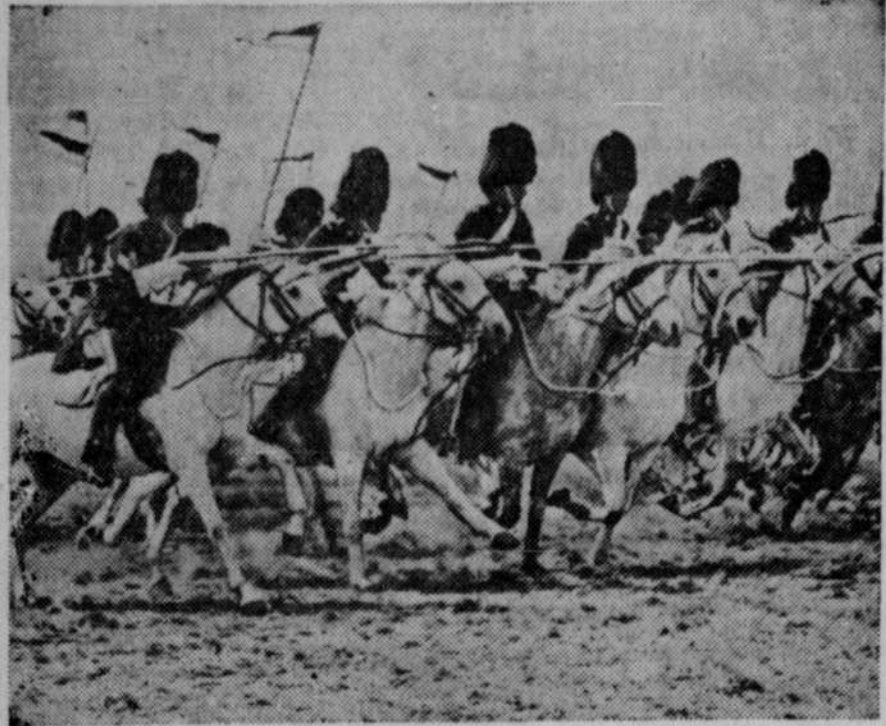


# England Thrives in Pageantry From Mid-March to November



Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

From the time the spring show opens in Bournemouth in mid-March, until the chrysanthemum shows of November, England has a procession of floral displays.

It is the bright poster of the Royal tournament at Olympia that gives Englishmen the feeling that summer is on its way. To stirring music and the swift drumming of hoofs the Royal Horse Guards, Royal Horse artillery, and the Queen's Own Hussars gallop around the arena. Historical displays turn back the clock to birthdays of famous regiments.

The Royal Marines change from the feathered hats and yellow uniforms of 1664, through the red and white of Trafalgar, to sun helmet and "king's badge," the Royal Marines of today.

The Black Watch, whose list of battle honors stirs martial music in the memory and makes one picture its far-flung flags at "Mangalore," "Waterloo," "Sevastopol," "Lucknow," the "Hindenburg Line," and "Megiddo," re-enacts four phases of its history.

'Gallant Forty-Two' Oldest. Formed in the Highlands and given a special tartan, since its members came from different clans, the "Gallant Forty-Two" is the oldest of Highland regiments, and in its bonnets wears the Red Hackle because the Black Watch regained an enemy position which its former wearers, the Dragoons, had lost.

As they march through the arena at Olympia, their bagpipes sing the story of their progress down the years. The "Black Highland Laddie" carries one back before the American revolution, "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose" dates from the Egyptian wars half a century ago, and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" needs no dating among those who remember "Over There." Pipes and drums play other tunes to stir Scottish blood—"The Banks of Allan Water," "The Hills o' Perth," "Highland Harry," and "The Kilt Is My Delight."

London's daily pageantry centers in two giant guardmen, mounted on statue-like horses, about halfway between Trafalgar square and the Cenotaph. Every hour the two human statues come to life and give place to two others, and at 11 o'clock every morning guard mount is held in the courtyard of the Horse Guards building.

