



**WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK**

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—At the old beany for the hired help in the New York World building, a few years ago, there was quite a stir and stew of ambition. Swapping dreams, one **Dream Book Came Through As Advertised** Maxwell Anderson was going to write a play; Louis Weitzenkorn had the same idea; big, jovial Phil Stong had written 16 novels, to the quite considerable indifference of all publishers, but Mr. Stong said all this was just a little practice workout and he promised to deliver later on. Swarthy, saturnine James Cain thought he might have the making of a book or two in his system, but said little about it. Young, whippy Dudley Nichols, a demon reporter, trained as an engineer, had a writing career neatly blue-printed. Paul Sifton, burned up by social injustice, was going to write a few plays and tear the lid off things in general. Ben Burman, whom Phil Stong could carry around in his pocket, was going to be a bell-ringing novelist.

A kindly Destiny presided over the old beany. The above playwrights, novelists and Hollywood big shots probably could have bought the then sinking world with their collective resources of today—although Mr. Sifton, after pulling two or three lurid Broadway plays, now is sunk voluntarily in the somewhat undramatic federal wage board, as its assistant director.

The spot news of this chronicle is that Mr. Burman has been honored with the Southern Authors award for his recently published novel, "Blow for a Landing." This is the highest literary award in the gift of the South, in which non-fiction also was judged. His previous books include "Steamboat Round the Bend," which became Will Rogers' last screen play, and several other Mississippi yarns. He has more or less of a personal copyright on river tales.

Mr. Burman once told me how his dream was almost sidetracked. He quit the World, to become an author—with no luck, and, at long last, only a dime. The fragrance of freshly baked buns in a shop window dethroned his reason and he shot the dime for four buns. Back in his garret he found a letter from a magazine, saying they liked his "Minstrels of the Mist," which they had had for months, and which he had given up as lost. Would he come up and consult them on a minor change? He would, but lacked carfare.

He had seen a pretty girl in a nearby studio. He didn't know her, but he told her his troubles. She was similarly situated, but staked him to three two-cent stamps. He raised a nickel on them at a stationery store, saw the editor and got not only a check, but a big hand on his story.

And, naturally, he returned and married the pretty girl, who thereafter illustrated his books as they traversed, not only his pet river, but Damascus, the Sahara desert, Bagdad and other such mother-loads of literary raw material.

**LOUIS SHATTUCK CATES**, silver-gray and semi-corpulent, heavy-spoken and decisive, is a Bourbon whose Wall Street office looks out over the House of Morgan and the **Copper World** New York Stock exchange, and yet thousands of small mining men up and down the Rocky mountains today are sending him congratulations.

The American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers awards him the William Lawrence Saunders gold medal for "signal accomplishment" in mining and metallurgical enterprises. This honor goes to Mr. Cates as a depression-made leader in the copper industry. His methods have facilitated copper recovery from low-grade ore. However, much of the cheering comes from the small mining men of the West for his successful efforts for a four-cents-a-pound import tax on foreign copper.

He is a miner's miner and no swivel-chair industrial captain—this 57-year-old president of a \$350,000,000 corporation. For every mile of bridge path which he may ride in suburban Connecticut today, he has spent long hours in the saddle years ago, directing mining operations in Utah and Arizona. He is M. I. T., 1902, a native of Boston. His dossier clicks off "timekeeper, shift boss, foreman, superintendent, general manager, vice president and president of the Phelps Dodge Corp."—and now a medal.

Consolidated News Features, WNU Service.

