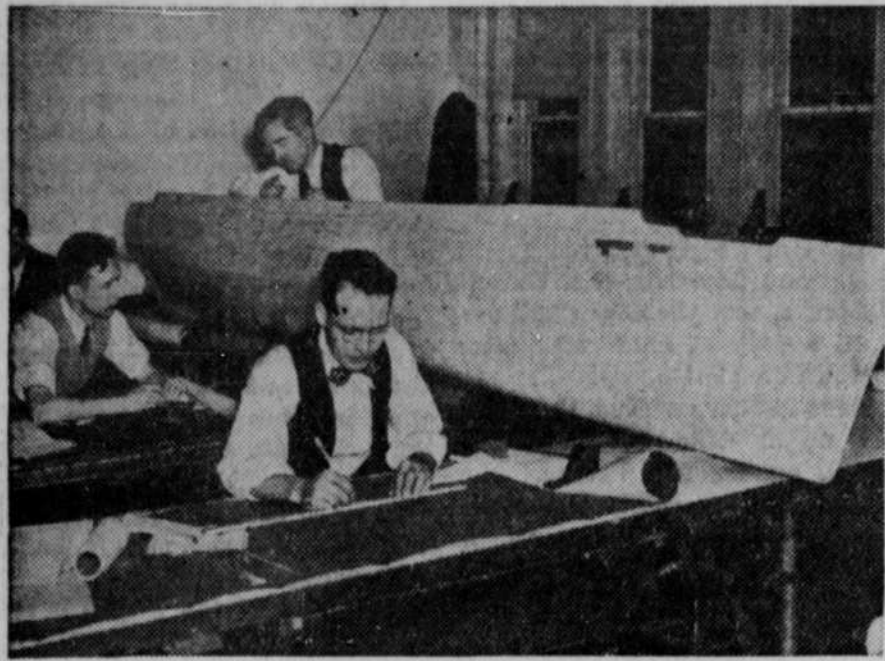


U. S. Maritime Fleet, Now Small, Was Once Envy of the World



**American Ships Formerly
Supreme for Speed,
Seaworthiness.**

LONG before steamboats came into use, sailing ships had already explored the open waters and inhabited coasts of practically the whole world.

Profits were enormous, too. Often on a single voyage to India for pepper and spice, or to China for silk and furs, a ship would enrich its owner for life.

Colonial American shipping grew so fast that by 1775 a third of all vessels engaged in British trade were American built. There is little doubt that, during the last century of sail, American merchant ships were the world's best for speed and seaworthiness. Probably lack of money led to elimination of the ornate and top-heavy forecastles and cabins that were characteristic of foreign-built ships. But simple superstructures made for trimmer and handier ships, which were further improved in speed and maneuvering by ever developing "stream lines" and by devising better rigs aloft, with larger sail area.

Ships Had to Be Good. Many influences obliged America to build better ships. Our geographical position forced us to make very long voyages; lack of naval protection meant that we must design ships speedy enough to show their heels to sea enemies. Many different rigs were used, but perhaps the best-known type, until about 1820, was the trim armed brig of some 200 tons.

More size and speed came with the transatlantic packet ship, a trend accelerated in 1849 by the discovery of gold in California and Australia.

There followed the enduring glory of the American clippers, most wonderful sailing vessels of any age. Unheard-of speeds, faster even than those of many steamers, were attained by increasing the proportion of length to beam, by making the bows concave, and by carrying enormous spreads of canvas even in heavy weather. Capable captains and able seamen "drove" their ships as ships had never been driven before. Master designer of Yankee clippers was Donald McKay, a native of Nova Scotia, who came to the United States in 1827. From his East Boston yard was launched a succession of history-making ships.

Most talked about and still living in song and story was the Flying Cloud. Twice she sailed around the Horn from New York to San Francisco in the record for that time of 89 days. During four days of heavy, favorable gales, she averaged more than 15 miles per hour.

Mississippi Had Paddle Wheel. The Mississippi was one of the earliest naval steamships, at that period invariably equipped with auxiliary sail power. She had paddle wheels instead of a screw propeller. In 1863 she met her end on the river for which she was named; Confederate batteries sank her as she was following Admiral Farragut in the Hartford. In the decade before the American Civil war there was a slow transition from sail to steam for the motive power of ships, and from wood to iron for their construction.

