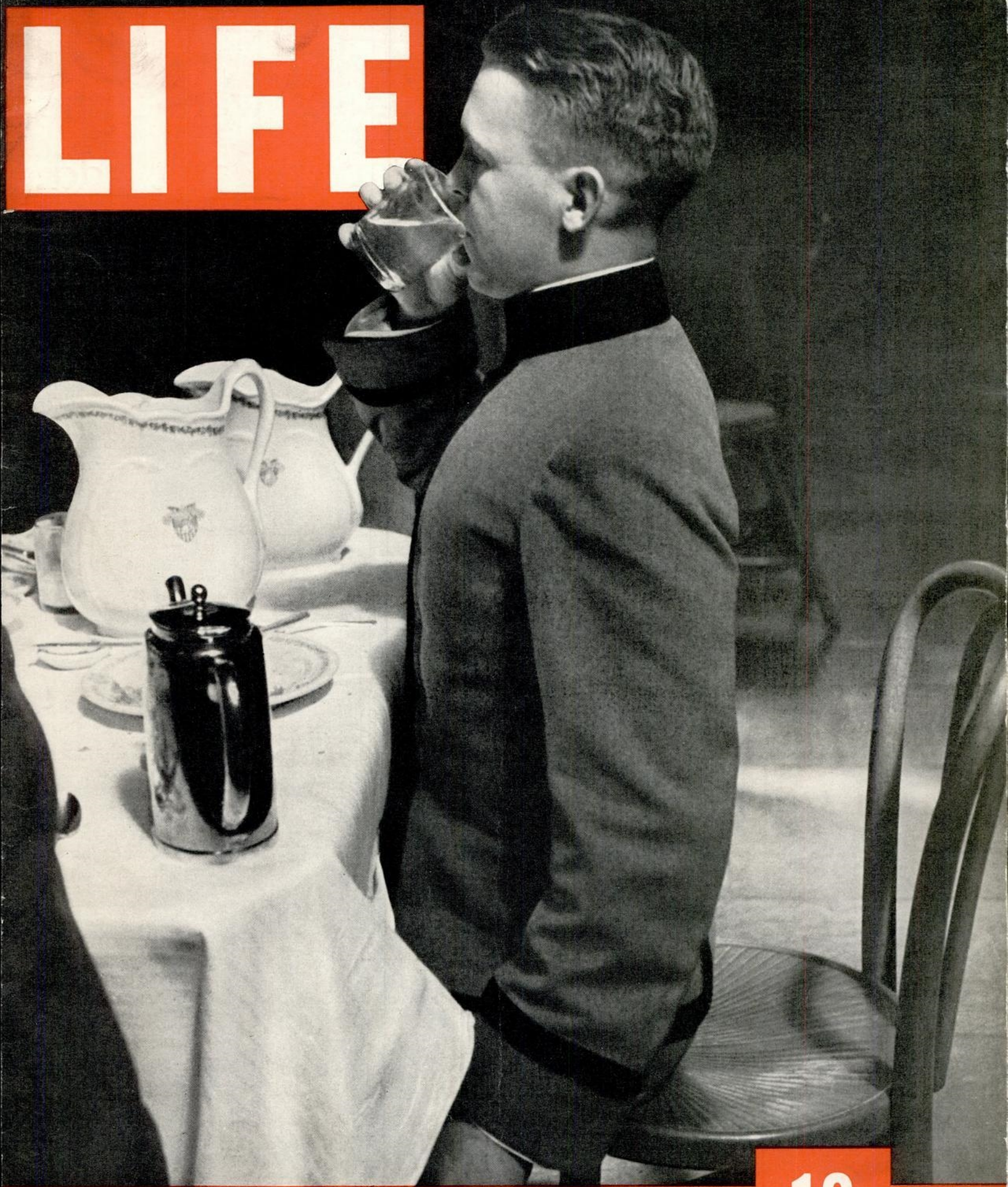


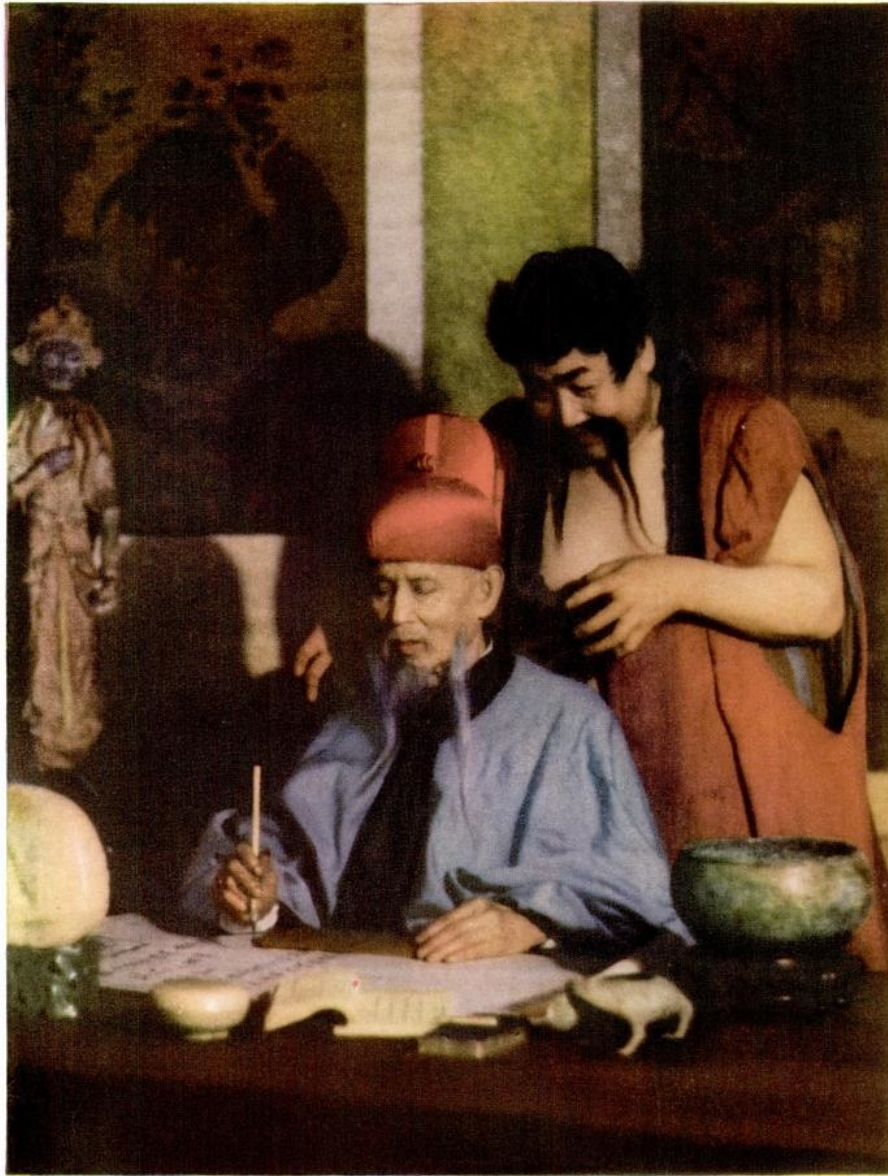
LIFE



NOVEMBER 30, 1936

10 CENTS

Sen Chu's figures were right, but the Tartar couldn't add!



Once, there lived in China, a sage called Sen Chu. A great mathematician, he believed implicitly that numbers could explain the pattern of human life, that they could foretell the future. Sen Chu compiled long columns of figures to prove China could never be invaded. His figures were right, but his answer was wrong. For Sen Chu, his brilliant calculations on the table before him, was choked to death by the hands of an invading Tartar... who could not add.

SOMETIMES like Sen Chu, when an advertiser lays out his sales promotion program, his figures are right but his answer is wrong. He forgets that the real power and influence that any newspaper exerts as an advertising medium in its community depend not alone upon the number of its readers but also... *who* they are, *where* they live, and *why* they buy the paper.

In the case of Scripps-Howard Newspapers, the character of their readers is determined by the very nature of their editorial and business policies.

Owned solely by the men who produce them, these newspapers are unfettered. They are free to give fearless editorial expression and to print the whole news without distortion, bias or partisanship.

Such policies automatically attract active and open-minded readers, the people who influence opinion in their communities. Such policies are the chief circulation appeal to more than 2,000,000 daily purchasers of Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

And 91.5% of Scripps-Howard readers live within the city-trading-zone of those 23 important markets in which the newspapers are published. Thus, your advertising goes where buying power is concentrated and, hence, sales costs are lowest.

When an advertiser uses Scripps-Howard Newspapers the *answer* is right as well as the *figures*.

SCRIPPS • HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS . . . OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS...AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

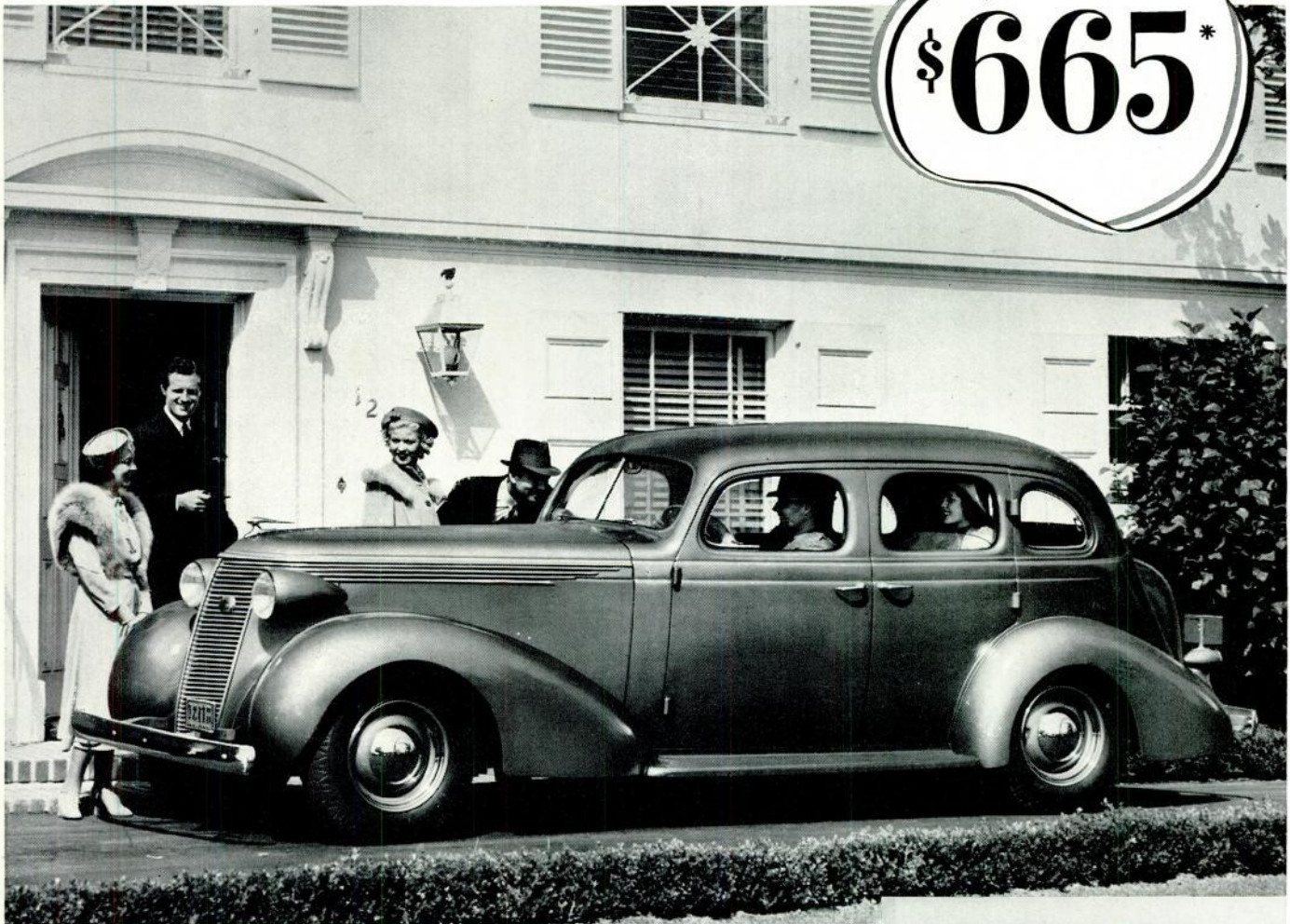
NEW YORK . . . <i>World-Telegram</i>	BUFFALO <i>Times</i>	DENVER <i>News</i>	BIRMINGHAM <i>Post</i>	WASHINGTON <i>News</i>	KNOXVILLE <i>News-Sentinel</i>
CLEVELAND <i>Press</i>	INDIANAPOLIS <i>Times</i>	TOLEDO <i>News-Be</i>	MEMPHIS <i>Press-Scimitar</i>	FORT WORTH <i>Press</i>	EL PASO <i>Herald-Post</i>
PITTSBURGH <i>Press</i>	CINCINNATI <i>Post</i>	COLUMBUS <i>Citizen</i>	MEMPHIS <i>Commercial Appeal</i>	OKLAHOMA CITY <i>News</i>	SAN DIEGO <i>Sun</i>
SAN FRANCISCO <i>News</i>	KENTUCKY POST <i>Covington edition, Cincinnati Post</i>	AKRON <i>Times-Press</i>	HOUSTON <i>Press</i>	ALBUQUERQUE <i>Tribune</i>	EVANSVILLE <i>Press</i>

National Advertising Dept., 230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • DETROIT • LOS ANGELES • ATLANTA • PHILADELPHIA • DALLAS



AT THE AUTO SHOWS...TOP HONORS GO TO
STUDEBAKER *"the spotlight car"*

\$665*



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH

ITS LOW PRICE IS A NATION-WIDE SENSATION



"THAT FRAM OIL CLEANER AND AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE CERTAINLY SAVE YOU MONEY!" Except for seasonal changes, you scarcely ever need to change oil in a 1937 Studebaker—thanks to the sensational Fram oil cleaner which reduces engine wear, too. And with the gas saving Studebaker overdrive, the brilliant Studebaker engines give you more miles per gallon than you've ever counted on.

THERE'S more real room for passengers—and for luggage—in these spotlight cars of 1937 than you ever expected to get in any car!

They're the world's first cars with the dual economy of the sensational new Fram oil cleaner and the gas-saving overdrive! They have the world's only doors that stay closed tightly even if shut only lightly! They have a remarkable new dual range steering gear that cuts the turning effort of parking in half!

And, added to the thrilling eye-appeal of Studebaker's new silvery "winged victory" radiator grilles and louvers, is the charm of interiors that only gifted Helen Dryden could achieve!

They're the first cars, too, to offer built-in warm air windshield defrosters! And they're the world's only cars with that great safety advancement, the automatic hillholder. But you can't half appreciate all these 1937 Studebakers offer until you drive them. *Dictator base price at factory.

WORLD'S ONLY CARS
WITH DUAL ECONOMY OF FRAM OIL
CLEANER AND GAS-SAVING
AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE

★

EXTRA ROOMY INTERIORS
WITH LOWERED FLOORS AND SMART
HELEN DRYDEN STYLING

★

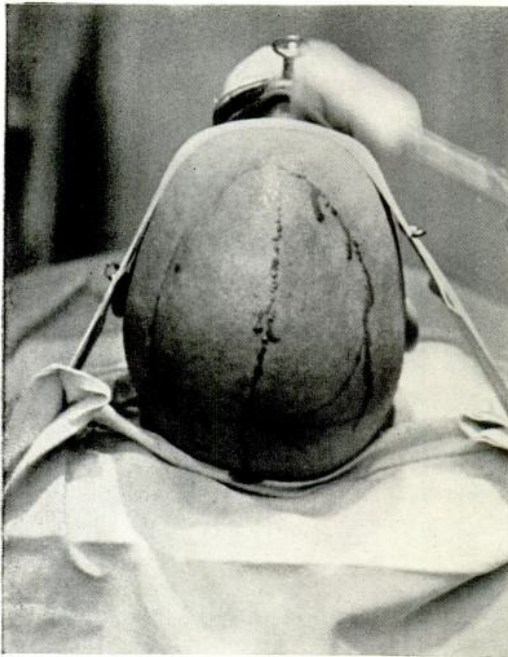
ENORMOUSLY SPACIOUS
NEW LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS
CONCEALED OR EXTENDED

★

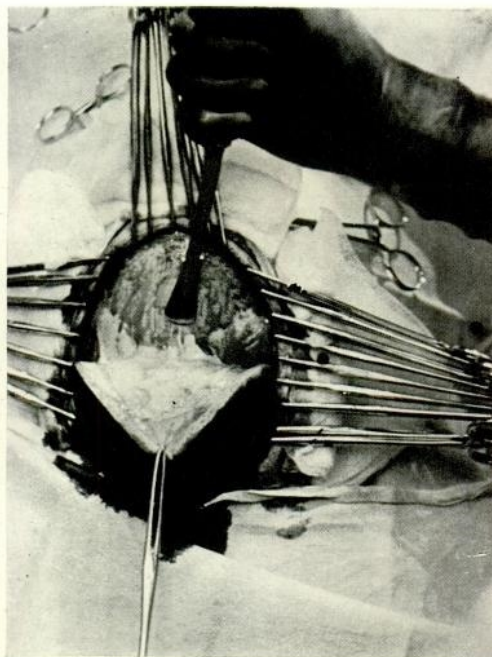
WORLD'S ONLY CARS WITH
AUTOMATIC HILL HOLDER PLUS
HYDRAULIC BRAKES

*Exciting 1937
Studebakers*

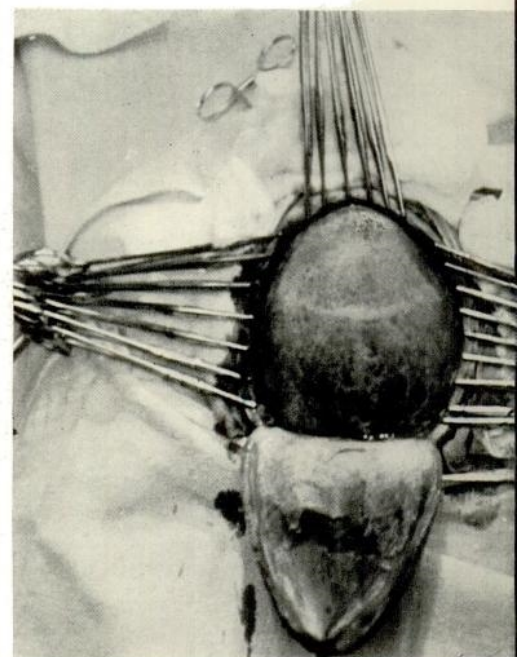




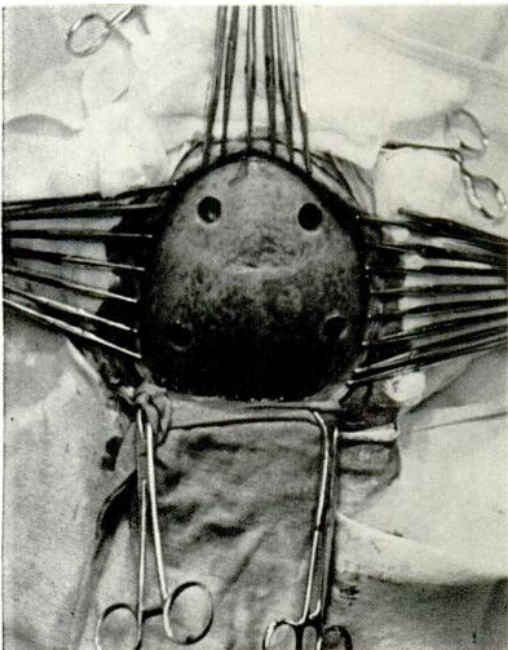
1 The scalp, well shaved, is slit open.



