

Kansas Delegates Cheer Landon's Nomination



As Gov. Alfred M. Landon of Kansas was nominated for the Presidency by the Republican national convention, delegates from his home state of Kansas staged an impressive celebration. Inset shows John Hamilton, Landon's campaign manager, who is now the chairman of the Republican national committee.

Mme. Joliot-Curie Is Now a Member of French Cabinet

Mme. Irene Joliot-Curie, first woman to be made a member of the French cabinet. The daughter of the co-discoverer of radium, she



has accepted the post of undersecretary of scientific research. Following the appointment of Mme. Curie, two other women, Mme. Suzanne Lacorre and Mme. Cecile Brunschwig were named for the cabinet.

Trojan Runners in Olympic Tryouts



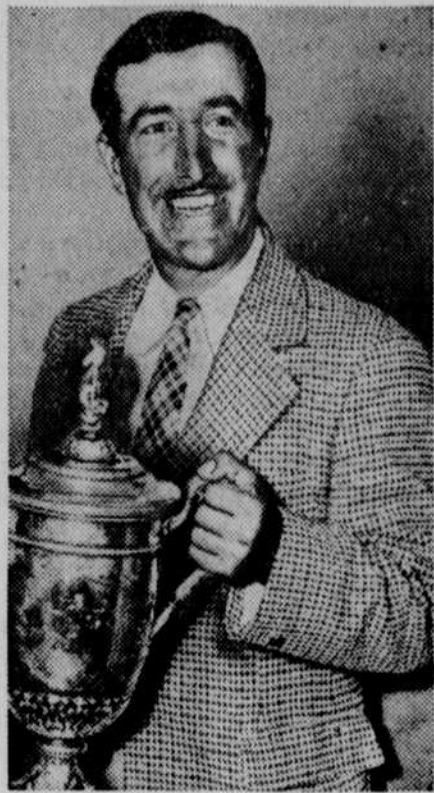
World record holders for the 440-yard relay, these sprint stars of the University of Southern California were among the attractions at the recent Olympic semi-final tryouts in the Los Angeles Coliseum. From left to right they are: Capt. Foy Draper, George Boone, Clark Crane and Adrian Talley. The Olympics, held in Germany this year, will attract the foremost athletes of the civilized world in competition in scores of sports.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



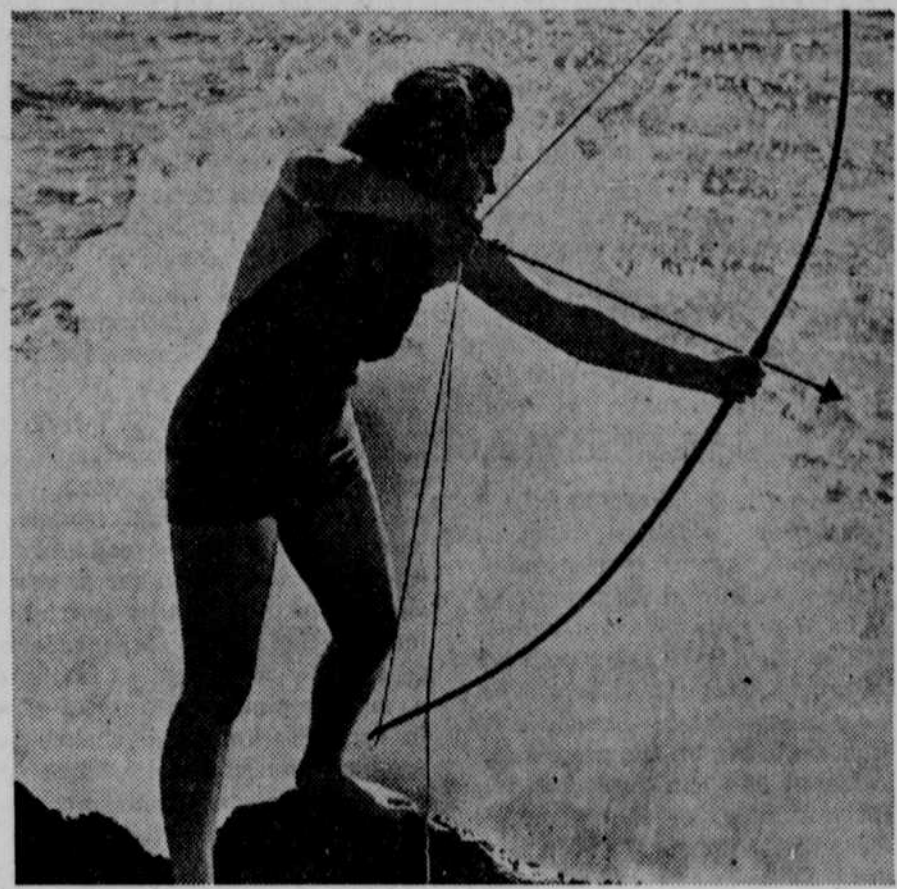
1—Delegates attending the Republican National convention in Cleveland. 2—President Roosevelt is present at the funeral of the late Joseph W. Byrns, speaker of the house of representatives. 3—Representative William Bankhead of Alabama, newly elected speaker of the house.

NEW GOLF CHAMPION



Tony Manero, with the National Golf open winner's cup, shown after he won the United States open championship with a score of 282, which set a new world's record for a major 72-hole title tournament.

Primitive Fishing Sport Is Revived



Going back to the primitive sport of fishing with a bow and arrow, Miss Mary Todd is pictured fishing for bass at Santa Monica, Calif. A steel tip arrow with a long cord to retrieve the fish is used.