England set the pace. In 1859 she completed the 19,000-ton liner Great Eastern, a mammoth for her day. Paddle wheels driven by 5,000-horsepower engines were designed to give her 15 knots speed. Forty or fifty years in advance of her time, she was unhappily a commercial failure.

Once the Great Eastern's rudder was disabled during a heavy gale. The ship fell off into the trough of a great sea and rolled so violently as to pitch a cow through a skylight into the grand saloon, crowded with passengers! Later this Leviathan liner was used in cable-laying. She put down the second transatlantic cable in 1865 and laid four more by 1874.

First Armed Engagement. Although European navies had already used armored vessels, the Monitor-Merrimack duel at Hampton Roads in March, 1862, was the first engagement between two such men-of-war. The Federal Monitor, "a cheese box on a raft," was an entirely new type of ship invented

U. S. BUILDS BOAT—Previewing America's largest liner... a 15-foot working model of the hull of the America, biggest maritime construction job in recent United States history. The design of each shell plate is marked off in the draughting room. Here, draughtsmen make scale drawings of each plate, which, in turn, are used in the mold loft for making the full size patterns of the plates.

by John Ericsson; her revolving gun turret set a fashion that still remains a feature of present-day battleships. The Confederate Merrimack (sometimes spelled Merrimac) was originally a wooden steam frigate whose upper works had been replaced by a turtle-backed citadel faced with armor.

On the day before the fight, the Merrimack had sent a shiver through the North by easily destroy-



FINISHED PRODUCT—Plates, being designed in top photo, are being riveted to the bottom of the America in this picture. All plates are temporarily fitted together with bolts, which are being replaced here with the rivets, countersunk flush with plates to prevent resistance.

ing two fine Union frigates in Hampton Roads. With dramatic timeliness, the newly built Monitor arrived from New York at night, and offered combat early next morning. Her fantastic outline and tiny bulk amazed the officers aboard the Confederate ship, which was greeted with a 168-pound shot fired from an 11-inch turret gun.

For four hours the action was hot and lively, the ironclads firing at close range. For both ships, armor proved to be almost perfect protection. No one was killed and only a few wounded. The battle was virtually a draw, the Merrimack finally returning upriver to Norfolk. Its worth proved, armor thereafter became as essential as guns for men-of-war of the battleship class; now they can take as heavy punishment as they give.

Warspite Withstood 27 Shells. At the historic naval Battle of Jutland in May, 1916, the British grand fleet numbered 28 huge battleships of the dreadnaught class. Although struck 27 times by big shells, the heavily armored dreadnaught Warspite sustained no vital hurt and kept her place in the battle line through many more hours of fighting.

The World war brought about a temporary revival of the American merchant marine. There was urgent need for new ships to supply the armies in France and to feed the population of the British isles. American shipbuilders were called upon to make a Trojan effort. The world had never before seen such an epic of shipbuilding. On a single day, July 4, 1918, 95 ships were launched from American ways.

By the wartime effort, America's merchant marine had been augmented by nearly 6,000,000 tons, and once more she was a close second to Britain on the seas. Then, again, unhappily, the picture changed, and our shipping went into the doldrums—but that's another story.

We still have some busy lines to the Orient, South America, and Europe; and recent legislation favoring subsidies for our merchant ships will, it is hoped, revive shipbuilding in the United States.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

It is generally accepted in Washington that James A. Farley is out for the Democratic nomination for himself... Factors that lead to the popular underestimation of the importance of his candidacy... Drive for the investigation of the assassination of Senator Huey Long brings out a mass of contradictory and a few circumstantial stories that are being circulated in Louisiana and in Washington.

WASHINGTON.—Anyone who discounts Mr. James A. Farley in picking the next Democratic nominee for the presidency is leaving out a very important factor indeed.

