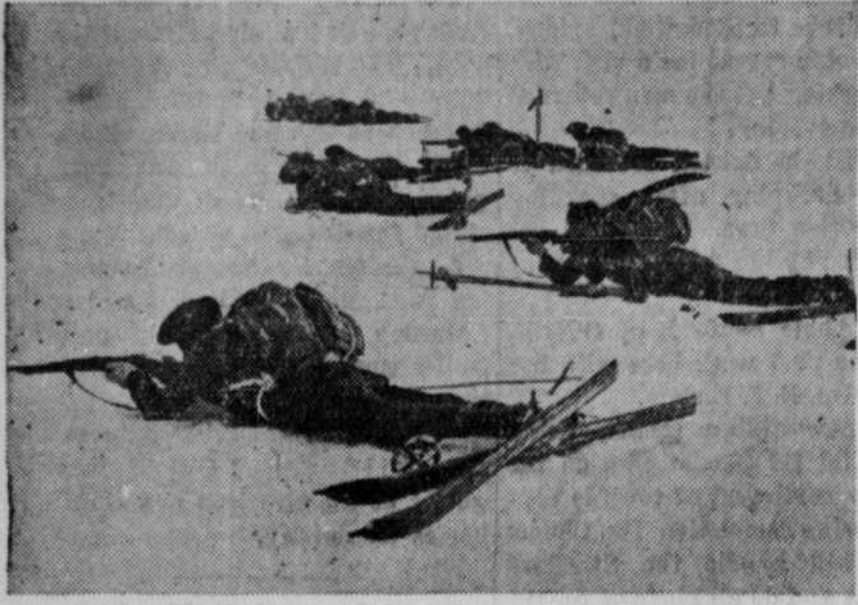


France, Italy Plan 'Sky Forts' Where Hannibal Crossed Alps



European News Reveals Possible Defense Strengthening.

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

France has her Maginot line; Germany her Limes (or "Siegfried") line. Will Italy too have a great chain of fortifications where her western border meets France? And will still another line of French fortifications spring up to face those of Italy? According to dispatches from Europe, the chances are in favor of such construction as German experts in the Italian Alps inspect already-erected fortifications in what is interpreted as a move to extend the Siegfried line south from Switzerland all the way to the Mediterranean.

As the crow (or the aviator) flies, the trip from the southwest tip of Switzerland to the sea is about 150 miles long. Following the tortuous route of the actual border, however, as it curves and twists along French and Italian Alps, the distance is roughly 300 miles. This stretch is the only spot in Europe where French and Italian frontiers meet.

Soldiers 'Fly Through the Air.'
On both sides of the line, men—with forts, pillboxes, and barbed wire—already guard their borders. Alpine troops, including the French Chasseurs and the Italian Bersaglieri, are trained and equipped for the peculiar and exacting duty of mountain operations. Skilled skiers, they learn the "tricks of the trade": how to meet constant danger from nature in a land of glaciers, hidden crevices, and avalanches; how to conceal themselves from the enemy; and how to shoot to the best advantage in their special field of action.

They learn to balance themselves on skis while carrying arms and heavy packs. By constant practice, these mountain soldiers become adept at jumps and racing, performing "stunts" on the ice and snow as spectacular as the flyer's tricks in the air. During the World war, when ski fighters were first used on a large scale, the Italian forces saw considerable Alpine service in the east. Then France was Italy's ally.

Today, as Italy arms her frontier on the western ranges of the great mountain chain that rings about her entire northern border, it may be recalled that it was from the west, somewhere in this region, that Hannibal marched against Rome 200 years before Christ.

A Dramatic Military Feat.
Historians disagree about the exact pass over which the Carthaginian general transported his men and elephants in a military feat all the more remarkable because it was performed late in the year, against the menace of increased snow and ice. The pass of the Little St. Ber-

U. S. Paper Industries Manufacture Products Totalling Billion Dollars

Paper, in some form, is so common in American homes that one does not give much thought as to how or from what it is made although the value of paper products manufactured annually in the United States amounts to about a billion dollars.

