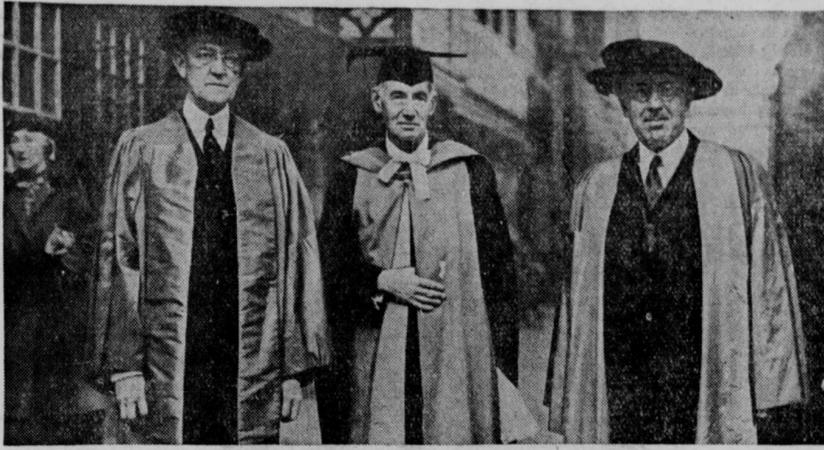


Award American Ambassador Degree at Oxford



In a colorful ceremony at Oxford university in England, Robert W. Bingham, United States ambassador, received the honorary degree of doctor of civil law as a gesture of friendship with the United States and recognition of personal merit. Shown just before the ceremony, are (left to right) Ambassador Bingham; Dr. Cyril Bailey, the public orator; and Joseph A. C. Avenol, secretary general of the League of Nations, who also received honorary degrees.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Wearing new uniforms and specially designed steel helmets, a battalion of the Red army parades in Moscow. 2—Edward F. McGrady (standing) confers with labor and transportation officials in San Francisco to provide food for Alaska, shut off by maritime strike. 3—M. Max Dormoy, appointed to the French cabinet post vacated by the suicide of M. Roger Salengrol.

Literature and Love

By BARBARA A. BENEDICT
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WNU Service.

VIDA knew all the tricks. You see, she read a lot. Books on every conceivable subject. Even magazine articles and fiction. Unfortunately Vida's facial beauty was next to nil. When, at the age of eighteen, she came to a full realization of this, and an understanding of its possible consequence she was at first unhappy. But being a sensible person, sensible enough to look at the thing squarely, she sought for other means to achieve her end. The end was a man; love, romance and happiness.

The other means were presented in the form of books, learning how to put yourself across when you weren't particularly attractive; resorting to devices and technique that good looking girls didn't have to employ. She read sedulously; referred to the printed word for settlement of her every problem; compared her own experiences with those of heroines, abiding by their decisions, and always adopting their tactics.

The results were exceedingly gratifying. Even now, at the age of twenty-two, the man of her dreams was practically within her grasp. Give her another month, two at the most, and he would speak the words that would make her happiness and triumph complete.

The man's name was Glen Lamphier. He was one of those fine, good looking, upstanding specimens of young manhood. Intelligent, gracious, and with a promising career ahead of him. The type who appealed by exerting only a minimum of effort. Vida had aimed high in selecting him as the object of her acquired charms, but the thought of failure had never once entered her head.

She had aroused his interest by heeding the dictates of her fiction heroines. And Glen had seen the light. He had come to realize that behind the plain features of this girl were quality, intelligence, breeding. His initial feeling of casual interest was supplanted by something deeper, more lasting, something bordering on love and respect.

In a word, Vida had been successful in her enterprise—up to a point. Unhappily, it appeared now as if that point might prove a stumbling block, an insurmountable obstacle. For the month passed, and another, and Glen did not utter the words she longed to hear.

Coming into the living room one evening she found him waiting for her, comfortably ensconced before the fireplace, a volume of Oscar Wilde open in his lap. The fact that her entrance did not distract his attention piqued her no end. She hesitated a moment before making known her presence, and in that moment the feeling of being piqued gave way to torment. Suddenly she realized that something had happened, that she was losing her hold, that Glen's interest was on the wane.

The thought made Vida unhappy. In the days that followed she brooded over it, puzzled over it, referred to her books in desperation, but without satisfaction. The books had no suggestion to offer for such a situation.

A week later, sitting before the living room fire, Vida abandoned seeking an answer to her problem and, for lack of something better to do, picked up the copy of Oscar Wilde and opened it. Her eye chanced to fall on a paragraph, which had been lightly checked with a pencil. She read through it with a rapidly increasing pulse. "I really don't see anything romantic in proposing. It is very romantic to be in love. But there is nothing romantic about a definite proposal. . . . The excitement is all over. The very essence of romance is uncertainty."

