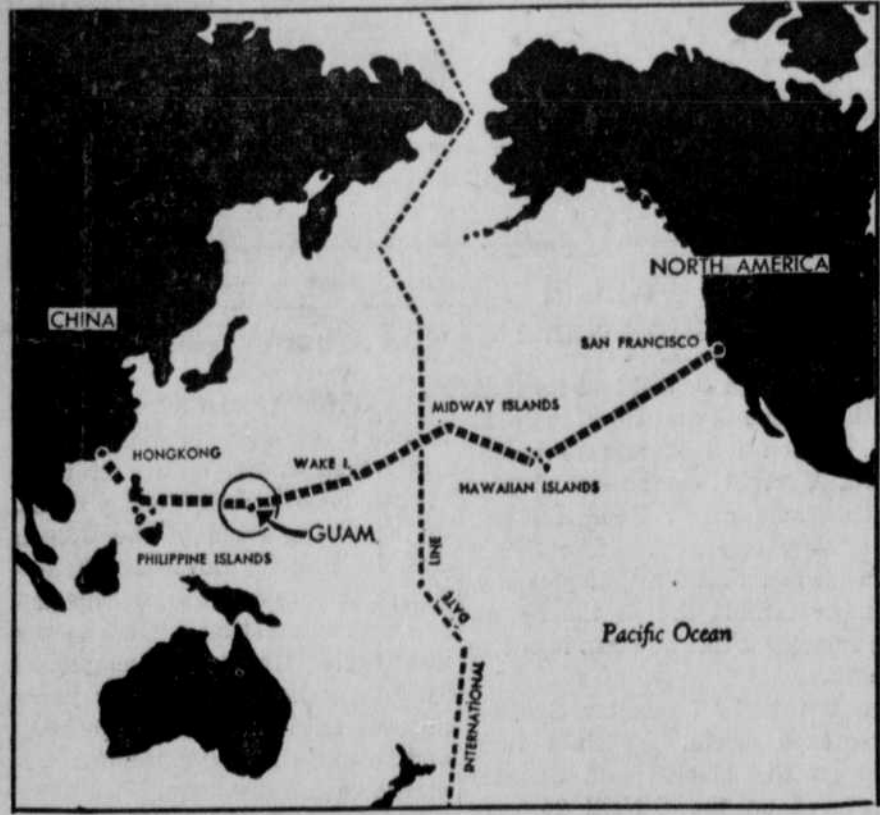


Guam, Tiny Island in Pacific, Is Important U. S. Possession



ON DIRECT ROUTE. Here is a map showing the location of Guam, tiny American insular possession in the Pacific. The island lies on the route of the trans-Pacific air clippers flying between North America and Asia. Before the coming of these ships Guam had no direct mail service but now a letter can reach the United States in 4 days. Heavy dotted line indicates route of air clippers.

Air Clippers Bring New Life to Forgotten Spot.

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

Green, warm, and inviting, Guam lies in the path of the Pan-American Clipper ships as once it lay on the direct route of the Spanish treasure galleons that plied between Manila and Acapulco. It is no longer an isolated and forgotten spot on the map, but an important link in a chain that encircles the globe. Before the coming of the air Clippers, Guam had no regular direct mail communication with the United States and by the time a letter arrived it was often more than a month old. Mail either came on irregular and infrequent naval transports requiring a full three weeks for the voyage, or else went by liner all the way to Manila, whence it was brought back to Guam on one of three transports visiting the island from the Asiatic side each month.

Today the trans-Pacific clippers, on a regular schedule of a plane a week in each direction, carry mail and passengers from Guam to Alameda, Calif., and vice versa, in four days.

There are just so many houses available for American occupancy in Guam, and it is necessary for the departing personnel to go aboard the same transport that brings replacements. The departing families leave their houses in operating order, with well-stocked refrigerators, and servants already installed. This makes moving day practically perfect.

Land of Sunshine.

Guam is a land of brilliant sunshine and deep shadows; happy children and forlorn, neglected dogs and cats; canned milk and cow-drawn vehicles. The natives pack the cinema houses to see western pictures, sing cowboy songs in praise of the great open spaces, and go home to sleep, ten or more in a room, with all the windows closed and locked to keep out evil spirits!

The Chamorro language, one of that great family of Malayan tongues, is the vernacular of the island. All instruction in the schools is carried on in English, by native teachers, but the moment school is out the youngsters begin to chatter in their preferred language, and forget all about English until school opens the following morning.

