

## Adirondacks Give N. Y. State An 'Air Conditioned' Ceiling



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

Iroquois Indians, seeking beaver pelts in the mountains of what is now northern New York state, sometimes found a dead campfire and traces of moccasined feet leading off to the north. A hunting party from one of the hated Algonquin tribes of Canada had passed this way.

The lips of the Iroquois curled in mocking scorn. "Hatirontak," they muttered, deep in their throats. "Hatirontak" ("Tree-eaters," or "They eat trees").

This was an insult, a fighting word. For thus the proud Iroquois contemptuously implied that these northern woods rovers lived by grubbing about for roots and bark like famished animals—as indeed they may have done in famine times when game eluded their arrows.

The name stuck—but not to a mere Algonquin tribe. White men liked its tripping, rhythmic sound, and they came to apply it, in time, to this whole wide wilderness where wandering bands of "Hatirontaks," or Adirondacks, once fought the Iroquois. The Adirondack mountains had acquired a name.

### Is 'Air Conditioned' Roof.

Today, paleface tribes from the cities pour into this land of evergreen and birch, of avalanche-scarred peaks and densely wooded slopes, of bubbling trout streams and clear, cold lakes—the air-conditioned roof of New York state. Their heads have stood much higher than they are today. Time, with ice and water, lowered the summits. Glaciers, grinding down the valleys and dumping debris, formed lakes and ponds—some 1,500 of them. Evergreens and hardwoods blanket the slopes, for trees thrive in this light, thin soil where little else will grow.

In the deep woods the hermit thrush sounds his flute. Deer often wander across the roads at night and from the dim distant shore of a lake rings the maniacal laugh of a loon.

Heading into the mountains from the southwest, through Rome, you cross the fertile Mohawk valley, today a peaceful pastoral in silver and green, but once—during the Revolution—the scene of savage attacks by scalp-crazy Indians led by greenclad Tory rangers.

As the road climbs higher the air grows cooler. And now (wonder of wonders) if it be late August or September when the ragweed hay-fever sneeze is loud in the land, a miraculous change often makes itself felt: the sneezing, snuffling, and weeping subside, for ragweed in most parts of the Adirondacks is practically unknown.

### Famous For Fish.

Many fishermen come to the Adirondacks, for the state is continually restocking these waters with native brook trout, brown trout, rainbow trout, lake trout, whitefish, landlocked salmon, small-mouth and large-mouth bass, pike, perch and muskellunge.

On 50 peaks scattered over the mountains, state forest fire observers are stationed, with map and telephone, to watch for telltale smoke.

Above, like a huge restless hawk, soars a state patrol plane, radio equipped. When word of a forest fire is flashed, the rangers, under New York state law, can draft anybody they need for 25 cents an hour.

Only one who has seen a bad forest fire can know the full horror of it—red fury racing through the brush and leaping from tree to tree, 250-year-old pines blazing up like candles and consuming themselves in a trice; fierce, searing flame licking up all life, killing the fish in the streams, putting every wild creature to panic flight and burning alive the slow of foot; threatening towns, leaving black desolation behind, sometimes robbing the very soil of fertility for years to come.

### Nature Versus the Automobile.

Wild animals are still fairly abundant in the Adirondacks, but the gasoline age has brought them new troubles.

Each autumn some 6,000 bucks are shot, yet still the deer thrive. As soon as the leaves begin to redden and fall all the graceful white-tails grow suddenly scarce; something tells them that the time has come to play the annual hide-and-peek with death.

Driving on up the Fulton chain

## Outdoor camping amid the pines and birches of high Adirondack mountain lakes is a popular summer custom, especially since the advent of trailer travel.

From Eagle bay, you enter the big county of Hamilton—population only 2.3 persons per square mile. The Belgian Congo in the heart of Africa is nearly five times as densely populated as this cityless county.

Above Inlet the road penetrates a part of the state's 2,170,000-acre Adirondack forest preserve. It took a constitutional amendment to build this road. Before a tree could be cut or a boulder blasted, an amendment to the state constitution had to be approved by the people in a referendum, for their fundamental law provides that these lands shall be kept forever wild.

A busy little metropolis of the woods is the village of Saranac Lake today. But imagination conjures out of the past the picture of a rude, raw mountain hamlet—a collection of guides' houses and a store—past which an "old plush horse" is plodding, shaggy Kitty, Doctor Trudeau's mare.