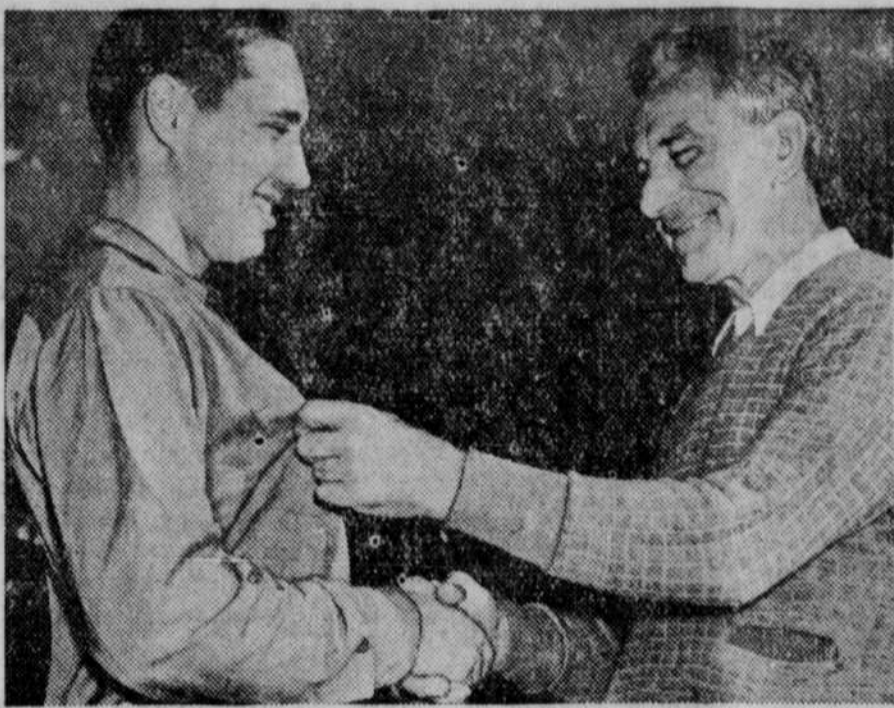


**CHIMP SCHOLAR**



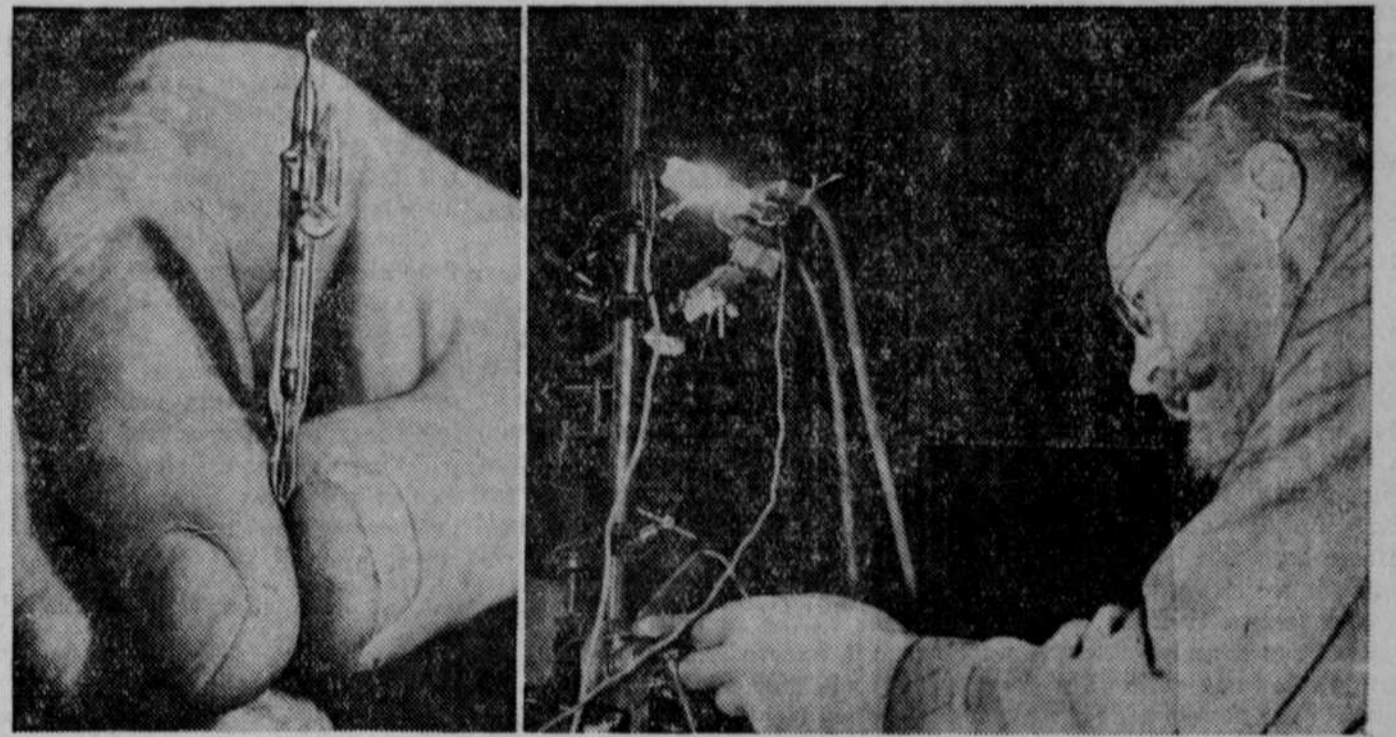
"It's a scream," says Jimmy, St. Louis zoo chimpanzee, of the comic strip he has just finished reading. And Jimmy knows, he's created many a laugh with his own antics.

