Byrd Weather Men Face Bitter Cold

Theirs Most Difficult Job With Expedition.

Hollywood.—Down at the bottom of the world, where the winds howl all winter long at a temperature of 70 degrees below zero, members of the second Byrd Antarctic expedition spent 18 long months.

And of all the difficult and dangerous jobs assigned to members of the crew, the balloon man's long vigil amid those icy blasts, headed the list.

Even the two cameramen who risked their lives to photograph exciting incidents agree that their job did not compare with that of the meteorologist.

The story of George Grimminger, sent with the expedition by the weather bureau in Washington, was told by John L. Herrmann and Carl O. Peterson, who brought 130,000 feet of film back from Little America.

400 Balloons Released.

Day after day Grimminger mounted the snow covered roof of the science building and kept a telescope trained on balloons soaring into the atmosphere. More than 400 balloons were released by the meteorologist to determine wind velocity and direction at various altitudes.

The neat little pile of record books cost Grimminger many a frost bitten cheek and finger. For hours at a time, exposed to the extreme cold, he kept his eye on the telescope. Because the lens must be adjusted constantly, he could wear only silk gloves. These kept his fingers from freezing to the frigid metal, but they weren't much protection from the cold.

Grimminger relayed his readings through a telescope to fellow scientists in the warm building below. Readings were made once a minute until the balloon was lost from sight. In daylight, their course could be followed up to 30,000 feet. During the long winter of endless night, little paper bags containing lighted candles were attached.

Suffered From Frostbite.

Grimminger wore a noseguard and other special equipment, but still he suffered continually from frostbite, the cameramen related. As a matter of fact, all of the 55 men under Admiral Richard Byrd, and the admiral himself, were frostbitten at one time or another.

Frequently the cameramen and others on trail trips would be caught in a blizzard, and parts of their bodies frozen before they could erect a shelter. Al Wade of North Hollywood suffered the most severe case. He was eighteen pounds lighter when released from the hospital.

Motion picture photography was difficult at any temperature below zero and almost impossible at 40 degrees on down, the cameramen reported. Down to 40 degrees the film becomes brittle, and beyond that it continually breaks.

The camera itself freezes at low temperatures and the hand crank cannot be turned.

The photographers developed a technique of their own to defeat the weather. Placing their cameras in ovens, they would prepare a scene for photographing, race for the cameras and grind them until they froze.

Once Herrmann clambered up a 75 foot steel radio tower for a bird's-eye view of the camp. The scene over, he tried to descend, but discovered his legs were frozen to a pair of steel supports. Another man climbed up and shook him loose.

Another time on a tractor trip, he fell backward into a 12-foot crevasse, but escaped with bruises. The cameramen and four others were bound for the admiral's advance base to bring back supplies and equipment left by Byrd when he returned to Little America by plane.

Find $10,000 Hidden in Iowa Corncrib

Spring Hill, Iowa.—For a while J. A. Cook didn't know just what to think. Could it be that the AAA was turning corn into gold, after all?

Called to administer the estate of a brother, Cook sold a corncrib full of corn. While workmen were loading it from the crib into their wagon they suddenly stopped, rubbed their eyes.

There, in the middle of the crib, was a pile of money. Ten thousand dollars they counted, in gold coin and bills.

Cook's brother had been known to be well-to-do, but not to the extent of being able to hide $10,000.

Liberty Statue to Have Birthday Party in 1936

Washington. — American citizens have been invited by the national park service to participate next year in a program which will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Statue of Liberty.

The monument was unveiled on October 28, 1886. The nation shared in the ceremonies.

The park service has requested that everyone interested in the semicentennial celebration assist in locating and assembling poems and pictures of the statue which were published at the time France presented the memorial.

It was pointed out that many of those pictures and illustrated accounts were "striking and artistic, lending themselves admirably to effective reproduction."

Authors who wrote poems during the dedicatory period included John Greenleaf Whittier, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, E. C. Stedman, Charles Barhard, Esther Singleton, John J. Garnett, Sidney Herbert Pierson.

