

Game Suppl. to this issue in drawer

Life

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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA. ALSO DISTILLERS OF DIXIE BELLE DRY GIN.

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**Brought Water to a Million Arid Acres
but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!**

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

LONG AGO in his transit-carrying days, he ate the rough, coarse food of railroad mess cars and contractors' camps. But little by little in his climb to success, soft and well-cooked foods took the place of rough camp fare. His gums, robbed of vigorous work, grew tender... sensitive! Then he had his first warning—a tinge of "pink" on his tooth brush.

He ignored it—*absolutely*.

His intelligence should have warned him—his dentist's advice driven home his danger. Today he admits his fault—but today he's a Dental Cripple.

It's not a new story—it's happened before. You can't trifle with "pink tooth

brush"! Don't leave yourself open to serious gum disorders—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea.

There's no mystery about "pink tooth brush." Our modern foods do not and cannot give our gums the work they need. Robbed of that work, they grow sensitive and tender—and sooner or later that warning tinge of "pink" appears.

Play safe—get Ipana Tooth Paste today. And add gum massage with Ipana to your daily health routine.

Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana. And each time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Try this for a month. Your teeth will be far brighter, your gums much healthier—and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

**Professional
Opinion says:**

- From a standard dental text:
"Refined foods are... soft, so as to require little or no mastication."
- A well-known authority says:
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble and should receive attention at once."
- Excerpt from a professional treatise:
"It is important to brush the gums in order to keep them in a healthy condition."



IPANA
Tooth Paste





"STOP & GO" SERVICE

THEATRE — MOVIES — SPORTS

BOOKS — RECORDS — "GO" PLACES

+ +

THEATRE

George Jean Nathan

Accent on Youth, by Samson Raphaelson. The oldish boys who still exercise an eye in the direction of flappers find their vanity agreeably massaged in this intermittently diverting comedy. Nicholas Hannen, Constance Cummings and a generally capable troupe are on tap. *Plymouth, W. 45th.*

Anything Goes!, by Cole Porter, Russell Crouse, et al. A lively song and dance show with some of Porter's top tunes and lyrics, and with Victor Moore, William Gaxton and Ethel Merman giving Vinton Freedley his full money's worth. *Alvini, W. 52nd.*

Awake and Sing, by Clifford Odets. This Odets boy, though he still hasn't got himself any too well in hand, seems to have some promise and the Group Theatre will do well to keep on petting him. This study of Bronx Jews has its defects as drama but it also has its observational points. *Belasco, W. 44th.*

De Luxe, by Louis Bromfield and John Gearon. A view of modish low-lives in the Paris Ritz set. As a play it is poor stuff and covers familiar ground, but certain of its thinly disguised characters have a sewerish interest nonetheless, if you have a clinical disposition in that direction. *Booth, W. 45th.*

Escape Me Never, by Margaret Kennedy. The play, a rehash of Sangerdom, is tripey stuff. Elisabeth Bergner's performance, however, is worth the attention of persons critically interested in the business of acting. *Shubert, W. 44th.*

Fly Away Home, by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White. Creaky comedy about some overly mundane youngsters. A few of the lines are amusing, but that's hardly enough to fill an evening. *48th St. Theatre.*

Laburnum Grove, by J. B. Priestley. Entertaining and adroitly written comedy about a suburban papa, well regarded by family and neighbors, who is a counterfeiter in his spare hours. Edmund Gwenn is the star. *Masque, W. 45th.*

Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. Some low laughs at the expense of the movies brighten up a not particularly shiny farce. Gladys George, the star of the occasion, is—as the professorial critics put it—there! *Miller, W. 43rd.*

Petticoat Fever, by Mark Reed. If you can be fooled by a more or less routine sex farce the setting of which has been transferred from the usual Long Island country house or Park Avenue pent-house to a wireless station in Labrador, go ahead and please yourself. This time, Dennis King is the hot bachelor. *Ritz, W. 48th.*

Post Road, by W. D. Steele and Norma Mitchell. Comedy-melodrama treating of some tricky kidnapers and of an old lady who, wise after the fashion of stage old ladies, easily outwits them. The playwriting is pretty poor but the public, up to now, doesn't seem to have been much bothered by the fact. *Ambassador, W. 49th.*

Revenge With Music, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. It was a good show when it started. It has fallen off since, but there's still entertainment to be found in it. *New Amsterdam, W. 42nd.*

The Children's Hour, by Lillian Hellman. The outstanding American dramatic offering of the season. The tale of the havoc wrought by a malicious brat. Ably played by a carefully chosen cast. Thoroughly worth your notice. *Elliott, W. 39th.*

The Great Waltz, by Moss Hart with Strauss musik. It is great so far as size goes and there's a waltz in it, but that lets it out. The book is enough to make the Strausses, *père et fils*, glad they aren't alive to hear it. *Center, 6th Ave. and 49th.*

The Old Maid, by Zoë Akins. Judith Anderson, who acts well, and Helen Menken, who doesn't, battle for the affections of a babe in a dramatization of Edith Wharton's rococo fable. *Empire, B'way and 40th.*

The Petrified Forest, by Robert Sherwood. Leslie Howard, Peggy Conklin, Humphrey Bogart and other able players in an all right melodrama that now and then, alas, goes symbolical and allegorical and makes lovers of good, straight, peppery melodrama grieve. *Broadhurst, W. 44th.*

Three Men on a Horse, by John C. Holm and George Abbott. A farce about horse-racing that is comical in spots and not so comical in others. A first-rate company merchants it, however, and does much to gloss over the dull spots. *Playhouse, W. 48th.*

Thumbs Up, by the MM. MacDonald, Crooker, Hanley, et al. Bright and gay musical revue with some happy hoofers and with Bobby Clark, the critics' pet clown, in beautiful form. *St. James, W. 44th.*

Times Have Changed, by Edouard Bourdet. The one about the virgin who is sacrificed to mazuma and made to marry a rich half-wit. The big scene shows the r.h.w. pounding like hell on her bedroom door and loudly demanding his anatomical due. A generally capable lot of actors wasted. Louis Bromfield made the adaptation and similarly wasted a skilful job. *National, W. 41st.*

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. It is now in its second year and, if you don't hurry, you'll probably still have plenty of time, as cast changes, bad weather and other such things that usually hurt other plays don't seem to have the slightest effect upon it. *Forrest, W. 49th.*

MOVIES

Don Herold

(*Not suitable for children)

After Office Hours* Clark Gable, who makes love as if it were football, here tackles uppity Constance Bennett, and incidentally solves a society murder, in a picture with considerable steam.

Against the Law* If John Mack Brown didn't keep saying "Hello, Beautiful" to Sally Blane (not that all of Mrs. Blane's daughters aren't) I'd green this curdler about ambulance drivers, docs and gangsters.

Biography of a Bachelor Girl* Smotheringly stuffy version of what was a smart, lively stage play... with Ann Harding as chief suffocator.

Car 99. First-class pulse pumper. Radio police cars and bank bandits playing cops and robbers. Suave Sir Guy Standing is the brains of the bandits.

Gold Diggers of 1935. More grand pianos and stairsteps than you ever saw under one tent before, shot from clever angles, to back up the pleasant singing of Dick Powell and pretty good clowning by Hugh Herbert, Adolphe Menjou and others. Looks by Gloria Stuart.

Let's Live Tonight* Drivel. Unhelped by Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey.

Living on Velvet. An airplane crash killing three people is the basis for a sometimes entertaining light comedy. George Brent thinks he shouldn't have been spared, so he lives recklessly until Kay Francis comes along.

Murder on a Honeymoon. There's really no reason to take murder too seriously, and this picture doesn't. Jimmy Gleason and Edna May Oliver flatfoot it delightfully.

Red Hot Tires. This will drip ice water down your back, if you like automobile races and spills. With Lyle Talbot, Mary Astor and Roscoe Karns.

(Continued on page 46)

MORE THAN A

Million
People

OWN OR
OPERATE THE
BELL SYSTEM

THE Bell System furnishes a nation-wide telephone service to a great and populous country—a service used for 59,000,000 talks a day.

It takes 275,000 trained people to build and operate the switchboards, wires, cables, and other apparatus that make this service possible. It has taken the savings of 850,000 people to pay for the plant and equipment of the Bell System. Six hundred and seventy-five thousand own stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and in many instances other Bell securities. Another 175,000 own Bell System bonds or stock in the operating companies.

The Bell System is owned by the people, and it is run by wage-earning men and women. In doing a good job come recognition and promotion.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LETTERS



"Are You Sure?"

Gentlemen:

Just worked the March "Are You Sure?" Much fun. Score (without peeking too much): 80. Are you sure the Federal Income Tax (question No. 23) is not collected by the Bureau of Internal Revenue instead of the Department? M. M. NEWMARK
Berkeley, Cal.

Gentlemen:

The answer to question 50 in the March "Are You Sure?" as to which way the earth travels around the sun can be either clockwise or counter-clockwise according to the observer's position in space. J. F. LEYS
Cross River, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Question 15 in the April issue asks: "If it is zero degrees Fahrenheit today and twice as cold tomorrow, it will be degrees Fahrenheit tomorrow." Your answer is -32 degrees and you use the U. S. Weather Bureau as an authority, but I don't understand the answer. In physics one learns that you cannot fool around with temperatures unless it is the absolute scale. . . According to this my answer would be -229.72 Fahrenheit.

RICHARD W. JOHNSTON
Brookline, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Along with numerous others I must take exception to answer No. 25 in the April "Are You Sure?" in which you say that state and municipal employees are exempt from the income tax. I never heard of soldiers or sailors turning in a report or paying any tax.

DR. A. CAMPBELL DENMAN
Victor, Colo.

[Question No. 23: Bureau is correct. . . Question No. 15: The trick is in the definition of "cold" which in Fahrenheit is assumed to start at 32 degrees above zero. Reader Johnston's answer is scientifically, not popularly, correct. . . Question No. 25: All Army and Navy men who earn over \$1,000 a year are subject to tax.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

Please send me whatever pamphlets, pictures or data you may have pertaining to the subject of heredity.

MICHAEL GUZZARDI
New York, N. Y.

[All LIFE knows about this subject is, if a child is born of a blue-eyed, wooden-legged father the wooden leg is not transmissible save as a gift.—Ed.]

Paper Underwear

Gentlemen:

In the column "Things You'd Never Know Unless We Told You" you mention "Paper underwear that may be discarded after being worn." Please tell me who the manufacturers of this product are. . . CLAIR HIGGINS
Mapleton, Me.

Gentlemen:

In the near future I am planning an extended trip and disposable underwear might be a great boon. I wonder if you could let

me know the name of the manufacturer. . .
MARION F. FENNER
Plainfield, N. J.

Gentlemen:

I shall be very grateful if you will send me the names and addresses of paper underwear manufacturers. . . PAUL G. BURTON
Washington, D. C.

[For information regarding this item, write to the Editor of *The Incentor*, 460 Scranton Ave., Oakland, Cal.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

The cartoon in the March issue entitled: "Hello, upstream? You may release the trout now!" should read: "Fishermen, what's wrong with this picture?" . . . The limp, sagging fish line bending upstream is impossible. Then, too, live trout go upstream, not down, and the fisherman is headed in the wrong direction. BOB SHARP
New York, N. Y.

[Requests for Richard Decker's original drawing outnumbered the conscientious objectors. Objections overruled.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

I happen to be Uda Waldrop, official organist of San Francisco. . . May I therefore draw your attention to your incorrect statement concerning me in the March issue. . . I have but one sister whose name is Oza, and but two brothers whose names are Yda Waldrop and Oda Waldrop. My father coined our names. UDA WALDRUP
San Francisco, Cal.

[LIFE regrets the inaccuracy.—Ed.]

American Scene

Gentlemen:

Congratulations on running the American Scene pages by Grant Wood and company. I shall continue buying LIFE as long as you continue to publish these paintings. May I suggest you incorporate them in a portfolio. PROF. OSCAR B. JACOBSON
Univ. of Okla.

Norman, Okla.

Gentlemen:

Please print the American Scenes all a uniform size. . . My idea is to frame the set and make one picture by joining them in a line. DR. J. H. MCCURRY
Cash, Ark.

[LIFE is planning publication, later on, of a volume of the American Scene series. . . LIFE regrets that because of the varying proportions of the original canvases it is impossible to reproduce them in a uniform size.—Ed.]

Life

Established 1883 and
Published monthly by
LIFE MAGAZINE, INC.
60 E. 42nd St., New York
FRED. G. FRANCIS,
Chairman of the Board
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Managing Editor
EDWARD T. HAAS,
Associate Editor



The fame of its roast 'possum and fragrant juleps was known throughout the Blue Grass country



On clear moonlight nights, the guests of that fine old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel

often pricked up their ears as the deep baying of 'coon dogs floated in over the Kentucky hills. They knew what it meant, and smiled in happy anticipation—for when local hunters treed a 'possum, you could expect next day a meal famous all the way from Look-out Mountain to Louisville.

But there was more than good old-fashioned Southern cooking to draw gentlefolk to that famous hostelry down in Kentucky, and to the more than locally famous waters of the nearby limestone spring.

One thing upon which every Southern gentleman of the day prided himself was his judgment of bourbon. So

the local hotel sought far and wide for something to please the critical palates of its guests, and found a whiskey, made up Louisville way, that came to be called Crab Orchard.

In those early days, that rich red bourbon didn't even have a label. It wasn't put up in bottles. They bought it by the barrel—and you

were lucky indeed if they let you, as a special favor, carry a jug or two away.

And thus, the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel spread its reputation for the exquisite food and mellow whiskey to be found there.

But more than sixty years rolled by before the whiskey labeled and bottled with the name Crab Orchard suddenly burst into nationwide fame.


Prohibition had come and gone. People were searching for something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way—and they wanted a low price. Crab Orchard filled all three wants so accurately that it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.*

Kentucky straight whiskey

Made the good old-fashioned way

Smooth and satisfying to taste

Sold at a price anyone can pay



A good guide to good whiskey

Crab Orchard

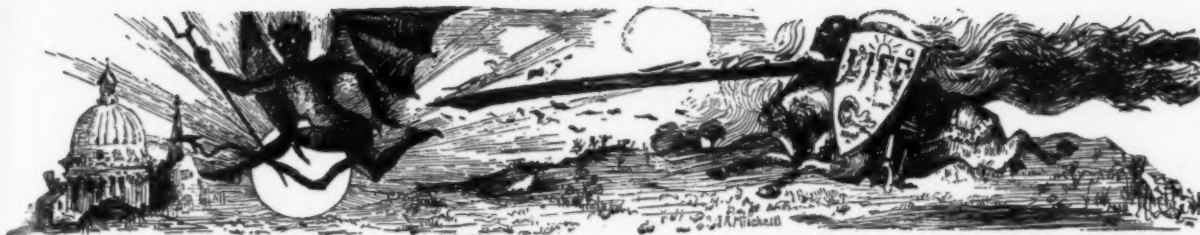
© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.



+ THE
AMERICAN
SCENE
Number Three +
"Baptism in Kansas"
by
John Steuart Curry
[See page 52 for
notes on
Artist Curry] +

From the Whitney Mu-
seum of American Art
Engraving by Powers
Reproduction Corp.



+ SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

OUR COUNTRY

Item

IT costs about four cents an hour to smoke ordinary cigarettes steadily. Popular cigarettes, that is. There are no ordinary cigarettes.

Item

TWO hundred and thirty manufacturers have licenses to sell odds and ends showing the image of Mickey Mouse, including one hot-water bottle.

Greetings

IF you attend the California Pacific International Exposition at San Diego this summer you'll again be able to send one of Western Union's cheery little two-bit messages saying that your feet are tired, or you're having a great time, or something equally important.

Of all the 33 standardized messages from which you could choose at Chicago's Century of Progress, No. 19, "Miss you at this great Fair. If you were here my joy would be complete. Sending much love with this wire," was the most popular. That's a lot of love and regret and joy for twenty-five cents.

Almost as popular was No. 30, "My old dogs get tired but it's worth it to see all there is to see. Regards to all." However, No. 21, "Mother stood trip well. Is ready for big day tomorrow. Haven't seen anyone from home. Love to all," did only fairly well, and No. 33, "The future of the country that has produced what this Fair commemorates can not be in doubt. It is an inspiring exhibit," was a complete dud. Ditto No. 14, "If you would see the dreams of great men realized in the fullness of beauty and use, don't miss this Fair," which probably proves that Americans are far more interested in the state of their feet and mother's health than they are in our nation's future and the realized visions of our great leaders.

As a holiday note we should like to

add that Western Union has gone Norman Rockwell in four colors on its new Easter and Mother's Day greeting blanks. The Easter greeting depicts an elf and a sleepy-looking rabbit among the tall grasses on one side of the page with a colorful palette and paint brushes sitting among a small pile of eggs on the other side. The elf is pointing to the eggs and the idea is, we

were informed by a company official, "for the rabbit to get the hell over and paint the damn eggs."

Doughboys

SCULPTORS think we are bound to regret some of the war memorials springing up around the country, especially the doughboys. There is a doughboy with a grenade in

THE GREAT WORD WAR

"CHOCOLATE SOLDIER" JOHNSON } vs. { "POLITICAL PADRÉ" COUGHLIN
"PLAUSIBLE PUNCHINELLO" LONG

TURN on your vacuum tubes, my friends, turn on and you shall hear
From high up in the sky up in the neutral stratosphere
The Battle of The Century (Dictionary) in your ear!

(Musical Theme: "There's Something About a Soldier.")

The "Chocolate Soldier" punches first. His slashing, crashing nouns
Have 50,000 watts behind each one. Above the towns
The ether fairly groans with disinfected Billingsgate—

Left . . . Right . . . Right . . . Left . . .

Daring! Dazzling! Dauntless! Deft!—

Then Johnson rests and Huey Long comes ambling to the plate!

(Musical Theme: "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans.")

The kingfish swims in seas of words. Alone in his immense room
The sanctified survivor of The Battle of The Gents' Room
Is marvelous, is wonderful! He knows his bag of tricks. He
Emerges full of glory while the orchestra plays "Dixie."

(Musical Theme: "Gee, how I wish again that I was in Michigan—back on the air.")

Then Padré Coughlin takes the mike! The Padré is superb!
How pat each preposition and how vital every verb!
He punches from the shoulder and his blows are like a hammer.
His fusillades are fired with the biggest guns of grammar.
He castigates, he deprecates, he flays the soldier-sinner—
A three-ringed contest on the air—and who will be the winner?
Johnson? Long? Or Coughlin? Replies the cosmic chorus:
"The winner will be he who has the most complete Thesaurus!"

Closing Musical Themes

Johnson: "You've Got Me in Between the Devil and the NBC."

Long: "Git a Long, Little Bogies, Git a Long, Git a Long."

Coughlin: "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf of Wall Street?"

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



"Oh, this is nothing. I was drinking before repeal."

one hand and a tough expression. Another is grasping a rifle and has his feet tangled in barbed wire. They are found chiefly in smaller places—Connecticut towns, for instance, have gone in for the latter (from a mail-order house in Atlanta); while Attica, Indiana, has no less than two grenade doughboys.

We talked with Herbert Adams, a venerable sculptor who takes an interest in warrior statues (he did the Fitchburg, Mass., war memorial and W. C. Bryant in Bryant Park) to find out how such work stands. It doesn't. Some of it is fully as bad as the Civil War statuary and more cheaply made, being half bronze and half chewing-gum. Anyway, it's a poor idea to repeat any statue much. Statues may not pour out by the millions, but they last a long while (Sculptors forgive the plaster angels of Hollywood roadsides—they soon fall apart). It would be better, remarked

Mr. Adams, just to put up a few granite blocks or even a boulder than to expect a monumental piece of sculpture for \$765.

Not all the doughboys are cheese, of course. One at North Arlington (N. J.) is by Pietro Montana and stands well with sculptors; a doughboy in Pittsburgh and a sailor on Staten Island by Allen G. Newman are worthy. Brilliant war statues are the Indiana memorial by Henry Hering (youth with a flag) and two by Daniel Chester French—one at Milton (Mass.), "In Flanders Fields," a youth bearing a torch, the other in Concord—"Death and the Warrior," man with a broken sword and the shrouded figure of Death. A notable piece at Elizabethtown, Pa. is by Henry Augustus Luke-man—tragic figure of a woman seated with a rifle over her lap and a palm frond in her hand.

The elaborate Gen. George G. Meade

memorial in Washington, D.C. by Charles Grafly stands well in the profession. A score of others make up all the recent monuments with sculpture that's worth much.

