that *chore* is largely an American word, and that it has become colloquial, relegated to rural communities.

But thirty years ago the word was in reputable, indeed indispensable use among all families of average means, both rural and urban. Just as reputable and indispensable were the chores themselves, those little, odd, miscellaneous pieces of business which must be performed if the wheels of family life were to turn freely. In ours, as in all other families which we knew, chores were part of the accepted routine of the day. They were allotted to each of us according to his several abilities, and remonstrances were not anticipated.

"May we coast in Dr. Grindle's field this morning?" we were wont to ask at a January breakfast.

"It will be time to settle that matter," said my mother, "when your chores are finished."

Now the essence of chores lay in their coöperative character. In this they were sharply distinguished from jobs of all kinds. One was paid for a job, but never for a chore. For example, my driving of Constancy, the family cow, to and from her distant pasture twice a day, from April to November, was a job. I was paid five dollars for it on the first of every November. The money was mine to use as I liked.

In contrast to this job, my feeding of the pig was a chore. Its fulfillment required no unreasonable amount of time or effort and was regarded simply as a portion of my share in the expediency of family life. Likewise, my other morning and evening tasks about the barn were chores — the feeding of the horses, the bedding of the cow, the weekly sweeping of the floor when I became large enough to wield the broom. The carrying of a morning quart of milk to a neighbor, the daily fetching of a dozen eggs, the filling of the woodboxes in kitchen, library, and bedrooms, the piling of wood and the splitting of it, the shoveling of snow, the fall gathering of apples — these, too, were chores, to be performed by one or another of us cheerfully and without question. Often the assignment of these was varied month by month; sometimes we enjoyed the dramatic device of drawing for them on slips of paper shaken in a hat. But the idea that they

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were more than our just and due service never once occurred to us. Every child we knew contributed in precisely the same manner to the well-being of his own household.

Indoors, a large and growing family with at most one "hired girl" necessitated other and less interesting chores. Lamps must be filled and cleaned, the black wicks, disagreeable alike to nose and fingers, cut in circular fashion to insure a steady light, and the polished chimneys covered with brown paper bags and arranged in an orderly row on the shelf above the kitchen sink. Dishes, an interminable number, must be dried with no dampness and no breakage; beds must be made. Dust-cloths must follow the intricacies of Victorian table legs and the small, triangular shelves of what-nots.

Babies multiplied chores in almost incredible fashion, even before they began to be peripatetic and hence to demand ceaseless guardianship from some older sister or brother. Up to a year old their daily naps were a matter of deepest concern, for upon them depended the even life of the family. I had five brothers and sisters younger than I at 15, and on Saturday mornings and on week-days during the long winter vacations from February to April, I was stationed at nine o'clock in the library before the baby's cradle. My task was simple. By judicious swayings of the cradle I was to keep the baby asleep surely for two and, if possible, for three hours, while in the kitchen beyond things continued their orderly way.

Another chore made necessary by the ever-present baby was the nightly putting him to bed at six o'clock. This was in no sense so delightful as sitting by his cradle, but because every member of the family, except my father, participated, it partook generously of the inherent nature of a chore.

The procession started in the kitchen, the baby having been undressed by the kitchen stove. My mother bore her youngest. She was preceded by my oldest sister who, as trusted acolyte by reason of her age, carried a lamp. I followed my mother with a large pan, which contained the baby's bottles, his milk, and a small tin cup for heating the same over the lamp. My next sister carried a creosote burner and a bottle of creosote against the croup. My brother brought up the rear with an armful of extra blankets and diapers. We stopped for a moment in the library for my father to look with approbation on the baby, and then went our way up the long curving stairs.

We did not think it strange that my father took no part in the evening rite. Early we took it for granted that he, like the other

fathers we knew, was manually ineffective indoors. My brother was released from the procession as soon as a younger sister was old enough to take his place. In those days the work of women and the work of men were in more distinct categories than they are today. Only I continued with my chores in the stable, on the ground that I was of less service in the house.

But within or without we did our share toward the common weal. In our family as in all others each child was made to feel himself necessary to a larger group. If he went away for an infrequent visit, he saw to it that the performance of his chores was arranged for before he went. Although his individuality was not stressed as it is today, his coöperative value was tacitly admitted and encouraged. His assistance was taken for granted, and his willingness as well. In some rare cases it may have happened that children were overworked, that they were made to feel a responsibility incompatible with their years. But at all events, selfishness did not flourish under such a system.

As for me, in gratitude to the gods who gave me such a goodly heritage, I can only return thanks for the chores that were required of me and for their inestimable by-products.

Ring Lardner's 1929 Christmas Card

How utterly ridiculous you'd feel,
How damned unpleasant,
If you sent just a card to us
And *we* sent *you* a present.

In order that no such thing
Can happen to you, comma,
This card is all you'll get from Ring,
His kiddies or their momma.

— Quoted in *Vanity Fair*

¶ If you have received an *original* Christmas Card — irresistibly amusing, clever, unique — you are invited to send it or a copy to The Reader's Digest. Payment of $5 each will be made for any contributions accepted. *Note that they cannot be acknowledged or returned.*

The First-Story Workers

By E. Jerome Ellison and Frank W. Brock
Authors of "The Run for Your Money" *

❖

THE FOLLOWING article will help you differentiate between the gyp and the honest canvasser. Your local authorities — probably the Better Business Bureau — will be glad to assist in their identification. Always consult them if you are in doubt. — Edward L. Greene, General Manager, National Better Business Bureau, Inc., 135 E. 42 St., N. Y. C.

Door-to-Door OF ALL the people who ring your front doorbell in the course of a year, a rather shocking percentage are racketeers. Racketeers of the petty, non-violent sort, to be sure, but still not the most desirable callers. The little Irish girl with linens straight from her native heath, the liveried deliveryman who politely asks you to accept a package for a neighbor, the school-teacherish lady who wants to discuss Johnny's progress in the sixth grade, the gentleman who wants to give you a free book — sharpers all, or in the employ of sharpers, which is as bad. That is not to say that there are no Irish girls in all the land selling linens honestly. It is to say, however, that there are organized crews of "Irish girls" — and of deliverymen, book agents and many other "first-story workers" — who are swindling the country on a nation-wide scale.

Nobody Home TAKE the case of the package for the neighbor who is not at home. The deliveryman asks if you will accept it for her, and pay the C.O.D. charges — $1.20 to $10, depending upon the community. You do the neighborly thing and pay it. When your neighbor gets home you find she wasn't expecting a C.O.D. package at all — hadn't ordered it, knows nothing about it. Opening the package, you find a bottle of water, a box of oatmeal or a crumpled newspaper. You have fallen for the "not-at-home" racket, an old, sure-fire wheeze which has turned up in almost every city that has a post office. By first telephoning up and down the street to determine who is, and who is not at home, the sharper can work a sizable community in an hour.

Rosie O'Grady THE "Irish lace and linen" racket is best illustrated by two families which have worked most of the 48 states and are internationally notorious for their peddling activities. The female members of the clans appear as wistful Irish maidens selling pieces "made by me auld mither in the auld counthrie," or "smuggled goods at duty-free prices." The boys, offering the same wares, seem to prefer the rôle of stranded sailor. Both have been extraordinarily successful in disposing of machine-made cotton "linens" for as high as $50 for pieces having an actual value of around $2.

* *1935, Dodge Pub. Co., 116 E. 16 St., N. Y. C. $2.50*

They have recently been arrested in Columbus, Ohio, have jumped bail in Chicago, and were last reported in Detroit.

Not only linens and laces, but furs, linoleum and "oriental" rugs find outlets through the first-story workers. A Philadelphia organization provides an excellent example of a foolproof and practically lawproof dodge which is used again and again in crooked commerce of all kinds. The company claims to sell machine-made cotton rugs, of an oriental pattern, to a crew of 60 free-lance salesmen, who in turn purvey them at the city's front doors. Nothing fraudulent about that, certainly. But the sales patter of all these gentlemen is strikingly similar. The rugs suddenly become "genuine orientals," and are sold at genuine oriental prices. "Real linoleum" was marketed in the same way. Offered at bargain prices, it was said to be surplus material from a large hospital contract. Actually, it was not linoleum, but a flimsy imitation. If a purchaser complains, he is told that the company is merely a wholesaler, and cannot be responsible for the free-lance agents who purchase their goods. The salesman, meanwhile, has disappeared in a great city. There is no one to be held responsible.

"Psst!" THERE ARE at least four sleek black delivery trucks, each manned by a driver and messenger in livery, cruising the streets of Los Angeles selling furs to pedestrians and at the door. Housewives on their way to market, hence likely to be flush, are favored clients. The usual approach is "psst!" followed by a story calculated to bring about a quick sale of a "valuable fur" for a pittance. The fur has been "smuggled in from up north," or it is "stolen property," or it has been placed on a truck through a mistake of the driver's furrier-employer, in which case the driver will share the profits of his boss's blunder with any chance customer — "a $150 silver-fox neckpiece" for $25, or even $10 in a pinch. Such "fox fur" usually grows on Tibet lambs, whose curly fur can be processed and straightened to resemble that of the fox. With the first rain, however, the fur reverts to type, curls and spirals in a most fantastic and unfoxlike manner. Victims of this ruse seldom complain to the police — they believe themselves to be receivers of stolen property, though actually the lamb fur was bought and paid for by the sharper in the orthodox way. Five such trucks have been reported in Chicago, several in Portland, San Francisco, and St. Louis. Manhattan, we believe, is finally wise to the racket, which has long flourished there. When a truck draws up to the curb and the driver says "psst," all but the most gullible New Yorkers answer with a broad, knowing grin

Permanent Raves THE HOUSEWIFE who has not yet been summoned to her front door and offered a "free permanent-wave certificate" for 50 cents is almost certain to have that experience soon. The permanent-wave wave started in New York in 1932, spread to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Providence, St. Louis, Dallas, Cincinnati, and Louisville, reached epidemic proportions in Chicago, and broke out in

Toledo just a few months ago. When the purchaser presents her certificate at the designated beauty shop and asks for her wave, she finds there's an additional charge of $2 to $5 for "incidentals" — shampoo, oil treatment, whatnot — without which the wave will not be given. She can't even get her 50 cents back — that has been kept by the door-to-door man. Once in the beauty shop and ready for her wave she will probably pay the racket, get the wave, and get out, which is just what the racket figured.

According to one commentator, this racket has "made more money and made more women mad" — and incidentally wrecked the business of more beauty shops — than any beauty racket of recent years. The free-wave certificate "plan" is sold on a high-pressure basis by a national "syndicate" to local beauty shops as a sales-stimulator. Local proprietors have found to their sorrow that it's only a customer-infuriator.

Upper Crust

THE RUSES concocted in the sales offices of some of our best-known manufacturers would shame even the racketeers who are *frankly* racketeers. A prominent aluminum manufacturer trained his salesmen in this act: The salesman rings the doorbell, offers the housewife a free sample of exceptionally high-grade coffee. Asking her to extend her hand, he produces a small bottle, pours a pile of coffee into her outstretched palm, asks her to hold the bottle in her other hand. With both hands full, she is then powerless to close the door, and the salesman dashes past her on a beeline for the kitchen. Once entrenched behind his pots and pans, nothing short of telephoning the police will dislodge him until he has made a sale.

A vacuum-cleaner firm required its representatives to imply that they were part of a Federal moth-elimination project; a book publisher with main offices in New York and branches in all large cities instructs his saleswomen to impersonate representatives of the public schools. A certain loose-leaf encyclopedia has enjoyed a large sale by employing the "free book" scheme. The prospect is told that due to her prestige in the community, her endorsement is highly valued by the company. They are, therefore, sending her a free encyclopedia. There will be a "small charge" to cover the supplementary loose-leaf service for 10 years. The "small charge," of course, adequately covers the cost of the encyclopedia, loose-leaf service, and salesman's commission.