It all began in 1873 when a guide carried young Edward L. Trudeau's



Lake Placid, N. Y., is traditionally America's most popular winter sports resort. Here is a typical January scene showing two skiers, the escort breaking trail for his girl companion.

trail form up two flights of steps in Paul Smith's hunting lodge a few miles to the north and laid him down on a bed, exclaiming:

"Why, doctor, you don't weigh no more than a dried lambskin."

The 24-year-old physician, just beginning a promising medical career in New York, had been stricken with tuberculosis—regarded as a death sentence then. He came to the Adirondacks purely by chance, and the climate helped him live a long and monumental life as one of the world's leading disease-fighters.

### Monuments to Trudeau.

Lasting monuments to the beloved physician are the Trudeau sanatorium, the Trudeau research laboratories, and the Trudeau school of tuberculosis, which exports its learning to the world.

To hundreds of people all over the world the Adirondacks still mean Paul Smiths.

In an ideal setting on Lower St. Regis Lake this bearded, regal guide conducted the country's most famous hunting lodge. Its principal asset was his personality, for Paul (originally Apollon) had an endless fund of stories, a ready wit, and an utter freedom from awe of plutocrats or royalty.

Shrewd old Paul died in 1912 a millionaire himself, for he bought not only land but waterfalls, and sold electric power over a wide area as the north country developed.

Today much of the Paul Smith empire remains, but its most conspicuous center and symbol is gone—the big hotel on lower St. Regis Lake. It burned in 1930.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

**Morgenthau in for another headache . . . His bright young men would have Treasury gamble on return of prosperity . . . Two recent appointments take State department by surprise . . . President stalling until he can be sure of his course.**

WASHINGTON. — Conservative Henry Morgenthau Jr., who has patiently tried, mostly in vain, to ride herd on the wild-eyed left wingers of the New Deal, is in for another headache. This time the threat is actually coming from some of his own bright young men, men who, strangely enough, have agreed with the secretary of the treasury through thick and thin and differed violently with the group which talks about spending our way out of depression.

This time it is on taxes. Morgenthau has always advocated more taxes. He believes in a balanced budget. He would like to move revenues up and cut spending down at the same time to accomplish this. He thinks the surest way to move revenues up is to cut spending down, for he believes the mere gesture toward economy on the part of the government would inspire such confidence on the part of business that profits would increase, and hence taxes would multiply.

Morgenthau and Harry L. Hopkins, a very strange team to be working in any fiscal cause, went to bat one after the other promising business that its tax load would be adjusted. President Roosevelt followed them with the promise of no more taxes. But Morgenthau meant "adjusted," he did not mean "reduced."

Morgenthau's idea would be to reduce specific taxes which tend to discourage investment. He did not mean for a moment to reduce the total expected revenues of the Treasury.

But his young men, with considerable prodding from Capitol Hill, are proposing just that. They figure that if certain taxes, now calculated to be discouraging to investment and new enterprises, should be lifted, business might revive so much that the total receipts would increase. Whereas to make sure that revenues from the same total national income remains the same, it would be necessary to impose some additional taxes to make up for the discouraging type of taxes reduced. This, they figure, might defeat the main idea, which is to get business going and thus work out of the recession.

### Would Have Treasury Gamble On Return of Prosperity

In short, as Morgenthau conservatively views it, they are willing to have the Treasury gamble on the return of prosperity. If it wins, then the temporary tax loss is replaced by such business activity that the reduced rates would produce largely increased net revenue. Fine! If it loses, and the reduced taxes do not spur business, so that the Treasury suffers a heavy net loss—well, it was worth the try.

There are many senators and representatives who agree with these young Treasury experts. They believe the gamble is worth taking, and that the chances of winning are excellent. They also approve the direction in which such a program would start the government moving, regarding it as a distinct veering away from the path followed since Roosevelt came into the White House, which leads, as they see it, inevitably towards the government being obliged to take over more and more business because private capital has been fearful.

There is another phase on which there is even less agreement. That is the proposal to reduce the rates on very large incomes. Treasury experts agree that lower taxes on the high brackets would produce more income for the government for the simple reason that as soon as the rate gets too high the very rich man puts his money in tax-exempt securities. One of the country's best known millionaires told a group of Democratic senators at a lunch recently that he had put more than two-thirds of his fortune in tax-exempts.

But it is not regarded as good politics to take the taxes off the rich, however sound the economic may be. It opens the door to demagogic attacks.