2 A flap of the scalp is peeled back.



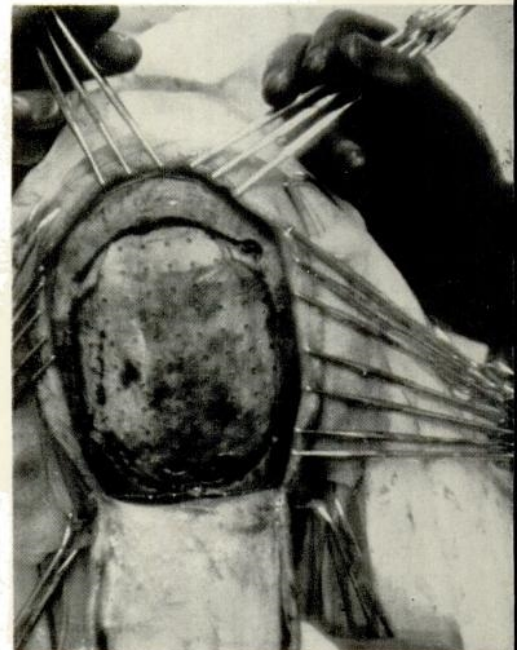
3 The skull is now ready for opening.



4 Four holes are drilled in the dome.

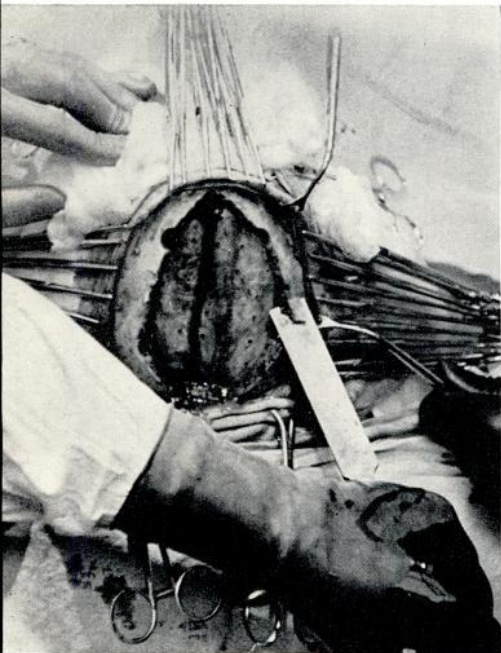


5 Between the holes, the skull is sawed out.

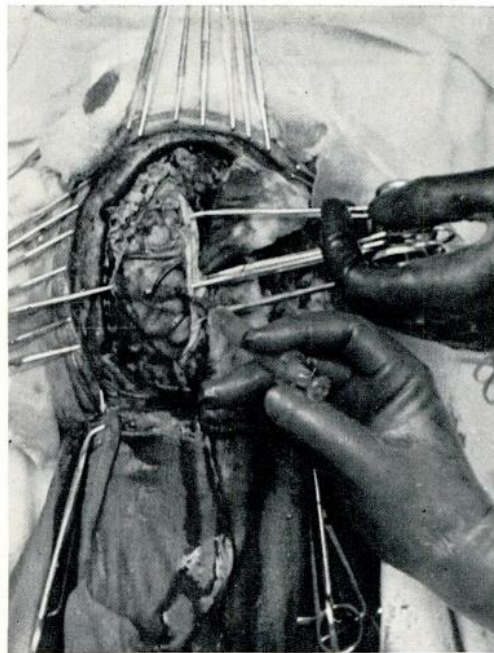


6 Beneath the skull lies the dura mater.

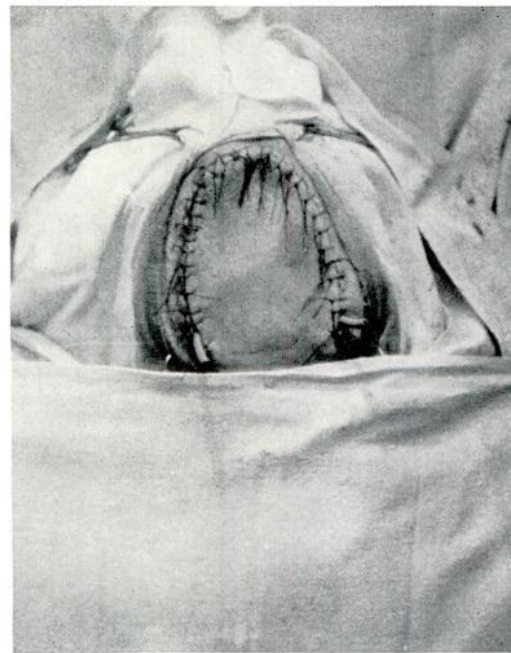
SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .



7 Rough edges of bone are chiseled smooth.



8 The dura mater is pulled back, exposing the brain.



9 Adhesions freed, a celluloid plate replaces the skull.

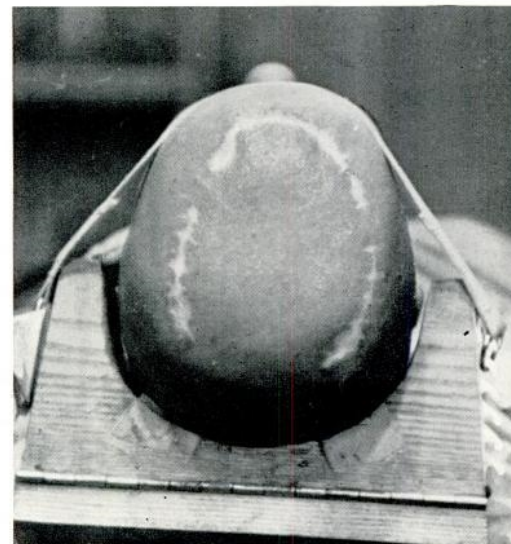
... This is a brain operation

THE company that makes Leica cameras thought so highly of this set of narrative photographs that they exhibited them all over the country as examples of the work of their product. The Editors of LIFE agree that they are good pictures and are glad to have the chance to publish them.

But these shots, unfortunately, are better as photography than they are as surgery. The operation was performed by a homeopathic surgeon in Manhattan who treats epilepsy by removing the top of the skull, replacing it with a celluloid plate, thus relieving adhesions of the brain. Topnotch surgeons like Byron Stookey and Walter Dandy doubt that epilepsy can be cured by this method. When these orthodox practitioners go inside the skull, they limit incisions to the smallest possible area. This makes for less spectacular photography but sounder science. So medical readers of LIFE may well raise professional eyebrows at such pictures as these.

Nevertheless LIFE's editors still believe that this brain operation adds up into a significant set of pictures *per se*. The patient's skull was removed and replaced and the camera truthfully detailed each step of the process. Judged as an indisputable record of a disputable operation, these shots clearly indicate the point to which technical photography has progressed by 1936. That next year the camera in expert hands will go even farther in bringing the laboratory into the layman's living room, LIFE's editors have no doubt. To give this important trend in pictures an outlet, LIFE's pages are hereby declared open to scientific contributors. If technologists with a flair for photography object to this brain operation on the ground of surgical orthodoxy, let them pull out of their own files and submit for publication better pictures which LIFE's editors feel sure are there.

LIFE invites not only brain surgeons, but all amateur photographers to submit their best pictures for publication. Instead of letters-to-the-editor, LIFE proposes to dedicate these pages shortly to a photographs-to-the-editor department. Its only standards will be intrinsic picture interest and photographic literacy. Dull people with dull pictures will be given short shrift but the contributor with a crackerjack story, graphically told, may suddenly wake up to find his work lifted out of this department and plunked down as a special act in the main body of the magazine. Since professional standards will be applied to all contributions, amateurs will be paid like professionals for all photographs used.



10 The scalp heals over the plate.



11 Out of the scalp, hair grows again.

Advertisement



1 SPEED. Grand typing and it's done on time—thanks to Miss Murphy's skilled fingers and the super-speed of the New Royal. Note her boss's smile of satisfaction.



2 EASE. Here is Miss Barrett. She knows typewriters—A to Z. "Compare the Work? There's no comparison!" she laughs. "Royals are better, much easier to use—and every girl knows it!"



3 CAPACITY. That's the ability to turn out typing faster—and *right the first time!* And, it's where Royals shine, to quote Mr. James (examining a particularly "rush" letter).



4 DURABILITY. Ask the man at the telephone. His staff types millions of words a month. He'll tell you, "Our Royals are in perfect condition. And, boy, how we use them!"

FIVE FIRSTS



5 ECONOMY. Johnny himself doesn't know much about typing costs. But he heard Mr. Gray, the office manager say, "With these New Royals, our cost per letter is down to rock bottom—and our records prove it!" Johnny is willing to swear to this.

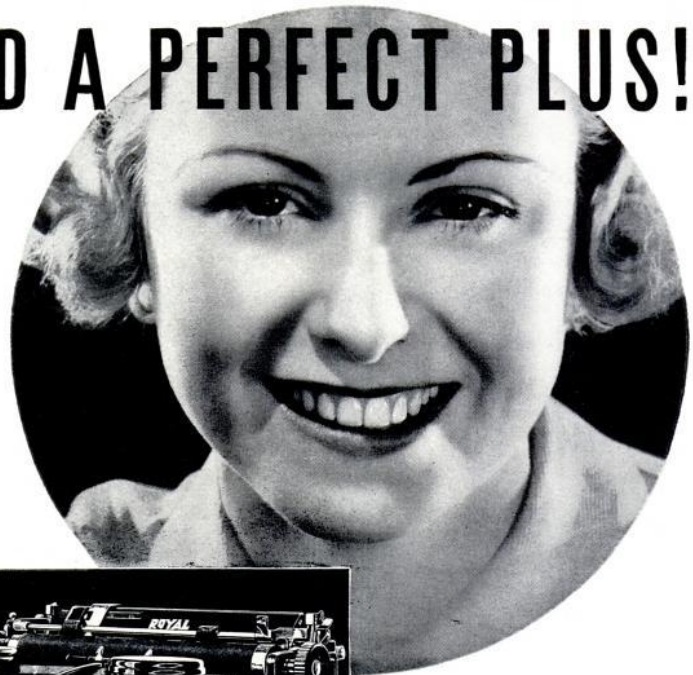
AND A PERFECT PLUS!

ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER! The New Easy-Writing Royal is today's most outstanding typewriter.

Exclusive Royal conveniences—Shift Freedom, Touch Control,* and many others—have freed the operator from tiring effort. Relaxed, completely at ease, her fingers fairly fly over its keyboard. That is why typists using the New Royal are happier, more efficient . . . why typing costs are lower in offices where Royals are used. And it is the reason, too, why Royal sales are now the *greatest in the history of the Company.*

Invite a demonstration . . . Compare the Work! . . . Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

CHAMPION! Albert Tangora recently won the World's Typing Championship for the second successive year on a standard Easy-Writing Royal, typing 135 net words per minute for one hour—a record never surpassed!



*Trade-mark for key-tension device

ROYAL
WORLD'S NO. 1
TYPEWRITER



MILLION DOLLAR SMILE—the smile of a girl when she is really pleased with her typewriter—and her job. Chances are the typewriter is—a New Royal! For Royal has humanized typing, made it easier for the typist, saved time and money for employer! *The perfect plus to every ROYAL FIRST!*

Copyright, 1936, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

Introduction To This Second Issue Of

LIFE

LIFE had hoped that this issue might open with a first-class sport-story about a man taking a battleship out fishing. But the cruise of the *Indianapolis* has been transmuted into a major diplomatic mission, and LIFE must see the President aboard his craft with a proper sense of the importance of the occasion.

The President will stop at Rio de Janeiro, world's most magnificent harbor pictured in Vol. I, No. 1. Then he will proceed to Buenos Aires to address the American Presidents and plenipotentiaries assembled for the opening of the Inter-American Conference. Buenos Aires is not only a great and beautiful city but, as will be seen on pages 50-53, it is the scene of some of the most fashionable high-life in the world. The great pampas of the Argentine with their bola-throwing cowboys are shown on other pages.

This week the department called LIFE on the American Newsfront gives special emphasis to Tampa, Florida, where the American Federation of Labor has been fighting out its own civil war over union organization.

When LIFE decided to delve into the contemporary phenomenon of bathing girls, it went straight to the man who, year in and year out, gets more pictures of that kind into the paper than any other press-agent in the land—Steve Hannagan. Only the other day did the season's first photograph of a Hannagan girl blossom in the newspapers. Thus were LIFE's editors informed that winter is at hand and that the Miami Beach advertising season, ably handled by Steve Hannagan and his associates, is in full stride. It was just dumb luck that Photographer Eisenstaedt should begin at the beginning of this story of high-pressure press-agentry and barge into the Hannagan offices in Manhattan last month

at the moment when the Miami Beach campaign for 1936-37 was being plotted. To illustrate his technical skill, Mr. Hannagan fairly swamped LIFE's office with samples of his handiwork—more girl pictures, in fact, than its Editors had ever seen before. And he rushed the fine Betty Cook to New York by air express.

Two great Englishmen and one great Dutchman combined their varied talents to supply the Movie-of-the-Week and the main art section of this issue. Director Alexander Korda and Actor Charles Laughton, working together for the first time since *The Private Life of Henry VIII* paid close attention to historical fact in making *Rembrandt*. As a result, LIFE is able to print a sound biography of the last half of Rembrandt's career in terms of excerpts from the Korda-Laughton film. As a huge footnote to *Rembrandt*, six of Rembrandt's greatest paintings are reproduced in full color. These give a sense of the man's genius in a way that even able Mr. Laughton, with all his artful daubings on the screen, is unable to do. Director Korda could have borrowed many a Rembrandt masterpiece from Amsterdam for use in his film had he been willing to pay the enormous insurance rates involved. As it is, LIFE's readers now get a fine biographical movie and a look at Rembrandt originals, all at one sitting.

Paintings of various sorts score heavily in this issue. That Adolf Hitler once painted houses, most people know. That he also painted water colors during the War was a fact that did not come out until a German art dealer gave an exhibit of the Realm-leader's work last spring. Another dictator, Joseph Stalin, recently commanded a group of artists to portray his life with the striking results recorded on pages 24 and 25. And on page 44, LIFE looks through children's eyes in some remarkable paintings by moppets.

A new generation of Americans is turning to American mountain-climbing to satisfy its scientific appetite. With Walter Wood of the American Geographical Society and his young associates, LIFE this week goes into the unmapped Yukon, sees an Arctic bundling party, climbs Mt. Steele.

Plebes at West Point must sit as ramrod straight at meals as the young man on the cover of this issue. Not part of the time—but all through the meal. Other photographic studies by Eisenstaedt of life at West Point appear on pages 45-49.

The shots of a tiger almost eating a man were taken from a movie called *The Voice of India*, filmed by Explorer Paul Hoeffler last year. The occasion was a tiger hunt being given by the Maharaja of Bhopal. Only by a fluke was Photographer Hoeffler able to catch the tiger's spring, its wrestling match with the man, its retreat into the bush. On the screen this hair-raising scene is over in less than three seconds, leaving only a confused recollection of arms, legs, bodies all mixed together. On LIFE's pages virtually each phase of the life-and-death struggle is frozen to a standstill for readers to study in detail.

One look at Judge Osborn's struggle to fix his tie for the dinner of the American Petroleum Institute was enough to persuade LIFE that it should retrospectively attend that affair as its Party-of-the-Week. It proved to be an excellent example of the kind of thing which nearly every American businessman experiences once a year. The Institute's meeting had its serious purpose (taxes), its high moments (the President of Standard Oil of Indiana singing *Sweet Adeline*) and it left Editor Hedrich of the *Tulsa World* flat on his back.

THE EDITORS



FOUR HOURS A YEAR

On February first, 1937, THE MARCH OF TIME will be eight hours old. And two years will have elapsed since its first twenty-minute issue unrolled across the screens of a few hundred venturesome U.S. cinemansions.

Today, THE MARCH OF TIME may fairly be said to have established itself as a *regular identifiable publication* giving a cinematic account of major news

events to some twenty million people each month.

It is by no means a full cinematic account. It is not supposed to be that. Nevertheless, in its twenty minutes a month, its four hours a year, THE MARCH OF TIME has fixed in millions of memories an amount of sense-making news-fact which justifies, its Editors believe, their basic position about the potency of pictures.

THE MARCH OF TIME NOW APPEARS EACH MONTH IN 7500 U. S. CINEMAS

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THE FRONT COVER IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF A WEST POINT CADET, FEEDING, TAKEN BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

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PHOTOGRAPHERS: Margaret Bourke-White, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Thos. D. McAvoy, Peter Stackpole.

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© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



WARNING!



STALLED AGAIN! WHY DIDN'T I GET MY CAR READY FOR THE WINTER

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU THIS WINTER TROUBLE-PROOF YOUR CAR NOW

HERE'S HOW TO AVOID WINTER DRIVING GRIEF

AFRAID OF SKIDDING? THIS NEW TIRE WITH SPECIAL "ROAD DRYING" TREAD WILL PROTECT YOU



Smooth, worn tires mean "danger ahead" on wet, slippery roads. And that's why you need Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on your car *right now*. The 3 big center ribs in the Silvertown tread act like the windshield wiper on your car, sweep away water—giving the outer rows of Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip. And Silvertowns are the *only* tires that give you Golden Ply Blow-out Protection. Yet you pay no price premium for these *super-quality* tires!

Goodrich
SAFETY SILVERTOWNS
with Golden Ply Blow-out Protection

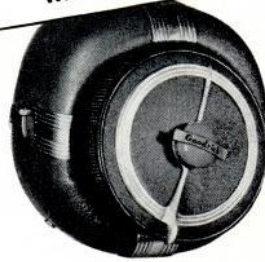
NEW-TYPE BATTERY GUARANTEED NEVER TO COST YOU A CENT FOR REPAIRS OR REPLACEMENT AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR



Now—you can install in your car this amazing Power-Saving Top Cover battery that is so revolutionary in construction, so powerful in performance that Goodrich backs it up with the most startling guarantee ever! Imagine! No matter how long you own your pleasure car or how far you drive it, if the Kathanode Electro-Pak you buy fails to give you satisfactory service, it will be replaced without charge, as clearly stated in the written guarantee. See this amazing battery at your Goodrich Tire dealer's now.

The New **Goodrich**
"KATHANODE" *Electro-Pak*

MORE HEAT—QUICKER HEAT—WITH THIS NEW "BOILER TYPE" HOT WATER HEATER



Working on the same principle as the hot water boiler that's in your home, the Goodrich De Luxe Heater has a special "heat trap" that stores hot water *in* the heater instead of allowing it to be sucked back into the cooling system before the heater gives out all its heat. That's why this heater gives you MORE heat and QUICKER heat. Have your Goodrich dealer "shiver-proof" your car now with one of the new Goodrich De Luxe Heaters. And you'll be surprised at how *little* you pay for this *extra* comfort.

Goodrich De Luxe
HOT WATER HEATER

NEW TUBE SEALS PUNCTURES WHILE YOU RIDE—PROTECTS YOU AGAINST CHANGING TIRES ON COLD, WINTRY ROADS



Why spend a winter worrying for fear you or your wife will have the discomfort of changing a tire on some wet or snowy road? Put Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes in all your tires. Then if you pick up a tack, nail or a piece of glass the amazing special construction of this tube seals the hole *instantly*—and you don't even have to stop your car! Go to your Goodrich dealer now and see with your own eyes how the Goodrich Seal-o-matic ends messy tire changing and annoying delays.