Worm's-Eye View

THE ISSUE being thus confused by what is carelessly termed "legitimate business," it is left to the housewife to determine which doorbell-ringers are candidates for the calaboose and which are honest citizens. The lot of a large proportion of the latter class of canvassers is not a merry one. Bullied on one hand by cocksure sales managers and on the other by oversold housewives, they are rather unreasonably kicked about. During the bleaker stretches of the depression, thousands of workers from other fields turned to door-to-door selling. Lured by assurances, out

of whole cloth sometimes, that "So-and-so made $200 last week, so can you," they were exploited to the limit. Trained in deceit that was distasteful to them, wearied of fruitless tramping and bell-pushing, most of them quit after a month. Their places were quickly filled by other hopefuls. Some firms kept large sales forces in the field "on commission" at a cost of a few dollars a month. The cumulative efforts of these crews brought splendid returns for the company, pitifully little for the individual salesmen.

The Next to Last Straw

THE American housewife has demonstrated her ability to take a great deal of punishment over her front doorsill. But when nationally advertised and supposedly reputable firms begin to adopt racket tactics, her patience is severely taxed. The high-pressure boys are inclined to forget that she could, if she chose, wipe out the entire door-to-door industry, crooks and honest men together, with a single swish of her dust-mop. Just as an indication, in one Chicago suburb the police will conduct canvassers to the city limits, regardless of their credentials, the minute they become over-insistent or offensive. A weeding out of the most flagrant offenders is certainly in order. Perhaps the one or two great firms which have been built entirely on house-to-house business would serve as models for a general reform. Their well-trained, adequately paid salesmen are kidded a good deal perhaps, but they are known and admired for their courtesy and fairness. Doors open for them that are closed, happily, to all other first-story workers. It pays almost as much as the rackets do — there must be something to it.

So You Swallowed a Bug — Well?

A PRICELESS ASSET to Coca-Cola's claims department is Perry Wilbur Fattig, Curator of the Museum of Emory University (Atlanta, Ga.). When a customer says he was harmed by something he found swishing around in the bottom of a Coca-Cola bottle, Curator Fattig stands ready to eat what the customer did. Most cases concern drowned bugs and Curator Fattig has convinced many a jury that creatures drowned in carbonated beverages are harmless. For Coca-Cola and other soft-drink makers he has eaten over 10,000 such creatures, including grasshoppers, crickets, snails, toads, caterpillars, earthworms, salamanders, beetles, praying mantes, stink bugs, kissing bugs, bumblebees and poisonous Central American centipedes. Once he added a flair by eating a black widow spider alive, and recently when the company was sued by an infuriated Coca-Cola guzzler who claimed to have found glass in his drink, Mr. Fattig, smiling proudly at the judge, crunched and swallowed 16 small pieces of glass. — *Time*

Western Union

Condensed from Fortune

LAST SPRING an undergraduate at Yale telegraphed a duck with a blue ribbon around its neck to a surprised co-ed in Palo Alto. It is a fair sample of the lengths to which Western Union has gone in its search for diversification. Western Union will sell you not only telegrams, but also cablegrams, stock-market reports (via the ticker), baseball scores, rail, air, and bus tickets, express service, money orders, radiograms to ships at sea, and U. S. Naval Observatory time. It will sight incoming ships for you at Sandy Hook. Public-spiritedly, it supplies a free push-button circuit for the President and others to open public functions.

Yet Western Union could dump all its sidelines tomorrow — including cablegrams and stock-market reports — and lose only 20 percent of its revenues.

Western Union is the only communications company in America that directly serves every state in the Union without the help of subsidiaries or "allied" companies. Unity and independence have been characteristic of it since 1866, when the last of some 500 mergers gave it a truly national wire network. From then on, the company prospered automatically and until 1909 did business without lifting a finger to get it.

That year Theodore N. Vail, President of American Telephone & Telegraph Co., acquired a controlling interest in Western Union for his company and next year had himself elected President of Western Union. As President of both companies Mr. Vail was able to get the telephone company to handle the collection of amounts due for telegrams sent by phone, an arrangement which remained exclusively Western Union until 1928. Previously the telegraph company had had to send a bill, and the chances were that you wouldn't bother to pay it.

When Mr. Vail left in 1914 — the U. S. Department of Justice didn't like the American Telephone & Telegraph-Western Union relationship and at its suggestion A. T. & T. sold its stock to the public — his influence lingered on in the persons of Newcomb Carlton and J. C. Willever. As President of Western Union, Mr. Carlton's principal enthusiasm was the cable business. His reign was made spectacular by the chancy laying of three Atlantic cables of new and untried construction, consisting of a single copper wire wrapped in a thin layer of permalloy. They were a pronounced success. But the important heritage of Mr. Carlton's reign is the improved land-line plant. Today

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(Fortune, November, '35)

Western Union could handle several times its current traffic without buying so much as a new glass insulator.

Mr. Carlton — he is now Chairman of the Board — has kept Western Union free of strikes and all serious disagreements since 1918 by his genuinely liberal employe benefit plans. He is a born tripper and used to get around most of the network every year. He takes special pains with the first names of clerks and messenger boys and made frequent overtures to the hearts of his employes by such statements as this: "It's the breaks. Success depends on which side of the street you were walking at a certain minute of a certain day. There are a dozen men in our plants here in Kansas City who could fill my job as well as I can."

First Vice-President Willever's main job is business getting. Americans, he believes, have a fixed idea about a telegram — that it is always a harbinger of disaster. Many people are also inhibited from sending telegrams except in emergencies by the fact that it exacts an effort at literary concision. To get around these defenses, Mr. Willever began to write people's telegrams for them and to print them on gay and winsome blanks. He strewed Western Union counters with prepared sentiments for all occasions; he whooped it up for Mother's Day; and he ordered four-color holiday designs for his blanks from a score of commercial artists.

Make no mistake about Western Union's "canned" telegrams. They are a valued guide and encouragement to the pencil chewer. Many an individual, by changing "happy" to "merry" or "old top" to "old sock," has made such messages his own. Western Union is experimenting with reduced rates for canned messages but the form must not be changed. Only when "Hope all your clouds turn inside out and show their silver linings as you set sail for another year" can go over the wires as GTG661 can Western Union save any transmission cost.

In 1931, Mr. Willever introduced the serial message, which allows you to send a series of telegrams [the same day to the same person] for less than the cost of the same number of words sent in separate messages, and the timed-wire service, which enables you to send about 120 words for only 50 percent more than the cost of a ten-word telegram. He is now working on a new principle in telegraph rate making under which — if you are one of the 350,000 business men whom Western Union considers its most deserving customers — the more telegrams you send the lower word rate you will get.

Perhaps the most crucial job in the whole Western Union opera-

tion is filled by a 17-year-old boy — 13,400 of him. He makes Western Union the largest employer of juveniles in America.

Paid on a piecework basis, the messenger earns about $8.50 a week. He avoids the taint of his ill-mannered, gambling, and often elderly ancestors by participating in a turnover of 100 percent every two years. After a boy has been working a year Western Union begins to ask him questions about his plans for the future. With Western Union's help about 1400 boys get better jobs every year. The purpose of this vocational assistance is not entirely eleemosynary: when he places a boy, Mr. Willever figures he may one day be in a position to throw some business Western Union's way.

As to Western Union offices, their numbers are changing hourly. Every fall, for example, about 200 offices are closed down in New England and opened up in Florida for the winter season. As the berry market moves north from Louisiana and up toward the Carolinas, mobile Western Union units move north too, setting up operations wherever the buyers gather, sometimes in the middle of a berry patch. Or when a *Morro Castle* burns, a half dozen offices spring up overnight along the Jersey beaches.

But there is one group of 16,900 Western Union offices that never move, and that are not run by Western Union employes at all. This constitutes perhaps the neatest trick in the whole telegraph industry, and is probably the biggest single reason why Western Union does four times as much business as Postal. Exclusive contracts, some of them going back to the 1850's, with virtually every Class I railroad in the country secure the use of the railroad's right-of-way for telegraph pole lines, and the exclusive occupancy of the railroad's stations. (You cannot, for example, send a Postal telegram from Grand Central Terminal, New York.) In return, Western Union allows the railroads to use the telegraph system, and in some cases there is also an annual cash payment to the railroads.

Postal has to use the public highways for its pole lines (having contracts with 12 railroads, only five of them exclusive) and in so doing has reached some 750 hamlets that Western Union does not serve at all. But there are 14,500 towns exclusive with Western Union and to deliver messages in these Postal either makes long-distance telephone calls from its nearest office, usually at a loss, or hands them over to Western Union, either at the point of origin or somewhere en route. This transferred business makes Postal one of Western Union's biggest customers. Western Union is willing enough to copy the

Postal message on a yellow blank, and after delivering it, speeds a deadhead telegram to the sender, which points out exactly how many minutes were lost through the necessity of transfer.

Postal is fighting in the courts, hoping to invade the more desirable railroad rights-of-way. Its policy is wholly expansionist. Yet every telegraph man recognizes that there is not enough business to support two nation-wide telegraph companies, each with a complete system of pole lines. Both sides know perfectly well that the competition must end in a merger. The Federal Communications Commission has recommended legislation to permit this.

But Western Union has a far more potent adversary than Postal. For A. T. & T. is in two ways a competitor. The first way is the leased wire. A. T. & T. has a rather easygoing leasing policy and allows its wires to be used for telegraphic purposes by whole groups of private parties. Some $19,000,000 a year comes to the telephone company from such leases. And it has some 7,000,000 miles of long-distance telephone wires, every wire of which can be made to carry telegrams at no inconvenience whatever to the simultaneous voice circuit.

The second way is the teletype, controlled by A. T. & T., which permits a two-way record communication. Both Postal and Western Union are complaining of A. T. & T. teletype competition; but there is no law to prevent the Bell system from doing as much telegraph business as it has a mind to.

Thus we have a two-company national communications industry, with the Bell telephone monopoly competing with the telegraph quasi-monopoly. And the desire Congress has expressed for an efficient communications system, retaining competition, would not be thwarted by a Postal-Western Union merger as long as A. T. & T. remains in the telegraph business.

Will Rogers and Royalty — ONE DAY Will Rogers appeared at the gate of Buckingham Palace, according to the legend. "I'm Will Rogers and I've come to see the King," he is reported to have said to the haughty guards. "Tell him when the Prince of Wales was over in our country he told me to look up his old man some time, and here I am." Rogers was admitted and not only had a long talk with King George, but also stayed to lunch. —© United Press

Will Hollywood Move to England?

Condensed from Liberty

Frederick L. Collins

FOR REASONS which may have more to do with politics than with pictures, England is making big financial inducements to actors, producers and movie companies to leave California flat and make pictures across the sea. At the same time California is taxing the movie industry almost into its grave. So, speaking practically, the boys and girls in Hollywood are asking themselves: "Why shouldn't we move to England?"

Picture makers aren't native sons. They went to California originally for the climate. Now they don't use the climate. If they need a forest, they build it in a studio. If they need any particular forest, mountain or city, they get it by the new process backgrounds without taking their actors off the lot. Hence, they will move wherever the moving — and the money — is good; and right now England is such a place. England has the studios, the directors, the technicians, the financial backers and the *will* to take motion-picture leadership away from the United States; and within two years, unless we do something definite about it, she will do it.

Perhaps we should take some responsibility for this. We "fell" for the British accent in films. We "fell" for foreign actors: we said the men had a distinction our movie actors lacked; the women, a glamour. We accepted as our own so many foreign players that *without them it would now be impossible to cast enough pictures to keep the Hollywood studios open.*

These foreign-born and foreign-bred celebrities have no intention of becoming American citizens; they have come to this country to work until they have enough money to retire and go home. If England offers them greater inducements they will move.

