

# THIS WORLD



GENERAL JOSE MIAJA  
*The Last Quarter Was His*  
(See SPAIN)

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## LOOKING AROUND

CONGRESSMAN HAMILTON FISH, of New York, is an isolationist. Now, if you don't happen to be an isolationist, still it's merely a matter of political viewpoint, and it shouldn't make Ham a cannibal. In fact, he's a pretty good fellow, but political viewpoints do funny things to all of us at times, and particularly impair our memories.

So, during the recent flurry between the President and some isolationists regarding the French plane purchases, Ham Fish was down in the front row, cat-calling friendship for France and England. He read the papers diligently, grabbed every item in sight, and when he thought he'd hooked one, called in the newspaper boys.

One item he hooked said somebody in England, to keep Mr. Roosevelt in good humor, no doubt, said England favored Mr. Roosevelt for a third term.

"LOOKIT," cried Ham. "Here's a mighty telling example of what happens when you lick English boots. The English are going to tell us who we'll have for President. Maybe the English will cast enough votes to elect him." Sarcasm, see? Give the American-Anglo-Franco alliance the works.

One with no extraordinary memory, therefore recalls December of the year 1936. At that time it seems England had a King, one Edward VIII, maybe like Ham Fish a pretty good fellow, but the English obviously didn't want him for a King for one reason or another, because he was being forced off the throne, no less, and the entire English people didn't rise up to keep him on the throne.

BUT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE rose up to keep him on the throne. Choke them blue, but they were sore the English didn't want Edward VIII for King. Over the Abdication speech they wept more tears than all the rest of the white world. All over the United States voices held a tremor when the outrage was mentioned. Baldwin was a fuddy-duddy. Then Parliament was comprised largely of fuddy-duddies. Finally, the English were 46,000,000 fuddy-duddies, and by the Great Lord Harry, if it hadn't been for that 3000 miles of water, a nasty stretch in December, we'd have gone over there in a body and kept that little fellow on the throne, with Wally right beside him, ready to dash in all directions opening fairs and chuckling Islington urchins under the chin, while Queen Mary beamed beside her.

Ah, me, such is life. Such also is politics. They're a good deal alike, aren't they? And by the way, if the English swing the election for Roosevelt in 1940, we'll put Edward back on the throne, and how will they like that?

—ROYCE BRIER.

For a running appraisal of the day's top news, read Royce Brier's column, "This World Today," in The Chronicle every week day except Monday.

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## THE COVER

When Spanish Rebel Generalissimo Franco's armies pounded their way into the outskirts of Madrid in October of 1936 they suddenly met a do-or-die defense, were finally hurled back and bogged down by a much rejuvenated Madrid army. Responsible for the spirit and strategy of the new army was bald-headed, bulbous-nosed, bespectacled General Jose Miaja.

Born 59 years ago of a middle class family in the Basque town of Eibar in Vizcaya province, the "Savior of Madrid" obtained his military training at the Oviedo Infantry Academy, later was decorated for bravery during a North African



Photo by Associated Press

campaign. He became a General 10 years ago.

A mild-spoken man, General Miaja works from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m., eats one meal a day, drinks malted milk at night, likes to read adventure stories. He is a loyal Republican, has no political affiliations.

The future course of Loyalist Spain is entirely in strategist Miaja's hands. More painful to Miaja than war weariness is his desperate anxiety over his family. His wife, nine children, two son-in-laws, two grandchildren are in rebel prisons in North Africa. (See SPAIN.)

## THIS AND THAT

THERE was a family of fat little pigs living in Sherwood Forest, which was theirs, we are told, without dispute. All day they grubbed for roots and herbs and succulent grasses of the forest, undisturbed save for the occasional appearance of a wolf living in the rocky brushland to the east.

Every day they went out to grub about and enjoy themselves, leaving one little pig, Neville, who could run the fastest, to watch for the wolf. But the wolf had not been doing so well on his rocky land, and Neville being such a swift little pig he hadn't had much success in his raids on Sherwood Forest.

Consequently he fell ill of malnutrition, cold and complications. The roof of his house fell in and the plumbing went bad. He was thinking of moving several times but he owed the landlord too much rent and couldn't quite make it. Because the wolf lay sick and never came to Sherwood Forest, Neville became tired of sitting on a log in the sun waiting for the wolf to come.

HE THOUGHT the wolf was dead, so one morning he awoke early, washed, put on his topper and slung his umbrella over his arm. Then he stuck his diamond pin in his blue polkadot cravat in view of all the other fat little pigs.

"Where are you going, Neville?" asked father pig. "I'm going to see the wolf," replied Neville. At which there was a great shudder and a chattering of teeth passed through the pig family. But Neville only laughed and ran off down the lane, swinging his umbrella and tipping his hat to the blue-jays. "The wolf is dead and I am going to his funeral," he shouted. Whereupon the pigs stopped chattering and ran into the forest happy.

Neville really believed the wolf was dead, or nearly so, and he went to the rocky brushland to see. When he arrived, there, sure enough, lay the wolf writhing in pain and looking particularly gaunt and unhealthy. His teeth were in the hydrogen peroxide glass at his bedside and he had an ice pack on his head.

Neville laughed to see the wolf so weak, but as his mortal enemy continued to groan and look miserably, Neville experienced a change of heart. "Can I get you something?" he asked solicitously. "Yes," moaned the wolf, "you can get me a glass of water and let me come and eat grass at the edge of your forest. I will need only a little part of the forest and I won't eat much grass."

SO, NEVILLE brought the water and went home to arrange for the wolf to have a little spot in Sherwood Forest with the proviso that he would never use his teeth for anything but chewing grass.

Very soon the wolf got well, but he didn't like roots and herbs and grass, besides, he had watched the pigs growing very fat and sleek and he thought it a shame that there should be no one to eat them and that he should not be allowed to have all of Sherwood Forest.

When he thought himself well enough, he telephoned Neville, who was the only one in the pig family that really trusted the wolf. "I would like you to come over for tea," said the wolf, "and we can chew the fat about many things of common interest." So Neville went to see the wolf who had promised to eat only grass.

Moral: When dealing with wolves, bring your shotgun.

—CHARLES DOWNIE.



**THIS WORLD**

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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

Browne's bank was unable to extend loans, so the cashier went to a nearby city, borrowed money on his own, used as security assets already pledged to guarantee loans made by the bank.

Cashier Browne subsequently went to prison on embezzlement charges, was pardoned by the Governor after serving a short term. In 1925 Browne left Oklahoma, moved to Glendale, Cal., and entered the insurance business. He made friends and two years later applied for a job on the police force and was accepted. He moved up rapidly to captain of the force, and two years ago was appointed Chief of Police.

During his years in Glendale Chief Browne used his real name . . . the same he had changed to a number when he went to prison in Oklahoma.

Fortnight ago Chief Browne received anonymous calls informing him that unless he made certain promises and concessions his past record would be disclosed to city officials. Browne refused. Last week an incriminating picture of Browne was slipped under the door of a business establishment. The picture was turned over to the City Council.

Assistant City Attorney A. L. Lawson investigated, uncovered Browne's prison record. Shocked city fathers examined the record, decided that Browne had redeemed himself by his spotless record in Glendale, would be retained "unless further investigation proved the efficiency of the police department might be impaired."

**"Stinky"**

**BACK IN BETTER DAYS** the New York Central 8:31 commuters' train from Ardsley to New York was proudly dubbed the "Bankers' Special." Boom days of the Special soon passed, the train dwindled to a one gasoline-driven, stove heated coach divided into cab, baggage and passenger sections.

One morning last week, nine men and three women commuters boarded the 8:31 inbound Bankers' Special wearing gas masks, carrying a placard inscribed: "Why go to France to get gassed? It does happen here. Ask the boys who ride on the stinky."

The masked commuters sat quietly in the car, read their morning newspapers as usual till they reached New York. On their arrival news photographers snapped pictures listened amusedly to their protests against the smell of the one-time swank gasoline driven, coal-stove heated Bankers' Special.

**VISITOR****Moxie and Tongue**

**WHEN** the Normandie docked in New York last week reporters gathered around a hefty German in a brown overcoat who announced he was looking for a fight. The German's name was Max Schmeling, and the fight was purely in the line of business.

The rollicking heavy weight said that the whole story of a Goebbels-Schmeling feud (This World, January 29) was the invention of a Paris newspaper. Having thus planted both feet firmly on Nazi canvas, the pugilist carelessly tripped over his tongue, fell on the wrong side of a Hitler-baiting remark.

Asked how Germans felt about Hitler's speech, in which he denounced "American-Jewish" propaganda and told the U. S. to mind its own business, Maxie carelessly answered, "Politicians' opinions of

politicians—they're not necessarily the peoples.' In Germany the people admire Americans."

As reporters grinned he quickly jumped back into the safe territory of prize ring talk.

While the fighter was being questioned about Germany's Propaganda Minister, one of the cauli-

flower-eared listeners asked: "Say, who is this guy Goebbels? A lightweight or a heavy weight?"

To further political questions Max hedged: "Why don't you ask our Ambassador about politics?"

"Your Ambassador went home." "Did he?" asked Schmeling. "Well, he'll be back."

## STATE AND CITY

**Man to Do It**

**ELEVEN YEARS AGO** Engineer Charles H. Purcell was appointed State highway commissioner for the California Division of Highways. The new official became interested by the lack of communications, except by boat, between San Francisco and Alameda counties. He began to study the project of a transbay bridge.

One year later he was serving as secretary of the Hoover-Young commission, "parent" to the present San Francisco-Oakland bay bridge. He made the traffic survey for the bridge, designed it, and in 1931 was appointed chief engineer. In less than seven years the giant was completed, nearly every job and operation finished ahead of schedule and within the cost estimate.

Last week executive chiefs of San Francisco met in Mayor Rossi's office, decided that city traffic snarls, long a problem, must be permanently unraveled, that Charles Purcell was the man to do it.

Throughout the week the Finance, Streets and Utilities Committees of the Board of Supervisors worked on a contract, ways and means, and by the week's end made a recommendation to employ Purcell for five years as city traffic consultant which will come before the Board of Supervisors early next week.

Purcell has been assured he will be free from political influence, that the Board of Supervisors will not vote him out of the State job he now holds and which he will leave for five years to take the new position.

Salary for Purcell will be \$20,000 a year, plus expenses for a staff and offices up to \$223,400 a year. Financing will be largely from gas tax and Municipal Railway funds, will have little if any effect on the tax rate.

**Bent Unbends**

**THE MARK MEGLADDERY JR.** pardon-bribery case before the Alameda Grand Jury had its biggest week when the elusive Clarence Bent was finally brought to the witness stand. Ever since Merriam's former secretary and ex-Superior Court Judge came

under fire from District Attorney Ralph Hoyt, missing thread in the fabric has been the pudgy little bartender, Bent.

Adroit Attorney Hoyt pulled a legal coup, called Oakland attorney and friend of Megladdery, Edwin Geary, to the witness chair, asked him to tell his dealings with Bent in the alleged passing of \$750 to free paroled San Jose killer, Clarence Leddy. Geary said that without release from his client Bent he could not talk.

Then Attorney Hoyt produced Bent, announced he had been in contact with the tavern keeper for a week, asked Bent to permit Geary to talk. Obliging Bent not only agreed that Geary could tell the inside on Leddy's commutation of sentence but told his own story.

Bent testified negotiations began early in February, 1938, after Megladdery had asked to cash a small check in his night spot. Megladdery agreed to arrange a pardon for \$2000, sent him to Geary. Despite frequent promises, much traveling between Sacramento and San Jose, there was no pardon by Christmas.

Though a commutation of sentence came through just as former Governor Frank F. Merriam prepared to turn the Governor's desk over to Culbert Olson, the full \$2000 purchase price mentioned by Bent was never paid.

At week's end Hoyt announced: "There is now sufficient evidence before the jury to warrant the return of indictments, and I intend to ask the jury to vote them." The indictments had already been drawn in the attorney's office, awaited only the jury's vote.

\*Principal characters in the involved Leddy pardon fiasco were Megladdery, former Governor Merriam's secretary, appointed to the Alameda bench just as Merriam left office; Clarence Bent, saloon keeper and Leddy's friend, who sought to arrange for the paroled convict's pardon; Edwin Geary, Oakland attorney and friend of Megladdery, who acted as Bent's attorney in the case, sought to drop the matter when he learned it might jeopardize his appointment to the Athletic Commission; Clarence Leddy, former tavern owner, convicted of killing a man in his San Jose saloon.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

**INTERNATIONAL****Four**

**MR.** Secretary of State Cordell Hull has for a long time mothered the free-exchange-of-trade theory. He carried it under his white thatch and on the tip of his Southern tongue as well as in his briefcase when he went to Lima, Peru, for the last Pan-American adventure.

According to theory, once a group of nations works out a free trade agreement and makes it

work, the technique will spread in circles to the rest of the world, much as the ripples caused by casting a stone into a pond. When Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay ended their eight-day conference in Uruguay's Montevideo it looked as though Secretary Hull's idea had taken root, that the Pan-American conference had not been entirely fruitless.

The four South American nations' Finance Ministers signed a recommendation that their four official banks become agents for exchange of complete information on trade and financial conditions.

It was further proposed to eventually forbid the use of foreign currencies in international trade, all sales to be made in the currency either of the buying or selling country instead of in dollars or sterling as is now frequent.

Beauty of the four-power plan is that Finance Ministers of all four countries control national banks, can force acceptance of their trade regulations.

The South Americans also signed a recommendation for a convention to put still stronger restrictions on immigration. Specifically mentioned in debate were the Jews, who were included in "per-



"Stinky" Passenger Vossler  
"It does happen here"  
(See PEOPLE)

sons generally known as disturbers of public order or who, because of their antecedents, are considered undesirable."

\*Theory of free trade looks ultimately to abolition of all protective tariff barriers, production by every nation of that product or products which it can produce most economically. Secretary Hull's theory modifies this, works on the "most favored nation" basis, whereby all nations entering into trade agreements are treated equally well.

**CHINA-JAPAN****Sentry Stymie**

**JAPANESE** irritability broke out last week like a rash over the Orient. Reason for the annoyance of loyal Japanese was continued lack of sympathy on the part of the democratic nations for Japan's viewpoint, and the shooting of six pro-Japanese officials in China.

The six untraced assassinations of Japan-loving Chinese brought the total of such slayings to 47 in the Shanghai area. It was rumored that Japan was threatening to police the ticklish International Settlement unless the assassinations stopped.

Asahi, largest Japanese newspaper, reported that the government was about to deliver a cutting reply to American, British and French notes protesting the closed door in China. Japan's answer, the Asahi said, would reaffirm its aim of uniting Japan, China and Manchukuo into a single bloc, would again disclaim responsibility for the war in China, would refuse point-blank to enter any conference for the purpose of discussing trade treaties for China.

Up in Chungking, the Chinese nationalist government issued a manifesto on a pathetically different note. The manifesto proclaimed a blanket invitation to the foreign world to come in and develop Chinese resources, join in war rehabilitation. It did not

mention the fact that Japan stands sentry at most of China's doors.

**JAPAN****Not Ripe**

**ONE** of the world's numerous explosive points is the border between Japanese Puppet Manchukuo and the Soviet Union. Last summer a commission was appointed to freeze that border into a fixed state. The commission has done nothing thus far, has left the undecided border as a tacit excuse for war whenever either power feels up to it.

The "incident at Chankufeng" last summer, in which Japanese and Russians clashed in a pitched battle, simmered down to nothing. Last week it was revealed that another border situation had climaxed in four days of fighting between Russian and Japanese frontier guards.

Those clashes, too, apparently flickered out, despite the fact that some of Japan's best troops are now stationed along the Soviet border. Japanese political parties were reported drawing up a demand to the government to adopt a "more aggressive" policy toward Russia.

Pending between the two countries has been a dispute regarding fishing rights off the Siberian coast, which, to fish-catching, fish-eating Japanese, is regarded as a major economic point. Since Japan has passed up both economic and territorial excuses for war, as well as a military incident, observers assumed that the next Russo-Japanese war simply wasn't ripe.

**PANAMA****Hospitality**

**SUREST** thing to upset dignity is a custard pie, or its equivalent, in the face. This happens often enough on the stage and screen, not so often in real life.

Last week the Italian seventh naval division, consisting of two cruisers, put in at Panama on a world cruise to demonstrate the Italian naval strength. Proudly and in state Italian Minister Italo Capanni and Italian Admiral Edouardo Somigli, accompanied by aids, prepared an official visit to Panama's President, Dr. Juan Demosthenes Arosmena.

At noon the automobile carrying the party swept through Santa Ana plaza on its way to the presidential palace, was spotted by anti-Italian demonstrators. Eggs and vegetables badly splattered the car, flew in through an open window and forced the cortege to return to the visiting flagship for repairs before carrying out the visit.

Officials were sternly ordered to prevent further infractions of "Panama's traditional hospitality," but by nightfall stickers bearing such phrases as "Death to Mussolini; Viva Roosevelt" and "Down with Franco and the slayers of women and children" found their

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# REVIEW OF THE WEEK

way onto billboards, increased discomfort of the visiting delegates. (See also This World, January 1, under URUGUAY.)

## SPAIN

### Spanish Tree

OVERWORKED French border officials at Perthus, on the Spanish border, last week wearily halted a caravan of automobiles filled with Spanish gold braid. In the entering party was one civilian who exchanged sober greetings with French officers, informed them in a low voice that his party was entering France "definitely." As the cars drove on into France the spectacled man in mufti turned quickly, lifting his clenched fist in parting Loyalist salute to Spanish soil.

That man was Premier Juan Negrin of Loyalist Spain. His final evacuation was the climax of a week of dashing back and forth across the French border or arguing, telegraphing, pleading, planning. Negrin's departure from Catalonia was not his admission, however, that the Loyalist government was through.

The unspilled blood of Loyalist Spain lay, at week's end, in the hands of rock-jawed General Jose Miaja, the hero of two years ago who held Madrid against Franco's "ring of steel" siege. Hailed as the "savior of Madrid," he has quietly directed the maintenance of the Loyalist grip on Madrid-Valencia quarter of Spain. Since the rest of his government were trapped in Catalonia, forced into exile, that quarter was his to fight and starve for or surrender.

Alternating reports sifted out of Valencia that General Miaja was going to resist, was going to surrender. Frantic telegrams from Premier Negrin elicited no response. At week's end matters were still unsettled. Insurgents reported that negotiations between Franco and Miaja were well under way, would result in peaceful Loyalist surrender on February 18. Dispatches out of Valencia denied these reports.

Britain and France did not wait to find out, but plunged into deals with General Franco. They had two aims, to end the war as quickly as possible and to insure the evacuation of foreign fascist power from Spain. So successfully did their initial moves click that it was reported a definite break was pending between Mussolini and his Spanish satellite.

First the two nations met at the French border with Premier Negrin, heard that he would surrender if Franco would promise:

- 1—That all foreign troops would be evacuated.
- 2—That a plebiscite be held to determine the form of government.
- 3—That a policy of "no reprisals" be directed toward surrendered Loyalists.

Generalissimo Franco scornfully rejected these terms on the ground that a trapped animal cannot demand "conditions." Negrin refused his counter-request for an unconditional surrender and announced that he would fly to Valencia to undertake organization of remaining forces for further resistance.

WITH that off their hands, Britain and France jointly plunged headlong into a scramble for a Franco "deal." Both nations had been worried by Italian Editor Gayda's statement that Italian troops would be evacuated not after military victory, but after subsequent "political victory." (See ITALY.)

Down to Burgos went French Senator Leon Berard, who came

beaming back to Paris murmuring that he had received "an excellent impression." Premier Daladier canceled all his appointments, sat down to read Senator Berard's report. What he read was pleasing.

General Franco had promised to France and England that the Italians and other foreigners would be evacuated immediately on conclusion of a military victory. He was pleased to hear that Britons and French alike asked him to take over the Loyalist-occupied island of Minorca in the Mediterranean, gladly promised that he would occupy it with Spanish troops only. He also pledged himself to keep his Italian divisions

materials to water a young Spanish tree only to have England and France walk away with the fruit.

## ITALY

### Silence

ITALY spent the week backing and filling, recriminating and preparing. As Franco's troops prepared to mop up Spain, Mussolini's tooth and tongue, editor Virginio Gayda, ventured: "Military victory must be flanked by political victory. . . . Therefore, Italian legionnaires will not abandon Spanish territory until it has

Europe less jittery. For Italian air factories were ordered to speed up production. Work on two new factories was ordered rushed. Nazi storm troop chief, Viktor Lutze, went off with Lieutenant General Luigi Russo, Fascist militia chief of staff, to visit Governor Italo Balbo in Libya and the Tunisian border."

In addition, an attempt to patch up a trade agreement with Russia which lapsed in 1936 was rushed with the hope of boosting the exchange of goods from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

\*Few days earlier Germany's pint-sized air ace, Ernst Udet, visited Libya's French Tunisian border, popped exhibition

married and the father of a daughter, he became sick after beheadings.

Critics claimed Desfourneaux was proficient at the job, but lacked the technique of his master, did not let the blade drop quickly enough. Assistant executioner since 1876, Desfourneaux usually wears a dirty beret at executions, has a habit of pulling it down nervously over his forehead. He carries an old notebook containing the names of those he has helped to behead and the dates of more than 400 executions at which he has assisted.

### ... Going Well

FRENCH SKIES appeared bluer last week than they have for many troubled weeks. Paris was establishing direct relations with Spain's long-despised Burgos government, had seen a few promising sprouts from a few seeds planted there (See SPAIN).

Also immensely cheering to the French government was Mr. Chamberlain's speech before the House of Commons pledging armed aid to France in case of war (See BRITAIN).

An emissary was dispatched to Rome to negotiate a peaceful settlement of Italian demands for a share in the French railway to Addis Ababa. But Foreign Minister Bonnet was definitely not kowtowing to Mussolini, announced that France "would not permit any foreign state to threaten Spain's integrity" nor to take an inch of French imperial territory.

With Mussolini's vocal side-kick, Virginio Gayda, still plugging the Suez question, a French Court of Appeals impounded the 9000 shares of Suez Canal stock belonging to former Emperor Haile Selassie. Italy, who now owns 2500 shares, has been demanding the privilege of buying those 9000. Even in the dubious eventuality that the French directors would allow her to buy them, she would still have a minor showing beside France's 300,000-odd shares.

As proof that all was going well, the French Senate cast the overwhelming vote of 290 to 16 in approval of M. Bonnet's rapidly self-justifying foreign policy.

## BRITAIN

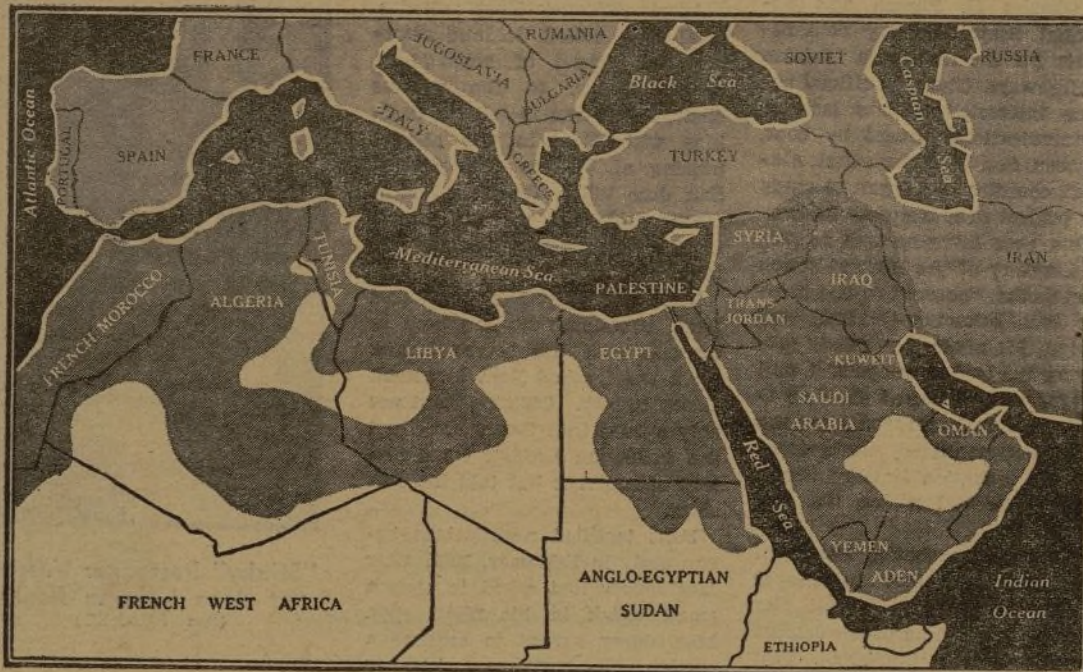
### No Chances

BEFORE the House of Commons, Prime Minister Chamberlain committed his nation with the most sweeping pledge since the World war. He declared that any threat to vital French interests, from whatever quarter, would bring "immediate British co-operation."

What precipitated this promise, sweet to French ears, were repeated statements in the Italian press that Britain would not support France in a French-Italian war (See ITALY). To make sure that the Italians heard Chamberlain's answer, the British Broadcasting Company read the statement over the air waves in Italian and German.

The Prime Minister further amplified his position by saying: "In case of a war in which the two countries were involved, all the forces of Britain would be at the disposal of France, just as those of France would be at the disposal of Britain."

Chamberlain also expressed the hope and trust that Signor Mussolini would keep his promises by withdrawing troops from Spain at the soon-anticipated end of hostilities. The Cabinet was reported, however, to be taking no chances, was said to be well under way with a plan to "buy Britain



The Sphere of Arab Influence  
(See PALESTINE)

away from the French frontier.

In return for these pledges he asked that France check political plotting and military activity among the government refugees on French soil, that they promise to check any counter-revolutionary movements that might appear among those refugees and that they return to insurgent Spain Spanish government gold deposits and art objects sent there for safe keeping.

Most potent of all arguments which France and Britain were rumored to have used on Franco was that they were in a position—which Germany and Italy were not—to give substantial financial aid to his new government.

To show that they meant business, British authorities proceeded at once to carry out part of the agreement. To the heavily-fortified Loyalist-sympathizing island of Minorca they sent, at week's end, a British destroyer. British naval officers, who have always been on good terms with the Minorcans, brought along a delegate from insurgent Spain, turned on their combined powers of persuasion. Two days later the cruiser sailed away with about 450 Loyalist leaders aboard. Simultaneously insurgent Spanish troops occupied the island.

Behind that bloodless victory lay the overwhelming need of Britain and France to keep the Italians off Minorca, which lies astride the empire routes of both Britain and France.

Happy at week's end were the Messrs. Franco, Chamberlain, Daladier. Franco seemed to see an answer to his question of how to cast off his Italian ties and raise money at the same time. Chamberlain and Daladier saw the beginning of the long-awaited justification of their much-maligned neutrality policy, pictured the clouds lifting from their empires.

Unhappy were Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler, who had a growing suspicion that they had spent years of money, men and ma-

been completely purged of Red armies and corrosive attempts of their friends."

Britain's Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain then said England would make a military stand with France. The U. S.'s President Roosevelt was quoted as saying "America's frontier is on the Rhine" and French Senator Leon Bernard visited friend Franco in Burgos. (See SPAIN) In the face of this concerted opposition Italy backed down.

Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano told British Ambassador Lord Perth that Gayda did not represent the government attitude. Gayda himself modified his view, said complete Insurgent victory would be considered thus: Demobilization of Republican forces which had found refuge in France; resignation and dispersal of the government; unconditional surrender by the Republican army without armistice negotiations; return of Bank of Spain gold stock deposited abroad.

Gayda added: "Chamberlain's announcement of an immediately functioning military alliance between Great Britain and France caused no surprise in Italy. The question is whether Britain unconditionally swallows the intransigent and one-sided policy of France against Italy and Germany in their claims."

Fascist party organ, Resto del Carlino gave the added filip: "Lost wars must be paid for, and even more when there are old accounts to be settled, such as Corsica, Tunisia, Nice, Savoy, Djibouti, Suez and so on."

Mussolini remained silent. He presided over the annual meeting of the Supreme Defense Council every day in the week, revised military laws, investigated high-speed motorization of the army, inspected the Naples army aviation school and riding academy, ordered broadening of unemployment relief. Jewish army officers, he decreed, were to be retired with pension.

Il Duce's silence did not make

bombs with Marshal Italo Balbo. One-eyed war veteran Lutze is making the same tour.

## FRANCE

### "M. de Paris"

FOR 120 years the Deibler family has been a faithful servant of Madame Guillotine. Three generations have followed the gruesome career of "executioner of high justice." The third in line, Anatole Deibler, was born 75 years ago, spent an unhappy childhood in the knowledge that he, too, would be an executioner, that all other careers were firmly closed to him. Last December, Deibler, known throughout all France as "Monsieur de Paris," was informed by an economy commission he could never retire. His pension and the new executioner's salary would cost the government about \$960 a year, would be too expensive. Deibler was distracted. He had been beheading people for 40 years, and has assisted at over 400 executions.

Said he: "I am getting weary of the work."

Last week death claimed the man who had come to speak in gentle tones of his "duty" as he prepared for his 402d execution. Expected to succeed him was Nephew Andre Obrecht, who had assisted his uncle on several occasions, practiced his technique by chopping off the ends of straw bundles with one of the three guillotines in Deibler's custody.

Quite unaffected by the turn of events was sentenced killer Maurice Pelarge, who carped at the delay caused by Deibler's death, refused the pardon traditionally offered to the first convict in line to be executed by the new "Monsieur de Paris."

Contrary to expectations, 80-year-old Leopold Desfourneaux, uncle of Deibler, performed the execution. Nephew Obrecht was apparently passed over because,



# REVIEW OF THE WEEK



Bundled Spanish waifs line up to cross the border.

## CATALONIA'S REFUGEES

Nearly 250,000 men, women and children fled from Franco to France after Barcelona's fall. Struggling through the snow-covered mountains, these haven-seeking, hungry hordes taxed the resources of French supplies and sanitation. Orphans, widows, and wounded were herded by the thousand to food kitchens and hospitals. The French government hopes that speedy conclusion of Spain's war would soon start a migration back over the Pyrenees.



French border guards disarm weary stragglers from the loyalist army, direct them to concentration camps.



Vaccinations are a part of the refugees' routine. Red Cross workers attend sufferers from malnutrition and exposure, guard against the threat of epidemic. Deserted children are moved north from border.



