

Modern Berlin Retains Unique Native Habits

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Berlin is without the slums found in many large cities of the world, far less venerable.

Many unfit dwelling houses on narrow streets have been torn down. In their place stand settlements—groups of apartments offering decent, moderately priced quarters for workers' families. Nearly 3,000 have been constructed. Some have small gardens attached.

In addition to the city-developed settlements are some huge ones sponsored by industrial enterprises. The outstanding example is that of the Siemens company, that colossal producer of electrical machinery, which was established in 1847. Its Berlin plants employ more than 120,000 workers. Siemens Stadt has grown up around the works, forming an integral part of Berlin. There are model apartments, schools, hospitals, churches, playgrounds, and theaters.

The Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft, the General Electric company of Germany, has likewise gone far in developing proper housing for its 47,000 Berlin employees.

The task of aiding the needy is being largely handled by the winter aid campaign. There are in the whole of Germany one and a quarter million voluntary workers contributing their services, which has kept administrative costs of the organization down to 1 per cent of the total sum handled.

Principal among the methods of raising money are lotteries, the sale of badges and little handmade ornaments of negligible cost, and the one-dish meal once a month in private houses, restaurants and hotels.

Away from the City

"Where on earth are all the people?" you find yourself asking as you walk through the deserted streets on a fine Sunday afternoon. Certainly at this same hour the Champs Elysees is thronged with a chattering, strolling mob.

But this is not France! We are in Germany, land of probably the most devoutly nature-loving people of the Northern Hemisphere. The Berliner, with his sisters and his cousins and his aunts—and grandfather and grandmother thrown in—has joined in a daybreak exodus to woods and lakes.

Those who own some sort of boat go by the water route. By eight o'clock rivers and canals swarm with craft. Faliboote, small folding canoes with double-bladed paddles, predominate. In the motley van are also canoes of American pattern,



A modern Berlin department store, typical of the new architecture featuring this enterprising German city.

the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia, afterward Frederick the Great, court-martialed by his own father.

Far-Away Names

About two hours' drive east of Berlin, you come across a strange phenomenon of nomenclature. Near Kuestrin, in the Oderbruch, a region of fertile flat lands watered by the Oder river, you stare with incredulous astonishment upon encountering a group of villages which bear the names "Maryland," "Saratoga," "Hampshire," "Pennsylvania," and "Jamaica." Even more exotic were "Malta," "Sumatra," and "Ceylon."

The houses are of typical North German architecture, with little emphasis on the picturesque. But the roofs of these nondescript buildings harbor the descendants of a group of would-be pioneers who longed to gaze over far horizons.

The story of how the villages acquired their names is interesting. It seems that in the days when Frederick the Great was forming the villages of the Spree-Havel district into the semblance of a city, there rose up a group of restless souls who wanted to transfer their destinies to America and other such outlandish spots.

Frederick, opposed to the colonizing idea, said a firm and peremptory "No!" He offered them instead lush lands lying along the banks of the nearby Oder—and, as a sop to their thwarted wanderlust, suggested they name their new settlements after faraway places. With commendable docility they settled

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

No chance for Joseph P. Kennedy to succeed Henry Morgenthau Jr., as secretary of the treasury... Mr. Kennedy, it seems, is all washed up... Big insurance companies next concern to be investigated... Vermont governor stirs up New Deal over flood control.

WASHINGTON.—Joseph P. Kennedy will not be secretary of the Treasury while Franklin D. Roosevelt is President. This will remain true whether Henry Morgenthau Jr. retires or not.

In the language of the ward politicians, Kennedy is washed up so far as this administration is concerned. Morgenthau is just as strong as at any time in the last few years. If he retires at all it will be of his own volition.

The driving force behind the move to get Morgenthau out of the treasury does not come from the White House. It comes from Henry Morgenthau Sr., father of the secretary. The elder Morgenthau thinks Henry has given enough of his time to the government. He is proud of his son.

Although the secretary of the treasury has never made any public statements which seemed to disapprove of any New Deal policies, always was extremely loyal to the President, and carried out White House orders to the utmost of his ability, nevertheless he has stood out as one of the sound apples in the New Deal barrel. As one or two New Deal critics have put it, he has seemed to be a sane man entirely surrounded by crackpots.