Big Jim is out for the nomination himself. It is entirely within the realm of possibility that he may get it, the experience of the party in nominating Alfred E. Smith to the contrary notwithstanding. But an element of this situation which has not received the attention it deserves is that of all the men who have been mentioned for the nomination, including President Roosevelt himself, there is no one who will have more influence in controlling where his delegates go, if and when they leave him, than Jim Farley.

Politicians of course are human. They are pretty much like everybody else. They look out for No. 1 first, and the double cross is no more a rarity in politics than it is in business, on the stage, or wherever else human interests run into conflict.

But there is one feature of politics which is just a little different. In the nature of things there cannot be binding written contracts in politics. There is no means of making a livelihood where so much reliance has to be placed on promises—and on verbal promises, for the shrewd politician does not put into writing the sort of promises that are important here.

Farley Has Reputation For Keeping His Promises

It so happens that besides a genius for organization, as he proved when he lined up the delegates for Roosevelt in 1932, Jim Farley has an enviable reputation for keeping his promises. Sometimes he has been prevented from delivering—by White House intervention—but there have been no reports of any important political leader thinking that Jim double-crossed him.

When Farley could not deliver it was always a glaring case of the White House refusing to come across. It was never another friend of Farley who got the job.

Meanwhile, in the seven years that have passed, Farley has kept up his contacts. He has not forgotten any politician's first name, nor his problems, nor his friends, and, perhaps more important than all, his enemies. No one catches Farley handing out pie to some chap who happens to be the bitter opponent of anyone who has been going down the line for Farley.

It may be remembered that Farley did not sympathize with the purge, except perhaps in the one case of Sen. Millard E. Tydings, and that he took no part in it whatever. It was the Brain Trusters, the Corcorans and Cohens and Hopkinsons, who stumped their toes in Iowa, in Virginia, in Georgia and South Carolina.

There may be something that Farley has done to irritate the regular organization leaders in some state, but reports about it have not reached Washington. And never forget that in virtually every one of the states it will be the regular organization leaders, primary or no primary, who will pick the delegates, and who will be the leaders of their state delegations at the convention.

Importance of Farley's Candidacy Underestimated

Popular underestimation of the importance of James A. Farley's candidacy is due to two factors: 1. Belief that the defeat of Alfred E. Smith in 1928 proved that no Catholic can be elected President of the United States.

2. Lack of appreciation of Farley's political shrewdness and demonstrated loyalty to his friends, and the dividends these two assets might pay.

As to the first, argument is futile. Nobody knows. It might be pointed out in passing, however, that Al Smith was weighed down by other elements than the prejudice which existed against his church in gaining a foothold in the White House.

For one thing 1928 marked the high tide of prohibition. Up to that time the argument that prohibition was largely responsible for the extraordinary prosperity which existed in this country under Coolidge

had not been dissipated by its collapse under Hoover. At that time also most people in this country assumed that prohibition was here to stay, that all agitation about it was futile, and that the thing to do was to try to get along under it.

Al Smith was also tarred with the Tammany brush, and few New Yorkers will ever realize just how wicked and corrupt most of the folks out in the country thought the "Tiger" was.

Hoover had a perfect army of almost fanatical admirers, scattered in every state in the Union. Business men thought he could expand the Coolidge prosperity, for which they already gave him some credit because he had been secretary of commerce during it. Engineers thrilled at the idea of one of their number occupying the White House, and thought he would produce such efficiency in government as had never been seen before.

For these and other reasons the cards were stacked against Smith. Perhaps he would have been beaten anyhow, just because of the religious issue.

Southern Hoovercrats Forgotten Men of Politics

But those who led the Hoovercrats in the South are the forgotten men of politics. There is not one of them in important political place today save Frank R. McNinch, and he flourishes not because he bolted Smith, but because he agrees with Roosevelt and most of the liberals on the public power issue.

This is important now, in view of Farley's candidacy, because everyone in the South knows all about it. No one is going to take the place played by Bishop Cannon in 1928, even if Northern suckers hoping for cabinet jobs and diplomatic posts could be found again to finance such a movement. No Horace Mann is going to play the "man of mystery" in another presidential campaign. Not until an entirely new crop of Southern politicians is reared, a generation which does not remember what happened to the men who "won the war and lost the peace treaty" under Hoover.