Evacuees line up for the luxury of baths (bains) and showers (douches) at a modern French public bathhouse after long days and nights of roadside sleeping. The cash window is out of use.



## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

into Spain." The first move was successfully completed when a British cruiser "captured" the island of Minorca for Generalissimo Franco. (See SPAIN.)

### GERMANY

#### U-Boat

**D**URING the World war Germany's greatest threat to allied navies was her fast-striking fleet of cigar-shaped U-boats. So vivid in Britain's memory was the terror and havoc caused by the supreme high command's submarines that until the Anglo-German naval pact of June 18, 1935, the Reich was forbidden to build to more than a shadow of her former strength.

Then in 1935 and again in 1937 Britain conceded to Nazis the right to build submarine tonnage equal to "the total submarine tonnage of the members of the British Commonwealth." Germany agreed, however, not to exceed 45 per cent of the British tonnage unless a situation should arise in which she felt herself compelled to exceed that ratio, would notify England before doing so.

Last December British and German naval heads met, heard Chancellor Hitler's minions announce their intention to own a submarine tonnage equal that of Great Britain. "A situation has arisen," wrote Reich naval heads. Specific "situation" was U. S. naval rearmament, creation of an Atlantic fleet, proposed fortification of Guam and other Pacific islands—considered as aggressive intentions against German axis partner Japan.

Also annoying to the Reich's Admiralty was Russia's frantic construction of a Baltic fleet to cut Germany's access to potential ore and food supplies in Scandinavian countries in the event of war. Already Nazis have reached 45 per cent of British submarine tonnage, exceed her in number of units. Germany has 65 U-boats ranging in tonnage from 250 to 740; British craft number 51, range from 410 to 1850 tons.

In addition, Germany announced she would convert class B cruisers "K" and "L" to class A ships, giving her five heavy cruisers.

### JUGOSLAVIA

#### Exit Stojadinovich

**F**OR ALMOST FOUR YEARS ponderous, money-wise Premier Milan Stojadinovich of Yugoslavia has been known as "the Balkan dictator." Last week it appeared that the description had been a little exaggerated, for he quietly lost his job.

Probably no country could use a dictator better than that small kingdom. Created after the World war from Serbia, Montenegro and assorted Austro-Hungarian provinces speaking various languages, it was held together by the thin paste of a common king.

Four years before hard-fisted King Alexander was assassinated at Marseilles, he tried his strong hand at nailing together his varied subjects. By decree he changed the country's official name from "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes" to the more whole-sounding name of Yugoslavia. That that name is only a mask over a rag-bag of nations and languages has been constantly apparent in Yugoslavia's restless political writhings.

The Balkan peoples are monarch-lovers, might be held together by a strong king. But more than two years have still to pass before King Peter attains his majority,

and quiet Regent Prince Paul regards himself simply as his nation's steward, shies away from power-grabbing.

The government in power represents the narrow majority of Serbs and as a Serb Premier Stojadinovich has forcefully taken things into his own hands. Last week Dr. Vladimir Matchek, leader of the Croatian minority which has been shouting for autonomy, made a tentative suggestion that maybe the government would compromise on the autonomy question.

Hard-headed Stojadinovich refused to compromise, and five Cabinet members, feeling that he was killing the prospect of permanent peace, resigned in protest. Prince Paul manifestly agreed with the withdrawn members, for he summoned the Premier, asked him to resign. As new Premier he appointed Dragisha Cvetkovich (pronounced Drhag-ee-SA SVET-ko-vich), one of the protesting Cabinet members.

Jugoslavs wondered whether Premier Cvetkovich would get any further than his numerous predecessors in making peace between the nation's two major races. The rest of the world was watching to see whether he would continue Stojadinovich's pragmatic policy, disapproved by his Francophile people, of making friends with Italy and Germany.

### PALESTINE

#### Background:

**W**HEN the patriarch Abraham crossed the Euphrates Jewish history began and Palestine became a fundamental concept of Jewish life. Exiled by the Romans under Titus, Jews through the ages have forgotten neither their love for, nor their claim to, the land. In all times exiles have been to Palestine to pray, sometimes to remain. The world has been mindful of this. Marshall Saxe, Prince de Ligne of the tranquil eighteenth century, liberal Lord Shaftesbury and Laurence Oliphant of the nineteenth, adumbrated schemes for the resettlement. To gain recruits for his Palestine campaign Napoleon offered Jews the reward of establishment in their native land.

The longing for Palestine passed into nostalgia, but in 1897 it was resolved to a conscious urge by Zionism, a race sect founded by a Viennese journalist, Theodore Herzl, "to establish for the Jewish people a home in Palestine guaranteed by public law."

Came the World war and in an attempt to enlist the aid of the Jews for England the Balfour declaration emerged thus: "His majesty's government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people . . ." Later the League of Nations concurred in this decision, authorized a British mandate in Palestine until Jewish colonization had established an independent state.

Friction began almost immediately, but open rebellion did not formulate until April, 1936. At that time two Jews were murdered, a general strike called by the Arabs and the Arab Higher Committee was formed under the leadership of sandy-haired, pleasant mannered Haj Mohammed Amin el Hussein, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and President of the Supreme Moslem Council, a direct descendent of Mohammed. (This World, October 30, 1938.) British troops were called in to restore order.

In 1937 Britain dispatched able and knowledgeable Lord Peel to Palestine at the head of a commission. (This World, November 13, 1938.) Based on the commission's findings Palestine was di-

vided into two states with certain areas to be under the direct mandate of Great Britain. Arabs who foresaw the rise of Jewish supremacy and the gradual bankruptcy of their own territory again whipped up a rebellion.

Late last year Britain set up a new commission under Indian Civil Servant Sir John Woodhead. He promptly washed out the Peel findings, pronounced partition of Palestine impossible. (This World, October 16, 1938.)

Once more weary Whitehallers turned to the Near East, announced they would invite Arab and Jewish representatives to figure the intricate problem out for themselves, reserved the right to bar leaders responsible for the campaign of violence. Arab patriots immediately construed this as aimed against the Grand Mufti, currently exiled at Lebanon in France's Syria, militantly proclaimed disassociation with the conference until the Grand Mufti was reinstated, insured the potentate's support at home by terrorism and assassination.

#### Claims:

**J**EWISH claims to Palestine are based on historical precedent, the Balfour declaration and their presupposed right to obtain redress from civilization for past and present persecutions. Jews proudly enumerate their deeds in Palestine:

The reclamation of waste lands, general growth of prosperity resulting in an increased standard of living for Jews and Arabs alike, the introduction of sanitary conditions, modern medical methods which have naturally yanked Arab birth rates, increased the population from 600,000 to 990,000. The Jewish population is estimated at 330,000.

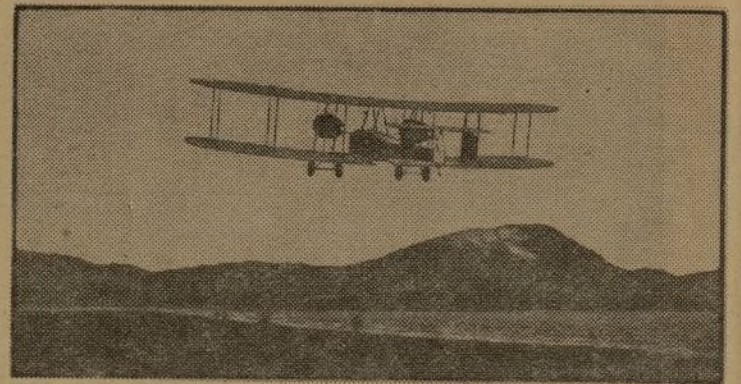
Arabs, who have inhabited the land for 13 centuries, see no reason to relinquish it, quote British promises made by Sir Arthur McMahon in 1915 recognizing Arab independence. By stages the Arab has watched Jewish immigration with fear and opposition, has denounced British control, demanded national independence, protested immigration and sale of land. They now demand immediate and complete cessation of Jewish immigration, a declaration by Britain that the Balfour treaty has been fulfilled, and an Arab national government with the Jews represented in a proportionate minority. (This World, October 23, 1938.)

**T**HE SITUATION TODAY demands a play be called, while John Bull would rather stay in the huddle. Palestine is important to the British Near East policy. It is the nodal point of imperial communications. Three continents meet, and air routes from all points of the compass converge there. It is an invaluable fortification for the Suez canal, and contains the port of Haifa, an important naval base and the outlet for Iraq's highly productive oil fields.

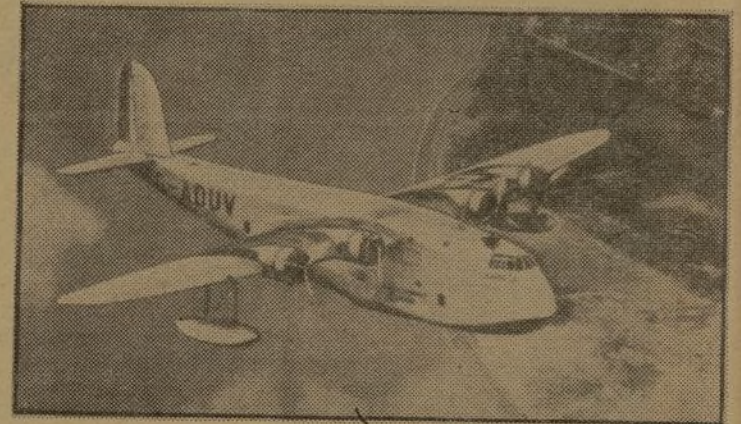
Equally important is Britain's prestige among the Moslem multitudes, co-religionists of the Palestine Arab, who border Palestine in British dependencies and over whom the British Raj rules from the Himalayas to Ceylon. Of no help to this prestige is Italian and German propaganda.

Good Bible reader though John Bull may be he is putting new wine into old bottles in Palestine. As a race the Jews are smart, industrious. As a race the Arabs are shiftless, backward, undeveloped. The result is domination and bloodshed.

Cessation of hostilities is rendered impossible by Arab patriots, family vendettas, glory-attracted bandits, unscrupulous chieftains who seize the occasion to extort



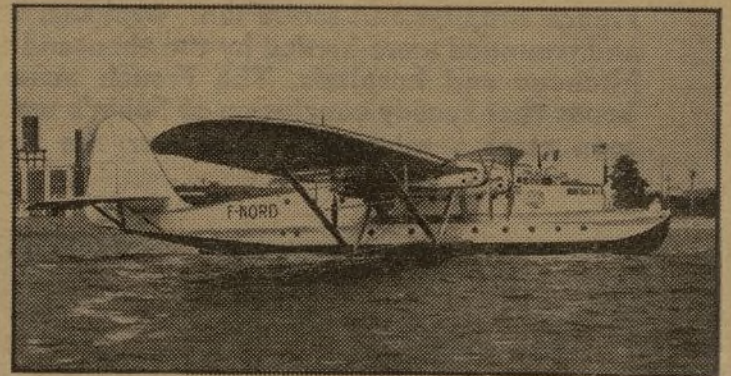
FLYING THE ATLANTIC: First Non-Stop, 1919



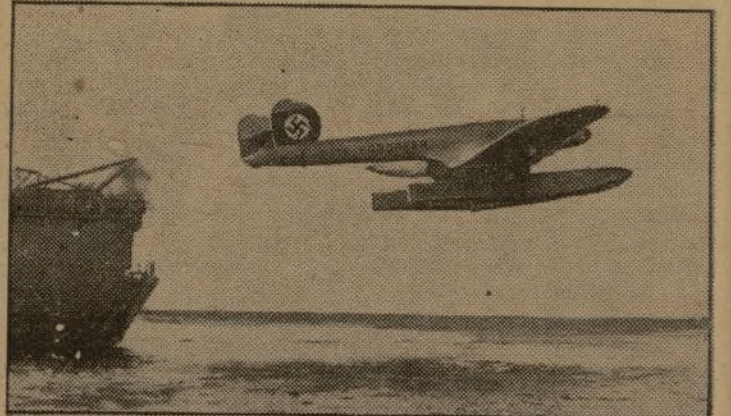
Britain's "Empire" Boat, 18 Years Later.



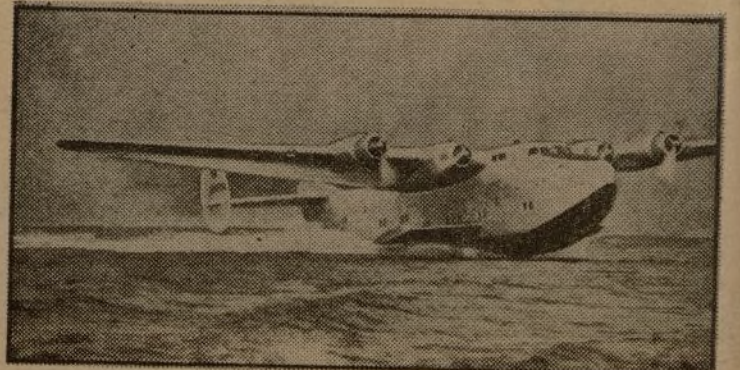
"Pickaback" Mercury, a 1938 Crossing.



France's Six-Motored 40-Ton Monster.



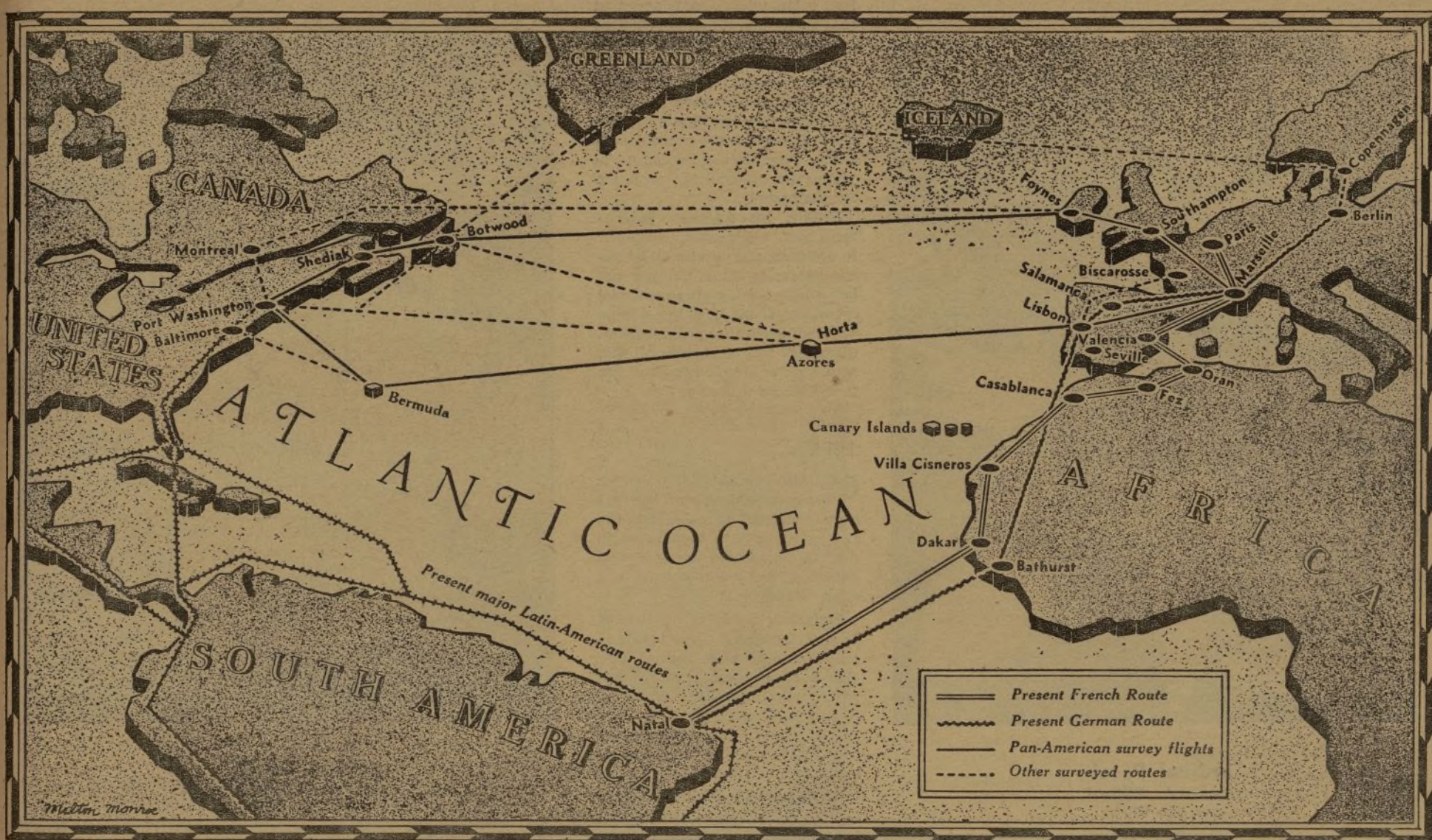
Nazis' Catapult Nordmeer Flew a Schedule.



America's Answer, the New Boeing Clipper.  
(See TRANSPORT)



## REVIEW OF THE WEEK



## America to Europe by Air: Nations Plot a Vital Last Link in a Round-the-World Chain

(See TRANSPORT)

funds for the cause, then turn proceeds back into their own coffers. The Grand Mufti is nominally in charge of the rebellion but many, including Arab chieftains, believe the movement has got out of hand, and "vile people are wearing the clothing of Holy Warriors."

It is estimated in the past two years 3000 have been killed, many more injured, damages have amounted to \$50,000,000.

## Conference:

Last week the long-promised London conference headed by Prime Minister Chamberlain finally materialized. Same day the exiled Grand Mufti showed his hand, gave the conference a poor send-off. A three-day strike was called in Palestine, was met by military action by the British with a suspension of all public meetings, doubling of patrols.

Attending the conference were representatives of the Arab Kingdoms of Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Transjordan and Yemen, all under British influence or protection, in addition to Jews and Arabs.

Indicative of the spirit prevailing was the recalcitrance of the delegates. Arabs refused to enter turreted St. James Palace by the same door as the Jews. Further deterrent was the discord between the Grand Mufti's extremist delegates and the British friendly Arab Defense party. Both factions were agreed, however, on enmity to the Jews.

London statesmen were forced to meet the three factions separately, saw little hope of reconciliation, let alone a solution of the Palestine problem.

Tiraded Prime Minister Chamberlain: "The first essential step to understanding is personal contact."

Nettles are so firmly fixed in John Bull's lawn, terms from both sides so completely irreconcilable, observers thought it hardly worth while holding the conference. Latest developments have strengthened the idea that Britain must try again off her own bat, institute the "United States of Arabia."

By this scheme Palestine would be divided into two autonomous

cantons, each with a government controlling immigration in its own area. The two states would be associated with other Arab states in an Arabian alliance.

## TRANSPORT

## Atlantic Air

SCHEDULED to arrive at Treasure Island yesterday was an elephantine Boeing clipper, sister ship to the four-motored flying boat which came in a fortnight ago. The two were twins in all but one respect. The second arrival—actually the first one built—was to be equipped with special wing and carburetor equipment for cold-weather flying.

Those small pieces of mechanical equipment represented the beginning of a new chapter in aviation. They will enable Pan-American Clipper No. 17 to proceed to the East Coast, inaugurate the first commercial plane service across the North Atlantic. Unnamed sister Clipper No. 18 will stay in San Francisco to slip into the well-tried transpacific groove.

Plane service from Europe to North America has long been the missing thread in the round-the-world web of commercial air lines. The aerial connection established by German dirigible was broken when the Hindenburg exploded at Lakehurst in May, 1937.

## History

History of transatlantic aviation began in 1919. First plane across the North Atlantic ocean was the American naval seaplane NC4, which hopped from Newfoundland via the Azores and Lisbon to Plymouth, England, just eight years before Lindy's touted solo to Paris. The same year two men flew a Vickers twin-motored bomber non-stop from Newfoundland to Ireland in 16 hours and 12 minutes. The bomber was an open-cockpit land plane, its thin wings laced with wires and struts. The two were hailed as "the only men

ever on the continents of America and Europe on the same day."

The anomaly that the most-traveled, best-surveyed trans-oceanic route should be the last to receive commercial plane service is due less to aeronautics than to politics. Pan-American began plans for Atlantic flights in 1930, was prepared to fly that route even before the Pacific crossing. But the U. S. owns a chain of islands stretching 8000 miles into the Pacific and nothing beyond the continental front on the Atlantic side. The vast engineering problems of converting mid-Pacific atolls into modern air bases were small compared to the intricacies of jealous international diplomacy.

In 1931 Pan-American sent five



Pan-American's Trippe  
His great-aunt helped  
(See TRANSPORT)

meteorological staffs to various points on the North Atlantic, including Greenland and Iceland. Two years later Colonel Lindbergh made the first detailed survey flight.

The Colonel, as technical adviser to PAA, flew with Mrs. Lindbergh northeast along the Atlantic Coasts of the U. S., Canada, crossed via Greenland and Iceland to the British isles. The Lindberghs then followed the shore of Europe and Africa to the

equator, where they crossed to Brazil, returning to the U. S. via the Caribbean islands. That survey gave PAA basic information to be supplemented by actual route flying.

By 1935 the company was prepared with sufficient information and equipment to make flights over the Atlantic. Difficulty was that other nations were not equally ready, balked at allowing American planes to alight on European territory before they could send exchange flights from the other side.

Not until 1937 did Britain and the U. S. arrive at the point of exchanging flights. During this period of international haggling, PAA continued with meteorological work. Officers on merchant ships were instructed in the handling of meteorological equipment, sent up instruments on hydrogen-filled balloons to chart conditions in the upper air.

In the summer of 1937 Pan-American sent clippers to England in an exchange with Britain's Imperial Airways, who gave the U. S. its first view of their big "Empire" flying boats, the Caledonia, the Cambria, and the Cavalier. Following winter the Cavalier was assigned to the New York-Bermuda run, the first actual Anglo-American reciprocal commercial service.

For the Bermuda trip Imperial used Pan-American facilities at the New York end, and Pan-American landed its Sikorsky clipper at Imperial's Bermuda terminal on alternating flights. Principal object of the Bermuda exchange was to conduct an experiment in North Atlantic winter flying.

At the end of 1937 Pan-American smugly proclaimed that its survey flights had been completed, that actual service would wait only for completion of the giant Boeing clippers and permission to land in Europe.

THE SUMMER OF 1938 saw an international bustle of planned transatlantic traffic. The U. S. Government had given permission to British, French and German airplanes to land in the U. S., and

Pan-American had made its base facilities available.

Britain planned 15 round-trips to test three types of ships, the Mercury "pick-a-back" pontoon plane, the new Empire boat Cabot, 10,000 pounds heavier than its predecessors, and the low-wing land plane Albatross. Only one of those trips materialized. The Mercury rose from the water at Foynes, Ireland, on the top of the flying boat Maia, was released by a lever and shot out across the Atlantic to Montreal. It arrived at Port Washington, New York, on schedule, returned to England via the Azores and Lisbon. The longer return trip of shorter jumps, was made necessary by the fact that there was no "mother ship" at this end to lift it into the air, enable it to carry a heavier fuel load. Crossing of the Cabot was cancelled, that of the Albatross was abandoned when the ship, made of wood and plastic composition material, broke in two while landing at Croydon.

The French had for two years assisted aviation by maintaining a survey ship in mid-Atlantic, which gathered elaborate meteorological data of the upper air. They only had one plane, however, in a position to use the material. That was the enormous Lieutenant de Vaisseau Paris, biggest thing on wings until the recent launching of the new Boeings.

The French flying boat, launched in 1935, had previously crossed the South Atlantic. Its wing spread is 162 feet, 10 feet greater than Pan-American's newest, its weight 40 tons against 26 for the old clippers and 41½ for the new. Its six motors generate a total of 5200 horsepower, as compared with the 6000 of the Boeing's four.

The Lieutenant de Vaisseau Paris made an unhurried crossing, stopping at Lisbon and Horta, Azores. The heavy ship has insufficient pay load capacity to be used commercially on the route, was merely sent as an exercise in staff-training and route survey.

Sole nation to fulfill its expectations for last summer's surveys was Germany. Having obtained permission to run 14 survey flights to this country, the Deutsche Luft-

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



# REVIEW OF THE WEEK



**Cardinal Pacelli**  
*Probable 262nd*  
(See RELIGION)

hansa line fulfilled its program with spectacular precision.

Thirteen of the German trips from the Azores to New York and return were made by the three catapult planes, Nordwind, Nordmeer, and Nordstern. Shot like a stone from a sling by motherships at each end, the three 18-ton seaplanes kept weekly schedules almost to the minute. The 14th German trip was the almost unheralded Berlin-to-New York non-stop crossing of the four-motored land plane Condor, whose swastika-decorated wings swooped onto Floyd Bennett Field after a 24-hour, 4000-mile crossing. After two days of rest, its crew of four took it back to Berlin in less than 20 hours.

Most remarkable feature of the German seaplanes is the fact that the three catapult planes, as well as the big Dornier which connects with them at the Azores for Lisbon, is that they are Diesel-powered. Germans hold major Diesel patents, have been the first to adapt the oil-burning motor to working aircraft. Diesel oil is cheaper, more available commercially. The engines, because of their weight, were long believed impracticable for aircraft.

**THE PLANE** that alighted in San Francisco bay last week will be the first of any nation actually equipped to carry a serviceable transatlantic pay load. The catapult planes were conceived as mail carriers; Britain's Empire boats are still not large enough for duty on the anticipated Atlantic lanes. Reasons for the European shortage is that they have concentrated on military production, have allowed once-lagging American commercial aircraft to hold the lead.

Pan-American holds another advantage over AirFrance, Luft-hansa and Imperial in that she has a completely trained personnel. Lines need not only ships, but men. Transoceanic flying is a specialty of PAA, who has water-route experience unknown to other nations. Last summer it reported that 14 complete crews of captains, pilots, flight engineers, navigating and radio officers, each had more than 100,000 miles of

transoceanic transport flying experience.

For its over-water trips Pan-American trains pilots, already with thousands of hours flying experience, by starting them on the Caribbean run to South America. Proficient Caribbean men are in turn transferred to the 8500-mile San Francisco-Hongkong crossing. Atlantic pilots will be graduates of both these schools.

Routes across the Atlantic flown in the last two years' surveys are substantially the same as those traveled in 1919. PAA planes left Port Washington for Shediak, New Brunswick, thence to Botwood, Newfoundland, to Foynes, Ireland, and terminated at Southampton. Another round trip was made to Southampton via Bermuda, the Azores, Lisbon, Marseille. European ships touched the same ports, except that Germans and French skipped Bermuda. A suggested, but untried route is a New York-Berlin service via Greenland, Iceland and Copenhagen.

Even on completion of the Boe-

ings a few weeks ago, it appeared that there was still an impediment to Atlantic flight, because Britain was not yet ready with reciprocal service from the other end. Pan-American threateningly turned to France for landing rights, and last week the British government suddenly reconsidered, decided to waive the "reciprocal" condition for the present.

Britain, his majesty's government said, will probably be ready to begin experimental mail-carrying service in June, but will not impose that delay on commercial operations of the U. S. line. Some time this spring, by present plans, Clipper 17 will be christened, will, with a sister ship, begin shuttling U. S. citizens to Europe in a day.

## Politics

**G**RUMBLING about Pan-American's Atlantic plans has not been restricted to other nations. Loudest cries have been heard in the U. S., where citizens and Senators have from time to time cried "Monopoly!"

Pan-American is, in the field of foreign transport, a monopoly. It competes only with lines of foreign nations, most of which are government-controlled. Small U. S. operators have at times had visions of cutting into Pan-American's cake, thus far have not so much as a small slice.

At various times there has been talk in Washington about awarding mail contracts to small struggling lines, to break Pan-American's tentacled dominion. Such talk has usually been quieted by the inevitable discovery that a slash at Pan-American is a slash at the U. S., so tied up are governmental interests with Pan-American's rights abroad. No other line can trade bases, meteorological information, and service with foreigners, because they haven't those things to trade.

## Pan-American

This great line is itself less than 12 years old. In October, 1927, it was a peewee airline whose single flight was a 90-mile run from Key West to Havana. Its success story is the story of Juan Terry Trippe, Yale '22, founder and president.

Trippe had come out of Yale with a record as footballer, editor of the Yale Graphic, the founder of the collegiate flying club. Born into an old seafaring family, American Juan Trippe got the first name, which helps his South American relations, from a great

aunt called Juanita. At Yale he knew all the best people, belonged to the exclusive St. Anthony Club, where his taciturnity earned him the nickname "Mummy." After graduation he enlisted the aid of some of his friends, which included Vanderbilts and Mellons, bought seven planes to form the Long Island Airways Company. In that organization he was president, pilot, sometimes mechanic. He was 28 when he began Pan-American's career.

Pan-American's activities began in the Caribbean, stretched to include Central and South America, reached across the Pacific. Today President Trippe is not yet 40, has steered his company to its colossal operations through a series of aeronautic, engineering, diplomatic and financial achievements. His services to South America and to the Orient have saved the U. S. from perilous foreign trade competition. His fleet of small Sikorsky clippers that run to South America, his complete tank-town runs through that continent have almost nullified the



**Pope Pius XI**  
*"... so many things to do"*  
(See RELIGION)

once-feared German and French Europe-Brazil competition.

## Competition

Monopoly-haters have often invited a Pan-American competition. Latest appearance in that field is American Export Air Lines, affiliate of the moderately successful American Export shipping line, which carries freight from the U. S. to Mediterranean and Black Sea ports.

Vice president of American Export Air Lines is James Murchie Eaton, ex-traffic manager for PAA, who has conceived and announced plans for complementing the latter's northern routes with Mediterranean and Black Sea service. It has been working on a "reciprocal" agreement with Italy, which was frantically seeking a U. S. line with which to make an exchange.

Pan-American last October belatedly gave American Export a promise of equal privileges in foreign ports, on the understanding that American Export would not run competing lines, but would service Southern Europe only.

