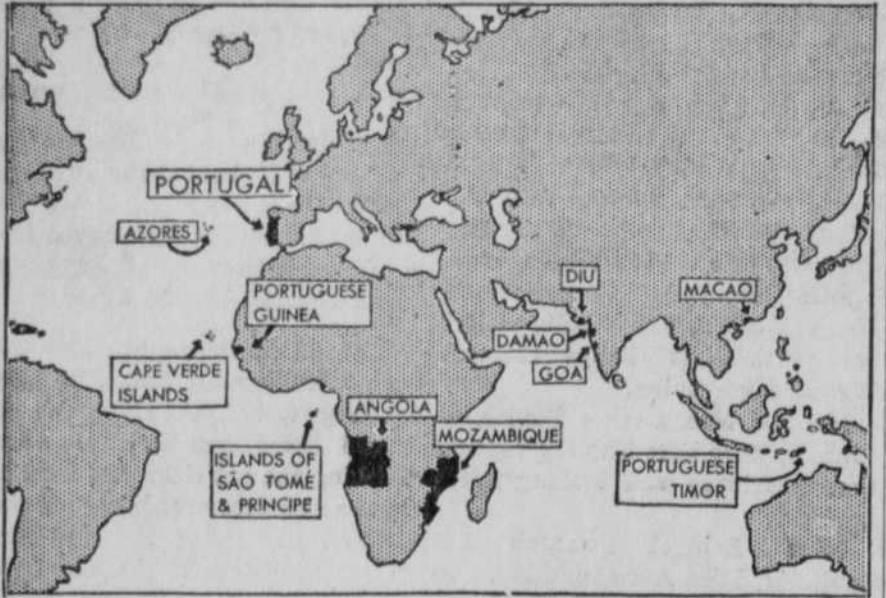


Portugal, Former World Power, Begins Recapture of Prestige



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by **CARTER FIELD**

Friends, seeking to prevent extinction of the American whaling industry, make favorable impression in congress in their attempt to repeal the prohibitive whale oil tax . . . No hope for railroad legislation until the next session of congress . . . Local taxes the real burden the railroads are forced to shoulder.

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New Life Stirs Historic Homeland of Ancient Trade Builders.

Four centuries ago Portugal changed the map of the world by her epochal achievements in discovery. The vast wealth that poured into her treasury did much to shape the course of European affairs.

No unsupported bombast was the title assumed by the monarchs: "King, by the grace of God, of Portugal and of the Algarves, both on this side of the sea and beyond in Africa, Lord of Guinea and of Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India."

Then, too, there were the Azores, Madeira, and gigantic Brazil, whose riches proved even greater and more permanent than the commerce Portugal pioneered in the Far East.

But lean years came. Energetic Netherlands traders captured many of the Orient's markets; Indian monopolies vanished; Brazil waxed strong and became independent. Wars, internal confusion, and imprudent rulers contributed further to her decline. During the last century Portugal has seen much of economic depression.

In the past 10 years, however, new life has stirred in this historic nation. Though less spectacular than sailing the seas in search of the mysteries of Africa or the wealth of the Indies, Portugal's program of rehabilitation has been scarcely less impressive.

Today new foundations have been laid in the Estado Novo, or New State. Portugal has been able to maintain a balanced budget. Ports, roads, municipal corporations, civic welfare, schools, and public enterprise have felt the quickened pulse beat of the new order. Leader of this government is Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar.

A few years ago roads were hardly more than marks left by the ancient, wayward wanderings of itinerant ox carts, and were alternately deep with mud or choked with pallid dust. Now they have surfaces of gravel or stone.

Side-stepping mules and lumbering oxen are still the chief hazards to fenders in rural districts, but the motorist who blithely swerves round a corner without giving warning may hit something harder. For there are buses, and an increasing number of trucks.

Walking, however, is by no means a lost art. Seeing women, graceful as Greek goddesses, with heavy water jars or baskets or produce perched on their heads emphasizes that fact. Most market-going peasants still ride flop-eared donkeys rather than "flivvers."

Although progressive innovations increase, traditional customs and Old World scenes prevail. A visit to Portugal savors of a pleasant interview with the gracious occupants of a historic family manor.

As your ship steams into the Tagus river (Tejo) at dawn, you have the feeling of moving along a hallway filled with treasured heirlooms. On your port, a slender ray of sunshine, piercing a cloud, seeks out the quaint waterside tower of Belem—half Moorish, half ornate Manueline in design—which stands as a symbol of Portugal's early ventures beyond the seas.