If Farley should be nominated for President he will have to be beaten, if he is beaten at all, in the North and West.

The significance of this is that the Southern leaders will not be as much disturbed as they were in 1932 by fear of a repetition of 1928. Fear of Al Smith drove them to Roosevelt in 1932, at the convention. They may prefer various other candidates to Farley, but there will be no stampede to any candidate based on fear of the consequences of Farley's nomination.

Start Drive for Inquiry Into Murder of Huey Long

Apparently a drive has been started for an investigation of the assassination of Sen. Huey P. Long. It may not materialize, but if it does it certainly will spill a lot of stories which are now being told in Louisiana—and Washington.

The writer spent two days in New Orleans recently, and listened to quite a few circumstantial stories of the killing of the Kingfish.

Some of the curious conflicts in stories told with the utmost positiveness are:

That the bullet fired by Dr. Weiss never struck Huey at all, the gun being knocked up by Huey himself just before Weiss could pull the trigger. That Huey was actually killed by a bullet fired by one of his body guards.

Against this the writer was told just as positively that Dr. Weiss held his gun within a few inches of Huey's chest, and that Huey knocked it downward. And that there was no other wound save that caused by Weiss' bullet.

That the bullet which killed Huey was extracted by the surgeon who operated, and that it was a .44.

That the bullet which resulted in death passed through the senator and was never found.

That the bullet in question was a .32—caliber of the pistol Dr. Weiss used.

Conflicting Stories About Dr. Weiss, Alleged Assassin

That Dr. Weiss was almost decapitated by the rain of bullets poured into him, and died instantly. That Dr. Weiss lived for five minutes after the shooting stopped, most of the wounds being in his arms and legs.

That the pistol of Dr. Weiss was a cheap make.

That the pistol of Dr. Weiss was a modern, an expensive Browning.

That Dr. Weiss obtained the gun because he decided to kill Huey.

That Dr. Weiss always carried a gun, usually leaving it in his automobile.

That if Huey had been operated on right away he would not have died. That he was suffering chiefly from shock, and hence the operation should not have been performed right away.

That he was suffering from loss of blood, and the delay was responsible for his death.

That it was by the Kingfish's impatient command that the doctor operated, instead of waiting for his own surgeons, supposed to be enroute.

Just what good an investigation would do is questionable.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—The muezzin from his tower cries that he can't exactly say that everything is all right, but it might be worse and it probably will be better. That would be Col. Leonard P. Ayres of Cleveland allying fears of a bear market, in his monthly business survey, a periodic voice as authoritative as any noontide bulletin from the minarets of Cairo.

Colonel Ayres, vice president of the Cleveland Trust company, was a school teacher for many years, and is the author of a book called "The Measurement of Spelling Ability," one of about a dozen of his books on educational subjects. He has written a similar number of books on business and finance, and, in his entire range, from spelling to selling, he has never overlooked detail and he is no offhand prophetic—prophecy being his main line, as contrasted to that of mere market analysis.

He has logged eight major depressions and eight cycles of inflation and deflation, and he gets the feel of the thing, in about the same way a good cook gets the feel of a good cook. He was one of the few financial experts who saw the 1929 blizzard coming, and said so. On October 3, 1928, he wrote: "The golden age of American business has come to an end."

Nobody was paying much attention to the muezzin then. He kept on repeating that the condition of finance was "thoroughly unhygienic," but the wind wasn't right and the words didn't carry down to the market place below.

A native of Niantic, Conn., Colonel Ayres was educated at Boston university, later garlanded with a chaplet of honorary degrees from other colleges. He taught school at Rochester, N. Y., and at Puerto Rico, and in the latter engagement turned his spare time to statistical research, with such success that he became statistician for the A. E. F. in war days—hence his title.

Previous to taking over the banking post in Cleveland, he was a director of education for the Russell Sage foundation, and he had rounded out his career as an educator nicely before starting another in finance. In between the two work zones, he wedged a book, "The War With Germany," written in 1919.

IN THE depth of the depression, a group of Wall Street financiers hired an economist to draft for them a shock-proof and slump-proof plan for the investment of their surplus funds, to assure them security in their old age. After diligent research, their adviser found that no such plan was possible, but suggested as an alternative that they put their money in the keeping of some sagacious Chinese financier.