### Appointments Catch State Department by Surprise

Two recent appointments caught the state department completely by surprise. One was the naming of Laurence A. Steinhardt as ambassador to Russia. The other was the promotion of Col. Edwin M. (Pa) Watson as brigadier general, with the further statement that he was to retire and join the White House secretariat.

The state department had thought Ben Smith, the famous stock market operator who is alleged to have made millions on the short side during the Hoover panic, was to be ambassador to Russia. And it had

thought "Pa" Watson would be made ambassador to Belgium.

The state department had a right to be surprised. It had been perfectly right in adding two and two and getting four. Why it was surprised was that almost without warning other things developed. In the case of Smith, the shrewd market operator did have the refusal of the Russian post. He wanted it, and President Roosevelt had offered it to him. In fact it had been learned, through the usual diplomatic channels, that Smith would be acceptable to the Soviet government.

But while the President was on his Caribbean trip he received a wireless from Smith, regretting very much that personal affairs had made it impossible for him to accept.

The situation which had developed was this. Smith had more or less settled down in the last few years, as far as business is concerned. He had cramped his style a little, before that, by promising that he would not play hob by short selling with the Roosevelt administration's efforts to revive business. He was a staunch Roosevelt man—among the early ones. He had turned bitterly on Hoover during the crusade of the Hoover administration against those who were short selling. What angered him was the effort of Hoover's friends to make short selling the alibi for the continuance of the depression.

### Blamed Low Price of Wheat On Short Selling by Russia

Indeed it may be recalled that the Hoover crowd had a blind spot, to put it very mildly, with respect to short selling. Hoover's secretary of agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde, tried to blame the Soviet government for the low price of wheat at the time the farm board was trying to hold the price up by buying. Hyde said the Russians were selling short and depressing the price. Hyde did not know that the Russians actually had a huge surplus of wheat, and they later delivered the wheat in taking up their short contracts, to the great annoyance of the farm board, which had unwittingly held the price up for them.

In settling down, Ben Smith bought an interest in a New York brokerage house. But when the time came to achieve his ambition and accept Roosevelt's offer of the Moscow post he found that it would require a tremendous sacrifice to get out. Obviously he could not continue to operate a New York brokerage business from Moscow. His partners could carry on, of course, but there would be plenty of criticism. And he could not get out without terrific losses.

### President Stalling Until He Can Be Sure of Course

Having started to put business in a good enough humor to bring about some revival, thus smoothing the path to the election of a New Dealer to succeed President Roosevelt, the administration is just a little afraid now that congress will steal the play, overdo the pampering of the rugged individualists who meet the pay rolls, and undo some of the reforms accomplished in the last six years.

Consider Harry Hopkins over the last few months. When he was talking to individual senators, just before his confirmation as secretary of commerce, he was blunt and to the point. He has gradually been growing more cautious in his utterances.

This does not mean the President has changed the view he expressed to Hopkins—as is generally believed—when Roosevelt decided to put Hopkins in charge of the job of bringing back prosperity. It merely means the President is stalling until he can be sure of his course.

When the President was asked outright if he would oppose repeal of the undistributed earnings and capital gains taxes, he replied that he was not sure. He could not be sure, he said, until he checked on how much revenue these taxes were producing.

What the President might have said was that he wants more time to consider, to make up his mind just how far he has to go to produce enough business revival to make sure of continuance of the New Deal after the next election, and how little reform he might have to sacrifice.

### President's Strategy Centers On Winning Next Election

Actually Roosevelt is torn between two conflicting lines of strategy, both aiming at precisely the same thing and for the same object—to win the next election so that social reform can march on just as soon as possible, without the type of setback which Harding provided after the Wilson administration.

Harry Hopkins will continue to give a perfect illustration of the difficulty Roosevelt is in until Roosevelt makes up his mind definitely on specific propositions. For instance, the taxes he would not discuss.

So he walked on eggs in his Des Moines speech, and has been walking on bubbles in talking to newspaper men since. He is frightened by the word "appeasement," could not imagine where it originated. Yet the very day before, the President had not objected to the same word in a question. Perplexing? No. The President doesn't have to be tactful to his advisers. Hopkins fears indiscretion on his part might arouse his present critics in the inner circle to such efforts that his appeasement plans would be toppled over.

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## Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Siberian Melodrama"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Here's a yarn that sounds as if it might have happened out in the old Wild West when two-gun hombres fought it out in the streets and booted and spurred cowpunchers cleaned out dance halls with well-directed volleys from their six guns.