125-Year-Old Church Is Dissolved by Court Writ

Lisbon, Ohio.—The 125-year-old Trinity Reformed church in Hanover township, near here, was dissolved under an order issued by Columbiana County Common Pleas Judge W. F. Lones.

A 40-acre tract was divided. The synod was granted the church and its site. The parsonage was awarded to the Central Theological seminary and the cemetery adjoining the church was assigned to the Trinity Reformed Church Cemetery association.

The parish was established in 1810 by Rev. John Stauzh, a German Lutheran minister. He served as pastor until 1847.

Turks Find Way to Beat Polygamy Ban

Women Taken Outside Ankara on Work Contracts.

Ankara, Turkey.—Polygamy and secret religious marriages are still problems which are worrying the Turkish republican government.

Four years ago marriages were made civil ceremonies and monogamy for all future unions made the law. There is a "superintendent of marriages" in each municipality, and couples who are physically "passed" for marriage come before him for their union.

But habit keeps many of the Turkish population following the old ways. Now a clever trick whereby this is done has been discovered.

Men from Anatolia go to Istanbul and there find young women, especially pensioned war widows and orphans, and engage them on employment contracts for work in the provinces.

These contracts are duly legalized by the public notary. When the women want to marry they approach the provincial cleric, exhibit their contract, saying that it is a civil marriage contract, and so the cleric, who does not understand the document, proceeds to unite them in marriage according to religious rites.

If they married civilly they would lose their pension. So they have invented this way of taking in the clerics, who thus innocently break the law in wedding them religiously when they have never been through a civil ceremony.

The Ankara government is about to issue regulations forbidding public notaries to legalize these employment contracts which are being abused in this way.

As for polygamy, Turkish men still succeed in practicing it. From Thrace they cross over into Bulgaria and there marry wives under the Koranic law and bring them back. In the same way the men of South Anatolia cross into the region of Alexandretta, where they are outside Turkish jurisdiction, and there they provide themselves with more wives.

This practice is also to be stopped by a law which will attach severe punishments to these subterfuges.

CHAMOIS VOGUE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The idea of wearing chamois hat and jackets and various accessories of chamois is making a big appeal out in Hollywood colony where film beauties set the pace in high fashion. Here we see Jean Harlow wearing a perfectly stunning suede jacket. Note how artfully it is paneled, thus inducing an interesting fitted line. The pockets are triangular shaped which, together with big ball buttons, lend a heap o' chic. The jacket is collarless so that it can be worn with a scarf. Jean is carrying a soft shirred calfskin bag with barrel shape lock. Below in the picture is an ensemble of chamois hat, gloves and jacket which Gertrude Michael elects to wear with her navy blue dress which has polka dots and a huge ruffly jabot.

Dog Beggar Accepts Only Good Nickels

Pauls Valley, Okla.—Plug nickels aren't good enough for Jack, blueblood bird-dog owned by Edgar Long, local hardware merchant.

With the bird season over Jack, to earn a living, becomes a panhandler. He treads the streets of Pauls Valley with a paper sack dangling from his teeth begging merchants from door to door to drop in a nickel so he can buy meat.

Shopkeepers try to dissuade the big English setter with pennies, plugs and washers but he won't accept them. The donation must be a nickel and it cannot go into his sack until he examines it.