Goodrich SEAL-O-MATIC
SAFETY TUBE

SEE YOUR **Goodrich** DEALER TODAY
GET EXTRA SAFETY • COMFORT • ECONOMY *all year 'round*



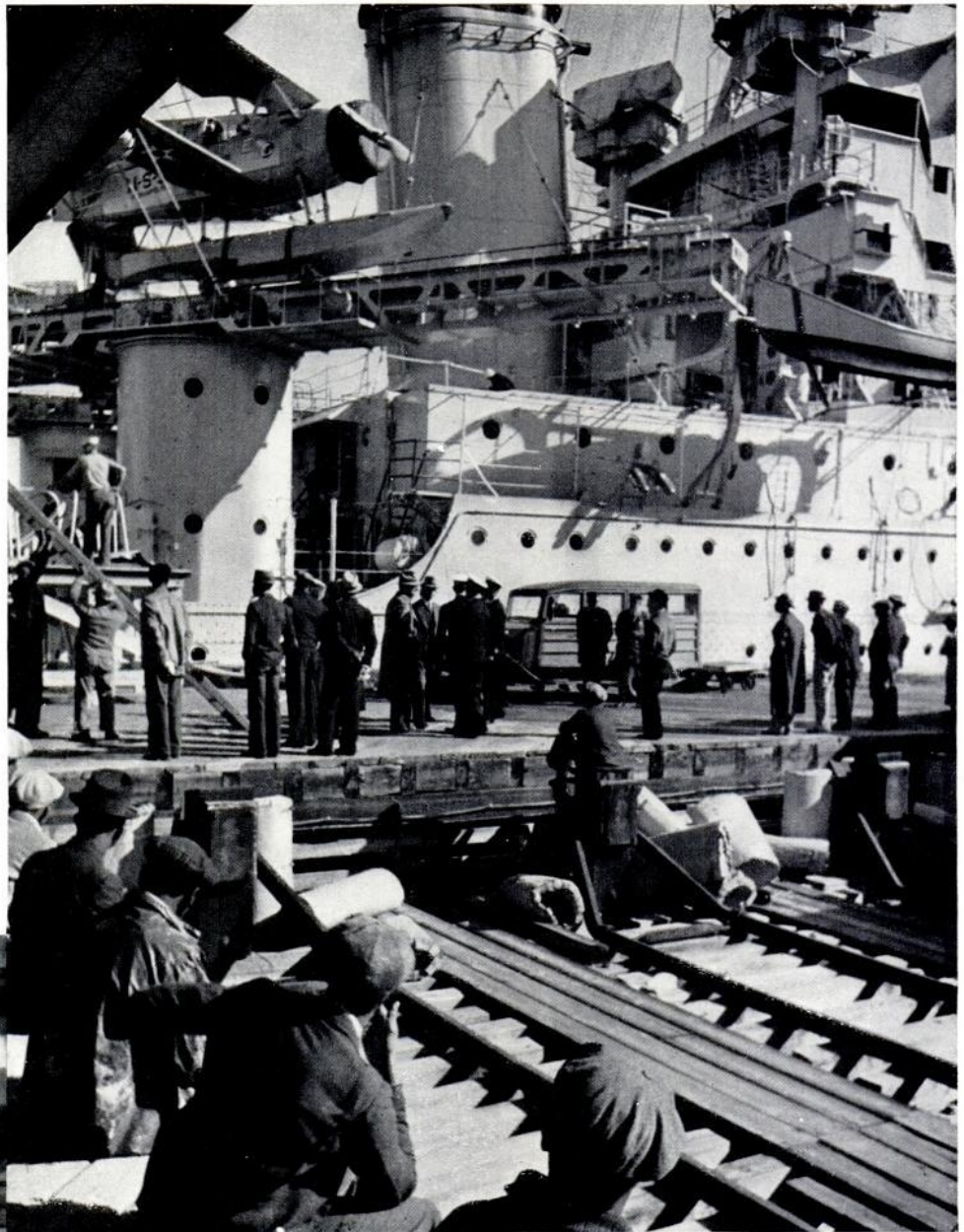
ANOTHER PRESIDENT GOES TO SEA

WHEN a U.S. President goes to sea, he expects to find his Navy spotless. On Nov. 18, the barefoot gobs of the *U.S.S. Indianapolis* swabbed their hardest and Captain Henry K. Hewitt (*right*) looked his trimmest, for Commander-in-Chief Franklin D. Roosevelt was coming aboard, bound for Buenos Aires. Note how narrow the decks of a 10,000-ton cruiser are.



ANOTHER PRESIDENT GOES TO SEA (CONTINUED)

LONG before the public knew that President Roosevelt was planning a Caribbean fishing trip, sailors were sprucing up the *Indianapolis*. When the President used this cruiser for his voyage to Campobello Island in 1933, ramps, handrails and a special elevator were installed. Now these were put back in use. The ship was overhauled, painted, polished. When the *Indianapolis* reached Charleston, S. C., on Nov. 12, a fishing platform had been built out from the deck, a movie screen painted on a bulkhead. Then word came that the President would steam straight to Buenos Aires for the opening of the Inter-American Peace Conference. Railroad cars backed up to the dock and enough food was loaded to last 700 men, officers and guests for two weeks. Charleston's Mayor Maybank sent a deer. Aboard also was taken the Presidential luggage and 39 movies, among them Laurel & Hardy's *Our Relations*. At 8 a.m. on Nov. 18 all was ready. The Officer of the Deck in duty uniform raised his telescope (see next page), looked across the city to see if the President was coming.

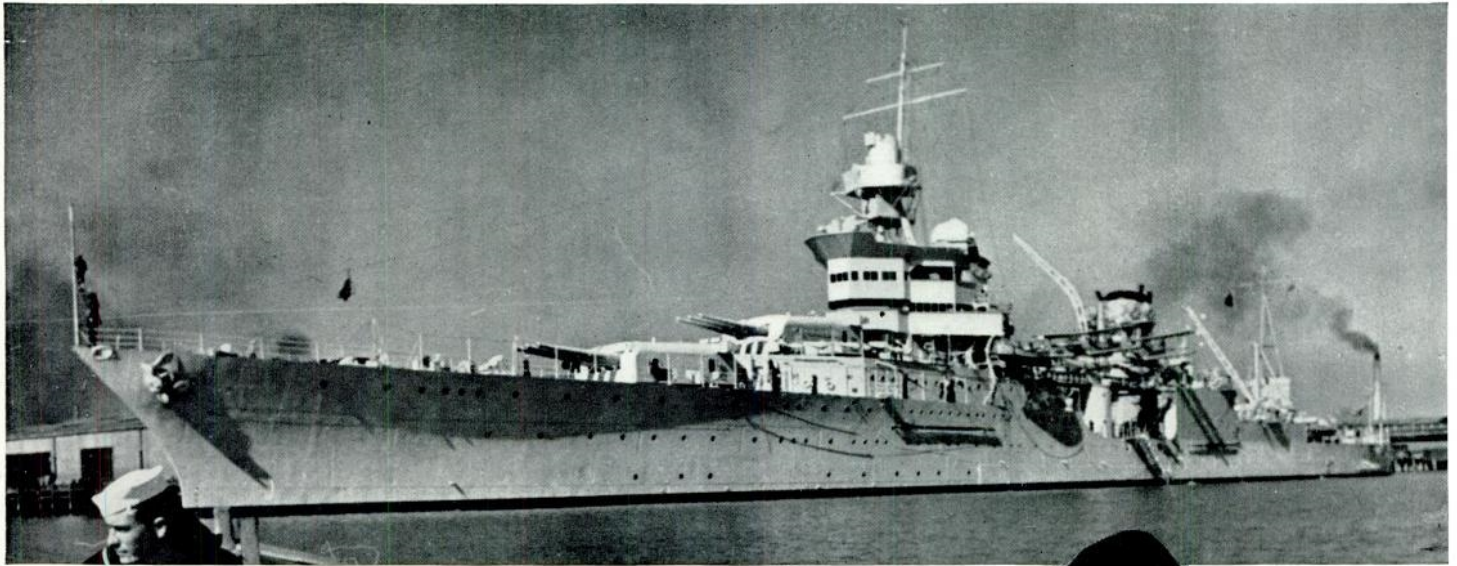


Mayor Maybank's deer is lugged aboard, to await the President's appetite.

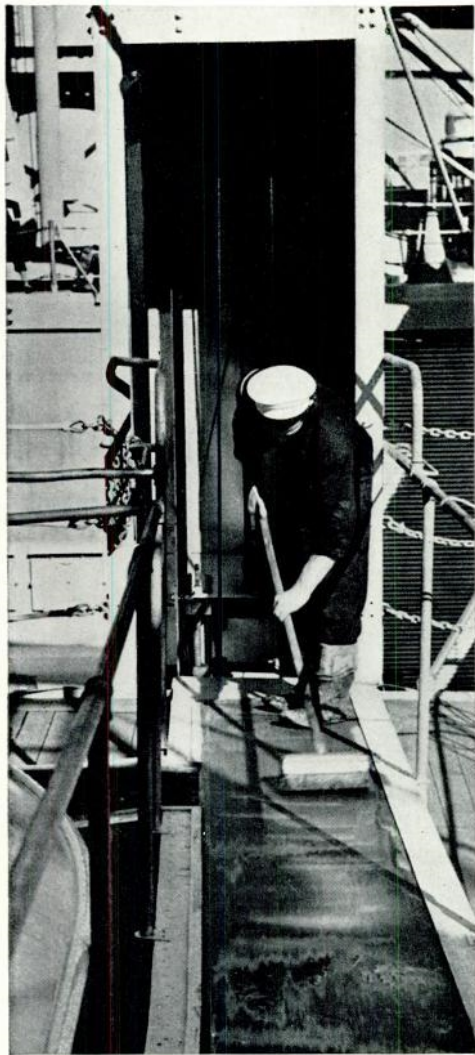
The loading is finished and railroad cars have retreated empty from the tracks in the foreground. The dockworkers hang around, eager to glimpse the President.



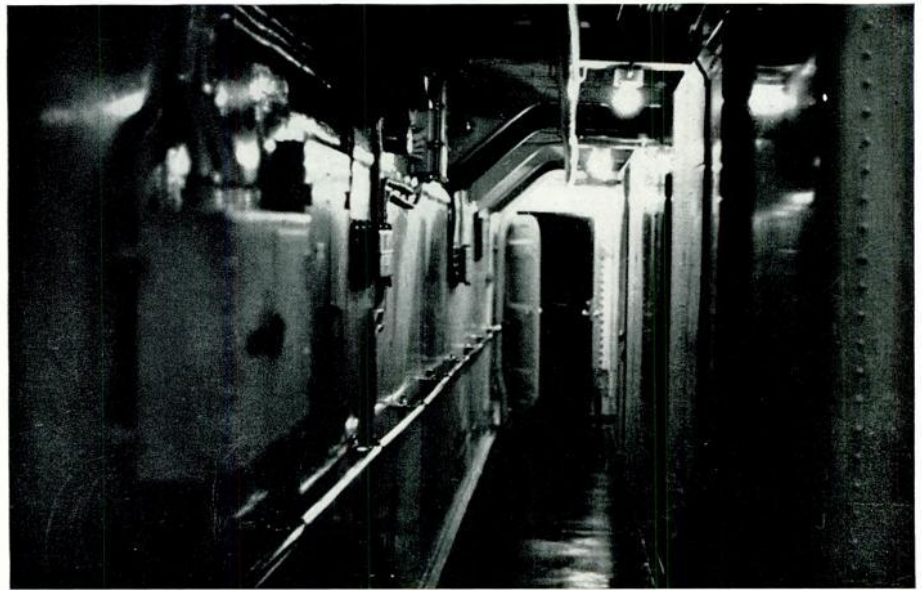
The President's steward: Filipino Pio Estrada.



U.S.S. Indianapolis in Charleston Harbor



Rubber-covered ramps are installed for the President on every deck. This one leads from his sun deck to his elevator.



Handrails are screwed into the walls of the corridor leading to the President's quarters. At one end of this corridor is a door from which the high sill has been removed. At the other end is the private elevator.



President Roosevelt, from the rail of the *Indianapolis*, waves good-by to his people for 26 days. Behind him is his son James; above, one of the *Indianapolis*' four planes.

SOON after 8 a.m. the President's car came winding down to the dock through Charleston's crowded, cheering streets. With him were his military and Naval aides, his eldest son James and a friend of James'. At 9:01 a.m. the *Indianapolis* cast off. The longest (6,000 mile each way) ever made by a U.S. President, Franklin Roosevelt's trip to Buenos Aires establishes no precedent.

Theodore Roosevelt in 1906 went to sea to inspect his Panama Canal. Harding went to Alaska in 1923, ate some bad fish, died. Coolidge's ocean voyage in 1928 on the *Texas* from Key West to Havana lasted less than a day, made him seasick coming home. Hoover, at the peak of his popularity, had great good fun on a two-months' tour of South America in 1928-29. But only one President's sea-trips made the kind of history which every schoolboy for a century will have to learn. In 1918, wielding greater moral authority than any man has wielded in this age, Wilson went to Europe to end the war that was to end all war. The nations received him as saint and saviour. He went again the following year—and when his trips were done, he was a broken man, ready to die in bitterness.



President Wilson made two trips to Paris in the name of Peace and the League of Nations.



HUGHES WILBUR FLETCHER THE COOLIDGES KELLOGG O'BRIEN SCOTT

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE SAILED TO CUBA ON THE "TEXAS" IN 1928



TRAIN HURLEY HOOVER FREEMAN WILBUR HUGHES

PRESIDENT HOOVER SAILED TO PUERTO RICO ON THE "ARIZONA" IN 1931

The top picture shows Mr. Coolidge and his delegation to the Pan-American Congress of 1928 in Havana. Left to right: Charles Evans Hughes, President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford, Ambassador Henry P. Fletcher, Mr.

and Mrs. Coolidge, Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg, Morgan J. O'Brien, James Brown Scott of the Carnegie Endowment. Bottom picture shows the Hoover party en route to Puerto Rico in 1931. Left to right, seated: Cap-

tain Charles Train, naval aide, Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley, Mr. Hoover, the *Arizona's* Captain Charles S. Freeman, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, Lt. Col. Campbell B. Hughes, military aide.

LIFE on the American Newsfront: In Washington



Covering President Roosevelt is the prize assignment, the biggest job of the U. S. Press. Before he sailed for South America, the President invited some of the hundred-odd White House reporters outside his office to pose with him for this picture. In the front row, left to right, are George Durno (International News Service); Robert E. Henderson (Central News Service); Fred Storm (United Press); the President; Walter Trohan (Chicago Tribune); J. Russell

Young (Washington Star); James L. Wright (Buffalo News). Standing in the row directly behind the President, from left to right are Elizabeth May Cragg (Portland, Me. Express); Clarence Linz (Journal of Commerce); a newcomer known only to his editor; Richard Saunders (Omaha Bee-News); Rudolphe de Zapp (Washington Times); Mrs. Ned B. Harris (Owensboro, Ky. Messenger); Henry Hyde (Baltimore Sun); William E. Jamieson (Houston Chronicle);

Ned Brooks (Scripps-Howard); Fred Perkins (Scripps-Howard); Louis J. Heath (United Press); Hobart Montee (United Press); Leon M. Pearson (United Features). Visible rear row faces, left to right; George Gillingham (TVA press agent); Park Engle (Dallas News); Rodney Dutcher (Scripps-Howard); Charles O. Gridley (Denver Post); Walter Brown (Winston-Salem Journal); Eugene S. Duffield (Chicago Tribune); Mike Flynn (Wall Street Journal).



To his old job as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the President on Nov. 17 appointed Charles Edison, elder son of the late inventor. An early, enthusiastic New Dealer, Mr. Edison breaks a tradition of a Roosevelt in this post. He lives with his wife (above) in West Orange, N. J.



Resignation on Nov. 18 ended the stormy career as Resettlement Administrator of Rexford Guy Tugwell. No New Dealer has been a greater favorite with the Roosevelt family, whose picnics he often attended. The picture above shows Mr. Tugwell (left) at Hyde Park, with Marvin McIntyre and Mrs. Roosevelt. He will become executive vice-president of the American Molasses Co.

In South Bend, Indiana



Eleven hundred workers locked themselves in the plant of the Bendix Products Corp., refused to come out until the company agreed to a closed shop. Friends sent in food, two accordions, playing cards. At one time strikers reported 300 games of bridge and poker in progress. Because male strikers' wives became alarmed at rumors of "bundling" in the cold plant at night, the company amiably kept the heat on.



When strikers grumbled because they could not attend the Notre Dame-Northwestern football game, the union sent in two radios. A worker led cheers for Notre Dame (above). Meanwhile automobile men fretted over their dwindling supplies of brakes, clutches, carburetors.

In Navarino, New York



To fly from Boston to the bedside of his dying father in Minnesota, a factory worker named Nadeau, who had won a Sweepstakes prize, chartered John A. Shobe's airplane. Pilot Shobe picked as relief pilot his 16-year-old pupil, Priscilla Murphy, daughter of Dr. William P. Murphy, co-winner of the 1934 Nobel Prize for Medicine. Dr.

Murphy saw his daughter off (left). Over New York, the plane ran into a snowstorm, lost its way, crashed. Nadeau and Shobe, thrown clear, died in a hospital. Miss Murphy burned with the plane (center), left her father to share his grief with Pilot Shobe's two children, Richard, 7 and Albert, 10 (right).

At Palm Springs, California



New York's Governor Herbert H. Lehman wanted to retire, ran for re-election only to please his good friend Franklin Roosevelt. Having waged and won a strenuous campaign, he relaxes at Palm Springs, the movie stars' playground in the California desert. He is shown in the pool of the El Mirador Hotel. The Governor swims as he campaigns, slowly but earnestly and effectively, using the sidestroke.

At Hudson, New York



Heroic Engineer Charles Ferguson of the New York Central was piloting his Knickerbocker Express when a blast from the engine threw him back in the tender. He crawled back through the flames, stopped his train, was hospitalized with bad burns.

LIFE on the American Newsfront: In Tampa



President William Green holds a United Mine Workers card, but his strength is with the old craft-union bosses, not with John Lewis' rebellious miners.

THE American Federation of Labor at its annual convention faced the biggest problem in its history: what to do about John L. Lewis? Most of U.S. Labor has long been organized by crafts. The skilled-craft unions, being the strongest, have run the A.F. of L., made it primarily an association of Labor's aristocracy. But among the big bosses of the Federation was one, John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, who headed a big, industrial union. When Miner Lewis last November formed the Committee for Industrial Organization and the C.I.O. began to organize the steel industry, the craft-union bosses of the A.F. of L. voted to suspend ten pro-Lewis unions. Rid of Miner Lewis, the bosses, some of whom are shown on this page, were solidly in control at Tampa, but badly worried. If they made peace on the Lewis terms, their craft unions might disappear. If they expelled the C.I.O. unions, they would divide Labor, perhaps wreck their cause for good. Meanwhile the 435 delegates at Tampa, basking in Florida sunshine, were in no mood to hurry their leaders.



Marie Hudson represents the Atlanta local (membership: 40) of the Office Workers Union, which appointed her a delegate when her husband had to go to Tampa anyway.



Bitter Lewis foe is Boss William Hutcherson of the Carpenters Union (*left*), whose jaw was punched by Lewis in 1935. He is talking with J. W. Williams, head of the Building Trades Department.



Scholarly John L. Frey, potent head of the Federation's big Metal Trades Department, yearns to expel the ten C.I.O. unions.



Negroes are Scarce in the A. F. of L., but Milton P. Webster (*left*) and A. Philip Randolph (*right*) represent the Sleeping Car Porters. Randolph, no porter himself, runs an airtight union.



Wagging her finger at Major George Berry is Miss Lillian Herstein, No. 1 woman executive of the Chicago Federation of Labor. Major Berry, in his official capacity, is head of the Pressmen's Union. Unofficially, he is President Roosevelt's personal representative, charged with the job of making peace between the Federation and John Lewis.



Over cocktails in a Tampa restaurant, Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Palermo find great fun. Mr. Palermo, who owns a garage in Chicago's Chinatown, is such a good employer that his workers made him an honorary member of the Auto Chauffeurs and Liverymen's Union. Vacationing in Florida, he exercised his right to drop in on the convention.



Seated on the divan (above) in the lobby of the Floridian Hotel are the wives of a stonemason, a plumber and a hod carrier. No ordinary laborers' wives, however, are these substantial ladies. The one on the left is Mrs. M. W. Mitchell, wife of the president of the Journeymen Stonecutters' Association. In the center is Mrs. Patrick Drew, whose husband is the representative of the United Association of Journeymen Plumbers and Steamfitters of the United States and Canada. On the right is Mrs. Herbert Rivers, wife of the third vice-president of the International Hod Carriers', Building & Common Laborers' Union of America. About two thirds as many women as men turned up in Tampa, either as delegates or wives of delegates. Taking over the Floridian, they organized luncheons and bridge parties, took their husbands on sight-seeing tours, and to open-air services on Sunday. Local theatres gave them passes, local breweries free drinks. One night they cleared the convention hall (at left) for a ball under the auspices of the Central Trades and Labor Council.

This is the convention (at left) as it met in Tampa's Municipal Auditorium. On the platform President Green is revolving his arms in angry warning to delegates with pro-Lewis sympathies.

STEVE HANNAGAN'S

1212

STEVE HANNAGAN

ASSOCIATES:
JOE COPPS
ROBERT HARRON
LARRY SMITS



Steve Hannagan (*sprawling, above*), high-powered press agent, begins his twelfth season publicizing Miami Beach with a conference in his Manhattan office with his able assistants, bald Larry Smits and thick-thatched Joe Copps. Copps then proceeds to Florida where he talks business with professional models (*bottom*).