June Begins Busily. When the King's birthday, speech day at Eton, and the derby all come within a week, June begins with a bang. Several days before the king's birthday party, when 1,800 officers and men parade their allegiance to their king, there is a dress rehearsal, complete in every detail except for the presence of the king.

Skirling pipes and the muffled beat of saddle drums carried by the towering piper stand amid the music of massed bands and pipe and drum corps. Music, color, precision, and patriotism add to the majesty of the spectacle on Horse Guards parade, and splendid soldiery slowly march past in honor of their flag and their sovereign. Women turn their vanity mirrors into periscopes, and even aliens join in the prayer "God Save the King."

On Founder's day at Eton, June 4, parental pride centers in the pink-checked, silk-hatted students of Eton college, 500 year olds. Fathers in baggy tweeds and sons in toppers chat together, while mothers and sisters invade this man's world.

Founder's day is also speech day, with Sophocles, Racine, and our own Herman Melville sharing with Shakespeare, Dickens, and Lewis Carroll the honor of having their works declaimed.

Eton's distinctive "wall game," played in November, recalls that in this school of 1,000 pupils there are 70 "collegiers," or "foundation scholars," who win their place through scholarship, and form a group apart from the 930 or so "oppidans" whose tuition and board are paid for by their parents.

## Ear Muffs for Protection.

The Eton wall game antedates wide playing fields. The goals consist of a small door and an elm tree at opposite ends of the wall. Since not one goal has been scored in more than 30 years it is no wonder that commentators find fun-making easier than fact-finding about this annual contest between eleven king's scholars and an eleven

## The colorful Royal Scot Greys, in a full-dress rehearsal, charge at a full gallop as they prepare at Hounslow barracks for the annual royal tournament.

chosen from the oppidans. Not nose guards, but ear muffs, are worn. They save aristocratic auralcles from being scraped off against the wall.

The aquatic festival attracts large crowds. The 10 boats parade rather than race, but there is always a good chance that at least one straw-hatted crew and its "cox," toggled out like a Tom Thumb admiral, will overturn while rising in their seats in mid-Thames.

But the choice event of the Thames year is the Henley regatta, "that garden party in a punt."

Over a course a trifle more than a mile and a quarter long sweep speedy waterbugs propelled by the finest of amateur oarsmen. Strict interpretation of what constitutes an amateur has caused individual disappointment, but the name of the Royal regatta remains unsullied, and the water-borne picnic surrounding a rowing race is the Thames' fairest spectacle, celebrated on a day when Anglo-American gatherings are conspicuously cordial—"the Fourth of July."

## Derby Day Starts Early.

The Grand National is pure horse racing; the derby is a county fair. For days before the race, gypsies



## King George presents new colors to the second battalion of the Grenadier guards in a colorful ceremony at Buckingham palace.

move in with testimonials brightly painted on their motor coaches, and the various catchpenny devices of carnival time are set up on the bare earth which on derby day will be hidden beneath a million feet. The course, shaped like a horse-shoe, inspires an atmosphere of good luck.

Early in the morning thousands of people are already crossing the race-course on strips of matting, laid there to protect the pathway of the three-year-olds that are to run for the Derby stakes. Hundreds of motorbuses, from whose roofs the passengers would later view the race, are already lined the rails. "Pearlies" wander about, gathering funds for hospital in London's east end, fortune tellers with borrowed babies graciously accept the trifling sums which would bring fortune to the givers, and tipsters, clad in parti-colored shirts, with racing saddles on the turf beside them as visual evidence that they are "in the know," deal out envelopes containing the names of different horses, each bound to win.

In the dressing rooms you see featherweight costumes, boots, and saddles that would not hamper a jack rabbit, much less a horse. Eating and drinking go on without let-up, bookies dangle the hope of fortune before many to whom this is the day of days, and staid bank officials are "taking a chance."

# NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

If the promised economy drive in congress matures, it might start a business revival . . . Increased taxes sure to be considered by congress . . . Mounting expenditures and decreasing receipts continues a problem . . . Why Britain wanted Franco to win in Spain is explained.

