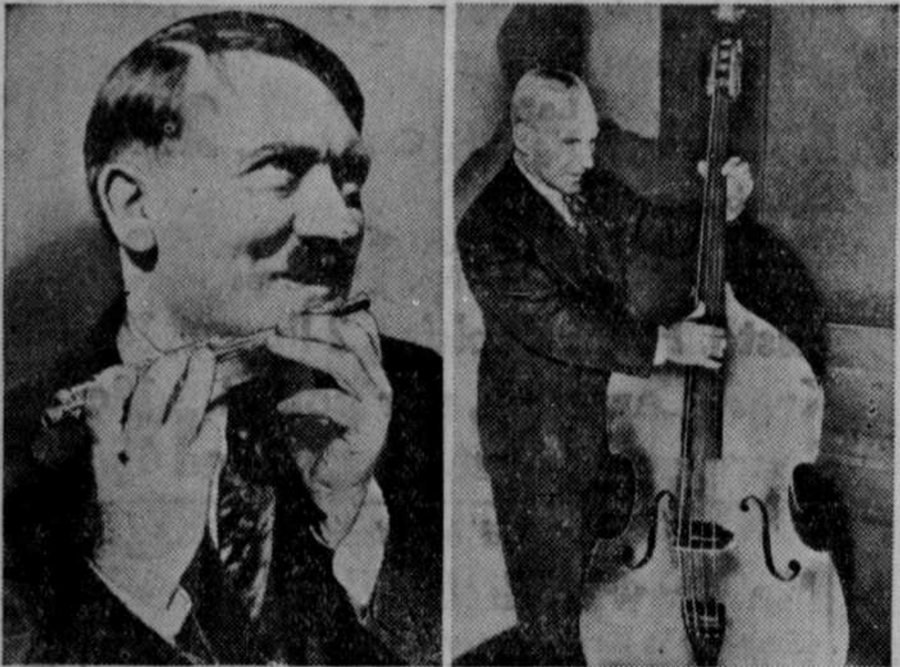
If They Had Gone 'Musical'—

In the course of giving musical instruction over a period of twenty years, Arthur T. Cremin, director of the New York Schools of Music, has evolved certain basic rules governing the instruments for which people are best fitted, according to their individual personality and background. Here we have eight world leaders as they would appear if they had suddenly gone musical. The pictures are all composites.

People with quiet hobbies, like stamp collecting, are ideally suited for strumming on instruments such as the guitar. The No. 1 stamp collector of U. S. looks pretty natural behind a guitar here.



THAT MAN! Nervous, tense people like Der Fuehrer make ideal piccolo players.

Ambition and the bass viol go together. Here is Henry Ford as he would look with the big fiddle.

NEW NOTE IN "MY WEEK" ... Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is the ideal type for the violin. Simple, sincere people, says expert Cremin, should take up this instrument.

Affectionate people like Queen Elizabeth of England should be at home with the accordion, we are told. And Good Queen Bess seems to be.

Statesmen whose main mission in life is telling other people where to head in are ideally suited to be band conductors—always waving the stick. So here is Il Duce directing.

Winston Churchill has played many roles in his exciting life and played them all well. It is reasonable to suppose he would make a good rhumba player.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

British suppress news of submarine sinkings to avoid informing Germans of holes in blockade ... Isolationists fail to arouse public sentiment against higher taxes.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—To many Americans one of the curious things about the British censorship is the suppression of so much good news.

It has never occurred to the British to explain why this reticence on their part about the sinking of U-boats was important in a military sense. Many Americans have assumed that it was just the normal hate of public boasting by British officials.

But it is far more important than that. It was important in the last war, when the same policy of secrecy with respect to submarine sinkings was followed. The nearest approach to an explanation was that it was bad for the morale of the German submarine crews if they never got any word about sinking or capture of the U-boats. All they knew was that such and such a submarine had sailed, and they never heard about it coming back.

All this may be true. Reports from Germany right after the close of the last war indicate that it was true.

But this has NOTHING to do with the motive of the British government in not releasing information about submarine sinkings.

STRATEGY IS MOTIVE

The real reason, as learned from authoritative British quarters here, is much higher strategy, and has nothing to do with psychological factors. It is really a blockade running problem.

Some of the German submarines have been hunting in packs. But for the most part they are spread out in the general shape of a fan guarding the approaches from the North Atlantic to Britain. Each submarine in this fan pattern is responsible for a good many miles of ocean, along the outer arc of the fan.