On Side of Orthodoxy in Fights on Fiscal Affairs

Most important of all, the news of these encounters, these fights of Morgenthau on the side of orthodoxy in fiscal affairs—as for example budget balancing—never came from Morgenthau. It is very probable that Morgenthau's battles inside the New Deal would never have become known had it not been for his opponents in these battles, who fed the stories out to sympathetic newspaper men while they were still hot with indignation against Morgenthau's stubborn arguments in favor of the old-fashioned thrift theory of economics.

Incidentally, Morgenthau has been almost a lone wolf. Even some of those who agreed with his economics, for example Jesse H. Jones of the Reconstruction Finance corporation, have not liked him overmuch.

But through it all Morgenthau has remained the close friend of the President. Mrs. Morgenthau has been the close friend of Mrs. Roosevelt, and of their loyalty and devotion there is no question whatever.

Joe Kennedy, curiously enough, has not seemed to realize in what a whispering gallery he was living. This is strange, for he was obliged to listen to volumes of advice about the dangers of what he might say while the State department was giving him the college course in diplomacy to which it subjects all political appointees in the diplomatic service before permitting them to sail for foreign capitals.

Kennedy, it is very reliably reported, has made some very pointed remarks about the New Deal to certain American friends. And these, with extraordinary promptness, have been repeated to F.D.R. by gentlemen who would be pleased to have Kennedy's foot slip.

Big Insurance Companies Soon to Be Investigated

Very shortly the monopoly investigating committee will turn its attention to the big insurance companies. Ever since there has been a New Deal there has been an eagerness on the part of the left wingers to get after these huge financial institutions.

The two things that will be gone into very thoroughly, according to the frank statements of those interested, will be the investment policy of the managements of these companies, and the loans that the companies make on policies. A bitter battle is expected here, for the insurance companies have a good deal of the pride of authorship or achievement, so to speak, in their investments, and they feel very strongly against liberalizing their policy loan system.

This last can be dismissed so briefly that it will be stated first. Insurance officials usually favor a 6 per cent interest rate on such

loans. There are two major considerations. One is to make the loans easy to obtain. That is for the policy holder's benefit and to make the holding of policies an advantage. But the other is to make the interest rate high, so that the borrower will have an incentive to pay off the loan, thereby clearing his policy, and thus maintain the maximum of insurance protection, which of course is the main object of the policy, and the main business of the company.

New Dealers do not like the high rate, because one of the objectives of New Deal economics is to put interest rates down. This policy has already hurt the insurance companies enormously. It has reduced the interest rate on bonds which formerly paid much greater sums into the insurance company treasuries. As a natural result, this has reduced very heavily the dividends paid to policy holders, or credited on their policies in the form of additional insurance.

Terrific Falling Off of Investment in Utilities

Not only has New Deal policy reduced the rate of interest on government bonds, but it has reduced the interest on the bonds of private corporations. This phase was "planned" that way. But another phase was not. Yet as a result of government competition with the electric industry there was a terrific falling off of new investment in the utilities, and as a result of S. E. C. restrictions and other New Deal activities, private corporations issued so few new bonds that it became a problem for the insurance companies, or for that matter any investors, to place their funds.

As a result, bonds already outstanding, which were known to be good, advanced in price, thus lowering the return on any new purchases that the insurance companies might make.

Aiken Stirs Bitterness Inside New Deal Circles

There is more bitterness inside New Deal circles over the stand taken by Gov. George D. Aiken of Vermont on the flood control and power situation than is generally realized. The real tip-off of the feeling is revealed in the outburst on the floor of the house, just after Aiken took his stand, by Rep. John E. Rankin of Mississippi.

Rankin charged that Aiken was making a bid for the Republican presidential nomination, with the backing of the "New England power trust."

Rep. Charles A. Plumley of Vermont defended his governor's attitude, saying that it was a question of whether the federal government had a right to take state property without the state's consent.

Actually neither presented the whole picture, and the White House is not giving it either. Boiled down, New England has a serious flood problem. It is bigger than any one state. Headwaters in both New Hampshire and Vermont pour into rivers, particularly the Connecticut, which flood out territory in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Hence there is plenty of reason for regarding this whole Connecticut valley as one problem, and a federal problem, rather than a problem for the individual states concerned. Actually there would be no dispute about this if it were not for the power angle.