WASHINGTON.—If that promised economy drive in congress which Sen. Pat Harrison, chairman of the senate finance committee, is predicting matures, it very conceivably might start the business revival that President Roosevelt and Secretary of Commerce Harry Hopkins have been trying to start.

The trouble about the olive branches that Roosevelt and Hopkins have been brandishing is that apparently they have not been 100 per cent convincing to the investing public. Let us consider merely the electric industry and see how the thing works out.

The electric industry, it so happens, is the one on which both the President and Hopkins are counting most. It was to get the wheels turning in this particular line that the surprise settlements were made by TVA with first Chattanooga and then Memphis. The object was to start private utility spending—which piled up \$4,000,000 of needed investment that Chairman W. O. Douglas, of S. E. C., has been harping on in conversations with the President and Hopkins.

But look what was going on even while the olive branches were being waved, even while several million dollars more was agreed upon than need have been paid the Commonwealth & Southern and the Electric Bond & Share if the original Lillenthal-Wilhoite-Rankin ideas had been carried out.

First, every ounce of administrative pressure possible was exerted to force the appropriation of money by congress not only to complete the Gilbertsville dam, already started, but the Watts Bar dam as well. Second, the report of Chief Engineer Panter, of the special congressional committee which has been investigating TVA, was suppressed during these maneuvers to get the full amount of TVA appropriations desired.

## Investigation Obviously Intended as a Whitewash

No attention was paid to this last by the daily newspapers, which long since lost interest in an investigation so obviously intended to be nothing but a whitewash. But surely no one directing this strategem thought that the private utilities would not know about it—especially when the active Republican members of the committee knew that the report had been submitted, that it was in the hands of Vic Donahay, chairman of the committee, and that a copy of it was in the hands of Francis Biddle, counsel in chief on the whitewashing job, who had been rewarded by the White House with a federal judgeship!

The really perplexing part of all this is that critics of TVA, knowing the opinion of Engineer Tom Panter given the committee publicly by Arthur E. Morgan, deposed chairman of TVA, in protest against Panter's appointment, do not think for a moment that the Panter report will be anything but favorable to TVA. They suspect that there may be some little point in the report, however, on which administration leaders figured TVA critics might be able to make capital. And when it is considered that the change of half a dozen votes in the house would have stopped the building of Watts Bar dam the point might really have been very important.

Two things, if they could be definitely promised with assurance that the promises would be kept, would beyond the slightest doubt cause a construction spree by the electric industry, which might easily produce the wave of prosperity for which Roosevelt and Hopkins hope. One would be that the government would construct no more hydroelectric projects. The other would be that the government would make no more free grants and cheap interest loans for construction of local electric systems. In short, a promise of no more subsidized government competition.

## Question of Tax Boosts Certain to Be Considered

Despite all the promises about no tax increases there is very likely to be considerable serious discussion of tax boosts before the present session congress adjourns. Anything else will run the government into a situation which no administration likes to face during a presidential campaign year, which of course is what next year will be.

First let's look at the attitude of congress. The house, one day when

a lot of Democrats were not around, voted to cut some \$17,000,000 out of the TVA appropriation. The senate restored the cuts. The house conferees yielded to the senate, and the house then voted 184 to 174 to spend the money. Close, yes, but plenty.

Take another sample, the silver policy. Administration critics attack it as perhaps the most foolish thing the government is doing, from an economic standpoint—though some experts contend nothing compares with what the government has done about cotton. The silver policy is divided in two parts, paying a subsidy of more than 20 cents an ounce on all silver mined inside the United States, and buying silver from foreign countries.

Minority members a few days ago forced a vote on an amendment to the bill in the house, which would have eliminated the buying of silver from abroad, but would have left the domestic subsidy. But even this failed. The vote was 155 to 135 against the proposed economy.

## While Expenditures Mounted Receipts Materially Dropped

Now let's take a look at the treasury situation, in view of this evident prospect that congress is not going to reduce expenditures. The latest figures available as this is written are for the fiscal year, which began July 1, last, up to the end of the day on February 27. Expenses for this year—referring to this period and not the full year of course—were \$5,867,219,549 as compared with \$4,764,910,658 for the corresponding period of last year. Receipts, however, were \$3,645,500,234 for this year, and \$3,844,461,038 for last year. So that while expenditures mounted by more than \$1,110,000,000 receipts fell off by about \$200,000,000.