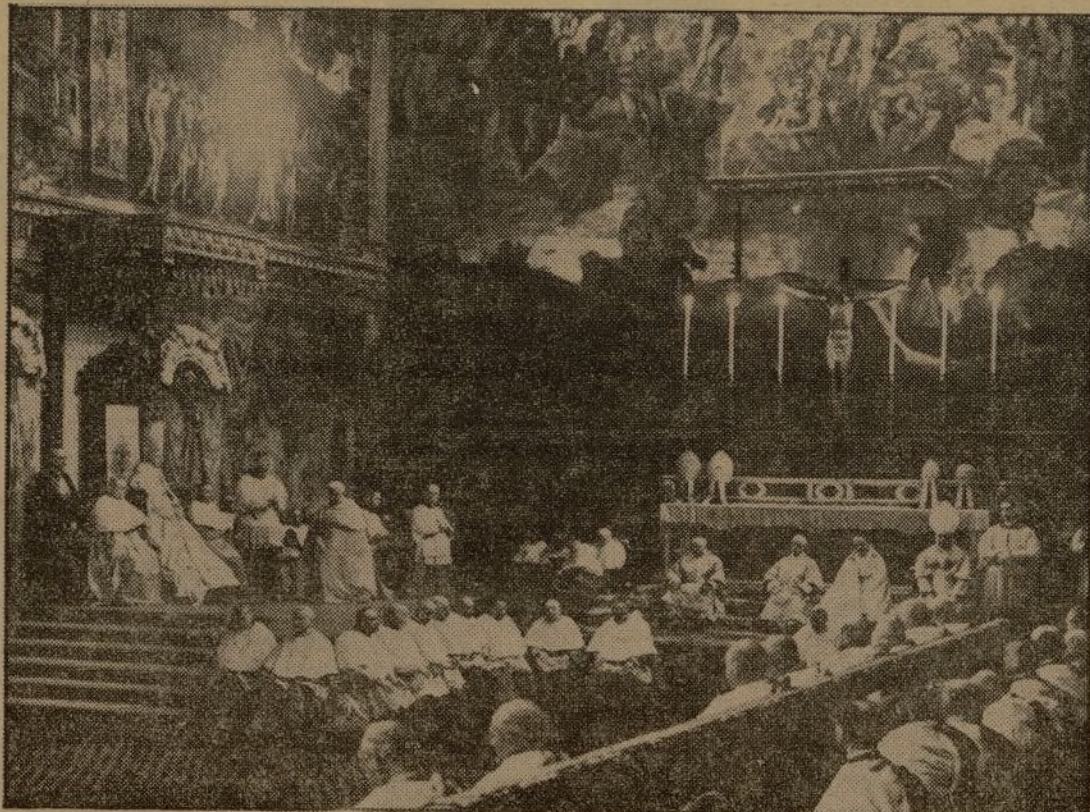
This spring American Export expects delivery on its first ships. It has announced that it will start its flights with Martins across the Atlantic, Sikorskys on the Mediterranean. Meanwhile they are envisioning a 125-passenger flying boat to be co-designed with the Italians, run on a reciprocal schedule across the ocean.

Transport men predict that American Export will not start Atlantic service this year, since not only planes, but trained personnel, operations facilities and a well ordered organization are needed before they can attempt regular flights across the world's most difficult ocean route.

## RELIGION

### "So Many Things"

**A**S THE BELLS of Rome's 400 Catholic churches awakened the worshippers for Friday morning angelus, tears coursed down



**The Vatican's Sistine Chapel**  
*Here the College of Cardinals Will Elect a Successor*  
(See RELIGION)

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

the faces of a group of cardinals who knelt in a room in the Vatican. A still figure lay on the bed before them. Scholarly, ascetic Cardinal Pacelli, his voice shaking, turned from the bed.

"The Pope," he said, "is truly dead."

The indomitable heart of 81-year-old Pope Pius XI, weakened by successive racking illnesses, had finally succumbed to an attack of influenza.

The great bells of St. Peter's tolled the news of the Pope's passing two days before he was to celebrate the seventeenth anniversary of his coronation.

Pius XI, "Pope of Peace" was born in Desio, near Milan, the fourth son of Francesco and Teresa Ratti, was christened Achille. At the seminary in Rome he impressed his teachers with his brilliant mathematics, was recommended to continue his studies in that direction. Disregarding that advice, he elected to follow a religious life, and entered the priesthood in 1879, at the age of 22.

Achille Ratti's advancement in the church resulted largely from his literary capabilities, which caused him to be transferred to Milan, where he became librarian of the Ambrosian Library. He was later appointed by Pope Pius X to the Vatican library, where his literary productions and good nature impressed the cardinals.

In 1921 he was made Archbishop of Milan, and through his knowledge of social and political problems became confidential adviser to Pope Benedict. One year later the modest, book-loving cardinal was elected by the College of Cardinals as successor to St. Peter, as the 261st head of the Roman Catholic church.

His first act as Pope was characteristic. He pronounced benediction from an outside balcony of St. Peter's, first public appearance of a Pope since the break with the state in 1870.

Pius XI made the office of the Supreme Pontiff an active force in the modern world. He met dangers from the secular powers with a policy of intelligent compromise, with dignified expressions of rigid convictions. In 1929 he settled the conflict between the church and the Fascist state, a conflict which began in 1870 when temporal power was stripped from the Vatican. In February of that year an agreement was signed whereby the Pope was acknowledged as a free and independent sovereign governing his own state without interference.

Following the war he reorganized the church in Upper Silesia, won renown as a peacemaker for re-establishing relations with the Greek Orthodox church and with France.

He was personally antagonistic to totalitarian, repressive governments, and the troubled state of Europe brought tears from his eyes, forceful pronouncements from his lips. He strongly denounced the ease of divorce, inveighed against the era of high skirts and low necks for women, scored beauty shows, athletic contests for girls and modern dancing.

But Pius was not, as some Popes have been, a hater of modernism. He was the first Pope to ride in an automobile, broadcast by radio from the Vatican, ordered the installation of elevators and modern power plants. He encouraged baseball, and allowed motion pictures to be made of church ceremonies.

Favorite sport of the Pontiff was mountaineering. He was regarded as an Alpine expert; took daily walks until his illness in 1936 forced him to abandon exercise.

The Pope's dogged refusal to yield to his ailments has been the marvel of the world, the despair of his physicians. He has risen

from seemingly mortal illness to conduct large audiences.

"The Pope must not stay in bed," he told his doctor, "the Pope must be Pope."

When death finally stilled his energies last week, the last words on his lips were a faint sigh:

"We still have so many things to do."

While 400,000,000 Catholics mourned the passing of their Pontiff, funeral services, to last nine days, were planned to begin today. His burial in the grottoes of St. Peter's will take place Wednesday.

From all over the world cardinals prepared to hurry to Rome to participate in the choosing of a successor. Not only Catholics, but the whole Western world was watching to see who would be chosen to carry on Pius XI's work in world affairs, assume the difficult task of smoothing temporal conflicts. Mentioned as most probable choice was Cardinal Pacelli, interim ruler of the church.

Meeting of the cardinals for election of the new Pope may take place not less than 15 nor more than 18 days after his death. Cardinals and their retinues will be locked in seclusion, will cast ceremonious secret ballots until some time after February 25, when traditional white smoke arising from St. Peter's will tell the waiting throngs that they have chosen a successor to the "Pope of Peace."

## BUSINESS

## Utility Truce

SINCE its infant days one big stick behind new deal's business reform program has been direct governmental competition. Sometimes that competition was merely a threat, occasionally an actuality.

Government's Tennessee Valley Authority early became one case where available facilities were held as a club over private industry. Started as a gigantic flood control plan, its various dams evolved, by accident or intent, into huge producers of power, ripe for outlets.

Principal target for this particular governmental howitzer was huge Commonwealth & Southern Corporation, controller of utility operating companies serving some 3200 communities in 11 States. Driving for municipal ownership of utilities where possible, the Government waved the threat of competing lines plus distribution of its "cheap" TVA power when Commonwealth & Southern balked at the governmental "yardstick" for property prices.

This price controversy, plus the larger attendant issues of governmental regulation of and competition with private business, grew into a fight involving bitter recriminations and litigation that several times carried to the U. S. Supreme Court. Quite naturally, TVA rose to be the symbol of unfair Government competition in the eyes of business, has for several years been the battle site of a great war.

Little wonder it was, then, that the business world hailed with great joy last week's announcement of one settlement in the drawn-out campaign. TVA agreed to pay \$78,600,000 for the electric properties of Commonwealth & Southern's Tennessee Electric Power Company. This price will provide funds to retire the Tennessee company's bonds and other indebtedness at par, its preferred stock at par and will provide about \$8,000,000 in cash for common stock. Other properties will

provide common stock with about \$3,000,000 additional.

Since the original TVA offer for the properties had been only \$55,000,000, the settlement was a victory for private business. It was interpreted as a major concession in the Administration's conciliation program and was regarded as a new yardstick that indicated future fair play in Government's dealings with industry.

With the pressure of years thus removed, utility securities last week skyrocketed, attracted the first real investor interest in a long time. Observers promptly predicted that privately owned utilities would shortly seek at least a billion dollars a year for



Actress Betty Grable  
Tummy trouble  
(See NAMES)

new capital outlay, would play a great part in stimulating U. S. business recovery.

Utility executives, however, were slightly less optimistic, withheld opinion. They were awaiting what they considered an even more important decision, the outcome of TVA's negotiations covering Commonwealth & Southern's electric properties in Northern Alabama and Mississippi, which may serve to demark the extent of TVA's future operations.

## CRIME

## Thirty Days

WHEN Texas handed smiling Governor W. Lee O'Daniel, hillbilly flower salesman, the Democratic nomination for Governor he was standing on two four-inch planks: The Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule (This World, July 24).

Fortnight ago wisecracking Governor O'Daniel's Golden Rule appeared to be somewhat moth-eaten. At Huntsville Prison Negro Winzell Williams, sentenced to die in the electric chair last week for the murder of E. B. Atwood, Dallas county dairyman, was given a 30-day reprieve by the Governor. Reason: That the Negro might "stare death in the face" 30 days more as additional punishment.

Texas legislators, ministers and newspapers screamed abuse upon the Governor's act. News editors demanded their reporters make a triple check on the Governor's statement. A Statehouse secretary confirmed the statement, said the Governor had written it in longhand. From Huntsville Prison came a backfire. Said Negro Williams:

"I don't care why he did it. I heartily appreciate it. It gives me 30 more days to meet my maker." Beginning of last week at Austin.

in his weekly broadcast from the Governor's mansion, O'Daniel ventured an explanation, said he had issued the statement in order to arouse public opinion against capital punishment. Explained Governor O'Daniel:

"Had I not given him these 30 days to live he would have, by my inaction, now be dead, with his blood on my hands, because I am now powerless to save his life unless the pardon board should, during this 30 days, change their mind and recommend clemency."

(The State Board of Pardons had previously recommended no clemency be granted Williams. The Governor has power under Texas law to issue only one 30-day reprieve.)

## TRIVIA

## Unanimous

NOBODY in Farwell, Texas, tries to keep up with the Joneses these days. "Toughy" Jones, the youngest son, wedged his finger in a printing press. Carl Jones, the second son, suffered a badly burned arm while working on a tractor. "Rusty" Jones was struck in the eye with a piece of hot metal. This put all the Jones boys in Clovis, New Mexico, hospital except Willie. Willie made it unanimous by looking too long at an electric torch and suffered blistered eyes.

Father W. H. Jones sighed with relief, happy that he didn't have any more boys to add to the list—then he came down with influenza.

## SPORTS

## Soft Shoulder

"WILD BILL" CUMMINGS, who had for years driven high-powered racing cars around the Indianapolis Speedway's banked turns, died behind a steering wheel last week, not without irony.

The 32-year-old daredevil who had won the 500-mile Memorial day classic in 1934, averaging 104 miles per hour, succumbed in an Indianapolis hospital to injuries sustained when his sedan slid on a soft shoulder, crashed through a guard rail and overturned as Cummings was driving alone to his suburban home.

## Wayward

TONY GALENTO, the wayward son of the heavyweight ranks, was welcomed into the ancestral home last week only a few days after one of his "fights" had not only resulted in his being banned from further performances in the State of Michigan, but caused the resignation of the Michigan Boxing Commission chairman.

For the past year, Galento has been persona non grata in the promotional efforts of Mike Jacobs, New York boxing czar who controls the destinies of nearly every champion and contender in the business. A feud between Jacobs and Galento's manager, Joe "Yussel" Jacobs (no relation), kept Tony out of New York, engaging in such smelly performances as his "knockouts" of Harry Thomas, Jorge Brescia and Natie Brown.

The last "knockout" was staged in Detroit, caused the Michigan ban. Yet hard on the heels of the suspension Mike Jacobs announced that he had taken an option on Galento's services, hoped to match him with either Lou Nova, Max Baer or Tommy Farr.

At the same time, Mike Jacobs

decided to allow Champion Joe Louis to pick up a little pin money on the Pacific Coast. Louis will meet Jack Roper, 35-year-old left-hook artist, in Los Angeles April 24, for no particular reason. Roper is a deadly puncher, but not much else. However, as some ring critics pointed out, he was almost certain to give the champion as much of a battle as his last two foes, John Henry Lewis and Max Schmeling, both of whom were knocked out in less than a round without having hit Louis one telling blow.

## NAMES

SIR HENRI WILHELM AUGUSTUS DETERDING, former director general of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, died of a heart attack at the age of 72 in St. Moritz, Switzerland. Born in Amsterdam on April 19, 1866, Deterding started his career at the age of 16 in the Twentsche Bank as a clerk. He followed this with a bookkeeping job for the Netherlands Trading Society, later resigned to join Royal Dutch Oil. In 1900 Deterding became managing director of Royal Dutch-Shell interests and one of the most influential figures in the oil world. He formed an alliance with the Rothschilds in Paris and with Sir Marcus Samuel, head of Shell, in 1903 then began conquest of the oil world. (Ramifications of the Royal Dutch spread eventually through Rumania, Russia, Egypt, the U. S., Mexico, Venezuela, the Argentine.)

Sir Henri's personal fortune is estimated at between \$150,000,000 and \$200,000,000. He retired in 1937.

BETTY GRABLE, motion picture actress and wife of Jackie Coogan, was operated on for appendicitis at Physicians and Surgeons' Hospital in Glendale. The shapely star was stricken in Hollywood during the filming of "Man About Town." Blonde Miss Grable had a tearful but happy reunion with husband Jackie when he flew from Fort Worth, Tex., after interrupting his personal appearance tour.

PAUL C. SMITH, 30-year-old general manager of the San Francisco Chronicle, was named recipient of the annual distinguished service award by the California State Junior Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Smith was chosen for the award as the outstanding young man of public affairs in the State during 1938.

LOUISE RAINER, academy award film actress, sailed from New York on the Aquitania to fill a stage engagement in London. Aboard the Aquitania, also, was British author John Strachey, who expressed regret in not being able to complete the legal battle involving cancellation of his visa, his alleged membership in the Communist party.

HAILE SELASSIE, exiled Emperor of Ethiopia, lost his suit in the Paris Appeals Court for dividends from the Addis Ababa-Djibouti Railway and Salt Company. The Paris court declared itself incompetent to set aside the Italian government's order preventing Haile Selassie from collecting dividends.

ARLIN STOCKBURGER, former State Finance Director, accepted an offer radioed him in Honolulu by Mayor Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles, to become "assistant Mayor" of the city. In Los Angeles, City Councilman James Hyde charged Stockburger was being employed to "be the goat" in the discharge of 1000 city employees.



# THE CORRESPONDENT AT LARGE

## DUCE'S DILEMMA



GREAT difficulty faces Mussolini due to Chamberlain's visit to Rome. On the one hand, Mussolini wants to remain neutral in any war that may

come and desired consequently (a) that England should understand this fully; and (b) that Germany, while disbelieving it, should still have a doubt whether Italy would really fight. On the other hand, he was being watched by Germany in a way that amounted almost to a threat, and in addition felt the need to produce a show of further successes for the Fascist regime.

This situation was further complicated by several practical considerations. He wants Tunis for its enormous strategic value; lower Suez canal tolls because his finances are strained; and control of Djibouti and the Ethiopian railway because he cannot develop his new empire without it.

As a result, Mussolini could only repeat his strong—and quite genuine—desire for peace. Cynical observers here think he will use his grievances about Tunis, the canal and the railway as an excuse for staying in the Balearic isles. Such occupation would annoy France, of course, but it would also keep the Generalissimo "in his place" and subservient; would serve as a counterpoise to German economic and commercial penetration of Spain; and would give him a permanent strategic advantage over France. If Duce would surrender his position in the Balearics only for a large loan (public or private) and for nothing else.

The present position is that he seems to have gone far to make Germany suspicious—especially as the Germans know well that Italian trade in the Balkans and Central Europe has suffered from their new economic drives. Yugoslavia is tending to pass more under German than Italian economic influence, and (what does not seem to be generally known) is becoming more anti-Semitic than Italy.

## INSIDE GERMANY

MUSSOLINI'S main concern is probably with the internal struggle now in progress in Germany—especially as Signor Starace, head of the Fascist party machine, through his position on the Fascist Grand Council is rumored to be more pro-German than ever before. If Duce simply cannot fight because (a) his finances are weak; (b) Vatican policy is divided but the Pope's personal influence was against Hitler; and (c) Italian popular feeling—under much priestly guidance—wants peace, hates Hitler's religious policy, and welcomed Chamberlain with significant warmth.

Thus, everything turns on the internal situation in Germany. English press estimates emphasize German monetary difficulties and attributes to them the obvious pause in German policy. Actually I think they are quite wrong. I believe that while German currency difficulties are acute just now, German general economic difficulties are largely temporary and artificial (due to over-concentration on armaments and on building fortifications in the Rhineland) and can be assuaged by remedial action. What is making Germany pause is the following combination of circumstances:

1—There is an internal struggle in progress in the German hierarchy of government. Himmler, Goebbels, Ley, Von Ribbentrop, Rosenberg and others have been securing more and more control of the party, but simultaneously Goering has been getting Herr Hitler's ear more frequently, with opposite and moderating advice.

**T**HE article at left was written by a man whose name must be withheld because of his official position in the government of one of the world's great powers.

2—Hitler realizes that his big adventure in the Ukraine must wait for co-ordination with a Japanese attack on Russia in the Far East. Japan has clearly said "not before 1940." At the same time Der Fuehrer has come somewhat under the influence of the school of German thought which believes that Russia is approaching a breakup from within. This school emphasizes the weakness of Russia now as compared with a year or two ago. This leaves Hitler in doubt whether to have a rebellion soon in the Polish and Rumanian Ukraines alone and join these through Carpathian Ruthenia (now officially changed to Carpatho-Ukraine) into a new state under German influence which could force Rumania into giving the Reich control of her oil resources, or to wait until all four Ukrainian countries can act together at a moment when Russia is attacked in the Far East—probably in 1940. An important factor suggesting delay is that Hitler's Ukrainian plan has been enlarged to embrace not only the Russian Ukraine proper but also the Donetz basin and all the Caucasus to the Persian border—with the whole northern and eastern coasts of the Black sea, control of the Volga navigation, and command of the sea on the Black and Caspian seas! So grandiose an effort would be easier when Russia was fully occupied in Asia.

## DICTATOR'S MATCH

3—Chamberlain has risen to front rank as a European personal political factor, and both the dictators feel nervous and uncertain about him.

4—Germany is puzzled by Colonel Beck's policy in Poland. There is a pro-Russian and a pro-German party there, and Germany does not want to injure the latter by a sudden Ukrainian move, unless she can be certain of bringing off the creation of a big Ukrainian state.

5—The Von Ribbentrop-Himmler-Goebbels party in Germany is suspicious of Mussolini.

6—Germany is changing her mind about the importance of the navy, and wants time to build up a fleet of small ships and submarines which can make blockade more difficult and which can work against French, British and U. S. A. ships right out in the Atlantic.

7—The temper of the German people, though pleasant and happy, is dead set in favor of peace.

## PEACE PAUSE

8—Hitler has just executed three personal moves, and wants to wait some months to see how they will work out in practice.

(a) Most important, he has made Goering Vice Chancellor. This promotion gives the No. 2 man much greater political and economic power.

(b) He has made Himmler Minister of the Interior—thus giving the Nazi party a larger "say" in the inner councils of the government.

(c) He has superseded Schacht in order to adopt a more vigorous economic policy in Eastern Europe that will reap the full political and economic benefit of Germany's present success.

To sum up, there is a pause in Europe while a dramatic internal struggle works itself out inside Germany. The upshot may be (if Hitler continues to hold the reins firmly with a moderating hand) a year with inevitable tensions but no war.

**T**HE ACTIVITIES of the Irish republican army in various English cities, notably London, Manchester and Liverpool, where, as is known, a series of explosions occurred which were intended to damage important public utility undertakings, are not likely to be of much use to the policy of bringing about a union of Northern and Southern Ireland. This union, enormously supported in Eire and with quite a number of supporters in Ulster, may in the not very distant future become an accomplished fact, but it will be indefinitely postponed if a policy of terrorism and homicide is carried out with the intention of forcing the issue.

## FORCING THE ISSUE

Prime Minister de Valera, who is certainly not behind these bombings, may well pray to be saved from his friends, if indeed they can be called friends of his. There was a time, of course, when the Irish republican army backed De Valera heart and soul, but that was many years ago, when De Valera was in opposition to Cosgrave's government, which was considered too friendly to England. For many years, the I. R. A. has been very critical of De Valera, although the ultimate object of both of them has been the same, namely to drive the British out of Ireland and to bring partition to an end.

This writer remembers quite clearly the Irish troubles of nearly a quarter of a century ago, and he was in London when Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, himself an Irishman, was murdered on the steps of his house in the West End of London by two Irish gunmen who afterwards paid for the crime with their lives. There was neither excitement nor fear expressed or displayed, but a growing firmness of decision to have nothing to do with people and parties who resorted to such methods.

One asks oneself what possible hope of success can these men have. They are intelligent men, moved by an undoubted love for their country and for a principle which they set above all else. Some of them are men whose families have fought for Irish freedom for generations. They must know well enough that their actions will receive no indorsement from the government of Eire.

**S**ABOTAGE, because that is what these bomb explosions amount to, is no doubt indulged in in the expectation that it will embarrass the authorities. Whatever effect such a policy may have in other countries, it is a well-known fact that in England outrages against the community only serve to harden public opinion against those committing them, and Mr. De Valera will be the first to admit that these explosions have been a disservice to Ireland.

As regards Northern Ireland, the action of the I. R. A. has been to close the ranks and to bring waverers into active support of the Ulster government. It is known that the North Irish Minister for Home

Affairs, Dawson Bates, had been marked down as one of the victims of the I. R. A. plot in December, which opened with the blowing up of a number of customs houses on the Eire border. The Ulster government thereupon interned a number of leaders of the I. R. A. who were found in Belfast. These men are in custody and will not be brought to trial for the time being. In other words, they have been put into a sort of concentration camp.

No protest was made to Belfast by Dublin for this action, and it is noteworthy that among the London newspapers which discussed the arrest of these men and their imprisonment without trial, only one, a left party organ, expressed modified disapproval of this act of the Ulster authorities and urged the British government to bring pressure on Belfast to have these men tried. Curiously enough, these views were printed only a day or two before the first bomb explosion in London took place. It is permissible to think that no such remarks would have been addressed to the British government by that paper if the writer of the editorial had been able to see 48 hours ahead.

## CHECK CHECKMATE

**I**T IS NOT EASY for the police at English ports and in the big towns to keep a check on who comes from Ireland. No passports are necessary, and Irish visitors are quickly absorbed into the community once they reach the larger centers. It is known that Irish republican units exist under discipline not only in London and Liverpool, but also in Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham and elsewhere. Though these units are not very large, possibly running to some hundreds all told, they are active and single-minded in the pursuit of their ideal, which is to set up a united Irish republic. They are not particularly hostile to England, but they are ready to commit any act, however unlawful, if they think that such an act will further their policy. They have not realized that terrorism will not further their aims.

Fortunately they have not been very successful up to now in carrying out any spectacular outrage for the simple reason that it is extremely difficult to obtain explosives in this country or to import them from abroad. Only a few weeks before Christmas, the London police seized a number of boxes in the suburbs of the metropolis, containing explosives. These were believed to have been accumulated by people concerned in political crime, and Scotland Yard strongly suspected that the I. R. A. was the owner of the stuff, but no action was taken against anyone in the courts.

—H. J. J. SARGINT (London)



STECCATI



# CLOSEUPS---"Young Sage"

CANADIAN vacationists at Banff in 1933 were modestly startled to see a large group of Japanese in mufti assemble solemnly at the golf course. While a few of their members, with inexpert swings, divoted around the course, the rest of the group trotted behind unhappily.

The Japanese were not treading the fairways in order to take home to their busy countrymen the honorable game of golf. They had been driven there by the determination of a learned Chinese, a fellow-delegate to the Institute of Pacific Relations which was then meeting at Banff.

That astute Chinese was Dr. Hu Shih, possessor of what is described as China's leading intellect. Dr. Hu had optimistically suggested to the Japanese delegation that they meet with the Chinese representatives for an afternoon of conversation, to see what could be done to iron out mutual differences. The liberals of the Japanese delegation hesitated, then agreed. All was set for an amiable Sino-Japanese discussion when the military representatives heard about the plans. In great haste they executed a polite note to Dr. Hu, pleading a previous engagement. To keep up the fiction of that engagement, the whole Japanese delegation was informed that whether or not they knew niblick from mashie they must appear at the golf course that afternoon.

GRANTED that the Japanese were already preparing their war in the Orient, the military's unwillingness to meet with Dr. Hu is understandable. China's greatest intellect is accompanied by a personality so persuasive that it has been regarded as one of Chiang Kai-shek's most formidable weapons. When the Institute of International Relations met in Shanghai in 1931 at the height of the Manchurian "incident," he not only persuaded Japanese delegates to attend, but made international friendships that were highly perilous from the standpoint of military Tokyo.

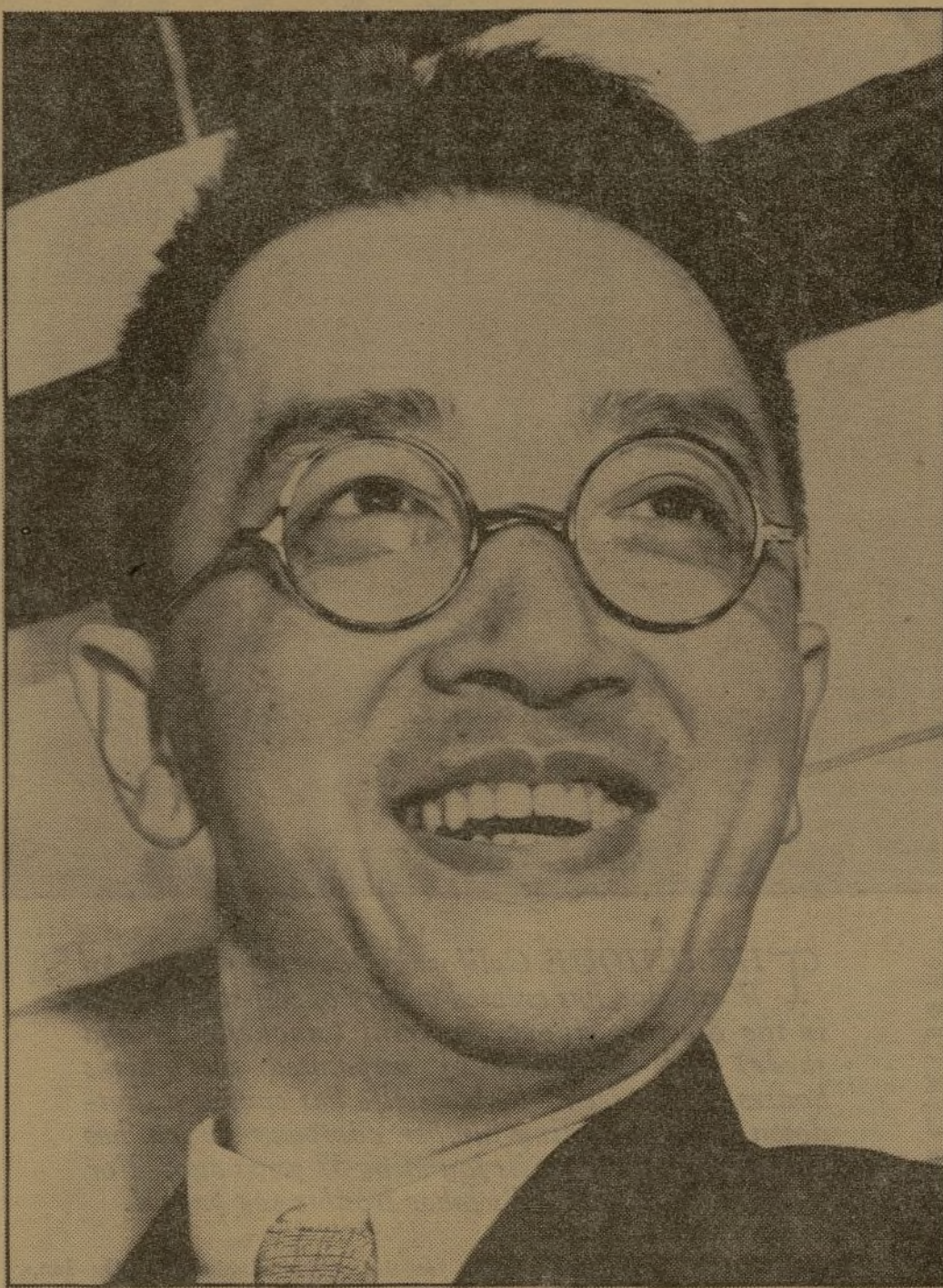
Notwithstanding Dr. Hu Shih's reputation in unofficial statesmanship, he embarked on his first official diplomatic position about a month ago when he sat down behind a desk as Chinese Ambassador in Washington. His occupation of that office ended a long campaign of Chinese persuasion. He has frequently been asked to accept diplomatic posts, but up to now has consistently refused. He explained his acceptance at this critical juncture in Chinese history as "enlistment for national defense."

It is safe to say that no other diplomat comes to Washington holding the exalted status among his own people which Dr. Hu enjoys. Chinese have nicknamed him the "Young Sage." Since the "Elder Sage" is Confucius, Dr. Hu's rank is somewhere in the neighborhood of divinity.

The "Young Sage" is in no wise impressed by this title, and surrounds himself with no aura of Oriental mystery. People telephoning the Chinese Embassy are often startled to discover that the first sound of the bell is answered by the gentle voice of the Ambassador himself.