GIRLS

FROM Thanksgiving to St. Patrick's Day U. S. newspapers are full of pictures of pretty girls in bathing suits. Most of the pictures publicize Florida or Southern California. Not the product of chance news, these photographs are turned out by press agents, among the smartest of whom is Stephen Jerome ("Steve") Hannagan. This month Steve Hannagan opened his twelfth season as press agent for Miami Beach, Fla., the giddy resort town three miles across Biscayne Bay from Miami. Because he is employed by this ocean-front municipality, which pays him \$25,000 for the season, Steve Hannagan never lacks plenty of models. The local Board of Education is happy to place its high school girls at his disposal, as shown in the pictures below. Often a Hannagan amateur graduates into the professional model class like Betty Cook (right) or the girls on the opposite page. Even so, out of civic pride and gratitude to Impresario Hannagan, they continue to pose

for his cameras without charge. On these and the following pages is the picture story of the Hannagan technique, a hardheaded business despite its conscious absurdity. Hannagan and his associates, all old-time newspapermen, boss a staff of eleven, called the Miami Beach News Service. Their job is to keep Miami Beach (not Miami) constantly before snowbound Northerners who may then be lured to Florida.

Betty Cook

... is the most photographed girl in Miami Beach. She is 20, weighs 115 lbs. Three years ago she was a high school girl when Press Agent Hannagan spotted her, put her in a rubber bathing suit, broadcast her picture to the press. Like many another fine-looking Hannagan model she later turned professional, now calls herself Betty Joan Chamberlain, fetches \$10 an hour for posing for advertisements and commercial publicity. But Steve Hannagan still gets her free.



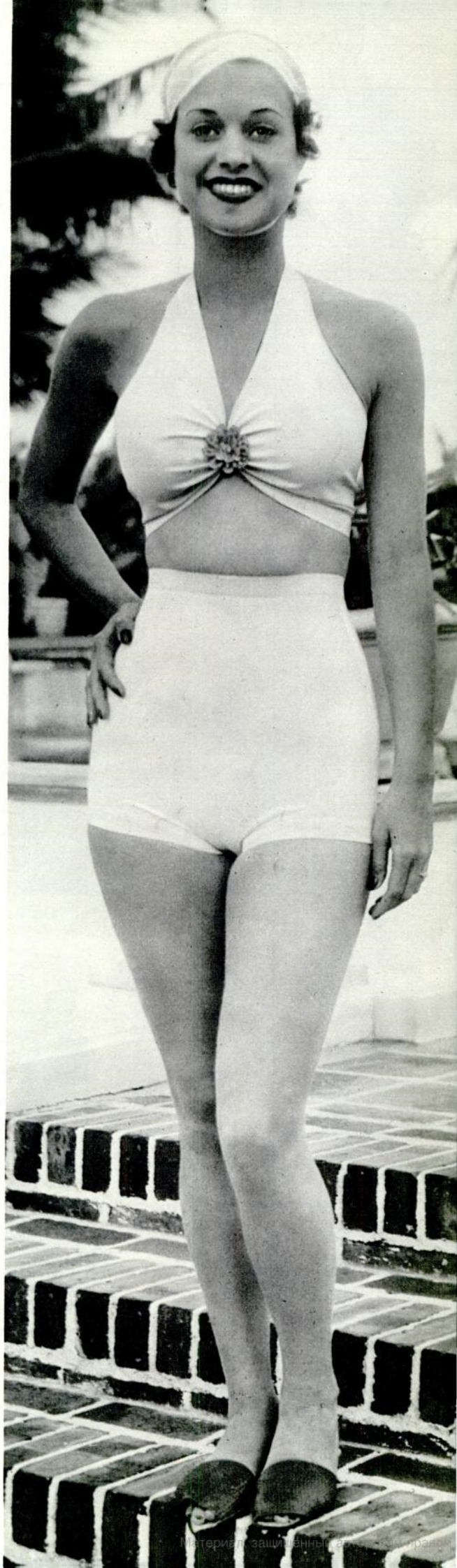
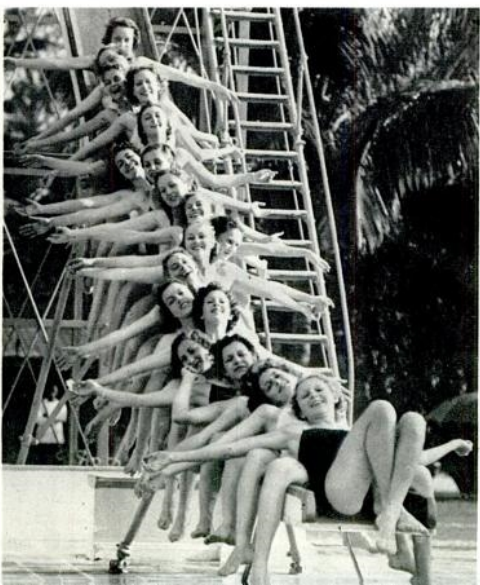
At the Miami Beach high school Joe Copps sizes up the season's crop of volunteer bathing girls.

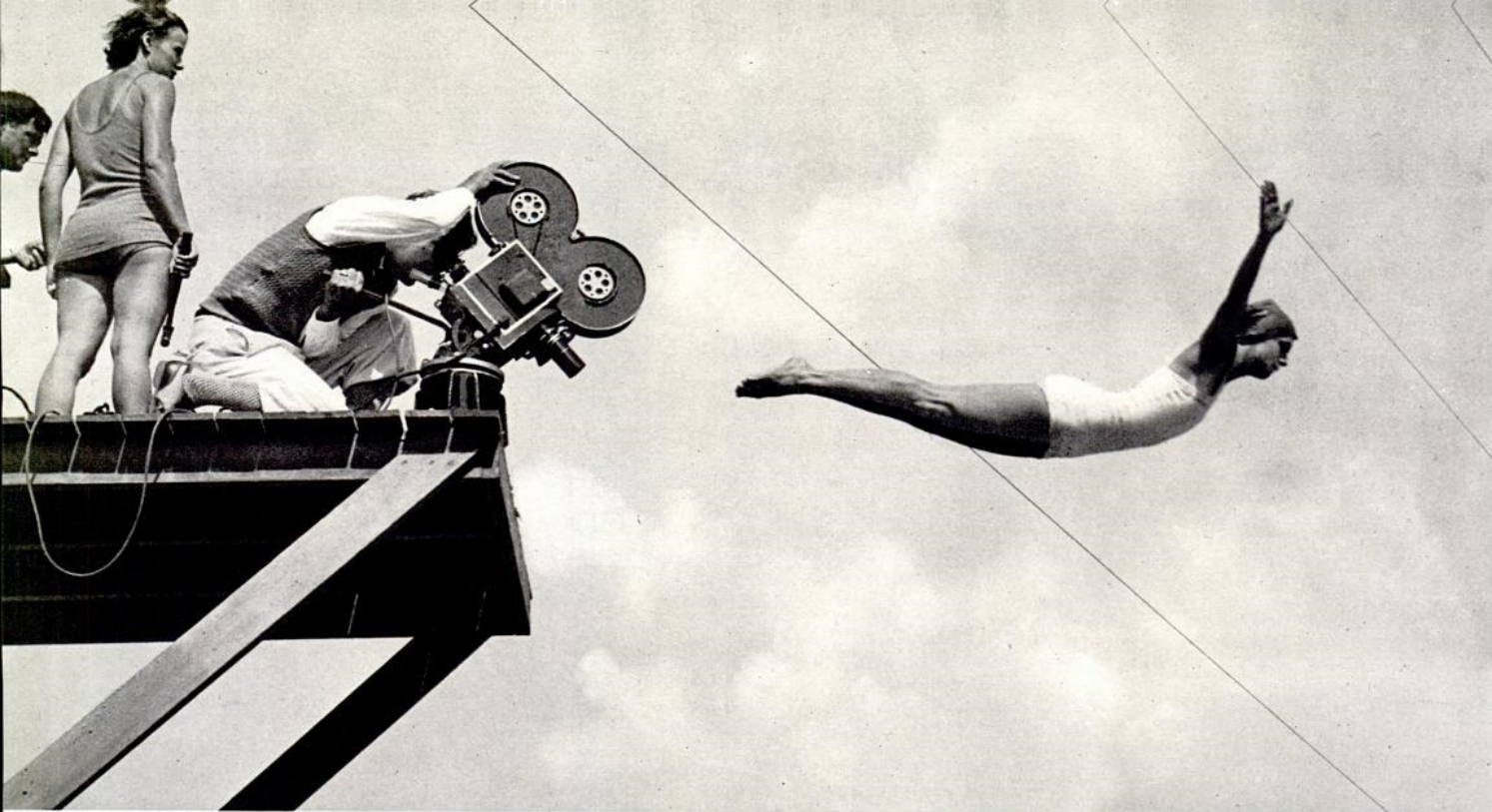
Dressed for duty, these amateur models troop out to the beach to perform before Copps' cameramen.



Lucky school girls, excused from classes to serve Miami Beach, report with their bathing suits.

Sliding sisters is the first act on Press Agent Copps' program for the greater glory of Miami Beach.





Hannagan presents Betty Bailey, Miami Beach girl, for Fox Movietone's camera.



Cecil Smith regains consciousness after a nasty Miami Beach polo spill.



Bill Tilden was snapped in this superb action picture at Miami Beach.



Ralph Flanagan at Miami Beach, is welcome on any sports editor's desk.



Man loses false teeth; fish swallows them; man catches fish and teeth.

HANNAGAN & CO. KNOW NEWS. They report many a legitimate story to the press, get good action pictures, like those above, into the largest dailies, serve many a hometown editor throughout the land by photographing visiting "names" like those at the top of the opposite page. All of this is good Miami Beach publicity. But they have built up a reputation for honesty with the press by also covering bad news when it breaks in their territory. Examples: hurricanes, jewel robberies, night club affrays.



Garbage is the index of the success of a Miami Beach season for only by the garbage disposal graph (right) can volume of visitors be accurately gauged. Hannagan's men check daily with the garbage

Материал, защищенный авторским правом



When Gar Wood took a spill out of his diamond scull, Hannagan's man was there.



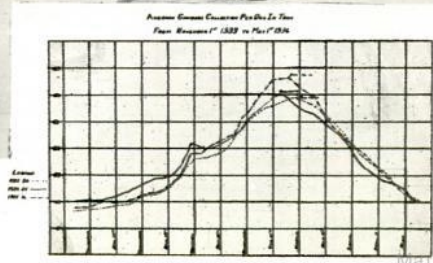
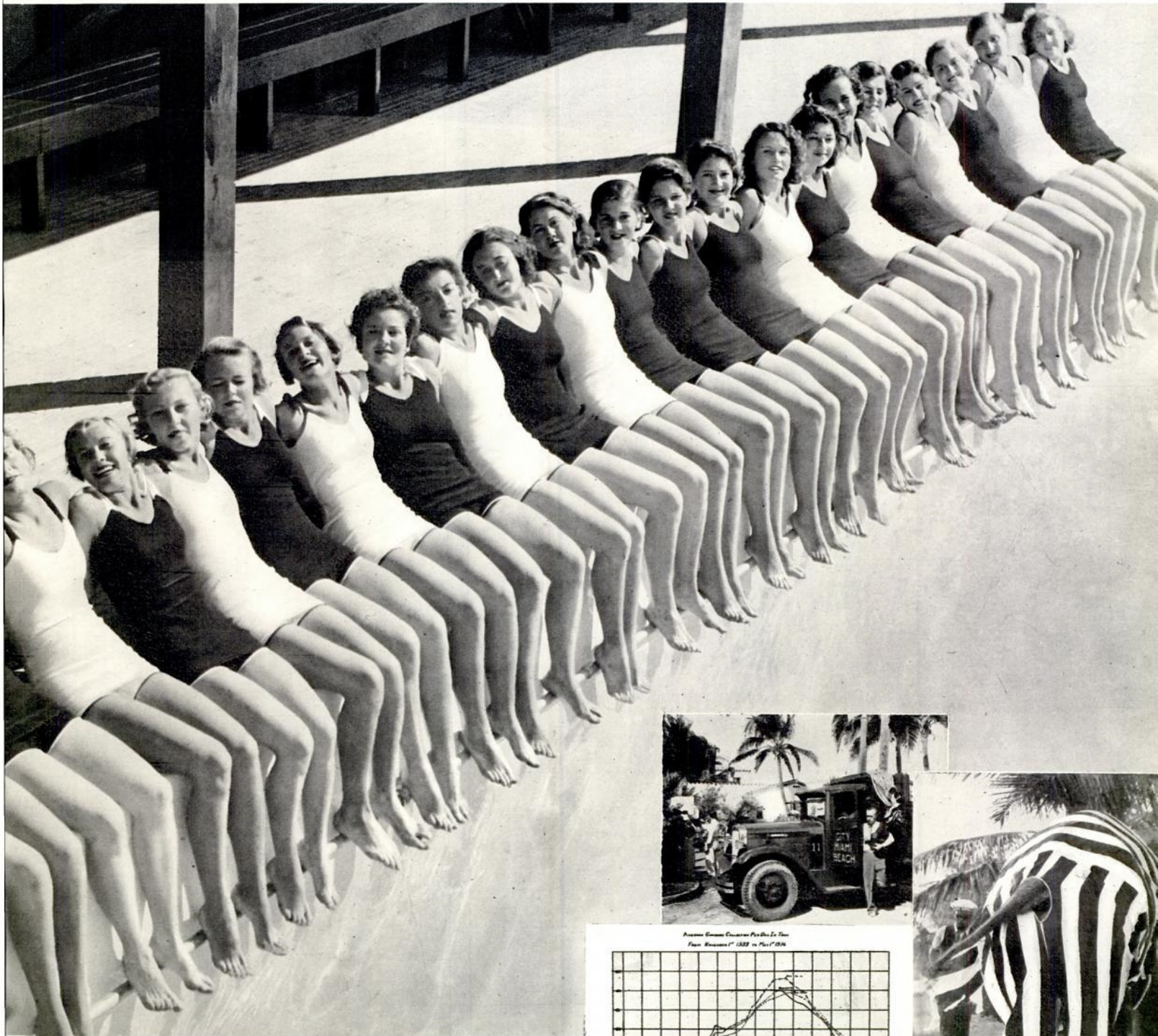
This Saginaw Miss in Miami Beach, thanks to Hannagan, was news in Michigan.



When Mary Hoeger, Olympic Swimmer, got well, the crutches made the picture.



"Erie, Pa. debutante suns self at Miami Beach." Hometown names are local news.



department, which always knows when a winter residence is to be opened. The elephant in the bathing suit (extreme right) is Rosie, a stock Hannagan prop until her removal to a zoo last year.



"The screwier the better." Pauline McCullough, Miami Beach high school girl puts on skis, does her stuff on the sand for Hannagan's inventive camera crew.

Kid pictures from Miami Beach get almost as much attention in the nation's press as girl pictures. The small male (right) is one Allen Josephson of Chicago.



The bicycle is mounted on an aquaplane. The gag: "Delivering *Daily News* to shore residents by water bicycle."



Election news from Miami Beach was this wirephoto of bathers balloting for President. Gag: "From Pool to Pool."

Around the calendar with Steve Hannagan. "Miami Beach high school girls prepare for Thanksgiving dinner."



Merry Christmas from Mr. Hannagan: "Santa Claus stops awhile at Miami Beach to play bridge with the girls."



HANNAGAN'S

Press agency based on real news and hometown names (see preceding pages) is all right so far as it goes, but it must go much farther. To keep the Miami Beach dateline alive in the North, Steve Hannagan's men are continually cooking up preposterous excuses for photographing bathing girls. One excuse may be the deadline for securing new Florida automobile license





A wire brought the skis (above) from Manhattan to Miami Beach by air express. The girls are Hannagan's. Man Mountain Dean, wrestler, grapples wife (below).

Hannagan's caption: "When traffic is too congested, this young miss finds a way to cross the thoroughfare." A "snow fight" (below) aided by a local ice company.

GIRLS (CONTINUED)

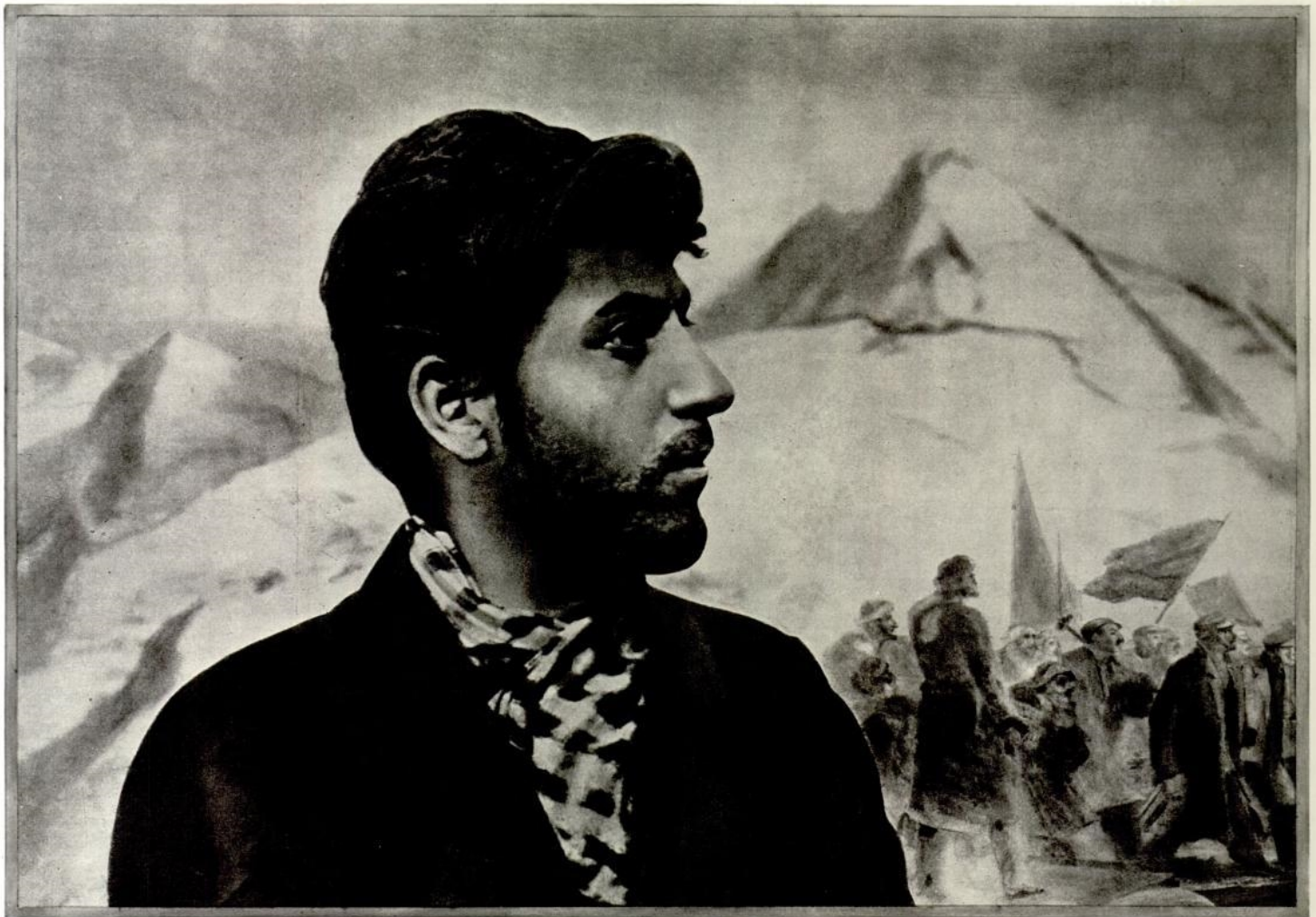
plates (above). Another may be the arrival of "Frank Mazzone, Tarzan of the Tropics, and his girls" (below). At Miami Beach there are always enough exhibitionists on the sunny sands to pose, always enough editors glad to brighten their winter pages with cockeyed antics. Results: up goes the tourist trade, up goes the garbage graph, up goes Steve Hannagan's retainer.



Garments and girls for Miami Beach's perennial fashion shows are eagerly contributed by local merchants. Bathing

suit styles make the best pictures, but even with furs, female legs still have plenty of pulling power.