Now suppose the British succeed in sinking two or three submarines fairly close together. The admiralty at once knows about it, but the Germans do not find it out for a couple of days, perhaps longer. Obviously the submarines, though they can receive wireless orders and reports at night, cannot do any radio sending—cannot tell the Nazi sea command even that they are safe. To do so would disclose their position at once to the British.

So—the British, knowing that there is a hole in the line of the submarine blockade, rush merchant ships through that hole until it is plugged.

Which is why the British admiralty does not boast about submarine sinkings.

• • •

Congressmen's Mail Favors Tax Increase

One of the most curious factors in popular opinion at the moment, if one may take mail to congressmen as a fair indication of it, is the failure of the isolationist group—Burton Wheeler, Gerald Nye, Charles A. Lindbergh, et al—to arouse sentiment against paying taxes, a substantial part of which will be used for aid to Britain—in short for war.

Most congressmen report that they actually have more mail from patriots willing to pay increased taxes than from constituents kicking because the burden is going to be so heavy.

Mr. Lindbergh, in particular, has always urged heavier spending for national defense, but even he has not made any headlines by insisting that the new taxes need not be so oppressive if we contented ourselves with building up our own defenses, and did not spend money also on supplies to be sent to Britain.

DIRECT APPEAL LACKING

If and when Lindbergh, Wheeler and Nye take that stand then will be the time that phase can be judged. So far there has been no direct appeal to the letter writing public to express itself. It might also be pointed out that a great many people who do understand what the tax schedules are going to do to them, talk plenty but do not write—that it is not the average person who sits down and writes a letter to his congressman, but a group that is in fact a very small minority.

This is absolutely true, but the fact is also true that this minority, cranks if they be, is very potent in this country and always has been. For right or wrong, congressmen take a certain part of the cross section from these letters written admittedly by a minority which enables them to conclude the public opinion.

So it is important that so far, on the eve of consideration of the tax bill, the opponents of aid to Britain have not been able to bring any pressure to bear through this channel against the tax boosts.

CURRENT FICTION

Problem Solved

By MEREDITH SCHOLL

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

BEGINNING with the day that Donald Winslow had blackened the eye of the town bully for trying to kiss Sylvia Quentin, Donald had been Sylvia's hero. At that time the pair had been aged 12 and 8 respectively. Now they were 26 and 22, and the situation hadn't changed a great deal. Sylvia still looked upon Donald as a protector and an adviser. A role which Donald filled willingly and capably.

Today as Sylvia looked out across the lawn of her father's estate, across the highway and along the drive that led to the home of Donald's father and the abiding place of Donald himself, her expression was one of forlorn distress. At the moment she needed Donald's help and counsel more than ever. Yet she was reluctant to seek him out.

It was possible, she thought, that Donald might not take too kindly to this most important of all requests. That would hurt. And to be hurt right now, especially by Donald, would be torture.

Sylvia took the time to reflect back to the day when Donald had blackened the eye of the town bully in her defense. From this point forward her thoughts followed her own and Donald's career to the conclusion of grammar school, through high school, through college, and the years that followed after graduation. And not once could she remember a time when Donald had failed to come to her aid. He had been noble, kind, thoughtful, always considerate and concerned with her problems as much as though they had been his own.

No, she decided, he would not fail her now. No matter what the nature of her troubles might be.

And so Sylvia arranged her hair, powdered her nose, caught up a

He suddenly reached out, and his arms encircled her in a fierce grip.

wrap and went out. She found Donald down on the shore of the lake that bordered on the Winslow place. He was tinkering with the motor of an old power boat. His hands were greasy and his face was streaked. He seemed on the point of exasperation, yet at Sylvia's step he looked up, and at sight of her the exasperated look departed and was replaced by a cheerful and welcoming grin.

"Hello," he said, sitting down on the gunwale. "Glad you dropped over. Soon's I get this old tub fixed I'll give you a ride."

Syvia did not return the grin. She sat down on the wharf's edge and stared soberly out over the shimmering blue of the lake.

Donald puckered his brow into a frown, ceased idly drumming with a hammer handle on the gunwale, and waited. He knew the signs.

Presently Sylvia said, without looking up, "Donald, ever since we've been kids I've come to you with my problems, heaped my burdens on your shoulders. And you've always been kind and helpful. Always sort of—looked after me."

Donald scratched his chin with a grimy forefinger. "Sure, Sylvia, why not? You've always been like a sister to me. Why shouldn't I look after you?"