While we were on the subject we made a melancholy journey to the old Kingsbridge Power Plant in the upper part of the island and saw a model of a giant memorial by George Grey Barnard, his Rainbow Arch. It was in peculiar shape. The arch itself reaches the roof and is about a hundred feet high, of muslin and thin wallboard. On each side of the arch are plaster casts of the sculpture. In the center is what is meant for mosaic, but is now fake poppies and wooden crosses. It was cold in the deserted cavern and the roof leaked sadly, drip-drop.

Barnard is called "The nut over at the car barn" by neighbors who don't know he is a sculptor of the first rank. He has been working fifteen years on the Rainbow Arch and, such being the life of a sculptor, the monument is still for sale.

But you can get an eagle for \$2.45 F.O.B. Mt. Vernon. Or a doughboy.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Item

WHEN an Ohio surgeon operated on a boy for appendicitis and found an extra appendix on the left side, he removed it without extra charge.

Item

FAN mail for Chessie, the sleeping kitten in the advertisements of the "Sleep Like A Kitten" railroad (Chesapeake & Ohio), has been averaging 1,000 letters a day.

Item

DIONNE Diapers are now being manufactured and sold by the Riegel Textile Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York. The Riegel Company pays the province of Ontario a flat sum for the exclusive privilege of furnishing the five girls with the best birds-eye diapers. "Just a good honest diaper," say Riegel officials. "Nothing fancy."

Clock Gobble

CLARK GABLE is still the peacock of the men's fashion world, according to a solemn vote by the International Association of Clothing

Designers. It seems that things were looking pretty gloomy for our country's 300 sartorial designers a year ago when suddenly Mr. Gable appeared in *It Happened One Night*. The picture, in addition to breaking box office records and setting bosoms to heaving, caused a revolution in male fashions.

In the movie, Gable wore a sports coat with a lot of nonchalant seams and pleats in the back. Instantly hundreds of high school lads trooped to their tailors and demanded the shirred effect for their spring suits. The craze is still doing a mighty good imitation of a rage and has brought employment to scores of designers who can find work only when a novelty is introduced.

Gable was also responsible for the loose-hanging patch pocket on clothes, sometimes known in clothing circles as the "clock gobble pocket." California has become the style center of the country for men. That horrible buttonless overcoat with knotted belt, the "wrap-around," originated there. Gable, Menjou, Phillips Holmes, Robert Montgomery and Joel McCrea are the chief influencers, although Fred Astaire is stepping up rapidly.

SPORTS

Slots

IF you think these drug store games, where you put a nickel in the push slot and with a spring plunger try to manipulate the ten little steel balls into the holes on the slanting board, are small pickings you're wrong.

Mr. Schorck is treasurer of the company that runs the Broadway Sports Palace on 52nd Street, which may be looked upon as a barometer of the national craze. Just to show you how many damn fools there are, the Broadway Sports Palace has over 100 of these games in it, opens at 9 a.m. and closes at 4 a.m., and on an average of 15,000 men and women line up at the slots every day. Doctors send nervous patients there to play, addicts come at opening time and stay until midnight, and skeptics bring their own levels to see that the machines are fair to the rolling balls.

Believe it or not, the popularity of the games varies according to the season. Right now the football games are still going strong, but any day the base-

ball ones will come back and people will be lined up in front of them, shouting to the checker-boys for change, and feeling that the painted green diamond somehow brings them out of doors onto a real turf and in the sunshine.

You can't lose. Even the rankest dub can't help but put a few balls into some of the holes and win a quarter of a point in trade. This entitles him to some gum or equally awful candy. From then on skill comes into play. Good players can win anything from a suit of clothes to a radio, but it takes a lot of nickels. About the highest thing you can win is an electric washing machine, which takes 2000 trade points.

The company buys every new game the manufacturers put out, which happens every other week or so and costs from \$27.50 to \$60.00 apiece. Old games are relegated to the basement and slots reduced to one cent before finally being given away to hospitals and children's institutions.

ENTERTAINMENT

Item

RINGLING Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus have removed all the steel tires from their wagons and replaced them with

pneumatic ones for the coming season.

Amateurs

A MATEUR nights are still going well after all these months. Major Bowes is generally counted as getting 2,600 applications a week. When WGN of Chicago started its amateur night 7,500 applications were pulled in a few days. You would naturally expect such a rush of talent to result in some new stars and so it has, so it has. Harry Ginsberg (tenor), Anna Anderson (soprano) and William Groen (home-made dulcimer) have taken jobs.

Tact

OUT of Peter Dixon's radio column in the *Sun* we take this letter, evidently real, from one of Alexander Woollcott's secretaries to a radio listener. The listener had written to Mr. Woollcott protesting a murder story he told—how a dead foot was found here, a hand there and so on. Bad taste, was her comment, especially the relish with which he told it.

"Mr. Woollcott employs three capable secretaries, who look after his fan mail and pass on to him any letters that merit attention," came the answer. . . .

"If you never listen to him again, he



"You see, Mater, it's painted in a low key."



"Why, Auntie, how could you do this to me!"

will just have to try to bear up as best he can, made comfortable by the thought that in less than a year's time he has become one of the seven most popular. . . ."

The note was signed by a capable secretary.

Item

THE California Pacific International Exposition (May 29 to November 11) at San Diego will have as attractions, a Tia Juana, an Agua Caliente, a Lindbergh Field, a Ford Building, a Palace of Better Housing, a Palace of Children, a House of Pacific Relations, a Palace of Women, and Sally Rand.

Safe to Say

WITH every ounce of will power at our command, we battled the temptation of saying some-

thing about "Have a *fresh* motion picture" in this item, and you see what happened. With no further comment, we give you this excerpt from a Hollywood studio's daily wire to its New York office:—

DRESSES WORN BY ALL FEMALE DANCERS IN "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" MADE OF CELLOPHANE ALSO PANTIES FOR WOODLAND FAIRIES DRAPES FRINGES ETC STOP IMPOSSIBLE TO GIVE ACCURATE FIGURE OF AMOUNT USED AS SOME WAS BOUGHT BY POUND AND SOME BY YARD THOUGH SAFE TO SAY THIRTY THOUSAND YARDS USED STOP

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Item

WITH the coming of Spring, residents of the District of Columbia are prepared for the Washington *Star's* one firm editorial stand of the year: *Save The Dogwood.*

Whiskers

THE DOCKET assures us that any time we feel like raising a beard, it's legally okay. It was all settled in a federal court in the case of Israelite House of David vs. Murphy. The House of David baseball team of Benton Harbor, Mich., had been the only bearded team in existence until Murphy's team came along with the same kind of beard. House of David sought to stop them on grounds of plagiarism but the court ruled: "From time immemorial . . . beards have been in the public domain. In respect of matters within that domain, all men have rights in common. Any man, therefore, if so minded, may—without being subject to any challenge, legal or equitable—not only grow such beard as he can, but purposely imitate another's facial shrubbery—even to the extent of following such topiary modification thereof as may have caught his fancy."

GREAT MINDS

"I NEVER was a contributor to *St. Nicholas*, and spent most of my time reading trashy literature."
—*Laurence Stallings.*

"I don't believe the millennium has come."
—*John D. Rockefeller, Jr.*

"Your nation's affairs are in capable hands."
—*James A. Farley.*

"Nobody speaks to me now."
—*Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler.*

"There are no undesirable films."
—*George Bernard Shaw.*

"Next to love, bridge is the greatest indoor sport in America."
—*Ely Culbertson.*

"I do not dispute that four billion dollars is a lot of money."
—*Gov. Philip LaFollette.*

"Most of the people of America are self-supporting and independent."
—*William Randolph Hearst.*

"The intelligence of man to-day will not permit another war."
—*Newton D. Baker.*

CHECK ROOM PHOBIA



WHEN Mr. Crawford moved over to the East Side to be within walking distance of his office, he found that the shortest route to and from his

apartment took him through the Grand Central Station. From the very beginning he liked this matutinal excursion. Every morning and every evening he joined the army of intent humanity that crisscrossed through the busy terminal and it made him feel a part of things. He liked the smell that reminded him of Pullmans at night, the bustle around the Information Bureau, the restless lines at the ticket windows, and the click and shuffle of feet on the stone floor.

At first the parcel room he passed twice a day meant nothing to him. It was an odd place, really. People checked all sorts of things there—suitcases, collapsible baby carriages, portable typewriters and phonographs, shapeless bundles. But it occurred to him one morning that a great many people, even those with normally good memories, must check things there, lose the duplicate stub and perhaps forget the incident entirely. A man with Mr. Crawford's lamentable memory, he reflected, might easily leave a package there and not even remember the location of the parcel room. There would be no check to remind him. Mr. Crawford knew he was not the kind of person who could keep a check fifteen minutes after it was given to him.

The idea grew on Mr. Crawford and worried him. Two years before this an expensive Gladstone bag of his had mysteriously disappeared; not long after that he was unable to recall where he had left a box containing a brand new suit. It seemed scarcely possible that he would have checked them in Grand Central, but still. . . . He became conscious that Red Caps accosted him constantly, asking him if he had any baggage checks. Red Caps had often asked him if he had any baggage checks but he had always shaken his head absently. Perhaps too absently, he now thought.

Mr. Crawford had lost other items during those past two years, of course

—umbrellas, rubbers, hats, gloves, God knows what all—but he vividly recalled his expensive Gladstone bag and his brand new suit, and their loss angered him whenever he thought about it.

TWO weeks passed during which, when Mr. Crawford passed the scarred brass counter, he looked with increasing displeasure at the rows of stacked baggage inside the parcel room, his mind filled with the harassing thought that his things might be there. He tried to tell himself that the whole idea was childish and ridiculous and not quite reasonable. That it was developing into a fixation. That he would never have checked a suit, for instance, in Grand Central Station. That, most important of all, he would make a colossal fool of himself if he walked up to the counter without a check and asked them for a bag or a suit that might have been left there two years ago. But mental arguments only tended to increase his curious phobia.

This went on for some time. It went on until it did become a fixation. Mr. Crawford realized this with a great deal of uneasiness; he realized that he had begun to dislike the whole station; that his walks through it were less enjoyable than they had been. He hated the parcel room and the Red Caps—somehow, they seemed continually to mock his faulty memory. He tended to hurry through the terminal, looking neither to right nor left, intent only on getting out into the street again.

"This is asinine!" he told himself sharply, over and over again. "I'm acting like a damned half-wit!" But at the same time he knew that if you hated snakes the thing to do was fondle them often, until the dread disappeared; and that, in this case, the only cure was to go through the farce of trying to claim two parcels that might never have been left in the station.

The decision to put this theory to a test came one rainy afternoon when Mr. Crawford was on his way home. The station noises were muffled, people hurried quietly about. The ghostly shuffle got on Mr. Crawford's nerves; there seemed to be a horrid buzzing in



+
"Don't look now, but that fellow behind you is stealing your topcoat."
 +

his ears, and he felt slightly dizzy.

He stopped to buy a paper at a newsstand and then, without any definite idea of what he was going to say, he walked up to the parcel room counter and spoke to one of the attendants. "Didn't I leave a Gladstone bag here—and a box containing a new suit?" he asked.

"Got your checks?" asked the attendant.

"No," said Mr. Crawford, "I don't seem to have any checks. In fact, I may not have left the things here at all."

"Could you idennify 'em?" asked the attendant.

"Certainly," said Mr. Crawford. "That is, if you have them. They might be in one of the other rooms, though." His hands were perspiring. "This is so damned silly!" he thought. He said: "How long do you keep things here?"

"Twelve months," said the atten-

dant. "Then we sell the stuff at public auction."

Mr. Crawford unclenched his hands and exhaled noisily. "Oh!" he said finally. "I see. Then if I left them here two years ago—"

"Gone, brother," said the attendant.

Mr. Crawford's mind cleared suddenly; it was like the sun breaking through storm clouds. "Thank you," he said heartily. "Thank you very much!" He took a step backward and stumbled over a suitcase someone had placed on the floor behind him. "I beg your pardon," he said to the suitcase and walked quickly away.

"Screwy," the parcel room attendants agreed.

But it worked. Mr. Crawford likes the station again; he walks briskly through it, twice each day, glancing to right and left as he pleases.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

BLESS YOU!

MRS. GIBNEY was suffering from the first signs of a cold. This was quite evident from the faces she made as she gallantly tried to bring forth a recalcitrant sneeze. Her nose wrinkled; her lip quivered; her frame heaved.

Across the room, sunk in an easy chair, her husband waited patiently for the inevitable blast. He had, as a matter of fact, been waiting patiently for twenty long minutes while his wife had gasped through all the wrinkling, quivering, heaving preliminaries. His own mouth had fallen open sympathetically, and there was even a glint of desperation in his eyes as the delayed "atchoo" refused to come.

Finally, after the tenth false alarm, Mr. Gibney could stand it no longer.

"My dear," he said grimly, "do you happen to know the name of a Brazilian nut that begins with C?"

"A Brazilian nut?" repeated his wife, somewhat surprised. "Why—Cashew!"

"Bless you!" said Mr. Gibney with satisfaction.

The woman stared at him frigidly. "I think your humor is entirely out of place, John. You know I have a cold—" Her lips parted; her nose wrinkled again.

Mr. Gibney waited tensely, anxiously—but the embryo sneeze died in the making.

"Helen," he said, controlling himself with an effort, "please don't get mad, but I'd like you to tell me the first name of the railroad that ends with 'Topeka and Santa Fe.'"

"Umm," said his wife. "Atchison!"

"Bless you!" he blurted out, picking up his newspaper. He had been reading an item on the sports page, but he found now that the content held no interest. Finally, he dropped the paper and sat up.

"Helen," he said, "I bet you don't know the name of a Canadian province that begins with the letters S-a-s—"

"I certainly do," said his wife. "Saskatchewan!"

"Bless you!" said Mr. Gibney gleefully. "And what would you call a scroll-shaped ornament beginning with C-a-r—"

"Cartouche," said his wife.

"Bless you!" said Mr. Gibney.

"Stop it," snapped the woman.

"Stop what?"



"You don't have to go out of your way to insult me, Mr. Baggers."

"Stop asking me for silly words and then saying, 'Bless you!'"

"It's just a game," explained Mr. Gibney. "There's no harm in a harmless game. Look—what would you call the Japanese art of wrestling?"

"Jiu-jitsu," said the woman.

"Bless you!" cried Mr. Gibney, almost hugging himself.

HIS wife stood up and regarded him balefully. Then, without speaking, she turned and made her way into the bedroom. Mr. Gibney remained in his chair, smoking and meditating. Finally, he pushed himself up and hurried inside. The woman was already under the covers.

"Helen," he began pleadingly, "would you answer a question if I asked it in a nice way?"

"Oh, go ahead," said Mrs. Gibney.

"Look," he begged, "just tell me one thing. What is a kind of four-wheeled carriage resembling a hansom?"

Mrs. Gibney didn't answer.

"You don't know," said Mr. Gibney.

His wife continued to feign sleep.

"You don't know. You don't know. You don't—"

"I do so know," said the woman, turning around fiercely.

"Well, then, what—"

"Barouche," she said hopelessly.

"Bless you!" shouted her husband.

Mrs. Gibney shot him a venomous look and rolled over with abrupt finality. The man stared down at her for a while, then started to undress. He got into his pajamas, washed his teeth and crawled under the covers.

In the darkness, he lay thinking. His wife's heavy breathing told him that she had dropped off to sleep.

"Cossach," he muttered. "Kerchief . . . garcon . . . hatcheck . . . calabash . . . capsule . . . casaba . . . catechism . . . mustapha. . ." He shook his head over that; then, suddenly, chuckled.

"Tchaikowsky," he whispered reverently, and almost immediately added: "Bless you!"

Mr. Gibney didn't fall asleep till very late.

—EVERETT FREEMAN

WE thought we knew something about the gold situation until the Supreme Court handed down its decision on it.

+
"I found it
in the pocket
of a suit a
lady gave me!"
+



HOUSE-WARMING

NOBODY knew just why the Belmores were building a house, or why they had chosen that particular suburb. Everybody wondered what it would look like, and how much it was costing, and where they got the money.

Under questioning, Mr. Belmore would only say it was a hedge against inflation, and referred other questions to his wife. Sally Belmore was more communicative. "It isn't really furnished or decorated yet," she told them. "We want your frank opinion about it. There are so many things our friends can help us with, and we didn't have professional decorators, and we really want advice."

When the Belmores announced the house-warming there was general haste to accept. Sally Belmore was near the front door when the guests arrived, holding her train with her left hand. The train gave her an effective sweep, but prevented her from doing much in the way of passing cocktails or laying down wraps. She took little groups around, and gestured with her free hand.

The tour usually led through the dining room, where the group was served with cocktails and antepasto, and then for some reason along the back hall, off which the garage door opened. Then it led into the pantry and kitchen and back into the living rooms. The Burdicks had their friend Mr. Hallam along, and the three took the tour together. Mr. Hallam opened the door into the garage because he liked the smell of garages and felt that he knew the things to say about cars. There was the Belmore car, a rather formidable and shiny thing with a convertible top that was getting gray.

"That's our principal mistake of 1933," said Mrs. Belmore. "It's too big and eats too much gas and it's too hard for me to turn around in the drive. And we can't afford a second car just now. Don't you think it was quite stupid of us to get it?"

She looked at Mr. Hallam. "Well," he said, "I suppose it's really a summer car, with that convertible top and all. They're awfully nice in the summer."

Mrs. Belmore turned away. "It's not



"Mickey is a sprite in a Cantata!"

that, so much," she said. "There's a heater in it, and you can keep it warm in winter. And it's an awfully nice car on the road, for a long trip. But," and she waved her train, "it was an awfully foolish thing for us to buy."

The Burdicks murmured that they only wished they had one like it. Mrs. Belmore led the way through the kitchen. "That's the dish-washer," she said. "I suppose it was awfully silly of us to get it, and it'll use a lot of electricity and break a lot of dishes and all that, but there it is." She raised the lid, and the guests made affirmative noises.

"I suppose you had a power-line and a separate meter put in for the dish-washer and the oil-burner," said Mr. Hallam. "I hear it saves a lot."

A faint line appeared on Mrs. Belmore's brow. "We have an air-conditioning system that burns gas," she said to Mr. Burdick.

"Gas?" said Mr. Hallam. "Gas?" He appeared about to blanch, but the second cocktail prevented him. "Isn't it fearfully expensive?"

Mrs. Belmore seemed not to have heard, and disappeared into a large group in the living room. A little later Mr. Hallam, having refreshed himself in the dining room, found her showing the Tuesleys and Allison's around, and attached himself to them.

MRS. BELMORE was complaining of the plasterer and painter. "I simply don't see how they could do such crude work," she was saying. "All we can do is use soft lights and hope that people won't notice it. There are perfectly dreadful bumps and streaks on these painted walls."

The Tuesleys and Allison's murmured politely that they couldn't see a thing to criticise. "You're just being sweet," said Mrs. Belmore.

Mr. Hallam cleared his throat. "They could have stippled it," he remarked. "Then all these imperfections"—he coughed—"all these imperfections you claim to notice couldn't be seen."

"Mm," murmured Mrs. Belmore, and led the Tuesleys and the Allison's

along. Mr. Hallam stumbled over a rug, and met a Miss Stevens or Perkins to whom he had been introduced, and stopped to talk to her. It was not for quite half an hour that he ran upon his hostess again.

"I think your house is perfectly lovely," a Mrs. Curtis was saying. "You and George are so lucky."

"Oh, there are a thousand things wrong," said Mrs. Belmore, "a thousand things we're disappointed about. You've no idea until you actually build a house."

"What, for instance?" asked Mrs. Curtis. "I don't believe there's a thing."

"You mean the way all those doors in the kitchen interfere when they open?" said Mr. Hallam sympathetically to Mrs. Belmore. She did not answer, but hitched her train and made a little "Oh" sound. Just then a maid spoke into her ear, and she excused herself.

Mrs. Curtis was drawing on her wrap about midnight, in the bedroom assigned to the ladies. "It's been a lovely, lovely party," she said to her hostess.

"My dear, I'm glad if you've had a good time," said Mrs. Belmore. "I don't know whether I have or not. Nothing you do suits everybody, of course, and some people, it seems, go out of their way to be critical. But, my dear, you've been simply wonderful. George and I are such silly amateurs at building a house, and you've been such a help with the things you've said."