PICTURE LIFE OF STALIN . . .



The bearded man, above, is supposed to be Josef Stalin as he was in the early 1900's, an obscure Bolshevik agitator in the Russian province of Georgia, hard by Turkey, when Tsar Nicholas II ruled Russia. All powerful Dictator Stalin lately commissioned the best Communist painters—none of them very good—to paint the story of his turbulent life. The results, somewhat idealizing the facts, are shown on these two pages, from his boyhood (left and below) to ultimate Dictatorship.



1 The official Communist life of Stalin begins with the boy Stalin (*above*), books in belt, coming out of the Gori village school with his fellow Georgians. In this period of innocence he still used his legal name, Josef Vissarionovitch Djughashvili, and his mother

called him "Soso." Still alive, she still so calls him. Josef was a born scrapper, got himself a black eye once a month. His mother wanted him to be a Greek Orthodox priest, sent him to the Tiflis Greek Orthodox seminary. Young Josef did not want to be a priest.



2 At the Tiflis Greek Orthodox seminary, the youth Stalin developed into a disciplinary problem. A bully with intelligence and character, he led students in political plotting against the authority of Abbot and teachers, did as little studying as possible. His room was a meeting-place for railway workers. To his mother's shame and disappointment, he was finally dismissed as an incorrigible.

. . . FROM BOY TO DICTATOR



3 When he was 17, Stalin joined the underground Socialist movement against the reign of Tsar Nicholas II. Above he is shown, half-bearded as in the big picture on opposite page, dominating his fellow-Socialists in night-time plotting. No. 1. Socialist of Tiflis, he now chose the alias of Koba, "The Distinguished One."



4 Above, dock-workers march to a riot in the Black Sea port of Batum. This time Stalin is not first in line, but third, in long coat with scarf. A year later Socialists split into two camps; terrorist Bolsheviks and middle-of-the-road Mensheviks. Man-of-action Stalin chose Bolsheviks, went to Stockholm in 1905 to a Party conference and met Lenin, the great Bolshevik, for the first time. Bolshevism was still a comparatively tiny underground movement of Terror.



5 Stalin in exile in Siberia (above). According to the Communist painter of this picture, Stalin, indomitable in exile, dominates more absolutely than ever his turbaned audience of Asiatic types from Georgia.



6 Climax of the picture life of Stalin is of course Stalin, the Dictator in White, benign patron of Russian progress, chatting democratically with workers (above) at the Rion River Dam in Georgia. To reach the eminence of Soviet Russia's unchallenged No. 1 man, some dirty work was necessary. Stalin started as a secondary member of the steering committee which runs Russia. Lenin died in 1924. Stalin's henchmen have exiled Trotsky, shot most of the other members of the committee, to make Stalin sole Dictator.

WHAT made Stalin great in Bolshevism was his love of danger. He was arrested six times, five times escaped. Each time he changed his name and so, in a time when Russian police did not use fingerprinting, was not identified as an habitual revolutionist on the next arrest. After every escape he returned to Russia, took up his terrorist business of bombing and robbery where he had left off. Other revolutionists such as Leon Trotsky, frightened by a taste of Siberia, fled to exile in western Europe, while Stalin did the work of Revolution. Arrested for the sixth time, he was released by Kerensky, leader of the original mild February (1917) revolution, who never did the right thing. Eight months later Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin *et al.*, took over Russia with the ruthless October (1917) revolution.



ALEXANDER KORDA

THIS time Charles Laughton pulls in his lower lip, grows a moustache, remoulds his face into the unmistakable features of the painter Rembrandt. The film was made in England. Actor Laughton seems not

to like American producers because they hurry too much and because they want his wife, Elsa Lancaster, to play horror roles. At the London Films studio, tea is served at 4 and Mrs. Laughton is allowed to play Rembrandt's mistress. *Rembrandt*

was directed by Alexander Korda, who smoked hundreds of \$1.85 cigars during production. In spirit and in most details it is true to the painter's life.

Rembrandt Harmens van Rijn lived from 1606 to 1669. Born in Leyden, the son of a prosperous miller, he went to Amsterdam to paint, made a brilliant reputation by the time he was 25. His beautiful wife Saskia bore him four children, of whom all but one, Titus, died in infancy. In 1642 Saskia, too, died and with her death the Korda film opens. As the foremost portrait painter of Amsterdam, Rembrandt had been commissioned for 16 florins (\$640) to paint Captain Cocq's fashionable company of musketeers. His painting placed a few of the musketeers in strange high-light,

the rest in shadow so deep that the canvas was long known as "The Night-Watch." The musketeers were furious.

For the next decade Rembrandt's painting grew steadily better, his finances steadily worse. Only his shrewd, shrewish housekeeper, Geertje Dirx, staved off his bankruptcy. But Rembrandt fell in love with a pretty kitchen maid named Hendrikje Stoffels, who bore him a child. He did not marry the girl, possibly, as the picture has it, because of a legal mixup over Titus' inheritance. Hendrikje was put on trial and excommunicated. For several years Rembrandt and his Hendrikje lived together, bankrupt but happy. Then Hendrikje died. For 15 years more, lonely old Rembrandt went on painting, ever excelling his own work.



The painting of the Banning Cocq Company, ("The Night Watch") is finished, and Rembrandt (at left) takes his son Titus in his arms.

Paint a True Portrait of the Great Dutchman



Charles Laughton, onetime Henry VIII, onetime Captain Bligh, becomes an authentic Rembrandt.



Gertrude Lawrence as Geertje Dirx.



Elsa Lanchester as Hendrikje Stoffels.



1 It is the day of Saskia's funeral feast and a messenger comes with condolences from the Prince. But Rembrandt is missing. They find him at his easel—painting Saskia.



2 Rembrandt has finished his painting of *The Sortie of The Banning Cocq Company*. He turns to Titus: "You've been watching us work like a man. Now you shall eat like a man."



3 Fashionable Amsterdam turns out for the unveiling. But even Rembrandt's friends, peering into the canvas, complain that they can see nothing. The musketeers are indignant.



4 To the great feast which had been prepared to celebrate the unveiling, Rembrandt and his housekeeper, Geertje Dirx, sit down alone. They drink themselves into a stupor.



5 Now the picture skips ten years. Geertje is receiving a group of Rembrandt's creditors. History does not record whether Geertje became Rembrandt's mistress but the film assumes she did.



6 Rembrandt cannot even swap his work for paints. Geertje pleads with him to beg from the Prince of Orange. At length he goes out to stand among the beggars but cannot beg.



7 Ashamed and broke, Rembrandt (*right*) goes to his father's house, draws strength from reading the Bible to his father and brother. But that night he gets in a brawl, is sent away.



8 Rembrandt's household can still afford a kitchen maid, Hendrikje Stoffels (*right*). Rembrandt makes her his mistress and Geertje (*left*) confronts her: "One of us has got to go."

Rembrandt (CONTINUED)



9 When Hendrikje stays with Rembrandt, jealous Geertje leaves. Hendrikje has borne Rembrandt a child and Geertje has her up before the Lutheran elders (*above and below*) on a charge of concubinage.



10 Rembrandt explains that a legal tangle over Titus' inheritance prevents his marrying Hendrikje. Nevertheless she is excommunicated. She and Rembrandt move to the country, live happily until Hendrikje dies.



11 Now the story skips twenty years. Old Painter Rembrandt has just been given five florins by a former pupil for food. He shuffles past the butcher's shop and into the color merchant's. There he rummages happily for the paints with which he will go home, as so often before, to make his own portrait.



Paintings by Rembrandt

Self-portrait (Metropolitan Museum, New York) is what Rembrandt, at 54, saw and painted when he looked into the mirror in 1660. He produced more self-portraits than any other great painter. Other self-portraits in the U. S. belong to the Frick Collection (the artist at 52), Andrew Mellon (53), Boston's Gardner Museum (23), J. Pierpont Morgan (22), Joseph Widener (44). No show-off, Rembrandt painted himself when he wanted to try a new technique, when he bought a new suit, when he was too poor to hire models.

Paintings by Rembrandt (CONTINUED)



Anatomy Lesson of Professor Tulp (Royal Gallery, The Hague) was done by the 26-year-old Rembrandt soon after he set up shop in Amsterdam. Overnight it made him The Netherlands' most fashionable portrait painter. He did not remain fashionable but he did remain, in the opinion of art experts, the greatest draughtsman the world has ever known. Bodywise doctors particularly admire the above picture, together with a second *Anatomy Lesson* painted 24 years later, though some captious anatomists claim that Rembrandt reversed the correct positions of the flexor and extensor muscles in the cadaver's forearm. Reason for Rembrandt's unrivaled draughtsmanship was that he profoundly loved to paint and draw, worked endlessly to get his pictures right. So effectively did he teach some 70 young painters his way of working, of drawing in the street and field, that all 70 painted almost exactly like him.



Rembrandt's Son Titus (Metropolitan Museum) was 14 when Rembrandt painted him (*left*), in his best suit and fine feathered hat. Rembrandt's wife Saskia van Uylenborch, a calm, fair Amsterdamer of good family and rich dowry, gave birth to four children. The first three, two of them named Cornelia after Rembrandt's mother, died in infancy. Titus, always ailing, reached the age of 27 to die one year before his father. At the time Rembrandt painted this picture of his young son, Saskia had been dead 13 years and Rembrandt's early fame in The Netherlands had all but petered out, though his pictures were getting better and better. Just the year before, all Amsterdam had decided Rembrandt was a lecherous bum when his cook, Hendrickje Stoffels, bore him a bastard. Rembrandt acknowledged the child, called her Cornelia too.



Storm on the Sea of Galilee (Gardner Museum, Boston) is one of Rembrandt's most dramatic religious pictures. Christ, surrounded by scared disciples, sits calmly in the sailboat's stern. A halyard has broken and flaps in the gale while the disciples vainly try to furl the sails. In the Renaissance, when most great painters were portraying Christ as a Renaissance aristocrat, only Rembrandt gave a humble, moving reality to his pictures of the carpenter's son and the ancient men of Palestine. His models were the Portuguese Jews who lived near the Amsterdam warehouse where he had his studio.

Paintings by Rembrandt (CONTINUED)

THE period of Rembrandt's big earnings lasted twelve years, from 1630 to 1642. When he painted the portrait at the right of his sister *Lisbeth* (Robert Treat Paine II Collection, Boston), he was just entering the flush years. When he painted the *Toilet of Bathsheba After the Bath* (Metropolitan Museum, below), the fat commissions had ceased and Rembrandt was spending his way to eventual bankruptcy.

In 1734, almost a century after it was painted, the *Toilet of Bathsheba* was sold by the heirs of Rembrandt's burgomaster for 265 florins (\$107). In 1780 in Paris it brought \$465, eleven years later only \$231. From France it traveled to England (\$1227), to Belgium (\$1521) and lodged at length in the collection of a Dutch nobleman where it appreciated for 72 years. Then Sir Joseph Duveen bought it in 1913 for about \$200,000 and sold it for possibly twice that amount to Benjamin Altman of New York who bequeathed it to the Metropolitan.

There are probably 700 authentic Rembrandts in existence. Dr. W. R. Valentiner, director of the Detroit Institute of Arts, vouches for 170 Rembrandts in the U. S., estimates their total value at \$50,000,000. Double that figure and you have a conservative guess at the value of all the world's Rembrandts. This makes Rembrandt canvases worth two Empire State Buildings with the *Queen Mary* thrown in for good measure.

Highest price ever publicly announced for a Rembrandt was \$487,000 paid by P. A. B. Widener for *The Mill* in 1911. But art experts believe Andrew Mellon paid close to \$750,000 for a Rembrandt *Self-Portrait*. If the six paintings here reproduced were put up at auction they would probably bring not less than \$1,500,000.



Rembrandt's Sister Lisbeth



Toilet of Bathsheba After the Bath



Bundling to keep warm, the Wood expedition into the Yukon is photographed the first night out. Leader Walter Wood took this picture. The woman is Mrs. Walter Wood. The men are, left to right, Hartwell, Phillips, Drury and Harrison Wood.

MAPPING THE YUKON

LAST unmapped section of North America is the Canadian Yukon. Into this unexplored region last summer went a photogrammetrical survey expedition led by Walter Wood of the American Geographical Society. Mrs. Walter Wood was in charge of all field photographic work. Chief of the photographic laboratory was Harrison Wood, Swiss Alpine climber and brother of Walter Wood. Ace meteorologist was Roger Drury whose father, Dr. Samuel S. Drury, is rector of swank St. Paul's School. Walter Phillips of Philadelphia and Dickson Hartwell of New York constructed the base camp, did chores. Sandwiched between aerial and ground surveys was a dash of mountain climbing. Unclimbed Mt. Steele (*right*) was first climbed by the Wood Party. It took six weeks to reach, one day to ascend.



Along the dotted line Walter Wood's party was the first to climb 16,644 ft. Mt. Steele.

MAPPING THE YUKON (CONTINUED)



THIRTY-FIVE MILES AWAY AND 40 MILES WIDE STRETCHES THE ST. ELIAS RANGE AS SEEN BY WALTER WOOD'S EXPEDITION.

PRINCIPAL item of equipment in Walter Wood's mapping expedition to Canada's Yukon Territory last summer was a four-seater, single-motor Stinson airplane. With this the party ferried supplies, including gasoline, from Carcross (see map) to a permanent base camp on Tepee Lake (below). Some 25 round trips were made. The plane also carried food to field workers, dropped it by parachute (see opposite page), reduced a six day journey on foot to one hour by air. From the plane, most importantly, were taken photographs of the terrain below which gave Leader Wood's map-making a brand new twist. By using the photogrammetrical method, he was able to reconstruct the topographical area by

combining oblique aerial shots with ground photographs, matching them with definitely located control points. Given a good clear day, it is possible to shoot enough aerial photographs to map 1,000 square miles between sunrise and sunset. Thus did the Wood expedition chart the glacial St. Elias Range (above), including Mt. Lucania (opposite page, bottom), the highest (17,150 ft.) unclimbed peak in North America. Explorer Wood returned to New York this autumn with sufficient picture data to build up a pattern of 2,000 unexplored square miles of Yukon Territory lying directly east of the Alaska boundary line. All pictures on these pages were taken by the Wood expedition members.



Until the Wood Expedition explored the shaded square on the map last summer, this section of Yukon Territory was a blind spot to all geographers.



From his base camp on Tepee Lake, Walter Wood did his exploring by pack horse and airplane. Harvard Law Student Walter Phillips (right) chops wood in bathing trunks when the Yukon temperature reaches 82° at noon.



Living off the land almost exclusively, Expedition Leader Walter Wood (*right*) catches a tasty string of Tepee Grayling.



Fresh food from the base camp at Tepee Lake was daily flown to Wood expeditionists in the field, dropped from the airplane with a small parachute.

A parachute has just brought fresh eggs and hot biscuits from their base camp down to Mrs. Walter Wood (*left*), Roger Drury and Leader Wood (*standing*).



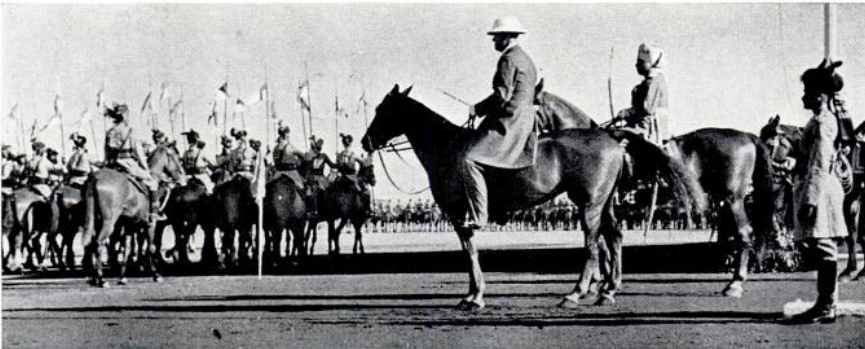
Highest unclimbed mountain in North America is Mt. Lucania (*above*), the 17,150 ft. peak of the St. Elias Range. Expeditionist Wood mapped it from the air. Mt. McKinley in

Alaska, highest (20,300 ft.) in North America, and Mt. Logan (19,850 ft.), highest in Yukon Territory, have both been scaled. But Mt. Lucania remains virtually impregnable.

THE CAMERA OVERSEAS: The Indians



This palace on a great rock, which rises out of Gwalior's rolling plain, isolated, precipitous, a mile and three-quarters long, was built about 1500 by the greatest of the so-called Tomar princes of Gwalior—Man Singh, who owned the Koh-i-noor diamond. Inside the battle-scarred fort on the rock are some of India's most beautiful Hindu temples; cut in the base of the rock are 500-year-old niches, caverns and Jain idols.



Gwalior's Army was reviewed, 3,000 strong, by the young Maharajah and by Lord Linlithgow, the tallest and one of the ablest Viceroy's ever to rule India. These troops fought for Britain in the World War in France and Palestine. After the review the Maharajah took the Viceroy tiger-hunting. The Viceroy got one.

THE coming-of-age of the Maharajah of Gwalior Nov. 2, brought to Gwalior India's new Viceroy, the tallest India ever saw, Lord Linlithgow, to hand over to the 20-year-old Maharajah the right to rule his State. For Gwalior in north central India is one of the five great Indian States, big as West Virginia, rich and prosperous, and its Maharajah rates the top in princely salutes—21 guns. On these two pages is Gwalior, its Maharajah and his coming-of-age party.

Gwalior's present ruling house of Scindia got its hold on Gwalior in the 18th Century, grew great by war with other Indians, dwindled by war with the British, grew great again by siding with the British. The late Maharajah built up Gwalior's industry and irrigation works, left behind him 900 schools and a college for Gwalior's 3,500,000 people. Since his death in 1925 a British-controlled Regency Council has ruled Gwalior, headed first by his barren senior widow, later by his junior widow, mother of the new Maharajah.



The Maharajah, amiable, downy-lipped George Jivaji Rao Scindia, named for his godfather, the late King George V, is the big figure. Inset are his late father and the then Viceroy of India, the late great Marquess of Reading.



In gold and white Durbar Hall (above) George of Gwalior began to reign Nov. 2 under two blazing crystal chandeliers. Gwalior's nobles in jaunty red Mahratta turbans stared at the two great gold thrones on which sat the Maharajah in cloth of gold, Viceroy Linlithgow in grey frock coat. To Their Highnesses' right are visible Lady Linlithgow and her three young daughters. Indian heralds cried out the distinctions of Maharajah, Viceroy and company. Viceroy declared Maharajah grown up. Maharajah pledged loyalty to the British Crown. Then the Viceroy was handed gold coins, gold-covered betel nuts, fruit and perfume, ceremoniously returned the gold coins.



A handsome Gwalior subject.



Gwalior's people prefer Lashkar, modern new town south of the fort where signs are in English and Gujarati, to historic old Gwalior Town north of the fort.



The beautiful mosque outside the massive battlements of Gwalior's fort is where Moslems worship. But the Maharajah and most of his subjects are Hindus, worship Vishnu and Siva.



The Maharajah went riding on his gold-caparisoned state elephant Oct. 25 in the last ceremony of his minority, the Hindu feast that is dedicated simultaneously to wisdom and war.



While Emperor Hirohito watched wrestlers from Japan's naval academy perform, his Ambassador to Germany was busy in Berlin concluding a secret German-Japanese

treaty against Soviet Russia. On Nov. 17 Russia smelled it out. Japan replied that it was merely a private agreement to fight Communism in Japan and Germany.