Vida stood up, and there was a wild look in her eyes. Glen had read that paragraph. He had checked it with his pencil. He had remembered that her faith in books, in the printed word was profound.

She made her way to the bookcase behind the fireplace. Her eyes scanned the volumes contained therein. She removed a copy of O'Brien's short stories, leafed it through, found the passage she sought, and then underscored it heavily.

Glen called an hour later. If he was annoyed at the long interval in the living room before Vida's appearance, he did not betray that fact. Instead, he seemed deeply interested in reading a paragraph from a volume of O'Brien's short stories, which he found lying upon the table. He read it through twice before Vida's voice disturbed him.

He was glad she had come. He welcomed her eagerly. He had some thing to say, something that could not wait. He said it incoherently, babblingly, but plain enough for Vida to understand and nod her head in acquiescence.

Later that night Vida returned the volume of O'Brien to its shelf, first reading through the underscored paragraph. " . . . and so at last, wearied of waiting for his proposal Agnes found her love growing cold, found herself entertaining a lively interest in other men—men who seemed to possess the courage to assert themselves. . . ." She smiled thinking how dearly she would always treasure her books.

SETTLES WITH INSULL



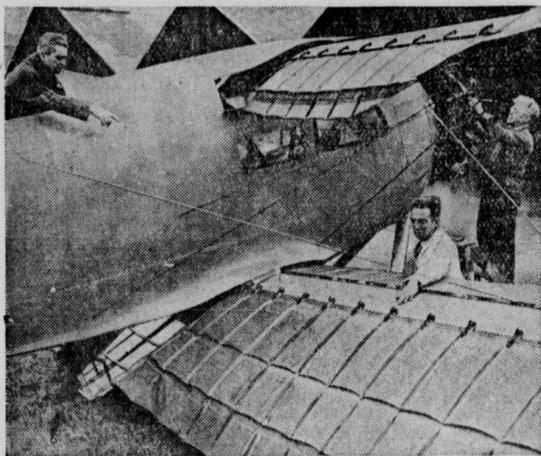
Mme. Helen Coyimzoglou, of Athens, Greece, who recently accepted a settlement for her claims against Samuel Insull, former utilities magnate, for her services while she sheltered him during his fugitive days in Athens in 1933 and 1934. The Grecian beauty journeyed all the way to Chicago from Greece. Her attorney agreed to a settlement reported at \$4,500.

Champion Steer Brings \$3 a Pound



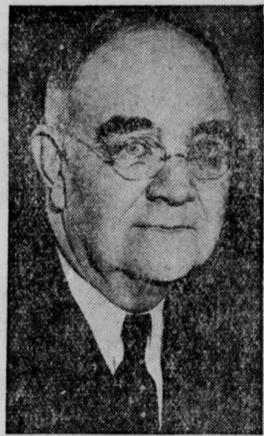
G-Page, the 1936 grand championship steer at the recent International Live Stock exposition in Chicago was sold at auction for \$3 a pound or a total of \$3,060, since its weight was 1,020 pounds. The champion, an Aberdeen Angus, owned by the Oklahoma A. & M. college, is shown above in care of Arthur MacArthur, chief herdsman of the college.

New Plane Folds Wings for Speed



The new "Varivol" plane, invented by Jacques Gerin of Paris, France, which folds its wings while in flight to increase its speed. The maximum speed is 300 kilometers an hour. The full wing surface is 28 square meters and the reduced surface is 71 square meters. The plane weighs 1,300 kilograms.

TUGWELL'S SUCCESSOR



W. W. Alexander, assistant resettlement administrator. He will replace Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, who resigned as rural resettlement administrator to accept an executive position with a large New York business firm.

Sunset Silhouette on California Strand



Coronado's Silver Strand, near San Diego, Calif., is an autumn and winter playground for America's social register set. In the above photo, three of the younger set are shown on the famous strand at eventide.

University of Iowa Tries Out Dry Night Club



First nighters at the latest educational experiment, the University of Iowa sponsored liquorless night club established so "that students would have home-town entertainment and would remain off dangerous highways over the week-ends." Called the Silver Shadow, the club had its premier recently with a complete floor show and even a wandering troubadour, Donato Petruccelli, law student, shown above.

GRAIN GROWING KING



Herman Trelle of Wembley, Alberta, Canada, who won the grand championship for both wheat and oats at the International Live Stock exposition and Grain and Hay show at Chicago. This is the second time in history Trelle has performed this feat, winning both titles in 1926. Since then he has won each title several times.

Beard Growing Champions of Japan



Proud contestants posing after the judging in the national beard "championships" at the Koraku restaurant in Tokyo. Some of the contestants are wealthy. Some Japanese believe that long beards bring monetary good luck because the men shown on Japanese currency all have full beards.