Golden Age Beauty. A short distance beyond rears the dome and white stalagmitic spires of the old Monastery of Jeronimos, an artistic crystallization of the country's Golden Age opulence.

There, in a tiny mariner's chapel that formerly occupied the site, Vasco da Gama and his crew said prayers the night before they hoisted sail to beat around the Cape of Good Hope and blaze the sea trail to India. There, beneath lofty arches in one of the transepts, his body now rests. Another of Portugal's heroes also shares that quiet: Luis de Camoens (Camoens) whose epic poem, The Lusads, sang of the doughty Vasco.

High on the opposite hills loomed the remains of old forts and crumbling castles, appearing like faded

PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS. Here is the world-wide extent of Portugal's empire. Four hundred years ago this tiny nation changed the map of the world by its achievements in discovery and exploration. Modern Portugal is now attempting the comeback trail in the field of world prestige.

At the end of a seven-mile-long corridor the Tagus broadens into a wide marine anteroom. Greeks, Phoenicians, Romans, Moors, and visionary Crusaders, as well as hardy Portuguese navigators, have anchored their ships along its shores. Here have come rich cargoes, bearing spices, silks, and porcelains from the East, and gold from Brazil.

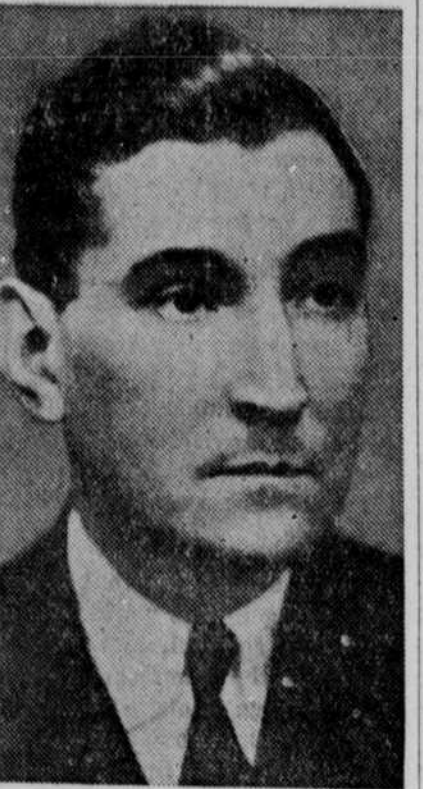
Armada's Port of Call. From these waters, in 1588, when Portugal was a vassal of Spain, sailed the Invincible Armada to suffer defeat by British force and raging storms. Some of the boats that ride there today, like the craft that came to the Tagus of old, have upturned Phoenician prows or the sloping lateen sail of Arab dhows.

As you swing into the lakelike estuary, a freshening breeze conspires with the mounting sun to sweep away the obscuring fog from Lisbon, as if a curtain has been suddenly drawn aside.

Lisbon, or Lisboa, as it is locally called, is the nearest continental capital to Washington, D. C. It is approximately the same size and lies at almost exactly the same parallels as our national capital. Instead of a "city of magnificent distances," however, Lisbon is a city of magnificent hills.

This five-mile multihued panorama of cliff terraces rearing above the Tagus invites comparison with Naples and Istanbul. As background it lacks a Vesuvius or the spearpoints of minarets; yet it still achieves the spectacular with its bright buildings, sprawling palaces, subtropical gardens, and old fort.

Historic Sights Abound. Between the somber battlements of St. George, once a Moorish stronghold, and the modern wharves more than eight centuries of visible history are spread in impressive array. Many other centuries, dating back to Phoenician and Roman occupation, have been covered by its growth.



LEADER. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar is Portugal's present premier. He is leading the nation in its struggle to regain the prestige once possessed by Portuguese seamen.

Once ashore, we gain new perspective of the city's hills. Instead of the single curved range that appears from the harbor, there are several separate eminences. Lisbon spreads over more hills than did ancient Rome. And they are steeper. Venture away from the Praca do Comercio, the Rocjo (Rossio), and the long Avenida da Liberdade, which cleaves the city in half, and one must climb.

Motorcars take circuitous routes, and even then often have to growl up in low gear. Tramways and cog-wheeled cars run everywhere, but they climb unbecomingly steep and twist around unbelievable corners. On the narrow, precipitous streets men are stationed at each curve with paddles painted red on one side and green on the other to flash stop and go signals, for passing is impossible.