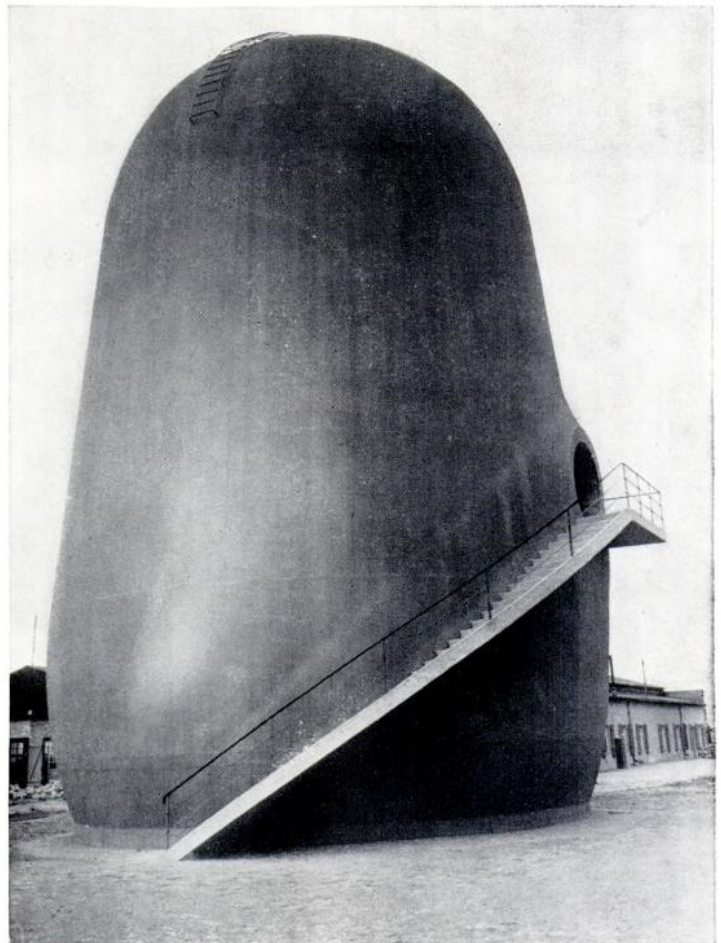


Left, the Emperor can be seen under the canopy in background. Above, no cadet athlete, but a Japanese wrestling professional, wearing his championship straw belt.

And the Germans

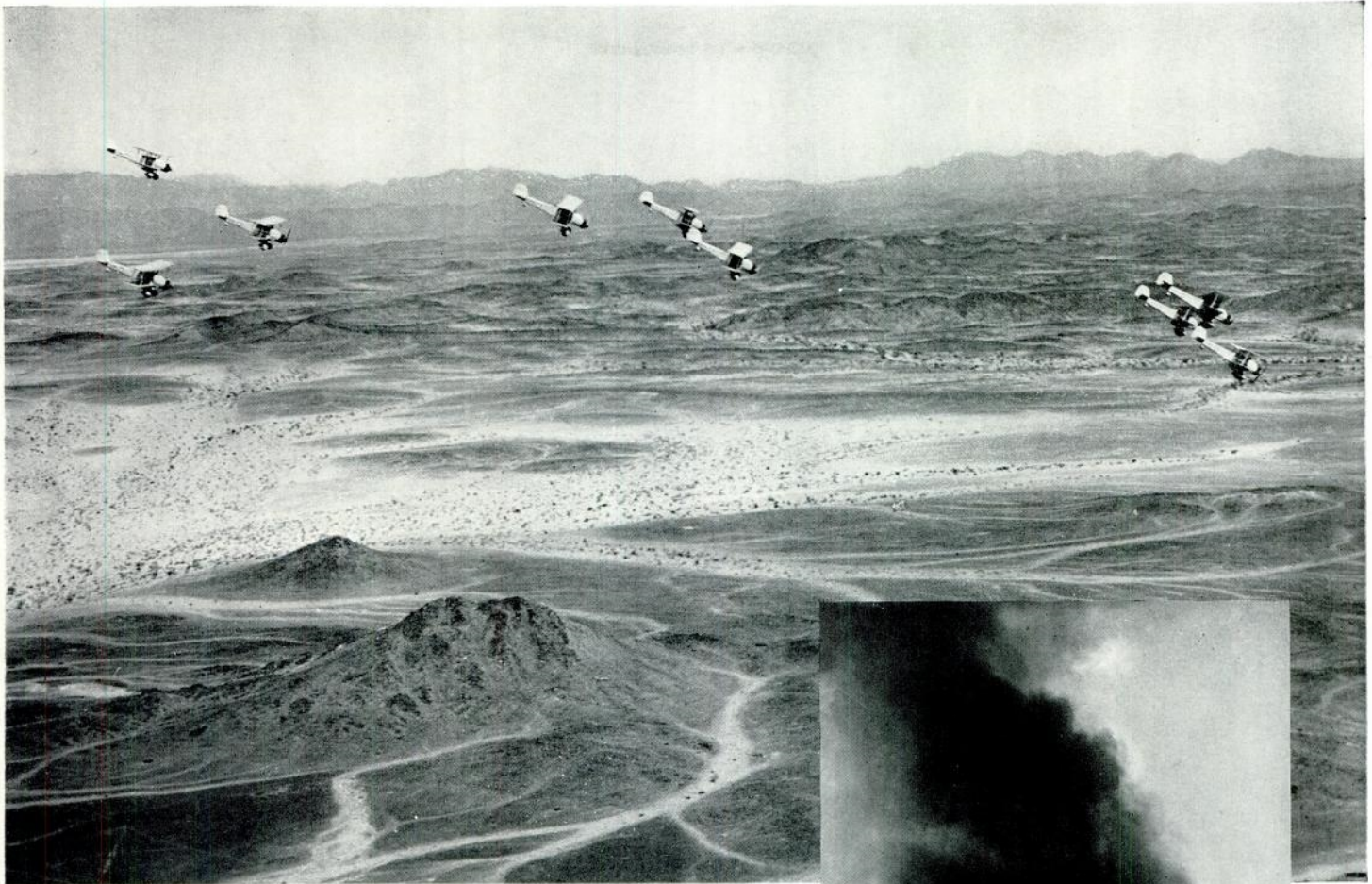


Nazi pioneers marched in Munich behind Jew-baiter Julius Streicher (above) on the anniversary of Adolf Hitler's premature beer-hall *putsch* in 1923. The flag is the *putsch* "blood-banner." Each smoking pylon honors a Nazi killed in "heroic" street-fighting.

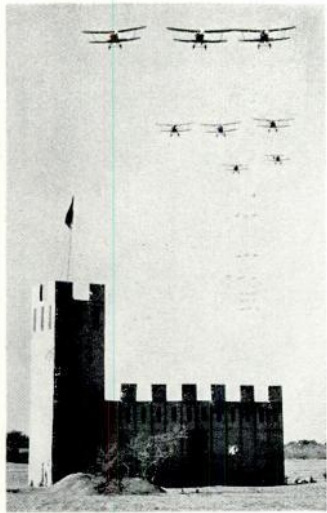


This is a wind tunnel, at the German technical aviation institute outside Berlin. The world's biggest, it tests models of new German planes with which Nazi Germany will supply Japan under the new mutual assistance treaty (see the Japanese, above).

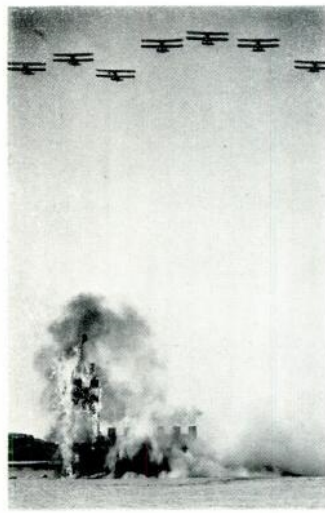
And The English



British bombers, practising over the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, dive with full bomb-racks.

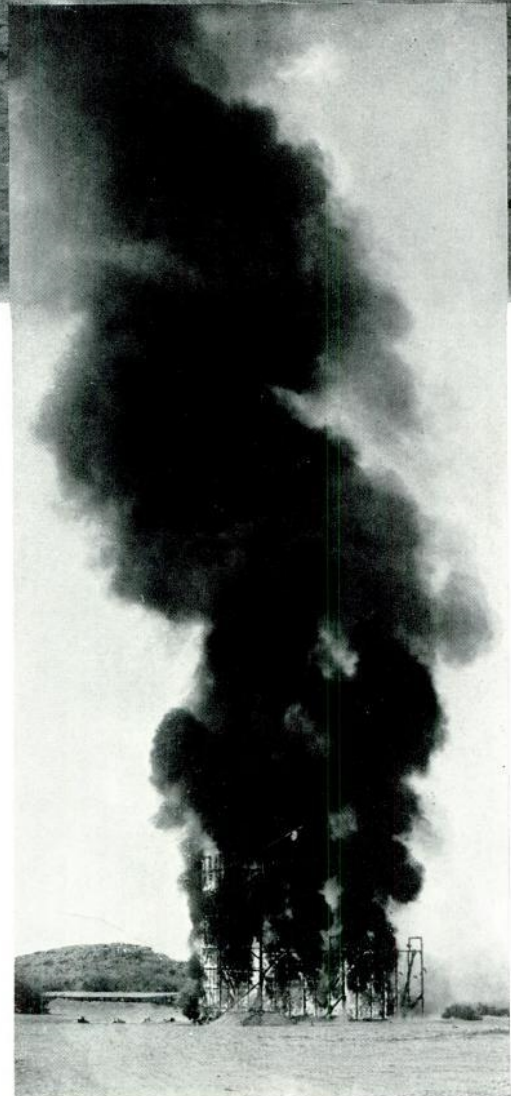


Their target: this cheesecloth "fort."



They score a bull's-eye.

THE dry streambeds of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan shown above are good for little but bombing practice. But here, in Egypt's backyard, in the mountains along the Red Sea where "the soil is like fire and the wind like a flame," the British Empire rubs against Italy's new Ethiopian Empire. Hence here, at Gebeit, are two British bombing squadrons, 130 miles from the border of Italian Eritrea. Britain slightly extended the few rights she allows Egypt in the Sudan by a new treaty which the Egyptian Parliament cheerfully ratified Nov. 14, the English Parliament had not yet ratified.



The last stage of the dummy fort as bombed by crack British marksmen. A final incendiary bomb set fire to the shattered frame skeleton and cheesecloth casing, here ablaze.



With the Duke of Rutland's Pack

On November 4th, the Belvoir Hunt (pronounced Beaver) met 120 strong at Croxton Park, near Melton Mowbray. The ninth Duke of Rutland's pack gave them a 50-minute brisk run from

Bescaby Oaks to Stoke Common before the kill. Then and there the meet disbanded, for, heavily thrown when his horse stumbled in a rabbit-hole and somersaulted, Col. "Sam" Ashton lay dying.

World's Bowl of Smiles



ALL round the world, in the Arctic and the Tropics, people like a plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup. It is the world's *No. 1* soup because it's such out-and-out good eating.

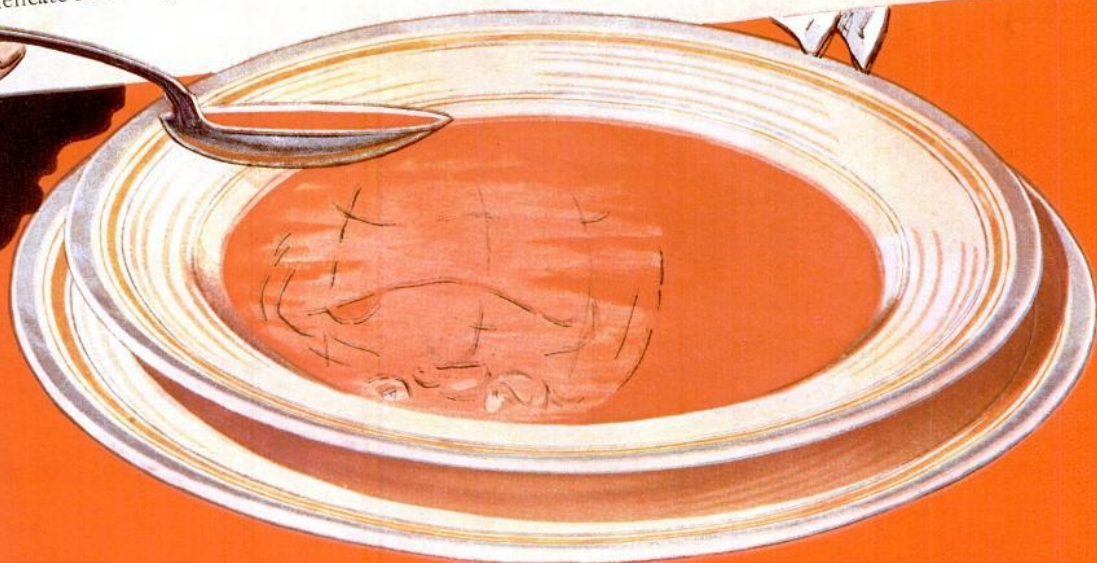
There's a fresh-from-the-garden tomato taste about it that delights your palate at the first sip. There's fine table butter to make it sublimely smooth, and delicate seasoning to beguile your taste.

Health here, too!—the natural health benefits of luscious ripe tomatoes.

You will not find in all the world another soup like this Tomato Soup of Campbell's. Home cooks and famous hotel chefs have failed to copy it. There is something about this soup of soups that just cannot be matched. Sometime soon enjoy again the world's bowl of smiles.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



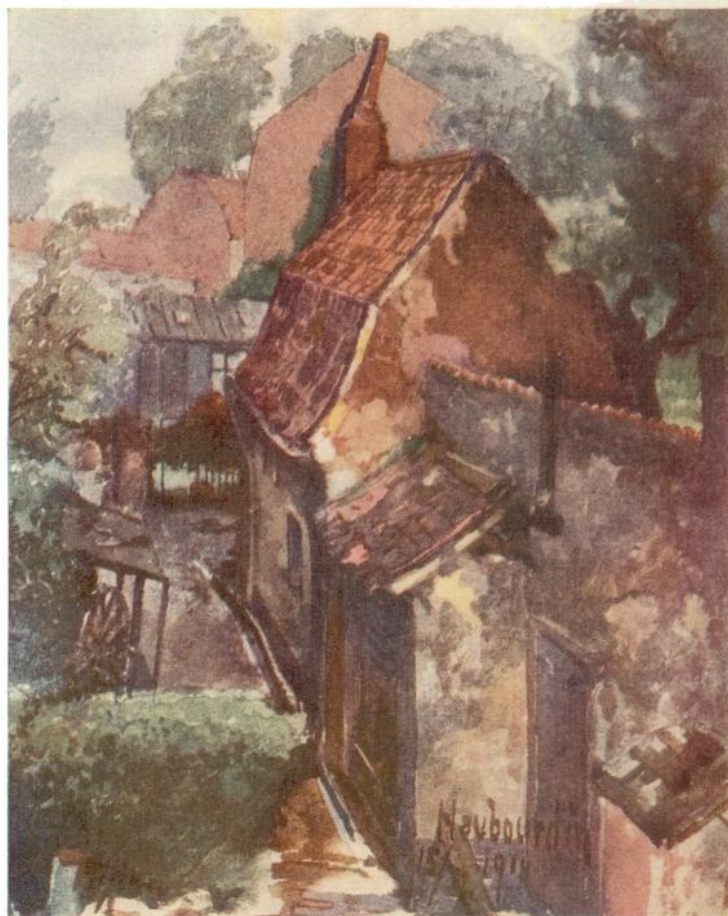
Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Paintings

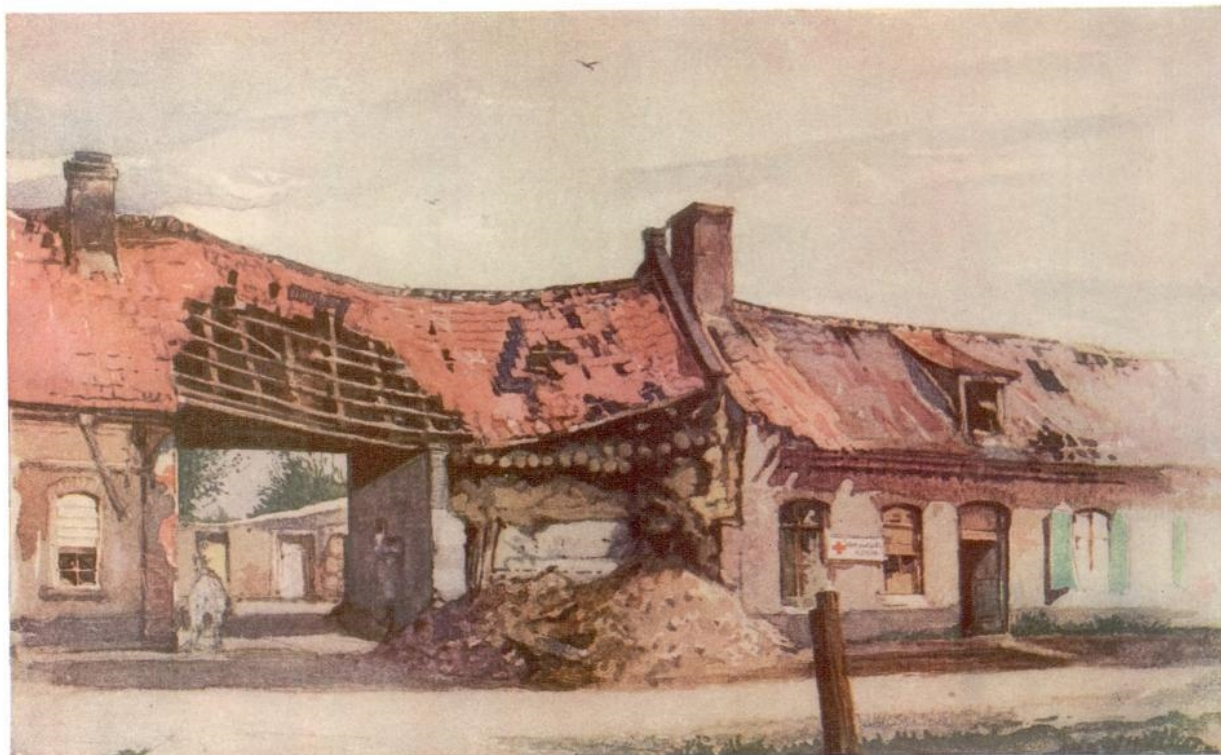
BY ADOLF HITLER

REPRODUCED on these two pages are four water colors painted by Corporal Adolf Hitler during the War. When the German house painter volunteered with a Bavarian regiment in 1914, he took his paintbox to the front with him. A dispatch carrier behind the lines, he spent his spare time painting. As usual, no human figures appeared in his work. These are among the last pictures the obscure little soldier produced before turning to politics and power. The one at the right shows typical peasant houses, unbroken by war, at Haubourdin, France. Closer to the fighting line is the dressing-station at Fromelles (*below*), painted in 1915. "The House with the White Fence," at the top of the opposite page, is undated. The picture below it shows the ruined abbey at Messines, Belgium, following its capture by the Germans from the British in November, 1914. Compared to Hitler's earlier paintings with their tight, architectural lines, these wartime products have remarkable flow and feeling. At 18, Hitler was refused admittance to the Vienna Art Institute because his work "showed more talent for architecture than for painting." Later he made a modest living tinting postcards of Vienna scenes, moved to Munich in 1912, continued painting until the War.