—STACY JONES

LIFE LINES

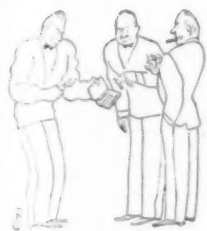
HITLER thinks that Germany needs nearly half a million men to protect her from her enemies. In this country the whole job is taken over by William Randolph Hearst.

A good way to take care of chiselers in Jack Dempsey's new restaurant would be to announce that people who can't pay their checks have to go ten rounds with the owner.

The beauty of a radio news bulletin is that if you fail to catch part of it you can always get out yesterday's paper and see what it was.

People keep sending bombs to Huey Long—but somehow he never seems to receive them.

THE OLD WAYS ARE THE BEST



THINGS aren't always what they seem on the surface. Wise men know this, fools never learn. Things, for instance, aren't what they

seem about cigarette smokers and cigarette cases. I am what is known as a heavy cigarette smoker, admitting to a plural number of packs a day. On account of this I have received, since my addiction, a total of seven cigarette cases from various friends and relatives, on the theory that a heavy cigarette smoker is a person to give cigarette cases to.

He isn't. In fact he's the very person not to give them to. A moderate smoker is a pretty good person to present with them, and a non-smoker is the best of all—provided merely that he isn't actually morally opposed to the consumption of tobacco in any form. The reason he is the ideal person for a cigarette case is simple: Give a person a gift he ostensibly can't use, and, if he has any resourcefulness at all, he'll think of a use. At least most of the people I know do—and they use cigarette cases for cigarettes. These cases they display proudly at every opportunity, and the contents they pass around to smokers who have run short. Without a case few non-smokers are ever thoughtful enough to pass gratuitous smokes.

The first case I ever received was a silver-plated one capable, like most, of accommodating eight cigarettes with plenty of foot room, or ten with crowding. At a dinner party this was usually emptied before the cocktails were finished—five consumed personally, and five given away (people accept cigarettes from cases more readily). I swiftly abandoned this plan,

and took to loading my case with expensive cork tipped jobs on the theory that most people, like myself, smoke only the cheap brands. I discovered that they do—unless offered expensive ones.

AT this point I received a leather case the size of a small valise capable—believe it or not—of holding forty cigarettes. This I immediately pressed into service, with no better results than before. Forty cigarettes in a leather case occupy roughly as much room as a medium-sized unabridged dictionary. Placed in my inner coat pocket, they caused my coat to bulge in such a fashion that I looked like the familiar prohibition night-club patron smuggling in the evening's liquor supply. It would fit in no other pocket, and even if it could have gone in the hip one, who'd want to take the chance of sitting down on forty cigarettes?

But the chief objection to this outfit was the one that applies to all cigarette cases alike, petit, medium, ample, huge, metal, wood, or leather: The habitual smoker doesn't want to take the time to pry off the top of a pack of cigarettes, remove them, dropping several on the floor in the process, and then cram them

patiently one by one—it can't be done any other way—into a case. Life is too short. We steady smokers like ours in the raw—right out of the package. It's milder that way—and never upsets our nerves.

Lest these words be construed as a destructive blast against the cigarette case industry, let me emphasize that they are, on the contrary, intended to be constructive. An advertisement advocating a cigarette case for the steady smoker provokes them. We simply want to remark that the ad has the wrong consumer appeal. It should concentrate on selling the non-smoker or the occasional smoker; that's where the market is.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS

(*"Only Hawes originals are sold at 21 East 67th Street.*

"Hats custom-made from \$30, ready-made from \$18.50. . . .)

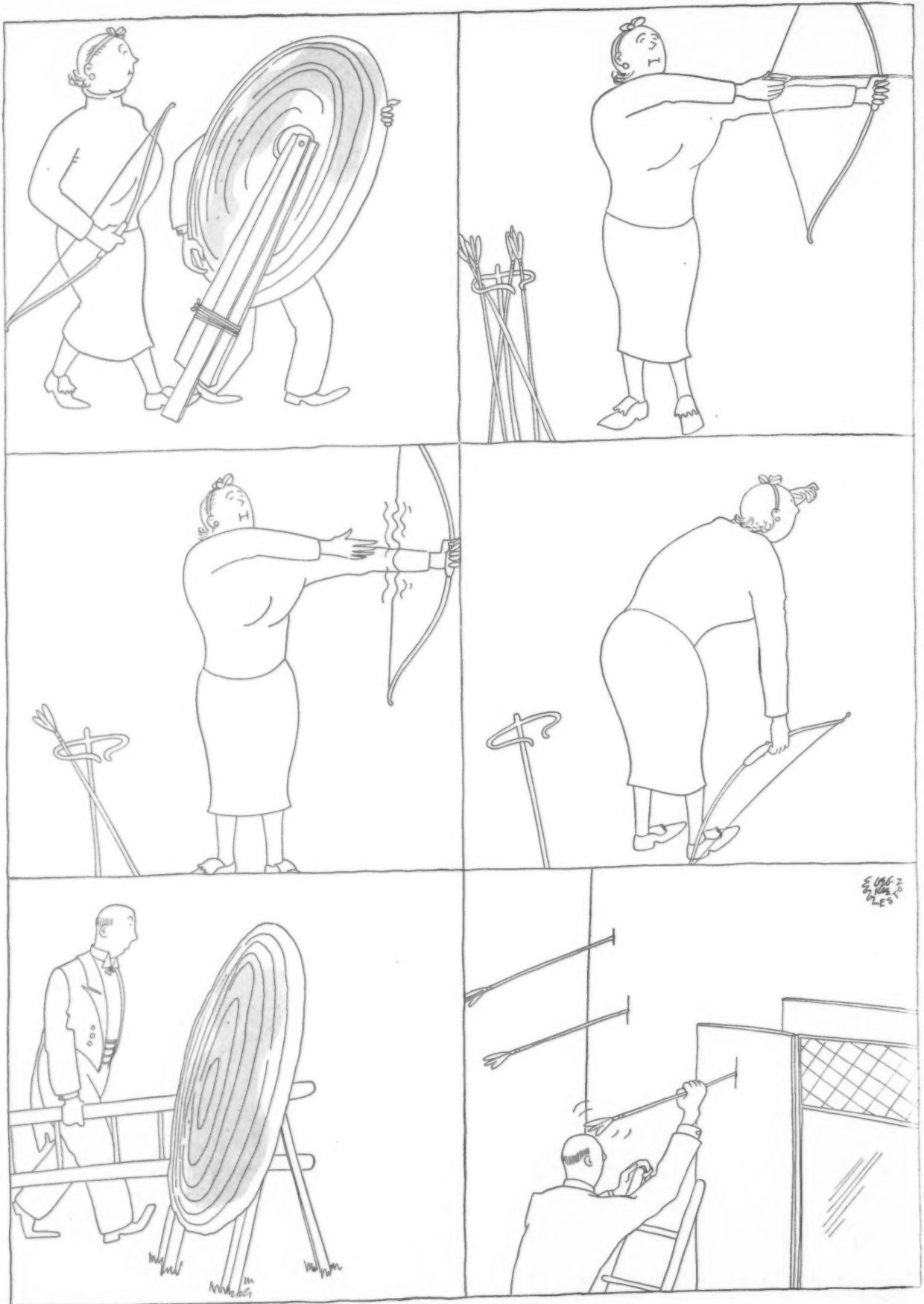
HATS, "ready-made from \$18.50" Must be, indubitably, nifty. But I can go to Friendship, Maine, For fifteen dollars, on the train, And loll beside the ocean where A hat would just get in my hair.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



"Oh, dear, I knew this would happen to me!"

Life



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OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES — IV

SIDEWALK SNAPPERS



IF you happen to be walking down the street and a young man steps out and clicks a camera at you, the card he hands you will probably read: "You Have Just Been CINESNAPPED

While Walking Perfectly Natural And Life-Like. 3 Large Cinesnaps for 25c. Mail This Coupon With Twenty-five Cents in Coin and Three Cents in Stamps And We Will Send Your Cinesnaps To Any Part of The World."

And if you follow the directions on the card you will be one of several thousand others who daily pay quarters to see how they look "as others see them."

The last chapters of the Harding administration were being written when French-born, German-educated

Robert Winkler conceived the idea of taking people's pictures and trying to sell them afterwards. Overnight he devised a small tripod movie camera and organized a sidewalk business in France, Switzerland and Germany. But his electrical engineering mind could not become reconciled with the clumsiness of ordinary photoprinting methods, so he set to work on a gadget that would do it automatically. By 1926 he had it—a machine that would take a developed 35 mm. movie film and print as high as 4,000 sets of three pictures in one day. Convinced he had caught hold of the tail of success, he sold out his business and came to America to capitalize on it.

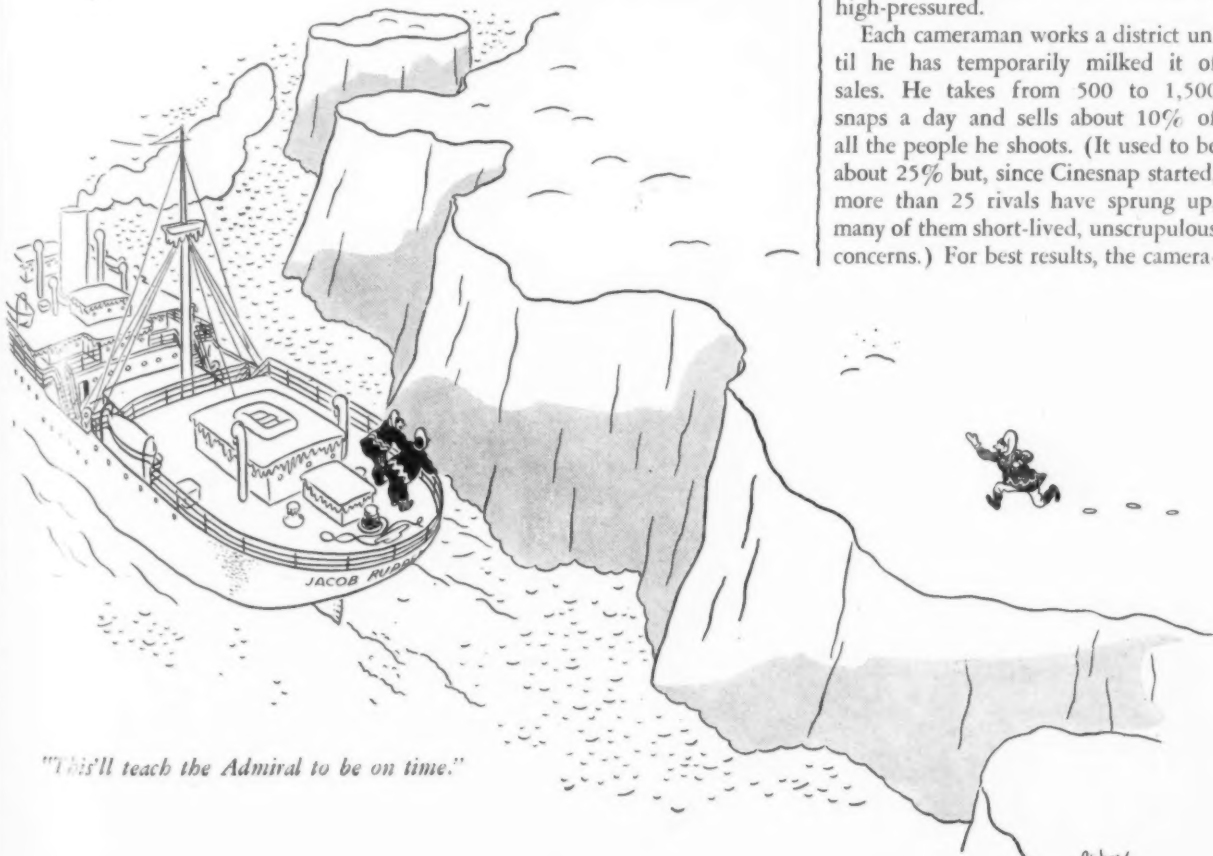
Winkler's story in America is the old one of Teutonic guilelessness versus Semitic shrewdness. He met a "friend." The friend, after inspecting the machine, suggested a partnership.

The friend also had a friend; the two suggested that they take 51% of the stock in a company, giving the remaining 49% to Winkler. Winkler escaped from his friends with his life and four dollars.

Broke and forced to destroy certain parts of the machine to prevent his partners from copying, he set up in business himself. This time he took a DeVry 35 mm. movie camera and devised a simple attachment for single-shot taking. Then he reconstructed his printing machine, hired some cameramen, and began. In this manner the New York sidewalk movie-shot industry, depression successor of the tintype octopus, developed. That was in 1931.

TODAY Cinesnap, Inc. employs 11 cameramen and 10 laboratory workers. A Cinesnap cameraman must know his camera; he must be unfailingly polite, everlastingly cheerful; if he is caught trying to force sales upon customers he is instantly discharged. Cinesnap believes the average person is startled enough by the camera and the card without being high-pressured.

Each cameraman works a district until he has temporarily milked it of sales. He takes from 500 to 1,500 snaps a day and sells about 10% of all the people he shoots. (It used to be about 25% but, since Cinesnap started, more than 25 rivals have sprung up, many of them short-lived, unscrupulous concerns.) For best results, the camera-



"This'll teach the Admiral to be on time."

Richard Dieke



"Somebody bit me!"

man must snap his prospect at about 16 feet.

It takes about 10 days to train a new cameraman in courtesy, precision, salesmanship and sore feet. He receives a commission of 25% on all money he takes in. New cameramen are always making the mistake of snapping celebrities and rushing back excitedly to shout they have just shot Mayor La Guardia or Gene Tunney or someone. Winkler's only question is, "Did you sell them?" Faces fall miles.

Chinamen invariably get very angry when snapped. Germans, Italians and Negroes seem to enjoy it most—buy more than any other peoples. Young couples strolling arm-in-arm are the best and steadiest customers, office girls are next, old people in groups next. Old people walking alone are the most difficult to sell.

The better looking the customer the more critical he or she is of the photograph taken. People like to be photographed in riding habits, Sunday clothes, and uniforms. Doormen and elevator starters are always asking to be taken in their uniforms, and Harlem,

with its black waves of gold-braid lovers, is one of the richest shooting grounds.

Pushcart vendors love to have themselves photographed with their portable businesses. Young girls invariably ask whether this is a movie test and whether the cameraman thinks they would stand any chance if they sent their pictures to Hollywood.

WINKLER has a great deal of trouble with people who write names and addresses so illegibly that he can't forward their pictures to them. He has thousands of such pictures on file waiting for customers to claim them or get their money back. Such mistakes all contribute to the popular notion that the business is just a racket. Winkler feels this criticism very keenly.

A lawyer once hired a Cinesnap man to stroll up and down in front of a certain restaurant, snapping everyone who came out. At last he got the couple he wanted—a client's husband with another woman. The developed picture was used to secure a divorce. The law-

yer, pleased at his success, used Cinesnap for several similar cases following that success and finally sought a divorce himself. His complaint against his wife was extravagance in dress, so he hired a Cinesnap man to follow her about inconspicuously and snap her every time she emerged from a dress shop. Using the snaps, he secured his divorce.

CINESNAP keeps an average of 400,000 pictures on file in developed reels of film. Every so often Winkler has to clean house and throw out the oldest so as to make room for new ones; he estimates he has already discarded more than 1,000,000.

At the end of each day the reels of film are taken out of the cameras and developed, then run through Winkler's ingenious machine. The operator of the machine, with the day's receipts of mailed-in coupons in one hand, watches the numbers on each film as they pass rapidly by. When a number appears which corresponds to a coupon in his hand, he presses a button and instantly three 3"x4" prints are made and deposited on a drying belt. Because of the large amount of time and labor saved by this machine, Winkler can still beat out his competitors and make a profit. His rivals are all forced to job out their developing, then do their own printing in small lots by hand.

Winkler is always inventing things. His latest invention is a wax-like solid perfume which can be carried in the hand bag like rouge. He has named it "Solidscents" and Woolworth's is going to market it for 10c a small box. When asked how he did it, Winkler grinned with boyish ingenuousness. "It's no secret," he said. "I just take a gallon of liquid perfume and add two percent of chemicals to stiffen it."

—IRVING D. TRESSLER

The circus season will soon be here to carry on where Congress leaves off.

One problem Hitler never has to worry about: Nobody ever tries to get smuggled into Germany.

The New York woman who fired five shots at her husband without hitting him no doubt forgot to close her eyes.

We understand farmers are so much better off than they were a year ago that they actually have some old clothes to put on their scarecrows.



Over your head put the solid steel protection of the "TURRET TOP" Body by Fisher now featured on Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Master De Luxe series Chevrolet, for 1935

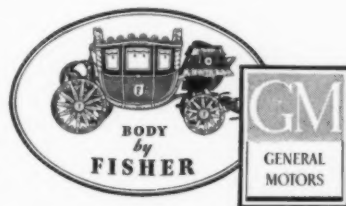


Easier to operate — more expertly engineered than ever this year, Fisher pioneered-and-perfected No Draft Ventilation literally permits you to control Spring breezes with your finger tips! You will find it on every General Motors car, regardless of price—and on these cars exclusively

For reproduction of this picture suitable for framing—also outline print on drawing paper of coach for coloring by the children, write Fisher Body, Detroit

For the lady who knows her coachwork

You can trust the ladies, young or old, to appreciate a Fisher Body. Keener-eyed than men folk, they observe details carefully, and details tell the tale. They find, for instance, that the upholstery is exceptional in quality and design. That the fittings are not only exquisitely wrought, but extra sturdy and practical. That the Fisher No Draft Ventilation system, so readily responsive to the touch, actually does provide fresh air without drafts. That the seats are wider, deeper and more restful. That the doors do swing shut with a solid thud—indicating rugged body architecture. That there are a host of thoughtful niceties not common to motor cars . . . And finding these things, it is natural, is it not, that women, when they have their way, so often pick the car with Body by Fisher!



BODY BY FISHER on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

+
**THE
 EVENING
 OUT**
 +



YOU have your hat and coat on and she says she will be right down,
 And you hope so because it is getting late and you are dining on the
 other side of town,

And you are pretty sure she can't take long,
 Because when you left her she already looked as neat and snappy as a
 Cole Porter song,

So you stand around thinking of various things and wondering why good rye
 costs more than Scotch,

And after a while you begin to look at your watch,
 And so goes ten minutes, and then fifteen minutes, and then half an hour,
 And you listen for the sound of water running because you suspect she may
 have gone back for a bath or a shower,

Or maybe she is taking a nap,
 Or possibly getting up a subscription for the benefit of the children of
 the mouse that she said mean things about last night but she is now
 sorry got caught in a trap,

Or maybe she decided her hair was a mess and is now shampooing it,
 But whatever she is up to, she is a long time doing it,
 And finally she comes down and says she is sorry she couldn't find the
 right lipstick, that's why she was so slow,

And you look at her and she looks marvellous but not a bit more marvellous
 than she did when you left her forty-five minutes ago,
 And you tell her she looks ravishing and she says No, she is a sight,
 And you reflect that you are now an hour late, but at any rate she is now
 groomed for the rest of the night,

So you get to your destination and there's the ladies' dressing room
 and before you know it she's in it,

But she says she'll be back in a minute,
 And so she is, but not to tarry,
 No, only to ask you for her bag, which she has forgotten she had asked
 you to carry,

So you linger in the lobby
 And wish you had a nice portable hobby,
 And you try to pass the time seeing how much you can remember of the poetry
 you learned in school, both good verse and bad verse,

And eventually she re-appears just about as you have decided she was
 in the middle of Anthony Adverse,
 And she doesn't apologize, but glances at you as if you were Bluebeard
 or Scrooge,

And says why didn't you tell her she had on too much rouge?
 And you look to see what new tint she has acquired,
 And she looks just the same as she did before she retired,
 So you dine, and reach the theater in time for the third act, and then go
 somewhere to dance and sup,

And she says she looks like a scarecrow, she has to go straighten up,
 So then you don't see her for quite a long time,
 But at last you see her for a moment when she comes out to ask if you will
 lend her a dime,

The moral of all which is that you will have just as much of her company
 and still save considerable on cover charges and beverages and grub
 If instead of taking her out on the town, you settle her in a nice com-
 fortable dressing room and then go off and spend the evening at
 the club.

—OGDEN NASH



All His...

yet he uses a
25¢ toothpaste

Mr. Percy Rivington Pyne, 2nd, of Princeton, N. J., Roslyn, L. I., and New York City, tycoon, philanthropist, art collector, and sportsman finds Listerine Tooth Paste superior.

