

Territory Reclaimed by France Dubbed 'Hell Hole of Creation'

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.
As northern Africa recently echoed to the tramp of mobilizing men, French troops made headlines by marching again into a strip of land on the northeast coast of the Dark Continent which had been under French ownership before. The territory reoccupied was a region between Italian Eritrea and French Somaliland. Little more than 300 square miles in extent, it was ceded by France to Italy in 1935 under an agreement which the Italians themselves repudiated just a few months ago.



The area into which the French are reported to have moved has an important strategic location. It commands the southern outlet of the Red sea at the narrow strait of Bab el Mandeb between Arabia and Africa. Furthermore, it is directly opposite, and only about 10 miles away from, the British-fortified island of Perim, off the coast of southwest Arabia.

Holds Key to Trade Lifelines.
Through the bottleneck of Bab el Mandeb sail the ships of four empires, Great Britain, France, The Netherlands and Italy. This strait is the third geographic key, following Gibraltar and the Suez canal, which unlocks the Mediterranean short cut from Europe to east Africa and the Orient. Its treacherous currents have earned it the name "Gate of Tears."
Including the 10-mile stretch of reoccupied territory, the coast of French Somaliland now overlooks the major portion of the Bab el Mandeb gateway. With the exception of its convenient and strategic situation, however, the additional land has little to command it. It is hot, dry, and sparsely settled. Under a blistering sun, temperatures rise so high that the struggle merely to exist is an endurance test.

Not a Pleasant Place.
Its barren, sandy shores merge toward the interior, into dry, rocky plateau land with little vegetation. Waterless, except in time of rare rainy-season floods, river beds are usually little more than deep desert ditches. Although the climate is not considered especially unhealthy for white men, the possibility of sunstroke is a constant menace. One explorer traveling over a route not far away named the entire region "Hell Hole of Creation."
In this northern section of French Somaliland, the inhabitants are largely Dankali, sometimes called "Black Semites," because of their intermingled Arab and Ethiopian blood.

Minorca, Spanish Stronghold Important to World Traders

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.
The surrender of Minorca gave the Franco Spain control of the last Loyalist-held island of the Balearics group, off the eastern coast of Spain.

stone structures scattered about the island. In different forms, the latter are known as talayots, taulas, and naus, variously supposed by students to have served as ancient defense towers, as religious and burial chambers, or as practical storage rooms for grain and fodder and shelter for domestic animals.

Minorca is the second largest of 15 islands in the Balearics. In an area of less than 300 square miles, it holds—in normal times—some 45,000 inhabitants.
Strategic stepping stones between Europe and North Africa, the Balearics lie in the path of two imperial sea lanes. Minorca, easternmost of the islands, is a geographic halfway mark between France and her North African possessions. To the south runs the British short-cut to India, by way of Gibraltar and the Suez canal. In addition, on both sides of the islands, ships ply direct routes that link the Atlantic ocean with ports of northeast Spain, southern France, and western Italy.

Important in History.
To its position on the crossroads of the Mediterranean, Minorca owes an early place in international history. Two centuries before Christ, Mago, brother of the famous Carthaginian general, Hannibal, founded the island's capital of Portus Magonis, now Mahon.
In the war against Rome, the Carthaginians made good use of the Minorcans' special talent for slinging warfare. Eventually, however, the Romans took over the island. The Vandals and Moors followed; after which Minorca, with the rest of the Balearics, became a Moorish kingdom—and a pirate stronghold.

Conquered by James I of Aragon in the Thirteenth century, the island was seized by the English five centuries later. In the struggles that followed, Minorca changed hands five more times. It was shifted from French to English to Spanish possession, then returned to England, and was finally turned over to Spain. After the treaty of Amiens in 1802, the entire Balearics became a Spanish island province.
An Island Melting Pot.
Modern Minorca shows the effect of its varied occupations. English, Spanish, and Arab types persist, despite the general race mixture. Whitewashed houses and garden walls reveal the Arab influence.
The excellent port of Mahon on the southeast coast suggests the English provinces, with its gleaming brass knockers and lace blinds. Visitors to Minorca's country homes tell of seeing Eighteenth century English furniture and French engravings from the time of the revolution.
On the other hand, Ciudadela, former Moorish and Spanish capital on the west coast, is an old Spanish town.
Even the prehistoric past is architecturally represented in Minorca. Mysterious monuments of the earliest inhabitants are the numerous cave dwellings that honeycomb the mountains and the queer-shaped

Hollywood Hoax Finally Exposed; Just a Balloon!