DR. HU, in Washington, travels between the down town Embassy and his rented house on Woodley road. His residence, surrounded by nine acres of landscaped grounds, is furnished in good Victorian taste, spiced with an occasional Chinese piece. A rambling wisteria droops over his bedroom window. Most Chinese of the rooms is the dining room, where Chinese food is served on a round Oriental table, which has a center revolving section for service dishes and condiments. But even in this room an international note is introduced by the presence of a Negro butler.

In the Chinese Embassy Dr. Hu succeeds convivial, Yale-educated C. T.



DR. HU SHIH

Wang, who was reputed to have the best whisky in Washington, the best palate in the two hemispheres. Like Wang, Dr. Hu is social, popular, maintains a good cellar. However, he prefers foursomes to grand soirees, philosophy to poker, although no one masters him at Mah Jongg.

His wife, who speaks no English, is in Shanghai with their two young sons, waiting, with the rest of China, while their "Young Sage" enlists in the war of wits at the diplomatic front.

What has earned Dr. Hu his title among his own people is a remarkable combination of qualities. In a civilization where scholarship is revered above all else, he is the leading scholar. He is not only the most eminent authority on ancient philosophy and literature, but has been leader of the movement to break with the past, to bring his people to a modern way of life. He is described by John Dewey, America's leading philosopher, as one of the greatest philosophical minds of the age. He is a leading poet in his native language, and a master of English composition.

Dr. Hu does not fit into the Hollywood vision of a Chinese sage, a venerable wispy-bearded figure in mandarin robes. He is one of Washington's younger diplomats—on his last birthday he was 47. His square-cut face is almost boyish and, despite owl spectacles, completely lacks the immobility that is usually associated with Chinese by Occidentals. He has an infectious, enthusiastic smile, and dresses in an easy-going Western manner.

AS A SMALL BOY in Shanghai, son of a widowed middle-class mother, Hu Shih would have been the last to suspect that he would one day take up residence across the ocean. With other Chinese youngsters, he participated in the anti-foreign feeling that culminated the Boxer movement. When the U. S. decided to use part of its Boxer rebellion indemnity to finance the education of Chinese students in this country,

young Hu was chosen as one of the early recipients of the scholarships. When he came to the United States his point of view underwent its first major change. He was captivated by Western ways, by democratic ideals, by modern methods in science and scholarship.

Thinking that he would become a sort of scientific missionary to his rice-growing countrymen, Hu Shih sowed his education in Cornell's agriculture department. In his senior year, he happened to reap a Browning essay prize, which convinced him that perhaps he had better leave farming to others and take up literature and philosophy. He went to Columbia and took his Ph. D. under the tutelage of Philosopher Dewey.

WHEN Dr. Hu went back to China, he brought to the faculty of the University of Peking an unexcelled knowledge of English, an encyclopaedic comprehension of Greek history, of German and English literature, a head full of Western ideas and ideals. Those ideas were sandwiched between the philosophy and literature which he taught his students. With Chinese reverence for a great teacher, those students absorbed his ideas, diffused them through China.

Contrary to those Chinese who believe that their country should hold to the old ways, and merely adopt superficially certain foreign mechanical developments, Dr. Hu holds that China's leaders must attempt to westernize the nation completely. He recommends that they look away from those traditions in which China's culture has been embalmed, and seek to develop a new culture through democracy and universal education.

Dr. Hu describes himself as an atheist, and does not believe in personal immortality. He does believe, however, in immortality of a sort, and disagrees with Mark Antony's remark that "the

good is oft interred with their bones." He illustrates his view by describing how his landlady in Syracuse one day saw him tying his shoelaces with painstaking effort. She stopped him, showed him a quicker, tighter knot.

"I remembered that knot," Dr. Hu adds, "and took it back to China with me, where I have demonstrated it to many of my countrymen. When I die, that knot will live. That is immortality."

It is certain, however, that Dr. Hu's immortality will not be in terms of shoelaces alone. His most significant contribution to the awakening of new China has been in the field of literature and education.

For more than 2000 years the Chinese have written in the language of Confucius. Though the spoken language has evolved a new form in the course of centuries, no work of scholarship or belles-lettres was acceptable unless written in the ancient form. That scholastic lingo bears as little relation to the spoken vernacular of today as Latin does to modern Italian. Chinese moppets were instructed by memorizing Confucian texts, and the test of an "educated" man was the number of classical aphorisms that sprinkled his conversation.

The form and symbolism of literature had become frozen and sterilized in the cold storage of centuries. To the common man, that language and literature was incomprehensible, and put learning forever out of his reach.

DR. HU SHIH set out to do with the Chinese vernacular language what Dante and Boccaccio did with Italian—to give it respectability. His purpose was to substitute real education for literary gymnastics. He maintained that the living vernacular should be the language of serious literature as well as of newspapers. He first had to convince the die-hard intellectuals, who were finally swayed by his precept and impeccable scholastic reputation. The National Board of Education finally proclaimed his victory by ordering that Chinese children should thenceforth be taught only in the "living tongue." Great strides in education immediately followed, and before the Japanese invasion Chinese scholarship was coming to life after 2000 years of mummification.

While dean of the college of letters of the University of Peking, the "Young Sage" found politicians knocking at his door. Leaders in government came to him for advice. Those leaders found in him no amiable stooge, have at times been embarrassed by his refusal to kneel before popular idols.

Greatest of these idols was the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen. His "Three Principles of the People" was regarded as the ultimate oracle by Chinese leaders. Dr. Hu Shih had the temerity to issue a searching and devastating critique of Sun's fallacious economics, calmly braved reprisal. In the days that followed he walked alone to his classes through Shanghai streets, never knowing when a hired assassin might claim punishment for this "treason." But the power of the Chinese government was less than that of the amiable, intellectual doctor. The government yielded, at length, and invited Dr. Hu to serve on the National Finance Commission. Since then he has been an unofficial member of the inner councils of China.

HU HAD to change his spots again in the last few years. He had always regarded himself as an internationalist and a confirmed pacifist. One day, before going to one of his classes, he received a memorandum stating that all organizations, efforts and statements which might be construed as nationalistic or anti-Japanese were ordered suppressed in the university. Without a regret, he says, that day he ceased to be a pacifist.

—PARDEE LOWE  
AND CARL MAYO





By ROBERT McANDREWS

**Y**OU can travel all California without finding another community like Westwood, setting for the latest skirmish in the drawn-out AFL-CIO labor conflict. To find anything even approaching the unique organization of this high Sierra lumber capital you have to go to the company towns of the deep South. For here is a thriving little city utterly dependent upon a single industry; dependent practically and dependent legally. The Red River Lumber Company is Westwood, and Westwood is the Red River Lumber Company.

About 6000 people live in Westwood. Most of them work somewhere in the vast lumber mill which is the town's reason for existing. The others keep the mill workers going—cutting their timber, distributing their food, managing their recreations. Every salaried resident, whether he's actually handling the primary product—wood—or engaged in one of the secondary occupations essential to community life, has his check signed by The Company.

**THE COMPANY** owns all the land. The Company owns every house. The Company doesn't own the churches but it owns the ground they're on. The Company runs the stores, the lone restaurant, the solitary theater.

It's really a remarkable corporation, this Red River outfit which is known in the world's lumber circles by its legendary Paul Bunyan trademark. For 57 years it's been in continuous logging operation with nary a pause for weather or strikes or even depletion of raw material. The Walker boys, who started the business and still direct it drove their first trees down Canada's Red river to market in Winnipeg. The river gave them not only handy transportation but a name for their company.

**MINNESOTA** operations ceased with the last log cut near Akely in 1915. Three years before that, however, the Walkers adopted Horace Greeley's cliché for their own purposes and transplanted their business to the virgin stretches of Northeastern California. Tall timber and tall mountains began to give way before Red River men and Red River horses. The railroad was 60 miles away, but that didn't stop the Walkers from grading first trails and then roads over which machinery and materials by the ton were freighted to what is now Westwood. The entire town and the entire plant had been carefully put on paper over Minneapolis drawing boards. All that the hardy on-the-spot trail blazers had to do was look at the blueprints, then clear away snow

**THE UNIQUE** California "company town" of Westwood has created a story of self-sufficiency in the Sierra. Above, the mill (smokestacks and sheds) and squadrons of unpainted workmen's houses can be seen. Labor strife has caused a shut-down of the gangling lumber company which has not been closed since its founding 57 years ago. For story on Westwood's labor trouble see page 4.

and forest and lay down sewers and water pipes and electric lights and building foundations. Within a year Westwood was sending out its finished product in board feet.

The Walker boys thought then that Westwood would be good for about 17 years. By that time they figured that they'd run out of trees within a distance short enough for economical hauling to the mill. Gradually, however, new methods arrived in both lumbering and transportation. The yield per acre of timber land was increased. Electrified railroads, built by the company itself, extended the profitable radius of operations to 40 miles from town. Now it is estimated that Westwood will be going strong for another 20 years—granting of course that the unions want it there that long.

Westwood buildings are, of course, wooden buildings—white pine to be exact. When they were erected, most of them 20-odd years ago, their life expectancy was a short one, so nobody bothered with such a useless accessory as paint. Nobody has bothered about it in the intervening years either. The Company knows it will be out of Westwood for good in a short time, so why bother about an expensive preservative? The residents after all are only renters; while they cheerfully tend their gardens and fuss over the drape of their window curtains, they callously disregard the depressing picture of miles of unpainted boards.

**IF YOU** should visit Westwood in the wintry season along about now (and it's no easy drive in the Sierra) you'd see a puzzling sight. While mountains and minor streets would be piled deep with snow, the principal thoroughfares would be clear—literally—as mud. The secret is a network of steam pipes laid near the surface of the streets on their way to private homes. Steam is supplied by a huge heating plant in the mill which uses as fuel sawdust waste products. Steam is supplied free to all householders, and as an incidental by-product it melts the snow in the streets.

There would be other surprises for the city visitor in Westwood. You sleep

at the one hotel, the Blue Ox Inn, named after Paul Bunyan's pet bull. The inn bears the distinction of being the Nation's only hostelry which provides a special glass receptacle by your bed for false teeth. Its beds are Waldorf-Astoria caliber. Its furniture is up-to-the-minute. If you stay on the top (second) floor, you're shown the hefty hanging rope which is your homespun fire escape. Should you look out a back window, you might notice the garbage cans nailed to poles several feet above ground so the snow won't bury them. If you choose a front view, you'll sigh at the vision of Utopia signboards reading "Parking Limit, 3 Hours."

You eat at the one restaurant, which is in the same building with the bachelor's lodging quarters and served by the same big kitchen. Or, if it isn't Sunday, you can cross the street to the sizeable general store and sit at a short-order counter. On the way you'll pass the American Legion building and glance at a half dozen bulletin boards nailed to telegraph poles.

**IF YOU** want beer, you can get it in town. If your tastes run to the stronger side, you'll have to drop over to Chester, Westwood's nearest neighbor, located 14 miles off. Your initial visit to a Chester bar will hark you back to the days of your first Western movies. Saturday night, when Chester is the rendezvous for hundreds of Westwood lumberjacks and lumberjills, is the recommended time. If you stay in any one resort long enough, you'll probably see everything happen that happened in those two-gun flickers of another decade. Nevada at its wide-open-est has nothing on Chester of a Saturday p. m.

The company's offices with Walkers still ensconced behind the important desks, are connected with the San Francisco salesroom by direct teletype—although to telephone the city you have to go through Reno, Nevada! Occasionally traveling salesmen come through, yet in practically everything The Company is self-sufficient. Even the delightful Paul Bunyan booklets, distributed by The Company as a good will gesture through 17 years and nine editions,

are printed in color right in the advertising offices.

**WESTWOODIANS** like their town. The newspaper editor told me he wouldn't go back to his city writing post for any money. He draws a salary equivalent to a good metropolitan wage, and has to spend only a small percentage of it for living expenses. One of the best houses in town is his for \$35 a month, with steam heat, telephone, electricity, water and garbage collection all thrown in. His only entertainment costs are an occasional moving picture, cartridges for his rifle and gasoline for his car.

The Red River Lumber Company has not closed down in 57 years. It is one of the few firms in the field to continue work unabated during the severe winters of all big timber areas. During the past four years the Westwood plant has worked three shifts steadily around the clock. Business is good, undeniably.

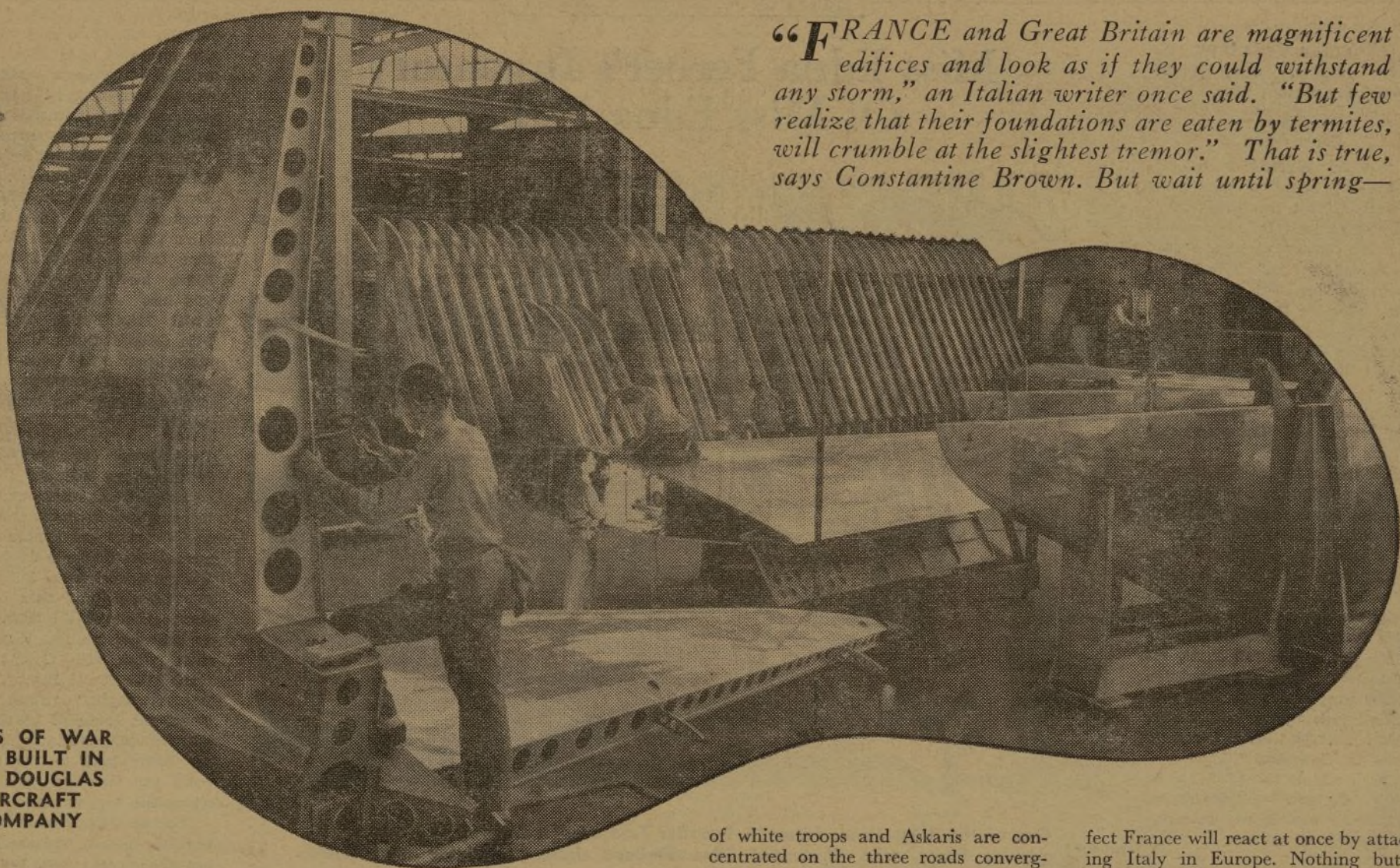
Lassen county, in which Westwood is located, certainly appreciates this behemoth within her gates. One-third of all the taxes in the county are paid by this one company!

Electrically operated throughout, the Westwood mills are a marvel of mechanical ingenuity to the visitor lucky enough to spend a full day making a complete tour. Their annual capacity is 240,000,000 board feet, feet which are shipped to all parts of the Nation. Lumber here goes through almost every conceivable operation. It is cut into ties and laths, rolled into plywood and veneer, manufactured into boxes and crates. Most of the machinery which puts it through these processes is made right in the plant. The electricity which powers the machinery is generated in the mill's own hydro-electric generator.

**WHETHER** all this is to fall before the modern juggernaut created by the clash of two labor philosophies is the question of the week. Several hundred CIO men in Westwood claim they are persecuted—not by The Company, but by the AFL local. The latter, with over 1500 members on its roster, blames the National Labor Relations Board for postponing time and again the formal election necessary to settle officially which union has the majority for bargaining recognition. AFL men accuse the NLRB of bias in favor of CIO, say that repeated delays are made with the hope that CIO will gather strength in the meantime. The company sits on the fence, stipulating only that in the likely event of violence, employees and not employer must be held responsible.



# STRONG ARMS ACROSS THE SEA



BIRDS OF WAR  
ARE BUILT IN  
THE DOUGLAS  
AIRCRAFT  
COMPANY

By CONSTANTINE BROWN

FRANCE at the present time is producing 64 planes a month. It has mixed equipment—some excellent material constructed in the last two years and some good but antiquated weapons, tanks, tractors and artillery, dating ten years back. Her ammunition factories are producing shells for the field and anti-aircraft artillery at peacetime speed. The French have only some 1800 shells per gun—the amount necessary in the event of war is some 10,000 shells per gun. The airplane factories are being modernized with American machinery, but the process is slow. The French Air Ministry hopes by the middle of April to be producing some 200 planes a month.

War preparations in Great Britain—a more industrialized country than France—are also progressing on a peacetime schedule. British factories are now delivering some 200 planes a month. Mr. Chamberlain, while keeping the actual figures confidential, expects this production to increase to 320 a month some time after April. The arms and ammunition factories are delivering war material in sufficient quantity for the small army Britain might be compelled to send out as an expeditionary force—smaller than in 1914. The factories, following governmental instructions, are concentrating on material primarily for the defense of the civilian population—anti-aircraft, guns, gas masks, nets, etc.

Germany at this time is producing an average of 730 airplanes every month. Her factories are delivering enormous quantities of guns and mountains of war material. Krupp, Skoda and the Steyer (Austrian) works, equipped with the most modern machinery, are working at war pace. There is no limitation to the hours of labor—the average being 65 a week. Her entire equipment—tanks, guns of all kinds and calibers—is the most modern in the world. No guns older than three years are in service. The defects of the motorized corps, discovered during the march on Austria, have been remedied. It can safely be said that the German forces which would be thrown into action in the first few months of a campaign—some 1,500,000 men—are equipped with the most modern and efficient war material with ample ammunition for a lightning attack.

ITALY'S war equipment is more modern than that of the French. There

are deficiencies in her artillery—mainly in the heavy anti-aircraft guns—but these are being taken care of by Herr Hitler. Airplane production amounts to some 450 units a month. In this figure is included the planes which are being manufactured for certain South American countries. These are being delivered while Italy is at peace, but will be commandeered if still in the country the day Italy goes to war. In the meantime her factories maintain production at top speed since the South American countries pay for the craft with the raw materials necessary to manufacture planes. It is like bringing leather to the shoemaker and paying him for his work in the material with which the shoes are made. The mechanized forces are believed to be better than the German. The 1,200,000 men Italy could send into the field the first few days of mobilization are highly trained.

THESE cold statistical facts tell the story as to why the totalitarian states are in a position to demand at this time anything they want from the European democracies. In less than a year it is probable that the French and the British manufacture of war materials will be increased sufficiently to resist the challenge of the totalitarians. An Italian staff officer expressed the situation to this writer in the following equation: "Since September 30, the effort of the French and the British could be expressed by the formula X plus 5. During the same period the effort of Italy and Germany has become X plus 4. What the equation will be a year from now we don't know, but it would certainly show a less favorable proportion in our favor."

This purely technical position of the two groups facing each other in Europe is considered here one of the fundamental reasons for the present fear that war in Europe will not be delayed longer than next spring. The general belief in military quarters, which judges situations unemotionally, is that 75,000 men of the 125,000 which the Italians have in Ethiopia will attack the 6500 French force in Djibouti, conquer the town and port; then Il Duce will turn to France and Great Britain and ask them whether they want to begin a world war for the sake of a "hole in the Red sea." The Italians are positive that the French will not dare retaliate.

There are indications that the apprehensions of the French General Staff are correct. Five Italian divisions

of white troops and Askaris are concentrated on the three roads converging toward Djibouti. Italian detachments have already entered some sections of the French territory. Stores of gasoline and oil for airplanes have been established on the African-French-Italian border. The Italian fleet on the Red sea has been increased in the last three weeks by the addition of a large cruiser, two submarines and three destroyers. Against these the French have in the port of Djibouti one destroyer and a gun boat.

In Rome and in Berlin there is a deep conviction that the French official assertion that "France considers as French territory every section of the world where the tricolor flies, and will fight if the flag is attacked" is so much talk and hot air. In both capitals there is an unshakable belief that the democratic form of government is incapable of resisting the totalitarians because people do not want war. But while the masses are free to express themselves in a democracy they can do nothing but obey in a dictatorship. A prominent Italian told this writer: "France and Great Britain are magnificent edifices. They look as if they could withstand any storm. But few people realize that their foundations are eaten by termites and they are going to crumble at the slightest tremor, at the slightest push."

THERE have been military activities in Africa and in Europe which indicate that the Rome-Berlin front is unshakable. In Africa, two motorized Italian divisions have been transferred from the center of Libya to the Egyptian border, as a warning to Great Britain of her vulnerability in Egypt. Marshal Italo Balbo's aviation forces have been increased by some 80 machines. Six German divisions have been concentrated between Ilagenfurth and Willach on the German-Italian border to be moved at a moment's notice either to Italy or across the Mediterranean to Africa. Approximately 420 heavy and anti-aircraft guns have been dispatched from Germany to Italy since January 4. This more than covers Italy's deficiencies in that type of artillery. These guns will be used in the Alps and in Northern Italy to meet any conceivable emergency.

Despite the open preparations for a showdown and the unmistakable superiority in military preparations of Italy and Germany, the feeling in this country in the government—among the high ranking officers of the General Staff and among the population itself—is that if Italy puts her threats into ef-

"FRANCE and Great Britain are magnificent edifices and look as if they could withstand any storm," an Italian writer once said. "But few realize that their foundations are eaten by termites, will crumble at the slightest tremor." That is true, says Constantine Brown. But wait until spring—

fect France will react at once by attacking Italy in Europe. Nothing but a desperate attitude can save France from becoming another Belgium or a Portugal, say French leaders. While they all admit that it is inconceivable that France could fight both Italy and Germany successfully, there is a deep conviction among the people that neither Great Britain nor the United States could allow France to be crushed by the totalitarian states. The feeling of the country can be summed up in the following sentence: *Nous ne désirons pas la guerre mais si on nous attaque nous allons nous casser le cou joyeusement.* (We don't want war, but if we are attacked we are going to break our necks cheerfully.)

It is axiomatic to any Frenchman, regardless of what Mr. Chamberlain and his advisers in the city say or think, that Great Britain cannot stay out of a conflict in the event France fights Italy and Germany at the same time. It is less axiomatic that American support will be forthcoming. But, they say, they don't need American boys across the water. All they need is American airplanes, American tanks and anti-aircraft guns. For this purpose they have enough gold to meet the requirements of the first six months of war. The rearmament program of the United States is filling the French and the British with optimism.

THERE is no doubt that there is no signed or other kind of an agreement between President Roosevelt and the democratic governments of Europe. There are not even formal promises of what this Government may or may not do in the event of a conflagration in Europe this spring. But every Frenchman and every Britisher is convinced that President Roosevelt and a large section of the American people realize the consequences of a defeat of the French and the British in a conflict with the dictatorships. Both liberal states keep the American Government fully informed of moves made in Europe. Every communication sent to Washington contains the same alarmist note: "Everything indicates that France will be attacked in Djibouti in the early days of this spring. France will defend her territory by entering Italy—the battle of Djibouti will be fought on the River Po (Italy). We have enough money to buy everything we need from you. If you want to save yourselves let us purchase what we have not been able to produce in time—airplanes, tanks, guns and ammunition."

It's a 1916 picture, retouched to the lighting of 1939.



# BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS

Edited by Joseph Henry Jackson

**A PECULIAR TREASURE.** By Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Doran; \$3.00.

Reviewed by  
JOAN NOURSE

IT WAS WITHOUT DELIBERATE intention that Edna Ferber wrote five novels "that touched at least the four points and the center of the United States of America." She herself discovered her feat in 1934, 10 years after the first of them had been written. And there they were, "So Big" representing the Middle West, "Show Boat" the South, "Cimarron" the West, "American Beauty" the New England region, and "Come and Get It" the North.

The theme for each had long and separately grown in her mind before it was formed into a novel, and each had been inspired as if by chance by a person's face, usually, that stood forth in individuality against tradition-hackneyed background. Then, in 1938, Edna Ferber saw her life possibly in the shape of a full circle. "I went back then five years—twenty-five; and from that distance I took a long look at myself. . . . So then I began to make this inventory."

The inventory turned out to be Edna Ferber's autobiography, which she has chosen to name "A Peculiar Treasure."

MISS FERBER was born in "that faintly improbable sounding town called Kalamazoo, Michigan." Her father, "gentle and irascible," was Hungarian, a fact that later had significance in Edna Ferber's life. Her mother had been born in America and typified the American-Jewish families that settled to hard work and rich enjoyment of life while they made their first goal the development of a new country.

Briefly settled in Ottumwa, Iowa, Edna Ferber learned in childhood the bigotry that some small towns snugly harbor. The experience remained with her and showed itself as enriching, and possibly holds the key to a little of the reason for her success. Like most persons made the objects of ridicule, Edna Ferber held her tongue in her tormentors' presence, but made her resolution, as who has not, "to be rich and famous and you'll wish you could speak to me." Unlike most persons, Edna Ferber has "become

rich and famous, and has lived to see entire nations behaving precisely like the idle frustrated bums perched on the drug store railing of Ottumwa . . . searching for a minority on whom to vent their dissatisfaction with the world."

In the happier and more prosperous town of Appleton, Wisconsin, the Ferbers settled while Edna and her sister Fannie did their growing up. "The Appletonians," she remembers, in contrast to the citizenry of Ottumwa, "worked, lived, were content, behaved as civilization does when it is not frightened and resentful." Edna went through school and dreamed of being an actress. (To this day she calls herself a blighted Bernhardt.) Instead of the stage, however, Edna Ferber, at 17, became a girl reporter on the Appleton Crescent, and she has been writing ever since. From there she went to the Milwaukee Journal, and then, following a severe

illness, to independent fiction. Her capacity for work, and her ability to discipline herself, she recognizes as a direct result of the hard lessons she learned during her reporting days.

MISS FERBER'S first novel was "Dawn O'Hara," which "sold 10,000 in its regular edition, which wasn't by any means spectacular, but which wasn't, on the other hand, bad for a first novel, and a mushy novel at that." She was regularly selling short stories, and shortly she released her most famous short story character, Emma McChesney, who kept her in creative material until 1915.

Slowly, and under self-driven

impulsion, the reporter's habit of condensation of material was eased to allow the development of Miss Ferber's novels. She had them deeply within her, and when they once began, they kept on coming. There were "Fanny Herself" and "The Girls." In between there was a war, to which Edna Ferber almost went, but was prevented, to her chagrin, at the last moment, and there were many more short stories, particularly "The Gay Old Dog." Then, the story that Edna Ferber hesitated to send to her publisher, the one inspired by a glimpse of a woman's cameolike face, serene in the fury of a vegetable produce

## Miss Edna Ferber's Inventory Of Miss Edna Ferber



One of the illustrations from "A Peculiar Treasure," a drawing by James Montgomery Flagg, who illustrated Edna Ferber's short stories for many years.

market, was born, and "So Big," the novel that of all Miss Ferber's writing will remain without enclosure, brought her the fame and deserved admiration that she had childishly wanted in Ottumwa.

In 10 years the others of "the American scene" followed. "Show Boat" grew from a chance remark of Winthrop Ames and contains the legends and chronicles that Charles Hunter, the show boat's leading man, graciously told her. After an interlude, in which Miss Ferber collaborated with George Kaufman in writing plays, there was "Cimarron," the story set in Oklahoma, which story she feels has been misunderstood.

ROUNDING the continent came "American Beauty," the story of Polish immigration and settlement in New England, and "Come and Get It," the lumber tale, in which Miss Ferber feels she made the great mistake of killing Barney Glasgow and thus breaking the backbone of the book. Again, in between novels, there were more plays with George Kaufman, "The Royal Family," "Dinner at Eight," "Stage Door." Then, the sense of bearing lost, and the reason for autobiography, for going back to the starting point and retracing steps to find where the way was missed.

Whether Miss Ferber finds her bearings or not, and the chances are she already has, her search for them has resulted in an autobiography of sustained interest and deep understanding. Her concern is more for the world and its ever-nearing crisis than for anything personal. She has had no false modesty in writing about her own work. She has measured its success and its value in terms of hard work done, sincerity of effort sustained and pride in success the receipt. That it may all have been futile, as the future hovers darkly, she does not suggest. Only one indictment does she make as she welcomes middle age. "But who now envies youth? Not I. And that this should be so is the most terrible indictment of the human race, and of the civilized world."

## A Doctor Holds Five of a Kind

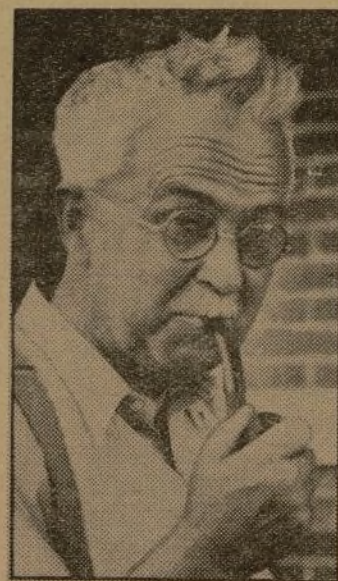
**THE LITTLE DOC: The Story of Allan Roy Dafoe.** By Frazier Hunt. New York: Simon & Schuster; \$2.