WASHINGTON.—Advocates of repeal of a prohibitive whale oil tax, seeking to prevent the extinction of the American whaling industry, made a very favorable impression in congress, one gathers from talks with senators and representatives, so that there is the possibility that it will be a live issue next year. This may be too late for the present interested group, as without repeal of the tax they declare they cannot possibly start operations for next season.

What the whale people want to repeal is a three-cent excise tax on whale oil which is obtained from whales killed by "killer ships" flying a foreign flag. The situation is that the killer ships used by the American concern involved are Norwegian, and the gunners in every instance are Norwegian.

It is claimed that Americans will eventually become adept gunners, but there are none left of the men who once gave the American whaling industry world leadership. Their exodus began with the Civil war, when Confederate privateers drove them from the seas, and practically concluded when their wooden craft, in twos and threes and whole fleets, were caught in ice packs in the polar regions after the whales had been driven from warmer waters.

The skill of the gunner is not merely that of a marksman, it is explained. That is important, but only one of the little steps. The main art lies in figuring where a whale will come up, after he has been sighted blowing and then has dived beneath the surface. The Norwegians have become marvelously accurate in this calculation, and hence bag more whales and waste less time on the part of the killer ships than amateurs would.

Hence, it is claimed, it is impractical to use Americans for this job, until they have been trained, and it is also said to be impractical to use American flag killer ships. The tankers that bring the product back from the killer ships to port do fly the American flag, and the enterprise is owned by an American corporation.

Purpose of Tax Was to Aid the American Farmer

A little joke on the company is that when it first acquired a big tanker ship for this purpose, the United States government had a loan on the vessel. Had this loan been allowed to stand the treasury would have had a considerable interest in not having the vessel made worthless. But the loan was paid off, so Uncle Sam was lost as a partner!

The alleged purpose of the tax, which was added to the 1938 revenue bill at the last moment, was to aid the American farmer. Congressmen were given to understand that the dairy interests were for the amendment. It develops that none of the whale products compete with any edible fats. They compete chiefly with inedible fats and tallow rendered from garbage.

As domestic sources supply less than 60 per cent of domestic requirements for inedible fats, it is contended that the protection granted favors one American industry at the expense of another.

The company interested also informs congressmen that the whaling ships of all nations employ Norwegian gunners and Norwegian killer ships.

No Hope for Railroads Until the Next Session

There is no hope for the railroads until the next session of congress. In fact, the bill which the senate approved but which will continue to sleep in conference until January does not contain very much hope either. The real situation is that there is small probability of congress being willing to do anything which would be of any real help to the roads.

The curious part of all this is that both congress and President Roosevelt are really anxious to do something for the carriers. It is not a question of being against the vested interests, nor of a pet peeve. There is really no outstanding figure in public life who is crusading against the railroads. The trouble lies deeper. It lies in the fact that, having been strait-jacketed so long, by the government on the one hand and the unions on the other, the roads just began to sicken when they got up against truck and bus competition.

A distinguished Middle Western banker jolied several senators at dinner the other night by his insistence that it was rate reductions and taxes that had hit the railroads. He insisted that the volume of traf-

ic, considering freight traffic, which is all that most of the railroads really profit on, was greater than in various boom years which could be cited, despite the huge amount of freight now carried by trucks.

He had so many statistics that he had the senators dizzy, all tending to show that the railroads had enormously increased their efficiency, but that the tremendous increase in the burden of taxes, plus the constant reductions in their rates, had gotten them down.

Real Wallop for Railroads Comes From Local Taxation

This burden of taxes is heavy enough if only those imposed by the federal government are considered, but the real wallop comes from local taxes, state, county and city or town.

"Most small towns are strung out along the railroad tracks," said this banker. "Every time the town needs more revenue its council extends the city limits so as to take in more railroad property to tax."

The trouble is, senators point out privately, that there is no earthly way of reaching this situation. Congress can't very well pass a law which will declare that interstate carriers are not subject to local taxation! Even if such a measure were conceivable, politically, which it certainly is not, the problem then would arise, where are these towns going to get their revenue?

A small county in northwestern North Carolina gets 42 per cent of all its revenue from taxes on one line of railroad which runs through the county, end to end. It just so happens that this particular railroad—the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio—has been in the hands of receivers for some time and has none too good prospects. There is no attempt here to prove that this railroad is overtaxed, and that relieved of this sort of burden it could get along without being a problem child to congress. That would certainly enter a controversial field.