At one time spruce and balsam were the principal woods from which paper was made but the gradual decrease in the stands of these woods caused the U. S. forest products laboratory, Madison, Wis., several years ago to begin investigating other woods for paper making. The forest products laboratory has found that good pulps for various kinds of paper can be made from many kinds of wood, up to the present time having satisfactorily tried out over 90 different species. Years ago it found that good, strong, white pulps could be made from the pines, widely distributed throughout the southern states. Up to that time most of the pulpwood had come from the northern part of the United States. A recent laboratory experiment shows that a good pulp for containers and building papers can be made from blackjack oak, a wood never before thought of in connection with paper making.

Here high on the rugged Alpine border are pictured French troops staging an imaginary raid on an "enemy." This picture was taken on the site of the possible extension of the Maginot-Siegfried lines.

nard, however, leading from France south of her towering Mont Blanc, has many points in its favor as the most logical route of the Carthaginian invasion.

Some 2,000 years later Napoleon also marched over the western Alps into Italy, this time by way of the Great St. Bernard pass at the southwest corner of Switzerland. In modern times railways and good motor roads cross the western Alps at various points on the way from the giant ice-capped peaks of the Swiss border to the sunny Riviera of the Mediterranean. One of the earliest Alpine tunnels—Mount Cenis—pierces solid rock for eight



The map above shows the exact location of the proposed Italian-French fortifications. If carried out the move will amount to an extension of the Maginot line south from Switzerland all the way to the Mediterranean.

miles in the route between Modane in France and Bardonecchia in Italy.

Since Hannibal made his precarious way over nature's rugged path, men have built many strategic highways in and across the western Alps. Napoleon constructed four great military roads and planned others.

Upper Air Observations Will Improve Accuracy Of Weather Forecasts

The word "probably" will be seen less frequently in daily weather forecasts, as a result of increased upper air observations, in the opinion of F. W. Reichelderfer, chief of the United States weather bureau. He refers particularly to the use of the radio-sonde.

This instrument, developed by the national bureau of standards, transmits radio signals which indicate air pressure, temperature, and humidity every few hundred feet up to 60,000 or 70,000 feet, so that the ground observer knows these important forecast items as fast as the balloon ascends.

Already in the United States there are six weather bureau, two army, and two navy radio-sonde stations. The radio-sonde, weighing less than two pounds and carried by a balloon five or six feet in diameter after inflation, rises at a rate of about 1,300 feet a minute. At a height of nearly 15 miles, the balloon bursts and the instrument comes to earth by parachute. A large per cent of the instruments are recovered.

"If we can understand the changes that take place in the thousands of feet of atmosphere above us, most of which take part in the 'manufacture' of weather, says Mr. Reichelderfer, "we can satisfy the demands of the public for positive forecasts."

Ship's Position
A ship's position is computed from her log without astronomical observations. The chief elements considered are the latitude and longitude sailed from or last computed; the course or direction sailed in, as ascertained by compass; the rate of sailing measured by the log, and the elapsed time.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Roosevelt's three-billion-dollar lending program is destined for hard sledding . . . Many see in it all the earmarks of a pork-barrel bill . . . Good will gestures toward the La Follettes seen as part of third term maneuvers . . . Amendment of income tax law gaining in favor.

WASHINGTON.—The three-billion-dollar "lending" program is destined for hard sledding. It has all the earmarks of a pork-barrel bill—in reverse. The political, though highly uneconomic, merit of a pork-barrel bill was that by gathering all the little groups that favored the different tasty local bits in it, a majority would be formed which could triumph over the more economy-minded legislators.

President Roosevelt and Marriner S. Eccles, the reserve board chief who has consistently favored more and bigger spending to get this country out of the woods, have picked up so many little groups of opposition in their lending bill that if it passes at all, even in expurgated form, it will be almost a miracle.

For instance, take the foreign loans question. If it faced a vote on its own merits alone in either house or senate it would probably be beaten. But there is something more. Senator Hiram W. Johnson is very proud of his name being attached to the law which forbids loans to any nations which have defaulted on their obligations to the United States. Now Senator Johnson is not given to filibusters. He has sympathized with lots of them, but he does not make long, time-consuming speeches.

But political-minded folks would rather have almost any other member of either house against them than Hiram Johnson, if he happens to feel strongly. He has a way of stabbing a hated bill with a quick sentence, delivered in his staccato manner, that almost always finds its way into the lead of every newspaper man's story of the debate.