It is no accident that men such as Mr. Pyne, with wealth and tradition behind them, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

They are in the habit of buying critically, wisely, and with quality always in mind. Mere price could not attract. Only definite, clear-cut results appeal. Of Listerine Tooth Paste, Mr. Pyne's opinion is:

Listerine Tooth Paste seems to meet all the necessary requirements—and that is why I like it.

If you have not tried this remarkable tooth paste by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Note how quickly it attacks stains, discolorations, and tartar. How ably it removes film. See how thoroughly it cleans. See also how teeth gleam and sparkle after its use. And don't forget to look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration you associate with Listerine itself.

Listerine Tooth Paste comes in two economical sizes: Regular, large, 25¢ size, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

(below) The dining room in Mr. Pyne's Roslyn home. In the background the priceless Raeburns, a part of Mr. Pyne's magnificent collection of art treasures.

The entrance to magnificent Rivington House.



LISTERINE
TOOTH
PASTE

Large Size . . . 25¢ — New Double Size . . . 40¢



Mr. Pyne is a member of the famous Pyne family of Princeton tradition. Globe-trotter, golf enthusiast, international host, one of his hobbies is the collection of rare paintings and porcelains. Mr. Pyne is the recipient of numerous decorations from the Courts of Europe.



The spacious pool in Mr. Pyne's garden at Rivington House, Roslyn, Long Island.



The notable picture of Miss Arabella Reynolds by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



Yacht Mr. Pyne chartered on his last Mediterranean trip.



"While There's Life, There's Hope"

WAR MADNESS

PLAINLY enough, the density of stupidity has not lessened upon the earth but it is futile to indict the human race for the particular form of insanity known as war madness. We may as well accustom ourselves to the fact that wars are inevitable so long as imperialistic powers exist side by side. If there are still good folk left who feel that Hitler was saving civilization when he curbed the liberal elements in Germany, we hope they will enjoy their stay in their shell-proof vaults. Fascism, in both its Mussolini and Hitler manifestations, is a form of suicide which insists on dragging the world with it to its doom. It is a virulent form of nationalism and there need be no cheers from our own nationalists who drug themselves with the notion that we shall be safe in our own warm nest.

We are already hearing the comforting words of the self-appointed oracles assuring us that we need only tend our own sweet geraniums and all will be well. One wonders how many millions need be murdered before sense can be hammered into the heads of such demented folk. We can no more remain out of the next war than we could stay out of the last, Will Rogers, Mr. Hearst and other seers to the contrary. We may bury our heads, we may close our eyes to the plain evidence before us, but we are in for it and must eventually face it. What remains to be determined is the best course of action. In our view, the only hope lies in delay.

The reasons for this are simple: world trade reached its lowest point of the depression December last. The countries worst hit were Japan, Italy and Germany,

which in turn are the fascist strongholds of the world. Faced by a collapse of their inner economy, they have only the desperation of military adventure left. Japan assaults China, Italy menaces Ethiopia, Hitler rattles the sword against the world. The people within those countries who hate fascism need the help of those outside who hate war.

It would be well not to accept too literally the reports of correspondents who write of the universal enthusiasm in Germany for Hitler's war policy. There are millions of Germans who have not forgotten and will never forget what Hitler has done to them. The American bankers who financed Mussolini and Hitler and blithely sold war supplies to Japan have only one chance

to protect themselves from the effects of their charity. They can urge an American policy of collaboration to isolate and curb the war dogs of Europe until the economic forces which are stimulating war can bring about the collapse of the Hitlers who can only maintain themselves by violence and bloodshed.

We have our choice of being concerned about Europe now or waiting until there is nothing left but participation in the dance of death which will lead to oblivion.

—K. S. C.

+

European leaders are insisting so fiercely that they want peace that there may be a war over who wants it most.





Riddle for Today...

A red maraschino
 A thick slice of orange
 Piquant and juicy
 A trim cut of pineapple
 Lush as Hawaii
 Sugar... bitters... ice
 Then

A brimming silver jigger
 Of Old Overholt rye...



Now what have you?

Don't all speak at once
 The answer is correct
 You have an Old Fashioned
 Like nobody's business
 Old fashioned in name
 Old fashioned in flavor
 And in rich grainy
 Fruity heady
 Heart-warming
 Goodness



Old Overholt rye
 Is aged 4 years
 In Arkansas oak
 Then bottled in bond
 A grand, bland
 100 proof
 Straight rye
 That has soothed
 Grateful gullets
 Since 1810.



Rev. U. S. Pat. Off.

A. Overholt & Co.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

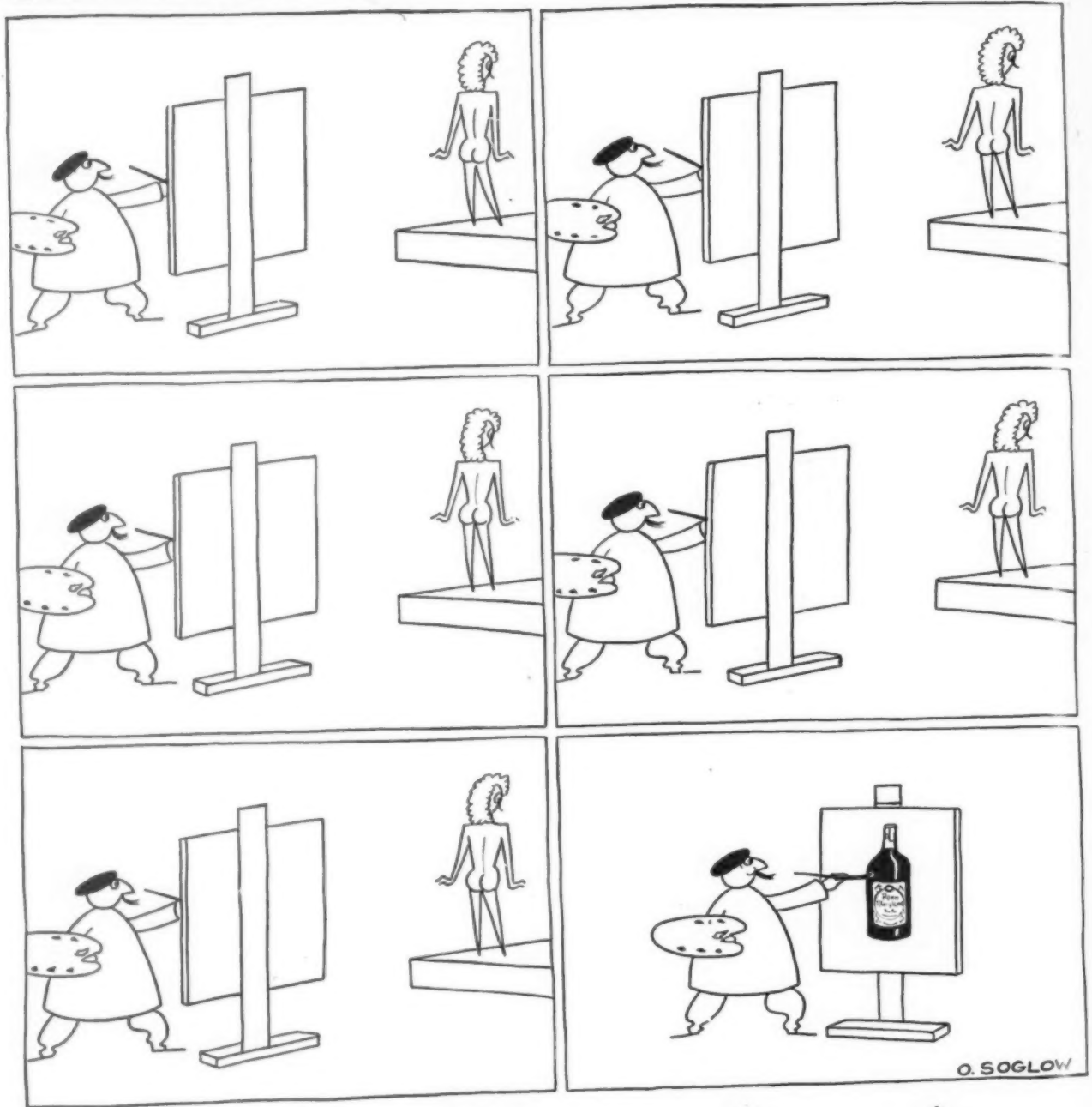
BOTTLED IN BOND



THIS EMBLEM PROTECTS YOU

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GENTLEMEN PREFER BLENDS — by O. SOGLOW



Penn Maryland

Blended Whiskey

DE LUXE (Rye or Bourbon) • IMPERIAL • REGAL

FOR SALE AT ALL GOOD BARS AND LIQUOR STORES

SPONSORED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST DISTILLING ORGANIZATION

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National Distillers

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LIFE'S GAME DEPARTMENT

MAY

"A Paper to Make You Think."

1935

ARE YOU SURE?

Take a pencil and check one of the suggested answers, unless otherwise specified.

- "Good To The Last Drop" is the slogan of:
*Coca Cola Pluto Golden Wedding Rye
The Theatre Guild
Maxwell House Coffee*
Lydia E. Pinkham Chanel Perfume
- The underworld expression "shoving the queer" means:
*taking someone for a ride
passing counterfeit money
pulling a machine gun trigger
passing the buck*
- "Bas relief" is:
*indigestion remedy cry of distressed lamb
motto of Izaak Walton League
type of sculpture French Poor Relief Society*
- One of these magazines is published twice monthly:
*Asia Harper's Bazaar Vogue
Vanity Fair National Geographic*
- It is true that one of these statements is false:
*Josephus Daniels is ambassador to Mexico
Boulder Dam lies on the Nevada-Arizona boundary
The Amazon is the longest river in the world
The Empire State building is the tallest in the world*
- One of these is the largest liner afloat:
*Europa Leviathan Majestic Normandie
Yonkers Ferry Rex Columbia*
- A woman who insists upon being married to two husbands simultaneously is:
*sur-realist dipsomaniac polyandrist
kleptomaniac alienist nut*
- One of these is not a liqueur:
*Anisette Grand Marnier Chartreuse
Bacardi Curaçao Bénédictine*
- Music suitable for private homes and played by small ensembles is known as:
*andante libretta hot-cha-cha
chamber music Puccini allegro*
- One of these magazines has maintained summer camps for city children for 47 years:
*St. Nicholas Collier's Life
American Boy Atlantic Monthly*
- The words "Don't give up the ship!" were uttered by:
*Seth Parker Admiral Byrd Admiral Dewey
Admiral Peary Capt. James Lawrence
Harold S. Vanderbilt Daniel Boone*
- One of these is the correct title:
*Royal Northwest Mounted Police
Royal Canadian Mounted Police
North West Mounted Police
Northwestern Mounted Police*
- The other side of a Buffalo nickel has on it:
*Indian word "Jitney" wheat sheaves
Abraham Lincoln words "Five Cents"*
- Proverbially speaking, one of the following "loves company":
*bachelor millionaire misery truth
infidelity bedbug the cook*
- The second line to the song "It's June In January" is:
*"September in May" "And freezing in hell"
"Because I'm in love" "And I'm in love"
"And we have no bananas today"*
- An accurate two-word description of Buster Keaton is:
*bright eyes dead pan pickle puss
nasty man Goo-Goo chubby-face*
- One of these words is misspelled:
*ennui acquitted chauffeur heinous
conceit perserverance overrun siege*
- The play "Rain" was first made famous by:
*Southern California Joan Crawford
Tallulah Bankhead Jeanne Eagels
Mae West Anton Lang umbrella makers*
- The Kentucky Derby will be run at:
*St. Andrews Havre de Grace Lincoln Fields
Churchill Downs Santa Anita Pimlico
Agua Caliente Buckingham Palace*
- When a person is "ostracized" he is:
*Stepped on by an ostrich badly osculated
excluded from favor vaccinated*
- One of these American statesmen did not sign the Declaration of Independence:
*George Washington Benjamin Franklin
Samuel Adams Thomas Jefferson
John Hancock Robert Morris Lyman Hall
Samuel Chase John Adams*
- Gatti Casazza is:
*opera singer Viennese doctor
Italian motor car ex-opera manager
tropical disease patent medicine*
- The longest suspension bridge in the world is being completed at:
*New Orleans Bay of Naples San Diego
Vancouver San Francisco Baltimore
Narragansett Bay Mayo Dental Clinic*
- "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up—" was written by:
*Edgar Guest Rudyard Kipling
Robert Service Mark Twain
Christopher Columbus Captain Fried*
- The next time you use the word "culinary" you should say:
kool-i-nary cull-i-nary kew-li-nary
- One of the following is not a U. S. possession or territory:
*Hawaii Puerto Rico Yukon Guam
Canal Zone Alaska Wake Island*
- "The Beer that made Milwaukee famous" is:
Pabst Anheuser Busch Schlitz Blatz
- According to the 1930 census, one of these cities has more than doubled its population since 1920:
*Detroit Los Angeles Chicago
Philadelphia Baltimore Washington*
- The winner of the Pulitzer Prize novel for 1934 was:
*Zane Gray Thornton Wilder Ina Claire
Caroline Miller Irvin S. Cobb
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Gus Pulitzer*
- One of these words is spelled correctly:
*carrott chatauqua existance
occurrence wierd symmetrical*
- Babe Ruth is now playing with the:
*Boston Redskins Baltimore Orioles
Boston Braves Radcliffe Tigers
Connecticut Yankees Chicago Cubs*
- The word "covey" is used in one of these sports:
*quail hunting cock fighting
curling pursuing neighbor's wife*
- "Has the Strength of Gibraltar" is used by one of these companies:
*Aetna Hartford Metropolitan
Prudential Northwestern Equitable
John Hancock Lloyds Kraft-Phenix cheese*
- Pizzicato is:
*famous Italian dish Spanish exclamation
musical term Cuban dance Greek author*
- The initials W.U.T.C. stand for:
*telegraph company
female temperance society
communistic newspaper*
- The word "panegyrics" is correctly used in one of these sentences:
*"The swelling in your panegyrics has gone."
"I want no panegyrics when I die."
"Your panegyrics are stitched backwards."
"You can get panegyrics very cheaply in Sweden."*
- "O" stands for Ogden in all but one of these:
*O. Nash Donald O. Stewart
O. Mills O. Henry O., Utah*
(Continued on page 28)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD CONTEST

A PANAMA PACIFIC CRUISE TO THE WINNER

(It's not too late to start. Conditions on page 28)

HORIZONTAL

1. A conventional address.
4. Trust this to get the dirt.
7. Disobedient.
13. A settlement on the furniture.
16. Cow's second call for dinner.
19. Life here is too confining.
20. At a distance.
21. Home tie.
22. The seat of the mighty.
23. Goes with a reel.
24. Good place to be buried in.
26. What detectives sometimes turn out to be.
28. Criminals hate to leave this.
30. A whistler.
31. Proverbial parts of the earth.
33. Commonly found around the house.
35. What Steve Brodie did.
36. A clumpy hopper.
37. Fetch and carry.
38. One of many fields.
40. What a cravat is fit to be.
42. An old song.
43. Expressing a comparison.
44. What the breadwinner did.
45. A fearful idea.
47. The open spaces.
48. Something to do.
49. Change for the better.
51. She's your mother's own child.
53. A shade from the sun.
54. The seat of the righteous.
56. Just get by.
57. These make good reading.
58. The kitty.
60. Widespread depression in the land.
62. What two drunks have on.
64. Plant.
66. The English can.
67. Discharged in the army.
68. Utter nonsense.
69. A hair piece.
70. The lock you pick yourself.
72. The catcher.
74. Kind of skull.
77. Measuring device.
79. A French cat.
81. A brilliant kind of work.
82. This improves with cutting.
84. The smack of disapproval.
86. A small man.
87. Easy come.
88. It's a boy!
89. In a big way.
91. The kind of guy that chisels in on your parking space.
92. Indian time keepers.
93. The 5:15.
95. A big entrance.
97. A hanger-on.
98. Dated.
100. Turned up.
101. Unheard of.
102. Cut it.
104. The race problem.
106. A devil of a fellow.
108. Above it all.
110. Quick way to make a suit.
111. Always used in prohibition.
112. Something to amuse you.
113. A celebrated cruiser.
114. Margin.
116. What you do when you forget.
118. A quick move.
121. Bricked.
123. Something for getting.
125. Controlling power.

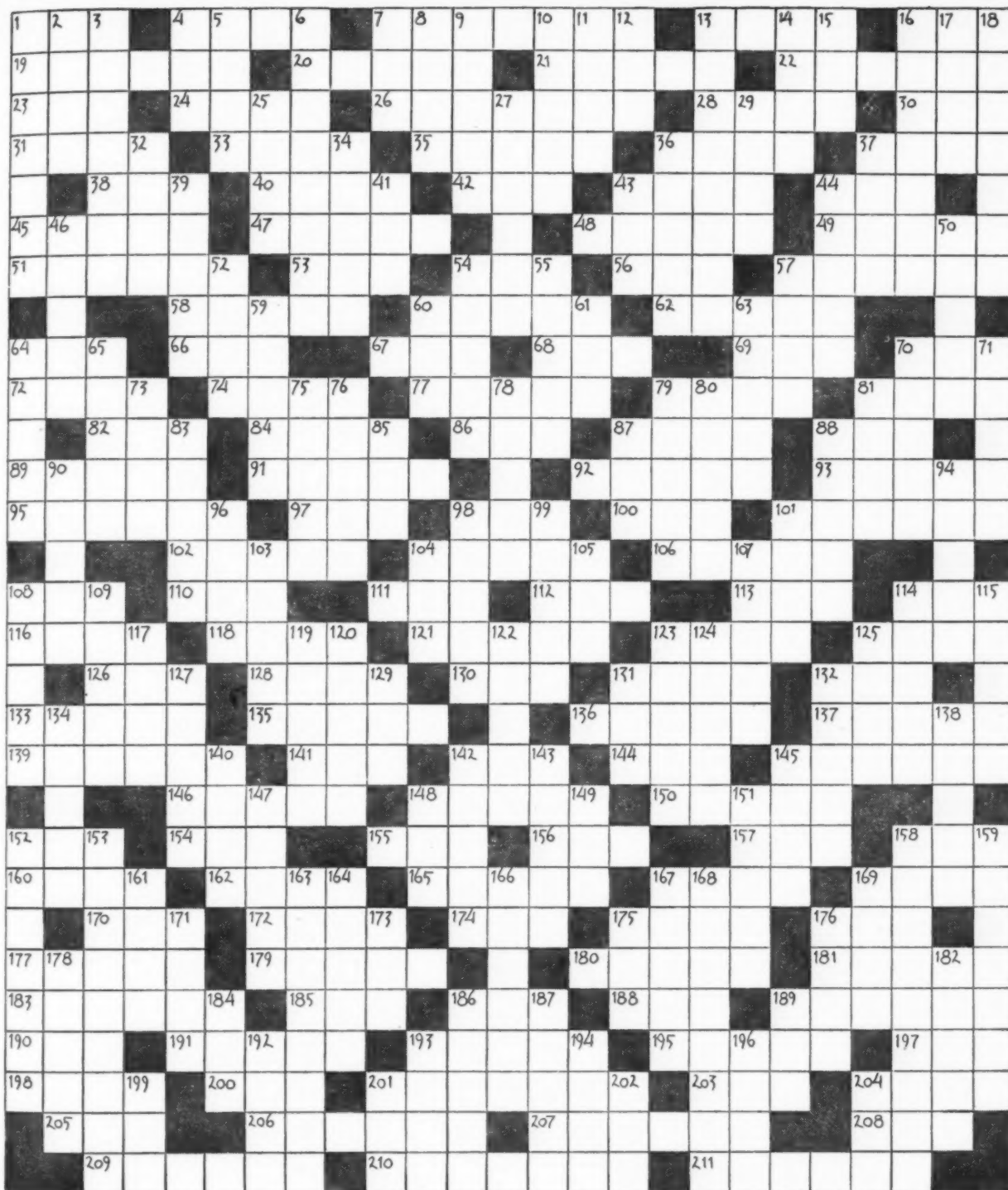
126. This gets food from its roots.
128. What some shows go on.
130. Travelers' aid.
131. A kind of high vault.
132. A worthless pup.
133. Opposite of a bow.
135. All in good fun.
136. This keeps things moving.
137. A saw.
139. Pick your way.
141. Pull behind.
142. A time for rest.
144. Kind of name.
145. Your nose knows them.
146. Not so dumb.
148. Accepted law.
150. Mix up.
152. Dry grass.
154. Has a big run each spring.
155. A double meaning.
156. A silly word for a child.
157. Short name for a long fish.
158. An informal heading.
160. One of the McCoys.
162. A lot of covers.
165. Cut away.
167. A good stretch.
169. An agreeable air.
170. For the present.
172. Dozes.
174. Guided.
175. A shallow thing at best.
176. Silly fool.
177. Contest.
179. Blur.
180. Flounders.
181. The birth day.
183. Necessary.
185. Old horse.
186. Half hidden.
188. Half a conundrum.
189. Walked.
190. Body covering used with feathers.
191. The regions farthest apart.
193. A leader.
195. Plunges.
197. Speckle.
198. A small barge.
200. A gift to the speaker.
201. A tiresome thing.
203. Not a very friendly kind of call.
204. Short drinks.
205. Part of a general alarm.
206. A section of a document.
207. Gives in.
208. A tip no gentleman forgets.
209. Never makes a hit in baseball.
210. What all fliers eventually do.
211. Filched.