Sylvia gnawed at her lip and hesitated. Then, "Donald, I'm in trouble now, and you've got to help me."

Donald slid down on the wharf close beside her. "Of course, Sylvia."

Sylvia turned and looked at him squarely. "Donald, I'm in love!"

Donald's jaw sagged open. Surprise, pain, incredulity came into his eyes and were replaced by blank astonishment.

"In love, Sylvia! You! In love! Sylvia, for heaven's sake!"

Sylvia suddenly looked away. "I knew you wouldn't take me seriously. I knew you wouldn't understand."

Donald gulped and laid a grimy paw on her white frock. "But, Sylvia, I do understand. Of course. You took me by surprise. I—well, it always seemed—that is—who is he, Sylvia! Why don't you marry him?"

Sylvia buried her face in her hands. "That's just it. That's why I came to you. He won't ask me!"

"Won't ask you! You mean he doesn't love you! Why, the skunk, I'll—just tell me his name! He can't get away with a thing like that!"

"Don't be absurd, Donald. You can't use violence in a case like this. You can't force a man to love a girl! We—we must think of some other way."

Donald nodded, as if the logic of her words had suddenly occurred to him also. He drew away his hand and stared moodily out over the lake.

"Donald, can't you think of some way?"

Donald didn't return her look. "Sylvia, I don't want you to get married!"

"Don't want me to! Donald, whatever are you saying? Why don't you want me to?"

He didn't reply at once, and Sylvia went on, "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking he's a cad for making me miserable. But he isn't, Donald. He's wonderful and grand and handsome. And, oh, he could make me so happy. I've waited and waited for him to propose. And—and now, Donald, I've come to you for help. You simply must think of something!"

Donald turned at last and met her gaze squarely. "It isn't that that I was thinking, Sylvia. I wasn't thinking about him, or how miserable he's made you, or how to solve your problem."

Sylvia looked at him aghast. "You weren't! Then you won't help me; don't want to help me?"

"I was thinking," Donald went on, "that it isn't fair. It isn't fair at all—to have you want to marry."

"Fair? I don't believe I understand, Donald. What isn't fair?"

"It isn't fair," said Donald, drawing close to her, "it isn't fair to have you love someone esle when—" He suddenly reached out, and his arms encircled her in a fierce grip. His lips crushed against hers. She yielded. He held her thus for it seemed, an eternity. He kissed her again and again.

At last he released her, looking fiercely into her eyes. "It isn't fair," he continued huskily, "for you want to marry someone else when I love you madly, when I've always loved you, when I've dreamed endlessly of the day when I can claim you all for my own. That's what isn't fair!"

Breathless, flushed, her eyes shining with a strange, unaccountable light, Sylvia clung to him tenderly.

"Donald Donald! Dear, darling Donald! It is fair! It is! Don't you see? Can't you understand what I was trying to say? Trying to make you do?"

And when he stared at her in speechless incredulity, she went on happily. "Donald, darling, precious, you're the man! You are the man I'm in love with, who won't ask me to marry him, who is making me miserable!"

And then the white frock became more grease besmeared than ever.

Africans Use Tom Toms For Music, Messages

In the wilds of Africa, the swaying trees, moaning winds and rumbling thunder give sounds to which the natives listen. Song birds sing or twitter, and wild beasts screech, howl or roar. The more-or-less savage people of African jungles add to the sounds. They make music which has rhythm even when it does not sound very pleasant to the ears of a white traveler. The tom-toms of Africa are famed for their savage beat. A tom-tom is a drum, and was so named in imitation of the sound it gives forth.

Some African drums are made entirely of hollowed wood, and their boom may be heard for great distances.

African natives often use a signal system based on the beating of drums. Messages are sent far and wide in this way. Word of the coming of soldiers is obtained in one camp and then sent to another with the help of beating drums.

Certain tribes have learned to make drums by stretching skins over wooden boxes, or over metal pots. There are "drum orchestras" with big and little drums; when one of these gets into operation, the natives have a wild time, dancing to the beat and singing as well.

One strange musical instrument of Africa is a kind of xylophone. It is composed of hollow tubes in a row. The tubes differ in length, so they produce different notes when they are struck. This instrument has been nicknamed "the African piano."