As a matter of fact this removal is already under way. Elstree, in Hertfordshire, is now a thriving center of motion-picture production. Nearby Denham and Iver Heath are following speedily in its footsteps. In two years, based on this year's progress, there will be enough modern plants in these three towns to make the motion pictures of the world.

To do this England is calling home its own. Within the last few months Charles Laughton, George Arliss, Leslie Howard, Merle

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(Liberty, November 30, '35)

Oberon and others have broken away from Hollywood to make at least one picture in their native land. England is calling also those actors who, although born in America, are as well known abroad as here. Add to these the English-speaking foreign stars who have not come to Hollywood but who have a definite following in America and you have approximately half of the front-rank motion-picture talent of the world. *This half and a good bit more England can, by very little additional effort, make exclusively her own.* There is every indication that she will make this effort.

Our own government has consistently handicapped the makers of pictures. At this writing, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Senate's McAdoo Committee, the House's Sabbath Committee, the Census Department, and the NRA are all investigating the motion-picture industry. And California has just enacted a soak-the-movie-rich taxation program.

The British government thinks differently about these things. The British thinking runs something like this: America has made the best pictures; these pictures have been shown everywhere; their influence has tended to Americanize the world; hereafter England will make the best pictures; her pictures will be shown everywhere; their influence will tend to Anglicize the world.

The British government may not be extending a direct subsidy to English picture producers, but indications are that somebody high in authority must be guaranteeing the backers of British films against ultimate loss — possibly through a remission of taxes.

Just as our English friends have been drawing on the supply of Hollywood actors, so they have been getting our writers, cameramen, technicians and directors. As a result, the best British pictures are now every bit as good as the Hollywood product. Significant of the present trend is the fact that recently Robert T. Kane, representing Twentieth Century-Fox, sailed for England to arrange for the production there of 10 pictures, starting with George Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*, and involving a total expenditure by *someone* of $5,000,000.

The inescapable answer to the question, "Will Hollywood move to England?" is that it is already on its way!

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What a woman needs is: up to the age of 14 — good health and good parents; from 14 to 40 — good looks; from 40 to 60 — personality; and from 60 on — cash! — Ladies' Home Journal

¶ A million a week is our bill for termite food

They're Boring from Within

Adapted from Today

Jerome Beatty

IF SCIENTISTS should discover that the bushmaster, that deadly tropical snake, now is to be found in all but two of these United States, that it is rapidly increasing, and that if you and I poked around in our cellars this snake might strike us, the alarmed citizenry would attack him as a national menace.

The bushmaster isn't with us but an enemy as destructive is — the termite; and because the termite bites wood instead of people and works invisibly, Mr. Average Citizen isn't concerned until his house begins to crack up and it costs several hundred dollars to fix things.

Two years ago the U. S. Department of Agriculture estimated the termite was causing $45,000,000 damage annually in 46 states — $37,141,000 a year to farm buildings alone. Today his food bill is about a million a week and — unless you live in North or South Dakota — in colonies of thousands he's quietly, grimly eating his way through wooden beams in your state, perhaps through those under you now.

American termites can be divided roughly into two species — the subterranean, which is by far the more destructive, and the dry-wood. The subterranean nests in damp earth and makes its way through tunnels into dead wood for food; the dry-wood, which at swarming time enters cracks in wood and nests there, is found only along the southern edge of the United States from Norfolk, Va., to northern California. In its habitat the dry-wood is greatly outnumbered by its subterranean cousin; when they meet they fight, but apparently unaware of each other a dry-wood colony may inhabit the second story of a house while the earth dwellers operate on the first. The dry-wood termite is rather easily killed by the use of poison dust, which usually will not exterminate the subterranean colony.

A subterranean termite colony is peopled by a king, a queen, workers, soldiers, young termites and, usually, winged sexual adults. Workers and soldiers are grayish-white, about one fourth of an inch long, abhor light and fresh air,

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are blind, and eat 24 hours a day. They have six legs and, unlike the wasp or the ant, they have no waist. Only the reproducers have wings.

New colonies start usually on the first warm spring day after a rain heavy enough to reach the nest. Now the workers seek the light, dig a tunnel to the surface and out swarm the winged sexual adults, accompanied by soldiers ready to fight their enemy, the ant. When all the reproducers are out, soldiers and workers, well rid of such drones, retire and the workers seal the hole.

The sexual adults pair off and seek a nesting place, preferably in damp ground alongside dead wood, and cast off their wings. They are able to fly only a few minutes, once in a lifetime, and some may travel only a few feet. Others, caught by breezes, may be carried several miles.

A termite colony once started usually exists forever, moving inch by inch to a new food supply when the old one is exhausted. As many as 4000 have been found eating in one cubic foot of wood. Foraging for food, the workers instinctively drill their tunnels first toward any dead wood that may be buried, particularly in damp ground. Next they enter wood that touches the ground, such as steps and supports of porches. Failing to find such wood, they build earthlike shelter tubes over foundations up to the beams. These look like tiny ivy, encrusted with sand. Under a porch, preferably near the dampness of a water pipe, they may build towers, like stalagmites, reaching a foot or more to connect with the wooden floor.

Although North American termites are closely related to those that for years have caused enormous damage in southern latitudes, of the 55 species recorded in the United States, only two have been imported and nobody is excited about them. Our American termites have been a long time on the way. They are found in fossils millions of years old. Their only ambition has been to propagate and to get enough to eat; and as man cut down forests and built houses of fresh-killed juicy sapwood, laid wooden sidewalks, erected fence posts, he made their progress easy by furnishing a line of food depots from forest to town. Some have worked their way inch by inch from the South, a parent pair progressing perhaps five feet; three or four years later descendants, caught by a wind, might be carried a mile out of New Orleans, for instance, toward Michigan. Termites now working in Massachusetts may be descendants of those which years ago were under the feet of Ponce de Leon in Florida.

Today the termites are being driven out of the Metropolitan

Museum of Art in New York City; they have feasted upon law books in the library of a Supreme Court Justice in Maryland; they had themselves a time in the luxurious basement playroom of a Long Island millionaire. They settled in the library of an Ohio university, ate most of the floor in a church in Washington, D. C., and established homes in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. The Government has spent several hundred thousand dollars repairing damage to the Treasury and Interior Buildings and in the Smithsonian Museums.

They attack hovels and huge estates, telephone poles and state libraries. Oil derricks and lumberyards are vulnerable; they even have entered bank vaults. In California, 60 corporations contributed $54,000 for scientific research and the Termite Investigations Committee was formed. The wide range of industries that suffer is shown by the businesses of the contributors — oil, railroads, building materials, shipping, telegraph, telephone, light, power, and wood preservatives.

As a result of California's farsightedness, the termite army there probably is being checked, but elsewhere the situation is serious. A New York dealer in iceboxes found that termites in Connecticut were attacking the cork insulation and is selling there termite-proof boxes of the same design he ships to the tropics. A Long Island family went to Europe for the summer and returned to find themselves blocked out of the house by a collapsed porch. A western Pennsylvania farmer reported a barn blown down by heavy winds, as a result of termite-eaten wood foundation. A model high school in New Jersey had to have a first floor almost entirely replaced.

Chambers of Commerce and real-estate organizations oppose the publication of local news about termites. Even persons whose houses are infested often keep it a secret — as though termites were evidence of bad housekeeping. All of which hinders investigators trying to obtain an honest nationwide view of conditions.

Most often, householders discover termites in the spring or fall when they swarm, usually between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. These bugs have four solid white wings, black or brown bodies, and look somewhat like flying ants, except that they have no waists. The swarm should be swept up and burned and a mark put on the spot where they emerged, for guidance of poisoners.

Lacking swarms as evidence, take a hammer, a flashlight and a trowel and start a tour of inspection. Examine the walls and floors in the cellar — especially in warm and damp spots and wherever wood touches floor or walls — for

the shelter tubes. Hammer coal-bin supports and overhead beams for evidence of "rot." Examine the supports of porches and steps, check posts and walks where wood touches the earth and dig down six inches to see if the buried wood has been attacked. Look over the garage. Search foundation walls, especially on the sunny side, for shelter tubes. Tear them down and burn them. Unless termites are in damp wood or can return through tubes to the ground, they will dry up and die.

Burn all dead wood found in the yard or under the house. Drain damp spots, such as near water pipes and where water drops from the icebox. If you uncover no real clues, and still are suspicious, you might try this plan: Drive sapwood stakes, one inch by two inches, two feet into the ground, a few feet apart, around your house close to the building. If these juicy morsels have not been attacked in six weeks, probably no subterranean termites are close at hand.

Once discovered there are three things to do: repair structural damage, kill the colonies, termite-proof the buildings. But, remember that entomologists haven't quite decided which is the more costly to the householder, the termite or the sometimes incompetent and dishonest exterminator and termite-proofer. In California, companies that give combined control, repair, and inspection service, under bond to make good their guarantees, are being encouraged by the Termite Investigations Committee. An effort is being made to spread the news that termites work slowly and there is no reason for the panic that sometimes sends folks rushing to the first exterminator they can find.

Householders can protect themselves by obtaining Government bulletins* that will help them judge the competency of the exterminator and contractor. With the information in these booklets they may be able to do the work themselves.

But, despite every effort, termites, now spreading into the large centers of population, cannot be wiped out of existence any more than germs. You can't drive them back — you only can protect yourself against them. No contagious disease is likely to cripple them, for each colony is self-contained and would not pass the disease on to its neighbors. Like flies and ants, they have triumphed over all their enemies, including man, and are the chief menace in advancing the day when, some scientists say, insects will inherit the earth.

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*To be had from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. (at 5¢ each): Farmer's Bulletin No. 1472, *Preventing Damage by Termites*, and Department of Agriculture Leaflet No. 101, *Injury to Buildings by Termites*.

Take It Easy

Condensed from the book of the same title

Walter B. Pitkin

Author of "Life Begins at Forty," "The Psychology of Happiness," "More Power to You!" etc.

+

EMOTIONS, attitudes, and feelings are explosives. The explosion may be violent and marked to any observer, as when you "lose control of yourself" in a fit of rage. Or it may be violent only within your body, while outwardly you are poised and calm. We appraise an emotion as good if it relaxes us or prevents us from growing tense. Grief, for instance, is surely unpleasant, as a rule; yet we all know the benefits of "a good cry."

The commonest evil result of strong emotions develops somewhere in the digestive tract. Sometimes the throat goes horribly tense. Again it is the stomach which tightens up so badly that it cannot perform the digestive movements. It may be even the colon, whose spasms bring on constipation and ulcers and appendicitis. Such disasters are never brought on by a single emotional shock that passes after a few minutes. They come only after many prolonged tensions of fear, worry or anger have set up a habit in the muscles.

Stomach ulcers which have been caused by tensions induced by worry can often be cured by relaxing. Recently four Columbia University professors reported that 32 such sufferers recovered after listening to lectures by a psychologist on tensions and relaxing. At the end of each lecture the listeners drank cold water. That was the entire treatment. At the end of six weeks all but two were eating whatever they liked. Dr. Albert J. Sullivan of the Yale University School of Medicine believes that emotional disturbances cause three-quarters of the cases of ulcerative colitis. There occurs a sort of digestive self-cannibalism. Emotions sometimes over-stimulate the digestive tract, which in turn becomes so hyperactive that it begins to digest its own surface. Dr. Sullivan recently reported that relief from worry had cured patients of this malady, "as if by magic," after all known medical means had failed.

Our problem is to discover which emotions and attitudes lead to restful living. A well-balanced emotional life is vastly more important than a well-balanced intellectual career. Had I to choose between the ability to remain serene through adversities

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and the ability to speak fluent German, I should not hesitate a second.