Objects to Lending Money Abroad to Make Work Here

His "Praise be to God" after the administration's capitulation on the Supreme court enlargement bill was featured in all the newspaper accounts next day.

This is merely cited as an example. It happens all the time. He has one of the most caustic tongues on Capitol Hill, but his caustic sayings are rarely personal.

Johnson, of course, is outraged at the idea of lending a lot of the taxpayers' money to nations which have defaulted loans—even if they were not war loans. He does not approve the idea of lending money abroad to make work here.

Then there is the little matter of the high-speed toll roads. It comes within a few weeks after the bureau of roads submitted an exhaustive study of this whole situation to congress, a study which showed that not even the most promising of the superhighways could be expected to pay interest on more than a fraction of its cost.

Adding to the weakness is that there is not even one feature which appeals to the economy bloc, whereas the whole thing stirs up those who fought the idea of increasing the federal national debt limit.

Making Gestures of Good Will Toward the La Follettes

It is easy to underestimate the political importance, especially looking toward the now almost certainty that Franklin D. Roosevelt will seek a third term, of the recent administration gestures of good will toward the La Follettes. It just may turn out that Wisconsin's 12 electoral votes will mean the difference between four more years of Roosevelt and a Republican President.

Of course nothing will make much difference if the hope of the Republicans that the tide has turned against the New Deal is based on reality. But that is far from a certainty. Indeed recent polls would seem to indicate that the ups and downs of Roosevelt's popularity resemble a corkscrew more than the straight line the Republicans like to project.

Actually, in 1938, the Democrats carried the country—as far as electoral votes are concerned. That is they carried enough states, had there been a presidential election, to have elected their ticket.

At a recent Washington dinner party a very prominent Virginian declared, over the coffee, that if Roosevelt ran for a third term the Old Dominion would go Republican. That particular gentleman is certainly far better qualified than the writer to judge Virginia sentiment, but the writer does not believe he is correct. It may be recalled that Virginia, North Carolina, Florida,

Texas and every one of the border states went for Herbert Hoover in 1928, but it is mighty difficult to prove from that fact that they may do so again in the near future.

No Religious Issue Nor Prohibition Problem Now

In the first place, there was the religious issue, which incidentally was primarily responsible for Herbert Hoover's carrying New York as well as the southern states in question.

There will be no religious issue to drive the southern and border states away from the Democratic party if Roosevelt runs again.

Prohibition, which did figure some in 1928, will not be an issue.

But also important, though not generally appreciated, is that the men who led the revolt against Smith in the South, almost without exception, committed political suicide.

So it is really a fair assumption, and based on the best possible political logic, to count all the southern states for Roosevelt even if the third term issue is involved.

There are 135 electoral votes in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, and Oklahoma would give 34 more, making the total 169.

In the so-called Republican swing of 1938 New York went Democratic by more than 500,000 for both senators, both representatives at large, in fact for every state-wide office except governor. California also went overwhelmingly Democratic.

These two states, with Wisconsin, roll up 81 more electoral votes which Roosevelt would not have to be unduly optimistic to count as sure for him—if the La Follettes are with him. That makes 250, and he would have to pick up only 16 scattering electoral votes to win the 266 necessary for election!

La Follette Amendment to Income Tax Law Gains Favor

The La Follette amendment to the income tax law, reducing exemptions, bringing in a much broader base, and of course increasing the tax every individual would pay because his exemption would be less, is going to become law eventually.

For the second time the senate has approved the idea, and then backed away from it for purely temporary emergency reasons. This time the first vote was 39 to 37 for the amendment. But when it was realized that the amendment had been adopted, and that this would delay passage of the tax bill until there could be a perhaps lengthy conference with the house, Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland changed his vote. This resulted in a tie, which defeats any amendment.

But the point is that the government must have the money. There is no possibility that government spending will decrease anything like enough to bring receipts and expenditures within striking distance in the next two years. It is now a demonstrated fact that there is a majority sentiment in the senate for the La Follette idea.