Discovery

By GRANT M. SASSAMAN
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WNU Service.

ON THE tenth day Lieutenant Annister sighted the snow-capped peaks looming high above the southernmost limits of the Ice Barrier. Two days later he was able to see the vertical cliffs slashing across the white wilderness of Antarctica snow. It would take three or four days more to reach Captain Lampson's stricken party at the foot of Mawson's Glacier.

Annister, in a steady lunge behind the skimming sledge, cracked his long whip at the Malemute leader and swore. The ninety-mile gale tore the oath from his lips and shredded it into a sullen echo behind him.

For years Captain Lampson had been basking in the sunlight of public adoration. Adulation from the mobs, ovations from the press, medals from congress! To him had gone the credit for being the first explorer to cross Antarctica from sea to sea. Yes, and he was the discoverer of the Luber range, the Lampson inlet, the—

Bah! A grandstand player, that's what he was! And it was typical of the American populace to make a hero out of a handsome strapping whose courage and resourcefulness had never been put to the test.

Day after day Annister plodded southward. He came at last to a weird region of crevasses and tumbled ice blocks. Presently he found the portable hut Lampson had erected before leading his expedition up to the Polar Plateau.

Annister halted his team at the door, his wind-chapped forehead puckering in a frown of puzzlement at the snow heaped in front of it. He kicked the snow away from the entrance, pushed the door inward, and stood for a moment squinting at the interior darkness. He went in then, pulling the door shut behind him.

When his eyes were adjusted to the gloom he saw two forms, encased in sleeping bags, lying inert upon the floor. In a corner he saw a gaunt-faced, bewhiskered man rise weakly before a Primus stove. It was Lampson.

A sneer sprang to Annister's frost-cracked lips, but it died unuttered. . . . The dull misery and grief in the young captain's eyes was terrible to see. He was staring idiotically at the lieutenant. After a moment his lips began to move, soundlessly. Then, when his voice came, it was faint and hollow, as if he were muttering to himself, "Steepton—made—it!"

Annister wet his lips with his tongue. He found himself suddenly drained of anger, bitterness, resentment.

His glance wandered to the still figures on the floor. Divination came like a knife thrust then. Dralmer and Kent were dead! They'd been dead for days, possibly for weeks. Lampson, too, was dead—dead save for the fact that he still stood upon his feet!

"Dralmer and Kent?" asked Annister, turning. "What happened?" The young captain pivoted slowly until he was looking at the motionless figures. "On the Plateau," he murmured. "Dralmer fell—in a crevasse. With frostbite. Both—both feet—with frost bite. Both—both died. But—I—sent—Steepton—home—to the—base." He still spoke in a curiously dead voice, like one uttering his thoughts aloud.

Annister's mouth dropped open. He stared at the younger man incredulously. Lampson had not sent for aid! He had only "sent Steepton home." Good God! There had been food and dogs enough to get one man through—and Lampson had chosen to die with the two he couldn't save!

Annister's hard face softened, and he felt his heart churn within him. During countless hours the young captain had waited for death to end his suffering and loneliness. Day after day, night after night he had listened to the screaming wind, endured the awful silences.

He was regarding Annister fixedly, yet with a vacant stare that seemed to have no definite focus. Impulsively Annister went to him, threw his arm about the other's waist. Under the deceptive furs he felt the sword-thinness of Lampson's body.

Not until then did the glaze go from the captain's eyes. His upper lip twitched, and a flicker of awareness, of recognition, passed across his face. He raised a thin hand, placed it exploringly upon Annister's arm. The fingers tightened weakly, experimentally, before he whispered: "Annister—Tom? Here?" He slumped in the lieutenant's arms.

With a muttered growl of pity Annister lowered him to the floor. "You're damned right, I'm here!" He turned and started for the door. He'd have to get some fire and food—he stopped suddenly and stared at a map lying outspread upon the table. A new mountain range had been marked upon it—and in small blue letters were printed the words: "The Annister Mountains."

The lieutenant wheeled slowly and looked at the unconscious form of Captain Lampson. "A new discovery, eh? Thanks, old man." He wagged his head. "But it's nothing compared to what I've discovered!"

Sun Explosion Affects Radio



Dr. Robert S. Richardson (left) of Mount Wilson observatory shown with apparatus with which he discovered that gaseous explosions occurring on the sun every time it rotates, put radio sets out of commission.

Walter E. Holman Is President of Junior Chamber

Walter E. Holman, youthful Portland (Ore.) business man, who was elected to the presidency of the



Junior Chamber of Commerce at the chamber's annual convention in Memphis, Tenn.

Army Flyer Succeeds in Blind Flight



Maj. Ira C. Eaker, U. S. A., left, and Maj. William E. Kepner, U. S. A., pictured at Union air terminal, Burbank, Calif., just after the former completed the first trans-continental blind flight, the latter flying another army single-seater, flew in formation with Major Eaker.

DR. TOLLEY HEADS AAA



Howard R. Tolley, whom M. L. Wilson, assistant secretary of agriculture, announced would succeed Chester C. Davis as administrator of the AAA. He has been acting administrator during the absence of Mr. Davis.

Holding the Fort in French "Stay in Strike"



During the general strike which ushered in the new "popular front" government in France, striking workers took over industrial plants. At the Citroen automobile works, strikers within the gates are cheered by comrades as they "hold the fort."

Bonus Bonds Are Distributed to War Veterans



View of the sorting room of the District of Columbia post office where workers toiled long hours in getting the distribution of the soldiers' bonus under way. Among the spectators is Postmaster Vincent C. Burke (white suit).