They call their language Finojaya, the "Idiom of the South," and refer to Spanish, which many understand and speak to some extent, as Fino-lago, or the "Idiom of the North," because the Spaniards first appeared here from the north.

While an increasingly large number of Chamorros now have a working knowledge of English, there remain many who speak only their native language. There are Spanish residents who speak only Spanish and Chamorro, Japanese who have acquired a knowledge of Chamorro, but little English.

In Agana, the capital of Guam, where more than half of the island population lives, there are many native families of means, very often of wealth, according to the local scale. They are business men, government employees, and school-teachers. They read books and magazines, go to the movies, and in other ways keep more or less abreast of the times.

They are, for the most part, mestizos, with Spanish, German, Scottish, or American blood. The natives of this upper stratum of Guam society claim descent, on the Chamorro side, from the ancient chiefs. It is unlikely that there are any persons of unmixed Chamorro ancestry on the island, even in the back country, but of course the mixture of European blood is most noticeable in Agana, which has always been the capital city.

Many Are Educated.

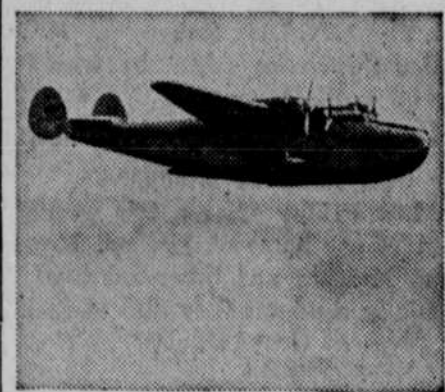
Many of the men and women of the upper class have had educational advantages that place them above their neighbors. Some have attended school in Manila, Hongkong, or the United States. The girls and women of this group are handsome, often beautiful, and are dressed in the latest fashion from Manila or San Francisco.

The most important official function of the year is the reception at Government House on New Year's day. Then daughters of the old families of Guam present a picture one does not forget.

There are very definite social divisions among the 20,670 native inhabitants of Guam. The town resident feels somewhat superior to the man from the back country, and villagers display a marked envy of dwellers in Agana.

Many Chamorros in some of the remote settlements have never traveled beyond the limits of their own village. They appear to have very little curiosity about the island on which they live, and are sometimes incredulous when you speak of interesting places you have visited which may be within a short distance of their homes, but which they have never seen.

A journey of 10 or 12 miles is looked upon as a formidable undertaking. Formerly it meant an all-day journey in a bulcart, or perhaps on foot. Even now that there are automobiles, the trip from an outlying village to Agana, a ride of perhaps 40 minutes, is still a serious



BOEING CLIPPER. Picture shows a huge Boeing Clipper of the type that stops at Guam on its trans-Pacific flight. These flying boats are bringing new life to the small island.

matter, and it is not unusual for the traveler to seek a telephone at once to communicate to his family, through the village patrolman, that he has arrived safely in the city and is well.

Foot-Travel Best.

Within a short time after your arrival you find that you have just about exhausted the possibilities of the motor roads—some 85 miles of improved highways—and that if you are really going to see Guam you should have to see it on foot. The roads over which a motorcar can pass serve only the principal villages, and these are near the seashore. Only footpaths and carabao trails reach into the hills and the jungles, where no wheeled vehicle can travel.

You have no difficulty in finding guides to take you over the island, but you have to engage a different one for each district you want to visit. Each man knows only his own immediate surroundings. In many places the trails are not clearly defined; indeed, you often have to cut your way through the jungle with machetes. Since a mosquito-infested jungle would hardly be a comfortable place to get lost in, you invariably have a native as guide and carrier.

The Chamorros do not carry water on the inland trails. They drink from any stream or pond, even when it is obvious that carabao or other animals have recently been there. Besides, in the jungle one can always get a drink that will at least prevent actual suffering from thirst by cutting a couple of feet of guji vine, which grows everywhere. Sap literally gushes from the vine so cut, and it is not unpalatable.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Germany working the propaganda racket in news as they did in World war . . . The man who tells the story gets the breaks . . . High official figures in best human interest story of war . . . Secretary Wallace's plans upset by war . . . Experts figure on a long struggle.

WASHINGTON.—Those who wonder why so much more war news—and views—are coming out of Germany than out of Britain and France would be interested to study the newspaper files of the first world war, not only for the first few months, but for the first few years.