HOLLYWOOD.—The next time a close-up of a snarling movie monster brings Junior yelling out of his seat next to yours at the theater, push him back and assure him it's only a big balloon.
And when the kid brother comes home praising the golden tresses of the screen Lorelei in "Footlight Parade," retort: "Aw, rubber."
For again you'll be right.
H. H. Knudsen, Hollywood official of the B. F. Goodrich company and a seasoned expert on motion picture uses of rubber, reveals that almost anything seen in the movies may be rubber.
For example, most movie monsters are made of rubber. The toothy crocodile in the Tarzan series was 40 gallons of solidified rubber latex with seven electric motors in his innards to make his jaws gape and his tail lash. Remember the dreadful face of King Kong, the mountainous ape? That was rubber, too. And the giant dinosaurs which walked, roared and tore through "The Lost World" were motor-driven rubber latex critters.
As for the blondes, continuous water scenes in the musical wreaked havoc with their coiffures. So Knudsen supplied rubber to make water-proof tresses for the beauties.
The majority of the horses in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" were only rubber equines mounted on tracks and controlled in battle through ingenious mechanical devices, Knudsen reveals. And the figures that come hurtling down from airplanes, precipices and bridges—they are sponge rubber dummies.
Small statues which are bounced off the heads of movie husbands by embattled spouses are made from rubber, as are the guns and knives in G-Man pictures.
Rubber has its prosaic uses in the movies, too. Witness the rubberized underwear supplied by Knudsen to the Alaska-bound "Call of the North" company to ward off colds and give protection against low temperatures and cold waters.



By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Just a year ago, Will Hays noted a possibly regrettable tendency of the movies toward "escapism." This led to suggestions that he was succumbing to the verbal enchantments of the Hollywood intelligentsia. That all blew over, but here is Mr. Hays today frankly proclaiming himself an eudemonist. Our somewhat conservative dictionary is a bit vague about it, but, in his rough outlines, an eudemonist seems to be one who believes in fables.
In his annual report as president of the Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Mr. Hays cites with satisfaction the record box-office success of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and is happy that "there are still a number of eudemonists left in the world." There is no disparaging or invidious reference to non-eudemonists, but, since Mr. Hays also reports with gratification that there are no "isms" and no "social significance" in "Snow White," it is perhaps a fair inference that such black witchery is the dramatic antithesis.

Practicing law in Sullivan, Ind., the homespun, sagacious Mr. Hays was no rising young eudemonist. That came later. He was, however, a rising young Republican politician and a Presbyterian elder, one of the dearest inner-circle technicians of the Indiana party tournaments, where professional standards and scoring are high. That led him inevitably to what statesmen of his earlier day used to call "political preference," and, as postmaster general in President Harding's cabinet, he exercised political power of wide range and penetration.
For seventeen years now, he has headed the moving picture industry. A round of eight "silents," when he left his cabinet post, and now about 28 companies putting out highly voluciferous films—no wonder he believes in fables. He doesn't like to be called "czar," preferring just plain "Bill," if there is any call for an informal salutation. Hearing him wind up in an address, or even in casual talk, one could understand how he could be an eudemonist, as he invokes the founding fathers or the palladium of our liberties, against this or that, but he usually coppers such oratorical bets with a remark like this: "And, after all, it probably wouldn't work." Thus he is revealed as what might be called a pragmatic eudemonist.
In his county seat town, he inherited his father's land-law business. A fragile man, with a slight limp and outstanding ears, he has the mannerisms of the country lawyer, and he wins over opposition, as he used to win juries, with a winsome and disarming smile. He is at times a euphemist, as well as an eudemonist—insisting, for instance, that censorship is merely "self-regulation." Several years ago, he was worrying because the movies were going "masochist."

'Czar' Is Out, Prefers 'Bill' As His Handle
Sullivan, Indiana, is still home base for Mr. Hays and he is the town's favorite son, in spite of his philological flare-up.
IT WOULD be fine if we had a cash register which would ring up a true prophecy when it was turned in. About a year and a half ago, George Messersmith, assistant secretary of state, former consul-general at Berlin, called Adolf Hitler's next moves as clearly and accurately as a spieler on an old-fashioned barn dance. He turned in to the state department a precise statement of what der fuhrer had on his mind, now fully validated and certified. Naturally, it got little attention because it was obviously incredible.