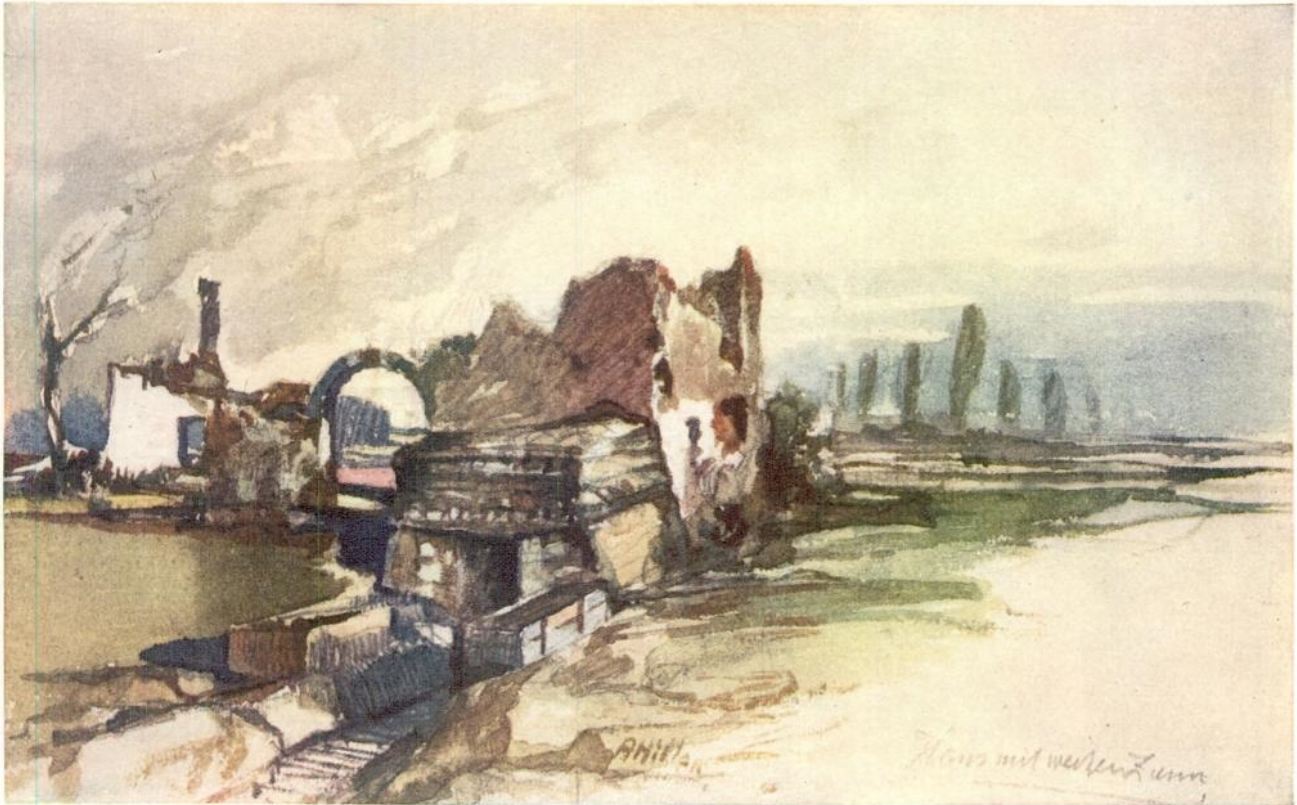
Reproductions, Heinrich Hoffman, Berlin (Copyright).



HAUBOURDIN, FEBRUARY, 1916



FROMELLES DRESSING STATION



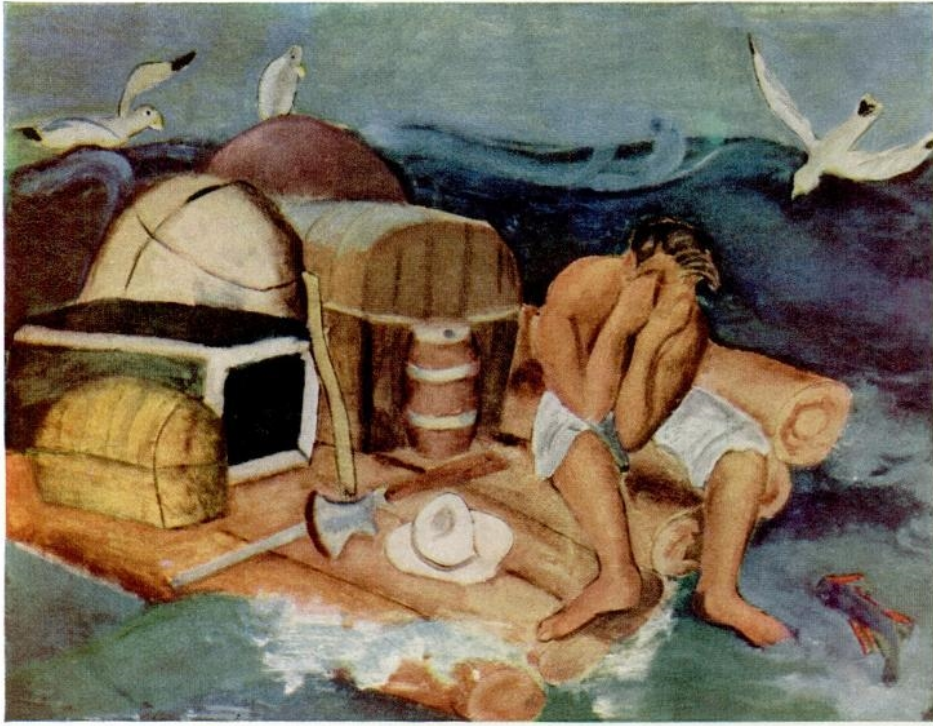
HOUSE WITH WHITE FENCE

Western Front Portfolio

Adolf Hitler's War paintings, samples of which are shown on these pages, were published last spring by the Berlin firm of Heinrich Hoffman. Since then, Realmleader Hitler has imposed a strict censorship on all information concerning his art. His Vienna postcard scenes are said to be worth up to \$300 each, his large works much more. Though he would like to be forgotten as an artist, Der Führer designed the present German flag and supervised some of the public architecture.



OLD ABBEY AT MESSINES



CHILD ART

Reproduced here are water colors painted under WPA auspices by children from 10 to 15. Admired by adult critics, they were good enough to be shown recently at New York's Museum of Modern Art.



"Going to Town" (above) is by Donald Liguore, 10, of New York. The Press made much of its Mae Westian quality. Unlike Federal Art work done by adults, all paintings, drawings and sculpture by children belong to their makers.

Suggestive of Homer's "The Gulf Stream," "Robinson Crusoe as a Young Man" (above), by Alphonso Basile, 13, of Washington, D. C., was acquired from the artist for the Museum's permanent collection.

Also purchased, for a year's free membership and an exhibit catalog valued at \$2.50, was "The Butcher" (right), painted in New York by Louis Novar, 15, who goes to art school three days a week.



"Circus Parade" (right) was produced at the Young Men's Hebrew Association in New York by Tiberio Benevento, 12. There are too many stripes in the American flag, but the National Gallery at Berlin is interested in the painting.



WEST POINTERS SPEND 15 HOURS A WEEK LISTENING TO LECTURES

This picture was taken in Washington Hall at a lecture by Major Robert A. Willard on signal corps operations. The boy, front and center, is Manob Suriya of Siam, only foreign courtesy cadet at the U.S. Military Academy. At left is Cadet

James Hunter Drum of Michigan (with military haircut); at right, Cadet Julian Vincent Sollohub of New York. Cadet Suriya's expenses are paid by Siam. The others get \$83 a month from the U.S. Treasury.

West Point has a 16-hour day

AND every hour of it is prescribed by regulations. It begins with reveille at 5:50 a.m. Roll call at 6 finds cadets in rank, dressed but not washed. The half hour before breakfast at 6:30 is spent in making beds, sweeping rooms, washing sleepy faces. After breakfast comes an hour in barracks for polishing shoes or last-minute study. Classes run from 8 to 12. At noon, dinner in the gigantic mess hall with its 70-foot WPA mural (*below*).

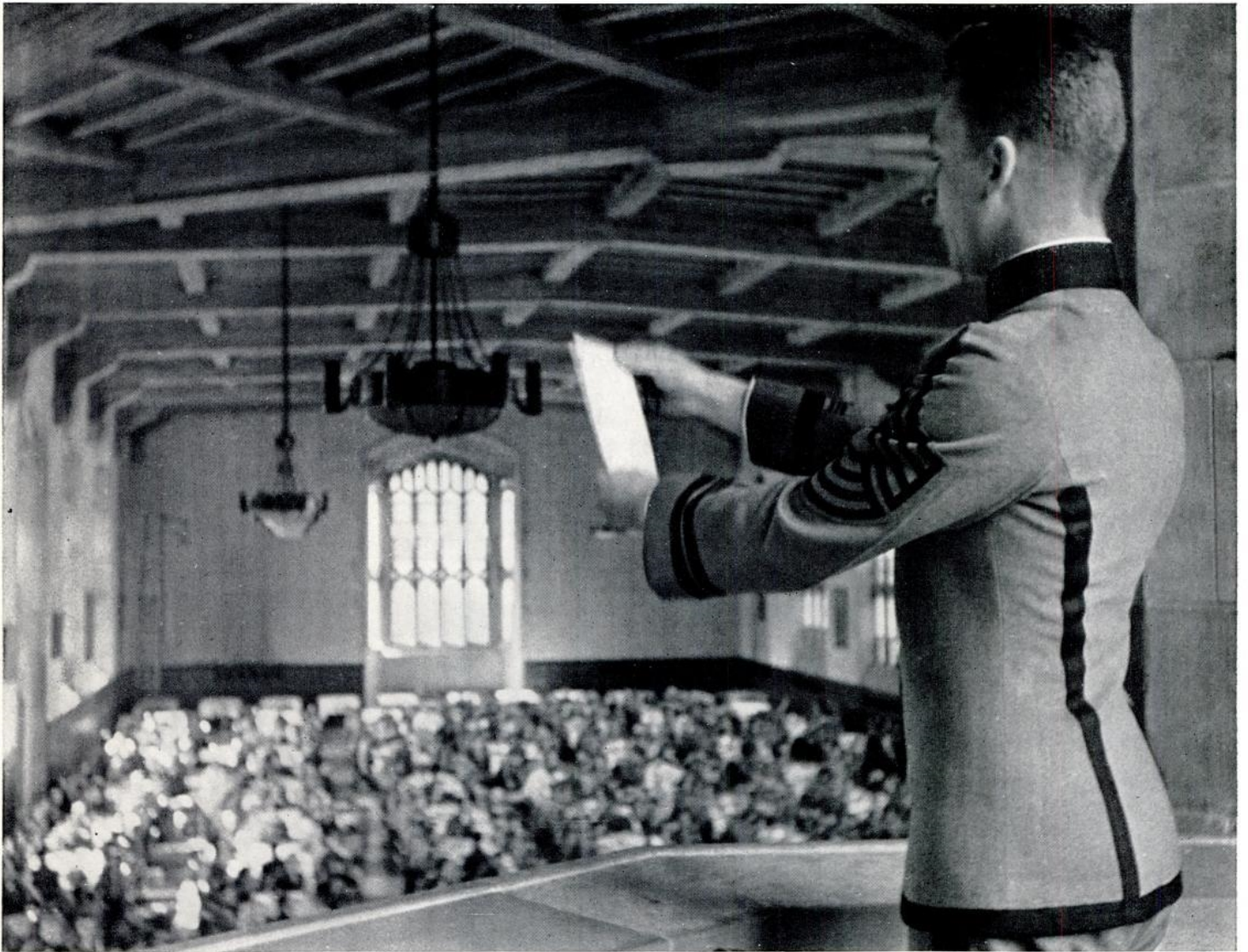
From a balcony the cadet adjutant booms out the Orders of the Day. He names the next officer of the day and the next officer of the guard (*opposite page*). At all meals "plebes" (first year men) must, like the young man on LIFE's cover, sit bolt upright on the front edge of their seats, keep their eyes on their plates, speak only when spoken to. Dinner over, the cadets resume studies till 3, drill till 4:45, engage in prescribed

sports or riding till 6. (The dress parades you see in the movies occur only on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.) Supper, 6:15. Frequent inspections after 7 to make sure that all are in their barracks, studying. Lights out when taps blow at 10. Only a few daring cadets shroud lamps with overcoats to continue forbidden midnight study. Turn the next page and see how West Pointers spend Sundays.



Top man at West Point since 1932 is Major General William D. Connor, Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy.





In a stentorian voice the cadet adjutant "publishes" the Orders of the Day to 1,650 cadets at noon mess.



Above, cadets of the Class of '38 learn to hitch the well-fed horses to artillery carriages in the gun shed.



Left, a regular army sergeant instructs potential U. S. generals in the art of loading shells in a French 75.



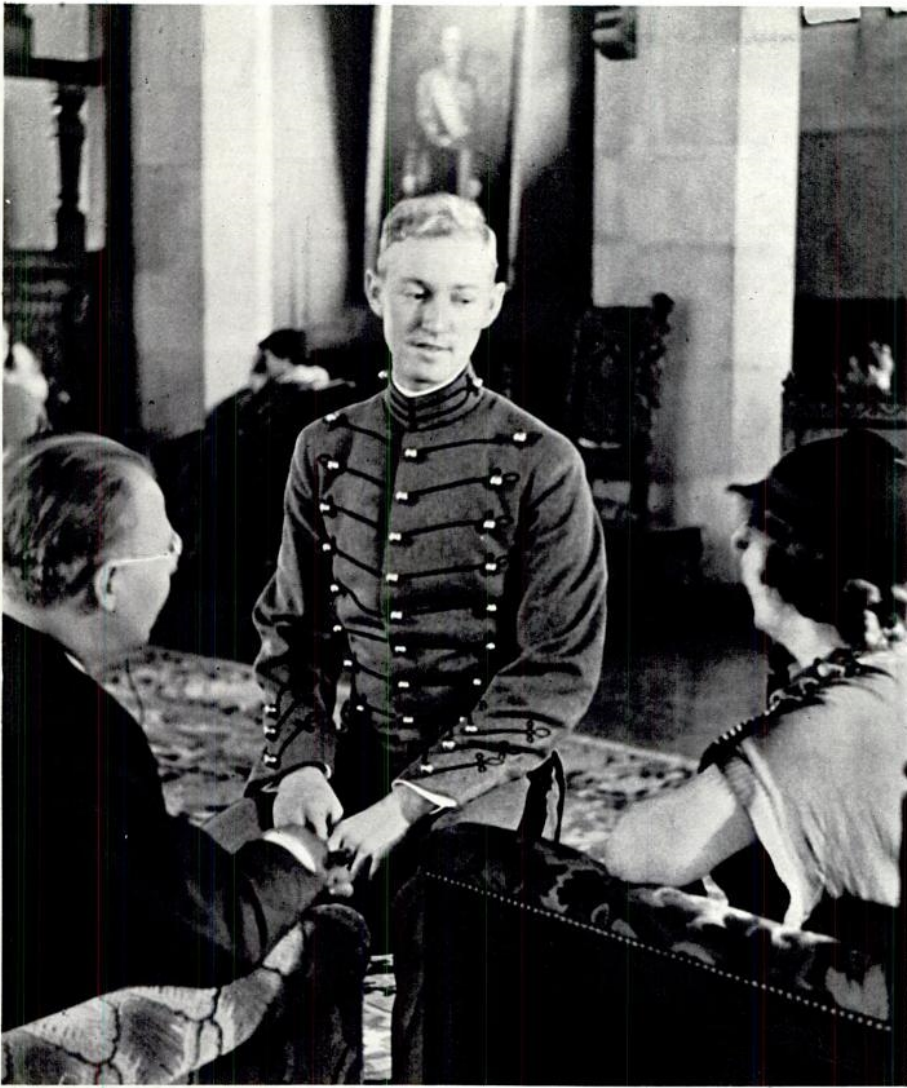
Under their blouses cadets wear this regulation shirt. In warm weather they may remove the blouse indoors.



SUNDAY

Church at 10:40 a.m. is compulsory. Services follow the Episcopal form, with a sermon by the academy chaplain and hymns by a cadet choir of 160. For Catholics there is a special service in the Catholic chapel. Except

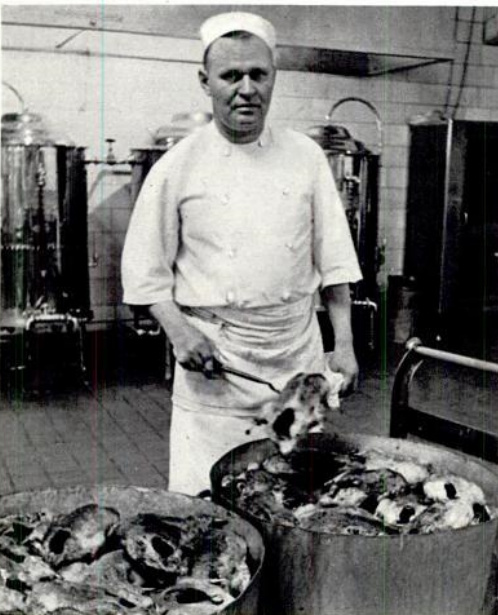
for dress parade at 4 p.m. and the customary three hour study period at night, the cadet has the rest of the day to himself. Generally he entertains guests or wanders down along the river bank.



In Grant Reception Hall parents chat with their soldier sons till bugles sound dress parade.



Every piece of apparel in this West Pointer's locker has its regulation place. Right, the cadet's five uniforms. Bottom shelf: his pup tent, knapsack, bayonet, cartridge case. Top left is for family pictures. Between, in meticulous rows: socks, shirts, shorts, handkerchiefs, waist belts, towels, sheets.



Roast duck and ice cream are on the Sunday menu.



Cadets may not turn in earlier than 9 p.m. but they may nap in a chair.



BUENOS AIRES—THE GREAT CITY OF THE HUSTLING ARGENTINES

BUENOS AIRES is South America's biggest, richest, most modern city and host to the Inter-American Conference. On these two pages is spread out the Business & Government heart of Buenos Aires, this month celebrating the 400th Anniversary of its first abortive founding. The settlers of 1536 soon quit. Forty-four years later new settlers liberated on the bare Argentine plain the famed "seven cows and one bull" that bred a numberless race of wild cattle and made the fortunes of most Argentines since.

This beautiful city has the bustle of New York and Chicago, the architecture of the French Renaissance (note the number of round-topped towers) and the parks of Paris. The wide avenue cutting the picture on the left page is Avenida

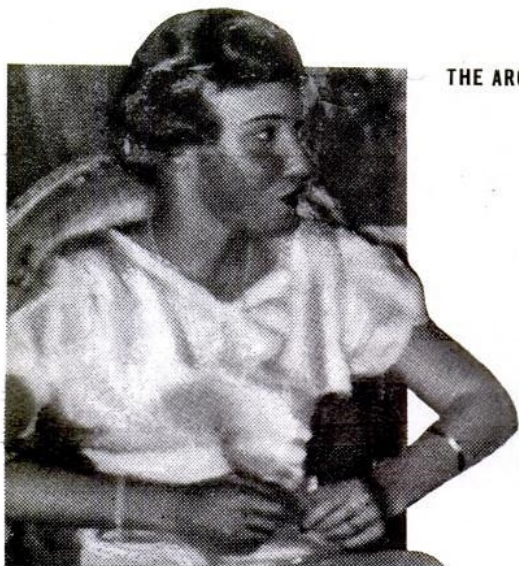
de Mayo. At its far end, marked with an X, is El Congreso where the Pan-American delegates will sit. At its near end is the splendid park, Plaza de Mayo, above which rises the huge Presidential Palace. Four times as big as the White House, it is called the Red House. Most Buenos Aires' streets are archaically narrow but lately two wide diagonals have been cut through, of which Diagonal Norte can be seen starting at the upper right corner of the Plaza de Mayo. Of the forest of towers visible, many are products of Buenos Aires' current building boom. The office and shop section is on the right page. The street of bars and night clubs, the Corrientes, is marked with an arrow. Socialites live off the right end of the picture. Buenos Aires' only liability is a shallow harbor that must be continually dredged.



THE ARGENTINE (CONTINUED)

A Brilliant Season

THE handsome young men and women on these two pages, unimportant in themselves, bear Argentina's greatest names and adorn South America's swankiest, showiest, liveliest society. Buenos Aires has had its most brilliant seasons since Depression brought home from Paris the world's most decorative and spendthrift tango dancers. Argentine society freely takes in rich parvenus. But on these pages those with a *Martínez de Hoz*, *Anchorena*, *Balcarce*, *Alcorta*, *Hueyo*, *Unzué* or *Santamarina* in their names are guaranteed ancient aristocracy grown rich on land grants. Fathers' names are italicized, since Argentines, like other Latins, usually tag on their mothers' family names. Married women add their husbands' name after their fathers', drop their mothers'. December is the end of Spring in Argentina, the season's climax before the swells move to the country for the summer.



Wedding of best Argentine blood. Groom is Federico *Schindler* *Martínez de Hoz*, son of a bank vice-president. The bride is kin to Buenos Aires' social dictator, *Adelia Harilaos de Olmos*, who stalked out of a dinner to Brazil's President because she had not been seated next him.



Left, vice-president's son, bank president's daughter and scion of Argentina's George Washington, *Belgrano*.

Further left is *Luz Garcia Balcarce*, descendant of a revolutionary general, just engaged to *Gonzalo Bosch*.

Still further left, is *Mercedes Bunge Urquiza*, descendant of a land-rich President, with a man-about-town.



Son of intellectual leader is handsome *Fernando Zavalia*. Father *Dr. Clodomiro Zavalia* is president of Buenos Aires' University. This picture was taken at a party for *Maria Juana Tomkinson Martinez*, upper left corner of opposite page.



A dinner party for *Elsie Lix Klett*, new-rich by electrical equipment. *Elsie* sits while her swank guests toast her.