Continuance of Alcatraz Certain Despite Murphy

Connecticut politics, mixed up with President Roosevelt's desire—whatever he may eventually decide to do to keep the ways greased for his own nomination for a third term—is what makes continuance of Alcatraz certain, despite the eagerness of Attorney General Frank Murphy to get rid of this "American Devil's Island."

It so happens that Sen. Francis T. Maloney is up for re-election in Connecticut next year, and he is very anxious to go on being a senator. Maloney knows all about the enthusiasm for Roosevelt and the New Deal in Bridgeport and other industrial centers in the Nutmeg state, but he also knows about anti-third term sentiment in the rural sections. After weighing the pros and cons very deliberately he has decided that his own chances for re-election will be very much better if some other Democrat than Roosevelt is the presidential nominee next year. And he is more interested in his own re-election than in giving the New Dealers a chance to prove him wrong.

In his defense it should be stated that a senator who finds his own state is strong one way is apt to believe that he has read national sentiment also. Which would mean that Maloney would have to believe that as a third-term candidate Roosevelt could not be elected, whereas another Democrat might be.

Whether Maloney is right or not has nothing to do with the case. That is his judgment, which means that his influence in selecting Connecticut's delegation to the Democratic national convention will be thrown toward picking men and women who will be against Roosevelt's renomination.

But this does not fit in with present White House plans at all. Whatever the President may decide to do next June, it is certain at present that the President wants to be able to be renominated. Some think he wants this strength in order to choose the candidate to succeed him, and some think he wants four more years in the White House. But there is no doubt about the desire to have pro-Roosevelt and pro-third term delegates chosen.

Homer Cummings, All Smiles, Now Ewars the Picture

Which is where former Attorney General Homer S. Cummings enters the picture. He is still very potent politically in Connecticut. He was its national committeeman for many years, was once chairman of the national committee, up to and including the San Francisco convention, and still is reputed to hold his own county in the hollow of his hand.

Cummings has been advocating a third term for Roosevelt every time anyone would give him a chance by asking a question. Sometimes, when no one brought up the subject. It so happens that no other prominent Democratic organization leader in Connecticut has been doing this—certainly no one who has proved his ability to get delegates.

So when Homer Cummings dropped in on his old chief a few days ago he found the President most cordial—and willing to listen. Emerging, Cummings was all smiles. He declined to discuss what he had talked to the President about. But when asked a question about the San Francisco bay prison he said: "Alcatraz will be there when Murphy and I are both in our graves."

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By **LEMUEL F. PARTON**

NEW YORK.—In view of Miss Alice Marble's recent arrival here after successful exploits at Wimbledon and elsewhere, it would seem that the reported association of John McCormack, the eminent Irish tenor, with the fair Wimbledon and United States national titleholder in London as a singing teacher was someone's flight of fancy. Miss Marble, as may be recalled, made her debut as a night club soloist last winter, and, after the current tennis season is over, she will go to Hollywood to make a motion picture—provided the entrepreneur with whom she has signed is able to place her to advantage.

The first woman to hold three Wimbledon and three American titles at one and the same time, designer of sports clothes, singer, potential actress, Miss Marble's versatility is not confined to these things. She could, if she had not—to her expressed regret—got beyond such things, play softball baseball with facility equal to that of most men. Also proficient in basketball as a member of the Polytechnic high, San Francisco, team, she was likewise a track athlete of no small ability. And, before that, sandlot football with her brothers and other boys claimed her enthusiasm. As a six-year-old she started playing hard ball baseball with a younger brother, Harry (Tim) Marble, who later joined the Pacific Coast League Missions team as shortstop.

It is said that Marble Pere, a farmer in Plumas county, Calif., at one time doubted whether he ever could wean the girl from a baseball bat which she swung on clubs otherwise composed of male players. But the gift of a tennis racquet at the age of 13 and subtle encouragements turned her thoughts to tennis. This happened when, in lieu of a career as a ball player, she had become the official mascot of the San Francisco Seals of the Pacific Coast League.

Blonde, statuesque, with gray eyes, gracious in manner as she is in appearance lovely, Miss Marble won much favor wherever she went abroad.