Small Chance for Bill to Take Profits Out of War
With 50 senators pledged to the proposed bill to take the profits out of war, it would seem that nothing could stop its enactment. Yet the probability is that it will be stopped, if not in the senate, then in the house. The proposal has had a strange history, often making apparent progress, but always falling by the wayside in some unexpected manner.
The answer is simple. Most of the congressmen backing the measure, or supporting it, do not want it to pass. There are a very few sincere senators and representatives who believe that it would be a good thing, but most of them know that actually it would do little to prevent the country getting into war, and its presence on the statute books during the period immediately preceding our entry into war would be little short of a catastrophe.
Let us assume that the bill became law, as the present demonstration of strength among senators would indicate that it readily might. From the day war was declared, any corporation which made any profits from supplying war materials to the government would be taxed virtually 100 per cent of those profits. So there would be no selfish reason for any manufacturer to desire to get the country into war.

The Nazis can't say it was a prejudiced opinion. When Hitler was emerging, Mr. Messersmith thought "evolution would follow revolution," and everything would work out nicely. He changed his mind. When Dr. Albert Einstein suffered certain indignities in getting his passport, Mr. Messersmith was unjustly accused of responsibility. This was all straightened out and President Roosevelt upped him as minister to Austria.
He returned to his present post in July, 1933. He was for 14 years superintendent of the Delaware schools before entering the consular service.
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

New Dealers conducting campaign to aid nomination of Thomas E. Dewey as Republican presidential candidate; the plot being to prevent the nomination of Senator Taft, whom they fear. . . Backers of bill to take profits out of war really do not want the bill to pass, and it probably won't. . . Little likelihood of railroad legislation at this session of congress.

WASHINGTON.—New Dealers close to the White House are actually conducting a publicity campaign which would seem calculated to aid the nomination for President by the Republicans next year of a man President Roosevelt cordially dislikes. That man is Thomas E. Dewey.
Not that this publicity campaign is praising Dewey. Quite the contrary. It avoids any reference to Dewey whatever. No, the campaign takes the form of trying to wreck the man who is regarded as Dewey's chief contender for the Republican nomination, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio.

If any group of 10 or more persons is polled as to the man they would name if going into a pool on the Republican nominee, a majority of them will be found to be voting for Dewey. This is by no means to say that a majority of every such group actually favors Dewey—that remains to be demonstrated by polls. But he is the man a majority of people seem to think has the edge at the present moment.

If the same groups are asked to name the man they would give second place in probabilities, Senator Taft is almost unvaryingly the one named. This is not a matter of conjecture, and is not news. It is merely stating the foundation on which the activities of an important group of New Dealers seem to be based.
Every time in the last few months when a group of New Dealers would be at some party or gathering where friendly newspaper men were—especially parties where there could be mixing around and small group conversations, it has been noticed that within a few days attacks on Taft would appear in the newspapers represented by these correspondents. It has happened too many times to be a coincidence.

New Dealers, It Appears, Do Not Like Senator Taft

One explanation, of course, lies in the fact that of all the men who have been prominently mentioned as probabilities for the Republican nomination, Senator Taft is beyond doubt the one whom most ardent New Dealers would dislike most to have as President. He stands foursquare against more New Dealisms, and is on record as criticizing them and demanding their repeal, than any other Republican who has been mentioned as having a chance for the White House.
Far more, for example, than Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, who is inclined to be liberal on many issues. Far more than even Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, who is probably more popular personally than almost anyone who has been mentioned. Whereas Mr. Dewey has stated his position on very few issues indeed so far as the national picture is concerned. He is against crime, and rackets. But so is everybody except the criminals and racketeers.

Small Chance for Bill to Take Profits Out of War

With 50 senators pledged to the proposed bill to take the profits out of war, it would seem that nothing could stop its enactment. Yet the probability is that it will be stopped, if not in the senate, then in the house. The proposal has had a strange history, often making apparent progress, but always falling by the wayside in some unexpected manner.
The answer is simple. Most of the congressmen backing the measure, or supporting it, do not want it to pass. There are a very few sincere senators and representatives who believe that it would be a good thing, but most of them know that actually it would do little to prevent the country getting into war, and its presence on the statute books during the period immediately preceding our entry into war would be little short of a catastrophe.
Let us assume that the bill became law, as the present demonstration of strength among senators would indicate that it readily might. From the day war was declared, any corporation which made any profits from supplying war materials to the government would be taxed virtually 100 per cent of those profits. So there would be no selfish reason for any manufacturer to desire to get the country into war.