There has been much wonder, also, since Germany struck at Poland, why so little has been heard of Hitler. Since his celebrated announcement of the "line of succession" should he meet death, almost nothing has been heard of him. In fact, this tightening up on news of the Nazi chief has resulted in mysterious reports of his suicide.

The reason the Germans are pouring out news, while the British and French are keeping quiet, is that the Germans want to impress the world in general, and Italy, France, Britain, Hungary and Rumania in particular, with the notion that the Germans are invincible, that they have already obtained their objectives, and that what remains is merely a long deadlock on the western front, with punishing air raids and destruction of shipping. So why not have peace?

That is the German propaganda strategy now. In 1914 and 1915 the strategy was very similar. German victories, first in France and then against Russia, and prospects of a very long drawn out and bloody war with no victory for either side at the end. So why not peace and let Germany have what she had won?

Study of those old newspaper files will show some remarkable "scoops" by various press associations and newspapers. In nearly every case of such a "scoop," the source was German. There was propaganda in every line of them, no matter what the personal sympathies of the man who wrote the articles, nor the editorial leanings of the newspapers that printed them.

News Was German Propaganda In Early Days of World War

This was not only true of Europe. It was true of Washington and other neutral capitals in the period from August 1, 1914, to the entry of the United States into the war.

For example, the best news source for writers who had to do the neutrality and notes of protest stories from Washington in those days was not some official at the White House, or in the state department, nor in any of the Allied embassies, but none other than Count Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador.

The writer happened at the time to be in charge of the Washington bureau of a New York newspaper which was strongly pro-Ally, as indeed was this writer himself during that period.

Yet this writer produced columns of type, averaging, as a study afterward showed, something like four every week, which emanated solely and entirely from the German embassy—from the spoken words of the shrewd German diplomat.

It was Bernstorff who would tell us, one at a time and with the strongest insistence that his name must not be mentioned or hinted, what the next German note would say about the Lusitania. Even more surprising, he would tell us, shortly after that note had been received, what the reply that Wilson would dictate and Bryan would sign would be! And he was not guessing. He was in constant touch with the state department and White House. Officials would tell him, but they would not tell the reporters!

The man who tells the story gets the breaks!

High Official Figures in Best Story of the War

It's a dark secret who the gentleman is, but a very high official of the administration figured in the best human interest story of the war—if the details could just be told.

It so happens that a great many men and women of importance from the home state of this official were caught abroad at the outbreak of the war, and could not get steamship accommodations. Not a cot was to be had without waiting much longer than these men and women, with their imaginations working overtime as to what the German bombers were going to do to Britain, wanted to endure.

So frantic cables galore were sent from British and Scotch towns to this official. With his usual thoroughness, for this particular official won his spurs in the business world before the New Deal was heard of, he went to work. Soon he discovered that a very good, though little known ship, was about to sail, and that his friends in the British government would be very glad to put him under obligations to them. So without further to-do he booked all his friends. Any one studying the passenger list, with home addresses, would have been amazed at how many people happened to get on this ship who were from the state back in America from which the statesman involved hailed.

Which was fine, except that the ship was the Athenia!

Writer Boosts Garner and Gets His Employer in Bad

A certain well-known Washington columnist, whose articles appear in one of the Washington newspapers, took his customary vacation up at Nantucket island during the weeks that preceded the outbreak of the war in Europe. While he was on vacation he had various friends, ranging in importance from cabinet members down to friendly news writers, do his column for him, and these were duly printed in the Washington newspaper which normally carried his dispatches.

One of these articles was written by the Washington correspondent of a newspaper in Texas owned by Jesse H. Jones. It may be remembered that back in 1928, when the Democratic national convention was held in Jones' home town, Houston, there was a sizable demonstration for Jesse Jones for President.

But the article written by Mr. Jones' Washington reporter did not mention Jones, despite the fact that there has been a good deal of talk about his availability, in the event that the party should go conservative. No, Mr. Jones' able news writer made his column, pinch-hitting for his vacationing friend, an essay on the qualifications of John Nance Garner, who also hails from Texas.

The writer, Bascom Timmons by name, started off with the statement that Garner would make the best President this country ever had, and was the best qualified man in the country today for the office.

But you wouldn't believe the repercussions. Friends of Paul V. McNutt indignantly demanded of Jones what he was encouraging this sort of thing for, when McNutt, Mr. Jones' co-worker in the New Deal vineyard, was an avowed candidate in the event that Franklin D. Roosevelt himself should not run!