VERTICAL

1. What a rumor usually does.
2. The old smoothie.
3. These have a questionable nature.
4. A pacifier.
5. One alone.
6. These love the country.
7. Keep this on the watch.
8. An ordinary course.
9. Mere rubbish.
10. A back street.
11. A basket maker.
12. So's your old man.
13. All told.
14. Usually hunted before dinner.
15. The particular word.
16. Shirley Temple was a little one in the movies.

17. A simple thing.
18. Trusts.
25. Something to take in court.
27. Borders on art work.
29. In a class by itself.
32. You can't stand to have it.
34. Hold up.
36. Stop up.
37. Grave.
39. Proficient.
41. Where to find the lions.
43. Indicates a specific.
44. The middle man.
46. Stiffness.
50. No time for this.
52. This spoils everything.
54. The jury list.
55. All strung up.
57. The rounds.
59. Rebuffs.
60. He's the bottom.
61. This leaves no choice.
63. Snatches.
64. A slight inclination.
65. This is always at stake.
70. Draw back.
71. Handed out.
73. Trouble maker.
75. Copyist.
76. Face it out.
78. Holds plenty of food but never eats.
79. A drifter.
80. A turning point.
81. Play around.
83. The old three-a-day.
85. Dock for repairs.
87. One of the celebrated Greeks.
88. Go in secret.
90. The hard thing about stiff shirts.
94. A well known chorus.
96. The act of praise.
98. Eyeful.
99. Put over.
101. Kind of distressed.
103. Can't be put over. (Poet.)
104. Given to drink.
105. A no good bomb.
107. We'll all meet ours, sooner or later.
108. Alcoholic compliment.
109. He's paid by dancers.
114. Between cities.
115. Deals.
117. No good without inflation.
119. This is the way.
120. Not pretty swell.
122. Borne down.
123. One of the North poles.
124. Solitary.
125. Unpolished.
127. Chews at.
129. The big noise.
131. One of the small bangs.
132. The great figure in Prohibition.
134. The eternal triangle.
138. Gather here and there.
140. A face that counts.
142. So commonplace.
143. Lavished affection.
145. Looked at.
147. Goes by turns.
148. A small drink.
149. Silent assent.
151. These make pencils write.
152. Run-aways.
153. Safety last.
158. The fellow who takes care.
159. Little pills.
161. A political mouth.
163. This is outrageous.
164. Kind of mint.
166. Revile (look it up!).
167. Firm.
168. Tells for future reference.
169. A dead issue in royalty.
171. Don't do this no more, lady.
173. Slacken.
175. On account of.
176. Bugs but still intelligent.
178. Attain.
182. Takes up.

PUZZLE NUMBER THREE



- 184. This makes the woof.
- 186. What an employer does to an employee before he fires him.
- 187. A ruse.
- 189. An arrangement of pieces.
- 192. Want.
- 193. An unusual position.
- 194. Pulled apart.
- 196. This is just great.
- 199. What a champion swimmer gets when he's tanked.
- 201. A spring opener.
- 202. Crazy about everything.
- 204. Personal reference for a lady.

Pointers on the Puzzle

FOR the benefit of readers who may never have tried to solve one of LIFE's crossword puzzles it might be helpful to explain that the definitions differ from those found with the ordinary puzzle. They may seem difficult at first but they're a lot more entertaining.

The answer to No. 70 across, for instance, is WED; No. 190 across is TAR, and No. 117 down is TIRE. . . . All of which are indicative of the type of thinking you have to do.

Correction

A GOOD many contestants have called our attention to an error in the March definitions which we ourselves discovered after it was too late. No. 83 down (March) should read "The science of coin collecting" instead of "Coin collector."

And as a parting word, please read the rules carefully. In them are the answers to most of the questions we have received by mail. We are always glad, however, to reply promptly to queries concerning points which may not be clear in your mind.

ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 25)

38. One of these statements is true:
No President has been born West of the Mississippi
Hoover was born in Iowa
Calvin Coolidge left \$10,000 to the Congregationalists
President Roosevelt was once Mayor of New York City
39. The book "Why Not Try God?" was written by:
Billy Sunday *Mary Baker Eddy* *Mae West*
Mary Pickford *Rosa Ponselle*
Harry Emerson Fosdick *David Hutton*
40. If you owed \$100.00 to a well-known contemporary painter you might avoid:
Arthur Brisbane *Lee Tracy*
John Stewart Curry *Lupe Velez*
Pearl S. Buck *Homer S. Cummings*
41. One who seems to be everywhere at once is:
pedantic *scrupulous* *Mrs. Roosevelt*
ubiquitous *myopic* *vacuous*
42. Corona-Corona is the name of:
2 typewriters *expensive cigar* *soft drink*
golf ball *newly-arrived foreign cinema star*
cry of subway guard *Tabiti drink*
43. One of these cities is farthest North:
Chicago *Minneapolis* *Seattle*
Montreal *Boston* *Bangor* *Detroit*
44. "The Lindbergh Line" is:
United Airlines *American Airlines* *T.W.A.*
"I have no statement" *Pan-American Air*

45. One of these is the most consistent box office attraction:
Greta Garbo *Mae West* *Will Rogers*
Clark Gable *Grace Moore* *Max Baer*
46. "I am well aware of what the papers will say about me—that I am probably crazy—that I once worked in New York myself and am a tool of the interests. Nersts to that!" was recently said by:
Supreme Court Justice Cardozo
General Hugh Johnson *Huey Long*
Jim Farley *Father Coughlin*
47. "I'm Your Best Friend" is associated with:
Listerine *Lifebuoy* *Talon Fasteners*
Mothersill's *Lucky Strikes* *Sal Hepatica*
48. One of these cannot be purchased at Woolworth's:
tiaras *goldfish* *whiskey* *cocktail glasses*
spectacles *dog collars* *caviar*
49. If a large ostrich-like Australian bird appeared in your bedroom suddenly you would recognize it as:
whoofle *kite* *emu* *portecochere*
loon *peccary* *melange*
your old school teacher, Miss Fiditch
50. If you were not sure whether an occasion called for a tuxedo or full dress you would wear:
tuxedo *nothing* *Palm Beach suit*
full dress *armor* *falseface*
- +
- Number of correct answers.....
 Multiply by two for score.....
 (Answers on page 51)

WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

There are 20 mistakes in grammar, spelling and well-known facts in this imaginary interview.

RECENTLY, Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson held a long conversation with Premier Tardieu of France. Unacquainted with the facts, Mme. Tardieu endeavored to slowly elicit information for himself concerning Guam in the south Atlantic. The talk drifted from this topic to Secretary Roper and his recent manipulation of PWA funds against Administrator Harry Hopkins' orders. Cautious, Rear Admiral Grayson intimated that there would not be a recurrence, adding that he did not think "it effects you and I." Smiling and twiddling his machete, Premier Tardieu gazed out the window at a passing Ford Straight Eight. His mind was on other matters, chiefly the defalcation by Finland of her war debt to the United States, and the division of northwestern Prussia by the Polish Corridor, according to the Treaty of Verdun. Coughing slightly, Rear Admiral Grayson resumed the conversation by offering a comment on the coming Memorial Day race, May 29. Then, rising, he said that he had to catch a boat train for the *Belgenland*, which was disembarking for New York that afternoon. "Au revoir!" cried the Premier, gayly waving his guimpe. "Good-bye," murmured Rear Admiral Grayson as he shook the Premier's hand.

Ahead of him lay his duties as Chairman of the American Red Cross. Behind him was France, bounded by the English Channel, the Bay of Biscay, the Pyrenees and the Alps.

(See page 51)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD CONTEST

The Prize

A SIXTEEN-DAY cruise, first class for two persons, from New York to San Francisco on the *Virginia*, *California* or *Pennsylvania*, 33,000-ton sister ships of the Panama Pacific Line. The prize also includes railroad fare and Pullman section (upper and lower berth) from any point in the United States to New York, and from San Francisco back to the starting point. Ship accommodations include an outside cabin for two and meals. If the winner prefers, the cruise may be reversed, starting at San Francisco and terminating in New York.

Imagine yourself as the winner of this trip. You may plan to go at any time. Perhaps you'd like to take it during your summer vacation. You board a train in your home town and head for New York. . . In New York you board one of the electric Panama Pacific ships, the largest liners in the service. All are provided with the utmost in comfort and luxury—air-conditioned dining salons, two outdoor swimming pools, pre-release motion pictures and large, perfectly appointed, all outside cabins.

Three days after leaving New York you reach Havana for twelve hours of sight-seeing. . . Then two days of leisure and sun baths on board, and the ship reaches the Canal . . . you go through the Canal in daylight. . . A stop is made at Panama, then the trip starts anew, up the coast of Central America, past lower California. . .

Several days later San Diego looms, with its California Pacific International Exposition. . . Next day Los Angeles. . . Then the Golden Gate and San Francisco. . . You have covered 5,500 miles on shipboard.

In San Francisco you entrain for your starting point and when you arrive home you'll have enjoyed a glorious three weeks of land and sea travel covering nearly 9,000 miles.

The Conditions

ON the preceding page is the last of a series of three contest crossword puzzles. The first puzzle appeared in the March issue, the second in the April issue. (Back copies will be mailed on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps or coin.)

The prize will be awarded to the person who furnishes the nearest correct set of solutions for the series of three puzzles and who, in the opinion of the judges, writes the cleverest verse, jingle, limerick or essay (all of which will be known hereafter as a literary composition) using only words contained in any or all of the crossword diagrams. The literary composition must be limited to 50 words, but may be based on any theme or subject.

No word is to be used more often than it appears in the puzzles, but may be used less often if desired. For example, if the

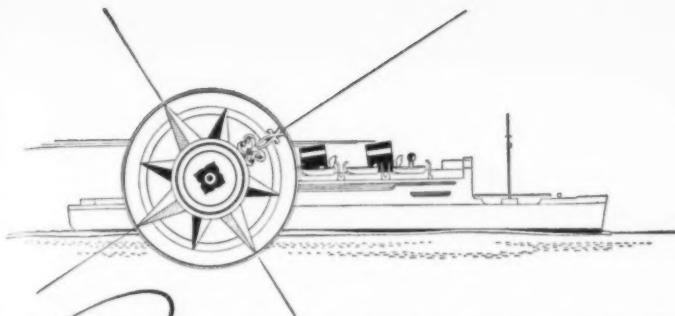
word "and" appears a total of ten times in the three puzzles, it may be used no more than ten times in the literary composition. Abbreviated words may be spelled out in full.

Elaborateness or neatness in submission of entries will not count. Legibility, however, is essential. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each literary composition must be attached to three completed diagrams (March, April and May) or tracings thereof. The contestant's full name and address must be clearly written in one corner of each of the three diagrams and on the literary composition.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie, each tying contestant will receive the full award.

Entries must be addressed to the Crossword Contest Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mailed to reach this office not earlier than May 1st and not later than June 15th. The prize will be forwarded to the winner on or about July 1st (in time for a summer vacation) and his or her name will be announced in the August issue of LIFE, on the newsstands about July 20th.

The contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers of LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff and their families are barred from competition.



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ENTER LIFE'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE CONTEST! Fun for all—and the most delightful ocean voyage ever for the winner! Such is the idea behind the current cross-word puzzle contest in this magazine. And Life, eager to provide the winner with the best—selected a Panama Pacific cruise to California!

RINGING THE CASH REGISTER! *One of many quaint and curious sights seen at foreign ports en route. A native boy selling gaily colored, finely woven baskets that prove popular with travelers.*



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The supreme travel luxury! An exclusive feature in this service!

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Another exclusive feature! No crowding. Comfort—even in swimming pools!





THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

IF Louis Bromfield never does anything else in his life he can plume himself on having made the New York play reviewers madder than they have been since the time Lester Wallack announced an opening on the night of one of the worst blizzards in local history, got the whole lot of them to his theatre at half past eight, and then decided to postpone the show. It wasn't that Bromfield postponed his show; it was that he went ahead with it as scheduled and that the aforesaid show gave the fraternity such a critical cholera as made the late epidemic in India take on the comparative aspect of a small boy's bellyache. And Bromfield may supplement the pluming with an additional feather on having made his first-night audience, composed largely of the So-Social Register, just a little sorer than even the reviewers.

The occasion for all the indignation was something called *De Luxe*, made from a story by Bromfield by Bromfield himself with some assistance from one Gearon. The something in question dealt with the queer fish who have swum and swim still in the social sewers of Paris, the international collection of more or less fashionable kept women and kept men, decayed titles, degenerate moneybags and other such sexual rotters and general wasters. It dealt with them in terms of an incontrovertibly bad play, but it also dealt with them, as characters, in such an unashamedly honest and purely smelly manner that, like a stink-bomb, it outraged the reviewers and that first-night audience not so much because it was a bad play as because its characters assailed their nostrils with a completely true but offensive and even nauseating odor. As for a certain share of the audience, the characters doubtless also smelled a bit uncomfortably like home.

It would be pleasant, after the periodic and highly disagreeable Nathan critical practice, to argue rather con-

vincingly that the play itself was not the desolate mince that the reviewers insisted it was, but that would take a much greater ingenuity than the above-mentioned Nathan possesses. To fall in whole-souled with the procession, therefore, he lends his cuckoo note to the expressed opinions and makes it unanimous. But, having thus proved himself a polite, acceptable and brotherly fellow, a soupçon of skepticism begins to steal over him as to the alleged complete badness of the play. If the play was the total loss the reviewers asserted it was, how could it arouse all the indignation and resentment that it did? Nobody grows red in the face and flies off the hot handle over anything utterly worthless or over anything admittedly negligible. To argue that it was simply the foul rottenness of many of the characters that got under the boys' collars won't do, as the characters were obviously and naturally part of the play. It would accordingly seem that moral indignation substituted for sound criticism. One believed that that had long since passed out, along with the late Willie Winter and J. Ranken Towse.

ANOTHER assigned reason for the play's badness which puzzles this poobah was the staleness of its subject matter, to wit, the hollow tragedy of the tinsel-mad post-war generation. That we are all by now fed up on that subject is perfectly true, but we are fed up with it not because it is stale but because it is essentially bogus. The subject matter of perhaps three out of every four plays that we admire is customarily almost equally stale, but its

essential truth gives it a persistent life and force. The characters in *De Luxe* are no more peculiar to the years following the late war—the war had utterly nothing to do with the majority of them and it had no effect nor influence upon them—than are the similarly befuddled, sex-ridden and degenerate characters of, say, Wedekind's *Earth Spirit*, which appeared in 1907, or of Bruckner's *Patricide*, which, while it appeared after the war, made small claim that its characters had ever heard of the war. So with most of the plays that have argued moral collapse in terms of the war. For every one of them in which the war has been blamed, it is easy to name two or three written before the war in which an identical moral collapse has been far removed from any shell shock, results of having been gassed, sexual despair, sense of life's futility, or some other such concomitant of the late great democracy preserver. So let's just say that the play was a bad one, not try to give any further dubious reasons for its badness, assume a punditical expression, cross our fingers, and safely shut up.

Nevertheless, even if we get away with the dodge, nobody can say—not did anyone say it—that the exhibit wasn't happily cast and acted. Melvyn Douglas, Violet Heming, Ann Andrews, Blanche Ring, Cora Witherspoon, Claudia Morgan and all the rest of them held not only mirrors but large cheval glasses up to the widely notorious and easily identified persons they were hired to represent. And then there was, for good casting measure, the almost

(Continued on
page 49)





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which Time has mellowed..
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GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not suitable for children)

3,000,000 Little Pixies

MAYBE it would have been better, after all, if Walt Disney hadn't made *Three Little Pigs*. Those 3 little pigs have brought down on us 3 million baby-talk colored cartoon simp-phonies, full of singing birdsies, dancing elvesies, and good fairywairsies and bad ogrewogres . . . all oozing treacle and dripping gloom.

Three Little Pigs was, of course, as fortunate a bit of happiness as ever hit the screen, but it certainly led its heavy-handed imitators into difficult ground. You can't shake whimsy off of trees.

Most of these gaudy shorts start off with a moan by the Sickly Sisters about a poor little elf, hungry and cold in the snow, or about poor little pants-maker and his wife or somebody else about to go to the poor little poor house; sadness seems to be a prime ingredient of these simply-awfulies.

The low to date was reached recently in the one about a poor little birdie who was learning to fly and who was shot dead by a little boy with a rifle. Half the picture was devoted to the little birdie's funeral. (And why is it that the human characters in these things all have to look like congenital idiots?)

This entire trend is the more regrettable because the cartoon movies have such great inherent entertainment possibilities. Mickey Mouse is perhaps the one highest achievement of the cinema to date. The ingenuity of some of the other cartoon series is amazing. Perhaps the second best of them all is Popeye whose exaggerated virility is a tremendous and welcome relief from the pansy-wansy sissy symphonies that Hollywood is giving us.

The whole field of movie shorts is open to vast improvement. That's why there is such interest in *The March of Time*. While there are a few good

short series like Grantland Rice's *Sportlight*, we are still tortured by a lot of 2-day productions, usually of the tabloid musical comedy type, built around some orchestra leader or some vaudeville team out of a job. And it seems to me even the newsreels have gone blah lately, trying to doll themselves up with the noise of a lot of name-announcers.

The Little Colonel

SPEAKING of Mickey Mouse, there's a lot of Mickey Mouse in Shirley Temple, and a dash of Mona Lisa—certainly a hint of depth, which is what all of the other kid actors lack.

Somebody had a billion-dollar inspiration when he thought of teaming colored Bill Robinson and Shirley in a tap dance. Bill Robinson is just about the top flower of the colored race and Shirley is just about the top flower of

the white race, and you don't often get such grand folk together on the same stairsteps. When Bill and Shirley dance up those old mansion stairs together in *The Little Colonel*, you can forgive and forget the hours of banality that the movies have given you on other evenings.

While *The Little Colonel* is a compound of two of the world's oldest story forms, the (1) "never darken my door again" and (2) "a little child shall reunite them" routines, it is so sympathetically written, so intelligently directed, so beautifully photographed, and so charmingly acted by Shirley Temple and Lionel Barrymore and Bill Robinson, that it is a lovely experience in anybody's tired life. A special slice of cinnamon toast to Lionel Barrymore as the superficially grouchy Southern grandpappy who drives his daughter out of the front door because she wants to wed a Yankee.



"Who's in charge here?"

Roberta

WE are going to be in for a lot of dancing in the movies for a while now, and we could fare a lot worse than that.

It is too bad that there is no way to put Fred Astaire's dancing in the Metropolitan Museum for posterity. As a preservative, film leaves something to be desired. You can't run a Fred Astaire dance continuously for 2,000 years. And, coolly judged, Fred Astaire's dancing is just as great in many respects as anything that Michelangelo ever sculpted or painted.

No wonder that *Roberta* drew 100G at the Music Hall in one week, 181½G in Cincinnati, 17G in Los Angeles and 28G in Detroit, for example. While the previous success (not altogether merited) of the stage version has something to do with these sensational records, still it is largely Fred Astaire's ankling which is drawing the multitudes. Not even the showing of beautiful clothes which this film affords can explain even a fraction of its popularity. (Incidentally, if President Roosevelt destroys the utility holding companies and similar financial sinecures, where are men going to get enough dough to buy women gowns and coats like these?) Aside from Fred Astaire, *Roberta* is a pretty dusty picture. The story (of a football player who inherits a Paris gown business) remains, as it was in the stage *Roberta*, dull, dull.