That is the real object of the legislation. Its backers want to stop the machinations by which the wicked munitions makers involve the world in suffering, destruction and death just in order to make their own filthy profits. The public is very well sold on this idea. There have been lots of plays, movies and propaganda putting it over. There has never been anything approaching a sane consideration of the question.
But now let us assume that the steel makers of this country clearly see that the United States is bound to be involved in a major war. Under normal circumstances every one of them, with the war and navy department experts prodding them at every turn, would begin getting ready. Before war was declared, unless it came with terrific suddenness, their plants would be ready to start turning out munitions and guns of the precise type needed by the army and navy.

United States Navy Made Good Showing in World War
As a matter of fact, the United States navy made a very good showing in the World war, while Franklin D. Roosevelt was assistant secretary, because Sam McGowan, the paymaster general of the navy, got away with murder in placing orders before the war declaration. That is why the navy was fixed so much better than the army, and why it was so much less criticized.
But under the proposed law any steel manufacturer who spent a penny on the chance that the United States might get into the war would be a traitor to his stockholders, even if he had shown a patriotic spirit.
Why? Because there would not be a chance of his making any money for his stockholders, and there would be the cold certainty that, in addition to not making any money during the war period, he would run into severe losses immediately after the war period.

The history of every munitions-making enterprise in private hands has been that it made big profits during the war, and then took terrific losses after the war, what with cancelled orders, unused inventories and unneeded expansions of plant. So they just wouldn't.
Answer: Government monopoly of the munitions manufacturing business if the law passes. And the army and navy don't like that. They fear congress would never be liberal enough in advance to have the nation properly prepared.

Unlikely to Be Railroad Legislation at This Session

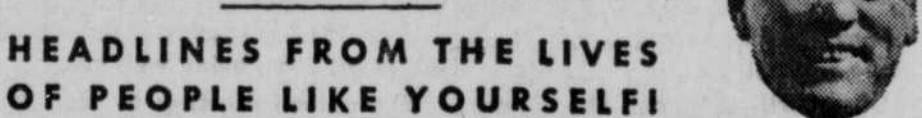
It is very unlikely that there will be any railroad legislation at this session of congress. Congress has been tussling with legislation to put the railroads back on the track to financial stability almost continuously for the last 20 years. Their condition has been worse instead of better and no laws will be enacted this session which can be of any significant benefit to them without the prospect of a larger volume of traffic. The very best that congress can do is to help the roads take better advantage of more business when it comes.

Difficult for Congress to Turn Out Satisfactory Law

Couple the railroads' proposals as presented to congress in the "committee of six" bill with the opposition of water, highway and air lines, plus the objections of the railroads and their employees to any compulsion to develop more compact operating systems by consolidation and co-ordination, then add the resistance of creditors to accepting losses inevitable in railroad reorganization which offers any prospect of continuing solvency, and the chances are slim indeed that congress will be able to grind out a law that is of any more durable value than the transportation act of 1920, or the emergency transportation act of 1935.
In the last year two separate and opposed expeditions into the transportation muddle have set out from the White House. Following the interstate commerce commission's decision last March granting the railroads a 5 per cent increase in rates on their petition for a boost of 15 per cent, President Roosevelt called into conference Commissioners Splawn, Eastman and Mahaffie of the interstate commerce commission, Jesse H. Jones of R. F. C. and other administration officials, Carl R. Gray, vice chairman of Union Pacific, Henry Bruere of the Bowery Savings bank and George M. Harrison, chairman of the Railway Labor Executives association. The upshot was a report by the I. C. C. commissioners which the President turned over to congress in April with a message in which he reiterated his opposition to government subsidies and government ownership.
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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Terror in a Tent"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:
You know, there's always a lot of hard luck on camping trips. Somebody is sure to get sunburned, and somebody else always steps on a rusty nail or clips himself with the hatchet while chopping wood for the fire. The bird who is doing the cooking burns half the food, and just when you're comfortably settled and getting along fine, Farmer Jones comes along and orders you to move on.

Camping trips just breed hard luck, but the one Syd Rapoport went on was the champion hoodoo camping trip of them all. It started dealing out tough breaks before Syd and his pals even got started.

Syd lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was in the summer of 1935 that he and half a dozen other lads began planning that camping trip. They had picked a spot upstate, in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie, and were all ready to go. Then, two days before they were due to leave, there was a terrific rainstorm in New York and, after inquiring about the weather, they learned that it was the same upstate.

The gang decided to go anyway—at least, some of them did. When the day of the big trip rolled around one fellow had the mumps. Another was laid up with an infected foot, and two other fellows had mothers who said they couldn't go camping in such weather because they'd catch their death of pneumonia sleeping on damp ground. The trouble had started early, but it was nothing to what Syd was to get into before that trip was many days older.