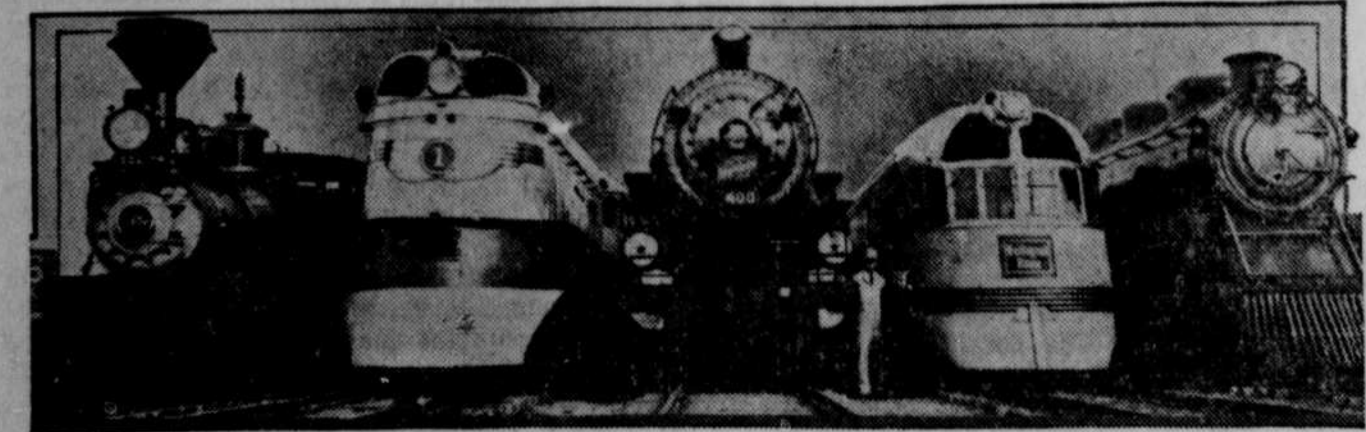
When Jack acquires a nickel he goes immediately to a nearby meat market, enters the front door, approaches the meat case and points, true bird-dog fashion, to the meat he wants.

Butchers have learned not to "short weight" the dog nor to sell him tough steaks. He detects discrepancies as readily as does the average housewife and he refuses to trade with shortweight artists.

Old Boats to Sink in Land

Sandusky, Ohio. — Boats which have outlived their usefulness on the Great Lakes and are in various decadent stages in slips along the Lake Erie waterfront here may be used for "filling in" in a reclamation project here.

New and Old Depict Advance in Transportation



Railroad week was marked in Chicago by the presence, side by side, of four of the crack new fast trains and a veteran of the rails. In the photograph, left to right, are the Burlington's old 35, the Milwaukee road's Hiawatha, the North Western's 400, the Burlington's Zephyr and the Alton's Abraham Lincoln.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—Whether President Roosevelt's new tax program for big inheritance levies is put through at this session, or goes over until next year, there is little doubt of its eventual enactment.

The answer to that is simple. It is just that there are, and probably would be in almost any upset which might occur, enough votes in both houses of congress to impose high taxes on big fortunes.

This fact is realized now pretty well by holders of these same big fortunes, so the most important thing at the moment is what they will do to circumvent the effects, or soften the blows, that are certain to come.

One of the most serious aspects affects such institutions as the Ford Motor company. There are many others, though all of them are smaller, but the idea is the same in every case where a big business is owned almost exclusively by one small family.

No one is authorized to say, of course, what Henry Ford will do, as he sees this thing coming. But the opinion of shrewd business men as to what he will be forced to do is interesting.

The problem would be what Edsel Ford could do if his father died suddenly and the government demanded, for example, in both estate and inheritance taxes, say 80 per cent.

How could the cash be provided with which to pay this tax? Obviously by doing what Henry Ford has fought against all his life, and fought against successfully, by refusing to have securities of his company sold through Wall Street.

If, for instance, in view of the certainty of heavy inheritance taxes, Ford should decide not to have such a terrific problem put up to Edsel, some day, for immediate decision—perhaps at a most inopportune time—the thing to do would be to sell to the public shares of his stock, or bonds in his company.

Simple Solution

If the stock and bonds were on the market, had a recognized value, and were being constantly traded in, the problem would be comparatively simple. Enough securities could be sold to pay the taxes. This would not entirely eliminate the possibility that there would have to be a great sacrifice of values. The public would know that these stocks and bonds must be sold in a very short time, and the probability is that the price would decline to far below normal. It would be strictly a buyers' market.