You are tense. You cannot rid yourself of the plague. You want relief at once. What can we do for you? First of all, learn to work easily, to cultivate the habit of *restful* attention.

Last year I spent an evening with a man to whom it was my duty to report conditions of the country affecting one of his many businesses. He is a man who has earned enormous wealth. He uses his energies with extraordinary economy.

As I began my report, he slumped in his easy chair, closed his eyes and dropped his head upon his chest. He seemed to be in a stupor. I spoke for perhaps 40 minutes, during which time he gave no sign of life. As I finished he came to in a flash, asked a few questions, and within three or four minutes shaped his final judgment on the whole matter. To do this he had relaxed utterly, cutting off as many irrelevant stimuli as possible, closing his eyes to give his ears right of way. He was entirely submissive and what I had to say found a free path to everything in his memory that related to it.

Edmund Jacobson gives us the paradoxical advice: "Do not *try* to relax! Just stop trying!" He is right, for to try to do anything is to set some muscles in action. *Imitate a restful person*, get the soft, warm, delicious feeling of laziness. One of the oldest and best proved tricks is to lie face down on the floor and, as the children say, "make yourself heavy" — the old schoolyard game of going limp all over. When you have done this well it is perfect relaxation.

Most of us do not stretch enough. Imitate the cat, which does it with ease and grace. Turn the toes downward, stiffen the arms above the head and straighten the fingers. Stretch until it hurts, literally.

Stand up and stretch after every half hour of close eye work. Walk around. Get fresh air if you can. Hold the arm out straight with one set of muscles while you try to pull it back to the shoulder with the opposing muscles. If you are troubled with eye tensions that do not seem to be accompanied by faulty vision, the tensions may be brought on by over-smoking. For, in many people, nicotine seems seriously to narcotize the small muscles of the eyes, hampering them, especially in close work. Other factors may lead to similar symptoms, so don't be disappointed if cutting out smoking helps you little. At least the experiment is worth trying.

A muscle that tenses and then relaxes in a moment or two never causes trouble. But even a very tiny muscle in an unimportant

part of your body, if long tense, becomes a plague. The housewife who works too long at a table too high for her may grow overwhelmingly fatigued and attribute this to overwork. Many typists grow irritable and inaccurate from poor posture or badly placed machines, and the root of the difficulty lies in tiny tensions in shoulders and arms of which the sufferer may not even be conscious.

A few enlightened factory men have mastered the secret of rest in work. They require their employes to knock off once or twice every hour and do something totally different from their assigned tasks. In the spinning department of a Pennsylvania textile mill it was found that workers came and went at the rate of 250 percent (that is, 2½ workers filled each job there in the course of a year), while in the other departments the turnover was only five percent. Workers in the spinning department complained of neuritis, foot trouble, and melancholia.

So rest periods were established. Every two hours everybody was compelled to lie down flat, and relax for ten minutes. The situation was transformed. Melancholia ceased, production rose, and for the first time workers began to earn bonuses. At the end of the first year there had been no labor turnover. Every man had stuck to his post!

Some of our most upsetting tensions are caused by fear; and the most devastating fears are fears of the unknown. To be aware of a peril but not to understand it throws the human body into a supreme tension and panic. The very instant you know what the menace is, you begin to ease up.

This points to a simple rule. Whenever you find yourself worrying, fearful, and tense, stop short and ask yourself: "Well, just what am I worrying about? Of what am I afraid?" And cast about for the correct answer. Then your troubles will be half over. For the very act of seeking the answer itself reduces your tensions somewhat.

Having analyzed the factors that lead to your fears, you can begin to plan intelligently. As soon as you do this, you cease to be frightened. *Knowing what to do next breaks down fear. It dissolves fear tensions and frees the muscles for adaptive behavior.*

When wrestling with a difficult situation that is sure to continue for long, learn to break it down into units of 24 hours each. Then deal with each day's task, forgetting utterly the scores or hundreds of days beyond tomorrow. Stop trying to solve the entire problem at once. This is the essence of that rugged old British opportunism which men sometimes call "muddling through." It is one of the soundest rules of mental health ever laid down.

Every normal reader should ponder certain experiments in the Chicago Hospital for the Insane, and in the institutions of New York State and Pennsylvania, showing that music works strange miracles upon the shattered mind. A man whose memory had gone blank recalled almost everything clearly, after listening to beautiful melodies. A man who was always fighting his keepers became serene. Many a patient deep in dark introspection rises to sanity as he listens to music, and inmates who join in singing old songs lose their eccentricities, some of them remaining close to sanity for days after such participation.

Normal people benefit from music even more than do these poor broken creatures. Something tense breaks within the listener, as the music flows on; some strange release is brought by its magic. Many people have told me that they never knew what utter relaxation was until they caught the trick of turning off the lights, tuning in on fine radio music, and then flinging themselves in an abandon of rest upon the bed.

Briefly, the art of relaxation comes with the philosophy of putting pleasure before business. Such a philosophy does not butter our bread perhaps, but it certainly helps us digest it.

Nothing to Bōst About—

The Kind of Advertisement We Nominate for Oblivion

A RECENT Bōst toothpaste ad — and one which has appeared in substantially the same form at various times for over two years — invites us to "Try the Handkerchief Test." "Blow a big puff of your favorite smoke through a clean white handkerchief and note the tar stain (not nicotine) left behind. Now wet a toothbrush, squeeze on a half inch of Bōst and brush the stain away. A few quick strokes of the brush are sufficient. . . . *No other toothpaste will remove that stain.*" *

Because of the bother of making such a test, readers may be grateful for a report of our own impartial experiment. We got a tube of Bōst and *tried* the handkerchief test. The "few quick strokes" simply were not "sufficient," but after considerable scrubbing, we did succeed in practically removing the stain. Then we tried the handkerchief test with half a dozen other toothpastes and one tooth powder, all of which worked just as well as Bōst did — or better. Incidentally, it was interesting to discover that plain soap and water worked best of all.

* Italics ours

Abreast of the Architects

PHOTOGRAPHIC wallpaper, now increasingly used in private houses, was originated by Margaret Bourke White, famous New Yorkphotographer. Her photographic murals in Radio City, New York, are the largest in the world. Snapshots taken by any amateur, however, can be enlarged many hundreds of times, mounted on paper or canvas, and used as murals in the home. The sharpness of even a postage-stamp-sized snapshot is not lost. Men with a feeling for maps and ships have had their libraries done in huge photographic reproductions of rare old charts, or of prints of old clippers. Early American rooms utilize photographs of old Currier and Ives prints. One of the features of the art is that expensive prints may be photographed, exact coloration reproduced, and the whole used over a Colonial fireplace or as a wall decoration. And murals by photography have dramatic value as office decoration for commercial firms.

— *Literary Digest* and *Liberty*

THE NEW Mark-Time switch solves the inconvenience often caused by turning out lights in a room and then having to walk to the door in the dark. The actual turning off of the lights is delayed for a predetermined number of seconds after the toggle has been thrown. There is also the Stop-Loss switch for closets, storerooms, etc. After the light has been turned on, it goes out again automatically in three minutes, thus preventing the losses due to forgetting lights and leaving them burning. This switch may be locked on if the storage space is to be occupied for any length of time.

— *Architectural Forum*

EVEN THOUGH the walls and roof of a house are properly insulated, lots of heat escapes through the windows. To overcome this, glass manufacturers now make double-glazed windows in which two panes of glass are set in a single sash with a sealed air space between the panes. This dead air makes an effective barrier against heat leakage and, being sealed, moisture cannot get in and cause frost formation.

— *Scientific American*

ALL-DAY daylight now reaches all the rooms of a 14-story apartment house in New York City. Courts have been painted white and in them have been placed batteries of 1000-watt Nova-lux lamps. Light from these lamps strikes the white walls of the courts and is deflected through the windows, so diffused that it has no glare and no resemblance to artificial light. Rather, it resembles mild sunshine. When the lamps are turned on in the morning it requires 15 minutes for them to give out maximum illumination, and when they go off at night another 15 minutes is required. This system approximates as closely as possible conditions of daylight and twilight. Formerly some of the apartments were so dark that they required inside artificial illumination even on bright days. Now tenants can easily

read newspapers in corners of the rooms farthest from the windows.

— *Building Modernization*

A GLASS HOTEL in Doncaster, England, demonstrates the possibilities of glass as a construction material. The external walls and the interiors of the public rooms — even the floors and furniture — are of glass, in varied colors. The floors are of a non-slippery composition, patterned in small squares of different hues. Scenes — particularly of horse racing — have been sandblasted into the walls. — N. Y. *Times*

SIMULATING the increasingly popular Venetian blind, a new type of window shade is competing with the long familiar roller shade. Made of the same material but creased transversely in parallel folds, the shade pulls easily up and down like an accordion opening and closing. The folds give the Venetian blind effect. Instead of being fixed at the top, the shade can be dropped to permit ventilation through the upper window sash while assuring privacy by screening the lower sash.

ITALY'S latest contribution to the science of living is the "sunflower" house which rotates on circular tracks so that the living room always faces the sun. Motive power is supplied from a three-horsepower engine in the center of the house.

— *Architectural Forum*

THE NEAREST approach to a windowless structure for other than storage or manufacturing purposes is Sears, Roebuck's new retail store in Chicago. Here windows are practically absent except for the ground-floor display and the top-floor executive offices.

The building's architects point out that air-conditioning and lighting systems will work more efficiently in this windowless structure, with corresponding economies in operating costs; that deterioration of merchandise from sunlight, smoke and grime will be lessened; that disturbing noises will be better excluded; finally, that the wall space available for shelving and display will be considerably increased. — *Architectural Forum*

BALTIMORE architects have formed the Architectural Service Corporation of Maryland. In their leisure time, the members make plans for houses costing less than $7500. These they file with the corporation. A prospective owner calls at the office, selects a design, and is put in touch with the architect who made it. The architect visits the site, and if he finds his design suitable, secures bids, prepares contracts and supervises the construction. None but minor changes are permitted in these stock plans, these to be paid for on a time basis. The fee is considerably less than normal.

The corporation itself is supported by a membership fee and also by a service fee paid each time a job goes through. — *Architecture*

Voices of the Night

Condensed from "Children of Swamp and Wood"

Archibald Rutledge
Author of "Plantation Game Trails,"
"Days Off in Dixie," etc.

AS A BOY I was apprehensive of the mystery of the night. Every evening, I used to ride seven miles through the lonely woodland for the mail, returning after nightfall. Not a house was on the road, and it led past dim lagoons, glimmering swamp edges, black pine thickets. I was only seven years old when this began, and my imagination had been filled with stories the plantation negroes told me of hags, hants, bloodsucking bats as big as turkeys, of nameless horrors that stalked in the shadows of the old plantation burying-grounds. A boy might be a mail-carrier at night — or he might be told ghost stories; but to be a rider in the dark and a semi-believer in all sorts of hants is too heavy a cross for a youngster to carry. And I was glad to escape from the strange touch of the night's velvet hands, from its haunting stillness and loneliness.

All my life, it seems, ever since those boyhood years, I have been obliged to be out late at night; on the plantation caring for the stock; continuing those rides for the mail; and coming home from all sorts of expeditions into the forest or out on the river. From fearing her, I began to be interested in her, and then to love her. Darkness and I have long since been intimates; and I think she has revealed more to me of Life's secret than day has divulged. For I have learned that the night has much beauty, and voices of poignant appeal to the heart, and silences full of mystic meaning. Always her white stars seem to me to be rising on immortality; always the night seems to be trying to show me patiently, with the infinite tenderness of a mother, something of the truth of the mighty trinity of existence — life, love, and death.