This writer recalled then that several of the shrewdest business men in this country, including Edward Bruce of the fine arts division of the treasury department and the late William R. Murchison, had learned about the care and nurture of money from the Chinese sages of the abacus, and now comes Richard C. Patterson Jr., also schooled in business in China. He retires as assistant secretary of commerce to take a private post.

Back from China in 1927, with half of his allotted span of years still ahead of him and a sizable fortune already in hand, he wished to put in the rest of his life being socially useful. He was commissioner of corrections of New York city until 1932, given a big hand for his effectiveness on the job.

Just a year ago, he became a sort of liaison officer between the department of commerce and the nation's business. In this capacity, he urged a friendly get-together in an "economic clinic," as he thinks part of our trouble is due to a lack of basic facts and sound understanding of economic and business forces.

He was a Nebraska farm boy, routed through the University of Nebraska and the Columbia School of Mines to a successful professional and business career, first as a mining engineer with the J. G. White Engineering company, as a consultant for the DuPonts and later in mining and business ventures in China. He served on the Mexican border and in the World War, a major in the latter, annexing several foreign decorations.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Down the River Road"

HELLO, EVERYBODY: Here's a yarn that packs thrills enough to last through a whole night. At least, it did for Mrs. Dorothy Murphy, the Bronx, N. Y. Many years ago, Dorothy was living on a farm in the Chestnut Ridge section near the little town of Dover Plains, N. Y. She set out to drive to the railroad station three miles away, and before she got back she'd had enough adventures to last a lifetime.

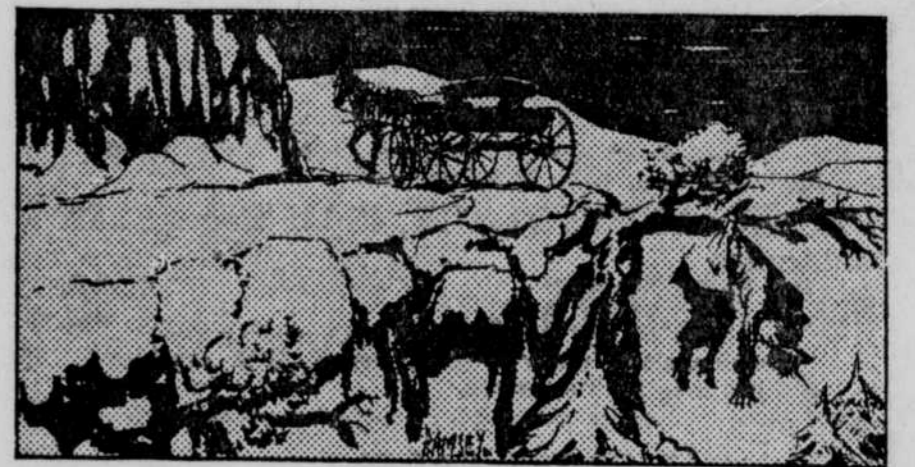
That was in February, 1914. Dorothy was just 18 years old. Her aunt had been spending two weeks with the family and it was she whom Dorothy drove to the train on that cold February evening. Automobiles weren't so common then. What Dorothy drove was a surrey, drawn by an old, half-blind horse named Brownie.

The train pulled out of Dover Plains at 6:45 p. m., and Dorothy turned the horse around and headed for home. Already it was dark—a moonless, starless night. The way back lay along a steep, rough, unfenced country road that climbed for nearly three miles before it reached Chestnut Ridge. On one side of it lay thick woods covering an upward slope of the ground, and on the other was a steep declivity. For part of the distance, that declivity straightened out into a tall cliff. And there was nothing to prevent a carriage from going over it, if it approached too close to its edge.

That was Dorothy's first thrill—the prospect of driving over that road in the dark. She hadn't thought darkness would fall so soon that night, and she was scared stiff of that cliff. As she drove along, and the darkness deepened, she couldn't see her hand before her face, and she gave Brownie a free rein, hoping that his instincts would keep him on the road.