So that for practically two-thirds of the fiscal year we are now passing through the treasury is about \$1,300,000,000 short off than for the comparable period of the last fiscal year! As this is reflected in debt and foreshadows what is going to happen to this government along that line, it might be of interest to say that figures for the same day—the close of business on February 27 of this year—show that the public debt of Uncle Sam was \$39,850,479,573.22. This had risen from \$37,631,168,041.19 on February 27, 1938.

## Shows Why Britain Wanted Franco to Win in Spain

The answer to why the British foreign office has consistently wanted Franco to win in Spain, despite the fact that obviously such a victory would increase not only the power but the prestige of Italy and Germany, is very clear, once stated, whether one agrees with the logic dictating it or not. Indeed the fact that it is the Berlin-Rome axis that keeps British statesmen awake at night—a fact which on the surface would seem to create a desire in Downing street for a crushing defeat of Franco—is an integral part of the reason for wanting Franco to win.

The logic behind this is also the logic which has caused President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull to be deaf to the pleas of the liberals in this country. And believe it or not, hatred of communism here and fear of the bear that walks like a man in England has precisely nothing to do with it!

Simply stated, this mystifying logic revolves around the route from England to India and the East, via the Mediterranean sea. If you will take a good look at any fair scaled map of the Mediterranean, you will see why. Look at the narrow passage between the tip of Sicily and the projecting point of Tunisia, in North Africa. Every ship going from England to India, East Africa or the Far East must traverse that narrow strait, or else the still smaller passage between Sicily and the mainland of Italy.

Before the days of the World war this did not seem important. The Italians might speak of the Mediterranean as Mare Nostrum, but the British controlled both entrances, Gibraltar and the Suez canal. But with the World war came the realization of the military importance of the submarine and the airplane—and of floating mine fields. Prior to that time the British navy could assure control of the surface of the sea, and therefore of free passage for her merchant vessels and those of any other nation to which she might choose to grant passage.

## So Great Britain Had To Be Friendly With Italy

So the British made up their minds that, come what may, they would simply have to be friendly with Italy. Little as they might like the new attitude in that country, the conquest of Ethiopia, obvious aspirations in Africa which threatened British interests in that continent, they figured they would have to put up with it.

If you will consider the strategic location of the little Italian island of Pantelleria, just beyond the narrow passage between Sicily and Tunisia, and figure in terms of submarines, airplanes and mines, you will begin to wonder if maybe the British are not right after all.

Reconciled to this, the British have turned their energies, in the last few years, to cultivating Franco. They have convinced themselves, and the Washington administration, that they have done a good job at this; that with the coming of peace Spain would find that England, not Italy, is the market for its exports.

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# WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Young Sherman M. Fairchild inherited about \$10,000,000, and the money took wings—not around the night spots, but in aviation enterprises which he has made his money, brains; one of the main panjandrums of the plane designing and building industry.

Just now, the Civil Aeronautics authority certifies Mr. Fairchild's new 500-horsepower "in-line" engine, which, he says, has more power for its weight than any other. For several years, Mr. Fairchild has been pioneering the "in-line" engines as against the radial type of foreign nations. In 1936, he sold 20 of them to the Greek government, which, it was later reported, found them highly satisfactory. His engine is about one-third the size of a radial engine.

His father, the late George W. Fairchild, began his business career on \$8 a week, invented the dial telephone, the computing scale, and the adding machine. He wanted his son to become a junior executive of International Business Machines corporation. The young man, however, was interested mainly in cameras. At 17, he had invented a revolutionary flashlight camera, and, at 21, a radial aerial camera.

He organized Fairchild Aerial Surveys and in 1924 carried through an air camera survey of New York, with a six-mile camera of his invention which was a pioneering exploit in that field.