Senator Robert M. La Follette has been battling for five years for this tax law change. He is one of the very few men in public life who believes in government spending—big spending—but believes that the taxpayers ought to know they are paying for it. Most other public figures have been trying for that same five years to work out ways and means of raising all the money possible without the taxpayers knowing they are being burnt. Or, to put it more accurately, without the small-income group of taxpayers knowing they are helping pay the freight.

Many People Not Aware They Are Paying Taxes

As an evidence of how successful they have been there is the amazing result of a recent poll which shows that one-fourth of all the people asked—in the usual Gallup cross section—did not know they were paying any taxes, and that 40 per cent, two out of five, of the smaller-income group did not know they were paying any!

But a gradually increasing number of senators has come to the conclusion that the voters should know about taxes. Some even go further, to insist that knowledge that he is paying an income tax to the federal government makes a man a better citizen, gives him a sense of responsibility, and will make him take more interest in voting.

President Roosevelt until this summer has always opposed the La Follette idea. But the President has now come around to the Wisconsin senator's view, which leaves, as a matter of fact, very little difference between their economic theories, though the La Follettes have never led the Democratic party organization get away with much in Wisconsin. As for instance when they fought the re-election of Senator F. Ryan Duffy.

Roosevelt once told a friend—this was about four years ago—that "the La Follettes are our kind of people." Just recently Attorney General Frank Murphy extolled the whole La Follette family, holding that they were one of America's best political traditions.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES
OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Ghost at the Door"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You, know, boys and girls, Old Lady Adventure is the most democratic female in the world. She doesn't confine her attentions to any particular class of people, but visits her favors on all alike. Why, kings and queens have had adventures, and so have doctors, lawyers, cab drivers and preachers.

Today I've got a yarn from a dentist—Dr. Robert Lentz of Danville, Ill.

This adventure happened to Doc along about the summer of 1912, and in those days he was living in Williamson county, near Wolf Creek, Ill. That's down near the Ozark ridges and in 1912 there was some pretty lonely country in that neighborhood.

Doc knew, because he used to ride through some of it pretty regularly. He was courting a girl who lived about five miles from his home and he used to ride out there on horseback, along a winding road that was almost impassable in places because of the thick growth on either side.

That road led down into a place known as Big Grassy Creek bottom, and that bottom was midway between his home and his girl's house. There was a ford across the creek, and near the ford, an old tumble-down church that hadn't been used for upwards of 50 years.

Woman Burned to Death in Bygone Days.

Near the church was an old chimney—all that was left of a house that people told strange stories about. According to one tale a woman had been burned to death when that house took fire.

There was something eerie about the old church and the old chimney. Doc used to feel shivery when he passed them riding home at two o'clock in the morning. But one night he made the mistake of going into that church, and then—

It was one dark night when Doc was coming back from a date. It had started to rain just after he left—a thin drizzle at first.

But, as he rode along, he heard the rumble of thunder and the rain began coming down harder. He had reached the bottom then, and the



It was a human form of some sort, standing there with arms outstretched.

church would afford shelter of a sort. Doc tied his horse to a sapling, and plunged through the underbrush to the door.

The church was all but fallen down. It leaned over crazily to one side as if it had been pushed over by some giant hand into a great parallelgram. The windows were out and the floor was partly gone, but guided by intermittent flashes of lightning, Doc worked his way forward to a point near the rostrum, where the roof was good and the rain didn't come through. The rain didn't show any signs of letting up, so Doc lay down on a front bench to go to sleep.

Hunch Makes Him Stay Awake.

"I lay there about 15 minutes," he said, "when something caused me to open my eyes and look at the doorway at the other end of the church. Lightning flashed just then—flashed just enough to enable me to see dimly through the door. Something told me to stay awake and, with sleepy eyes I gazed at that door inspecting it each time the lightning would permit me.

"I heard a twig break outside, and could tell that my horse was uneasy. I felt the hair rise on the back of my neck, and my heart began to beat faster. It seemed that it would be hours before the lightning flashed again to tell me what might be there, and in the meantime I straightened up just as quietly as I could."

And along about then there entered Doc's mind the thought that this old church might be haunted. There was that old chimney—charred remnant of the house in which a woman had burned to death. And as if that wasn't enough, Doc began thinking of the countless people who must have been buried from that old church—whose bodies must have lain in their pine coffins before that same rostrum near which he was lying now. Those thoughts were running through Doc's mind then, suddenly, lightning flashed again.