Reviewed by  
WILLIAM HOGAN

BIRTH OF THE DIONNE Quintuplets made the sad little northwoods country Doctor Allan Roy Dafoe an international celebrity within 24 hours. The fact that the babies lasted a day was miracle enough. When they had survived a week, expert medical men began to agree that in anyone's hands but the shy, stammering little Doc Dafoe they would have been "specialized" to death.

The longest any set of five babies are known to have lived before the birth of the Dionnes was 50 minutes. No single child of quintuplet birth had ever been known to have lived more than 57 days. Yet this man, broken in health and spirit, past the 50 mark, with the aid of a pair of humble neighborhood midwives and a young nurse on her first case, kept all these tiny clusters of flesh alive for a week apparently against all forces of nature.

FOR three years Frazier Hunt has been closely associated with the country doctor who had so much to do with the dramatic story of the Northern Ontario



Dr. Dafoe  
Inseparable from quints.

woods. No fiction writer, he contends, could possibly have plotted a more incredible tale or drawn more fantastic characters than this story and its cast.

Dr. Dafoe was to prove by the living of these five lovely girls that somewhere along the stony paths that he traveled in his long journey through obscurity and partial failure he had become a master in the rare art of healing. Papa Dionne's pathetic state-

ment throughout the first week of the Little Doc's marvelous work was, "A man like me should be in jail—locked behind bars." He was thinking of five more mouths to feed, adding to his already overburdening difficulties. He perked up when various promoters showed him how he could make money with his new charges, and was duped into signing alarming contracts for side showlike schemes. The Little Doc added these to his worries, and thereby came the famous fight for control of the children.

THE little girls are worth nearly a million dollars right now, nevertheless, as they approach their fifth birthday. The doctor has a considerable income himself, although he has never sought money. His international fame, his decorations, lecture appointments, syndicated articles, money-making devices of all shapes are to him an amazing error, a duration of the quintuplet miracle.

Come to think of it—as Frazier Hunt did—he never actually was paid for the Dionne job. Simply never got around to it. Little incidents like this, the insight of a good reporter intent on tapping the fullest from the potential drama of his material, make the biography of Dr. Dafoe and the story of the Dionnes an exciting and excellent piece of work.

## Best Sellers of the Week In San Francisco

### FICTION

- (1) All This and Heaven, Too. By Rachel Field. (Macmillan)
- (2) Rebecca. By Daphne du Maurier. (Doubleday, Doran)
- (3) The Sword in the Stone. By T. H. White. (Putnam)
- (4) Disputed Passage. By Lloyd C. Douglas. (Houghton, Mifflin)
- (5) Wait Until Spring, Bandini. By John Fante. (Stackpole)
- (6) Dynasty of Death. By Taylor Caldwell. (Scribner)
- (7) The Wild Palms. By William Faulkner. (Random House)
- (8) Three Harbours. By F. van Wyck Mason. (Lippincott)

### NON-FICTION

- (1) Days of Our Years. By Pierre van Paassen. (Hillman, Curl)
- (2) Consultation Room. By Dr. Frederic Loomis. (Knopf)
- (3) Address Unknown. By Kressman Taylor. (Simon & Schuster)
- (4) Our Battle. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. (Simon & Schuster)
- (5) With Malice Toward Some. By Margaret Halsey. (Simon & Schuster)
- (6) The Big Four. By Oscar Lewis. (Knopf)
- (7) Listen! The Wind. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. (Harcourt, Brace)
- (8) Alone. By Richard E. Byrd. (Putnam)



# Zippers Replace the Heart Strings

**THE DEATH OF THE HEART.**  
By Elizabeth Bowen. New York:  
Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

Reviewed by  
CHRISTOPHER STULL

MANY A SENSITIVE heart, in fact almost every sensitive heart, dies once before it achieves maturity. To live in the adult world would be almost impossible without this death. But it is a cruel ending to childhood. In her new novel, "The Death of the Heart," Elizabeth Bowen tells not only how the young heart suffers in betrayal but how adults react when, in the mirror of conscience, they face their own part in the treachery.

The story centers about Portia Quayne, who was just 16 when she came to London to live with her half-brother, Thomas, and his wife, Anna. Her father had had a middle-aged affair with a widow, of which Portia was the unhappy result, and Thomas' mother had packed him off to a second marriage and the life of a social outcast. Mr. Quayne specified in his will that Portia was to go to Thomas and Anna when he died. The second Mrs. Quayne disregarded him and she and Portia lived in hotels and boarding houses on the Continent until she died, too. Then Portia went to London under the impression that life there would be different—solid and respectable.

SHE attended a most acceptable girls' school, in which she was never quite accepted, and tried to fit her life into Thomas' and Anna's pattern. She was still walking around in that half-removed daze in which young people watch grown-ups for some clue to adult behavior. Vulnerable to impression, she observed Thomas' and Anna's every move with an innocent interest that did not seem to Anna entirely innocent, though Portia merely wanted to know how normal people lived under ordinary circumstances.

But Thomas and Anna, living in

the contemporary world, were not entirely normal. They had, too, their individual eccentricities. Thomas and Portia even found it difficult to talk to each other; Anna was hostile. So Portia lived almost alone in the house at Windsor terrace.

Then she made friends with Eddie, a protégé of Anna's. Of all people, she could scarcely have made a worse choice. Eddie had often been called a "little rat" and that describes him rather well from one viewpoint. Portia was too innocent to understand that he liked her because their friendship did not necessitate the furtive rewards which women demanded of him in return for their patronage. He was Portia's first love and, although he was scarcely a desirable person to introduce her to the devious deliriums of that emotion, with her his behavior was decent. But she unexpectedly began to grow up and become possessive and that was precisely what Eddie could not endure.

PORTIA is so delicately portrayed that only if one remembers adolescence well is it possible to understand how she hesitated on the very brink of a knowledge and realization of the world and was yet innocent. As a child does, she saw but did not understand and, so, did not interpret human behavior.

Love "is felt at the price of feeling all human dangers and pains. The lover becomes the sentient figurehead of the whole human ship. . . . Pity the selfishness of lovers; it is brief, a forlorn hope; it is impossible."

It was through love that life became known to Portia in its realistic aspect. Thomas, Anna and Eddie and all the rest of the adult world betrayed Portia, the child, almost without realizing what they were doing to her. When it seemed to Portia that she could not see any of them again, she ran away, to Major Brutt, an older and kinder friend. The scene that ensued at Windsor terrace when

Portia's whereabouts became known is, together with an earlier description of the tribulations of Thomas' father, incomparably vivid writing.

Miss Bowen uses English acutely, writing modern novels without resorting to those now obvious obscurities of expression employed by many of her contemporaries to describe the machinations of the mind and emotions.

According to her publishers, one of her "favorite authors" (and therefore probably one of those who have most influenced her), is Henry James. For the interpretation of relationships between people, her work does resemble James', though she has more delicate precision than he and she particularly excels in a sensitive delineation of character. Anna and Thomas are finely drawn and Eddie may, in a sense, be taken as a further development of an unpleasant side of Anna. He also represents a phase in Anna's relationship with Robert Pidgeon, her own first love. Major Brutt provides the normal, conservative viewpoint, a backdrop for the neuroses of the other characters.

FOR A WHILE it seemed that Kay Boyle had inherited the mantle of Katherine Mansfield. But now that Kay Boyle has wandered off into verbal surrealism, it is Elizabeth Bowen who has taken up where Katherine Mansfield left off, and gone beyond her. She is now a more finished and mature artist, and a more dexterous one, than Katherine Mansfield ever was. One feels that Miss Bowen is doing what Katherine Mansfield would have liked to do and has developed more fully and completely than perhaps it was possible for her to develop. If Miss Bowen has not yet realized the full possibilities of her artistry, at least she shows every indication of doing so, and as it stands today, in literary significance, her work deserves the place it has been accorded beside that of Virginia Woolf.



Elizabeth Bowen  
*Agonies of adolescence her story.*

## PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL

**WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE.**  
By Hamilton Fish Armstrong.  
New York: Macmillan; \$1.75.

Reviewed by  
GEORGE HEDLEY

IN THESE decisive moments not only the fate of Czechoslovakia is at stake but also that of the other nations, and notably France. Thus ended the despairing appeal of the Czechs on September 20, 1938—an appeal unaccountably left out of the British "White Paper," and here first printed in its full French text as the closing appendix to Mr. Armstrong's analysis.

By now it is obvious that Munich yielded European hegemony to Hitler, and that the "succession states" can find respite only as satellites of the Nazi sun. It is increasingly apparent that France, reduced to the rank of a second-rate power, can expect no more vigorous support from Britain than she and Britain gave to the one democracy of Central Europe. What remains to be seen is whether the "Cliveden set" will succeed in maintaining collaboration with the dictators or whether at last Britain will be forced to fight a war infinitely more difficult and dangerous than last September's possible worst would have engendered.

Nowhere has the background of these situations been more clearly summarized than in the present volume. The editor of "Foreign Affairs" examines in detail the course of events from February to October, 1938, appends a 73-page chronology which should become the standard starting point for study of "The Great Delinquency." (The phrase is contributed by "Pertinax," the leading French journalist who foresaw the outcome. As factual as the chronology, and more succinct, it, too, merits place in standard usage.)

ARMSTRONG is careful in statements of fact, cautious in ex-

pressions of opinion. He differentiates between what is known and what may be only guessed. Such judgments as he offers are tactical rather than moralistic. Yet the inescapable conclusion is that Munich marked the sacrificing at once of absolute treaty commitments and of every sound principle of national self interest. To cap the argument it is necessary only to note France's official request that Mr. Chamberlain, in his recent visit to Rome, should not attempt to "mediate" issues of North Africa.

A contribution of special import is Armstrong's survey of the actual settlement after Munich—very largely ignored in foreign dispatches once the crisis was "ended." No plebiscites were held. German areas were identified in accordance with the Austrian enumeration of 1910 instead of the Czech census of 1930. No less than 315 parishes with Czech majorities, even by this prejudicial count, were assigned to Germany. In almost all these cases, some industrial advantage accrued to the Reich. Czecho-Slovak policies, whether foreign or internal, are dictated from Berlin. Non-Nazis trapped in newly Nazi territory? The "International Commission" has manifested no interest in their fate.

Twenty-five centuries ago a statesman of a small nation, crushed in the interplay of imperial forces and betrayed by her powerful "ally," gave voice to the words which provide Armstrong's title. Benes seems more phlegmatic than was Jeremiah. But how intensely the new Chicago professor must echo, of those who have announced "peace with honor . . . peace for our time," the plaint of the Judean prophet: "They have healed also the hurt of my people slightly, saying 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace."

## Lincoln From Standing Room

**ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS.**  
By Robert Sherwood. New York:  
Scribner's; \$2.00.

Reviewed by  
PAUL SPEEGLE

AFTER READING MR. Sherwood's deeply moving tribute to Mr. Lincoln one's curiosity as to why its current staging on Broadway is gloriously

graced with "Standing Room Only" placards is quickly and quite effectively dispelled.

MR. SHERWOOD obviously did not approach his subject enveloped in a cloud of abject reverence for the great man; nor was he overwhelmed and confused by the magnitude of the task of

character delineation which confronted him.

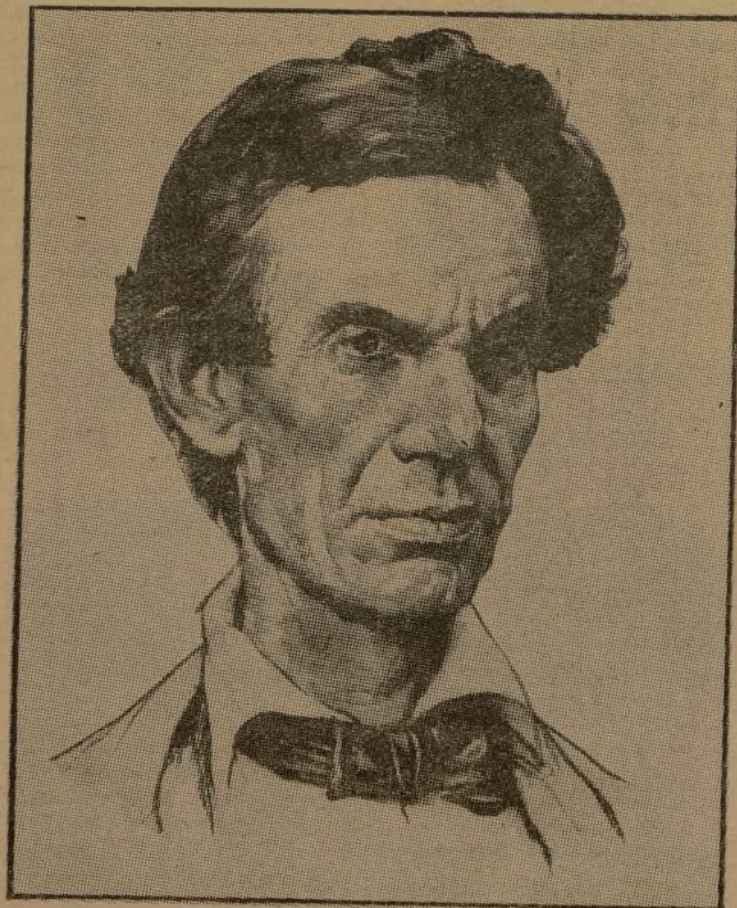
His purpose—a purpose in which he succeeded admirably—was to bring to the surface the underlying forces, both within the man himself and in the current events and persons flowing about him, which formed Lincoln's character and determined his social and spiritual thought.

It is, as its title indicates, the Illinois days with which the playwright is particularly concerned; the days before Lincoln was elected to the presidency of the United States—the play closes as he boards the train which will take him to the White House.

SHERWOOD'S Lincoln is a gaunt, kindly, infinitely simple soul; tragically harried by a moodiness, a melancholia pitifully intensified by an unhappy marriage, a bloody war of hate and his burning desire to be allowed to live his own life in the groove he fancied he had cut for himself.

He fought Destiny as one would fight the plague, but she had marked him as her ablest exponent of the eternal truth of Liberation and she was not to be denied. His humanity was of the world; it was not meant to expend itself in the upper tributaries of the Ohio river.

Sherwood has taken artistic liberties with some of the other personages in the play—a device which he explains in an informative apologia included in the volume—but he needed no recourse to poetic license in the word picture of "Honest Abe"—its dramatic content was complete in itself and only its faithful reproduction could do it justice.



Jacket drawing from Robert E. Sherwood's play, "Abe Lincoln of Illinois," just published by Scribner.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## books



Phil Stong  
Nostalgic novelist of the Middle West.  
(Caricature by Schreiber.)

**THE LONG LANE.** By Phil Stong. New York: Farrar & Rinehart; \$2.50.

Reviewed by  
GEORGIANA G. STEVENS

MR. STONG WRITES OF another age, almost of another world in this story of a pre-war Iowa farm and its influence on the destinies of the Brubaker family.

It is the year when "T. R." is running against Wilson and Taft. It is the era of Tom Mix, at his zenith, Anita Stewart and Francis X. Bushman. Even to the relatively prosperous Brubakers it is still the day of coal oil lamps,

pitchers and bowls, china painting and hand pumped water. And the horse and buggy are a necessity, not an epithet.

The central figure on the Brubaker farm is young Ken, only son of Flora and Albert. Ken's real life is on the farm, helping Lea, the man of all work. Incidentally he goes to school, walking the straight mile to Pittsville down the Long Lane, making the walk an ever fresh journey of discovery. It is in the lane that he ponders the vital issues in his life; whether, for instance, to be a doctor or a politician, or stick to the farm. It is in the lane that he frames and delivers those fiery political orations that galvanize his imaginary

listeners into effective action and turn the tide at elections.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE on the farm takes on a faster and more exciting tempo during the annual visits of Uncle Merritt, his father's brother. Uncle Merry has followed the rainbow to Los Angeles and has made his stake. He is a figure of importance in that raw and hustling new eldorado. His arrival at the farm means more bustling days, livelier evenings and frequent dollar donations to Ken's pocket money. That this particular visit is to create another sort of tension and end in the dramatic disruption of the family is beyond even Ken's fertile imagination. He and Uncle Merry are pals. They hunt together, play practical jokes, discuss seriously the state of the world, Ken's future and the fortunes of the farm.

Then suddenly one morning Ken wakes up to discover that Uncle Merry has run away with Flora. It is all explained in a business-like letter to Albert. There is to be no pretense, no compromise. They are simply gone—Merry to Los Angeles—Flora to get a divorce in Reno!

IN SHOWING THE EFFECT of this break on the boy and his father Mr. Stong is at his best. He is concerned chiefly with Ken and the dislocations to which he must adjust himself. If the boy seems too wise, too independent and

altogether precocious he is still credible. The child in him is never really overbalanced. His concern for his father, for instance, is quite in character. So are his moral scruples, which fit perfectly both his age and environment.

It is not Ken's character which holds the reader's interest, however. It is the fact that in his dilemma he turns to the land to find stability rather than to any of the people left him. In Des Moines where his father has taken up a new life altogether, he tries to fit into some pattern of town life. He enjoys the sights, is fired with an enthusiasm for science by two young industrial chemists at his father's newly-acquired factory, falls worshipfully in love with Gilda, an actress in the local stock company. But something is missing in it all. It is more than homesickness that takes him back finally and forever to the farm and the Long Lane.

Mr. Stong is fond of the country versus the city theme and he manages the essentials without being trite. His city characters like Gilda and Albert's partner, Jake, are no less honest and moral than the village worthies at the Pittsville end of the lane. The issue he draws is more subtle than that hallowed in the movie tradition which portrays all the yokels as heroes with hearts of gold and all the city slickers, foreclosing the mortgage, with no hearts at all. Mr. Stong's faith in the land

is part of him and his heritage and so he writes of it without hokum.

THERE are other less convincing and appealing aspects of his book. None of the characters except Ken really come to life. Flora, for example, is barely introduced before Merry whisks her away. Albert is so self-contained and meek that his meteoric success as a business executive is scarcely credible. Even Merry, the personality boy, is unconvincing. He calls his nephew "Nephew" and his mistress "Ruthey." Yet we are asked to believe that he is the sophisticated one of the lot, the success story hero and Los Angeles social lion.

The folksy touch is necessary, of course, but need it be so oppressively banal, even among the good souls who refer to the university as the "U," and whose most violent expletive is a manly, "What the dickens?" The humor is surely more crude than necessary, the jokes more obvious. Still Mr. Stong has been there and he should know.

This faithful portrayal of the rural heaven for which he and his young hero yearn will scarcely endear it to a wide public, understandable though the yearning may be. By confining himself so closely to an insulated locale and so definitely to a bygone era Mr. Stong limits the interest in this book unnecessarily.

## An Actor's Most Tragic Role

**THE MAN WHO KILLED LINCOLN.** By Philip Van Doren Stern. New York: Random House; \$3.

Reviewed by  
W. F. SHELTON

THE ASSASSINATION OF Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth is, in many respects, one of the most curious episodes in history. The personality of the noted actor who committed the crime; the fact that it occurred at the height of the frenzied celebration of the Civil war's end; the location of the murder—a theater box during the performance of a play; the lonely flight of the injured assassin, and his final capture in a blazing barn; even the dark mysteries still surrounding the crime—everything falls so neatly into traditional dramatic pattern that one finds it difficult to believe that such a thing could ever have actually happened.

It did happen, however, and everyone knows how profoundly it affected the course of post-war history. Perhaps it is because these political results were so important that the assassination has never been presented adequately in its basic aspect—as a dramatic, human narrative.

"THE MAN Who killed Lincoln" presents it purely as such, and

does an exceptionally good job. The book is concerned entirely with Booth and with the men who were immediately connected with him in his melodramatic conspiracy, crime and subsequent flight; and it is a tribute to Mr. Stern's ability as historian and writer that he cuts through the superficial staginess of the affair to the genuinely dramatic core within. The story contains as much true suspense as you could expect to find in the most artful fiction.

The secret of Mr. Stern's success in revitalizing this slice of history is the presentation of Booth's character, for here, after all, is the kernel of the whole fantastic business. A member of a famous acting family, and himself saturated with melodramatic instinct, a Byronic romanticist maddened by the ruin of his beloved South, a supreme egomaniac who could believe that by assassinating the North's leader he could single-handedly unravel the tangled skein of civil strife, Booth becomes not only a credible human being but also a pitiful one. The contrast of the high tragic terms in which he conceives his plot, with the miserable ignominy of his flight afterward, arouses more compassion than scorn. And when Booth, heartsick and weary, lies on the grass in front of the

farm house which is last refuge, unaware of the nearness of the pursuing soldiers as he gravely makes friends with the children, there is a keen hint of the tragedy of his malformed character.

A GREAT DEAL of research and ingenuity has gone into this book. It is fictitious only in the actual dialogue and a few minor incidents. In the author's "Afterword" (a pamphlet contained in a pocket inside the back cover) there are photographs of the principal conspirators and a discussion of various aspects of the affair not treated in the narrative, such as Lincoln's premonitions of his death and the still unsolved mysteries. Mr. Stern believes it was Booth, who was taken dying from the barn, but he does not attempt to say whether he committed suicide or was shot. He has no further light to shed on the identity of the accomplices in Washington who interfered with telegraphic communication after the murder.

Although "The Man Who Killed Lincoln" does offer a few new facts concerning Booth's flight, there are no important revelations concerning the crime itself. It is a book to be read purely for its unusual and exciting approach to a familiar story. As such, it is a valuable contribution to the literature surrounding the subject.

## THOUGHT FOR FOOD

**FOOD FOR BEAUTY.** By Helena Rubinstein. New York: Ives Washburn; \$2.50.

**STYLE YOUR PERSONALITY.** By Renee Long. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.; \$1.98.

Reviewed by  
JANE VOILES

WHETHER YOU THINK Helena Rubinstein is a great benefactor to womankind or not depends entirely upon your point of view. In "Food for Beauty" she expounds her latest discovery: a raw fruit and vegetable diet based upon the Bircher-Benner diet made famous at the Zurich Sanatorium. While Madame Rubinstein claims that cooking does not increase the digestibility of food, she is wise or wily enough not to impose more than a 50 per cent raw food diet upon her devotees.

Selecting the same kind of glamorous names for her food combinations that she selects for her cosmetics, Madame Rubinstein insists upon pattern and color harmony in their preparation. A sample recipe is "Gauguin Sunburst" which consists of 36 fresh dates, three almonds, one orange, orange juice, 12 walnuts, 12 lettuce cups, two white squash and three beets. "Sunswept Onyx" begins by calling ominously for 20 large blackberries but ends tamely with eight radishes.

FOOD FADDISTS and women who want to be in the know about the latest beauty discoveries will not want to pass up this book.

As for the zealots of flower arrangement cults, they will find a golden opportunity to display their talents in working out the 100 recipes.

Miss Long is less dramatic. The self-analysis charts and the cosmetic hints that she includes as part of the job of self-conditioning contribute nothing essentially new to the fund of common knowledge on these subjects. But when Miss Long writes about clothes, you know at once that she is right up her alley. She is for a fact, as she is style consultant for Franklin Simon in New York.

Since shopping is the great American pastime (for women) suggestions by an expert will not come amiss. If you buy clothes merely as a covering you might as well use blankets or sugar sacks, says Miss Long, but if you want to buy a \$100 dress she will tell you why you pay that much for it. There is something in the way you wear your clothes too. The angle at which a woman wears her hat shows whether she is neglected, defeated or resigned. If you must wear the halo of self-sacrifice, the writer admonishes, "wear it at a frivolous angle instead of at a sanctimonious one."

Miss Long writes in "the brisk and pally" manner of the Hillis-Hawes-Byers school. While she covers much of the same ground that these girls covered, there is enough new material in her book to make it worthwhile for those in search of that most desirable something that constitutes chic.



Jacket design for Phil Stong's "The Long Lane," a novel of a vigorous and courageous Iowa family and its problems. It is published by Farrar & Rinehart.

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# Among the New Books

**GYPSIES.** By Martin Block. New York: Appleton-Century; 248 pp.; \$3.50.

AS A RESULT of the scientific researches of a couple of influential Europeans named, respectively, Hitler and Mussolini, race is now a touchy subject for the world. This study of the gypsies, most overtly mysterious of all human races has then, at this time a peculiar interest.

THIS SURVEY is written in a fresh and easy way, as interesting as a selling novel, and that in spite of the fact that Dr. Block is a scholar and thoroughly knows his subject. He speaks the gypsy language, and posing as a gypsy he has lived among many of the tribes. He has brought together here much information not generally known.

It is usually agreed that the gypsies originated in India, from the evidence of their language. But the forms of that language tend to show that even in India the gypsies were rovers.

Other subjects discussed are hospitality (a gypsy will never ask a guest to leave), religion (a sort of vague spirit worship), medicine (wild herbs, and wilder charms), and gypsy music and dancing.

**SAMUEL PEPYS, THE SAVIOUR OF THE NAVY.** By Arthur Bryant. New York: Macmillan; 451 pp.; \$3.75.

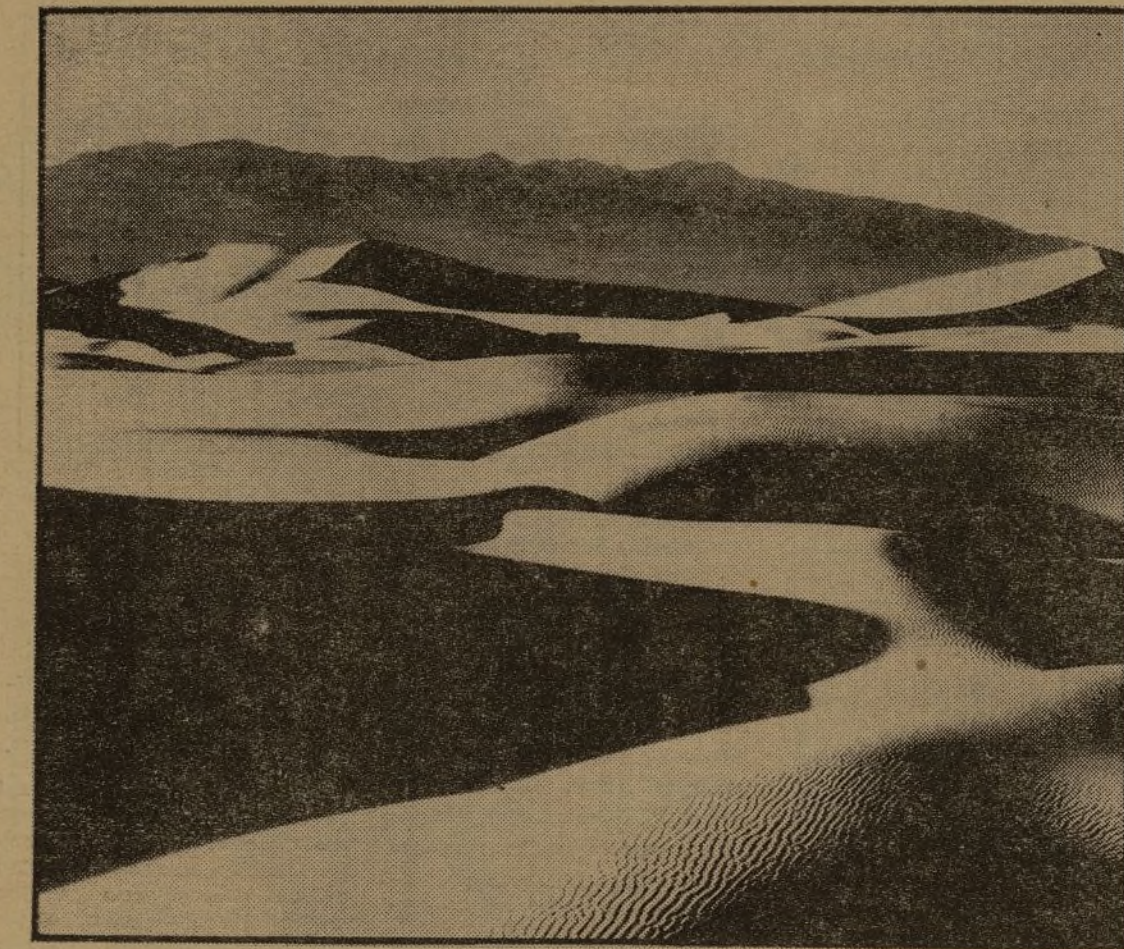
THIS IS THE THIRD VOLUME of what the publishers describe as a definite biography of Pepys. It covers the story of his life from his fifty-first to his fifty-seventh year. The Samuel Pepys of the famous spicy diary has been left many years in the past, although occasionally still a touch of the old Ned crops out. What this book is concerned with is Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, the man who almost alone reformed the British Navy, who made it an instrument for wave-ruling durable enough to have lasted longer than two and a half centuries.

IN 1684, "The Navy was being run as a gigantic swindling concern by those who should have been its trustees. . . . A score of frigates and two or three small fireships, manned by just over three thousand men . . ." made up the British Navy. All this had happened in the five years since Pepys had been turned out of office. Five years later, in 1689, as a result of the "Glorious Revolution," he again relinquished his duties, although this time, more gracefully, by resigning. But in those five years he had recreated the navy. "When he ended his work the tonnage of the navy was 101,032 tons, as compared with 62,594 when he began it. Yet, as the sequel was to show, this had been the least part of his achievement."

**LUNACY BECOMES US.** By Adolf Hitler and His Associates. Edited by Clara Leiser. New York: Liveright; \$1.25.

UNDER the general heading of Nazidocy, the inspiration of Clara Leiser, "Lunacy Becomes Us" is a collection of excerpts from Nazi philosophy, speeches, books, propaganda, some of them editorially captioned, that owes its gathering to the statement of General Goering, "If what we have done here is lunacy, then lunacy becomes us."

Acting only as a compiler, Clara Leiser has given the purpose of the publication in a foreword. "Every so often somebody gets up and says that the Nazis have no sense of humor. Perhaps it's just that most non-Nazis, not being up on Aryanics, can't detect the amusing elements in contempo-



One of the exceptionally fine photographs illustrating the "Death Valley Guide," latest in the WPA writers' project "American Guide" series.

rary German life. . . . I too have been prostrated before the genius of the Nazi leaders; and as genius has been described as the ability to accomplish an end in the quickest possible way, I here offer those short, swift strokes that best exemplify the Nazi intellect.

"This book comes not as an opinion, and assuredly not with malice toward everybody, but merely as an aid in interpretation. Just a spray of Adolfiums, as it were, wafting the essence of Nazidocy."