Outbreak of War Upsets Plans of Secretary Wallace

Virtually every plan of Henry A. Wallace, secretary of agriculture, has gone out the window as a result of the war in Europe. Demand for every conceivable food product, and incidentally even for cotton, has changed the whole picture. Even since the war broke out the AAA experts on wheat insisted that the expected demand did not justify an increase in wheat acreage for next season. But there will be.

Everybody who has ever had many dealings with farmers knows what will happen. With an advancing price and crisp demand, Mr. Farmer will plant more—even if he knew the whole world was doing the same thing. There might, he always reasons, be a famine somewhere else in the world. In fact, he may not reason that much. He just knows that buyers want his wheat and are willing to pay him a higher price than he has been getting, so he gets busy.

No farmer ever approved the crop curtailment program—for his own farm. Some of them think it is a good idea for the other fellow. They like to follow nature's own plan of providing a lot more of everything than could possibly be used.

But this time the farmers will be right, if the best military and naval experts this country has are right. For this war, the experts calculate, will stretch on and on. Five years, most of them are saying.

Agricultural Outlook Was Bad Before Disaster Broke

Before this disaster broke upon a dreary world, the agricultural outlook was very dark indeed. Hence the various plans under incubation at the department of agriculture.

In its September business letter the National City bank said: "One aspect of the situation which has disturbed business observers is the low price of farm products, notably the grains, hogs and fats and oils. The outlook has been improved during August by the rally in wheat prices, and it is likely that the pessimism as to wheat was overdone, inasmuch as the government loan, on the basis of 80 cents at Chicago, was always certain to help the market as more wheat began to move into the loan stock. But the hog supply for the coming months is admittedly of depressing size and the supply of fats and oils is above normal, with lard and cottonseed oil both selling recently at the lowest prices in five years. Dairy and poultry products are lower than last year."

This was written, of course, before the outbreak of war. It was written when most people did not expect war. Yet the very upturn in wheat mentioned was probably due more to buying by people who did believe in the danger of war than any government loan factor.

Next year's crops, assuming good weather, will probably be prodigious. But, if war continues, they will be badly needed and prices will not be low. The real problem will come, as it came after the last war, when the war demand suddenly ends.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

HIDDEN OGRE Does the Tax Collector Lurk Beside Your Breakfast Table?



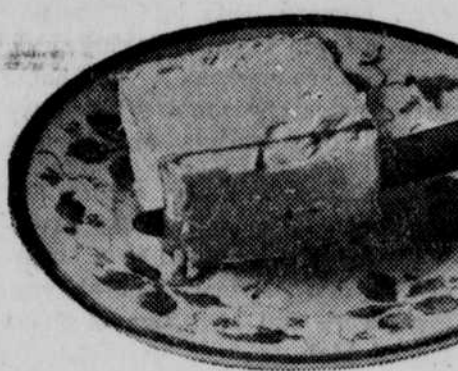
What's this about hidden taxes? Do they really take a healthy slice out of your family income? Analysts of the National Consumers Tax commission, who keep records of taxes in every state of the Union, claim the hidden levy takes from the average family's budget each year the equivalent of 578 loaves of bread or 165 pounds of butter or 144 dozen eggs or 156 pounds of bacon. Of an average \$495.13 spent annually for food, each family is said to pay \$35.15 in hidden taxes. Here's the national average:



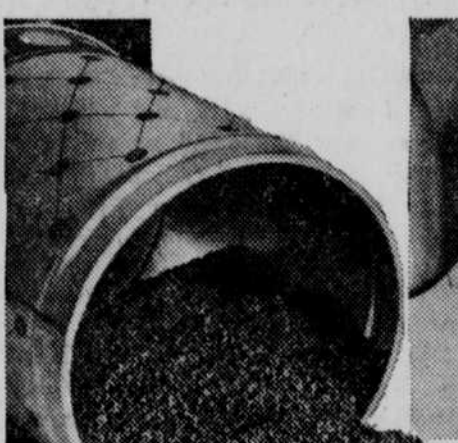
Above: Cost of toast is raised 64 per cent by 53 hidden taxes—11 federal, 42 state and local. The orange juice at the left costs the average family \$14.74 a year, including the tax collector's \$1.25 squeeze.



On bacon there are 48 taxes (30 federal, 18 state and local) boosting the cost 39 cents a pound. Of \$20 spent annually for table eggs, about \$1 goes to the tax collector.