This sort of thing has been illustrated time and again in smaller enterprises. In fair-sized cities, say of around half a million people, it often develops that everybody "in the know" realizes a large block of some local stock must be sold. Always the price declines in advance, and the person who must do the selling for one reason or another nets far less than the actual value of his securities.

In fact, one of the reasons many investment bankers have always advised clients to deal only in securities listed on the New York Stock exchange has been that—merely because of its bigness—there was less of that sort of thing possible than in the case of securities in smaller enterprises, where the interest in buying was confined to a small territory.

But in the real big cases, such as Ford would be, New York would become just as bad as many of the smaller communities are now for small enterprises.

Wall Street Knew

President Roosevelt's recommendation of high inheritance taxes was made directly against the advice of nearly all his congressional advisers.

Within two hours after he had told newspaper correspondents that there just might be a message to congress during the day, though he declined to say what it would be about, Senator Pat Harrison, chairman of the senate finance committee, and Chairman Doughton of the house ways and means committee, denied to reporters any knowledge of a move by the White House to obtain higher income taxes and inheritance taxes.

Which would seem to prove that the two chairmen mentioned, heads respectively of the committees in house and senate which would handle the legislation desired by the President, still hoped until the message actually arrived that they had dissuaded the President.

But, what is really of great interest to newspaper men in particular and the public in general, the tip on which these two chairmen were questioned came directly from Wall Street.

In fact, smart brokers operating on the New York Stock exchange knew almost the precise pattern of the President's tax plan at the very moment the President was declining to take newspaper men into his confidence as to what his message would be about

There have been many leaks of information in Washington. There have been evidences again and again that speculators on Wall Street had advance information as to what the administration would do. There is nothing new about this. There have been many investigations, one of the most interesting of which, and incidentally one of the most typical, being the famous "leak investigation" by the house rules committee back in Woodrow Wilson's administration.

On that occasion news that the President would make a move to obtain peace in Europe—this was in the late fall of 1916—before the United States got into the war—was known in Wall Street, and occasioned a terrific crash in the stocks of companies manufacturing munitions for the allies. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, of frenzied finance fame, charged that certain people had made millions on advance information. Bernard M. Baruch was put on the stand, and admitted making half a million the day the news broke, though he convinced the committee that he acted on news from London, not Washington.

Pinned on Reporters

But the point is that at the end of that investigation some five or six newspaper men were pilloried as the real source of the leak. Some of them lost their jobs. Some were just reprimanded. All were in disgrace. The whole thing was construed as a terrific reflection on newspaper ethics.

Everybody in Washington knew there had been a real leak—that the telegrams sent by the newspaper men thus besmirched were just an alibi—in short that Thomas W. Lawson in essential was right.

But this administration, having watched the Lawson and other leak investigations, is taking no chances. This was evidenced by the fact that at 11:00 a. m., on June 19, the President would not admit what his message that afternoon would be about.

Yet hours before the stock market closed this writer and several others were working desperately to confirm tips from Wall Street reporters in their organizations that the President was about to propose high inheritance taxes and big advances on the higher brackets on income taxes!

Relief Plan in Peril

The $1,100 per man limitation which President Roosevelt has imposed on the work-relief program, as far as the selection of projects is concerned, not only promises to force a general blow-up in the whole scheme, but to make a lot of trouble, politically and otherwise.

For instance, the big water project for central California, for the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. Recently Senators Johnson and McAdoo called on the President. They urged him to lift the $1,100 ban on this project. The President insisted that he had only $4,000,000,000, and that this $4,000,000,000 must provide work for three and one-half million men. Hence each project must put a man to work for every $1,100 spent.

The senators urged the President to consider that purchases of materials, machinery, etc., would provide work far in excess of the jobs actually provided on the site of the project. But the President was unmoved.