Robert Burns

Scotchmen in all parts of the world assemble on January 25 to observe the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, when they celebrate the glories of their country as well as the fame of its greatest poet. Burns was born near Ayr in 1759. He worked as a plowboy on his father's farm and read the Spectator and Pope's translation of the Iliad and learned a little French and Latin. When his father died he and his brother took a farm, where he wrote poetry and failed to earn a living. He planned to go to Jamaica, but the publication of his first volume of verse in 1786 won so much praise that he decided to remain in Scotland. The second edition of the book netted him about $2,000. In 1789 he accepted appointment as an excise officer. He died in 1796, worn out with excessive drinking. His fame has grown with the years and he is regarded as one of the greatest lyric poets of his race.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—George Ade is the first and the last of the modern fabulists. He might still do something, factual but still fabulous, like most things today, about Theresa Bonney. The "once upon a time" was in 1921 when the pretty American girl from Syracuse turned in her thesis for her doctorate of letters, at the Sorbonne in Paris. Her subject was "The Moral Ideas in the Theater of Alexander Dumas the Younger." The cheers were resounding and international.

Iron Hat Instead Of Mortar Board Crowns Beauty

Miss Bonney previously had romped through the University of California and had taken her master's degree at Harvard. European bureaus of American newspapers rushed girl reporters to Paris to extoll her beauty and her intelligence. She did not disappoint them. All the garlands of the Groves of Academe were hers, to say nothing of her flair for clothes. The least the girls could figure for her was the presidency of an American college.

Today is today, and in the years in between Adolf Hitler has brought about drastic revision of "moral ideas" in France and elsewhere. And in these years, Miss Bonney has had a ringside seat at the apocalypse. Just now the Vichy government awards her the Croix de Guerre for "bravery and devotion" in evacuating refugees during the German invasion of last year.

She needed no identification here, as she had already gained fame, not as an intellectual but as a photographer whose closeups of chaos are official records in the Library of Congress and in the French archives. Last December, she received a grant from the Carnegie foundation to return to France and continue her pictorial record of the war.

The hair-pin turn in her career came just at the time women were discarding hair-pins. In Paris, she sold a story to an American newspaper. They cabled for a picture. She had trouble in getting it and decided to put an end to such difficulties. With her sister Louise and her mother, in America, as partners she organized "Bonney & Co.," operating the "International Picture bureau." Lacking an important picture, she bought a camera and started shooting. Her pictures were even a bigger success than her films. Baron Mannerheim let her get into the thick of the fighting in Finland and awarded her the White Rose of Finland.

Witty, dark-haired and vivacious, she made friends and frequently was a click or two ahead of her rivals in some new and unheralded belch out of hell. She brought back to the Library of Congress 200 pictures of the blitzkrieg.

LOUIS B. Mayer, motion picture executive, the highest paid American with his salary of $697,047 in 1940, came a longer way up than others of the SEC listing—from the bottom of the sea in fact. At the age of 14, he wore a diving suit, salvaging iron from sunken ships at New Brunswick. His family had brought him at the age of three from Minsk, Russia, where, like George M. Cohan, he had been born on the Fourth of July—in 1885.

L.B.Mayer Came Up All the Way From Sea Bottom

He sold his iron in Boston, saved $600 and bought a tumbledown theater at Haverhill, Mass., in the early days of the custard pie dynasty of the movies. In 1914, he got the New England rights for "The Birth of a Nation." That routed him to Hollywood, the presidency of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and a long, fast run-around on the grand circuit of movie high finance.

He registers vitality in every move and gesture—never taking anything calmly or in his stride. He mixes sentiment and business, sticking to a lowly paid employee like an heirloom, but firing an assistant mogul at the drop of a hat.

ROBERT BREENAN, Eire's minister to Washington, who is negotiating for food and arms from the United States, used to be a writer for American pulp magazines. He has been incarcerated in British jails in Dublin, Cork, Dartmoor and Gloucester. He was one of six men who were sentenced to execution, in the war against the Black and Tans, but as the others were being led out to be shot, he was, for some mysterious reason, given his liberty. In 1920, De Valera made him undersecretary of the foreign office.

Flowery New Slip Cover Beautifies a Worn Sofa

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Effect of Study

As some insects are said to derive their color from the leaf upon which they feed, so do minds of men assume their hue from the studies which they select for it.—Lady Blessington.

Swift Report

Report, that which no evil thing of any kind is more swift, increases with travel and gains strength by its progress.—Vergil.

In LOS ANGELES

It's

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MODERNIZE

Whether you're planning a party or remodeling a room you should *follow the advertisements* ... to learn what's new ... and cheaper ... and better. And the place to find out about new things is right here in this newspaper. Its columns are filled with important messages which you should read regularly.