ASSUMING Laurence Olivier's role in support of Katharine Cornell in a current Broadway hit, Francis Lederer, the engaging **Warrior at 12,** young Czech actor whose American fame has been gained in motion pictures, finds his facility for mastering native pronunciations serving him well. In this connection it is recalled that, when he made his first stage appearance in London four years ago, he was unable to speak a word of English. Nonetheless, by aping the diction of the coach, later resorting to the dictionary to learn the meaning of that which he had said, he succeeded admirably in rendering his role.

He is passionately devoted to the cause of world peace through the World Peace federation, which he himself organized—it now has branches throughout the civilized world. His advocacy of peaceful adjustment of international issues resulted from experience in the World war, in which he served as a **lad of 12,** winning two medals for gallantry. Entering the war to avenge the death in action of a beloved older brother, he found his age no bar to service. He asserts, indeed, that, at the time of his enlistment, the Czechs had boys who were but eight years old under arms.

His biography opens at Prague, where, at 18, he was playing walk-on parts at the Deutches Landes theater—a soldier in "Lohengrin," a servant in social comedy, anything, everything, of extremely subordinate character. Gaining a rather important speaking part through ability displayed in reading the lines of an indisposed actor, he subsequently received a scholarship in the Academy of Dramatic Art in Prague. He then went to Breslau, where Kaethe Dorsch, the German actress, discovered him and introduced him to the Berlin theater, where he became overnight the adored of feminine Berlin.

He married Ada Nejedly, an opera singer in Prague in 1923, from whom subsequently he was divorced. Two years ago, he married "Margo," Margarita Baland, stage and screen dancer. He is tall and slight, his features extremely delicate, eyes soulful. In his reading, he is addicted to the German philosophers and the French classics.

FARM TOPICS

MILK STILL RATES AS PERFECT FOOD

Nutrition Studies Disclose High Vitamin Content.

By **DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN**

In the last quarter century the field of nutrition has advanced more than in all the previous centuries of mankind. In that advance milk has held its place as the most nearly perfect food. From the point of view of protein and of fat, of mineral salts and of vitamins, it stands supreme. True, milk is somewhat deficient in vitamin C, in vitamin D, and in iron, but these values are easily supplied and no other food gives as much as milk for the money.

If there is any other highly important fact which our studies have revealed, it is that ordinarily we do not consume as much milk as we should, being led frequently by improper advice to other foods not nearly as efficient in human nutrition. Yet one-fifth of the food budget of the average American family is used for milk and milk products.

So important is milk for the human being that the health section of the League of Nations has recently made available a study of this product by a committee with representatives from Denmark, Holland, England, and France. It may surprise many Americans to realize that the milk supply in most foreign countries does not approximate in its general safety the average milk supply of the United States.

In many countries it has been customary to gloss over the unsatisfactory contents of the milk supply with the assurance that the benefits to health resulting from increased consumption will outweigh the danger of drinking milk that is not hygienic. In this country we know that the development of a good milk supply begins back on the farm with the cows and the quality of feed given to the cows.

Farmers Should Study Tractor Operating Cost

Two factors are important in tractor costs. One is the number of hours used, the other, economical loading. The first entails a study of the machine's varied uses, and of the possibility of increasing these uses. The latter necessitates a study of the draft requirement of different implements, and the ways and means of devising tractor hook-ups.

An example will help to make this point clear. A 14-inch moldboard plow at a certain depth will have a draft of 600 pounds. A one way plow 14 inches wide would require a pull of about 250 pounds, while that width of spike-tooth harrow has a draft of only slightly more than 50 pounds.

Such a variation is true of all field implements and to load a tractor of a certain size economically, the operator must know the approximate draft of each tool.

Tractor engineers and farm management experts agree that each tractor owner should make a study of his machine to determine what will be an economical load, and then eliminate as much as possible the application of hitches with lower draft requirements. Manufacturers of tractors can furnish approximate figures on draft for each machine.

Milk for Diet

Although milk is considered by scientists as nature's "most nearly" perfect food, it can supply the nutritive requirements of a mature body for a long period of time without other supplement. The proof of this is well illustrated in the case of John Flaherty, a tailor in Niles, Ohio, whose diet for the past 20 years consisted only of milk. Mr. Flaherty recently died at the ripe old age of 75 years. He began the "all milk" diet in 1917 as a result of a stricture of the esophagus, which he contributed to an overdose of serum in inoculation during the war. From 1917 until his death he drank only a quart of milk a day.

Farm Facts

Each year about \$150,000,000 worth of fuel comes from farm woodlands throughout the United States.