Dorothy Felt the Wheels Slipping Over the Edge.

They were going along the top of that cliff, and all was going well. And then, all of a sudden, Dorothy felt the wheels slipping over the edge. Poor, half-blind old Brownie had failed her. He



Her arms were aching and her head was swimming. She heard Brownie wander off.

had gone too close to the edge! The surrey gave a sudden lurch and Dorothy was thrown out into space!

Says Dorothy: "I clutched at the air as it slid past me, like a drowning man clutches at straws. My hands grabbed some bushes growing out from the side of the cliff and I hung on for all I was worth. And there I was, between earth and air, and with nothing to save me from death on the rocks below but my precarious hold on those shrubs."

Dorothy says that time has no meaning under such circumstances. The minutes seemed like years. Her arms were aching and her head was swimming. She could hear Brownie and the surrey wandering off in the darkness. Evidently the old horse had pulled the surrey back on the road after she had been thrown out. For a terrible moment she clung to the bushes, and then her fingers encountered a branch of a small tree growing along the side of the cliff.

She caught it with one hand—then the other—and drew herself up over the cliff to safety. She lay on the ground for a while, sick and weak. Then, having recovered a little, she got up and stumbled to the road.

Brownie and the surrey were nowhere in sight. Dorothy started walking toward home. You'd think she'd had enough adventuring for one night—but the big thrill hadn't even started. She had only walked a few steps when she heard a sound that froze her blood in her veins—the baying and yelping of dogs.

Wild Dog Pack Pursues Terrified Dorothy.

Dogs don't sound so dangerous—but Dorothy knew better. A short time before she had seen the body of a boy who had been killed and partially eaten by these same dogs. They were wild animals—descendants of dogs who had run away from their masters to live in the woods and had reverted to type. Every once in a while, in those days, packs of that sort appeared in the woods in various places throughout the country. And they still do, in wild, outlying regions.

A single dog would run at the sight of a man, but in a pack, and in the middle of the winter when they were half starved, they would attack almost anyone. Dorothy knew all too well what would happen if this pack caught up with her. She turned, stumbling, into the woods and ran until she found a tree.

It was a tree with a low fork of its branches—one she could climb. She began pulling herself up into it. The yelping of the pack was coming nearer and nearer. She wasn't a minute too soon. She had hardly clambered into the lower branches when they were on the spot, yelping and snarling at the bottom of the tree.

"And there I was," she says, "perched in the tree while the hunger-maddened brutes howled and snarled below. I still turn sick and cold all over when I think of that moment. The worst part of it was that I was afraid I'd grow weak or faint, or so numb from the cold that I'd fall out. I knew what would happen then."

With the First Streaks of Dawn the Dogs Left.

Hour after hour Dorothy clung to that tree, wondering why her folks didn't miss her and come looking for her. Wondering why they didn't realize something was wrong when the horse and buggy came home without her. She didn't know that old Brownie, turning completely around in his struggles to haul the surrey back on the road, had wandered back to town and was spending the night in an open horse shed. Her folks thought Dorothy had decided to spend the night with relatives in town, as she often did, so they didn't worry. And all that night, she crouched in the tree racked by the cold and harried by terrible fears.

As the first streaks of gray appeared in the sky, the dogs slunk off through the woods, and when she thought it was safe she came down and crawled to the road. She couldn't walk, but a farmer, driving to the milk depot, found her in the road and brought her home.

Dorothy says she's written this story for us other adventurers to read, but she adds, "Usually, I don't think of it if I can help it!"

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Works of 15th Century Genius on Display in Milan

More than 200 working models of the outstanding inventions of Leonardo da Vinci, one-man phenomenon of the Fifteenth century, are on display at Milan, Italy. A three year, world-wide search for original drawings of Da Vinci's inventions has resulted in this exhibition. A great artist, painter of "The Last Supper," Da Vinci was also an engineer, architect and inventor. Today, more than 400 years after his death, the basic principle of his "differential" is still being used in every automobile. His "pile driver" is copied almost exactly today with a few modern embellishments. The original principles in his rolling mill, printing press, concave glass polisher, olive press, saw mill, pulley system and canal locks are used today the world over.