Would Make Connecticut Valley Miniature T. V. A.

But the New Deal would like to make a miniature TVA of the Connecticut valley. Whether it goes for or not, it is determined to control the power situation involved in any dam construction for the purpose of flood relief. The purposes of the administration are perfectly simple. It wants to handle that power. It wants to fix rates somewhat comparable to TVA rates.

It is not surprising that the White House and public power advocates do not understand this situation. On the surface it would seem as if most of the New Englanders, and particularly the Vermont consumers, would be as eager for cheaper electric rates as the people of the Tennessee valley towns.

But for some reason there is very little evidence of this, despite the allegation that the electric rates in Vermont are much higher than those charged by the private companies in the Tennessee valley prior to TVA.

But an extraordinary states' rights feeling has developed in Vermont. They will do their own regulating, they seem to say.

It may be recalled that a while back Governor Aiken was hailed in many quarters as a new type of Republican, a member of a progressive group which was going to lead the G. O. P. out of its reactionary morass. In fact he was frequently mentioned as a presidential possibility.

So the fact that he is attacking the New Deal on the electric power question, which is one of the very first among the many "progressive" issues, is very annoying to the White House, to Sen. George W. Norris, who himself was once regarded as the liberal White Hope of the Republican party; and to John Rankin, leader of the utility baiters in the house.

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WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—John F. Stevens was self-educated as an engineer. Therefore, he was an eclectic and readily made use of a retired murderer to accomplish a desperately important end, regardless of the lack of engineering precedent. He is now 86, one of the greatest of American engineers, the first engineer in charge of planning and building the Panama canal, recently awarded the Hoover medal by the American Society of Civil Engineers at its eighty-sixth annual meeting in New York.

The murderer who came in handy was a Montana Blackfoot Indian. Jim Hill's new railroad, west-bound from St. Paul, was rather impulsively started. It ran slab-bang into the impenetrable wall of the Rocky mountains. There was an Indian legend that there was a pass over the divide, along the course of the Marias river. Mr. Stevens, a young engineer for the railroad, talked to the Blackfeet about it. There was such a pass. They knew all about it. But not all of Jim Hill's wampum could bribe them even to point in that direction. This Marias pass was the dwelling place of evil spirits, of sorcerers, of dreadful demons, and all who went that way lost either their lives or their reason.

Mr. Stevens mused over the mountains with the thermometer at 50 degrees below zero and found no pass. But, by chance, he found a wanderer in the wilderness, a Blackfoot driven out by his tribe because he had killed a man. The Indian had been having a difficult time. A few devils and monsters, more or less, meant little to him. They made a deal. The story of their days-on-end scramble to the roof of the continent through five feet of snow and bitter cold, with Mr. Stevens sleepless as he kept an eye on his homicidal guide, is one of the classics of the conquest of the wilderness. They found the pass, and their return was another desperate adventure. But soon the scream of locomotives was crying down the demons, who, presumably, moved on.

When the Panama canal was projected, John F. Stevens fought through, against weighty opposition, the lock principle against the sea-level plan. The engineer in charge, from 1905 until he was succeeded by General Goethals, he flattened all the demons of disease and disorder which had licked De Lesseps. General Goethals rated his work as among the greatest of engineering achievements. He was minister plenipotentiary to the Soviets in 1917, remaining six years and re-organizing and rebuilding their railroads.

DR. VANNEVAR BUSH, testifying on the patent system before the national economy committee at Washington, is the inventor of a "mechanical brain," or "Scientist's Brain Machine Drows Human Thinker"

that solves problems "too difficult for the human brain." It works nicely, and Franklin institute awarded him a medal for it.

One can think offhand of a lot of vexing problems that might be tossed into its hopper these days. Set up in congress, dealing the answers on war and peace, national defense, relief and a balanced budget, it ought to save a lot of money.

Dr. Bush, former vice president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, became president of the Carnegie Institution on January 1 of this year. He is one of the most distinguished mathematical physicists in America. A tall, genial, bespectacled scientist, with a slightly stooped and somewhat stringy figure, with untamed hair, he leads reporters quite out of their depth. His metallic cerebration was just one of many of his interesting devices and discoveries, including, particularly, research in the transmission of electric power, to which he has made notable contributions.