Miss Leiser's selections range from expostulations on animal husbandry to the pleasures of hunger, on medical science to the reeking of culture, with "Nazi Nuggets" scattered throughout generously.

Selected and presented in the guise of humor there is a conscientious attempt to preserve the element. When words speak for themselves, however, that are not effectually funny, there is little of humor, much of pity.

**SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG.** By Elizabeth, Countess of Fingall. New York: Dutton; 440 pp.; \$5.00.

THIS IS A PLEASANTLY charming little "remembrance of things past" by an Irish Noble Lady, who has teared with barons and authors, dined with the dukes and Kings and flirted with Ambassadors and handsome Lieutenants. It reads, in fact, as would a series of columns by Walter Winchell if Walter Winchell were glorifying Irish and English country house life instead of American Cafe Society.

This book is full of amusing anecdotes. For instance, the time a friend of the awesome Annie Besant rang up and asked the author if they could bring over the Messiah.

"Bring who?" I said.  
"The Messiah," she repeated.  
Then I said, rather faintly, "Oh, certainly. What would he eat?"  
"Oh! He loves cakes."

The thunderstruck countess provided plenty of cakes and the Messiah, who turned out to be Krishnamurti, seemed to have a wonderful time.

THE AUTHOR saw in her time the day of the Irish landlords, which had been long declining, finally close. Those landlords were,

of course, only a foreign garrison planted by the English to keep down the real Irish. But their ruin, like all human ruin, is pathetic. Lady Fingall's book closes with the story of the night when she and her husband sat shivering by their fireplace, waiting for the Nationalists to come and burn down Castle Killeen.

**CONSPICUOUS CALIFORNIA PLANTS.** By Ralph D. Cornell. Pasadena: San Pasqual Press; \$4.00.

EMILY DICKINSON once remarked concerning a certain individual who was scholarly, but uninteresting: "She has the facts, but not the phosphorescence of learning." Here are

both. The trees and shrubs the author discusses are chiefly denizens of chaparral and desert. His comment covers physical appearance, with emphasis on the distinctive color note each contributes to nature's palette in "la belle California"; habitat; family relationships; historic and literary associations; economic uses in ancient and modern times; adaptability to gardens; and spiritual implications.

This information is conveyed not in the dull manner of a technical handbook, but in simple language, with imagination and contagious enthusiasm. The appeal of the text is enhanced by profuse illustrations.

In a word, the book combines the viewpoints of nature lover and landscape architect. It is both a



Endpaper drawings by Robert ("Ferdinand") Lawson for T. H. White's fantastic and delightfully humorous novel, "The Sword in the Stone," published last month by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

## books

revelation and a plea—a plea for conservation and, as already suggested, in many cases for capitalization of esthetic values by more extensive domestication.

**ON GOING TO COLLEGE: A SYMPOSIUM.** By Edward Kennard Rand and others. New York: Oxford University Press; \$2.50.

**THE MEANING OF THE HUMANITIES.** Edited by Theodore Meyer Greene. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$2.50.

**THE FUTURE OF THE LIBERAL COLLEGE.** By Norman Foerster. New York: D. Appleton-Century; \$1.25.

"THE HUMANITIES" constitute the central theme of each of these three volumes. Oxford presents them as fields of inquiry for incoming Freshmen. Princeton provides discussion of their philosophical backgrounds. Dr. Foerster belligerently defends them as opposed at once to natural science and to social concern.

The Oxford book therefore is the easiest reading, the most systematic treatment and in many ways the most inclusive. Dr. Rand's essay on the Ancient Classics, and Professor Wallace Notestein's on History, merit special attention; but the major classic is Chauncey B. Tinker's six-page introduction to the Library. To the foot of the class goes Arthur H. Compton, who uses his assignment on "The Natural Sciences"—according to the fashion among noted physicists—for pontifical but unscholarly utterance on religion.

The Princeton lectures, five in number, are longer and less concerned with detail. Ralph Barton Perry defines the humanities inclusively. "Every study is a potential humanity, even professional studies." The essential factor as he sees it, is realization of human freedom and dignity. Illustrations are provided by the succeeding essays on history, art, theology and literature.

Foerster, exhibiting a less hospitable mind, spends so much energy in attacking science, professional curricula, humanitarian causes and John Dewey, that he fails utterly to establish a constructive case.

**MATTHEW ARNOLD.** By Lionel Trilling. Norton. New York; 465 pp.; \$3.50.

Probably most of us remember Matthew Arnold as an ingredient hardly spicy in those weird stews which in college were served us under the label of courses in English literature. This study of his work, and to a less degree of his life, isn't likely to bring out much unsuspected spice.

Arnold started life as a pretty odd mixture of aesthete, dandy, and author of melancholy poetry. He continued to write rather dull but undeniably melancholy poetry, but expanded his efforts to produce quite sound literary criticism, to write influential essays in support of democratic government and of economic equality, and to write other essays in which he attempted to discover a form of religion which would be acceptable to the nineteenth century. In this last attempt he gave, as the formula for God, "the stream of tendency by which all things fulfill the law of their being."

The author of this study believes that, "Now, in a day when intellectual men are often called upon to question their intellect and to believe that thought is inferior to action and opposed to it . . . Arnold still has a word to say . . . not against the taking of sides, but against the belief that taking a side settles things or requires the suspension of reason."



## books

**AMERICAN LABOR.** By Herbert Harris. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$3.75.

Reviewed by  
ARTHUR EGGLESTON

EVENTS of the past few years have transformed "labor" from a descriptive term into a continuing headline, writes Harris in his preface. The headline method of acquainting the American public with what labor is doing and why, has its faults, though.

The achievement of the author has been to place the CIO, AFL, IWW, Eugene Debs, John L. Lewis, William Green, the sitdown, the Wagner act and other stimuli of high blood pressure and volubility against the proper historical, political and economic background.

Harris has drained some of the ink out of those headlines. He has filled in the historical yesterdays in American labor's long march toward power and respectability. He has placed American labor with respect to a problematical future:

"In the United States today unionism and its future form the pivot on which probably we will turn right or left or even follow the new deal's faltering footsteps along a new and perhaps less miasmic 'middle road.'"

What better reason for trying to understand an American institution so plastered with conflicting labels that any answer to the question, "What is unionism?" is blended, the author writes, of passion, prejudice and platitude.

ALTHOUGH the whole book is planned to bring the story of labor up to date and to explain the labor movement as it exists today, two of the most valuable chapters are those which tell of the earliest beginnings of trade unionism in this country and its progress to the turn of the century.

To quote Harris again:

"To view the current labor movement historically against the background of its predecessors, and thus perhaps to bring some perspective to the interpretation of its present hopes and achievements and defeats, forms the underlying purpose of this book."

That purpose is admirably carried out not only in "Introduction and Early History," and "From the Civil War," but in the following chapters which seek to explain the labor movement through activity of key unions.

He covers the field and tells the story of all labor organizations by a careful analysis of the United Mine Workers of America, backbone of the CIO; United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, large and influential union of the AFL; American Newspaper Guild, example of unionism in traditionally strange fields; International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, exponent of "uplift" unionism, "the union as a way of life."

Thus, through the story of the

On both sides of the Atlantic, critics and the reading public agree that "for sheer entertainment, ROYAL REGIMENT is in a class by itself!"

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(DUTTON, \$2.50)



Some of the sensitive and colorful drawings by Alice Caddy for Ben Lucien Burman's "Steamboat Round the Bend," for which Mr. Burman has just been honored as the South's leading interpreter.



birth, struggle and achievements of these organizations, the railroad unions, the United Automobile Workers ("robot revolt") and those in textiles, Harris carries us to the end of 1938.

There is an 18-page bibliography and a nine-page index for those who want to supplement their reading of Harris' 459-page volume with further study. Lest the reader be misled, however, it should be stated that American labor is the product of a mind which has so thoroughly assimilated the facts and the philosophy behind the labor movement and so smoothly fitted them in with economic and political history that the book does not lose in interest by being accurate and scholarly. It should be a popular story of a typically American institution.

**BEHIND THE LABEL.** By Margaret Dana. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.00.

Women are tired of buying a pig in a poke, Miss Dana claims, they are demanding understandable information about the products they buy. Is their value equal to the price they are paying?

Margaret Dana wrote her book not so much to debunk as to help women to shop intelligently and to prolong the durability of the articles they buy. She tells you why virgin wool is wrinkle-resisting and warmer and how spun-silk differs from wild silk. The manufacturing of rayon is explained and how easily it can masquerade as another fabric.

Beside daily care and laundering a third, little understood factor enters in prolonging the life of a garment. Miss Dana

interprets "plastic flow" which means a rest recovery and is applicable to everything from shoes to drapes. Do you know about the fadeometer, a machine that measures the resistance of material to light? Can you depend upon the labels "color fast," "pre-shrunk"? Do you know how to check up on silk stockings? Miss Dana gives you the answers.

Believe it or not, "most women buy the pants even if they don't wear them." A large percentage of women shop for the men in the household. Miss Dana's advice about the buying of shorts, shirts and pajamas will help to keep money in your purse. If you are planning to buy neckties scarves, if accept "Esquire" for the men on your Christmas list, by all means, read what Margaret Dana has to say about them. While she may not curb your desire for color, she will, at least, help you to impress the clerk.

Along with Miss Hawes and Miss Byers, Margaret Dana administers her thump to the fashion racket. "Smart," she declares, "is a hideous word which means nothing." The dress buyer must learn to consider such factors as "basic beauty, appropriateness and durability." Because the Duchess of Windsor can get away with a fashion it doesn't mean that the average woman can.

Miss Dana writes in a lively style and is not afraid to include a few solid facts about the Federal Trade Commission. Like "Fashion Is Spinach" and "Designing Women," it is the kind of book that will "go places." Miss Dana almost goes Miss Hawes one better. "Is God French?" demanded Miss Hawes, when the French dressmakers were held to be infallible. Miss Dana retorts to the same statement: "Is 'Vogue' the Bible?"

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KNIGHTS  
of the RANGE  
"A necessity for every Zane Grey fan old or young."—N. Y. Herald Tribune  
12 HARPER'S

**THE CHAMBERLAIN TRADITION.** By Sir Charles Petrie, Bart.; New York: Stokes; \$2.50.

Seen beside the Cecils and Churchills, the Russells and Greys, the Chamberlain dynasty seems an upstart in British politics. Yet for more than 60 years there has always been one member of the family in the House of Commons, and for two long periods there

were two—first father and son, then the half-brothers. The record of their activity runs from Majuba to Munich; includes the battles over Home Rule, Tariff Reform, and the power of the Lords; the wars with the Boers and with Germany; the achievement of dominion status for South Africa and Australia; and the now sadly broken dream of Loco-carno.

Sir Charles writes with an admiration which here and there slips into adulation. Even on his showing, however, Joseph appears as the most vigorous of the three, Austen as the most thoughtful and constructive. That only Neville should have secured tenancy at 10, Downing Street, is one of the ironies of a history which grows more ironic as his "policy of appeasement" leaves Europe drifting into war.

This American edition includes added chapters on Eden's resignation and on Munich. By reasoning which is a bit hard to follow, Sir Charles seems to blame Eden for the seizure of Austria, suggests that had England supported Czechoslovakia (then unhyphenated), she might have had to do so alone. He concludes that Neville Chamberlain has a heart. The world still waits to learn precisely on what that heart is set.

"SO HE HAD VERMOUTH  
AT PRUDENCE'S,  
a 'storm-tossed' this concoction  
was called—combined Italian  
and French vermouth with a  
twist of lemon."

From "THE HAPPY ISLAND"  
by DAWN POWELL  
Published by Farrar & Rinehart



• If you've read this crackling job of writing, you'll recall that Prudence Bly is a leading wit of cafe society. So it's no wonder her author has her serve vermouth. Because vermouth—straight and chilled—is a favorite of people who get around, particularly if they've lived abroad. Try it yourself—either straight Italian or a "mixed vermouth" as described above—and remember afternoons at a sidewalk cafe in Paris. Of course we mean Martini & Rossi Vermouth, the standard. (Alcohol by vol., Italy 15.95%, Dry 18%). W. A. Taylor & Co., New York, sole agents for U. S. A.

PARROTT & CO., West Coast Representatives

The Novel of 1938  
AND of 1939

ALL THIS,  
AND  
HEAVEN  
TOO

by  
Rachel Field

\$2.50

Macmillan





# between the lines



With Joseph Henry Jackson

AT THE GRAVE RISK of being taken for a mere gourmand rather than, in a mild way, a gourmet, I'm again calling your attention here to a cookbook. . . . But it's a very special cookbook; let that be my excuse. . . . It's published (of all things), by Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, which finds itself in the book business more or less by accident but bravely puts its best foot forward and does better than many a seasoned trade publisher. The title of it: "The Williamsburg Art of Cookery." In the old-fashioned manner it is subtitled, "The Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion," and the title page defines the work further as "A Collection of Five Hundred of the Most Ancient and Approved Recipes in Virginia Cookery." These have been collected by Mrs. Helen Bullock, and include chapters on Soups & Sauces, Flesh & Fish, Breads, Garden Stuff, Preserving, Confectionery, Pastry, Puddings, Wines & Punches. Still further, the volume has "A Table of Favorite Williamsburg Garden Herbs," and an account of Virginia hospitality, treatises on various branches of cookery, some considerations on the observance of Christmas in old Virginia with traditional recipes for the season, and (by no means least) "An Account of Health Drinking." . . .



And how's that for a list? . . . Mrs. Bullock has been at great pains to collect only old and tried recipes, Colonial Williamsburg has given it the format of an eighteenth century volume, ("s" is always "f" and all that sort of thing), the little volume is bound

in a leather substitute which gives the whole appearance of a facsimile edition of something printed a hundred and fifty years ago. Yet it's readable, and what's much more important, workable. For this last, I have the testimony of someone who knows both books and cooking. . . . Perhaps I ought not to involve myself needlessly in the traditional American controversy about the mint julep, but having seen in this book the recipe for a julep, Virginia style, I may at least quote two bits from it. First and most important (and may hotel bars and others take due note!) the recipe reads as follows: "A Julep Glass or Goblet is not the proper Container in which to serve Salads composed of Oranges, Pineapples, Lemons, Cherries and other outlandish Fruits such as are commonly



found in some Establishments which pretend to serve Juleps." After a hearty Amen to that one, here's the other (and more ticklish) point. Says the recipe: "In the Bottom of your Glass place the Leaves from a Sprig of Mint, and add one-half Tablespoonful of powdered Sugar. Crush the Mint well with the Sugar." . . . Well, there you are. Take it or leave it. Definitely this book is on the side of the crushers. To be sure, it may be that the non-crushers are only to be found among Kentuckians, and perhaps it is true (as the good Kentuckian would have you believe), that no julep worth the name is to be found anywhere out of Kentucky. Still—"Crush the Mint." There it is, in black and white. What have the non-crushers to offer to offset this? And all the way from 1801, too!

You shouldn't miss Whit Burnett's "The Literary Life and the Hell With It." Burnett and his wife, Martha Foley, co-editors of Story Magazine, both used to work on San Francisco newspapers, both went to Vienna at about the same time, got married there and started Story against tough odds. But Story has gone on and so have Whit and Martha. This new book appeared in Story (or a lot of it did, anyway), in Burnett's editorial comment from month to month. It's full of odds and ends of literary gossip such as the yarn of Gertrude Stein and Genevieve Taggard's young sister who met in Paris, both with dogs on leash. Miss Stein, viewing the sniffing, "Your little dog seems to like my little dog, doesn't your little dog?" There was nothing to say but "Yes," Miss Taggard said it. . . . One of the nicest bits in the book is Burnett's story of the time he went to a literary tea just to meet the New Yorker's James Thurber, whom he had long admired. Mr. Thurber didn't turn up for hours. When he did, he sat in a corner, surrounded by dozens of the faithful. After a while he went. Mr. Burnett didn't meet him. . . . hasn't it ever happened to you?

## NOTES ON THE MARGIN

MILLS COLLEGE is early this year with its announcement of its summer session for men and women which includes some notable features including the Bennington School of the Dance which will hold its 1939 session at Mills, with such noted American dancers as Martha Graham, Hanya Holm, Doris Humphrey



and Charles Wiedman. For full information write to Dr. Rosalind Cassidy, director of the summer session, Mills College, Oakland, Cal. . . . Collectors of the fine printing of John Henry Nash will be interested to know that the Inland Printer, trade paper of the printing industry, has been running the story of Nash's life and career in installment form in recent issues. The biography is written by Nell O'Day, San Franciscan and former Nash librarian. It covers Nash's whole career, and should find many readers in San



Francisco, where Nash made himself (and his city) famous . . .

John F. Winters, for the past four years manager of Kennedy Brothers in New York, publishers of books on yachting and nautical subjects, will in the future conduct the business under his own name. All publications will continue to have the benefit of the editorial supervision of the staff of the magazine, Yachting. . . . Henry Holt announces that the sale of George Stewart's "East of the Giants" has been so good that a new jacket has been designed for the book, and special advertising planned for the spring. Those of you who care about California's early days had better make a note about "East of the Giants" if you haven't yet got hold of it. Stewart is fast getting a reputation as the Kenneth Roberts of California. . . . A new volume of poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay, called "Huntsman, What Quarry?" is announced for publication in May by the house of Harper. . . . Also in May the same firm will bring out a companion volume to John Gunther's "Inside Europe." It's to be called "Inside Asia." . . . Funk & Wagnalls announce for later in the spring, a biography of Albert Einstein, by H. Gordon Garbedian. The book will be called "Albert Einstein: Maker of Universes," and will be published on March 14, the 60th birthday of the exiled scientist. . . . "This Side of Hollywood," George Cecil Cowling's book, which gives Pasadena and Los Angeles a hearty ribbing, will go into a third printing this

week, according to the publisher, the Shaw Press of Los Angeles. . . . And for Lincoln enthusiasts, Viking Press has a new book, "Lincoln's Talks," a biography of Lincoln told through his own anecdotes. Compiler is Emanuel Hertz, and the publisher brings it out, appropriately, on February 11. And (to begin and end with contest news) the American Civil

Union Square, New York city.

AT THE Paul Elder Gallery on Saturday, February 18, at 2:30 p. m., Miss Peggy Bethers will read the play, "The Fabulous Invalid," by Moss Hart and George Kaufman . . . The Gallery notice to this department describes "The Fabulous Invalid" as one of the "leading successes of the season." Come, come, Gallery! After all! Sales talk is sales talk, and all that; and Messrs. Hart and Kaufman do have the success habit. But even Jove can nod, you know. With "The Fabulous Invalid" Jove snored. Opened on Broadway, ran less than two months, and closed tight as a drum. Look at the record . . . Yes, I know tradition is tradition. All girls in news stories must be pretty, even beautiful. In news interviews, all authors must be referred to as authors of "best sellers." It's nice to call the cop on the corner "Sergeant," too. But let's not spread the syrup into the paper's critical departments. Integrity, after all, and what ho!

## LAST MINUTE NOTE—

Theodore Dreiser, appearing on Tuesday, February 14 at 11 a. m. at the Curran Theater under the auspices of Town Hall Forum, has changed the topic on which he will speak. He had originally intended to make his subject "Realism versus Romanticism." His new topic will be "What I Think About Life."

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# ON THE STAGE AND SCREEN

## W. Somerset Maugham Says Farewell to Footlights

By John Hobart

**W**SOMERSET MAUGHAM has left playwrighting with no regrets. His career in the theater has been enormously profitable; of the 18 plays he has written, several rank with the most distinguished comedies produced in this generation. And yet he is determined never to write for the stage again. His exile is self-imposed, his decision irrevocable.

During his recent visit in San Francisco, Mr. Maugham very graciously set aside an hour of his time, so that this department could interview him on the matter—an hour wedged into a busy schedule of dentist and osteopath appointments, sightseeing and social engagements.

Mr. Maugham's retirement from playwrighting is not, of course, strictly news. In "The Summing Up," published last spring, he announced his decision and gave his reasons in full. They were extraordinarily interesting ones—his presentiment that the prose play is an ephemeral form, doomed to certain extinction; his impatience with the technical limitations of the stage and, conversely, his longing for the liberty of fiction; his dissatisfaction with directors and actors; his distaste for the glare of theater life; and finally his realization that perfection in the art of the drama is not attainable.

"TO GET ONE RESULT you must sacrifice another," he wrote in "The Summing Up," "so that to write a play perfect in all its particulars, in the interest and significance of its theme, in the subtlety and originality of its characterization, in the plausibility of its intrigue and in the beauty of its dialogue, is impossi-

ble. It seemed to me that in the novel and in the short story perfection had sometimes been achieved, and though I could scarcely hope to reach it, I had a notion that in those mediums I could come nearer to it than I had any chance of doing in the drama."

Still, it was good to hear the author of "The Circle," "Our Betters" and "The Constant Wife" discuss the theater—even his abandonment of the theater—in person.

A civilized and charming gentleman, somewhat shorter in stature than you would imagine from his photographs, immaculately dressed, with a neat scrub of mustache under an imperial nose, shrewd eyes and an intellectual brow, Mr. Maugham is the portrait of a distinguished man of letters. He talks well and easily, with a modified British accent. One suspects that he has cultivated sobriety and unshowy simplicity in his speech as sedulously as in his prose style. His stutter (of which he wrote in "The Summing Up"), is hardly noticeable.

"Yes, I gave up writing plays because I felt I had used up all the ideas I was capable of in that line," he said. "You see, I have a theory about plays which may sound to you like heresy. A play has got to be a success. The audience, it seems to me, is an integral part of a play; the whole thing is a communal affair. And if the audience doesn't respond to your play, there is very little point in writing it. In the long run, ivory towers aren't worth much."

"The playwrights of today are in something of a quandary, I think. Mainly because their audiences are too. We all are more or less anxious today, either about the economic situation or the

threat of war. And neither of those subjects would make particularly promising material for a play."

"One of the sad things about playwrighting is that one's ideas are so quickly out of date. There was an old play called 'Caste' which had a tremendous success in its day; its main topic was social distinctions. Today the play would be meaningless, for the social strata are in a state of solution. I once suggested, to everyone's alarm, that jealousy was out of date as a tragic theme, that it is now a theme fit only for a comedy, and I believe that is true, now that women have achieved their emancipation."

THE INTERVIEWER mentioned that he had seen William Brady's revival of Mr. Maugham's great comedy, "The Circle," in New York last spring, with Tallulah Bankhead and Grace George in the leading parts. "Did it seem dated?" was the question Mr.

### W. Somerset Maugham Exile From the Theater

Maugham immediately asked. Well, it did, the interviewer had to admit, to the extent that present-day comedy has moved out of modish drawing rooms, even though "The Circle," with its brilliancy of dialogue and ingenuity of plot, is still the representative work of its genre.

"I am not surprised to hear it," Mr. Maugham commented ruefully. "Nowadays people aren't especially interested in the amorous adventures of the well-to-do. The proletarian drama is the vogue of today. But yet I wonder—and this is very undemocratic of me—if the proletarian drama isn't subject to quite serious limitations. Isn't your proletarian playwright handicapped by a lack of variety in his characters? The people he depicts—aren't they, for the most part, rather humdrum, lacking in width of experience."

"Now that sounds quite snobbish, though I don't mean in that sense at all. I am merely suggesting that literate and well-rounded

individuals are artistically more practicable as subjects. I know perfectly well how dull the other extreme can be—the extreme typified by those empty comedies about the chattering cocktail set."

"And anyway the subject of plays should be the basic human emotions, no matter what class of people is depicted."

MR. MAUGHAM goes rarely to the theater, for, he says, he understands the mechanics of playwrighting too intimately to enjoy the play. (He did, however, see "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and "Hellzapoppin'" in New York recently and enjoyed them both.)

He goes even more rarely to the movies. Hollywood's fine version of his "Of Human Bondage" he has not seen. "It would be exasperating, even though, as I hear, the film is excellent," Mr. Maugham explains. "A novelist is entitled to his own conceptions of his characters. And since life is so short, why go to films made from one's own novels?"

## The South Takes Two Yankees

NEW ORLEANS:

By Charles Washburn

THE HISTORY of the current road season will be chalked up as one reviving the oldest of road customs—wildcatting. Wildcatting the Lunts!

If anybody on Broadway suspected that your reporter had sat for three days in a hotel room in this land of the Mardi Gras trying to fill an open date for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, he'd shake his head, stop drinking and seek a good night's sleep. This minute we are not sure where the show plays on March 1.

Up to now the tour has been something of a joy. A gratifying advance sale in Wichita and a letter of introduction to Seymour Weiss, the boss man in New Orleans, make for happiness. But there must be a tear with a laugh, as the dramatist says.

Nobody in New Orleans wanted to sponsor a stage show. In fact, nobody had a theater. There were conferences at the race track, in the lobby of the hotels and in the various lounges. It was tragic.

Finally, a leading citizen, Fred Penniman, hit upon the idea of putting the Lunts into the Municipal Auditorium. He called a lawyer and before six more days had elapsed contracts were signed for three nights and a matinee down here, starting March 2. But what about March 1?

AT BATON ROUGE is the Louisiana State University with a lovely hall, as the professors call it. But the jump would be from Birmingham and the trains just cannot make it. So no higher stage culture for Baton Rouge. Jackson, Miss., would like the Lunts, but the hall seats only 1100 and if sold out the 40 actors in "Amphitryon 38" and "Idiot's Delight" wouldn't get better than coffee and cakes.

THE THEATER GUILD has spent, by actual tabulation, \$67 in telegrams and telephone calls merely to fill one open date, March 1, which, if there is any truth to an adage, will come in like a lion ready to eat 40 troopers if we don't get a nibble pretty soon.

But to move over to Texas

where the great Southwest is the land of dreams. Frank Starz of the Interstate Circuit, has aided in setting aside pictures in Dallas, Fort Worth and Houston to make way for the Lunts. It is all cream and honey for the two weeks before entering New Orleans.

THE ONE BIG LAUGH came in St. Louis where, to make room for the rush of customers, Larry Farrell, manager for the Lunts, suggested that the orchestra pit be raised and chairs put there for the paying trade.

"But you cannot do that," said the leader of the orchestra, "because our musicians haven't seen the show."

And so it goes. The South and Southwest want the play and the actors. But in Louisiana the theater people cannot make up their minds. There are picture houses galore, but they stall about opening up for a show.

The reason for this, plain to be seen, is that too few stage productions come this way. The Lunts, no doubt, will make it easier for the plays that follow.



MISTRESS OF MAKE-BELIEVE: Cecilia ("Cissie") Loftus, beloved by three generations of playgoers, will present her "impressions and impersonations" at the Curran for a week beginning tomorrow evening. Here she is disguised as Florence Reed in her Mother Goddam role in "The Shanghai Gesture."



# Falstaff Gets New Upholstery

drama

NEW YORK:

By Helen Ormsbee

"PLAYING FALSTAFF WILL not be easier than playing Hamlet; it will only be different," said Maurice Evans, after a rehearsal of "Henry IV, Part One," which he is presenting at the St. James' Theater to tumultuous acclaim from critics and public.

In this drama, he appears as Shakespeare's famous fat man—the foremost comedy role of the Elizabethan stage. "I did Falstaff on the road last season, in alternation with Richard II, and found the part exhausting. The trouble was the padding—it was unbelievably heavy and hot. But I hope that difficulty is over; we have invented a new kind of padding." Avoirdupois hath its victories, it seems.

"The secret is crinoline—crinoline and springs," the star revealed, elucidating Falstaff's physique as a simple problem in upholstery. Sir John is overstuffed, like the cushions of an armchair, and the springs keep his outline resilient. "This gives bulk to the torso, without too much weight or warmth. From the hips down, the padding is made of eiderdown, which is puffy without being heavy."

IN HIS OFFICE, against a background of filing cabinets, Maurice Evans looked more like a business man than an actor. He bore

little resemblance to the Prince of Denmark, and none at all to Falstaff. Energy is the quality one feels in him, the moment he walks into a room. He is of medium height and broad shouldered, with hair several shades darker than his Hamlet wig.

"I haven't approached this play with any preconceived notions," he continued. "I never saw it acted, and had no idea of doing it till Margaret Webster suggested it to me as a possibility. She was enthusiastic about it as an actable drama rarely seen on the stage, and she asked what I would think of Hotspur as a part for me. I wasn't sure I cared for the play, but I said if we were going to do it, Falstaff was my part."

"That was the beginning. Our first performance was in Philadelphia a little over a year ago, and I quickly found that the public wherever we went liked the play. Shakespeare knew the theater; he knew its needs. In dramatic construction he can compete with men like Robert E. Sherwood and Maxwell Anderson, and maybe beat them at their own game. He had a wonderful understanding of the alternations in mood and tempo that the action must have to hold an audience."

IN ALL THESE THINGS he is modern because he is universal. There is a great deal in the subject matter of 'Henry IV' that is amaz-

ingly contemporary—the comment on war, for instance. It is the contemporary spirit in which we are doing this play; we don't approach the Bard with reverence. Perhaps I ought to qualify that. I am completely lacking in reverence for theatrical tradition, but I think Miss Webster has more respect for it than I have.

"What both of us ask, though, is, 'What has Shakespeare to say to people today? Can he give them a good show—one that will be worth the price of admission?' If a passage is dull, we cut it out."

"Henry IV, Part One," was quoted in Parliament last fall, at the historic session after Prime Minister Chamberlain's return from Munich. It was he who started the contagion of quotations with his "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety"—a phrase from one of Hotspur's speeches.

But an opponent also knew his Shakespeare and told the Commons that the very next words in the same speech were these: "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted." Whereupon another M. P. rose and stated that he, too, had looked up the play, and had discovered something pertinent. In one of the scenes there was the line, "What, ho! chamberlain!"

"FALSTAFF serves as a sort of chorus in 'Henry IV,'" said Maurice Evans. "Shakespeare uses him for making his own comments, much as Thornton Wilder uses the stage manager in 'Our Town.' But quite aside from that, Falstaff is a great creation—one of those ingratiating liars who can always tell a tall story to get out of a tight spot."

"Any wrong impressions that people have of Falstaff come from the inferior version of him in 'The Merry Wives.' Of course that was written later, on order. In 'Henry IV' we have the original Falstaff, and the whole play is Shakespeare's work when he was coming to the height of his power."