Later on, however, he had a qualm, and wrote Public Works Administrator Ickes, inquiring whether the $1,100 would actually ban the project, and suggesting a restudy of the whole situation to determine this point. Ickes himself would not "fudge" on the figures. But he gave some of his subordinates a chance to juggle them.

At last accounts the assistants declined to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. They made lengthy reports calling attention to the value of the project, and to the tremendous amount of employment it would provide indirectly.

Curious Paradox

Which brings up a rather curious paradox in the mental processes of the President and some of his advisers—particularly Harry Hopkins. (It must be remembered in this connection that Ickes himself has no sympathy for this policy—he approves this particular California project, and is keen for providing employment indirectly.)

The country has been divided for relief work purposes into some three hundred odd districts. Apparently the administration is trying to conduct them as though they were water-tight compartments. The number of unemployed in each has been surveyed, and the idea is to provide sufficient employment in each to take care of that situation.

This policy does not take into account the fact that a district which happens to be big in steel manufacturing would not need work relief if enough work relief projects requiring steel should be approved. In that case the unemployed men in the steel district would have jobs automatically provided for them—jobs paying much better than work relief—giving them the opportunity to spend more money, and thus provide jobs for still others, etc.

All of which is in strange contrast to the President's bitter complaint against the Supreme court decision in the NRA case. For he talked of the country's being relegated to the horse and buggy days and harped on the point that with increasing speed of communication and transportation, nothing could happen in Maine that would not affect Oregon.

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Astonishing Foumban

Big Task for a Cameroun Hairdresser.

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

FOUMBAN, mandate of Cameroun, Africa, is astonishing. The city stands upon a hill and is surrounded by an elaborate system of ancient trench fortifications dating from the years of the Fulah raiders. The trees, which have been planted along every street, give it a wooded effect wholly absent among the neighboring grass meadows. One has an immediate impression of order, prosperity, civilization.

Many of the houses of Foumban are of sun-dried brick and are roofed with native tiles or grass thatch. The compound fences are neatly constructed. The market, made of brick and tile, is modern in type and perfectly clean. At the center of the town is an imposing three-story structure set in the midst of elaborate gardens.

It is the palace of Njoya, sultan of the Bamoum and overlord of Foumban. Everything—order, bricks, and garden—is indigenous. Foumban existed when the white man was still only a myth. Even now outside influences have touched it only slightly.

The sultan and the majority of his people are Mohammedans. In accordance with the curious rule that people of the African deserts and prairies readily adopted Mohammedanism, and that the people of the African forests almost invariably did not, the Bamoum scarcely recall a time when their life was not strongly influenced by the Arabic belief.

In the center of the town, facing the sultan's palace, is the mosque, a frame building of strongly Moorish type, even to the vertical stripes of red and white paint. Here, every Friday, the elite of the Bamoum gather.

Subchiefs Are a Proud Lot.

The many n'gi, or subchiefs, of the tribe, some of whom exert far more real power than the sultan himself, come in from their districts, bringing with them a string of dependents. They make a striking picture. Nearly all aristocrats of the Cameroun plateau ride horseback and dress in immense flowing robes covered with bright embroidery. Some swathe their heads in white or blue turbans; others wear the characteristic floppy straw hat of the Fulah cattle herders. All have an air of faintly contemptuous majesty.

They, the rulers, they fondly think, are the pure-blood conquerors from the North, and therefore the superiors of the indigenous peoples with whom they have merged. As a matter of fact, little trace of the Arab strain remains, certainly so far south as Foumban. The Bamoum, except for unusual stature and the occasional appearance of an isolated straight-featured type, are distinctly negroid.

The n'gi, when they come to town, are followed, according to their rank, by greater or less entourages. Several male members of his family usually accompany the n'gi, also mounted. The horses are richly caparisoned in red and green leather. The men carry elaborate spears, with shafts of hardwood and tips of silver or native bronze. Behind comes an inconspicuous rabble of wives, usually well-laden with produce for sale at the week-end market, and several depressed-looking burros, not quite as heavily laden as the women.