I don't know whether those things ever happened out in the West. All I know is what I see in the movies. This incident I'm going to tell you about sounds like the West, but it happened way over in the eastern part of Siberia, and it happened to Samuel C. Taylor of New York City.

You know, we had troops in Siberia for a couple of years after the World war. Sam Taylor was one of them. He was with a platoon of 60 men from Company D, Thirty-first United States infantry, stationed at the little Siberian town of Uglonaya. The town itself was nothing but a railroad station and a few houses. The soldiers were living in half a dozen box cars that had been taken off their wheels and set on the ground beside the track. But though the town was small it was affording plenty of excitement.

It was about the middle of January, and for days the Americans had been watching an army go through the town. It wasn't a hostile army—but at the same time it wasn't a friendly one either. It was a Bolshevik army moving to attack Vladivostok, not far away as distances go in Siberia.

Sam says there were thousands of them, well equipped with machine guns, and lugging enough field pieces to blow those 60 Americans and their box cars to Halifax. But they couldn't be bothered with the Americans. Taking Vladivostok was more important.

### Sam Acted as Provost Guard at the Station.

On the afternoon of January 18, Sam was acting provost guard at the railroad station. It was a bitter cold day. A cutting wind was sweeping past the station and Private Pat Strong, on sentry go, was stamping up and down the platform. Two Bolshevik troop trains had



He whipped the automatic up and let go.

just pulled in on a siding, and Bolshevik soldiers had crowded into the station where they could buy hot tea and vodka. And as Pat Strong paced up and down the platform a big Russian said something to him in Russian.

Pat couldn't understand him. He came to port arms while the Russian stormed and gesticulated, and finally grabbed Pat's gun. Pat tried to pull the gun away, but the Russian was a powerful brute. He spun Pat around and threw him in a snow bank. A couple more Americans came running up. He threw them into the snow bank, too, and made a mad dash for the station.

That's where Sam came into the picture. As provost guard, he rated a sentry box down at the end of the platform. He saw the fight just as the Russian broke loose and started into the station, and he came out on the run. With the other three Americans at his back he started after him.

Says he: "I went bursting into the station as if the whole U. S. army was stepping on my heels. That station was full of Bolsheviks, singing, talking and yelling. Lots of them had rifles, some of them had hand grenades tied to their belts. But I didn't have time to look over the grenade situation just then. That big Russian had found himself a rifle. I was five feet inside the door when I spotted him, but he must have seen me first because he was raising his gun."

### It Was a Question Who Would Shoot First.

Sam had a .45 automatic, and it was a question of whether he or the Russian could shoot first. Without even taking time out to think, he whipped that automatic up and let go. The big Russian dropped. For an instant there was a dead silence in the station. "Those Russians were surprised," says Sam, "and so was I. For a second—well—I almost opened fire on the whole bunch of them, but I caught myself just in time."

It was a tough spot and Sam knew it. Here was a whole roomful of wild Russians and he had just shot one of their pals. If he started out the door, some of them would be sure to begin shooting. If that happened, there'd be general disorder, with 60 Americans fighting a whole troop train full of Bolsheviks. And what was more to the point, it would be curtains for Sam.

"I had to use my head," he says, "and I decided I'd bluff them. I stood in the middle of the floor, waved my pistol over their heads and pointed to the door. And then happened the thing that probably saved my life. In swinging my arm I tightened my grip on the pistol to keep from dropping it. And in doing that I squeezed the trigger too hard. BANG! Off went again. That bullet struck somewhere behind the bar and down came a lot of glassware."

Sam says the falling glass created a terrible racket. The Russians must have thought a shell had burst in there. They turned and stampeded for the door, and Sam says they went through it like a Kansas tornado. In ten seconds there wasn't a Bolshevik in the place.

"And where were the other three fellows?" says Sam. "They were outside, turned into a rear guard. When they heard those shots inside and saw all those Russians piling out, they ran for camp to tell the others the Russians had eaten me alive and were coming to eat them, too."

Sam says he certainly did NOT feel like a hero when he went into that station. He just didn't have time to think about it. "It was only after I got inside," he says, "that I realized I was in a swell pickle. I've often thought afterwards, suppose I hit one of the grenades those Russians had tied to their belts."

Boy, that WOULD have been an adventure.

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### Baby Otter and Other Animals Like to Play

Most playful of all wild creatures are otters, for even when full grown they cannot resist anything in the shape of a ball that floats.