By 1927, he had corralled several companies in the Fairchild Aviation corporation, had Igor Sigorsky building planes, and soon unveiled the first cabin monoplane in the United States.

In Harvard at the start of the war, he was rejected for military service because of physical shortcomings, later remedied in Arizona. Intent on war duty of some kind, he brought out an aerial camera for war use, completed just before the Armistice. He is typical of a number of free and adventurous self-starters in Uncle Sam's industrial and technical establishment who can be rounded up in case of trouble—a refutation of the totalitarian belief that only the goose-step can yield efficiency.

## Several notable moving picture trends away from the star system and a new reliance on coherent form in the picture as a whole.

Chastened by hard times, the films are taking thought and adding cubits to their stature. This bystander hears much talk of a coming moving picture renaissance—not in any splendid outburst, but in a new infusion of creative intelligence into the industry, and a longer tether for the same.

In focus here is "Stagecoach," opening in New York with generous salutations by reviewers, who note that, with a no-star cast, a natural-born horse opera has been conjured into an excellent film by the deft artistry of John Ford, director, and Dudley Nichols, scenarist. They also scored, jointly, in "The Hurricane" and "The Informer." This film is commended for its further trend toward simplicity and artistic integrity, and away from overemphasis, the traditional occupational disease of Hollywood—on or off the lot.

Mr. Ford, born Sean O'Fearna in Portland, Maine, 44 years ago, thinks moving picture directors see too little of the world about them in proportion to what they record. Renoir had the same idea, insisting that, if an artist observed intently enough and long enough, his line would be almost self-recording. So Mr. Ford stokes his pipe, meditates, observes, studies types, speech, dress, mannerisms, behavior, regional and occupational traits, and achieves characterization.

His older brother, Francis, was ahead of him at Hollywood, as a serial star and director. John Ford tagged along and soon had his brother working for him. Before he was 25, he had directed many westerns. When he was 28, he directed "The Iron Horse." He is an autocrat on the lot, apt to throw the script away and improvise business and lines, working usually in a frayed sports jacket and old dungarees. He sidesteps Hollywood puff and passes much of his off-shit time on his small yacht. He is big and bulky, with thinning, sandy hair and glasses.

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# ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By

Elmo Scott Watson

## A River Is Their Memorial

A WAY back in 1739 Pierre and Paul Mallet, Canadian traders, heard of the wealth of far-away Santa Fe where, it was said, the Spanish seniors wore silver buttons on their clothes and the senioritas had silver heels on their slippers. So they enlisted six other venturesome Canadians and after a long journey by boat and pack train, arrived in the New Mexican capital.

The Spanish governor was friendly but there was a law against free trading. So the Mallets started north, crossed the headwaters of the Canadian (called the Colorado by the Spaniards because of its red waters) and followed up the Purgaire to its junction with the Arkansas. There the party split up. Three of the men, who were homesick, started overland for Canada and eventually reached Montreal safely.

The Mallets, accompanied by two others, went down the Arkansas and the Mississippi to New Orleans, where they reported their explorations to Bienville, the governor, whose efforts to find a route to Santa Fe had been unsuccessful. He engaged them to guide another expedition led by Andre de la Bruyere, a royal officer, who was to ascend the Mississippi and Arkansas to the mouth of the Canadian, which the Mallets correctly guessed arose "less than 40 leagues from Santa Fe."

When the Canadian dwindled away to a mere brook in central Oklahoma, Bruyere sat down to wait for it to rise, instead of buying horses from the Osages to transport his goods, as the Mallets advised him to do. But it was a dry year and, after waiting six months, Bruyere went back to New Orleans. The Mallets returned to Canada, where they disappeared from history, but today the Canadian river is a 760-mile-long memorial to the two brothers "whose wanderings rank them on a par with La Salle."

## Klondike Kate

HER neighbors in Bend, Ore., know her as Mrs. John Matson, or "Aunt Kate" Matson, but to old sourdoughs who mused over Alaskan trails during the gold rush days of '98, she always has been and still is "Klondike Kate." The daughter of a Seattle judge, Kate Betts spent most of her early life in a convent. Then a reverse in the Betts family fortune took her from behind its walls and started her on her career of adventure.