One of the quaint appealing voices of the night is the lyric concert of the frogs. I used to rein in my horse by a starlit savanna to listen to them, as they warn of the danger of riding through their quaking domain.

"Knee-deep! Knee-deep! Knee-deep!" pipe the elfin trebles.

"Thigh-high! Thigh-high! Thigh-high!" the altos sing.

"More deep! More deep! More deep!" the baritones warn.

"You'd better go round! You'd

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better go round! You'd better go round!" thunders the profound bass of the old bulls.

Whenever I hear frogs singing, I know that, even though dimly and obscurely, their hearts must be feeling a kind of joyous utterance. For somehow, hearts have an infallible way of being hearts, whether wild or human, and whether they dwell in proud cities or in lonely marshes.

I remember hearing one night a sound that has ever since haunted my memory. Twenty feet above the ground I was at the time, on a platform that I had built among the branches of a long-leaf pine in order to make observations on wild life at night.

After having waited an hour or more, I heard something brush sedulously through a green myrtle. Then into the patch of sand below me walked three deer. So quiet, so shadowy, so vividly unreal they were that they might easily have been taken for spirits. Indeed, one of the wonders of the night is the artless delicacy, the felicitous stillness with which wild creatures travel the country of the silvery shadows. Deer have a fairy way of gliding along, of floating over obstacles, of crossing moonlit stretches of country with a certain beauteous stealth that has upon it the bloom of magic.

Wary wanderers were these three, a buck and two doe. One doe was behind, and as she turned her beautiful head, she seemed listening to something in the bushes through which she had just come. She lowered her head. I heard her bleat softly. She was answered by one of the most pathetic and appealing sounds in all Nature — the bleating of a little fawn. A bush across the path had probably delayed it; but now into the clear moonlight it stole up to its mother's side. She muzzled it with tenderest affection. And the call of the little fawn I shall always remember as the sweetest and gentlest voice of the night that I ever heard.

As quietly as the deer had come they vanished. And now high over the pines I heard the thin sweet music of wild ducks' wings. They were speeding toward the delta, under the stars. Later I heard a wildcat scream. It cried only once. Once is enough. The bay-lynx is one of the most craftily silent of all living things; but when it does shriek, the sound is terrible and memorable.

And then two horned owls began one of their amazing conversations. The note of these birds has something about it singularly melancholy. Its charm lies chiefly in its remote and baffling quality. I shall try to give a fragment of this weird gossiping:

"Hoot-a-loot, hoot-a-loot," says one owl, with a touch of infinite tenderness.

"Loot, hoot-a-loot," answers the other gently.

"Hoot, toot, hoot-a-loot," the first says, in a tone of exquisite modulation, more elegant in expression than much human conversation.

"Loot, hoot, loot," comes the reply, the sound fading like dying music, drifting mystically off into the far away and the long ago.

There is another night voice that has an especial charm for me. I hear it just after the hay and wheat are cut, when the first hint that the year is waning begins to appear. This is the whimpering sweet whistle of the upland plover, as he flies high in the still summer night, fluting a haunting human note. In its melting romantic quality, I do not think the night whistling of this plover can be surpassed. To lie at evening on a bare little hill in a peaceful valley, conscious of the utter friendship of the grass, conscious of the gentleness of the sailing clouds, and to hear the upland plover's visionary voice, aloft in the heavens, is to come close to the beating heart of the Eternal. Such communion may heal even that despair of medicine — weariness of heart.

Always, I think, we must remember that Nature has the power to take as well as the power to give. There are, for example, in the night, certain of God's highwaymen — freebooters who rob us of all that we should not carry. The average person is a caravan of cares. One star will rob me of doubt; the dusk wind in the pines will steal away my fear; a tall oak, shivering sweetly in some little breeze and shedding odorous dew, can take away anxiety.

From long and careful observation I am persuaded that there is at least one bird that sings in its sleep. Often in the dead of night, from some still grassfield, I have heard the field sparrow shrill its tiny evanescent song. It is not really so much of a song as a single trill. Usually it is given but once, though in the daytime it is repeated endlessly. It touches the heart to hear this tiny wild chorister lift his voice in the vast cathedral of the night. It sounds as if a moonbeam, fairily touched like a tiny harpsichord, had been made to vibrate elfin melody.

The night has, of course, its dissonances: the bold hooting of the barred owl, the distant barking of a fox, the raucous, sleep-destroying cries of the wild ducks. But these only serve to enhance the elemental beauty and wildness, and deepen the mystery and enchantment that are the night's.

A very different song of the night is one by an old acquaintance of mine; this is the mockingbird, a true artist in his temperament. Tyrannical in driving all other birds from the garden, he

redeems himself by his song. Let us say that it is a night in late April. A green darkness curtains the warm and fragrant world. Silver lances, thrust silently through the cedars, announce that the moon is coming. It is the signal for the mockingbird to begin. He does not rush raucously into song like a camp-meeting baritone. Consciously a master, he steps delicately out of his smilax-woven chalet, and standing on the gleaming vines he utters a few soft notes of prelude. Then he makes a sudden leap into the air, descending a moment later. Rising again, he circles deftly, with no apparent effort in his flight or his song, pouring forth a wild flood of music, singing of love's triumph over time and death, of the fulfillment of heart's desire.

There's a magical voice of the night which is the most mystical music of all. Not long ago I went trout fishing, and was at the stream long before daybreak. I sat on a fence to await the coming of light. There was no wind. Immediately before me stretched a 65-acre cornfield, the largest stalks in which were just beginning to tassel. The great green glades, as far as I could see, glimmered in the moonshine. Hale odors breathed from the damp earth. Winy fragrances were exhaled from the stalks. And as I listened, faintly I heard a breathless stirring, a still rejoicing in life, a joyous movement — all midsummer's sweetness made audible. It might have been a vagrant night breeze; but I like to believe, as did the poet-farmer who first described that ecstatic sound of a summer's night, that it was "the growing of the corn."

Immanuel Kant declared that the two great wonders of the universe are the starry heavens without and the moral law within. It is at night that both of these wonders are most apparent. To some almighty wand wildflowers and worlds make response; and human hearts are likewise so sceptered. Darkness and dewiness and solemn radiance mark the cloistered reign of Night; and her voices speak to our spirits infallibly, whether in the singing bird, in the beauty of the constellations, in the growing of the corn, or in the pines their vespers chanting.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM READERS are welcomed for "Patter" and "Toward a More Picturesque Speech." *Such contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.*

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PITCAIRN'S ISLAND

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK

CHARLES NORDHOFF

and

JAMES NORMAN HALL

✦

THIS IS the third volume in the thrilling trilogy of adventure, tragedy and romance which Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall have woven from one of the strangest incidents in maritime history. Exhaustive research, carried out for them by experts in England and America, gives them the foundation of the story.

First in their series was the widely-read and recently filmed *Mutiny on the Bounty*. The adventure was carried forward in *Men Against the Sea*. And finally, in *Pitcairn's Island*, the authors bring this extraordinary epic of the South Seas to a dramatic conclusion.

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In the spring of 1935 a Boston skipper sailed his schooner into Gloucester with news of his visit to the peaceful paradise that is Pitcairn's Island — an isolated dot in the South Pacific.

He brought stories of the sturdy, hospitable islanders living there today — of their Chief Magistrate, Parker Christian, of Norris and Vincent Young, of children named McCoy. This present Parker Christian is a descendant of the 18th century mutineer Fletcher Christian; and the ancestors of the present Youngs and McCoys likewise figured in the mutiny on the "Bounty", and in this tale of what followed.

His Majesty's armed transport "Bounty" had set sail from Spithead in 1787, bound for Tahiti in the South Seas. Her errand was to procure a thousand or more young plants of the breadfruit tree, and to convey them to the British plantations in the West Indies, where they might provide a supply of cheap food for the slaves. But when their mission on Tahiti had been accomplished, Fletcher Christian, second-in-command of the "Bounty", raised the men in revolt against Captain Bligh, whose conduct he considered cruel and insupportable. The mutiny was suddenly planned and carried swiftly into execution on the morning of April 28, 1789. Captain Bligh was set adrift in the ship's launch with 18 loyal men, and the mutineers saw them no more.

Left on the "Bounty", besides Fletcher Christian, were eight of the mutineers, including Midshipman Edward Young, Alexander Smith, Matthew Quintal and Will McCoy. With six Polynesian men and 12 comely young women of the same race, whom they persuaded to accompany them from Tahiti, they set

sail to find a permanent refuge: an island so little known, so remote, that even the long arm of the British Admiralty would never reach them. . . .

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND

"CALL the men aft, will you?"

Fletcher Christian halted his pacing and gazed at the island off which the *Bounty* had dropped anchor. It was a tall ridge with a high peak at either end, one of them flanked by dizzy cliffs; but above the cliffs were hundreds of acres of rich wooded land, smothered in vegetation. Two watercourses plunged down to the sea. What a paradise it might prove!

"Listen, all of you," said Christian, facing the strange company, men and women, white and brown. "We are fugitives from justice, guilty of mutiny. Should we be discovered and taken, it will be death for every man of us. Here we have found an island unlikely to be visited. To me it seems an ideal spot. But if we stay, it will be for good, make no mistake about that. Our voyages are over until our last day. There is no safe anchorage for the ship — she must be dismantled and burned. Now then, are you agreed?"

Five hands showed at once, then hesitatingly, McCoy and Martin joined the ayes. "And you Mills?" said Christian, sharply. The old seaman raised his hand. "I see it's best, but it's hard, sir, to be cut off for life on a rock the like o' this."

"Harder still to be cut off at a rope's end," said Christian. "Now one other thing. Hereafter, in community matters, every man shall have his vote: decision by will of the majority. Agreed? Very well. See that you remember." . . . He turned toward the island. "This is a peaceful spot. God grant that we may keep it so!"

Eighteen years later, in 1808, the American vessel *Topaz* rediscovered Pitcairn's Island. Her mate, Mr. Webber, was welcomed by a powerfully built, gray-haired man, clad like the old-time British tar. His glance reflected strength tempered with benevolence. This was Alexander Smith, sole male survivor of the company of mutineers.

It was a tragic story that Smith told his visitor. Of the 15 men and 12 Tahitian women who had settled there in 1790, only the women, their children and Smith himself were now left. After three years of harmony in a settlement of rustic dwellings, hatred between the whites and the Tahitian natives, stirred up by a plan to divide the land among the whites, had suddenly broken out in massacre.

Thus Smith told the story:

IT WAS a black business, that September 22, 1793, a date I'll not forget. The killing started at dawn, and by the next night the last of the Indians was dead, and most of the whites. Quintal, McCoy and Mr. Young were left, besides the Indian women.

Ye won't wonder I felt bitter toward Quintal and McCoy. They'd brought on the trouble and they'd come through scot-free. McCoy had reckoned the Indians wasn't fit to own land. But all they asked was to be treated like men. And the girls, ye couldn't find a better lot — real helpmates, they was, none of your sour, scolding kind. No, *we* was to blame. We should 'a seen to it, afore we left Tahiti, that each man had his girl, with some to spare. But trouble was bound to come, girls or no girls.

Mr. Christian had done all a man could. Now he lay dying, with his wife Maimiti there never movin' from the side of his bed, watching his face. I'll warrant never a man waited his end with grayer thoughts than him. All he'd touched was ruined. God meant this island to be a little Garden of Eden, and we'd made a hell of it. . . . After a long time I heard his voice: "Never let the children know!" And those was the last words I heard him say.

Well, sir, it was a good bit afore I could set my thoughts in order. I sore missed the dead, but Mr. Young was the hardest hit, I reckon; after Mr. Christian's death I never heard him laugh. He'd just sit for hours lookin' out over the sea. It was desperate lonesome, but still I was glad Quintal and McCoy kept clear o' me.