For Shakespeare, Sir John Falstaff proved a kind of Charlie



Maurice Evans as Falstaff  
Crinoline and Springs Help Recreate a Famous Fat Man

Chan—one of those characters that the public wants to see over and over. "Henry IV, Part One," first printed in 1598, had been acted prior to publication and was probably written in 1597. The big comic role was assigned to Shakespeare's friend, John Heminges, and was an immediate hit. About a year later, the dramatist continued his story of Henry IV in a sequel—"Henry IV, Part Two." Falstaff, having been immensely popular, reappeared in the sequel with equal success.

THE NEXT PLAY of the series was "Henry V." Shakespeare, who was turning out one of these histories a year, must have been beset with requests for a continu-

ation of Falstaff. He settled the matter by making Falstaff die—offstage. That is all there is of Sir John in "Henry V," and the author doubtless thought he had seen the last of the rascally, gluttonous, engaging fellow.

Not long afterward, however, Queen Elizabeth commanded Master Shakespeare to show her Sir John in love. The dramatist obliged writing "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in two weeks, it is said. But the Falstaff he resurrected, lacked the true spirit of the one he had killed. It has never been suggested that the lack was intentional on the author's part; but the fact remains that after "The Merry Wives" he was rid of Falstaff.

## The Films a Sinister Fagin

By Paul Speegle

THE RECENT REVIVAL of "The Thirty-nine Steps," the English mystery thriller in which Robert Donat gratuitously ran to earth a sinister band of international spies, brought this department to the highly exciting realization (we are easily excited) that the movie business is a splendid source book of crime.

For those of our citizens who are envious of the cash and baubles of their fellow men and mean to have such wealth by hook or crook, the motion pictures have provided much practical lore in the art of pilfering.

For instance, if several years ago, a particularly brilliant and fabulously expensive diamond tiara was resting in its plush nest, surrounded by hair-trigger burglar alarms and burly, gimlet-eyed guards, and you felt that it would make a happy addition to your already growing collection of stolen jewels, you had only to spend a few cents to see "Desire," in which Marlene Dietrich deprived a swank diamond shop of its most cherished bit of merchandise by a beautifully ingenious system of switches and manipulations.

(The police subsequently caught up with her, but she also got Gary Cooper, which is the equivalent of a diamond tiara to the more impressionable females in our midst; so her social dereliction was really worth while, after all.)

tion was really worth while, after all.)

ON the other hand, if one's talents lay in the field of shoplifting, one could pick up a few worthwhile pointers from a modest effort entitled "Stolen Heaven," with Olympe Bradna doing the kleptomaniacal honors as a singer whose vocal activities were a blind for her transgressions.

Varied and sundry assortments of robbing and burglary (the law says there is a distinction between the two) are offered both the novice and the experienced trickster in the "Bulldog Drummond" series, the "Charlie Chan" chain and the "Lone Wolf" string; everything from safe-cracking to quick, clean, traceless murder can be found in numerous class B crime movies.

Let us suppose that your training has led you to the belief that you are ready for the international racket—crime on the grand scale—agent for the snatching of state secrets. The aforementioned Donat spy chase would be a required course in the curriculum.

And to forestall any indignant protests that the youth of the Nation is being neglected in this treatise we point with unseemly pride to the pictures in which the "Dead End" kids have wallowed in petit theft. They contain boundless opportunities for quick-thinking youngsters, and if they are illegal still they are effective in keeping the loveable little

hoodlums out of the streets, safe from car wheels.

THE cinema industry, conscious of the fact that its power as a potential Fagin would be unlimited without the application of a brake of some kind, resolves the problem in favor of the clear-thinking, healthy forces of law and order—the crook either ends up on the other side of the river Styx or takes up light house-keeping in one of our more impregnable houses of correction.

But the criminal's dark-eyed character has been made so attractive during the picture's course that the attendant perils of such a life seem excellently suited to the occasion, and something to be fostered rather than shunned.

Or if the capture is made its very often due to the idyllic fact that love has come into the circle of crime and caused the public enemy to "go straight"; if he'd just kept his head the inference is that he'd still be the best little worker east and west of the Appalachians. Or after a perfect record he makes one little slip, like leaving his calling card at the scene of the crime.

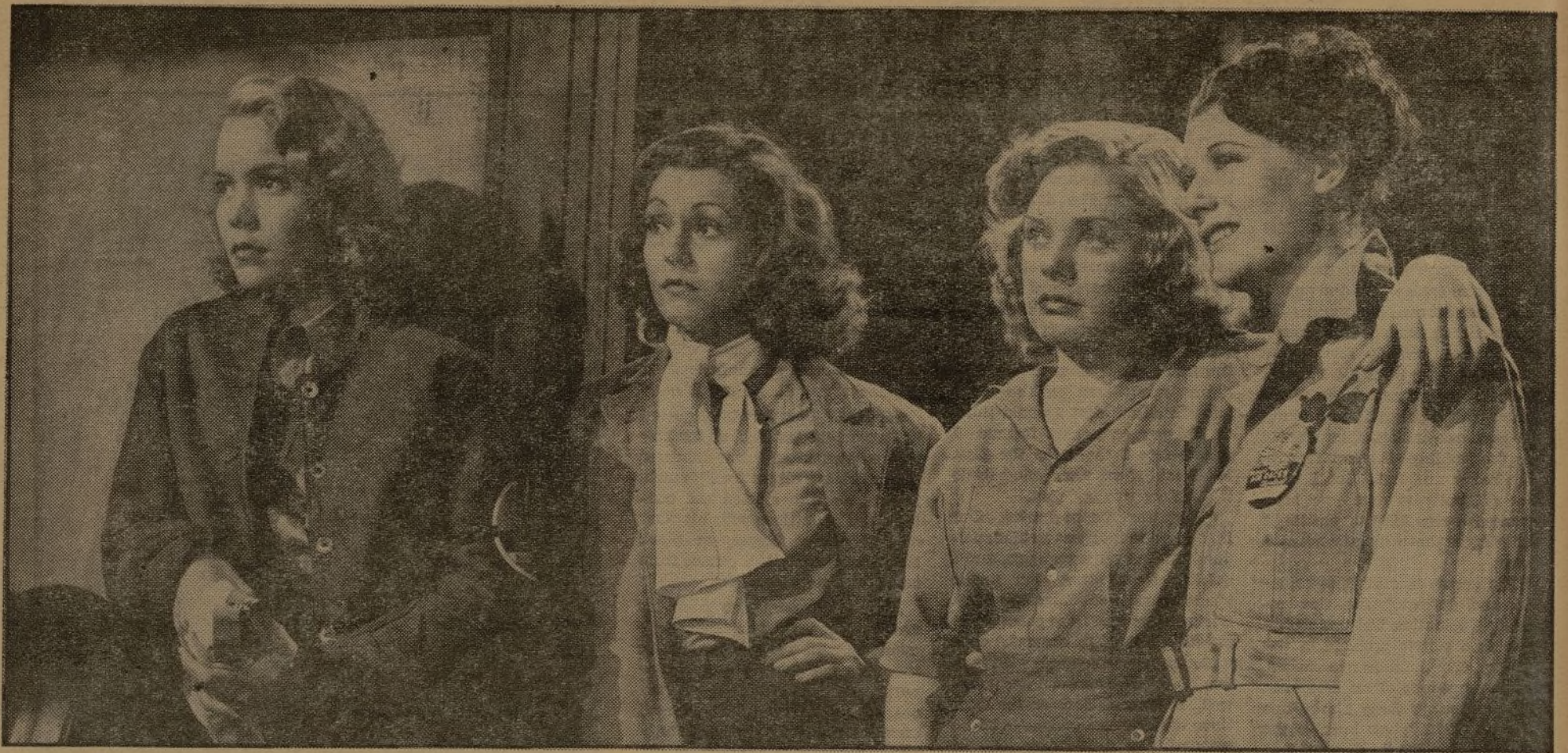
It might be too drastic to make a star an absolute heel when he plays the part of a heel (Hollywood is so touchy about type casting), but it might help; we don't honestly care about the older heads but the youngsters deserve a break in their education.



HULA, STREAMLINED VERSION: Eleanor Powell gives her impression of the traditional Hawaiian dance in the MGM musical show, "Honolulu," now installed at the Paramount.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid





**WOMEN WITH WINGS:** Presenting four of the daring lady pilots whose exploits are pictured in "Tail Spin," the aviation drama at the Fox. They are, in the usual order, Jane Wyman, Nancy Kelly, Alice Faye and Joan Davis.

## A Fantastic City Looks to Fantasy

### HOLLYWOOD:

By Douglas W. Churchill

THE SCREEN'S few excursions into the land of fantasy have not been overly successful. "Alice in Wonderland" failed to project the illusion of the dream with conviction; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," while worthy, was too literal; "Beggars on Horseback" was well done, but the customers had difficulty in grasping its meaning.

In the face of these experiments and in spite of their reception, Metro is expending an unusual sum of money on "The Wizard of Oz," which, according to present indications will be an outstanding imaginative work. Made in color and lighted by considerable film trickery, "Wizard" will cost close to \$1,750,000 before it is completed.

L. FRANK BAUM, the author, published the first of the Oz stories under the title of "A New Wonderland" in 1900. A musical comedy based on the tales first reached the public in Chicago in 1902 and was taken to New York a half-year later. This stage version was a high point in the careers of Montgomery and Stone; Fred Stone played the Scarecrow and Dave Montgomery the Tin Woodman.

In the film version the parts are taken by Ray Bolger and Jack Haley. MGM went to the Baum original rather than to the musical show for its screen story.

Although great improvements have been made in color photography, tricks possible with ordinary black and white are still denied the tinted medium. Double exposures, for instance, are too complicated to be practical, but Mervyn Leroy, who is producing, and Victor Fleming, who is directing, have found adequate substitutes for the device.

The technicians do their work so much better than anyone else in Hollywood that their achievements are apt to overshadow the endeavors of the other contributors. Leroy believes that he has a well-balanced picture in "Oz" and that the story will be accepted because it is attributed to a dream of Judy Garland as Dorothy.

THERE are many tricks that should provoke oh's and ah's from the customers. Billie Burke,

the Good Witch, steps out of a bursting pink soap bubble. To create the effect, a huge red balloon floats in and when it lands it is exploded. The camera is stopped at this point while Miss Burke steps into her proper place, and the camera resumes its grinding.

When the Wicked Witch appears through the medium of a puff of smoke the vapor comes from a small aperture, and when it is large enough Margaret Hamilton steps behind it; then a wind machine blows the smoke away in one puff.

Events are seen in a crystal ball by projecting a film on a tiny screen behind a water-filled globe; the scenes appear to occur inside the ball and are not reshot by the color cameras. The flying monkeys are actual animals to which condor wings were affixed, and they glide through the air with the aid of piano wire.

Bert Lahr, the cowardly Lion, is able to wiggle his tail abetted by a prop man. The tail-wagger sits above the set with a fish line attached to the tip of the tail. He

follows Lahr around with a fish pole, giving animation to the appendage. Judy's farmhouse flies through the air in the midst of a Kansas cyclone in miniature.

PROBABLY as engrossing characters as are in the picture are the Munchkins. These tiny people are dressed in medieval German costumes and live in houses that resemble toadstools. The characters are portrayed by 116 midgets and 30 children, a mixture that caused the school authorities considerable trouble.

Children must attend school while on the set, and after each shot the teachers attempted to herd their charges into the classroom. They were always getting a few of the midgets in the collection, which offended the dignity of the little men, several of whom have college degrees.

Leroy felt that the music of the original would be dated, for the taste in tunes has changed in the intervening 35 years. A new score was written by Yip Harberg and Harold Arlen, who did the "Scandals" for several seasons, and is

said to bear the flavor of Gilbert and Sullivan.

To arouse memories in old-timers, fragments from the musical comedy will be heard now and then; the songs that graced that version were "Niccillo's Piccolo," "Medley of All Nations," "I Love Only One Girl in the Wide, Wide World" and "Hurrah for Baffin's Bay."

THE LAST VESTIGE of the crags that surrounded Shangri-La in "Lost Horizon" disappeared this week under tropical foliage when Columbia converted the set from last year's picture into an Ecuadorian fruit port for "Plane No. 4," which will feature Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, Richard Barthelmess and Thomas Mitchell.

The transformed Tibetan landscape, which once typified the rare and crisp atmosphere of the mountains, now personifies the murky and humid climate of the Ecuador seaboard.

Considerable of the atmosphere

was contributed by Curly Twyford's menagerie. California law prohibits the capture of sea gulls, but a permit was secured, and under the supervision of a game warden 100 of the birds were trapped with rubber bands which entangled their legs without hurting them.

The birds were loosed on the set and flew beneath the black canvas covering, where once the doves of Shangri-La had soared. All went well until the gulls discovered a hole and flew away; Twyford had to go out and trap another 100. Another of the animal man's contributions was a cock fight. The humane society is pretty touchy about such things, but they were satisfied when a large sheet of plate glass was placed between the fowl so they could not reach each other.

One incident which still has Twyford and the technicians puzzled is how to wreck an airplane by having a South American condor fly into a propeller. Before the picture is completed they know they will find a solution.

TWO seemingly inviolable rules of the cinema are that the glamour boy must get the glamour girl and that the villains must meet the hero and heroine in unmistakable conflict. It is considered financial suicide to break these laws. Warners, however, are

daring to upset tradition in "Juarez," which is nearing completion on the Burbank lot.

So much criticism has been levelled at Hollywood because of the screen's contempt for history in treating factual subjects that Warners have gone to great lengths to inject dramatic stamina into the picture and at the same time conform to the incidents that took place in Mexico.

Bette Davis as the Empress Carlotta never meets her fellow star, Paul Muni as Juarez. Claude Rains as Napoleon never faces Muni nor does he meet Brian Aherne as Maximilian nor John Garfield as Diaz. Gale Sondergaard as Empress Eugenie is always kept apart from Muni, Garfield and Aherne.

The result should be interesting from the public's standpoint, for it is accepted in Hollywood that the customers have set up rules which must not be violated. But Warners feel that so powerful is the story of each personality that the drama will be clear and distinct to every one of the patrons. The action takes place in France, Austria and Mexico, and while Miss Davis appears in all three places, she never meets the Mexican revolutionary who brings so much tragedy to her life.

The Warners reverted to the history of the primers for their method of projecting the drama; all characters are either black or white, the heroes are extremely virtuous and the villains are blackguards of the worst sort.

UNIVERSAL is convinced that because Deanna Durbin's millions of youthful followers are at an age when wealth is the most important thing in life, the young actress should remain a glamorous daughter of the overprivileged. In but one of her films, "100 Men and a Girl," was she a poor but honest child, and the studio had indications that young America did not relish this touch of realism.

In "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," which has gone before the cameras, there will be even more ostentation than in any of Miss Durbin's other pictures.

With but a single exception, the cast and production crew of her first picture is intact. Joe Pasternak is producer, and Henry Kosler is director. Barbara Read has been supplanted by Helen Parrish as one of Deanna's sisters,



**TWO AGAINST THE WORLD:** Henry Fonda and Maureen O'Sullivan voice the plea, "Let Us Live," in the melodrama of that name, due Thursday at the Orpheum.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



# The Bible Makes a Dull Script

drama

NEW YORK:

By Ira Wolfert

THE Theater Guild has not had enough luck to go around these last few years. Chiefly, we've been saying, the fault's been bad plays. But now it has hold of a good play, and its luck is no better. Everybody is calling "Jeremiah" dull.

I don't think there can be any doubt that "Jeremiah" is a worthy and substantial work of art. It is a product of a collaboration between the Bible and Stefan Zweig. For 22 years it has generally been regarded as a masterpiece of the German theater that flowered before the weeds choked it. For several thousand years, the story itself has been considered a masterpiece among human events. And now everybody, meaning audience and critics, is crying "dull, dull, dull" at it. To call a play dull is not merely to impeach it, but to execute it.

Jeremiah (in case you've skipped the Bible's longest book) was a prophet of disaster, and his lot was as unhappy as the fate he was ordained to foretell. Mr. Zweig readjusted the story for a 1916 audience, and, since that time, the world has not changed enough to make his readjustment seem a moment out of date. The face of the world is still pocked with cysts of hate confined within boundary lines.

JEREMIAH comes upon the stage of the Guild Theater at a time when the Jews are whooping it up for a war against Babylon. In

his mind is a picture, sent by God, of that war and its ending in the destruction of Jerusalem and the enslavement of the Jews. He rushes to warn his countrymen of the woe that awaits them if they embark upon war, and he is banged around by a mob and thrown into jail as a menace to society.

The prophet is a dangerous man. He is dangerous to himself, for he clings relentlessly to the truth, and the truth is an adder at his breast. He is dangerous to a Jerusalem at war, for his lamentations and forebodings gnaw at the morale of the people. And he is strange as well as dangerous. The Bible makes this man a messenger of God whose life is broken on the inscrutable will of the Lord. Mr. Zweig makes him a messenger of humanity whose life is smashed by humanity.

The prophecies of this strange, dangerous man come true. The war goes on, made by pride, made by greed, nourished by such muscular venoms as dignity and national honor and national fear.

The King of Jerusalem, a decent, kindly, honorable man, freighted with the trappings of his office, has just spurned the last peace offer of Nebuchadnezzar. He has come to believe that, when Jeremiah foretells the future, he tells the truth, and secretly, late at night, he summons the prophet and asks him what will happen next. "I see," Jeremiah tells him, "Jerusalem sacked, its men killed, its women raped, its babies butchered. I see you watching your sons stabbed to

death. I see iron heated and plunged into your eyeballs." The King listens stupefied. At last he says, very simply, "Oh, no!" And the long "O" sounds are gusts of woe.

I CAN'T imagine anything dull about such a story, and its implications seemed to me tremendous. There were not only the utterances about war and peace, so timely in our sore world, and

the philosophical speculations implied in any description of a man who could foresee the future. There were also the chief personalities involved—Jeremiah, who set truth first above everything; King Zedekiah, a thoughtful, generous man, trapped in the machinery of his office and his training for the kingship.

The Guild has given the play a beautifully professional production. Arthur Byron plays the part

of the King to perfection. I thought Kent Smith was a poor choice for the part of Jeremiah. He acts extremely well, but he has a rolling, baritone voice with not enough variety in it to make an evening of listening to him anything but soporific. It's a fine voice for a lullaby, but it hasn't the sting in it to sharpen weighty, tragic lines.

## DAILY Theatre Guide

SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST COMPLETE MOVIE DIRECTORY

### NASSER BROTHERS THEATRES

#### ROYAL

Polk at California

ROBERT DONAT  
ROSALIND RUSSELL  
CECIL PARKER

"THE CITADEL"

OLYMPIE BRADNA and RAY MILLAND

"SAY IT IN FRENCH"

"THE CITADEL" starts at 3:15, 6:50, 10:00

"Say It in French" starts 1:45, 5:15, 8:50

#### CASTRO

Castro Street, nr. Market

"BROTHER RAT"

WAYNE MORRIS and PRISCILLA LANE

"A MAN TO REMEMBER," Edward Ellis

#### NEW MISSION

Mission St., near 22nd

VICTOR McLAGLEN & CHESTER MORRIS

"THE PACIFIC LINER"

WILLIAM BOYD and EVELYN VENABLE

"THE FRONTIERSMEN"

"THE PACIFIC LINER" starts at 3:15, 6:50, 10:00

"The Frontiersmen" starts 1:45, 5:15, 8:50

#### NEW FILLMORE

Fillmore St., near Eddy

VICTOR McLAGLEN & WENDY BARRE

"THE PACIFIC LINER"

LUIS RAINER & PAULETTE GODDARD

"DRAMATIC SCHOOL"

"The Pacific Liner" starts at 3:15, 6:50, 10:00

"Dramatic School" starts 1:45, 5:15, 8:50

#### ALHAMBRA

Polk at Green Street

JAMES CAGNEY

PAT O'BRIEN

ANGELS with DIRTYFACES

FLIRTING WITH FATE

"Flirting With Fate" at 1:40-5:10-8:40

"Angels With Dirty Faces," 3:15-6:45-10:00

#### AMERICAN

Fillmore St., nr. Turk

The Lane Sisters & Claude Rains, "THE FOUR DAUGHTERS"

"BROADWAY MUSKETEERS," M. Lindsay

### GOLDEN STATE THEATRES, CR. 8000

CONTINUOUS SHOWS TODAY FROM 1 P. M. AT ALL GOLDEN STATE THEATERS

#### UPTOWN

Cor. Sutter & Steiner

Mickey Rooney-Lew. Stone

"OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS"

"HARD TO GET" with Olivia de Havilland

"West With Hardys," 1:10-4:15-7:20-10:25

"Hard to Get" starts at 2:50-5:55 & 9:00

#### MIDTOWN

Haight, near Fillmore

"IF I WERE KING"

RONALD COLMAN & BASIL RATHBONE

"NO MAN OF HER OWN," Carole Lombard

#### HAIGHT

Haight and Cole Streets

"THE GREAT WALTZ"

LUIS RAINER and FERNAND GRAVET

"SERVICE DE LUXE," Constance Bennett

#### NOE

24th Street and Noe Blvd.

"D R U M S"

SABU (Elephant Boy) & Raymond MASSEY

"JUST AROUND CORNER," Shir. Temple

#### VICTORIA

16th Street, nr. Mission

"CROWD ROARS"

ROBERT TAYLOR and FRANK MORGAN

"REFORMATORY," Jack Holt, Ch. Wynters

#### ALEXANDRIA

Geary & 18th Ave.

Paulette Goddard in "DRAMATIC SCHOOL"

"SAY IT IN FRENCH," with Ray Milland

#### COLISEUM

Clement St. at 9th Ave.

Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone, "OUT WEST WITH HARDYS"

"YOUNG DOCTOR KILDARE," Lew Ayres

#### REGAL

Market Street, nr. Taylor

"MARINES ARE HERE"

GORDON OLIVER and JUNE TRAVIS

"THE NUMBERED WOMAN," Sally Blane

#### SILVER PALACE

Market St., opp. Grant

"EXTORTION," Scott Colton, Mary Russell

"SUNSET OF POWER," with Buck Jones

#### STRAND

1127 Market St.

TYRONE POWER

ALICE FAYE

DON AMECHE

"IN OLD CHICAGO"

AKIM TAMIROFF and GAIL PATRICK

"DANGEROUS TO KNOW"

#### CASINO

Cor. Ellis and Mason Sts.

"THE BIG CITY"

LUIS RAINER and SPENCER TRACY

"MERRILY WE LIVE," Constance Bennett

#### EMBASSY

1125 Market Street

Ph. HE mlock 5221

FRED MacMURRAY and RAY MILLAND

"MEN WITH WINGS"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and CHAS. FARRELL

"JUST AROUND the CORNER"

#### PRESIDENT

80 McAllister Street

"CAIN AND ABEL"

with MARION DAVIES and CLARK GABLE

"FUGITIVES IN THE SKY," Jean Moir

#### PORTOLA DISTRICT

3650 San Bruno Avenue

"MEN WITH WINGS"

FRED MacMURRAY and RAY MILLAND

"EXTORTION," Scott Colton, Mary Russell

#### POTRERO DISTRICT

18th & Connecticut St.

"MEN WITH WINGS"

FRED MacMURRAY and RAY MILLAND

SAFETY IN NUMBERS, The Jones Family

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER BEFORE

CHRONICLE EXPOSITION EDITION

#### IRVING

Irving Street at 15th Ave.

WAYNE MORRIS and PRISCILLA LANE

"THE SHINING HOUR," Joan Crawford

March of Time, "STATE OF THE NATION"

#### PARKSIDE

20th Ave. at Taraval

"SHINING HOUR"

JOAN CRAWFORD and MELVYN DOUGLAS

"SERVICE DE LUXE," Constance Bennett

#### EL REY

Ocean Ave. at Victoria St.

"THE GREAT WALTZ"

LUIS RAINER and FERNAND GRAVET

"SUEZ," Tyrone Power, Loretta Young

"Great Waltz" at 12:15-4:05-7:55-10:45

"Suez" starts at 2:10-6:00 and 8:50 p. m.

#### GRANADA

Mission at Ocean Ave.

"BROTHER RAT"

WAYNE MORRIS and PRISCILLA LANE

"SHINING HOUR," with Joan Crawford

#### AMAZON

Geneva Ave., nr. Mission

"THE SISTERS"

with BETTE DAVIS and ERROL FLYNN

"DRUMS," with Sabu and Raymond Massey

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### SAN FRANCISCO THEATRES, BA. 8181

#### ALEXANDRIA

Geary & 18th Ave.

Paulette Goddard in "DRAMATIC SCHOOL"

"SAY IT IN FRENCH," with Ray Milland

#### COLISEUM

Clement St. at 9th Ave.

Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone, "OUT WEST WITH HARDYS"

"YOUNG DOCTOR KILDARE," Lew Ayres

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SAFETY IN NUMBERS, The Jones Family

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER BEFORE

CHRONICLE EXPOSITION EDITION

#### HARDING

Divisadero at Hayes

"SHINING HOUR"

JOAN CRAWFORD and ROBERT YOUNG

"KING OF ALCATRAZ," with Lloyd Nolan

#### LINCOLN

6th Ave. at Clement St.

Mickey Rooney, Pat. Ellis

Constance Moore, "DOWN THE STRETCH"

"MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF," Joe Penner

### AARON GOLDBERG THEATRES

#### EGYPTIAN

Market St., opp. Jones

Ph. HE mlock 5327

The LITTLE THEATRE WITH BIG SHOWS

Selected Features From Unusual Producers

BEAUTIFUL BEYOND DESCRIPTION

CHRONICLE EXPOSITION EDITION

#### MISSION DISTRICT

Mission Street, nr. 21st

Clark Gable, Myrna Loy

Leo Carrillo, "TOO HOT TO HANDLE"

"FIVE OF A KIND," Dianne Quintuplets



# Picture of the Week

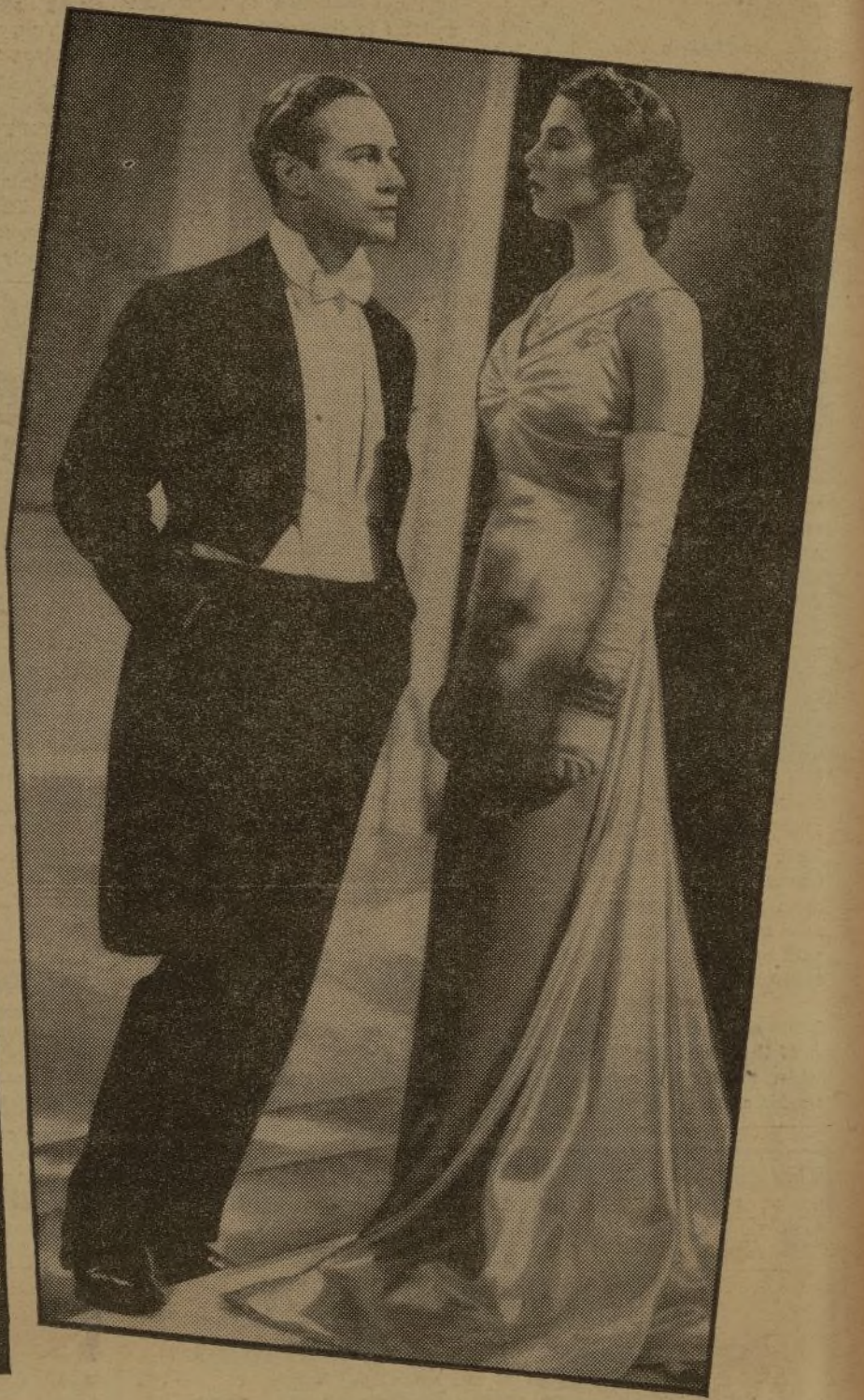


FOR the first time perennial Author and Critic George Bernard Shaw has allowed one of his full-length plays, "Pygmalion," to be screened. Based on a treatment by G. B. S. himself, the picture will come to the St. Francis. It relates how a phonetics professor picks up a cockney gutterspine, promises to make her a grande dame in six months. At the left, Professor Higgins (Leslie Howard) discovers the bedraggled cabbage leaf 'Liza Doolittle (Wendy "Love on the Dole" Hiller) in Covent Garden. To the right, her education completed, she is hailed as an Hungarian princess—incognito.



HER enunciation nearly perfect, but her social deportment nil, 'Liza is taken to tea, where she meets society. Prof. Higgins and his mother (Marie Lohr) watches with something more than interest as the girl confides that an aunt drinks gin like mother's milk.

## Shaw's "Pygmalion"



'LIZA'S education is now almost completed and ready for display. Prof. Higgins is here holding final rehearsals while agnostic fellow Phonetics Specialist Col. Pickering (Scot Sunderland) looks on.