Alibi

A COUPLE of erudite readers caught me up for referring to the native tribesmen in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* as Arabs. If I were that observant and picky, I would stay away from movies. To those of us who go to movies-by-the-hundreds, anybody in a bed sheet is an Arab. Anybody who pops a rifle at you from behind a sandpile is an Arab, whether you be in Arabia, in India, or on the outskirts of Yuma, Arizona. Those Indian tribesmen in the Bengal picture were Arabs the last time I saw them; I recognized several of them personally. I'll bet the casting office and the director and everybody else concerned thought they were Arabs. I insist they were Arabs.

The Wedding Night

SOMETIMES I believe Helen Vinson is the most capable actress on the screen. Watch her face closely sometime for one minute and see what you get for your money in

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Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp. Your scalp becomes more flexible, awakens to new life...your hair has a chance.



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When you comb your hair, it stays smooth and lustrous with no unnatural "patent-leather" look.



REMEMBER this about your hair—its health and its good looks go hand in hand. That is why you need the healthy, invigorating double-action benefits of Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout.

Tight, dry scalp is the enemy of your hair—the common cause of thin, dry, sickly hair. Vitalis and massage rouses the scalp, stimulates and quickens the circulation, releases the natural, nourishing oils that mean healthy and handsome hair. Wide-awake and active, your scalp functions naturally—loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks healthier—is healthier. And it stays perfectly groomed—but with never a trace of "patent-leather" look.

You'll like Vitalis and its modern, easy way of keeping your scalp alive, your hair healthy and well-groomed. Buy a bottle from your druggist and give your hair a chance.

ASK YOUR BARBER . . .
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KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Shanghaied by a Silly Salt?

... light an Old Gold



When a retired skipper proves he is anything but retiring, by dropping anchor alongside of you . . . don't let him scuttle your whole evening. Offer him an Old Gold . . . he'll welcome it like a breeze in the doldrums . . . while you breeze gracefully away.

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LIGHT UP...

and feel pleasant

Watch a fellow light his first KOOL. See the mild surprise turn to the good old grin that shows he's found something. The smoke feels refreshingly cool. The throat relaxes. And best of all, the coolness of KOOLS doesn't interfere with the fine tobacco flavor—it's fully preserved. So try KOOLS for your throat and for pleasure's sake. And save the B & W coupon in each pack for handsome nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Write today for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.

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CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON



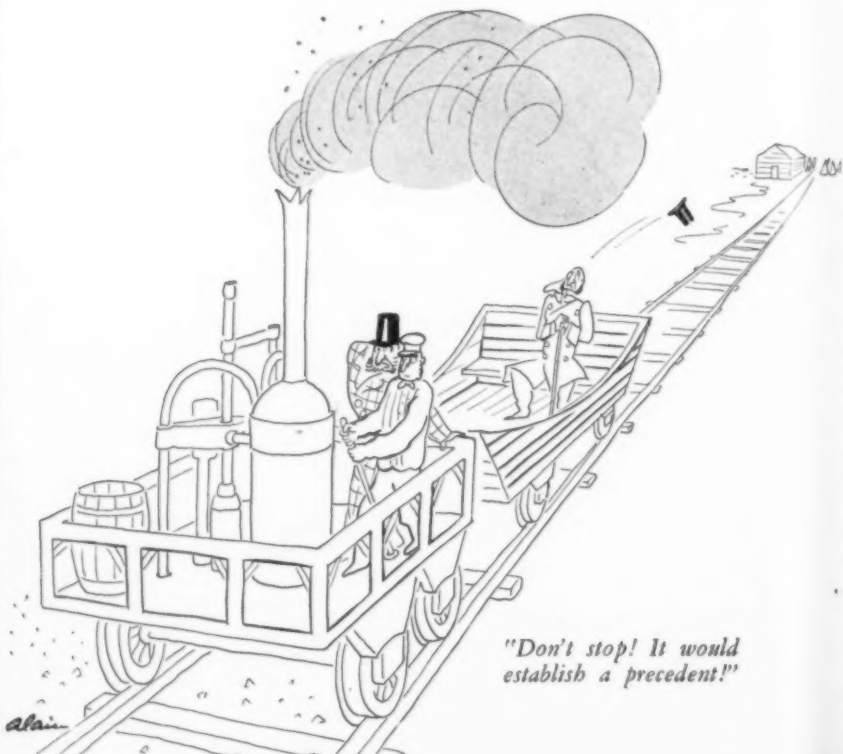
FROM some quarters has come the suggestion that the New York daily book reviewers need the attention of the Board of

Health. This is advanced on the mistaken theory that the Board of Health is concerned with the physical state of the citizenry. As a matter of truth the Board of Health is called only when the neighbors wish to have a dead cow removed from the alley. What the reviewers are in need of are the services of the S. P. C. A. It is not that their work is odoriferous but that they are the victims of a system that would slay a bull.

Consider the conditions under which they work, such men as Lewis Gannett of the *Herald Tribune*, John Chamberlain of the *Times*, Harry Hansen of the *World-Telegram*, William Soskin of the *American* and Herschell Brickell of the *Post*. Six days a week they must read a book or a group of books and write upward of 1200 words about them. One day it will be Henry Roth's *Call it Sleep* (599 pages), another day it will be Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River* (911 pages); in between will come John Strachey's *The*

Nature of Capitalist Crisis (393 pages of closely reasoned text). The miracle is not that the reviewers occasionally manage to write good sense but that they don't garrote the managing editor on their way to the composing room with their copy.

When you see John Chamberlain half frantically running up Park Avenue with his nose buried in Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It*, you have a picture of a man who is hounded by Time, Fate and Mr. Adolph Ochs. Responsibility for the insane system of reviewing a book a day has not been determined, but it obviously came out of the business office. The book pages are expected to maintain themselves and book publishers will advertise only in places where books are being mentioned. Consequently, the reviewers are deposited very gently on the wrack and the screws put to them. What they produce is not criticism but it is often extremely competent as book reporting. I disagree with practically everything they write but at their worst they could never do anything as horrible as A. J. Cronin's review of Thomas Wolfe's novel in the *N. Y. Sun*. The visiting Englishman reviewed the book exactly like a man who had been reared on the *London Times Literary Supplement* and was slowly turning to bone.



The Mighty Flood

THIS brings me by easy stages to Wolfe and his *Of Time and the River* (Scribner's). As a general thing it is bad practice to confuse an author with his work because the composer of *Delicate Delphiniums*, a book of verse, will inevitably turn out to be a delicatessen store owner who looks like Primo Carnera. However, there are instances where the writer is so of a piece with his work that it is impossible to separate them. When Wolfe wrote *Look Homeward, Angel*, it was obviously his autobiography and from that it was plain he was a huge male creature with the gusto and force of an early paleolithic monster and a talent for expression bordering on the miraculous. I belong among those who were fearful that he might be a one book man and I now hasten to assure you that his second book, written in torture through the years, is a masterpiece. There need no longer be question about Wolfe: He is a genius and perhaps our only one. Critics have compared him with Dickens because of his vast flow of imagination and capacity for creating character, but it is apparent that he belongs with the Elizabethans and the great Russians. What he hates above all else is the pettiness and meanness and thinness of life. He hates thin, pernickety people just as I hate every critic who has approached the book with microscope and calipers and attempted to dissect it. The book tells what happens to Wolfe when he leaves North Carolina to go to Harvard, leaves Harvard to go to England and leaves Europe finally to return to America. Within it is the whole compass of life. The death of his father is a scene unsurpassed in all literature. What Wolfe knows is problematical but what he feels is everything. His dark intense love of America is something I have known only in American Jews. He feels the country as a great cruel brooding individual, protecting us all, repulsing us all. The book has everything. It is hilarious, ribald, tender, rhapsodic and bitter. If you complain that it would take you a year to read it, I answer that you could find no better way of spending a year. Stop reading all the junk they try to stuff down your throat and read a good book, even if it's only one good book in a lifetime.

The Slickies

THE chances are that Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It* (Doubleday, Doran) will outsell

Jubilee Year!
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ON YOUR WAY TO ENGLAND



SEE Great Britain in this year of years . . . do it on what you save travelling Anchor Line! Sail via Londonderry or Belfast to Glasgow. From there all Scotland lies before you on your way to England . . . with great events in many cities to celebrate this 25th Anniversary of his Majesty's reign! The rest of Europe is right at hand, too . . . Paris is just 2¼ hours from London by Imperial Airways.



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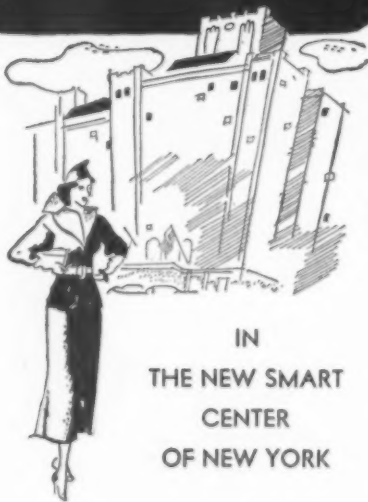
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**800 outside rooms with
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Here is a good place to dine—to dance—to meet friends as well as to stop when coming from out-of-town. The leading Fifth Avenue shops, Radio City, and the Broadway Theatres are within walking distance. In bad weather, you can use the convenient buses for almost any place you want to go.

The cost of the beautifully appointed comfortable rooms at the Montclair is indeed moderate for New York.

RESERVATIONS ARE RECOMMENDED

Wolfe but that proves only that Gene Stratton Porter was once a literary giant. Miss Ferber is so sensitive to criticism that one might automatically accept her as a great artist but the facts are against her. She is so brilliant outwardly and so hollow otherwise that she might pass as a literary conch shell, but unfortunately it takes more than technique to make a writer. What seems to overcome her is the Law of Compensation, a theory which I have always considered nonsense but which occasionally works out. It is possible to imagine a great novelist being also a successful popular magazine writer but modern times have not seen one. The background of *Come and Get It* is the Northwest lumber industry and Miss Ferber has sketched in the details with her usual flashiness and competence but after that what you get is nothing. Her case is like the case of Booth Tarkington. You know he is rather marvelously good and you toy with the idea of considering him seriously but you end with acknowledging that he is second-rate. Tarkington can write rings around Theodore Dreiser and yet he is not in Dreiser's class. If you are a young writer, be as wary of slickness as you would be of Henry Seidel Canby. Erskine Caldwell is worth nine Edna Ferbers. Thomas Wolfe is worth all the *Saturday Evening Post* writers since Benjamin Franklin.

A book like *Fatherland* by Karl

Billinger (Farrar & Rinehart) is worth a million by Clarence Budington Kelland. Contrary to what you might expect, Billinger writes beautifully and magnificently about the victims of Hitler in the jails and concentration camps of Germany. The sheer physical courage and spirit of these men will give you a glow entirely foreign to morbidity or horror. What do the puny little love novels amount to by the side of such books! Don't you people who hailed Michael Arlen as a great writer speak to me of morbidity. When horror really enters my soul is when I see Alexander Woollcott standing before a microphone referring to Noel Coward as Destiny's Tot.

If you want something that will amuse you and yet give you the impression that you're being educated, try *Claudius the God* by Robert Graves (Smith & Haas). It isn't as good as *I, Claudius*, having too many dull stretches, but the device is still ingenious (having Claudius, the Roman Emperor, telling his story in his own words) and you get intimate glimpses of such rascals as Herod Agrippa and Messalina, the hottest of all hot ladies. Messalina doesn't come in strong until the end of the volume, which is disappointing because the lady so fully annihilates the claims of later pretenders to the boudoir championship.

(For other notes see "Stop & Go" Service, on page 46)

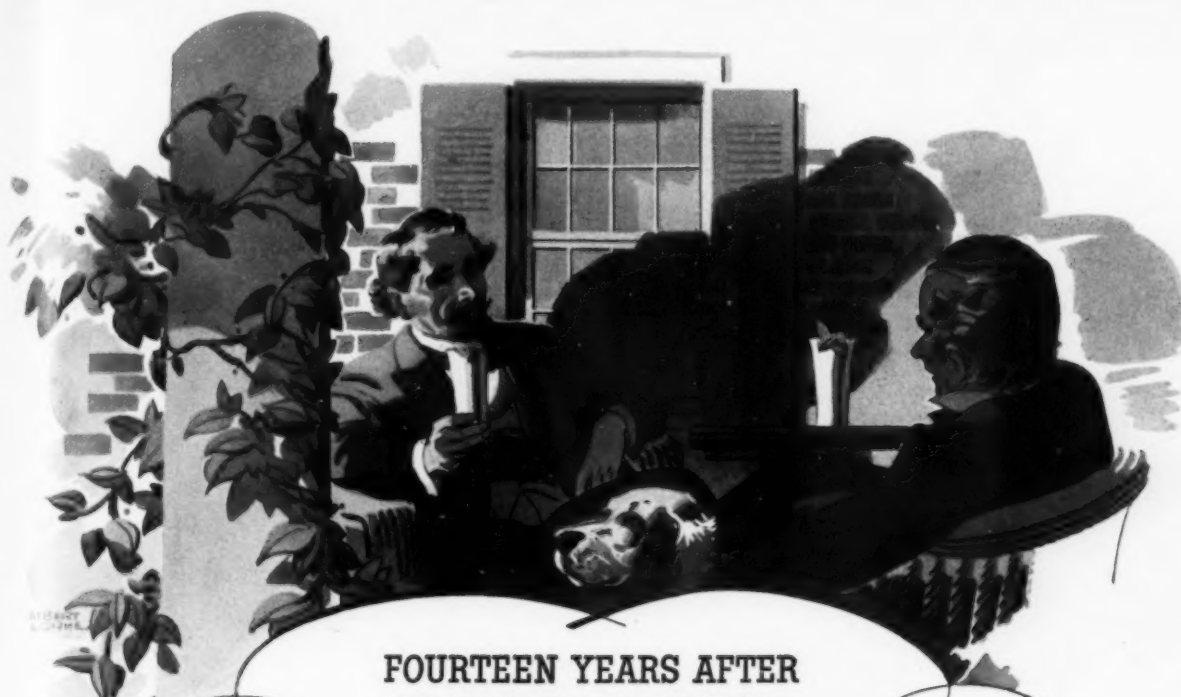


"Moses! Come here an' lift up your pappy while I sweep under him!"

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FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER
HE VISITED BALTIMORE

CHARLES DICKENS REMEMBERED

"THAT FLOWERY JULEP"



A deep and lasting friendship grew up between Washington Irving and Charles Dickens, during the years that the American

writer lived in England.

Naturally, then, Irving sought to show his friend the hospitality of America when Dickens visited here.

And among the wonders with which he chose to charm his visitor was a famous Maryland Rye by the name of Mount Vernon.

That was in 1842. And fourteen years later the memory of its excellence was so vivid that Dickens wrote:

"My dear Irving: If you knew how often I write to you individually and personally in my books, you would be no more surprised in seeing

this note than you were in seeing me do my duty to that flowery Julep (in what I dreamily apprehend to have been a former state of existence) at Baltimore."

In modern America, also, the memory of Mount Vernon's goodness has lived through fourteen arid years. And now something better than reminiscence has come true. Mount Vernon, itself, distilled in Baltimore just as it was in the days of Charles Dickens, can again grace your table, and lend its rich and memorable quality to hospitality.

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SPORTS PARADE

BY PAUL GALICO



Fist Fighting

IT is, I discover, the wrong thing to set up the spotlight against a dubious fistfight because once the customers are warned that a proposed boxing match is

liable to be either a swindle or a two-step they attend by the thousands so as not to miss being able to grouse the next day about having been fooled again. Some eighteen thousand crowded into Madison Square Garden to watch a pair of men who, together, grossed 526 pounds, do something abysmal to one another in a ten-round prizefight. They saw two very large and sweaty Eytalians waltz, paw one another, push each other around, lock their arms lovingly about one another's necks and play London Bridge is Falling Down for a half hour that might better have been spent leaning up against some nice bar or reading the Sears-Roebuck Catalogue. One of them, Ray Impellitiere, called variously The American Giant; and Dreadnaught Champion of the World, was finally excused in the 9th round because he

was no longer able to raise his arms on account of sheer ennui. The winner was laughingly adjudged to be Primo Carnera, ex-Heavyweight champion of the world.

There were a few moments of stimulating horseplay towards the middle of the performance when Carnera discovered that his Sunday punch in no way discommoded his opponent and resorted to wrestling, heeling, thumbing, roughing and fouling in an attempt to display his mastery of what is known as the sweet science. You wouldn't believe it possible that two giants over six foot six and weighing respectively 258 and 268 pounds, or in that neighborhood, could be turned loose for 10 rounds of assault and battery with Jack Dempsey for the third man in the ring without so much as bloodying one another's noses, but that is what happened. Grandmother would have loved to see the two big dopes playing at Pit-a-pat, Post Office, Kiss the Pillow and placing their pretty paws together as they danced around the Maypole. Impellitiere, who had been preparing three years for this event, came into the ring with a roll of suet around his waist that looked like a life-preserver. In the ninth round his manager sprang into the ring and rescued both him and the audience



"You're a Standard Oil tin, you're the top, you're a Woolworth poil pin—"

from the effects of acute fatigue and exhaustion. The affair billed as an elimination contest for a chance at the heavyweight championship held by Max Baer was 100% successful, both men being eliminated.

James J. Braddock and Art Lasky fought fifteen rounds in Madison Square Garden in the second elimination bout to determine a contender for the heavyweight championship of the world. At the end of the fight conducted in slow motion for the benefit of beginners among the spectators, Braddock received the decision and both men were likewise eliminated, making the score 4 to 0, or, as we used to say in Mah Jong—"Pung."

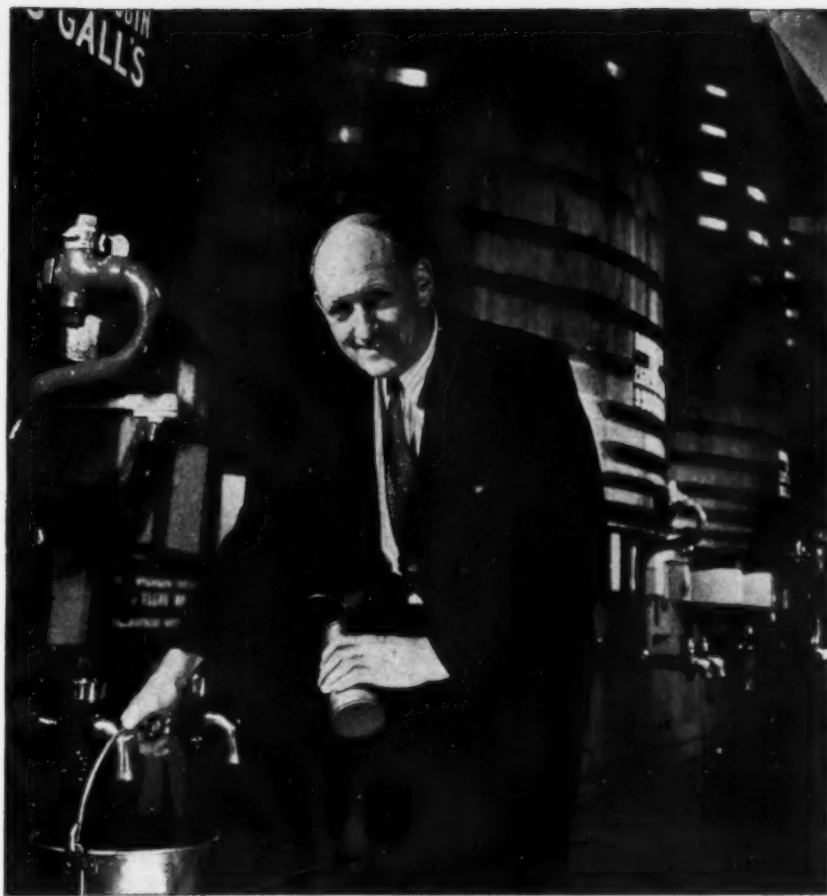
Thrill

FISHING for Europe on the short wave set one Sunday noon. I picked up a signal and suddenly heard a voice with a Piccadilly accent say—"Six . . . seven . . . eight . . . Hamas is up at the count of nine . . . Schmeling is after him . . . Look, Hamas is down again. One . . . two . . . three . . . etc." It was Ringside at Hamburg, Germany, where the only real heavyweight elimination was going on. Max Schmeling, former heavyweight champion of the world, battered Steve Hamas, a good American contender, so terribly that the referee, a Belgian, stopped the fight in the 9th round. After the fight, Hamas went to a hospital for repairs. No matter what happens in the meantime, Schmeling will meet Baer in June in the Madison Square Garden Bowl for the championship, and it will be a lulu while it lasts.