Baby badgers romp together, puffing out their fur until they look like black and white balls, then bounding round and round on their short stiffened legs. A favorite game is for one to mount a fallen tree, and its companions to try to pull it down, relates Oliver G. Pike, F. Z. S., in London Tit-Bits Magazine.

Young polecats play a similar game, but are far more graceful. As they prance around, their slender backs are arched, and they look most attractive in their rich dark brown glossy fur. Badgers, polecats, stoats, and weasels have very little method in their play, unlike the organized games of the otter.

I doubt if anyone has ever detected play among fish, or seen lizards or snakes indulging in games. All these are cold blooded and are only active when the temperature is warm enough to give them an interest in life.

The play of foxes will often turn to tragedy so far as the farmer is concerned, for if they get among fowls they will kill one for food then, like puppies, chase everything that moves. If the birds had the sense to keep still the fox might pass them by, but he will slaughter them by the dozen while they continue to run.

## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—When James D. Ross was appointed by the President as chief of Bonneville, the biggest dam in the world, in October, 1937, it was

**Bonneville Chief** believed in some quarters that his selection would sharpen the disagreement between the administration and the power companies. Today it appears that Mr. Ross has allayed, rather than provoked hostilities. The utilities rate him as "reasonable." Bonneville has been the bete noir of western power development. This writer hears there is now a better chance for two-way appeasement than at any time in the past.

Mr. Ross, for 20 years head of the municipal power development of Seattle, has human traits which perhaps account for his expedient rather than doctrinal trend. No mere doctrinaire would amuse himself by keeping a copper ball in the air with no visible means of support—just because he loves kilowatts and likes to see them work.

He was a consulting engineer for the New York power authority and the St. Lawrence seaway, a consultant for PWA power development and later a member of the SEC before the President made him the Bonneville boss. As a boy, he rode his bike from Chatham, Ont., to New York city, to learn pharmacy. He got a job as an apprentice chemist, but pestling seemed piffing, so he hit the long grind back to Chatham—but he kept on pedaling. He headed up through Edmonton to the Alaska gold-fields, and, when dry land failed him, he made his own boat and pushed on. In Seattle, years later, he helped design the first municipal power plant.

**YOUNG America** is naturally envious of Capt. Harold E. Gray, who will be at the controls when the Yankee Clipper, huge Pan-American Airways flying boat, takes off for its flight across the Atlantic. It is now trying a few preliminary crow-hops around New York harbor.

**Gray Skipped No Step to Fly Air Leviathan** Captain Gray, it seems, had a system, in qualifying for this stellar role in aviation. First he became a licensed airplane mechanic; then he qualified as an aeronautical engineer, a master mariner and a radio technician; after all, he took diplomas in meteorology, seamanship, international law, admiralty law and business administration.

That seems to be about par for the lad who would be a skipper on one of these new leviathans of the air. All this, and many years of hazardous flying over the mountain wilderness of Mexico and Central America bring Captain Gray to the ripe old age of 33. He left college in his second year at the University of Iowa and was aloft for the first time at the age of 19. His home town is Guttenberg, Iowa.

**WARREN LEE PIERSON**, head of the Export-Import bank, appears to rate an assist in the Nazi put-out in Brazil. The big credit deal, to clear the trade ways between the two countries, is widely accepted as a goose-egg for the Reich.

**Pierson Assists In Nazi Put-Out In Brazil Game** The young and energetic Mr. Pier-son, who became head of the bank in 1936, toured the Latin-American countries last summer and fall and returned with a lot of sizzling new ideas about hopping up South American trade, and resisting the totalitarian drive, by deploying credit judiciously where it is needed most to grease the trade run-around.

When it came to Brazil, he got eager attention from both the state department and the administration, as Brazil is an important consideration of naval geography as well as trade. Shouldering far out into the Atlantic, with the new fascist threat to the Canary Islands, it would, if hostile, pinch us in a narrowing seaway, with Argentina, on the whole not so clubby with the U. S. A., away down under. For both strategic and commercial reasons, Brazil is our entrepot to South America, if we keep on being neighborly.

In Harvard law school Mr. Pier-son was obsessed with foreign trade and directed his studies to practice in this field. Practicing law in Los Angeles, his opportunity came in 1934, when he was appointed general counsel for the Export-Import bank. In 1936, there was, for him, a timely New Deal row, which resulted in the resignation of George N. Peek as head of the bank and the upping of Mr. Pier-son.

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