McCoy had been shook bad when the Indians was after him that night. He'd seen the bloody heads of two of our men hangin' at their belts, and he was daft with fear. Quintal was crazed himself, only different. He'd always been a bit queer in his head, but after the killings he'd set muttering to himself, and act so queer the women was afeared of him. When it came over him that McCoy had quit their house, Quintal searched till he found him in a little hut in a gully. "So this is where ye hide out! And what's all this gear ye've got?" McCoy

saw he'd have to tell. Long afore the killings, he had rigged a still, and had secretly been making spirits. Now he poured out a big dollop of spirits, and showed Quintal how it was made. He'd been able to make only enough for his own use, but now they got the *Bounty's* big copper kettle; with that they could brew any amount.

And when the new still was set up, new trouble started.

At first they went at their drinking quietlike, but after awhile they'd bring their grog to the house, and they teached five of the Indian girls to drink with 'em. That was when I first got wind of it.

I'll say this for myself—I did try to hold the girls back, at first. But once they'd found the grog could make 'em forget their troubles, there was no keepin' 'em away from McCoy's. Maimiti and a few others would never touch the stuff, though none of 'em knew the harm there was in it. Then, one night Mr. Young came to see me. It was easy to guess where he'd been. He set a bottle on the table. "McCoy sent this to ye," said he. "It's grand stuff, as'll do ye a world of good. God knows a little cheer won't harm us." Well, sir, no seaman ever loved his rum more than myself. The long and the short of it was that between us we finished the bottle.

YE CAN GUESS what followed, sir. I took to joinin' the others at McCoy's. At first each man had his half pint a day and no more; but later, when there was a good store of spirits set by, we drank as we'd a mind to, and the five girls with us. Three of 'em had no men o' their own, and the grog made 'em as wild and hot-blooded as ourselves. Ye'll not need to be told how it was with us. We took no thought o' wives or anything else. Maimiti used to beg us to leave off for the children's sake. And we'd be shamed and promise to do better; but in a few days, back we'd go. It got so the decent women would have naught to do with us. So it went with us for months; then a thing happened that brought even us brutes to our senses.

The four of us men was at McCoy's, drunk as usual. His wife and Quintal's had got so they was afraid to stay home, and Maimiti had taken 'em in. About midnight I came stumbling home, and my woman got me into bed. She'd stayed by me all this time, and Mr. Young's wife had done the like by him. But they was near the end of their patience, as I'm about to tell ye.

I'd scarce closed my eyes when my wife shook me awake. "Quick! Quintal's gone to Maimiti's house! He means mischief!"

I set to rouse Mr. Young and McCoy, and halfway back we

heard Quintal batterin' at the door. It was all but down when we got there. We could hear the children crying, then Maimiti's voice. "I've a musket here. I'll shoot him if he sets foot inside. Stand away, ye others!"

McCoy was the only one could ever manage Quintal. He ran up and took hold of his arm. "Matt, are ye mad?" Quintal gave him a shove that threw him clear across the yard. "I want my wife," said he. I grabbed him, and McCoy was at his legs. Mr. Young had hold of his arms. The three of us finally tied him up and carried him back to McCoy's. We had to keep him bound, for he was like a wild animal.

That was the last straw for the women. When I woke the next morning, my wife was nowhere about. It was a day of black squalls, with hot calm spells betwixt 'em. I went to the bluff, as always, for a look at the sea. I was looking out eastward when I saw something afloat about a mile off shore. I rubbed my bleary eyes, and made out a capsized boat, with people alongside, and on the keel. Ye'll know the start it gave me after all the years with no sight of a ship in this lonely ocean. I ran to McCoy's for the spyglass. I shook him and Young out of their sleep and we hurried to the lookout point. Ye know how with a glass, something far off jumps right up to your eye. There was our cutter, upside down, and all our womenfolk around it, holding the little ones up on the keel. The shock it gave us! We dragged the canoes into the water, and we made them paddles bend, and no mistake! Had those been women from home, more than one of the children would ha' drowned that day; but these knew how to handle themselves in the sea. We got 'em all on board, Maimiti the last, and took the cutter to tow. As she sat with little Mary in her arms she'd a look of hopelessness that'll haunt me to my last day. Will ye believe it, sir? They'd meant to sail off, with the young 'uns, to some islands we'd passed on the way from Tahiti. It shows ye how desperate they was. We'd drove 'em to the point where they'd sooner chance death by drowning, or thirst, than live with us.

That evening us men got together, but not to drink. Quintal was as earnest as the rest. No more distilling — that was sworn to. We went to bed sober for the first time in many a day.

Now, sir, I'll pass over three years. For two or three months we kept our word, and not a drop of spirits was touched. We did try to make a new start; then it was the old story over again. We went from bad to worse, and the end of it was that Maimiti

and her children went over to the valley to live. The women built them a house with no help from us, and they gathered all the children up there, away from us. My wife and Young's had stayed by us all this while, but little heed we gave to 'em. Four of the other women stayed on, and we lived together in a way it shames me to think of.

So things went till the end of 1797. I mind me well of the spree we had the fall of that year. It was the worst carouse we'd had. We was at it all that day, and the next, but the third morning I'd had enough. Then I suspicioned something was amiss. The womenfolk hadn't come near us, and we'd nothing left to eat in the house. I went along the trail to the valley. For three months none of us men had set foot there. On the ridge I stopped. All the land below was cleared and laid out in gardens, and there was the women at work. But what made me stare was a kind of stockade, made of tree trunks set together deep in the ground and a dozen feet high; new built, and as strong a fort as men could have made. After a bit I went on, slow, till the women spied me. Four of 'em came to meet me, Maimiti in front, and each carrying a musket. When I was a dozen yards off she said, "Stand where ye are! What is it ye want?" I was shamed to meet her, but a man who's lost his self-respect will try to brazen it out, and so I did. "Where's Balhadi? (that's my wife) I want her to come home." She looked at me straight, and she said, very quiet: "She wants no more to do with ye. And mind ye this: ye're to go back and stay over there. From this day, any of ye sets foot in this valley at your peril. We've all the muskets here, and the powder and ball, and the lead for more. And we can shoot as well as any of ye men. So get ye gone."

Quintal and McCoy was still dead drunk, but in the afternoon I told 'em what the women had said. Young and McCoy was for lettin' 'em go, but Quintal was ugly. He was a big man, strong as a bull, and slow-witted. "They'll play none o' their games with me. I'll fetch a pair of 'em down." Up he got, and off he went, McCoy and me following after. Quintal hadn't washed for days, and he had a great bushy beard that half covered his chest. He'd no clothes on save a bit of dirty cloth about his middle, and with his club in his hand he looked worse than any savage I've ever laid eyes on. The minute he showed himself in the clearing, someone on watch blew a conch shell. There was half a dozen outside, and they just spread out and waited. Maimiti knelt behind a boulder and rested her musket on it. Quintal halted when he was 60 yards off;

then he went on, slow and steady. Afore he'd gone three steps farther, Maimiti blazed away, and Quintal gave a bellow and came crashing into the thicket and off. We found him holding his shoulder, where the shot had torn the muscles, and blood was streaming down where a ball had all but took off one of his ears. He had to lay up near two months — all this while in an ugly temper. And we could see he was getting more queer in his head every day.

THINGS went on quiet for a while. Not one o' the women came near us. We saw little of Mr. Young. He came no more to drink with us; never again did he touch a drop of spirits. But I was worried about his health. His trouble, a bad case of asthma, was getting worse. He needed lookin' after, but he wouldn't hear to my letting the women know he was sick. By the time Quintal's wounds was healed, him and McCoy decided they'd waited long enough. I was told what happened, afterward. They'd sense enough to recollect the women could shoot, so they hid where they could look across the clearing. After a good two hours two of the women come out with baskets on their arms, but no weapons. Quintal and McCoy, hiding close to the path, jumped out and grabbed 'em. The first was so terrified she made no struggle at all, but the other fought, tooth and nail. Finally they was both brought, tied, to McCoy's. Ye'll not wish to hear what went on after, but they abused both in a shameful way. In the night, when Quintal and McCoy was asleep, the women got away.

Three days went by, quiet. Then, towards the middle of an afternoon (I'd been taking a midday sleep, as usual) I was opening the shutter when a musket-ball sang past within an inch of my head; then another splintered the shutter. That roused Quintal and McCoy. Through a knothole I could make out musket barrels in the bushes, pointing at the door. We'd been caught, right enough; the place was surrounded, and they meant to kill us. I was for making a rush, but we agreed we'd best wait till dark. But they was bound to get us into the open, and so they did. Some of 'em slipped up with torches and set fire to the thatch. In two minutes the whole place was ablaze. We had to get out quick, and a chancy thing it was. I went out a window on the seaward side, and dodged around the cookhouse. One of 'em fired, but I got across and hid amongst the trees till moonrise. Then I went to Mr. Young's house, but he was gone. Afterward I learned that the women had carried him to their place so's they could look after

him. Then I heard McCoy's voice. He'd been shot through the leg and had lost a lot of blood. Quintal he hadn't seen. We kept away from the settlement for ten days, but no one came near it. And not a sign of Quintal, though I searched far and wide. We was both sure he was dead. One day three weeks after, we climbed the peak for a last look around, and there, where the cliffs drop straight to the sea, was an ax handle that'd been in the house the day it was burned. McCoy crawled to the edge and looked, but there was nothing save the surf on the rocks. Knowing Quintal, we thought he had been so bad hurt he'd thrown himself off to make an end. A rough, hard man was Quintal, a brute in strength, and dangerous bad, when drunk. But there'd been another side to him—there was none but liked the old Matt Quintal that first came to Pitcairn. It hit McCoy hard, for they'd been cronies.

That night it set in to rain, and it kept on for three days. With nothing to do, we started drinking again. McCoy took it into his head that he was to blame for all the misery on the island, and he'd talk of naught else. "It's the truth," he'd say. "I was the first to want the land divided, and that's what started the killing. There's not a murdered man, Indian or white, but has me to thank for his death." So he went on, the night through, till I was half crazed with the same thing over and over.

The next two days I kept away from McCoy. Then I got a bit worried and went over. I found him huddled down in a corner with the table upset and pulled close, to hide behind. The minute I saw him I knew what was wrong. He had the horrors coming on. He was a pitiful sight, shakin' and shiverin', his knees under his chin and his eyes staring up at me like a wild man's. "Don't let him touch me!" he begged, and his voice sickened me to hear. He got worse as the night went on. When the terror was on him, his screams was like nothing human. Just about daylight his body went limp and I saw he'd dozed off. I was done up and no mistake. I put my head on my arms and knew no more till another yell roused me, and before I could get my wits McCoy was out the door and running straight for the bluffs above the sea. I followed, yelling "Come back!" But he never turned his head, and down he went, out of sight. It was a fearsome drop to the rocks below. I just caught a glimpse of his body, as a great sea came roaring in and took him.

I stood there half an hour. Then, sir, I went straight to where we'd hid our store of spirits. And I bashed in the two cags, and I took the bottles and broke

every one against the rocks. Then I took the copper coil from the still and I threw it as far as ever I could; when I saw it splash in the sea I said, "God be thanked, there's an end of it!"

Well, sir, if ever ye've been a toper and left off sudden, ye'll understand the torments I went through the next fortnight. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, and I feared I'd have the horrors myself afore I was done. But I held fast, and little by little things got easier.

IT WAS a rare thing to get back my self-respect. I cut off the beard I'd let grow, and kept myself clean and tidy. I made my old house shipshape; then I set the other houses to rights, working alone, though why I did it I couldn't say. Maybe I had the notion the women would come back some time.