**Two Famous Indians Meet Down South**



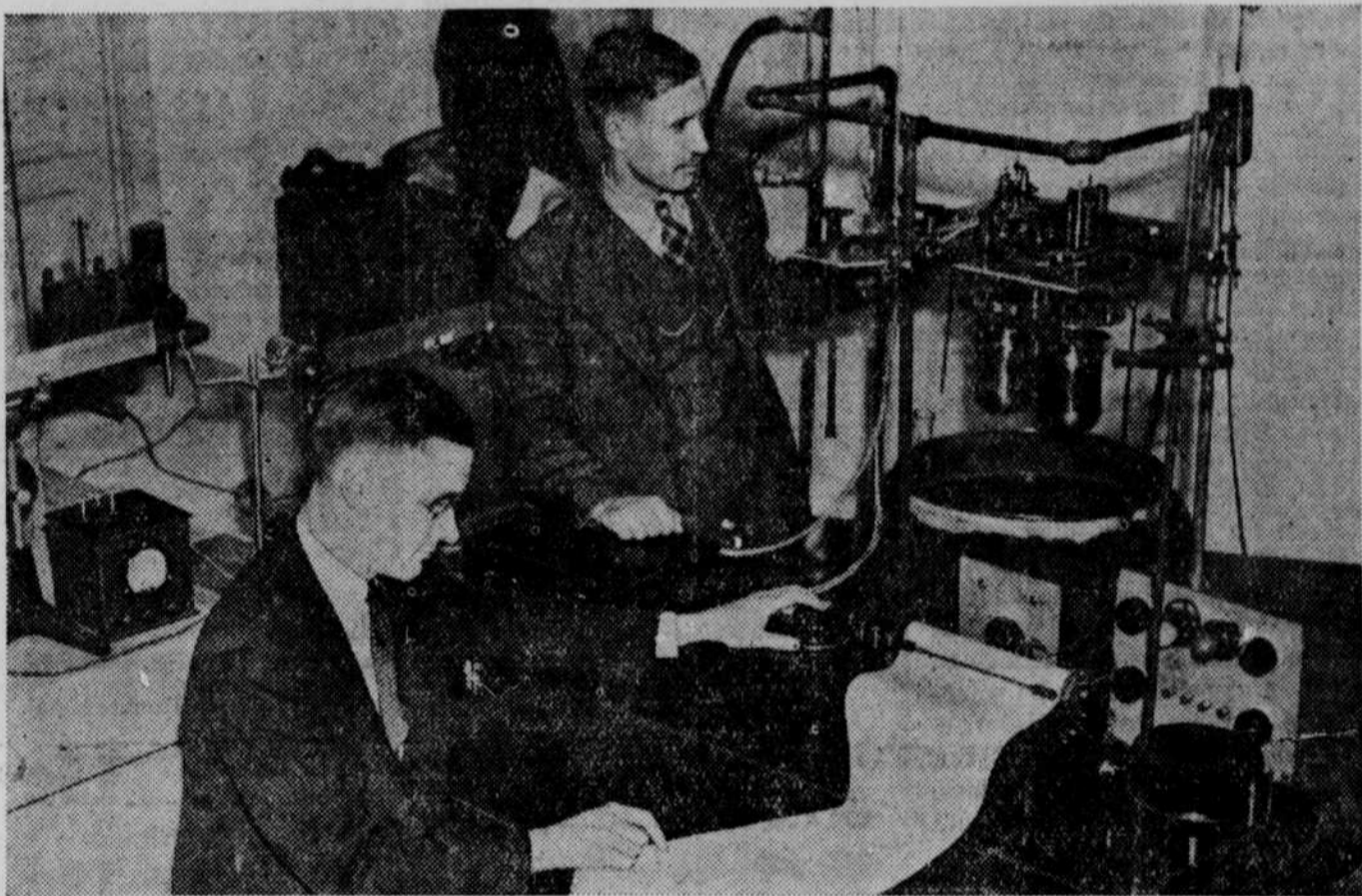
Bob Feller, strike-out king of the American league and prodigy of the Cleveland Indians, meets Larry Napoleon Lajoie, right, one of the greatest second basemen in the history of baseball, and former Indian. Lajoie won a place in baseball's hall of fame at Cooperstown, N. Y.