The son of a distinguished Boston clergyman, he romped through Tufts, Harvard and M. I. T., picking up three degrees in three and one-half years, thereafter teaching at M. I. T.

On February 19, 1936, addressing the New York Patent Lawyers' association, he was severely critical of the American patent system, for its "appalling fixity and lack of adaptability." At the current committee hearing, he comments it, but both meager news reports are out of their context, and Dr. Bush doubtless could defend himself against charge of inconsistency.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"The Iron Serpent"

HELLO EVERYBODY: Well sir, we've had two or three yarns in this column about strong men who have been in danger of being crushed to death by huge snakes twenty or thirty feet long, but Jim Evrard of Brooklyn, N. Y., went up against the great-granddaddy of all the reptiles. Jim's snake was three hundred and sixty feet long. It was made of solid steel links ten and a half inches long and five inches wide. It was the great anchor chain of an ocean-going steamer—and when you get one of those babies wrapped around your neck, they're worse than any python or boa constrictor that ever lived.

It was on February 5, 1918, on the army cargo transport U. S. S. Hatteras that it happened. Jim Evrard had joined the navy as a radio operator in 1917, and here he was on the Hatteras, somewhere out in the Atlantic ocean.

The Hatteras had sailed a week or so before, from Hampton Roads, Va. A few days out of port she had run into a bad storm that had wrecked her steering gear and left her wallowing helplessly in mid-ocean. The captain had dropped both of the ship's three-ton anchors. They helped very little—but that's beside the point. The point is that those anchors were down. If they hadn't been, Jim would have had no adventure. He'd have won no ten-dollar bill. And we'd have had no story.

When Morning Came the Storm Subsided.

Once the anchors were down, they had to stay down until the storm was over. While the gale was raging, the ship pitched and rolled so violently that it would have been dangerous to try to pull them up. But



To our horror the chain was running wild.

on the morning that the storm subsided, the crew rigged an emergency gear and began to hoist them aboard.

That's where Jim Evrard comes into the story. Jim was a radio operator, but in a pinch, aboard ship, everybody turns to and lends a hand. And Jim was sent down into the chain lockers with a lad named Piercy and another lad named White, to lay anchor chain.

I guess that sort of calls for a word of explanation. The chain lockers on the Hatteras were a couple of rooms eight feet square, just below deck, up at the bow of the ship. They were used, of course, to stow the anchor chains in while they were not in use. Up on the deck, a big winch was hauling in the starboard anchor, and as the chain came in, it was passed through a hole in the deck, down into the chain locker.

Well, sir, if that chain were just allowed to lie in the locker any way it landed, it would tangle and snarl next time the anchor was dropped. It had to be laid in a neat coil as it came down, and that's what Jim, and Piercy, and White were doing down there that fateful February day that Old Lady Adventure had picked out to give three sailors the scare of their lives.

A Choppy Sea Made Footing Insecure.

By that time, all three of them were pretty tired. The chain, with its big ten and a half inch links, was heavy. The sea was still choppy, making their footing none too sure. But they worked away at the port chain until the coil rose high in the locker. Finally the chain stopped coming in. They could tell by the size of their coil that the anchor was up and out of the water and ready to be heaved on deck.

The three lads had stopped work, and leaning, each in a different corner of the cramped locker, bracing themselves against the pitching and tossing of the ship.

"We were waiting for orders to go back up on deck," says Jim, "but the order was slow in coming. Imagine our surprise when we saw the anchor chain begin to pay out again. It moved slowly at first, and then quite rapidly. After several seconds of watching it increased its speed, we realized to our horror that the chain was running wild!"

And those lads had good reason to be horrified. Great loops of heavy chain began whipping in long swings, striking the sides of the locker. Faster and faster it went, and wider and wider were the loops that lashed out on all sides.

"It was swinging with terrific force," says Jim. "If it hit us, it would break our bones like cardboard, or crush our skulls as if they were egg shells. And there we stood, not daring to move out of our corners—wondering when the flying mesh of steel was going to whip in after us—wondering when a chance lurch of the ship was going to throw us off balance out into the path of that whirling mass of metal."

The Noise of the Links Was Like a Death Knell.