One day about a month after, I was weeding a bit of garden when I heard a rustlin' in the bushes. I looked round, and there was my old woman. Not a word was spoke. She put her arms around me and her head on my shoulder, and began to weep soft and quiet like Indian women do. I was touched deep, but kept lookin' straight in front of me. After a bit, I said: "Where's your musket, Balhadi? Ain't ye afeared I might do ye a mischief?" She only held on to me the tighter. I took hold of her hand, and we rested so for a good ten minutes. I'll not go into all that was said. It was like afore any trouble started. I told her about McCoy and she had her cry over that. She cried more, for joy, when I told her I'd destroyed the still and the spirits. I'd been hurt that Mr. Young hadn't come near me, but she said he was too sick.

Then off she went, alone. Three hours later she came back, with the womenfolk and children, with all the stuff they could manage. Some of the young ones I'd never seen; others I'd not laid eyes on for three years. Christian's boy was a fine lad, past eight years, his brother six, and little Mary, five — born the very day the killing began. There was 18 children, all told, two of 'em mine — as pretty and healthy as a man could wish to look on. It grieved me past words, thinking of their fathers dead and buried, never to have the joy of their own. The women greeted me kindly, with never a word of the past. I saw Maimiti's hand there; a better woman never breathed — courage as would do credit to any man, and no malice in her heart. And a change had come over the others. What they'd been through had sobered 'em beyond their years. Some had been wild young things, up to any mischief, but they'd grown into fine women, and good steady mothers.

In a few days we settled down into households like we had before. It did my heart good to see the houses filled with women and children, the yards cleared, and gardens new made. Mr. Young was a different man; not laughing or joking the way he had afore, but the old hopeless look was gone. He'd set watching the children, and taking deep comfort in the sight of 'em.

ONE MORNING I was off on the west side of the island with five of the children who loved to hunt for eggs. Little Matt Quintal had been off a bit by himself when he came scrambling through the thickets, so terrified he couldn't speak. I grabbed him up, and he held me like he'd never let go, shiverin' all over. Finally I got him to say what he'd seen. It was a huge great man, a-settin' on a rock.

"I'll tell ye what ye saw, lad," said I. "There's some old stone images yonder. They're ugly things, made to look like men, but there's no harm in 'em."

"No, no! I saw it move!"

And he stuck to that. So I told him to wait while I chased that ghost off the island. I reckoned to go off a piece, and then come back and tell him the spirit was gone for good. But when I'd gone a piece, I spied something that gave me a shock — the tracks of bare feet, half again as big as mine. I couldn't believe they was real. I went along about 50 yards, makin' no noise. Then I pushed by the bushes and peered through. There set Quintal with his back to me, just as his own lad had seen him. He'd almost nothing on, and was squatting by a bed he'd made of dry grass, cracking eggs and drinking 'em down. A carcass of wild pig was to one side, all torn apart, and bones of others was scattered around. The smell of the place would sicken a dog.

If I'd had my wits, I'd have backed off, but I called afore I could stop myself. He turned his head slow, and spied me. His face made the chills go up and down my back. Ye never saw such eyes outside of a madhouse; and he'd a great beard that reached to his waist. I tried to be easy. "Where have ye hid yourself, ye rogue," said I. "God's truth! We thought ye was dead!" I'd no more than got this out when he grabbed up a club and made a rush at me with a bellow like nothing in nature, brute or human. I ran for my life, jumping and dodging; then I caught my foot and fell, thinkin' he was right at my heels. But he'd stopped and stood looking round, puzzled, like he wasn't sure I'd been there. I didn't move till he'd gone back.

We'd thought we'd got to the end of our troubles at last, but here was another sprung up. The women had to be told, and they

was horrorstruck. Some wanted us to shoot him, but most wouldn't hear to hunting down a poor crazed man in cold blood. Every day now I climbed the ridge with a musket and the spyglass, and most times I'd have a glimpse of him. But one day I'd no sight of him, and when I came back, the rest was in a desperate way. Quintal had rushed out of the forest on Sarah, his own woman. The poor thing was so terrified she'd run away from the house instead of towards it. Then she saw she was trapped, and the only way she could go was towards the crag, him close behind. She went to the very top, and then she threw herself off, sooner than let him catch her.

It was dark by that time, and for an hour none had noticed that another woman, Susannah, was missing. I made a search, but there was nothing we could do till dawn. Then Mr. Young and me set out, though he was in no fit state. We each had a musket, and I carried a hand ax. We knew we'd got to kill Quintal, and ye can fancy how we felt. We went down the western valley, for we thought he'd go back to his old place. When we got close, I crawled forward to look. Susannah was lying without a rag to her body, her feet and arms tied with long strips of bark. I made sure Quintal was nowheres about, then I had her free in five seconds. She was in a terrible state, all covered with scratches and bruises, but I thanked God she was alive. "Where's he gone?" I whispered. She motioned towards the far side. I found him, asleep behind some bushes farther on. I raised my musket, but I couldn't pull the trigger; I was thinkin' of the old Matt Quintal I'd known on the *Bounty*. Then I minded me of the women and children, and Sarah dead, and I knew I had to go through with it. I picked up some pebbles and tossed 'em on him. Up he sprang, and grabbed his club. As he came for me I pulled the trigger, but the musket missed fire. I'd only time to dodge and grab my ax. I ducked under the blow he aimed at me and then, sir, I brought the ax down on his head with all my strength. It was a merciful quick death; he was killed on the instant, without a cry.

Now, at last, sir, I've reached the end of the evil times. From that day we've had peace, and with God's help, so it shall be. Aye, peace followed, but none in my heart for many a long day: Quintal's face would come afore me night and day, till I was near desperate. Mr. Young saw how it was with me, and it was thanks to him, and the children, that I got through the worst of that time. No words could tell the blessing of those children; they made a new life for us. There was 21 at this time, all the way from nine

years to newborn babe. They healed our hearts, sir, and in the end made this small island like a heaven on earth.

Now I must tell ye of the greatest blessing has come to me all the years of my life, though I didn't know it at the time. One evening I found Mr. Young at his table, writin' in the old *Bounty's* logbook. I'd often seen him at it.

"What is it ye write so often?" I asked him. "Is it a journal ye're keepin'?"

"Aye, a record of births and the like; but that's not the whole of it."

He'd been writing down whatever he could recollect out of books. He'd been a great reader, and there was little he hadn't kept in mind. He read me a bit from a story called *Pilgrim's Progress*, as he'd set it down, and I was taken clean out of myself. Mind ye, sir, I was naught but an ignorant seaman, with no more knowledge of the joy to be had from books than the pigs here.

"Was ye never teached to read and write?" said he.

"A little, but it's all gone from me now."

"How would ye like to take it up again?" said he. "Ye've a taste for it, that's plain."

I was only too pleased, for I was in desperate need to keep my mind off Quintal. It was slow work at first. But he was that patient he could have teached a stone image. He began to read to me out of his Bible. I'd heard bits, but only as a wild lad and I'd given no heed. Now I listened with all my ears. Every evening he'd go through some chapters, and I'd have that to think over till the next time. We went on so for nine months, and slow but sure I learned to read.

Then Mr. Young's health give way again. He'd never got back his strength, and the old asthma trouble came on worse than ever. If ye've ever watched a man drown, sir, and couldn't help him, ye'll know how it was. When he was took bad he'd fight for his breath in a way was pitiful to see. And all that time he was getting weaker. So it went for three long months. Then one day when we had him propped up with pillows I saw by the look in his face he knew he was dying. After a while he turned towards me. "Alex," said he, "It's yourself has been spared of all of us to bring up the children. It's a great trust, and I know you'll be faithful to it. . . . I'd have liked well to stay on with ye, lad."

He died that same night, and we laid him to rest the next day. Words can't say how we missed him. For all he was so far above me, I loved him like he'd been my own brother.

Aye, it was a dark, lonesome time that followed. Of all the

Bounty men that sailed from England there was none left save myself. I thought of the mutiny and the part I'd played in it — how I'd helped set Captain Bligh and 18 men adrift in a little boat, in the middle of the ocean. I'd see the launch and them in it dead of thirst or starvation; or the lot of 'em bein' murdered by savages. Aye, if ever a man felt lost, it was Alex Smith, sir. I'd left off my study at readin' when Mr. Young was last took sick. But after a while I went back to the Bible, taking up where Mr. Young had left off. If I'd known, I'd have gone straight to the New Testament, but I burrowed along, slow and patient, like a mole in the dark. I did that for three years. There was parts too knotty for me, but others, like the Psalms and the Proverbs I got so I knew most by heart. I've heard tell of men bein' led all of a sudden to the knowledge of God. It wasn't so with me. I was brought to it little by little, but when I came to the life of Jesus, my heart opened like doors swingin' apart. I'll say no more of this, sir, but a peace came to me that has never left me since.

BUT I was troubled about the children. How could I know that their fathers' blood in their veins wouldn't lead 'em into our old ways? The more I thought about it, the more I couldn't believe they should be kept in ignorance of the Holy Word. It came to me strong that I should lead 'em. Ye'll wonder an ignorant seaman could do it, but with God's help I teached 'em in a way that surprised me. I began with the mothers, tellin' 'em the story of the Bible. It was the story interested 'em in the beginning, but they soon got to see there was more to it. And if it was a joy to teach the mothers, ye'll know what it was with the children. They was so eager they'd believe with no question of doubt. That made me slow and careful. I was afeared lest I'd have the teaching wrong. I said naught about sin, for they didn't know what it was; I teached 'em to love one another, to speak truth and act it, to honor their mothers and do as they'd be done by.

All this was in the Indian language, for I could speak it near as well as themselves. But as I went on, thinking to the years when I'd be gone, I saw I'd got to do more. As ye likely know, theirs is naught but a spoken tongue, and they'd be left with no skill to read for themselves. I saw I had to teach 'em their letters. Once I was sure, I didn't rest till I'd started a school. Their knowin' bits of English was a help, and they was bright and quick, but there was times I thought I'd have to give up. But once they got the notion of it, ye'd be

amazed to see how fast they went. I'll not forget how proud they was when they could read a bit and write little messages to one another. There was a writin' chest belonged to Captain Bligh, with paper in it, and ink, and pens. I cherished them sheets of paper as if they was beat out of gold. When the ink was gone I made some that did famous out of candlenut ash, and pens we had aplenty, with all the fowls on the island. When the paper was gone, I made slates out of slabs of rock. The mothers thought the school was the wonder of the world. And when ye come to look at it, sir, there's few things to equal the wonder of writin'. I'm blessed if I can see how men ever came to the knowledge of it in the first place.

And now I'm near the end of the story. I might go on for another night, or a week of nights, for the matter of that, tellin' ye of these late years, but I've no wish to try ye past your patience. Ye can see how it's been. Our life has gone by as quiet as a summer's day — never a bit of strife since the day Quintal was killed. The mothers and me has lived for the children. They're good mothers, for all they was heathens afore, and still are, in some o' their ways. But there's heathen ways, sir, us white men could study to our profit.

Aye, it's a quiet life and a good life we've had here these nine years. I doubt if ye could find anywhere a family of human beings that lives together with more kindness and good will. We're at peace, in our lives and in our hearts. Pitcairn's Island is home, now, for all. There's the sum of it, sir, in few words.

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Some years after the visit of the "Topaz", a British ship appeared at Pitcairn, and her captain came ashore for investigation. Smith made no attempt to hide. "I am the last of the Bounty mutineers," he said. "I am willing to go back with you and stand trial. The work I have started here will go ahead without me." But the British captain shook his head. "I know nothing about the Bounty," he said. "I have seen nobody who had anything to do with the mutiny. I do not understand what you are talking about. And these children need you." He shook hands with Smith and went away.