With a radio ownership of 69 per cent, farm families trail city cousins by 13 per cent, but farmers listen more, a recent survey of 14,000 rural families revealed.

A good cow under the most favorable conditions is able to consume about 150 pounds of green pasture herbage in a day. This task is done with a "mowing" apparatus about three inches wide.

Good crop rotations protect the soil, provide enough roughage for live stock, supply grain, distribute labor requirements, provide several sources of income, and assure a fair annual income unless uncontrollable economic conditions make this impossible.

Star Dust

A Picture Without Men

Remembered for Another

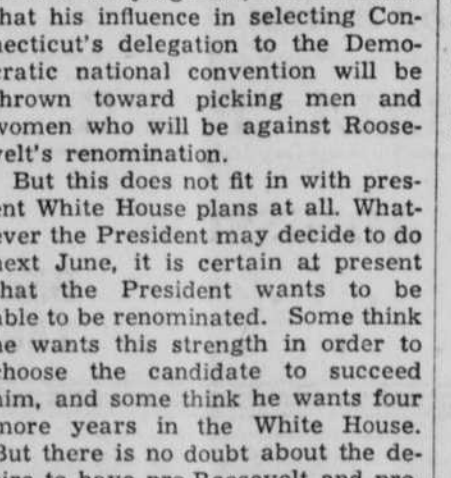
Right Up Raft's Alley

By **Virginia Vale**

"THE Women," the movie version of the very successful play of the same name, is going to be something to see. Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell and Joan Crawford head the cast, which includes those excellent actresses, Phyllis Povah and Florence Nash, and one hundred others, all girls.

Women will want to see the picture, if only to see the clothes—super-special frocks have been whipped up for their benefit. One of Joan Crawford's is black velvet, split to the waistline, and worn over very tight black knickers.

And men will want to see it, too, to see some of our best screen actresses trying to outshine each other, and to see what cut-throat



NORMA SHEARER

battles women can get into over men.

If there were any other cut-throat battles while the picture was being made—little things like arguments over billing, scene-stealing, and things like that—the great public will never know.

Roscoe Karns has played featured roles in more than 100 motion pictures, but is best remembered for one he didn't play, in a series of pictures in which he didn't appear.

For years his friends and his fans have insisted on remembering him as the fight manager in the "Leather Pusher" series, in which Reginald Denny starred. But it was not Karns, but Hayden Stevenson, who played the fight manager. The two men don't even faintly resemble each other.

Karns is mystified, but at last is resigned. Just the other day, when he arrived at the studio to work in "Everything's on Ice," an assistant cameraman hailed him with, "It's been a long time, Roscoe, since we worked in the 'Leather Pushers' together!"

George Raft's performance in the new James Cagney picture, "Each Dawn I Die," won him a new contract and an assignment to do a remake of "The Payment to Do Kid" (in which Richard Barthelmess once made a come-back), as his first picture. He is to make three a year. The hero of the picture is a prizefighter, which is right up the Raft alley—in his days as a fighter he fought 22 professional bouts, and was knocked out seven times.

News of radio programs that take the air in the fall is coming in regularly. Tommy Riggs will be back with "Quaker Party," Bob Becker will resume his dog talks, and the Screen Actors Guild show will have its old time on Sunday nights—with \$10,000 for each broadcast going to the Motion Picture Relief fund.

Paul Whiteman's band is Alma Mater to nine men who are now leading their own orchestras; Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Henry Busse and Ferde Grofe among them. They were with him 10 or 11 years ago. Another member of the band at that time was Bing Crosby, who sang with the band but couldn't play; just sat holding an instrument so that he'd look as if he belonged there. Too bad they can't all be gathered together for one more performance, with the great Whiteman holding the baton.

ODDS AND ENDS.—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, preparing to take a vacation, were requested by their studio to spend it anywhere but in New York . . . The thing that people seem to remember about Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, is not his superb ability as pianist and composer, but the fact that until he was nine years old he did not know that he was blind . . . Television's old enough so that two girls are arguing over which one has the right to call herself "The First Lady of Television" . . . With Hedy Lamarr's first film since "Algiers" put on the shelf and the next one having no make-up trouble, it's a question whether she's as good an investment as Hollywood thought when she made her film debut here . . . Fannie Brice feels that "Rose of Washington Square" has invaded her rights of privacy, defamed her character, and is an appropriation of her life story, without permission. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)