# The English Drawing Room Is Immutable

LONDON:

By Lionel Bonsey

IN SPITE of the cold weather and the crisis and the chronic slump, in fact in spite of everything, people continue to queue up and stool it for hours to see "The Flashing Stream," the play about a mathematically gifted naval officer by Charles Morgan.

I couldn't tell you if Mr. Morgan is any good at mathematics but seeing he's made his main character a genius that way and wrote act three before acts one or two, well you can think what you like about it.

Further up the street there's another lot of people stooling it for "Dear Octopus," the play by Dodie Smith starring John Gielgud and Marie Tempest. It looks fine, those three names in colored lights and the mysterious words "Dear Octopus" written in between, also in colored lights. When you get inside the theater, if you do, you find it's all about a family and you know what Dodie Smith's families are. The acting is extremely good and it is a nice quiet little play.

In the comedy line "French Without Tears" continues to do very good business. So does "George and Margaret." Mr. Rattigan's play runs the risk of soon becoming an English institution like



ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE: Not quite as Dumas imagined them are Porthos, Athos and Aramis, as played by the Ritz Brothers in the Warfield's slightly daffy musical comedy version of "The Three Musketeers."

"Criticism Without Jeers."

CONTINUING in the true English tradition, "Banana Ridge," the Ben Travers farce with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton at the Strand, and also "Running Riot" with Leslie Henson at the Gaiety, prove once and for all that for Englishmen English humor is the top. It isn't especially fast or witty or clever but it's the top.

Both these shows will run longer than either "Three Men on a Horse" or "Room Service" did and it leaves you guessing. But where the theater's concerned you're always guessing, so here's another: About a year ago a play was put on backed, so I have heard, by Noel Coward. It was called "You Can't Take It With You!" That play hardly got as far as the specially tuned ears of the columnists who daily sit and listen and hope to hear something to write about. Well, at the Gaumont Cinema in the Haymarket

last week they were breaking all records with a film called "You Can't Take It With You." And it isn't any good telling me the film may be all right but the play was dud because I shall merely tell you to write a play and bring the Pulitzer prize home.

A new show has opened at the Palace starring those two delightful people, Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert. The show is called "Under Your Hat" and it had a very good first night. Cicely Courtneidge masquerades as a French maid, an Anglo-Indian Colonel's wife and a mechanic and it's all very funny if you think so.

HOWEVER, there's a better than usual plot in this comic piece about a film star who gets mixed up in a spy adventure; there's music by Vivian Ellis and that very good actress Leonora Corbett is mixed up in it all, which seems a mistake as Miss Corbett can do much better than waft about as a

Russian vamp. Still that's her business and anyway if the show doesn't run for months and months there will be something wrong with English traditional humor.

If you roll along in the bus from Piccadilly toward Kensington you'll come across a large corner site all boarded up and labelled "National Theater." That's after months of work and letters to the newspapers and committee meetings and so on. It appears that England is about the only country in Europe without a National Theater and that it ought to have one.

So there it is; and that's all about it. Meanwhile, the contemporary dramatists keep their eyes on the International Theater Club (of which Lady Playfair is the main pillar), the Stage Society and the Q and Richmond Theaters, as possible outlets for their work. The International Theater Club's last production was

## THEATERGOERS GUIDE

### ON THE STAGE

CURRAN—Cecilia ("Cissie") Loftus in a program of "Impressions and Impersonations." Opening a week's engagement tomorrow night.

ALCAZAR—"Run Little Child," Hall Johnson's Negro folk drama. A Federal Theater Project production. Fifth week.

### ON THE SCREEN

FOX—"Tail Spin" (Alice Faye, Constance Bennett, Nancy Kelly, Joan Davis, Charles Farrell); "The Girl Downstairs" (Franciska Gaal, Franchot Tone, Walter Connolly).

PARAMOUNT—"Honolulu" (Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, George Burns, Gracie Allen); "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (Peter Lorre).

WARFIELD—"The Three Musketeers" (The Ritz Brothers, Don Ameche, Binnie Barnes, Lionell Atwill, Gloria Stuart); "Nancy Drew, Reporter" (Bonita Granville).

ORPHEUM—"Newsboy's Home" (Jackie Cooper, Edmund Lowe, Wendy Barrie); "The Lone Wolf Spy Hunt" (Warren William, Ida Lupino).

LARKIN—"People of Bergslagen," Swedish film.

PRINCESS—"The March to the Altar"; "The Glory of Faith."

GOLDEN GATE—"Gunga Din" (Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks)



CADET: Tom Brown, of "The Duke of West Point," at the United Artists.

Jr., Sam Jaffe, Joan Fontaine). RKO vaudeville. Second week.

UNITED ARTISTS—"The Duke of West Point" (Louis Hayward, Tom Brown, Joan Fontaine, Richard Carlson, Alan Curtis). Second week.

CLAY—"With a Smile," French film (Maurice Chevalier). Second week.

ST. FRANCIS—"Jesse James" (Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Nancy Kelly, Randolph

Scott, Henry Hull). Third week.

### PICTURES BACK IN TOWN

UPTOWN—"Out West With the Hardys" (Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Virginia Weidler); "Hard to Get" (Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland).

EMBASSY—"Men With Wings" (Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, Louise Campbell); "Just Around the Corner" (Shirley Temple).

EL CAPITAN—"Heart of the North" (Dick Foran, Gloria Dickson); "Thanks for Everything" (Jack Haley, Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie).

### AMONG THE LITTLE THEATERS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—"The Devil's Disciple," by George Bernard Shaw, at Wheeler Auditorium, Berkeley, Friday and Saturday nights.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY—"Hippolytus," by Euripides, at Little Theater, Memorial Hall, Saturday night.

WAYFARERS—"Candide," after Voltaire, at 1749 Clay street, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights.

THEATER UNION—Three one-act plays, at 629 Green street, Friday and Saturday nights.

SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE—"Dulcy," by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, at San Jose, Thursday and Friday nights.

## drama

Mr. Rodney Ackland's new play "Remembrance of Things Past," a very good play indeed in spite of the fact that the first act lasts 90 minutes.

Another theater club which is doing good work is the Torch Theater which the other week gave poor old Ibsen an inning with "When We Dead Awaken" featuring Iris Baker. The next production is "Katie Roche," by Teresa Deevy, which Lennox Robinson is going to direct.

And so one comes to the bitter conclusion that National Theater or not, things will go on the same way and the theater will be kept alive and of some merit and value apart from profit by the small theater clubs and societies.

The Stage Society, it appears, is soon putting on a play by a Spanish author named Lorcas. Michel St. Denis is producing.

**WARFIELD**  
DON AMECHE  
THE RITZ BROTHERS  
In the 20th Century-Fox  
Musical comedy version of  
**THE THREE MUSKETEERS**  
Gloria Stuart, Binnie Barnes, John Carradine, Joseph Schildkraut, and  
**"NANCY DREW, DETECTIVE"**  
Bonita Granville

**FOX**  
Alice FAYE Nancy KELLY  
Constance BENNETT  
**TAIL SPIN**  
FRANCHOT TONE  
FRANCISKA GAAL  
**THE GIRL Downstairs**

**PARAMOUNT**  
A Musical! It'll drive you Wicky-Wacky-Woo!!!  
**Honolulu**  
A Gem from MGM... with  
ELEANOR POWELL  
GEORGE BURNS & ALLEN ROBERT YOUNG  
AND  
**MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING**  
Peter LORRE

**ST. FRANCIS**  
Last FOUR Days  
**JESSE JAMES**  
THURS. Engagement Extraordinary! No. California Premiere  
**LESLIE HOWARD**  
in Bernard Shaw's  
**PYGMALION**  
And introducing a most amazing actress  
Wendy HILLER  
Released by M. G. M.  
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES!

**VARIED BILLS AT THEATERS**  
MISSION DISTRICT  
**EL CAPITAN** Mission, nr. 20th  
Gloria Dickson, "HEART OF THE NORTH"  
Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley  
A. Whelan, "THANKS FOR EVERYTHING"  
DOWNTOWN DISTRICT  
**CALIFORNIA** Market, near 4th  
Lewis Stone, "Out West With the Hardys"  
J. Carrol Nash, "ILLEGAL TRAFFIC"

**STARTS THURSDAY**  
TOPPER STEPS OUT... AND FUN STEPS IN!  
NAL ROACH PRESENTS  
**CONSTANCE BENNETT**  
**ROLAND YOUNG**  
In  
**TOPPER TAKES A TRIP**  
with  
**BILLIE BURKE**  
**ALAN MOWBRAY**  
VEREE TEASDALE  
LAST FOUR DAYS!  
**THE DUKE OF WEST POINT**  
LOUIS HAYWARD • JOAN FONTAINE  
**UNITED ARTISTS**  
UNDERHILL 1478

**UPTOWN** SUTTER STEINER  
NOW SHOWING  
**Mickey ROONEY**  
LEWIS STONE  
**OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS**  
**DICK POWELL**  
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND  
**HARD TO GET**

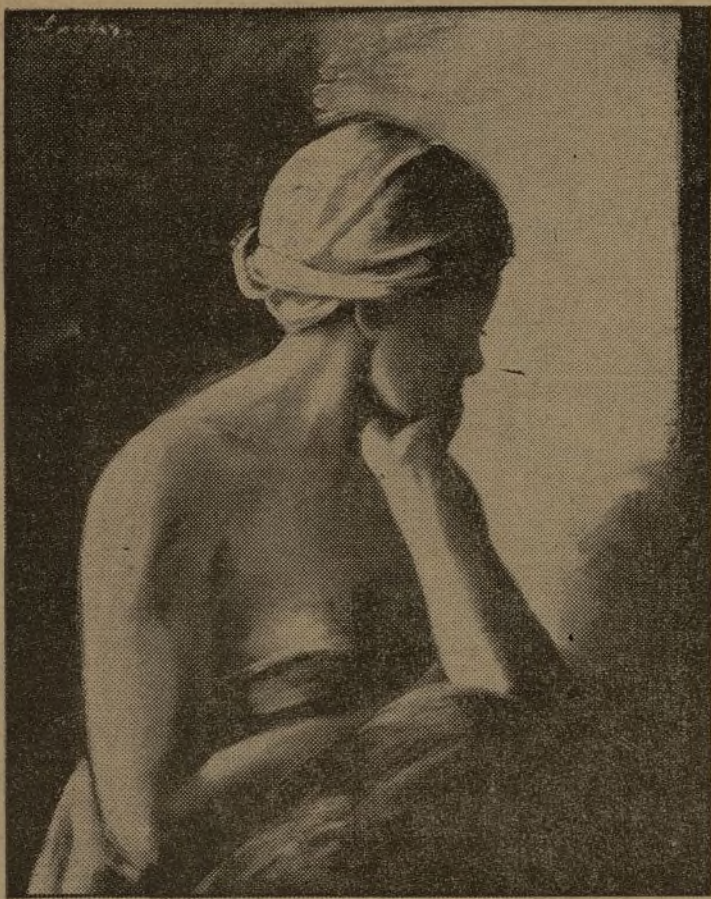
**ORPHEUM**  
JACKIE COOPER  
"NEWSBOYS HOME"  
EDMUND LOWE  
WENDY BARRIE  
and the  
LITTLE TOUGH GUYS  
WARREN WILLIAM  
"LONE WOLF SPY HUNT"  
IDA LUPINO  
RALPH MORGAN

**GOLDEN GATE**  
Doors Open at 9:30 a. m.  
**GUNGA DIN**  
CARY GRANT • VICTOR MCLAGLEN  
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.  
SAM JAFFE • JOAN FONTAINE  
STAGE RAG  
Dance Revue  
PEGGY OVERALL'S  
GALATIES  
JAY BROWER  
and his MUSIC

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This Coupon Will Admit Your Entire Party at **15c** Per Person  
Void after Feb. 14 C.



# AROUND THE ART GALLERIES



"HALF FIGURE," OIL BY FREDERIC TAUBES



"WOMAN," BY CONSTANTIN GUYS



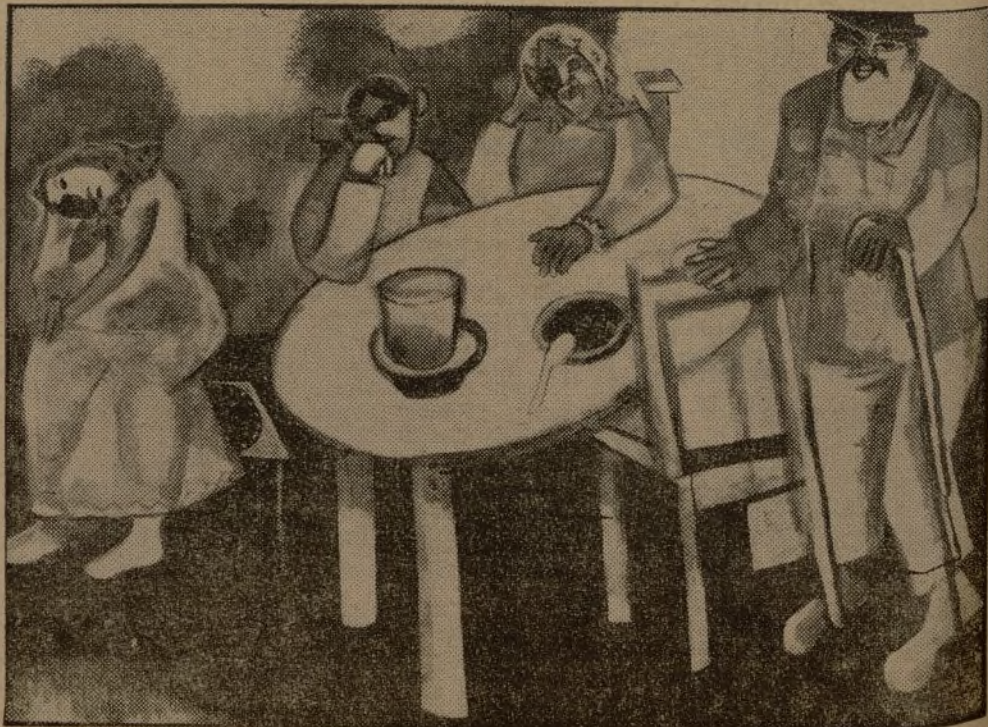
"FIGURE COMPOSITION," BY AUGUSTE RENOIR



"STUDY FOR SUMMER," BY LEON KROLL



"MAYA PROFILES"  
A LITHOGRAPH BY ROBERTO MONTENEGRO



"PEASANT DINNER," GOUACHE BY MARC CHAGALL

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

FEBRUARY

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GAUB  
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No. 109

PHILIP  
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# IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

## A Composer Sees the World Through Colored Glasses

**GAUBERT: LES CHANTS DE LA MER.** Recorded by Orchestre Symphonique of Paris under the composer. Two 12-inch records in album; \$3.25. Columbia set No. 109.

**PHILIPPE GAUBERT'S** NOSTALGIC tone poem in three movements will be of interest to those who look for trends of Debussy style in contemporary compositions. For this work is definitely Debussy-ian in its lyrical remoteness indicated by titles such as the one of the third section, "La bas, tres loin sur la mer" (there, very far away from the sea). The composition overflows with shades, half-shades, colors half-colors. In the second part, "La ronde sur la falaise," the melodies are reminiscent of one of the main themes in Tchaikowsky's fifth. The work is subtly interpreted by the Paris Orchestre Symphonique, but the recording, in some places, technically imperfect.

**MENDELSSOHN: THE HEBRIDES OVERTURE.** Recorded by London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham. One 12-inch record; \$1.50. Columbia P-69395-D.

**IF A GREAT NUMBER OF MENDELSSOHN'S** works are today considered ephemeral, the overture, "Die Hebriden," certainly is not among those. The genius of the versatile composer is definitely manifest in this smooth and imaginative creation, vaguely related to Scotland's Fingal's Cave, which the composer had visited. In its vivacity and melodious alertness it comes near some of the most beautiful parts of the exquisite "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. The London Philharmonic under Sir Thomas Beecham seems to be particularly fit for interpreting this German composer, who, like his compatriot Handel, spent important parts of his life in their country.

**RESPIGHI: THE BIRDS.** Recorded by Brussels Royal Conservatoire Orchestra under Desire Defauw. Two 12-inch records in album; \$3.25. Columbia set No. 108.

**IN HIS DELIGHTFUL COMPOSITION, "The Birds,"** Ottorino Respighi is certainly more than the imitator of seventeenth-century musical style and timeless

bird songs. Although no doubt following in its main structure the pattern of pre-Beethoven orchestral composition, the work is original and genuine, and the choice of the title and of the subtitles ("The Dove," "The Hen," and so forth) is almost minimizing the importance of the work. The Brussels Royal Conservatory Orchestra presents the piece with both delicacy and temperament. The registration on wax is excellent.

**SCHUBERT: SONATA IN A MINOR.** Recorded by Emanuel Feuermann (Cello) and Gerald Moore (Piano). Three 12-inch records in album; \$4.50. Columbia set No. 346.

**FEUERMANN AND MOORE'S** disk of Schubert's sonata in A minor is a worthwhile contribution to the recorded literature of this Austrian composer's works of chamber music. The sonata was originally written for "arp-eggione," a queer combination of guitar and violoncello, invented by Stauffer a year before Schubert wrote the sonata. But the instrument soon fell into disuse and would probably never have been heard of, had it not been for Schubert's work. As a matter of fact, certain passages in the third movement, especially the pizzicato, give us an idea how the work would sound on the Bogen-Guitarre. Feuermann's playing is inspired, beautifully seconded by the pianist. In the short middle movement, the deep singing tone of the cello is fully displayed. It is one of those recordings in which, for the purity of the artist's execution, one is inclined to bring the needle back on the running disk to hear certain parts over and over again.

**BEETHOVEN AND TELEMANN: LIEDER.** Recorded by Ernst Wolff. One 10-inch record; \$1. Columbia 17118-D.

**ACCOMPANYING HIMSELF AT** the Piano, Ernst Wolff offers a number of songs which were created at a very early period of the German lied. George Philipp Telemann's songs, very seldom heard, are most charming in their naivety and simplicity. Among the three songs, selected by Wolff, "Das Glueck" is sung with especially fine understanding of the lied's unassuming spirit. The two Beethoven songs on the disk's other side are "Der Abschied" and "Der Kuss." Both show a Beethoven of a light, anacreontic vein.



A coy Miss Trudi Schoop, Swiss comedienne, who will bring her troupe to the Curran Theater on February 20.

## The Week's Musical Programs

**THE SUCCESSFUL** San Francisco series of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe will be concluded today with two performances at the Memorial Opera House. In the afternoon, the Ballet Russe will present "Giselle," revival of a famous old-time ballet in three acts with music by Adolphe Adam, restaged by Serge Lifar, and a repeat of the new Massine work, "Parisian Gaities," to music of Offenbach with setting and costumes by Count Etienne de Beaumont.

The evening performance of the Ballet Russe includes "The Elves," a new ballet by Fokine to music of Mendelssohn, with sets by Christian Berard; "The Afternoon of a Faun," the Nijinsky ballet to Debussy's music, and another repetition of "Parisian Gaities."

The Ballet Russe will give its two Oakland performances tomorrow and Tuesday night at the Oakland Auditorium Theater. Tomorrow night it will be seen in "Carnaval," "The Test of Love," "The Spectre of the Rose," and "Parisian Gaities." Its Tuesday night offerings include "The Elves," "St. Francis," "Blue Bird," and "Beau Danube."

Tuesday night, Josef Hofmann will be heard in a piano recital at the San Francisco Opera House. The following is his program: Harmonious Blacksmith, Handel; Pastorale e Capriccio, Scarlatti; Sonata quasi una fantasia, Op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven; Fantasia Impromptu in C sharp minor, Chopin; Valse in A flat major, Chopin; Nocturne in B

major, Chopin; Carnaval, Schumann; Waldesrauschen, Liszt; Liebestraum, Liszt, and Mephisto Valse, Liszt.

**GWLADUS LULOFF** will present a clavichord and piano recital at Mills College's Hall for Chamber Music, Wednesday evening at 8:15. He will play music from J. S. Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," and pieces by Byrd, Farnaby, Rameau, Haessler and Handel.

Presented by Peter Conley, Kathryn Meisle, "American's own contralto," will be heard in recital at Memorial Opera House, San Francisco, Thursday night. Miss Meisle has selected a varied list of opera arias and classics of the masters interwoven with folk ballads.

The same evening, Verissimo Santos, clarinetist, will present a recital at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, 3435 Sacramento street. Santos will play two movements of Mozart's clarinet concerto, the sonata in E flat major by Brahms, and some shorter pieces.

Also Thursday night, Marian Anderson, American Negro contralto, will sing for the Oakland Forum at the Oakland Auditorium Theater. She will open her program with a group of classic numbers and will present spirituals in the second part. Kosti Vehanen, whose compositions are also included in Miss Anderson's program, is the accompanist.

Holding the spotlight of interest on the Municipal Concert series for the season is the appearance of Leopold Stokowski as

conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at a concert in Memorial Opera House, Friday night. The following program will be played: Bach's fugue in G minor, Symphony No. 1 by Brahms, Mussorgsky's "A Night on the Bare Mountain," prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" by Debussy, and Wagner's Fire Music from "Die Walkure" in an arrangement by Leopold Stokowski.

**THE** recently founded Dance Repertory Theater of San Francisco will be seen in its first two performances at the Community Playhouse, Saturday evening and the following Sunday afternoon. Under the direction of Michio Ito, four original dance dramas will be presented.

Next Sunday evening, 8 p. m., the Federal Music Project of the Works Progress Administration will inaugurate its new series of four Sunday evening symphonic concerts at the Curran Theater. Nathan Abas will direct the Bay Region Symphony Orchestra in the following program: "Leonore" overture No. 3, Beethoven; Symphony in E flat major, Mozart; prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," Wagner, and Symphonie Poem No. 3, Liszt. Soloist of the concert will be the young soprano, Edith Gidlof. She will sing an aria from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," and "Dich teure Halle," from Wagner's "Tannhaeuser."

Also next Sunday, at 3 in the afternoon, Kenneth Spencer, young Negro basso, will be heard in recital at the Green Street Theater, 622 Green street.

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# IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

By Alfred Frankenstein

FOR SOME REASON better known to the publishers than to anyone else, books on music run in cycles. Time was when everyone who had sung a bar room ditty in his youth was bringing out a collection of American folk songs. Later attention swung to interpretative and critical histories, then to simple treatises on the theory and structure of music, and still later to biography. Now it would appear that we are getting back into a cycle of technical treatises for the layman, and of the recent publications in this field two bid fair to have some permanence and importance. They are "A Hundred Years of Music," by Gerald Abraham (Knopf: \$4), and "What to Listen for in Music," by Aaron Copland (Whittlesey: \$2.50).

To describe Abraham's book as a "technical treatise for the layman" is rather misleading; the volume is one of the most difficult to classify, analyze, review or quote from that I have run across in many a day. Which is doubly unfortunate because it is one of the most stimulating, important and worth-while contributions to the literature on music made in recent years.

ABRAHAM reviews the history of musical style since the death of Beethoven to the present time. His production is not a history of music, since essential considerations of expressive purposes and values, of biography, and the relationship of music to the whole picture of human culture, are purposely left out. The author is here concerned mainly with questions of musical texture—harmonic contrapuntal and orchestral—and of musical form in the largest and most inclusive sense of that phrase.

To this study he brings tremendous erudition, but an erudition relieved by distinguished literary style. He discusses, defines and contrasts the musical styles of Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, Verdi, Wagner, the Russians, Brahms, and so on down to Schoenberg, Sibelius, Stravinsky, De Falla and many more. The main flow of the text is interrupted from time to time with absorbingly interesting sketches of objective musical conditions—the interests of the profession and the public as reflected in programs, the status of technique among performers, etc.—from time to time across the century.

All of which conveys no sense at all of the uniqueness and value of Abraham's book. A quotation will, perhaps give you some idea of the approach and the manner:

"Chopin was peculiarly alert to one fact that academic musical theorists stubbornly refused to recognize till many years later: that there is no such thing as an abstract chord, that the layout of a chord, its sound-medium, even the way it is played, can alter not merely its color but its essence. And what is true of single chords is naturally true of harmonic progressions. Hadow, in one of the most penetrating passages of a fine piece of criticism, gives an example from one of Chopin's earliest works: 'In the 12th bar of the well-known nocturne in E flat, Opus 9, No. 2, there is a connecting passage which, when we see it on paper, seems to consist of a rapid series of remote and recondite modulations. When we hear it played in the manner which Chopin intended we feel that there is only one real modulation, and that the rest of the passage is an iridescent play of color, an effect of superficies, not of substance.' There can be little doubt that the composer's pianistic technique smoothed the way for many of those things which

## Musical Thought Is Jelled And Sold Between Covers



Leopold Stokowski, apostle for the Muse and Micky Mouse, who will conduct the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Friday night at the Opera House.

seemed painfully ugly to those contemporary critics who could judge them only in the light of past experience.

"Chopin's chromatic seed fell not on stony ground but into the fertile minds of Liszt and Wagner. From the harmonic point of view Liszt—except the Liszt of the last period, to whom we must return in a later chapter—was little more than Chopin-raised-to-a-higher-power, though, even in the early 1830's, his restless intellect had already been fired to feverish dreams of an 'ordre omnisonique' which sounds in theory very much like an anticipation of twentieth century atonalism. (On the perfectly sound axiom that 'when everyone is somebody, then no one's anybody.')"

This brief excerpt, if it does not convey an idea of the quality of the book, will perhaps suggest why it is so difficult to review. In its insistence upon the total picture—the interrelations of harmony and interpretation, in this case, and the interdependence of composers—it leaves one no logical course to follow but that of reprinting the entire contents. Much as one might like to do this, Mr. Knopf might object.

COPLAND'S "What to Listen for in Music" is of a totally different breed. It consists of a series of lectures on the basic facts of music and directed at the totally uninformed layman. As the au-

thor himself says, most books of this sort have been written by educators and critics, but his is a composer's book, and might therefore be taken as something straight from headquarters.

Well, the net result is that Mr. Copland, distinguished and important composer that he is, has very little to say that critics and educators have not been saying for 10, these many years. The meat of his book is the series of 11 chapters making very clear, precise and intelligible definitions of the essential elements of music—rhythm, melody, harmony, tone color, and the several basic types of musical form. These are exceptionally well done, and while they offer nothing particularly new, they are compact and informative and well worth the attention of the uninformed music lover who wants to find his way around in these matters.

BOOKS ON THE BALLET ran through a swollen cycle last year and the year before, wherefore but few have come to this desk in recent months. The best of these is "Artists of the Dance," by Lillian Moore (Crowell). Miss Moore is herself a member of the American Ballet group, and she writes with a refreshing lack of the high toned, fancy and inspired prose in which too many books on the dance are composed. Her volume is a series of brief sketches of the lives of great dancers from

Marie Camargo to Martha Graham, which is to say from the beginnings of the classic ballet in the eighteenth century to the most recent developments in the modern dance. The author somewhat slights the Germans—there are no chapters on Wigman or Laban—but otherwise she seems to have covered practically everybody of importance. There are sketches of Noverre, Vestris, Viganò, Elssler, Grisi, Taglioni, Petipa, Fokine, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Pavlova, Massine and others of the Monte Carlo group, Balanchine, Argentina, Shawn and St. Denis, Duncan, Jooss, Humphrey and Weidman, and many more. The book reads most easily, and is exceptionally well informed, intelligent, and unbiased. It is not intended as an ultimate source of information, but as an introduction to choreographic biography it is an extremely worth while achievement.

THE SECOND DANCE BOOK mentioned above is "Ballet in Action," by Merlyn Severn (Oxford). This is a collection of candid camera shots of works in the current international repertoire, with special emphasis upon the Monte Carlo and its productions. Because of the conditions under which the pictures were taken, one might gather that all modern ballets are presented on an almost completely dark stage with the figures of the dancers picked out

in sculpturesque relief, wherefore the sense of the flow of action for which the artist has striven often falls to be communicated. Many of the pictures, also, are taken from angles backstage, and therefore distort the composition, which is intended to be seen from the front. From the purely photographic point of view, however, regardless of the purpose of the pictures as choreographic documents, the plates are almost uniformly excellent, and consequently Miss Severn's achievement may be regarded as a good, but not exceptionally good, picture book of ballet. The appendix, giving many details about the ballets pictured, is handy reference material. Mr. Arnold Haskell contributes a most charming preface. Here Mr. Haskell takes up the problem of defining good choreography, and after you have read the various subheads of his definition you can only arrive at the conclusion that good choreography is good choreography.

THIS IS PRESUMABLY a review of a few books on music, but I cannot refrain from speaking also of a book on art. Mr. Jackson rather dared me to review some weeks ago. This is Christine Herter's "In Defense of Art" (Norton: \$2). Miss Herter starts with the proposition that modern art is misunderstood because the critics are obfuscators, theorists and word mongers, who place a smoke screen of verbiage between the public and the pictures. This is unquestionably true in many cases. A tremendous lot of nonsense is written about modern art, and Miss Herter has collected some prize pieces of poppycock which she has a grand time blowing up.

Unfortunately, and apparently without realizing what she is doing, the author suddenly switches her ground about a third of the way through, and, to the reader's amazement, suddenly begins to preach exactly the opposite of what she has been preaching. Now it appears that the obscurantism is not the product of the critics but of the artists, and is of the essence of modern art. Miss Herter doesn't like modern art, and insists that, because it has to be explained in terms such as those she has just knocked into a cocked hat, it is imperfect, does not explain itself, and reveals its inadequacy through the necessity of literary apology. That may be true, too, but it flatly contradicts the position first stated—that the critics, who are literary persons and outsiders to the process of artistic creation, write as they do because they don't know what it's all about.

In the process of lambasting the modernists the author throws off a bit of nonsense comparable to anything she has previously exposed.

"But the layman may protest all this," she says, "saying that if he enjoys the works of Matisse, Rousseau or Dalí, this is sufficient reason in itself to warrant the thought that what is being enjoyed is worth while as art, and that if his knowing what he likes is to be a basis for cultivating a knowledge of art he must be confident that because he likes or enjoys these works they must have some claim to being works of art. There is one rejoinder to be made to this, and that is that the liking and enjoyment of twentieth century non-traditional works is invariably expressed in such phrases as have been noted in this book."

In other words, because some critics express their reactions to modern pictures in terms of "phony profundities," there is no other way to enjoy modern art. This, with all due respect, is simply the bunk.