The Hikers Find a Camping Site.
"There were only two brothers and myself left," says Syd, but we went anyway." The brothers were Harold and Jerry Left. The three of them took a boat to Bear Mountain and then started to hike, with two tents and blankets and equipment on their backs. After a day on the road—and Syd doesn't say whether they walked or thumbed rides—they reached the spot they had chosen and picked a camping site.
The ground was wet, and the earth was loose. They had a little trouble putting up their two small tents. But finally everything was



Finally he had a horrible dream.
shipshape. They got a fire going, cooked a meal, and when they had eaten it they were ready to turn in. Jerry and Harold occupied one tent, and Syd slept alone in the other.

Syd dropped off to sleep, but he didn't sleep very well. Finally, he had a horrible dream—a dream that something cold and slimy was crawling over his arm. The dream woke him up, and as he came slowly to his senses he realized that that dream was a cold, hard reality. Something cold and slimy was resting against his arm.

In an instant Syd was wide awake. A full moon was shining and its bright light streamed in through the open flap of the pup tent. In that light Syd saw something that made his blood run cold. His arm was lying outside the blanket and a snake had crawled up and nestled against it. And Syd recognized that snake for a poisonous copperhead!

Frozen With Fear, He Cannot Move.
Says he: "My first impulse was to jump up and scream. But I couldn't have moved to save my life. I was frozen stiff with fear. The moon bathed the head of the snake with light, and as I lay there stiff and trembling it crawled up to my shoulder. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead. Now I began to realize that I didn't dare move, even if I could. One move would cause the reptile to strike."
But it seemed to Syd that he could hardly keep himself from moving. Somehow he managed to lie there stiff and still. The hours rolled on. Syd doesn't know how many of them went by. Each minute seemed like a year and each second was like a week of torture. "I wanted to scream," he says. "I felt as if I could control myself no longer. At last the sky began getting gray, and off in the distance I could hear some farmer's rooster crowing. Then, again, the snake shifted its position. This time it came to rest with its head across my gullet."
Now Syd was afraid to swallow for fear of disturbing the snake. He felt his spine begin to creep and his hair fell as if it were standing up on his head. It was getting lighter now, and Syd was able to distinguish objects around him that he had lost sight of when the moon went down. Still it was a long time before dawn, and his only hope was to lie still until his pals awoke.

The Snakes Smelled of Rotten Cucumbers.
He could see the snake clearly now. And then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw another—and another. There were a bunch of them in the tent. And two of them were over four feet long. "I couldn't see the others very clearly," he says, "for I didn't dare turn my head and it strained my eyes to look at them from my position. I was beginning to shiver. My muscles were cramped and saliva dripped from my mouth. The snakes smelled of rotten cucumbers and the odor sickened me. But the sun was coming up, and I could hear movements in the other tent. That renewed my courage."
Harold and Jerry were up. A couple of times they walked past Syd's tent, but they didn't look in. Then Jerry glanced through the open flap and his eyes froze on the terrifying sight. Syd says he owes his life to those two brothers. He thought Jerry was going to scream, but he didn't. He remained cool and so did Harold. The pair of them stole up behind Syd's tent, gathered some damp hay from a field and set it afire. Huge billows of smoke poured through the tent.
"I began choking," says Syd, "but so did the snakes. They moved, and I lay back and breathed a sigh of relief. After a few minutes I went outside, picked a spot in the sun and dozed off. It was seven hours before I woke up again. And if you want to know what a nightmare is like, just ask me. I've had dozens of them since that night."
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English Language Hard Though Rich, Flexible
The English-American language, with its 500,000 words and its unmatched flexibility is the richest instrument of expression in the world. One reason for this is to be found in history, which shows it to be the fusion of two language elements, the Germanic and the Romance. The other reason is that the peoples who speak it are and have been for centuries the top-dogs of the world.
The little island-English branched out and made of their tight little isle the greatest of empires. The Americans developed a virgin continent into the richest nation in the world, and were in their time (let us hope it is not past) the most energetic people on the globe.

The fact that the English-American language is the richest, the most varied, and the most complex instrument, makes it also the most difficult to handle. You can do more work with it, but you can make more mistakes. Only a few men understand Einstein, because the language of relativity is difficult; and only a double handful of men exist who can use our language flawlessly. Between the lowest and the highest we vary only in the number and kind of mistakes we make. A man can overdo it, like George Ade's character, Oscar, who said, "Whom are you?" for he had been to night school.—Alison Ainsworth in Coronet.