There are 46 taxes on a pound of sugar (29 federal, 17 state and local). Average family uses 71 pounds a year, pays \$2.70 in hidden taxes. Tax collectors swallow 18 per cent of the sugar cost, or one of every five and one-half pounds.



On coffee costing 23 cents a pound, 3.3 cents goes to hidden taxes. Cream and milk: Of \$59.89 spent annually, \$4.15 goes the same way.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Mahatma Gandhi has indicated that, in his opinion, a world war against Adolf Hitler would be justifiable and possibly necessary. The British, with their imperious job of keeping their great Indian empire in hand, probably aren't worrying about Gandhi. More important is the attitude and activity of his vigorous and popular understudy, the 44-year-old Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. The latter has been boldly resistant to British rule, spent six years in jail, and has acquired popularity and leadership as Gandhi reaches his seventy-second year.

Meager news reports from India indicate that Nehru has been calming down in his agitation against British imperialism, and that, a few weeks ago, he was vehemently denouncing fascism and the new German aggression. London is reassured, but watchful, as Asia may become a balance of power in the clash of world dominions and Nehru has been an active propagandist of pan-Asiatic doctrine, summoning browns and blacks to resist what he believes to be the aggression of the whites.

Born of a noble caste, Nehru was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, taking honors in the classics. His father, the Pandit Motilal Nehru, was a lawyer and the richest man in Allahabad. He gave away his mansion and moved into a shabby little house when he became a convert to Indian nationalism.

His son, reared in splendor, had no such ideas when he came home from England. He was a strong supporter of the British regime until the Amritsar massacre of 1919. Then he burned his 50 British suits, donned native dress, and became an agitator for the Nationalist cause. However, he was no devotee of loin-cloth asceticism. He was all for fighting and it was as the most belligerent of all the Indian leaders that he came to the presidency of the all-Indian congress in 1935.

Nehru was at times sharply opposed to the non-resisting Gandhi, but apparently their differences have been resolved. He is handsome and engaging, a vigorous assailant of the ancient caste system of India.

IT WAS not until a year ago that Romain Rolland returned to France, after more than 20 years' exile in Switzerland. He had opposed war. Several years before he finished 'Lamp Lighter' "Jean Christophe," Tolstoy had called him "The Conscience of Europe." He is a pallid old man now, with thinning hair and sad, deep-set eyes, but still "above the battle" and still trying to arouse the conscience of mankind.

He dispatched to the New York international congress of the American Musicological society a message of good will. It is quoted here in accord with this department's wartime alertness to such men and messages. He says:

"In the field of art, there is not—there should not be—any rivalry among nations. The only combat worthy of us is that which is waged in every country and at every hour, between culture and ignorance, between light and chaos. Let us save all the light that can be saved. There is none more reticent than music. It is the sun of the inner universe."

It was this sun that illumined "Jean Christophe," one of the greatest books of all times, published here just before the World War, profoundly moving to multitudes of Americans as an avocation of the creative and aspiring spirit of man. Many times in recent years, Romain Rolland has written that the world had little hope of escaping another and possibly last devastating war. But, described as "an old man, broken and despairing," on his return to France last year, he has continued his plea for peace, decrying hatred, pleading for understanding.

His has been a lone voice, never identified with "movements," or political groupings, right or left. He opposed Henri Barbusse and his Clarte group, and the various "united fronts," as he did the leaders of violent reaction on the right.

He was educated in music at the Ecole Normale, became a devotee of Wagner and then of Tolstoy and Shakespeare. He is the evangel of the humane spirit in a day when it is hard pressed. (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Diversions of 1737 Entertained Col. Byrd

"A Library, a Garden, a Grove and a Purling Stream are the innocent scenes that divert our Leisure," William Byrd II wrote to a friend in England, as he sat in his palatial residence, Westover-on-the-James, one of the most celebrated and beautiful of all Colonial homes. As for the library, it numbered nearly 4,600 volumes, the largest private library in the colonies. It was in April, 1737, that Colonel Byrd advertised in Virginia Gazette that on the north side of the James river, a little below the falls there had been laid off by Maj. William Mayo, a town called Richmond, with streets 65 feet wide. A pleasant and healthy situation and a well supplied with springs of good water." As the founder of Richmond, a writer, and as a statesman he is one of the most important men of his time. Westover is still used as a residence.