Ice Carnival

THERE are two shows put on each year that no one ought to miss. One is the Horse Show at which, in addition to some pretty good horseflesh, you may for no extra charge watch jobbies in busboy aprons and silk dicers driving go-carts fastened to ponies and leaning to one side going around corners like a nervous student-pilot making his first left bank; not to mention the three solemn dodos judging both horse and buggy and giving the wagon a frisk, like three old-time rural prohibition agents searching a Model T for a pint of applejack. The other and most recent brawl is the Ice Carnival, which is a wow. The first performance at Madison Square Garden was so good and so many people were turned away they had to do it all over again for another sell-out crowd.

If ever you get the chance to see Miss



Ed Wiseman, now superintendent, has spent two-score years in the distillery. Here he is sampling a bottling vat for a proof-test.

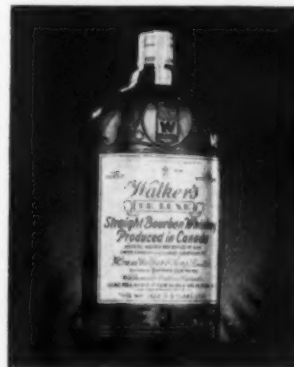
"For 41 years

I'VE BEEN SEEING IT THROUGH"

Let's walk out into the distillery. There those old-timers who grew up with Hiram Walker will tell you why our bonded whiskies are of such unvarying excellence. They'll show you how carefully they check each step in the process, from grinding the grain to maintaining summer-heat in the warehouse where the whiskey slumbers to maturity.

Hiram Walker's De Luxe Straight Bourbon

We take choice corn and mill it carefully to preserve the full life of the kernels. We put into the distilling all of the knowledge we have gained through 77 years' experience. After the rich liquor is ready, we lay it away in special casks of fine-grained oak from the Ozarks. *Hiram Walker's De Luxe Straight Bourbon* rests undisturbed in ivy-covered warehouses for six years or more. Then it is bottled in bond under the watchful eye of the Canadian Government. Try it—and enjoy the rich bouquet of real, old-time bourbon whiskey. Distilleries at Walkerville, Ontario, and Peoria, Illinois.



Hiram Walker's **BONDED WHISKIES**

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

IN FAMOUS CAFÉS ABROAD
THE FAVORITE IS

Cora

THE ARISTOCRAT OF
VERMOUTHS

SINCE 1855



Two Styles—Cora Italian Vermouth, made in Italy; Cora French (dry) Vermouth.

TRY THE
CORA CONTINENTAL

Use highball glass—1 jigger Italian, 1 jigger French, twist of lemon peel dropped in glass, lump of ice, dash of seltzer.

Distributors: McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York



SUNSHINE AND SEA


Spacious Sun Decks—Large sunny rooms—old-time hospitality—Delightful Comfort—Health Baths—Dancing—Golf—Far famed Restaurants—American and European Plan

The TRAYMORE
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
THE PRE-EMINENT HOTEL ACHIEVEMENT

PICON FLIP

1 bar glass Amer Picon
3 dashes Grenadine
1 whole egg
Juice of one lemon

At all bars and cafés
American Distributors
E. & J. BURKE, LTD., Long Island City, N. Y.



Maxi Herber, of Munich, and Ernst Baier, also of Germany, skate pairs, or Miss Idi Papez and Karl Zwack of Austria waltz to the Blue Danube, or Miss Aubrey Peppe of the Skating Club of New York, or fifteen-year-old Robin Lee do a solo, don't miss it, because they'll make you stand up and yell.

Not wishing the regular clients of this bureau to think I have gone sissy on them I will report that all of the skaters still do those spinning tricks which make them look like revolving mice and which are unbeautiful, ungraceful and unexplained, and give me the same thrill and sense of satisfaction that I get out of watching a revolving door.

Baseball (or, Who Got Stung?)

IF Mr. Roosevelt, after long and honorable service to his country and finding himself supplanted in politics by younger men, should suddenly journey abroad and accept a position as King of England, the sensation would in a mild way approach that which billowed through the sport world when Babe Ruth, who for fourteen years has been a fixture with the New York Yankees, home run king and the greatest drawing card baseball has ever

known, announced that he had left the Yankees and the American League and had signed with the Boston Braves of the National League as quondam player, vice-president and co-manager. The Braves are a more or less out-at-the-elbows group of athletes owned and operated by an amiable ex-barrister, Judge Fuchs, a gentle sportsman who came close to having no place to play because of rent trouble.

Ruppert, the master brewer, waived all monies and let Ruth go to Boston to fulfil his ambition to become a manager. It was a sporting gesture, but someone said they heard a sigh of relief escaping from the Brewery when the Babe signed with Boston. Or maybe it was just the twelve o'clock whistle. Ruppert was dubbed a sucker when Ruth got all the publicity out of the southern training camps and drew capacity houses on the hookworm circuit. Ruppert was dubbed a smart guy when Ruth blew three ball games, arching his legs like a wicket for the ball to roll through. I know this is all a great bore, but you ought to know something about it just in case your little nephew asks you.

(Other sport notes on page 46)



"Hello, Honey. Here I am in Louisville. Listen and you can hear the Derby crowd going positively mad."

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This
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FLYING TRAPEZE

motors
through
traffic
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of



ALWAYS LOOK! Only pumps which are identified by the Ethyl trademark on the globe or body dispense gasoline containing Ethyl fluid.

ease . . . **"Next time get Ethyl"**

Facts You Should Know About Gasoline

HIGH COMPRESSION PERFORMANCE: Modern high compression cars need Ethyl to give full performance. Older cars, too, run best on Ethyl as carbon and mileage accumulate.

DOUBLE-TESTED QUALITY: Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries.

The all-round quality is protected through double inspection at the refinery and at the pump. Specifications are adjusted to fit the different seasonal conditions.

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE: Approximately 95% of all premium gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid.

To get all the power and pleasure from your car-investment—NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!



Camp Coaquannock
Belgrade Lakes
Maine

For girls from six to sixteen



WHEN parents discuss camp for their daughters one question is bound to arise, "Will she be safe in camp?" Coaquannock answers, "Yes."

In the water, a Red Cross Life Saver is provided for every four girls, always—and in other activities, each carefully selected counselor is personally responsible for only three girls.

The staff includes a graduate dietitian and a graduate nurse and the athletics are under the supervision of graduates of the best schools of physical education and hygiene.

Camp Coaquannock

aims above all else to promote sturdiness of health and character, self-reliance and leadership. Unselfishness and cooperation are encouraged and a community life and sense of responsibility are developed. And where better to learn these things than in the great outdoors, living a natural, simple and joyous life?



• Limited enrollment—daily horseback riding for every girl—all land and water sports, dramatics, crafts, music and dancing—under the supervision of college graduates. Excellent food—tents and bungalows—modern sanitation. No extras. Strictly Christian clientele.

Send for booklet

ELSA M. ALLARD, Director
Chatsworth Gardens, Larchmont, N. Y.



★ YACHTING CRUISES TO ★
CARIBBEAN—WEST INDIES
SOUTH AMERICA

25 DAYS \$150 UP 15 PORTS

Transatlantic steamers sailing every other Friday. Visiting 15 unusual ports. Excellent cuisines, deck sports, swimming pool, sun bathing, sightseeing tours.

Get free booklet from your travel agent, or

AMERICAN CARIBBEAN LINE

Moore & McCormack Co., Inc., Gen. Pass. Agts.
5 Broadway, N. Y. C. Bourse Bldg., Phila., Pa.

QUEERESPONDENCE

PAUSING only long enough to toss into our Jumbo Model waste basket the usual batch of queeries regarding people who (1) clank the lids of mail boxes half a dozen times, (2) feel around in telephone coin return slots for possible nickels and (3) touch freshly-painted park benches to see if they're really wet, we come this month to a number of provocative posers typical of which is one put to us by Ida Sarison of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Who," Miss Sarison wonders, "requests the motion pictures that are 'Held Over by Popular Demand'?"

We thought the answer to that wouldn't take more than five minutes but our potential data didn't materialize and we were accordingly beset with all the difficulties encountered by a man, for instance, who endeavors to get more than 50 shaves out of a tube that claims to contain enough cream for 100 shaves.

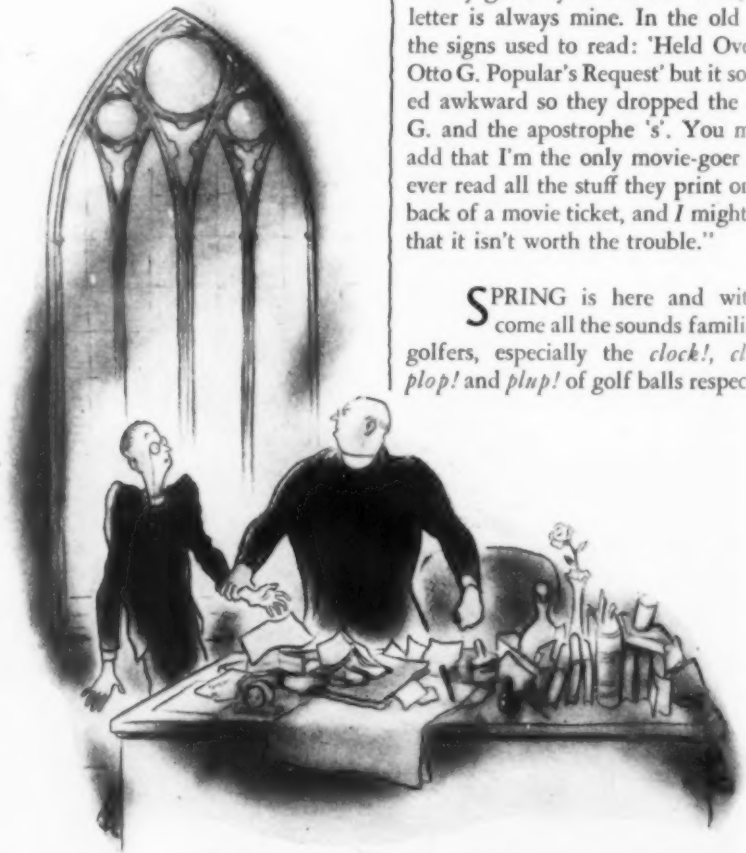
Despite the efforts of a score of departmental operatives, working in as many cities over a period of two weeks, we are still unable to produce any evidence that the general public is the least bit interested in demanding a protracted run of any given picture. During the

research 25,002 persons were asked if they ever requested such a thing and 25,003 (one volunteered the information) said of course not. More than 15,000 of them wondered why the picture they had just seen was ever released in the first place.

We do have a report from free-lance investigator Mitchell V. Charnley which we might as well print, although the Credulity Tax is terrific. Mr. Charnley is always inventing things (a device that will deboil hard-boiled eggs down to 3½ minutes; celluloid floors for movie houses so patrons won't toss away lighted cigarettes) and his report seems to belong in this classification. He maintains that he was standing in a Minneapolis picture house lobby one night asking patrons of a "held over" picture if they had requested it, when a small, baldish man rushed up and shook his hand.

"My name," he is said to have told Charnley, "is Otto G. Popular, and I'm a professional requester. Here, have a card. When a good movie comes along I like to see it at least twice, but I can't afford to go more than once a week, so I have to be sure the picture is held over. Most house managers will do that if they get only one letter. Well, that letter is always mine. In the old days the signs used to read: 'Held Over by Otto G. Popular's Request' but it sounded awkward so they dropped the Otto G. and the apostrophe 's'. You might add that I'm the only movie-goer who ever read all the stuff they print on the back of a movie ticket, and I might add that it isn't worth the trouble."

SPRING is here and with it come all the sounds familiar to golfers, especially the *clock!*, *click!*, *plop!* and *plup!* of golf balls respective-



"Once and for all, I want you to understand my desk is sacred."

ly topped, hit clean, dropped into the cup and driven into the lake. All of which reminds us to get at a query submitted by Earl Sheridan of Detroit, Mich.:

"Has any golfer, after a bad round, given his clubs away and quit the game as he swore he would?"

Many a golfer has had this impulse, Mr. Sheridan, and thousands have obeyed it to the extent of wrapping their clubs around a tree and telling the caddy to scam back to the club house and keep his trap shut ("Here—here's a couple of dollars for you"). But only one man, a Canadian named Stafford Hodder, has ever sworn off the game and stuck to it.

Back in the 90s Hodder played in the 80s, but with the turn of the century his game kept up with the times and his score rose consistently above the century mark. Then one day two years ago Hodder took 247 strokes for the first nine holes at the Wee Sma' Laddie Country Club and became so enraged that he chopped up a tee box, applied a match to kindling made out of his wooden clubs and tossed his irons into the fire. "That," he growled, "is what you call a set of matched clubs." He then ran back to the club house, cleaned the old sneakers, socks and Scotch out of his locker, and resigned.

Golf was in his blood, though, and on the Saturday of the very next week Hodder showed up at the caddy house, got a job, and began to tote clubs regularly for his former caddy, who had meanwhile joined the club.

WE finally have the answer to a query that had been lying fallow on our desk since Mr. K. J. Edwards of Tampa, Fla., sent it to us some weeks ago.

"Next to the fellow who will soon slap you on your sunburned back and say 'Is it hot enough for you?'," Mr. Edwards writes, "is there any worse office pest than the person who spends the day after a holiday annoying his associates by continually remarking that 'Today certainly seems like a holiday to me'—and is there any cure for this?"

There is no worse pest, save possibly the stranger you meet on vacation who says you must look him up when you get back to town, or the man who, when you ask him how he is, tells you in detail what's the matter with him.

All office workers have experienced this post-holiday-Monday-morning feeling but the only ones who keep harping on it (and this will be of interest

(Continued on page 50)



Are You Serving Your Cocktails in the Nude?

NO, no! We mean, are you letting those moist-stemmed Martinis and Manhattans come in from the pantry without **Drydees**?

You know the nasty little habit cocktail glasses have—dripping when and where least expected. And you know what vermouth and liquor stains do to a dinner gown or a shirt front.

Drydees are neat paper skirts that fit over the bottoms of your glasses. Ten dozen with your initial, for one dollar. Use the coupon; we'll send them in a hurry.

Drydees



Rolwing Mfg. Co., Room 428,
5 Beekman Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing \$. . . for
. . . dozen **Drydees** imprinted with
the initial

Name

Address

.

L-5

"STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 3)

- **Roberta.** Fifteen minutes of Fred Astaire's inspired dancing in this film are worth hours of Garbo and Dietrich in any other, or am I growing intellectual?
- **Ruggles of Red Gap.** None too brilliant variation of the stale story of the uncouth newlyrich husband with a wife who is trying to put on the dog. Charles Laughton out of his element as a comedy valet.
- **The Little Colonel.** An adorable picture with three of the world's nicest people in it: Shirley Temple, Lionel Barrymore and Bill Robinson.
- **The Marines Are Coming.** William Haines emerges from retirement, sees his screen shadow, and will probably go right back into his hole again.
- **The Perfect Clue.*** If they didn't have amusing Skeets Gallagher in this pulp paper story of an ex-convict and a rebellious society girl, they wouldn't have anything.
- **The Wedding Night.** Anna Sten's best, thanks to a substantial and worthy American story about Connecticut tobacco farmers, and thanks to the directorial genius of King Vidor, and to fine acting by Helen Vinson and Siegfried Rumann.
- **The Whole Town's Talking.** Edward G. Robinson as a timid little clerk who carries a letter from the police dept. explaining that he is not Killer Mannion, whom he closely resembles (also E. G. R.) . . . which is all right until Killer Mannion gets the letter.
- **Times Square Lady.*** Virginia Bruce and Pinky Tomlin show up as real comers in this tale of a country girl who inherits a hockey team, but the hero part is written sour.
- **While the Patient Slept.*** Inept horseplay and gunplay by scowling relatives while rich grandpa sleeps off a stroke. Patricia Ellis, Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon wasting their time and yours.

SPORTS

Paul Gallico

- **Crew.** April 20, New York City, N. Y. Columbia vs. Navy, eight-oared crews on the Harlem River. A thrill and a never-ending delight watching the shells pick their way through the piano crates, dead cats, old bathtubs, lumber and other flotsam of New York's most charming and fragrant brook.
- **Ponies.** April 20, Jamaica, Long Island. Opening of the Metropolitan horse-racing season. You can't attend both, but if the ponies get your dough, don't say I didn't warn you.
- **Baseball.** April 23, Brooklyn, New York. Ebbetts Field. The Brooklyn Dodgers open their season at home. Don't let that spring training trip fool you.

- April 23, New York City, N. Y., Polo Grounds. Bill Terry's Giants make their first stand under Coogan's Bluffs with Carl Hubbell, the dream pitcher. First chance to bend a lorgnette on Dick Bartell, the new short-stop.
- **Track.** April 26-27, Franklin Field, U. of Penn., Philadelphia. Greatest of all Eastern college track events.
- **Derby.** May 4, Louisville, Kentucky. The famous Kentucky Derby. You owe yourself one visit to this show. Old Bedlam was a rest cure compared to Louisville on Derby day.
- **Crew.** May 4, Philadelphia, Pa., Schuylkill River. Blackwell Cup race for eight-oared College shells. Pretty good race, but it entails going to Philadelphia.
- **Ponies.** May 11, Baltimore, Maryland. The Preakness. Most of the Derby horses do it all over again. Good fun and a nice crowd.
- **Crew.** May 11, Princeton, N. J., Lake Carnegie. The Childs Cup Race. Eight-oared shells again; Princeton, Pennsylvania and Columbia, always a hot race and a chance to wander over one of the most beautiful campus grounds in the country.
- **Golf.** June 6, 7, 8, Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pa. National Open Golf Championship. No golfer should miss this annual nut factory if he can get to see it; especially the last day when six or seven of the best pros in the country, with a chance to win the title, get the hysterics on the last nine and blow higher than Black Tom.
- **Ponies.** June 10, Brooklyn, New York. The ponies move to Aqueduct. The bookies will be glad to accept your money at the new stand.
- **Crew.** June 18, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. The Poughkeepsie Regatta, the Intercollegiate Crew Classic over four miles. Get a seat on the observation train if you want to see it, but for a real thrill, fly it.
- **Golf.** June 24, Muirfield, Scotland. The British Open Golf Championship. Great dog fight with the American pros usually out front. Besides, the ocean voyage will do you good.

BOOKS

Kyle Crichton

- **A Man Called Cervantes,** by Bruno Frank (Viking). Very fine treatment of the man who wrote one of the greatest of all books, *Don Quixote*.
- **Come and Get It,** by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Doran). The usual Ferber glitter, slickness and fine writing sentimentalizing and ruining a sound American theme.
- **Fatherland,** by Karl Billinger (Farar & Rinehart). Incomparably the best book out of Germany since the Hitler assumption. Extraordinarily fine handling of the concentration camp theme by a victim.
- **Francis the First,** by Francis Hackett (Doubleday, Doran). Does for the

- French King what he did for Henry the Eighth.
- **Grandsons,** by Louis Adamic (Harper's). Writing with the same warmth that distinguished *The Native's Return*, Mr. Adamic recounts the lives of the foreign-born who have built America.
- **Green Light,** by Lloyd C. Douglas (Houghton Mifflin). Only by sacrifice and suffering is it possible to get the green light to go ahead through life. Unfortunately not worth a green light.
- **R. E. Lee,** by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner's). Concluding the great life of the great general (vols. 3 and 4). Outstanding American biography.
- **Talk United States,** by Robert Whitcomb (Smith & Haas). Successful attempt to render the life of a roaming American youth in his own idiom. The real stuff.
- **The Bannerman Case,** by Jeremy Lord (Crime Club). International intrigue in England and very good. Best of the month.
- **The Barbarians,** by Virginia Faulkner (Simon and Schuster). Terribly smart and boring dialog about the painters of Paris and their ladies.

RECORDS

- **Disappointed In Love.** This one for the jam-sessioners for its authentic boogie style and its master pianist-leader, Earl Hines. (Decca.)
- **Dodging a Divorce.** Probably the most interesting thing in the new music is the screwy stuff coming from Reginald Forsythe. (Columbia.)
- **Down By The River.** Strictly pop stuff with definite appeal, done equally nobly by Crosby on Decca, Kemp on Brunswick, and Noble on Victor.
- **Dreaming a Dream.** Ray Noble made it before deserting England, and it tops anything since. (Victor.)
- **I Won't Dance.** Swingy Jerome Kern addition to his *Roberta* score for the flicker version, by the Reisman orchestra. (Brunswick.)
- **Love Will Find a Way.** Another wow from Hal Kemp, a tune from the Princeton Triangle Club show. *Stags at Bay. Love and a Dime,* on the other side, seems to be catching on. Nice going for the Princetons. (Brunswick.) —J. A. T.