And this time Doc saw something in the doorway. It was a human form of some sort, standing there with arms outstretched, touching both sides of the door. "Now," says Doc, "I wanted to make my exit. I began to get ready to do so, but how was I going to go about it? The only door was blocked, and the windows were too high up. I waited anxiously for the next flash of lightning.

"It came, and my ghostly visitor was disclosed standing in the doorway looking at me. It was plainly silhouetted and it seemed to be an old woman with matted, twisted hair hanging down to her shoulders, no hat, no shoes, and wearing some sort of a sack apron.

Lightning Reveals the Thing Coming at Him.

"She moved with as little noise as the spirit itself. Could it possibly be a spirit? I couldn't move. How was I going to get out? Was the Thing coming closer? To my disordered imagination, it seemed as if it was. What would it do when it discovered me? Would it block my entrance? Would it take out after me? All those things I anticipated before the next flash of lightning. When it came, the Thing was about two feet closer, coming onward with outstretched arms!"

Still there was no sound. The apparition had advanced noiselessly. In the darkness before the next flash Doc could imagine cold, clammy fingers on his face.

"Now," he says, "I decided it was time to move. I slipped up slowly, hoping to get past the Thing before the next lightning disclosed me. I reached the position that I thought was by her side, and then came another flash. I jumped, and yelled out loud. She followed suit with a yell equally as intense and made a grab at me. But too late!

"Just one jump and I was outside the door, running to my horse and off like a streak. I believe if Tom Mix could have seen me ride he'd have envied me."

And what was the Thing that Doc saw in the doorway? Well, the next day Doc heard a report that an aged insane woman had escaped from the Anna asylum not far away. And that was Doc's ghost.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Washington's Teeth

Isaac John Greenwood, son of John Greenwood, who made dentures for Washington, states that "there was buried in the tomb of Mount Vernon in the mouth of George Washington a pair of false jaws with human teeth on, which were made by my father, and they were made with bone gums—I think of the elephant's teeth or ivory, and made from moulds of beeswax."

Bermuda Was 'Misfortune'

One hundred and fifty-five years ago there appeared the following advertisement in the Bermuda Gazette which would indicate that all who arrive on these enchanted islands are not entirely satisfied with their luck. "Thomas Ker takes this method of informing the Gentlemen of Bermuda, that he has had the misfortune to be cast on the island . . ."



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—As Adre Maurois becomes an "immortal," it would seem that there ought to be honorable mention, or at least a simple garland of some kind, for Mme. Maurois. Here a few weeks ago,

But for Spouse Maurois Might Still Be Mortal

he explained how his wife, also a person of distinction, learned typing and stenography to keep his script flowing smoothly and legibly to the publishers. He writes only in long-hand, said to be quite as cramped and illegible as that of Horace Greeley, and she alone of all mortals can translate it. Seat No. 36 in the French academy might still be vacant but for Mme. Maurois.

He was born Emile Herzog, in Rouen. His literary divagation was the first short-cut to immortality in a line of ancestral woolen drapers reaching back to the year 900 A. D. He was a bachelor of arts at 15 and a doctor of philosophy at 18. He began work in his father's factory, but got right on the job as a philosopher and literature, so, when he was assigned to the British as an interpreter in the World war, he could fill them in on Byron, Shelley and Keats, and did so. Later he explained Disraeli to the English, and around the clubs, they bit their pipe-stems and admitted that this French chap knew a lot of things they hadn't even suspected. "Ariel, the Life of Shelley" put him in the big literary tournament in 1923, where he has been ever since.

He is slight in stature, dapper and fastidious, with his thinning gray hair deployed carefully left and right, gesturing only cautiously with the sensitive hands of an artist. He has an acute, skeptical mind, interested in politics only in its historic sweep. He weighs words like an apothecary and it is as a craftsman and finished wordsmith that he qualifies for the academy. With keen insight, he has expeted America on his numerous visits here, clocking us through the valley of despond. His latest appraisal found us moving out of national adolescence into fully rational, adult statehood. He hopes for the best, but is not a fuzzy optimist. The "decline of the human ideal," he thinks, is the most disquieting trend of the modern world.

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