While the ceremony at the mosque is in session the women and burros sit respectfully about outside. When the men come out, Foumban stirs with unaccustomed activity, an activity which continues until the country people stray away home late the following day.

Markets Are Picturesque.

All sorts of produce are spread out in the market. There are leather boots, scabbards, and decorated harness; superb pieces of Bamoum embroidery; rolls of homespun cotton cloth; carved wooden household articles of every description.

Hardly less picturesque is the food market. First of all, there are thousands of ears of fine Indian corn. It grows everywhere on the plateau. More special delicacies range all the way from roasted termites' eggs to crocodile steaks, things of considerably less interest to a white traveler.

More than a thousand people attend the market. The sounds, sights, and smells of vigorous native trading give an impression of thriving, continuing African life such as one scarcely senses among the less developed forest types, particularly among the dreary, half-invalid creatures of the jungle of southern Cameroun. The favorable climate, the mixture of types, and, above all, the remoteness of the corruptive influence of white civilization clearly show their effect.

By Sunday morning the peasants have for the most part gone away, their produce sold or favorably exchanged. The aristocrats, however, remain. At the slightest provocation they will arrange a parade, a sham war, anything to vary the monotony of isolated tribal life.

One Sunday noon recently a traveler learned that word went forth that a "play" had been arranged. The eight whites then in Foumban, only three of whom resided there permanently, sat with Sultan Njoya in chairs at one end of the town square. The riders, musicians, singers, standard-bearers, and buffoons made ready at the other.

The "play," running true to the type of innumerable similar displays that take place in the larger towns of the high prairie, began with an orderly procession of all the unmounted men. Drums, fifes, horns of many kinds, and stringed instruments came in the first rank, playing warlike refrains. Before them danced, somersaulted, and grimaced several clowns, royal jesters attached to the sultan's court in much the same position held by the court jesters of medieval Europe. Standard-bearers and a rabble of singers brought up the rear.

The end of the square reached, the marchers formed irregular lines at either side, and, spears and standards lifted, shouted greeting to the horsemen who followed.

Charge of the Horsemen.

The square of Foumban is narrow and a little more than 200 yards long. It was midafternoon of a golden tropical summer. The vividly green trees that skirted the plaza and the bright red earth peculiar to the Foumban district made a perfect setting. The horsemen numbered more than 100, and each was gowned in flowing robes embroidered in every imaginable bright color. All carried either spears or long flintlock rifles.

There was a great shout, and from the distance the spurred horses bore down upon the spectators at full gallop. The dust, the flashing spears, the wild cries, and the blazing colors made a thrilling sight.

In another instant the small, helpless group of whites were cold with terror, for the charge neither turned nor abated. There was no time to move.

When less than six feet away, each man shouted, stood up in his stirrups, and reined in. Every horse rose up on its hind legs, forefeet kicking, pirouetted, and the line swept away at the right angle. The cruel Hausa bit, an iron circle that rings the horse's tongue and holds in its upper side a sharp prong that gouges the animal's flesh when the rein is pulled, had proved its effectiveness.

Sultan and His Museum.

One of the most unusual things in Foumban is the museum of Sultan Njoya. But Njoya, a magnificent, six-foot, black chieftain, with the smile of a nice baby, is an unusual man. He is himself, for one thing, the inventor of one of the only two written alphabets known to have been produced in negro Africa—a phonetic alphabet which apparently has nothing in common with any other on the earth.

The museum occupies a long room at the top of the palace. It contains a collection of carving, bronzes, spears, beadwork, brass jewelry, embroideries, and textiles for which the curator of any ethnological museum would give an arm.

Njoya has gathered the things because he admires them and because he takes pride in every tradition of his people. In other words, civilization has not penetrated with its teaching that all things not manufactured in Europe are therefore contemptible. It may be added that the French government resident at Foumban, M. Quer, devotedly and charmingly upholds Njoya in his point of view.