— Excerpt from "Easter Island," by Robert J. Casey ©Bobbs-Merrill

Among the Authors

This sign + at the head of an article indicates that the author is mentioned in this department

CHASE, MARY ELLEN (*Chores*, p. 84) — Born in Maine, of representative Maine seafaring and professional stock — one of her grandmothers went to sea with her sea-captain husband in the days of the clippers, and her father was the village lawyer in a Maine seaboard town — Mary Ellen Chase harks back in most of her writing to the austere virtues and comforting stabilities of New England life in the nineties; and remembering that her mother supervised the Latin of a large family while she mended their socks, is steadfast in her belief that the New England blend of mental aspiration with unashamed hard work laid a rare basis for stable living, even in the less stable world which has followed. Miss Chase was formally educated at the local academy and at the University of Maine. Since the days when she essayed her first country school she has been a teacher, and for some years has been on the staff of Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts. At present, however, she is spending her second consecutive sabbatical year in England, writing. The product of last year's work is *Silas Crockett*, her just published story of four generations of a Maine seafaring family. Her most popular book hitherto has been *Mary Peters*, a last year's best seller, also a chronicle of a Maine coast town. Miss Chase has also written a number of children's books and several volumes of essays, of which *A Goodly Heritage* is probably the best known.

CLARK, BENNETT CHAMP (*Detour Around War*, p. 5, and *They Never Die*, p. 69) — Son of the late Champ Clark, famous Speaker of the House, Bennett Champ Clark has had an unusually thorough training in the ways of American politics, having practically grown up in the House of Representatives, taken his law training in Washington, and served four years under his father as House parliamentarian. In 1917 he went to war, rising to a colonelcy, eventually being attached to the General Staff. After the Armistice he helped to organize the American Legion in Paris. Back in civilian life, he took up the practice of law in St. Louis, and did not return to politics until 1933, when he became U. S. Senator from Missouri, having been appointed to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Harry B. Hawes. Senator Clark is the author of a biography of John Quincy Adams called *Old Man Eloquent*.

GALLICO, PAUL (*The Ski's the Limit*, p. 20, and *A Poke at Poker Faces*, p. 66) — Acting crew captain at Columbia University during his senior year, Paul Gallico is now sports editor for the New York *Daily News* and writes a daily sports column for that paper. Gallico is six feet two in height, weighs 214 pounds stripped, and gets more kick out of participating in sports than in watching them. Consequently he golfs in the low nineties, plays a fast game of tennis, is a devotee of handball and squash, rides, swims, ice skates, boxes, fences with both foil and saber, shoots both rifle and revolver, and is a licensed amateur airplane pilot. In addition to these anemic outlets for his energy, Gallico, besides writing his daily column for his own paper and a monthly article on sports for *Vanity Fair*, organized and each year manages the amateur boxing tournament known as the Golden Gloves, conducts a monthly critical department on sports for *Life*, and regularly has fiction appearing in such publications as *Liberty*, *College Humor*, *Redbook*, *American Magazine*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*. His ambition is to become a fiction writer of

distinction, and in his stories he usually avoids sport topics as he does not wish to be labeled a sports writer forever.

HALL, JAMES NORMAN, and CHARLES NORDHOFF (*Pitcairn's Island*, p. 111) — James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff have much in common besides their joint authorship of several books. Both American citizens, born in the same year (they are now 47), they met in the Lafayette Escadrille during the war, and after the Armistice collaborated on a history of that famous fighting outfit. In 1920 they headed for the South Seas together, settling in Tahiti, where for a time they lived next door to each other. Now, however, they live in different parts of the island and meet each day at a halfway point to discuss their work. Both are married to native Tahitians; Hall has two children, Nordhoff four. Both have been made (by decree of Governor Léonce Jore of French Oceania) chieftains in the Kilyan tribe.

Hall was educated at Grinnell College, Iowa, graduating in 1910. Caught vacationing in Wales in 1914, he joined Kitchener's First Hundred Thousand. After two years as a machine gunner at the British front he was transferred to the Lafayette Escadrille, and later to the United States Air Service where he was given the rank of Captain. In May, 1917, he was shot down back of the German lines and was held a prisoner in Bavaria until the end of the war. In addition to extensive travel among the islands in the South Seas, Mr. Hall, who describes himself as "a lover of lonely lands, whether arctic or tropical," went to Iceland in the autumn of 1923 and spent the winter there. He likes Tahiti for an abode, however, because he says "one has ample leisure, not only to talk, but to think between periods of talk" — neither things nor events being dominant, but ideas.

Nordhoff was born in London, but when he was three years old his parents brought him to America. After graduating from Harvard in 1909, he went direct to Mexico where he worked on a sugar cane plantation until driven out by the revolution of 1911. For five years he was secretary and treasurer of a manufacturing concern in California. Then, in 1916, he crossed to France and served as an ambulance driver, later going into the Lafayette Escadrille, and from there to the United States Air Service, in which he was eventually commissioned First Lieutenant. In 1918 he was awarded the *Croix de Guerre*. In Tahiti Mr. Nordhoff writes every morning from seven till noon, and fishes for the market from two till seven.

In addition to the books which each have produced separately, Nordhoff and Hall together have written a two volume history of *The Lafayette Flying Corps*, *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, *Falcons of France*, and the extraordinary trilogy of maritime adventure, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Men Against the Sea*, and *Pitcairn's Island*.

HENDRICK, BURTON J. (*Arch-Traitor of the Revolution*, p. 46) — Burton J. Hendrick has been twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best biography of the year, and once, as co-author with Admiral William Sowden Sims of *The Victory at Sea*, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the year's best book on history. The biographies selected were the *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* (1922), and *The Training of an American* (1928). In addition to these works Mr. Hendrick is the author of *The Jews in America*, *The Life of Andrew Carnegie*, and of the recently published and now widely popular volume, *The Lees of Virginia*, which is quoted in this issue.

KIPLINGER, W. M. (*What of 1936?* p. 35) — For 15 years W. M. Kiplinger has been writing the Kiplinger Washington Letters, a service intended to guide business men and investors by interpreting financial, industrial and political trends. He has successfully called the

turn on many important events — among them the banking collapse of 1933; and the numerous subscribers to his service are evidence of his reputation as a precaster. Before Mr. Kiplinger formed his own organization he was a financial writer and editor for the Associated Press in Washington.

PITKIN, WALTER B. (*Take It Easy*, p. 101) — Formerly American managing editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* — he is now Professor of Journalism at Columbia University — Walter B. Pitkin has employed the encyclopedic approach to the preparation of his several books on applied psychology, each of which has been written only after extensive research. Among these books have been *The Art of Rapid Reading*, *The Psychology of Achievement*, *The Psychology of Happiness*, and the eminently popular *Life Begins at Forty*.

SHEEAN, VINCENT (*I Learn About the Social System*, p. 77) — In the spring of 1922 Vincent Sheean, after three and a half years in the University of Chicago and a year of apprenticeship as a tabloid reporter in New York, packed up his few belongings and went to Paris. He had no job in view, very little money, and no apparent qualifications for international journalism other than a marked talent for languages. Nevertheless this step marked the beginning of a spectacular career as foreign correspondent which took him to nearly every part of Europe and Asia and brought him in personal contact with most of the chief world figures of the day — all before he was 30. He managed to secure a position with the Paris office of the Chicago *Tribune* and during his three years there as a European correspondent reported, among other things, such explosive events as the Rhineland Separatist war, the Ruhr occupation, the Lausanne Conference, the Fascist march on Rome, Primo de Rivera's assumption of the Spanish dictatorship. His most sensational feat came during the war between Spain and the Rif tribes of northern Morocco, when he penetrated to the heart of the Rif and succeeded in reaching and interviewing Abd-el-Krim, the Rif leader.

Forming an affiliation with the North American Newspaper Alliance as a special correspondent, Sheean went to China and for eight months traveled through that country then in the throes of revolutionary and factional struggle. He interviewed war lords, was present at the massacres of Hankow, made a long trip into Manchuria, and became the friend and confidant of Madame Sun Yat-sen, the "mother of the Chinese Revolution."

For a time he gave up newspaper work but when, in 1929, he happened to be in Jerusalem at the outbreak of the Arab-Jewish riots, he resumed his rôle of special correspondent to report the event. Since that time Sheean has devoted himself mainly to literary work, doing most of his writing in quiet villages in France or Italy.

WALKER, STANLEY (*Curiosa Americana*, p. 29) — Until recently city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Stanley Walker, a 35-year-old Texan, has made use of that excellent vantage point for viewing the American spectacle by compiling, within three years, three best-selling collections of the bizarre, *The Night Club Era*, *City Editor*, and *Mrs. Astor's Horse*. Moreover he is otherwise admirably equipped to supply such grace notes to the jazz cacophony, since, according to Alva Johnston, he is a "connoisseur of people, especially fantastic ones, seeking them out as the late J. P. Morgan sought rare old snuff boxes. *The Night Club Era*, for instance, is an authoritative work on metropolitan anthropology which should rate as a Broadway Koran. Other books on the subject are unnecessary if they agree with it, wrong if they differ from it, and in either case should be burned."

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What They're Reading

Recent Favorites at the Bookstores, as Listed by The Publishers' Weekly

NON-FICTION

MAN, THE UNKNOWN
Alexis Carrel . . . . . *Harper*, $3.50

THE LEES OF VIRGINIA
Burton J. Hendrick . . . . . *Little, Brown*, $3.75

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE
Stanley Walker . . . . . *Stokes*, $3

I WRITE AS I PLEASE
Walter Duranty . . . . . *Simon & Schuster*, $3

THE TWENTIES
Mark Sullivan . . . . . *Scribners*, $3.75

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA
Columbia University Press, $17.50

PERSONAL HISTORY
Vincent Sheean . . . . . *Doubleday, Doran*, $3

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE
Lin Yutang . . . . . *John Day*, $3

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES
Stefan Zweig . . . . . *Viking Press*, $3.50

FICTION

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE
Sinclair Lewis . . . . . *Doubleday, Doran*, $2.50

SPRING CAME ON FOREVER
Bess Streeter Aldrich . . . . . *Appleton-Century*, $2

EDNA, HIS WIFE
Margaret Ayer Barnes . . . . *Houghton Mifflin*, $2.50

VEIN OF IRON
Ellen Glasgow . . . . . *Harcourt, Brace*, $2.50

SILAS CROCKETT
Mary Ellen Chase . . . . . *Macmillan*, $2.50

SHINING WINDOWS
Kathleen Norris . . . . . *Doubleday, Doran*, $2

HANDS
Charles G. Norris . . . . *Farrar & Rinehart*, $2.50

BLOOD RELATIONS
Philip Gibbs . . . . . *Doubleday, Doran*, $2.50

The Greater Gifts

By

Ernestine Schumann-Heink

IF IT RAINS today, I always say, "Tomorrow, the sun will shine." My mother taught me that when I was a baby. This spirit of bright anticipation is a gift which we all need badly. The world has been told a lot about its misery during the past score of years. It knows that it is raining. But now and then someone stands out with the courage of a good mother and says, "Tomorrow, the sun will shine."

There are too few people and too few agencies to bring us these gifts of hope and anticipation. But in my travels I have met such people and in my reading I hear of others. I have always worked, have had little time to read as there is so much to do. From the first I have been a mother and a singer. So when I do find time to read, I like to choose things that encourage me, about people who are doing fine things, people who are mothers in one sense or another — sacrificing, working, loving.

It is because of this that I like The Reader's Digest. Some say it tells us about America, and it does: but then I know about America and I would not read it for that alone. I read it because it is full of hope — it is not as black as the night. It picks out men and women and cites them for bravery in constructive actions. This cannot be an accident, nor could it be just a policy. It is something far bigger than that. It is a channel for the best spirit the world knows up until now. It seems to say, "Tomorrow, the sun will shine," and I like it for that.