She was in Seattle when the stampede to Alaska started. She joined the gold rush and finally found herself in rip-roaring Dawson City. There she became the belle of the bars and a favorite of the bearded prospectors who came to town eager to spend money after their struggles to gain a fortune from the frozen soil. They showered their nuggets upon "Klondike Kate"—she often made as much as \$150 a night by singing and dancing for them. Once a miner gave her \$750 in "dust" simply for the privilege of sitting and talking to her.

But like many others, she brought little of her money back to the States with her when the boom days were over. Finally in 1933 she received a letter from 70-year-old John Matson, who had known her in the Dawson City days and who wanted to marry her. The marriage took place in Vancouver, B. C. Then she settled down in the little Oregon city, no longer the famous "Klondike Kate," the toast of Alaskan gold camps, but "Aunt Kate" to the home-folks.

## First Into Antarctic

THEY tell tall tales of explorations in the Antarctic. None of them can compare, though, with the trip of Nathaniel B. Palmer with the trip of Nathaniel B. Palmer if sheer adventure is the standard. Away back in 1820 he was the first voyager to reach the northern fringe of the Antarctic continent.

A tall, blonde, Connecticut Yankee, Nat Palmer was still only in his teens when he made the voyage as skipper of the sloop Hero. The ship which penetrated farther south than any other up until that time was only 50 feet long—half the size of the sailboat "America," original winner of the first America's Cup race in 1851.

The voyage is more remarkable, too, when you consider that it was made almost 100 years before the poles were finally reached.

Palmer himself has said, "I pointed the bow of the little craft to the southward and, with her wings spread, mainsail abeam, jib abreast the opposite bow, she speeded on her way to new sealing ground like a thing of light. . . . With her flowing sheet she seemed to enter into the spirit which possessed my ambition, flew along the wave and over billow until she brought in sight of land not laid down on my chart. . . ."

Thus this lad discovered Palmer land, archipelago of the Antarctic continent, and proved by his description that he was as literary as he was adventurous.

© Western Newspaper Union.

# Late Fashion News For You Who Sew

THE smartest kind of dress for runabout, as becoming as it is practical, is yours if you use No. 1717 to make it. The button-down-front style is extremely popular. This dress, too, has lines that make your figure look slim and youthful. The skirt is slim over the hips, high at the waist, and full at the hem. The shirred bodice and wide-shouldered sleeves give you a softly rounded look. Make this dress of flat crepe, silk print or sheer fabrics.

## Three-in-One Frock.

Here's a clever design that gives you three different fashions in one! First of all, No. 1685 is



a charming little kimono-sleeved frock with a flattering, tiny waist. And with it comes a little bolero (that you can wear with other frocks, too) and a tie-around apron-skirt, fastened with a bow in the front. Wear it any one of three ways—alone, with the bolero, or with both the bolero and apron-skirt. For this, choose silk print, flat crepe, taffeta, thin wool, and combinations of two contrasting fabrics.

## The Patterns.

No. 1717 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. With long sleeves, size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. With short sleeves, 3 3/4 yards.

No. 1685 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch fabric for the dress; 1 1/2 yards for the bolero; 2 1/2 yards for the apron-skirt.

New Spring Pattern Book. Send 15 cents for Barbara Bell's Spring Pattern Book! Make your own smart new frocks for street, daytime and afternoon, with these simple, carefully planned designs! It's chic, it's easy, it's economical, to sew your own. Each pattern includes a step-by-step sew chart to guide beginners.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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# QUESTION

Why are Luden's like lemons?

# ANSWER

Both contain a factor that helps contribute to your alkaline reserve.

# LUDEN'S 5¢

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

Power of Song

He who sings scares away his woes.—Cervantes.

# BILIOUS?

Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels. Nature's Remedy. If you think all laxatives are alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. No milk, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Without Risk get a 25¢ box of N.R. from your drugist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get N.R. Tablets today. N.R. TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT.

ALWAYS CARRY IT WITH YOU. QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION.

# WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.