"GO" PLACES

(*Better Dress)

- **Ambassador.** A circular lounge and quiet enough so you don't scream at your companion. Jenó Bartal's orchestra nearby in the Renaissance Room for dinner.* 54th and Park Avenue.
- **Armando.** Small, but the food and liquor make it up. 54 East 55th.
- **Biltmore.** You'll go to hear Jack Denny's orchestra and stay for a really good floor show.* 43rd and Madison.
- **Le Boeuf Sur le Toit.** Pretty amusing if you aren't fed up with Paris in New York.

Billy Arnold's and Don Alberto's orchestras alternating at dinner and supper.* 57 West 57th.

Cocoanut Grove. Gay, inexpensive, reachable, with a good orchestra and a floor show. At the Park Central Hotel. 55th and 7th Avenue.

Le Coq Rouge. The Skyline Bar is really a striking thing and the dinner excellent. Famous for its vintage wines and food. Good dance orchestra.* 65 East 56th.

Dempsey's. Jack Dempsey's huge new steak and chop house with the wine cellar and the meat refrigerator in the windows. Across from Madison Square Garden. Recommended. 50th and 8th Avenue.

El Morocco. Smart, late, gay. Crowded with socialites until later than your Aunt Esther would care to think about. Cuisine marvelous.* 15 East 54th.

The Flying Trapeze. Bigger than the Yankee Stadium, with two dozen chefs on parade, a huge bar, singing canaries, bagatelle boards and a trapeze artist swinging above you as you dine and sup. Orchestra large and good. 217 West 57th Street.

The French Casino. With a floor show big enough and good enough, to charge a separate admission (which they don't), this is the exciting home of the *Folies Bergères*. Two shows, 7:30 and midnight.* 50th and 7th Avenue.

House of Lords. A great cocktail and supper place with Michael Zarin's orchestra and a swell handwriting expert. Jim Moriarty's new place.* 12 East 54th.

Jimmy Kelly's. Fast and naughty and not for nice old ladies in lace caps. Joan Milleur's radium dance goes Sally Rand two better. 181 Sullivan Street.

Hollywood. After all, Rudy Vallée does have a fine orchestra. One of Broadway's really noisy, shiny night spots. 1600 Broadway.

Park Lane. Cocktails, dinner and supper in the bright Round-the-World Bar. Max Bergère's orchestra.* 48th and Park Avenue.

Place Piquale. The smart place of the hour. Jammed. An orchestra and tango band. It must be good.* 201 W. 52nd.

Rainbow Room. Up above the world so high is Jack Rockefeller's 64th floor, expensive, impressive night club. But you get Beatrice Lillie and a revolving dance floor.* Rockefeller Center.

Tony's. Famous as the small hour meeting place of most everybody. 59 West 52nd.

Versailles. Newest and most popular of the correct places. You'll like the photo-murals of the Palace. Food, service, liquors, entertainment quite a bit above average. In addition to a good orchestra, the best tango band in town—but why don't they abolish tango bands? * 151 East 50th. —I. D. T.



WHY SUFFER FROM- PSORIASIS

**WRITE
TODAY
FOR THIS
FREE
BOOKLET**



**LEARN ABOUT
SIROIL
THE GUARANTEED
RELIEF**

Don't delay. This relief has accomplished wonders for men, women and children who have been chronic sufferers from psoriasis. Siroil applied externally to the affected area causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if you do not note marked improvement within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded. Write for booklet upon this new treatment. Don't delay. Write at once.

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC.
1214 Griswold St., Dept. V-5 Detroit, Mich.

Please send me full information on
Siroil—the new treatment of psoriasis.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Spring ... and the CAVALIERI

- Balmy weather and things to do make Spring the ideal vacation time here.
- Golf on two famous courses adjacent to the Hotel. Excellent stables and miles of rambling bridle paths. Indoor salt water pool. Trap shooting. Real "Old Virginia" cooking.
- Easily accessible by motor, train or boat. Booklet upon request.

N. Y. Booking Office
500 Fifth Avenue
Lackawanna 4-7111

Sidney Banks, Mng. Dir.

**THE
CAVALIER
HOTEL
VIRGINIA BEACH
VIRGINIA**

**TWO
GREAT ORCHESTRAS**

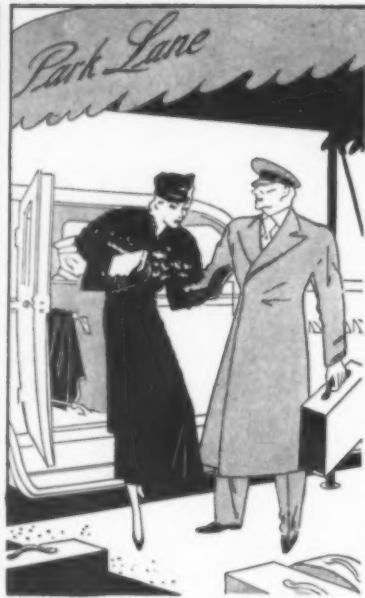
Little Jack Little nightly at dinner and supper in the gaily intimate Silver Grill... Mitchell Schuster at luncheon and during Saturday tea-time.

Luncheon in the Silver Grill as low as 65c, dinner \$1. Cover charge only 50c after 10 p.m. except Saturdays and holiday eves...then \$1.

★ Spend the Cocktail Hour in the Lexington Tap Room...drinks from 25c

HOTEL LEXINGTON
48TH STREET AT LEXINGTON AVENUE
New York City

Charles E. Rochester, Manager
Directed by National Hotel Management Co., Inc. · Ralph Hitz, President



PARK AVENUE HOMES
... *by-the-day*

■ If it weren't such an outrageous extravagance, wouldn't *you* like to maintain a New York apartment in crisp readiness for your visits here?

Most assuredly you would. So you'll share this family's elation at discovering a Park Lane apartment may be "maintained" *by-the-day*.

And *what* an apartment! A living-room large enough to expand in . . . airy bedroom, dressing room . . . and serving pantry equipped with refrigeration, which is a *help* in entertaining.

One of our butlers will welcome you with an attentive inquiry of your needs. And our maids and valets *do* seem to understand your wants. How to pack, tend to laundry and pressing, without bothering you for instructions.

All in all, your Park Lane stay will be a gratifying experience. So gratifying that you'll be wiring for reservations on your very next trip to New York.

Two Room Apartments . . . from \$10 the day. Or at special monthly rates. Also 2 to 6 room apartments, with pantries, furnished or unfurnished, at special yearly rates. Commendatore Gelardi, *Managing Director*.

NEW YORK'S
HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Park Lane

PARK AVE. 48TH TO 49TH - NEW YORK

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

No Depression this Year . . .

WE'VE made up our minds not to talk of depression this year. It hasn't done you any good to be reminded of it, it hasn't done us any good to talk about it, and it hasn't done our camp children any good to be held up as the victims of it. So away with depression. We're going to paint pictures instead.

Can you picture, in your mind's eye, twelve hundred children on vacation? Let's make it a bright picture; lots of sunshine, blue sky and birds that sing. No shadows, no depression—not for children on vacation. Let's not forget the trees, the brooks, the shady dells, and some hills both near and far away.

Now let's picture these same twelve hundred children with no vacation. Squalid city streets . . . but we said we wouldn't. No depression.

Don't you want to add a brush mark or two of your own to our vacation picture? It is one picture that needs no artist to paint. Just a little imagination and our canvas will stretch over acres

and acres of countryside for hundreds and hundreds of underprivileged city children. Please, won't you help us paint our picture? We want it to be yours as well as ours—a picture you can take with you right through the long, hot, summer days.

For Your Information

LIFE'S Summer Camps (one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Fund has been in operation for the past 48 years, in which time it has expended almost \$705,000.00, providing more than 57,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday. Contributions of any amount are welcome. If you cannot provide for one child, send in what you can afford. Your contribution will be added to by others and some child will be the beneficiary.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd St., New York City. They will be acknowledged by mail immediately if the sender's address is given, and also later on in a printed list of contributors.



Near the girls' camp at Branchville, Conn.



A pow-wow at the boys' camp at Pottersville, N. J.

THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

(Continued from page 30)

legendary Elsa Maxwell who with uncommon good nature, slyly oblique humor and something of an ironic wink held the whole old Imperial Hotel barroom mirror up to no one but herself, and with steady hands, too, for one whose first appearance on a stage it was.

ELSA'S appearance as herself, which was one of the great events of the month, and was so properly recognized by the more serious gentlemen of the critical press, was directly preceded and followed by better known actors' appearances as not themselves. Roland Young, a serviceable and droll comedian tried himself on the local trade as a straight serious actor—in a brew from the familiar Crippen murder case called *The Distant Shore*—and soon suffered the wages of his sin. And Dennis King, a proficient warbler on the musical stage and an actor who, both as Mercutio and as Richard of Bordeaux, showed himself competent on the dramatic, came along in a farce called *Petticoat Fever* and tried vainly to persuade us to believe that he was a farceur. Mr. King, let it be whispered to him at once, is as well suited to farce as Mr. Earle Larimore recently disclosed himself to be in *It's You I Want*, and if you need any more trenchant comparison than that you have bought the wrong magazine, critical department. Mr. King's idea of what constitutes a good farce actor is identical with a track trainer's idea of what constitutes a good sprinter, broad jumper, hurdler or pole-vaulter. Farce, to Mr. King, is primarily a matter of physical dexterity, with such subtler items as vocal shadings, physiognomic pantomime and the like blandly dismissed. Mr. King should know that there is a very great difference between an expert farceur and an acrobat.

WHEN we ridicule the lazy imagination of the modern French playwright that falls back so often on the melodramatic bedroom scene in which a lady's virtue, to her theoretical alarm and even terror, is campaigned against by some overly incalescent wooer, let us not fail to recall the equally lazy imagination of Shakespeare himself which, as has more than

once been pointed out, fell back so often on the device of beginning or founding a play on an unseen shipwreck. And, having thus taken the sting out of the ridicule of the Frenchmen and proven ourselves magnificently

just and fair, let us go on ridiculing them until they declare a moratorium and let the ladies in their bedrooms, instead of the customers in their orchestra chairs, go peacefully to sleep. The latest Gaul to horn in with the old hoke is the otherwise estimable M. Bourdet and the play in which the said old hoke appears is *Les Temps Difficiles*, adapted into English as *Times Have Changed*, for a reason that

eludes our old French ear and American sense, by none other than the same Mr. Bromfield who made the reviewers, in the case of *De Luxe*, froth at the mouth, as the late Wilson Mizner used to put it, like so many cream puffs. Although Bromfield, aside from that matter of the title, did a good job on this occasion, Bourdet lay down on him before he began. Aside from a nicely contrived scene or two, the affair carried with it a gale of camphor.

I DON'T know how you other Theosophists and Holy Rollers feel about it, but if you feel as I do, you are beginning to become just a little tired of plays, irrespective of quality, dealing with the Jews. Just why plays dealing with Jews should grow any more tiresome than plays dealing with Gentiles I haven't the faintest idea and have no intention of trying to find out. But for some reason or other, probably fallacious, they become in time pretty tedious. The latest of them is *Awake And Sing*, by Clifford Odets, produced by the increasingly ambitious and purposeful Group Theatre. It has the merit of well apprehended dialogue and here and there a nice perception of character. It also has the demerit of as yet inexperienced dramaturgy and of occasional exaggeration's easy way out. On the whole, however, its picture of a family of Bronx Jews discloses in young Mr. Odets what may some day develop into a dramatic talent approaching that which my critical brothers have already and prematurely, it seems to me, ascribed to him.

(For other comments, see the "Stop & Go" Service, on page 3.)



DON'T NEGLECT THAT KNOT OF PAIN —here's quick relief

● When pain grips your muscles like a knot—here's the way to get quick, grateful relief.

Spread a little Absorbine Jr. over that sore spot, and then rub, massage its soothing benefits deep into those aching muscles.

What delicious warmth you can feel spreading right down to the heart of the misery. Cramped, congested tissues relax, loosen up, become grandly comfortable again, as the warmth steals in and pain steals OUT.

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Camp Ossipee
For Boys

● Founded in the White Mountains near Conway, N. H., by Harvard men 32 years ago, and conducted for the past 16 years by a Princeton man in association with other school men, Camp Ossipee is devoted to the highest ideals of character building, in a location unsurpassed for beauty and natural adaptation to all forms of outdoor life. Sailing, riding, tennis, mountain hikes, canoe trips, riflery, and other activities. Ideal life for 85 boys. Enthusiastic clientele. Write John C. Bucher, A.M., Rivemont, Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., for booklet.

QUEERESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 45)

to Mr. R. E. Bretzmann of Watertown, Wisc., who asked about it) are those who cannot resist the temptation to leaf through a new calendar and figure out, a year in advance, the days on which all the holidays will fall. You'll be able to spot them in your office soon because (we've been peeking) Memorial Day and July 4th both come on Thursdays this year; on both Fridays (May 31st and July 5th) you'll be bothered by clucks who keep saying it certainly seems like Monday to them.

As for a cure, the only one this department knows of is solitary confinement, where every day seems like every other day.

THIS brings us illogically to a challenge from Kermit Williamson of Memphis, Tenn., who defies us to prove that any salesman, asking only a minute of your time, finished his sales talk in less than twenty minutes.

All right, Mr. Williamson. In our files under "S" (midway between "R" and "T") we find the case history of a typewriter salesman known only as Mr. X, which is plenty good enough for him.

Mr. X was a Liberty Loan Four-Minute Man during the war and later, because he could change a typewriter ribbon without muttering under his breath and learned to use the lower case letter "l" instead of the capital "I" for the figure "1" without being told, decided he was destined to sell typewriters.

He adapted his Four-Minute Man experience to his sales methods and found that by cutting his usual 15-minute talk to four minutes he could make four times as many calls a day. After ten years of office solicitations Mr. X shaved this down to a point where he would merely stick his head inside an office door, hold up a typewriter, say "Do you need any of these?" and receive the answer "No!" in something under five seconds.

He never sold any typewriters this way but he did manage to make more calls per day than any other salesman and contrived to live comfortably by lying in a padded expense account. Last year, though, his company discovered his chicanery and Mr. X is now living on Easy Street—with all his furniture piled around him.

Questions should be addressed to Queerеспondence, care of LIFE. Five-dollar checks for those used will be promptly mailed.

—G. W.

FACULTY MINDS

"Most of my friends are married. I have very much doubt as to whether any of them married as a result of reflective thinking."—*Prof. Penfiel Roberts, English, M. I. T.*

"The average man could not give birth to a child."—*Prof. Leslie E. Fuller, History of Religion, Northwestern.*

"If you have a nickel and a Phi Beta key, you can always get a cup of coffee."—*Prof. Vatter, Business, Miami Univ., Ohio.*

"Unless some part of a great work of fiction bores you, it is not a great work of fiction."—*Prof. Lois Brown, English, Univ. of Wash.*

"College is a great fountain of knowledge and we all come here to drink."—*Prof. Henry Skipp, German, Denison Univ., Ohio.*

[Undergraduates are invited to contribute to this department. Two dollars each will be paid for acceptable items. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]

ARE YOU SURE?

(From page 28)

(1) Maxwell House Coffee, (2) Passing counterfeit money, (3) Type of sculpture, (4) *Vogue*, (5) The Amazon is the longest river in the world (Nile is longest, Amazon second), (6) Normandie (been afloat for more than a year), (7) Polyandrist (nut to you), (8) Bacardi (it's a rum), (9) Chamber music (not snoring), (10) Life (see p. 48), (11) Capt. James Lawrence, (12) Royal Canadian Mounted

Police, (13) Indian, (14) Misery, (15) "Because I'm in love" (you can't miss it if you have a radio), (16) Dead pan (slang for stone face), (17) Perseverance, (18) Jeanne Eagels, (19) Churchill Downs, (20) Excluded from favor, (21) George Washington, (22) Ex-opera manager (Metropolitan), (23) San Francisco, (24) Robert Service (*The Shooting of Dan McGrew*), (25) Kew-li-nary, (26) Yukon (Canadian province), (27) Schlitz, (28) Los Angeles, (29) Caroline Miller (*Lamb In His Bosom*), (30) Occurrence, (31) Boston Braves, (32) Quail hunting, (33) Prudential, (34) Musical term, (35) Telegraph company (perhaps you read too fast), (36) "I want no panegyrics when I die," (37) O. Henry, (38) Hoover was born in Iowa (West Branch), (39) Mary Pickford, (40) John Steuart Curry (see p. 6), (41) Ubiquitous, (42) Expensive cigar, (43) Seattle, (44) Transcontinental Western Air, (45) Will Rogers, (46) General Hugh Johnson, (47) Lucky Strikes, (48) Whiskey, (49) Emu, (50) Full dress.

WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

(From page 28)

(1) M. Flandin is the present Premier, (2) Unacquainted misspelled, (3) Mme. is the abbreviation for Madame, (4) "To slowly elicit" is a badly split infinitive, (5) Guam is in the Pacific, (6) PWA funds are administered by Secretary of the Interior Ickes, (7) Harry Hopkins, FERA Administrator, has no control over PWA funds, (8) Recurrence misspelled, (9) Affects misspelled, (10) "You and me" instead of "you and I," (11) A machete is a heavy knife used by natives of tropical America, (12) Ford V Eight, (13) Finland has never defaulted on her war debt, (14) The Polish Corridor divides northeastern Prussia, (15) According to the Treaty of Versailles, (16) Grayson misspelled, (17) Memorial Day race, May 30th, (18) *Belgenland* now named *Columbia*, (19) Disembark means to unload passengers, (20) A guimpe is "a chemisette worn with a low-necked dress."



TO A YOUNG MAN

with ideas (and a limited purse)

IT IS all very well, this business of appropriating the living-room night after night, with an occasional movie here and there. But Her father and mother deserve a little consideration, and daughter Herself would adore a break in your routine. It is a basic feminine desire to don the spangles and step out with Her male. And it really can be done most reasonably at the Roosevelt Grill. The room is brilliant, the food is delicious, and

BERNIE CUMMINS

plays at

**The
ROOSEVELT**

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Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK
A UNITED HOTEL



"Sure, it's honest... See?"

OUR "HOPE CHEST"



—it tells you why you shouldn't try an untried laxative

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go... while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year... simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative... but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The way it is made... the satisfaction it gives... these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit... you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

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+ SUCH IS LIFE +



John Stewart Curry

of what took place on a neighbor's farm in 1915. It was a dry summer and the natural baptismal places, the streams, having disappeared in dust, the only place left was the horse trough. And to the lady from New Jersey who wrote that "The picture is a libel on the Baptist church!" we may say the participants were not Baptists but Campbellites.

Curry hasn't been well supported by his home state. In fact, when "Baptism In Kansas," his first picture, appeared there was a frightful lot of muttering and growling among the Jayhawker intellectuals. Most of the tart comments by his fellow-citizens contained such hard words as "uncivic," "unnecessary" and "drab." But Kansas farmers and small-town people have always liked his paintings, and Curry is still proud of the fact that the first work he ever sold was a \$15 water color to a Medicine Lodge, Kansas, garage man. To-

day you're lucky if you can buy an oil of his for \$1,500.00.

Tilted Kansas noses have come down a lot since Curry's warm reception in the East, and most Kansans will now admit he comes from their state and even be grumpily pleased if you ask to see his birthplace near Dunavant. "Come home this summer," the editor of the Oskaloosa *Independent* wrote recently, "and we'll welcome you on the Court House steps." But there are still only two of his paintings owned in the state, and in talking with Curry one gets the impression that he feels it. He passes it off laughingly, though, with a "Kansas has Kansas; they don't need my paintings of things they see every day."

With the publication of "Baptism" in this issue Curry has realized another small ambition, since from 1923 to 1924 he says he unsuccessfully offered cartoons to LIFE. His chief current ambition, if you are interested, is to do one whopping big mural of the history of his state on the walls of the Kansas State Agricultural College buildings.

United Features Syndicate man Colin Miller has knocked the *Are You Sure?* department record-score into a paper panama. Ninety-six was his score on the April set.

More than 16 years ago LIFE published the cartoon reproduced below. The caption reads: "1935 or Thereabouts—Another Visit Unless the Job is Finished Now." —THE EDITORS

LIFE



1935 or Thereabouts

ADDRESS YOUR ORDER FOR THE 1935 YEAR BOOK

—LIFE, July 4, 1918