"The din was terrific. Our prison was small, and we could feel the wind on our faces as the chain flew by. In wider and wider arcs it swung. The links, as they hit the walls, sounded like the beats of a death knell to all of us. I wanted to faint, but I didn't dare. Powerless to do anything at all, I kept my mind on the one thing that might save me—standing right where I was in the scant protection of the corner of the room afforded me."

Loop after loop whipped its way around the little locker and spun on up through the hole in the top. Only a few more of those loops to go now. Then they'd all be safe. Jim watched those last few loops go, and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. They WERE safe. Over in their own corners stood White and Piercy, chalk-faced, but unhurt. Then they called to the officers up on deck, who by that time, doubted if any of them were alive.

The cause of the trouble, they had found, had been Old Man Neptune himself. A roll of the ship had thrown over the anchor chock, and another roll had caused the engineer to slip and throw the anchor winch out of gear.

"The anchor had to be raised again," says Jim, "but we weren't sent down to lay the chain. The next three men had better luck than we did."

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Bees Will Overeat

There's a good reason why bees do not sting while swarming. Before leaving the hive they gorge themselves with honey. Like a human who has overeaten, they're too stuffed and sleepy to mind disturbances. Bees swarm, or leave the old hive, when crowded out by bees hatched that spring. In each swarming, worker bees cluster around the queen bee to protect her each time she lights. Thus, by cornering the queen, the whole hive can be captured.

Meaning of Name Gratia

The name Gratia is a contraction of the Latin Gratiana, meaning "of exceeding grace." The Latin root of the word may mean not only "grace" but "divine favor," "esteem," "kindness" or "thankfulness." The Italian forms Graziosa, "gracious," and Graziella, "thankful," come from the same root, and Gracienne means "little graceful one." It will be observed that "grace" may have both a physical and spiritual interpretation. St. Gratia was an early virgin martyr.



Construction work goes rapidly on the new broad highway that will bisect Berlin from west to east and is a part of the vast roadbuilding program undertaken by Hitler. In 1938 a total of 1,864 miles were added to the country's system of express motor highways.

sailing boats of widely diversified rigs, motorboats no bigger than bathtubs spluttering along by the thrust of outboard kickers, sleek, rangy launches, small yachts gliding with clever arrogance through crowded lanes. At intervals the ranks open up for the passage of river steamers plying from Berlin's center to outlying resorts.

Lining the shores are series of tent cities, aggregations of wood-and-canvas week-end domiciles. Huddled together at the water's edge stand the units of these flimsy colonies, a welter of happy confusion. From cookstoves comes a hunger-teasing aroma of browning sausages; coffee bubbles on the second burner. Dishwashing, a communal affair, engenders endless chaffing and laughter.

Flaxen-haired, sun-crippled youths wrestle with accordions, the instruments panting and wheezing in melodious exhaustion. On grassy fields fat women in purple chemises rush nimbly about, hurling blue rubber rings over the heads of their shouting relatives. Brown arms thrash the water of the lake into diamond showers.

The Koepenick district is one of wistful, nostalgic beauty. Langer See, Mueggel See—scene of the annual yachting races—and Teufels See (Devil's lake) lure hosts of wanderers. On an island stands the Castle of Koepenick, which has played an important role in Prussian history. Here was the trial of

down, sublating their extravagant desires by building dikes to curb the wandering habit of Oder's banks.

German Oddities

There is a streak of sentimentality in the Berliner character that expresses itself in many ways which the sophisticated urbanite of other countries would probably sum up as " quaint." What, for example, could be "quainter" than that splayfooted anachronism, the dachshund? Yet this comic-strip creature still holds leading place among canine pets in Berlin.

Following, in order of popularity, seem to come the hairy-chinned schnauzer and the boxer with his worried, conscientious black muzzle. Many department stores maintain a special room for the parking of shoppers' pups. Each dog is assigned a bed and blanket. While Mistress seeks bargains, "Lux" or "Lumpe" waits chained to his post, sniffing reproach.

Another oddity of department-store custom is the brass rack just inside the street door, fitted with slots for holding the cigars of male customers. One never succeeds in securing a satisfactory explanation of how the rightful owner can be assured of recovering his original stub.

An anomaly of the public-utility situation is dual ownership. Part of the system is owned by the city, the rest is the property of the state.