**Tiny Mercury Arc Lamp Will Light Airport**



A new mercury arc lamp, about the size of a kitchen match, which alone will light an airfield, being demonstrated by Cornelius Bol, research scientist at Stanford university, Palo Alto, Calif., who developed the light. It is in a tiny mercury vapor tube of quartz, and is encased by an outer tube containing water at high pressure to keep it from bursting. The light generates a temperature within of 4,000 degrees greater than the sun's surface in an interior pressure of 15,000 pounds per square inch.

**Records Millionth Degree Temperature Change**



Chemists at Northwestern university, Evanston, Ill., have invented an instrument that will measure temperature changes down to a millionth of a degree. This micro-calometer can measure the amount of heat produced when sugar dissolves in water. The temperature changes are recorded on a scale so enlarged that one degree would equal a mile. Photograph shows Dr. Hugh Pickard at the recording chart as Professor Frank Gucker studies the sealed vessels used in an experiment. The other inventor is Dr. Ralph Planck.

**Chicago Paralyzed When Storm Strikes**

Thousands of Chicago motorists found their cars buried deep in banks of snow recently when one of the worst storms in the city's history crippled all surface traffic. Approximately 15 inches of snow, whipped by high winds, marooned workers in residential areas. The blinding blizzard resulted in three train wrecks within the city.



**When Nazi Storm Troopers Terrorized Jews**



During the sporadic wave of attacks on Jews in the Third Reich in 1933, members of the Nazi party frequently made pictures of the persecutions and sold them in shops. When the attacks were banned, all pictures were ordered destroyed. These pictures, purported to have been made by Nazis, recently arrived here. The man pictured at the left is being compelled to sweep the street. When he resisted he was forced by Storm Troopers to climb into the wheelbarrow. Another suspect was made to push him through the streets.

**You're Seeing It For the First Time**

Charlie Peterson of St. Louis, Mo., fancy billiard shot champion of the world, after trying for two hours, balances three billiard balls atop one another on a billiard table during a New York exhibition. He claims he is the only one to do this trick, and admitted that this was the only photograph ever made of him performing it successfully.

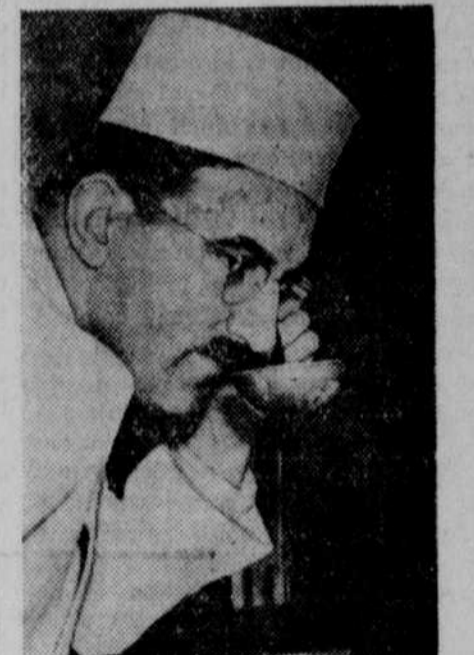


**Paralysis Victims Open Co-Operative Shop**

**CLAM CHOWDER PURIST**



Fourteen young men, all of whom were crippled by the 1916 infantile paralysis epidemic, have opened a multigraphing shop in New York, where they plan campaign letters, make layouts and do address work. All are high school graduates, and several have college educations. They obtained capital for their enterprise by forming an orchestra and playing for dances. Due to their physical condition they were forced to provide jobs for themselves.



Rep. Cleveland Sleeper Jr., Rockland, Maine, presented a bill to the state legislature that would make it illegal to add tomatoes to Maine clam chowder. He stated that "the union of tomatoes and clams is an unholy one." He said that "the infiltration of foreign ideas of cookery will throw chowder from its pinnacle and doom it to mediocrity."

**British War Minister Inspects Mobilization Stores**



Here-Belisha, the British Minister of War, fourth left, and his aides inspect one of the many mobilization stores of the first London anti-aircraft division. This particular store, located at Waverly Barracks, Essex, contains complete equipment for a searchlight battalion and two anti-aircraft brigades.