At the season's biggest party, left and right, the *Arturo Santamarinas* and *Alberto Zavalias* are guests of honor at Buenos Aires' *L'Ermitage* restaurant. The *Santamarinas* are very old, the *Zavalias* very cultured, *Alberto Zavalia's* father being president of the University of Buenos Aires. Immediately left, the patrician nose of *Elvira Lamarca Martinez de Hoz* cuts over the shoulder of *Arturo Santamarina*, son of a famed socialite ex-vice-president of Argentina. Left of them, aristocratic *Mercedes Ines Leloir Unzué* does a collegiate stroll with equally well-born *Fernando Larreto Anchorena*. Her uncle, *Saturnin Unzué*, is a fabulously rich owner of a Paris racing stable. Further left, one of Buenos Aires' great beauties, *Marta Rodriguez Alcorta*, descendant of an Argentine President, is ignored by two blue bloods, *Santiago Hueyo Bengolea*, son of the Minister of Finance, and *Luis Aldao Unzué*.



THE ARGENTINE (CONTINUED): This Pays for the Parties.



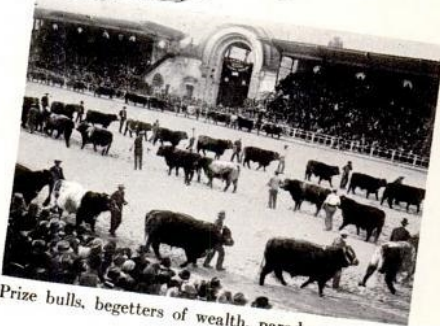
Rich man's ranch-house



His 50,000 acres



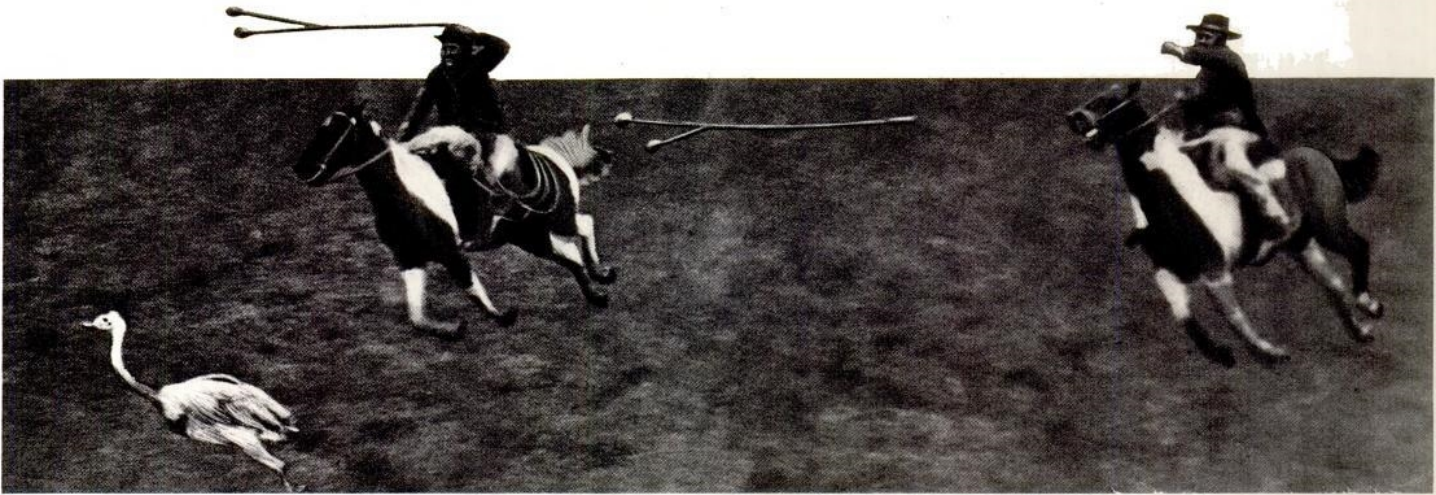
Railway into Buenos Aires



Prize bulls, begetters of wealth, parade.



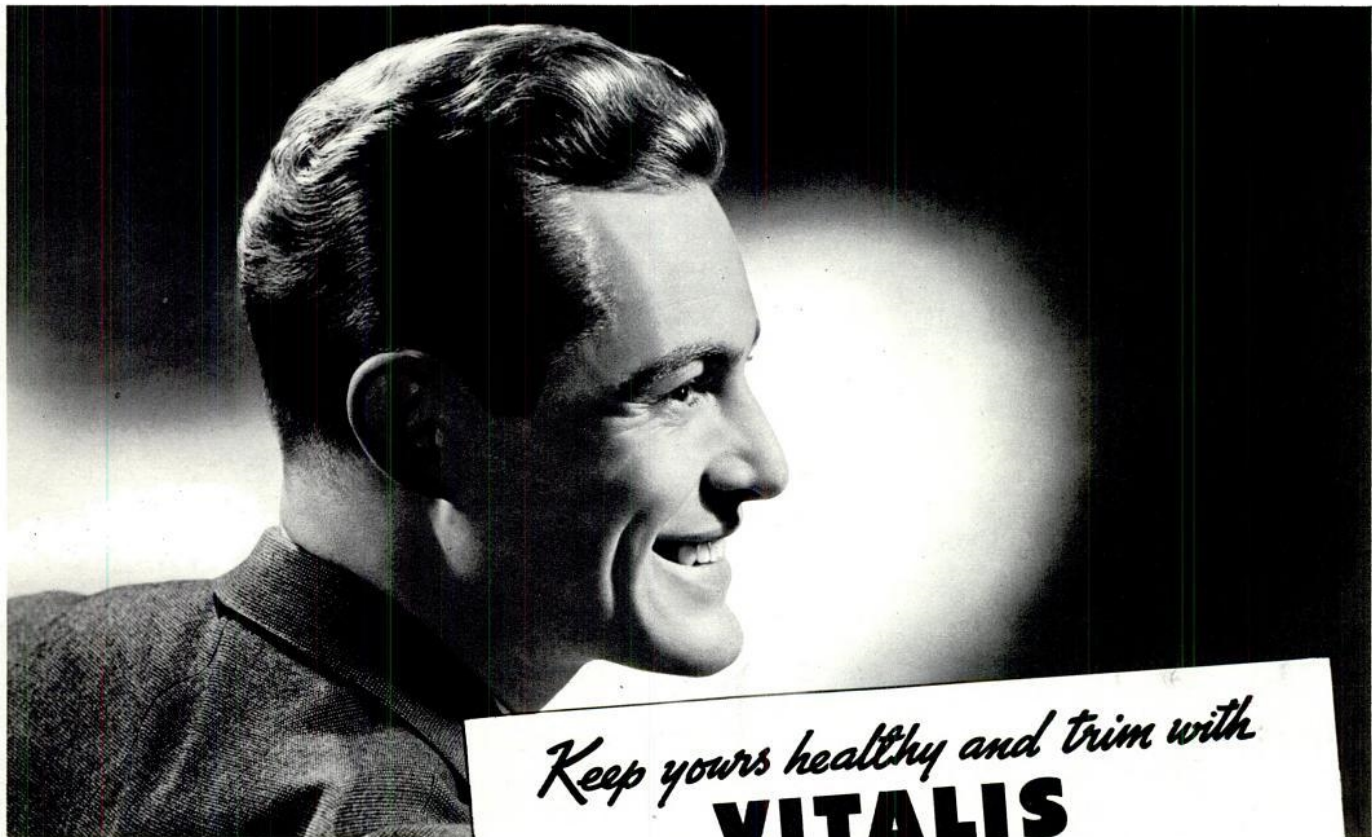
ON THE FLAT PAMPAS ARE WHEAT AND CATTLE. FOR MORE ON ARGENTINA SEE P. 57.



GAUCHOS, BOLA & OSTRICH. FOR PICTORIAL DETAILS OF THIS SPORT SEE PAGES 68 & 69.



Good-looking hair is a Social Asset



Keep yours healthy and trim with **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"

GOOD-LOOKING hair alone won't carry you to fame and social success. But, unquestionably, it is an asset in any man's career.

For well-kept hair stamps him as a clean-cut sort of a fellow, properly respectful of himself and his appearance—it is a definite asset to his business as well as his social life. And yet how many men never think of it as a "plus"—never give their hair even the little time it needs for health and grooming.

Tight, dry scalp is often to blame for dull, lifeless, unkempt hair. And to waken your scalp—to bring your hair back to life and lustre—there is nothing like Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

Vitalis and massage quickens the circulation of blood through the scalp—restores the flow of natural, nourishing oils—leaves your hair alive and lustrous and easy to comb and brush. Loose dandruff goes—and with it, one threat of falling hair. And yet there's no trace of that

objectionable "patent-leather" look, just a healthy, good-looking lustre.

Give your hair a chance. Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist. Start your first "60-Second Workout" and keep it up regularly.



1. 50 SECONDS to rub—hair-nourishing oils are replenished. Circulation quickens. Your hair takes on new life and lustre.



2. 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich and lustrous, but with no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.



ASK YOUR BARBER

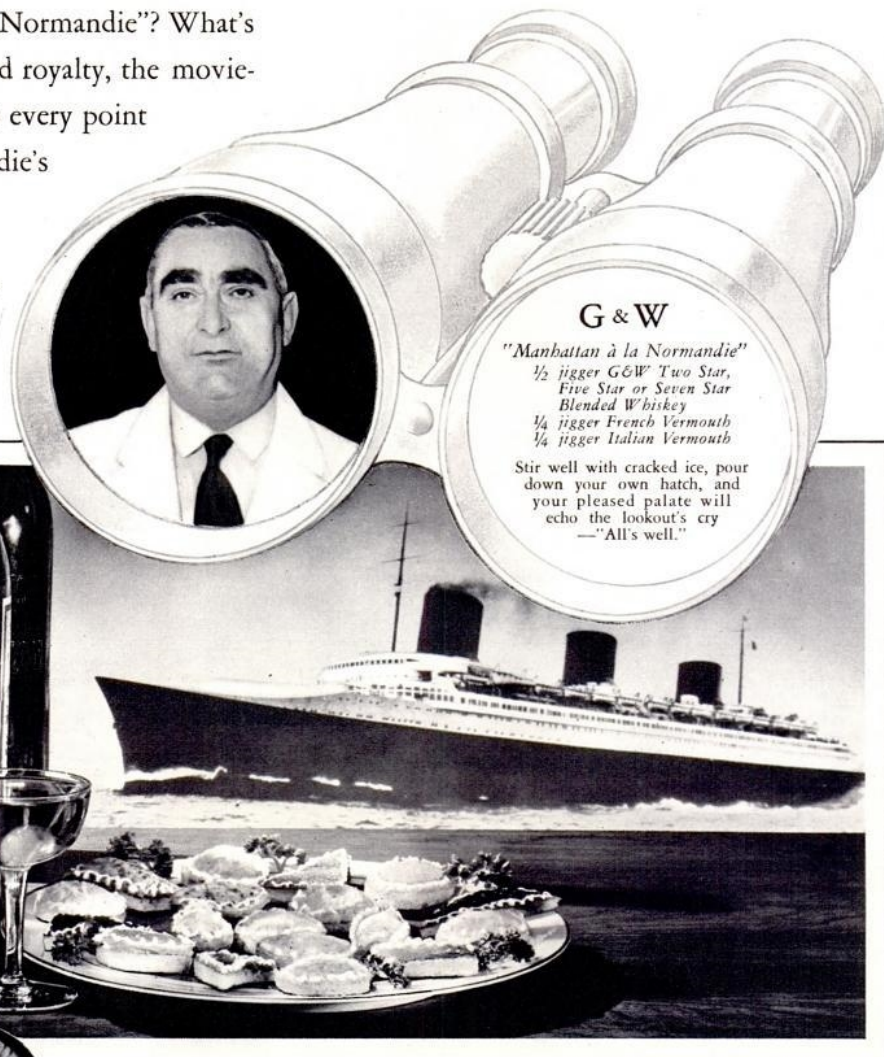
He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. All over the land he is recommending Vitalis—and he is asking his customers to try it in the new single application Sealube, because it is the most sanitary package ever made.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" KEEPS SCALP HEALTHY—HAIR HANDSOME

Take a Tip *from* the Flagship

What is the most popular drink served at the palatial bar of the new French Line Flagship "S. S. Normandie"? What's the preferred cocktail of the rajahs and royalty, the movie-stars and millionaires who gather from every point of the compass to enjoy the Normandie's celebrated cuisine?

Yves le Cannellec, noted head barman of the Normandie, lets you into a sea-going secret, tells you the special recipe that makes "Manhattan à la Normandie" the favorite transatlantic treat on trip after trip.



G & W

"Manhattan à la Normandie"

½ jigger G&W Two Star,
Five Star or Seven Star
Blended Whiskey
¼ jigger French Vermouth
¼ jigger Italian Vermouth

Stir well with cracked ice, pour
down your own hatch, and
your pleased palate will
echo the lookout's cry
—"All's well."



G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY. Bottled in Bond under supervision of the Canadian Government. Available in flask pints and round quarts. Full 100 proof. (This whiskey is seven years old.)

G & W FIVE STAR BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskey in this product is 6 years old; 23% straight whiskey; 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain.

You can surprise your own guests with this appetizing Flagship Favorite. But to taste it at its best, use a whiskey that's smooth as the sea on a calm July day, that's flavorful and mellow and always uniform—G&W Whiskey. G&W have been distilling whiskey for more than 104 years, since the days before the clipper ship. Try G&W Whiskey next time you pour a drink—find out how extra-long experience in distilling means extra-rich flavor in your drink.

G&W STANDS FOR
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The Eye and the Pocketbook

The one sees graphically a constantly changing world—the other feels inevitably the effect of these changes.

One must use the eye—and the mind—to protect the pocketbook.

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It has been our function ever since Cleveland occupied the White House—since 1894.

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YOWSAH! IT'S BERNIE WITH A BAGDAD!

... The Old Maestro tries out the BAGDAD Turkish Water Pipe during his recent engagement at the Mayfair Casino in Cleveland.

All youse guys and youse gals who are looking for a Christmas gift that's different, might get a hunch from Ben Bernie's picture up above. The BAGDAD makes a grand gift, because it makes a grand smoke! Milder than a cigarette. Every puff washed in cool, clear water. No tongue-bite—no slugs—no heavy weight in your mouth. Buy him a BAGDAD for Xmas and he'll thank you with every puff. Order Now! Only \$1. post paid.

THE BRIARWOOD CORPORATION
7014 Euclid Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me Bagdad Turkish Water Pipes at \$1.00 each. Remittance enclosed . . .
I prefer Green Amber (CHECK ONE).

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

THE ARGENTINE (CONTINUED)



President Augustin P. Justo, Argentine equivalent of Herbert Hoover.

ARGENTINA'S ruling class, whose sons and daughters are shown on pp. 52 and 53, stand behind proud, big-fisted President Justo (see above), head of the Argentine equivalent of the Republican Party. He first got his job by an Army coup d'état in 1930 that booted out the Argentine equivalent of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the late New-Dealing President Irigoyen. Like all South American Macbeths, President Justo is continually finding "Communist plots" against him, was inexpressibly shamed by the deportation of his son Liborio from Brazil last August as a "militant Communist."

Biggest Argentine news for the U.S., is that lately canny Argentines have begun to like the U.S., primarily because England has been rude to Argentina in trade agreements, incidentally because of President Roosevelt's Good Neighborliness. Even President Justo, no U.S. lover, opening the Argentine Congress, said, "Our relations with the great republic of the North are growing closer all the time." Proudly he added, "The position we occupy on the continent is well shown by the designation of Buenos Aires . . . as the seat of the great Pan-American Conference."

Things to remember about Argentina: 1) it is South America's only big, pure-white nation; 2) piously Catholic, Argentine volunteers are fighting on the Rebel side in Spain's Civil War (see below); and 3) a quarter of its 11,000,000 people were born in Spain, Italy, Ireland or Germany.



Argentine volunteers fighting in Spain for the God-fearing, Fascist Rebel side.

LIFE in the SUN



Soak Up Winter Sunshine



Play Golf, Ride, See Sights



Rest and Relax

● Enjoy Life in the Sun this winter—in warm, dry El Paso, where you can golf, ride, play polo, explore new places, or just loaf every day under azure skies. Get away from snow, sleet, blizzards—get into the sun, where life is worth while. You'll find excellent accommodations in metropolitan El Paso, largest city on the Mexican border.

El Paso County, TEXAS

★ 50 YEAR AVERAGE DAYTIME TEMPERATURE FOR NOV. 65.6°
SUNSHINE PLAYGROUND OF THE BORDER

Special winter rates and stopovers on Rock Island, Santa Fe, Southern Pac., Texas & Pacific, Varney and American Airlines, Greyhound Lines.

EL PASO GATEWAY CLUB
316 San Francisco Street, El Paso, Texas
Please send the illustrated Sunshine Playground booklet.

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Address _____



PROFESSIONAL

Played casually since 1895, professional football has become big business in the last decade, boasts two major leagues, annual gate receipts of over \$1,000,000. A typical exponent of this young industry, Cal Hubbard, 36, weighing 253 pounds and fast for his size, started in a more or less amateur way in 1923 as a tackle at Louisiana's Centenary College, transferred in 1925 to Pennsylvania's Geneva, began his professional career in 1927 with the N. Y. Giants. Two years later he went over to Wisconsin's Green Bay Packers. Back with the Giants this season, on November 8 he sat on the sidelines 10 minutes (*left*) at the Polo Grounds during the game with the Chicago Bears, played for all but five minutes of the rest of the game, making astonishingly good tackles in a driving rain on a mud-coated field as 35,000 looked on. Hubbard gets about \$150 a game. Summers he umpires American League baseball.



AMATEURS

Many a college worries increasingly over professional football's growing popularity, but not these seven stalwart football-playing seniors at Southwestern College, Memphis, Tennessee. Second from left: cheerful Captain Thayer Houts. Presbyterian Southwestern burst into the local tabloids last February with reports that 70 undergraduates were found cavorting in a field with a scantily clad young lady.

Play safe...take the doctor's judgment about laxatives

YOU CHOOSE your family doctor because you have *confidence* in him. He will never take chances where your welfare is concerned.

Even with a little thing like a laxative, doctors have a definite set of standards which guide them in their choice. Before they will give a laxative their approval, it must meet their requirements on these specific points:

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not*: Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Now, here's a fact that's significant—Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifications. Not merely on two or three. But on *all* these points.

No wonder so many physicians use Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder

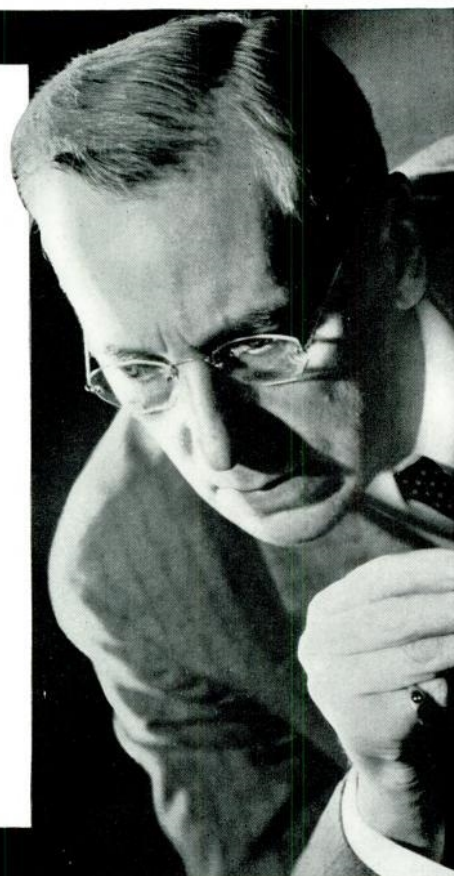
millions of careful mothers give it to their children with perfect confidence. No wonder that Ex-Lax is used by more people than any other laxative in the world.

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It *is* thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. It does *not* disturb the digestion.

Everyone likes Ex-Lax—particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. N. L. 116, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets —
remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Shall we ship these rare

PEARS

to PARIS and LONDON?



WE DID—until three years ago. Then we wrote to business executives, suggesting boxes of these Royal Riviera Pears—which grow commercially only on trees more than 20 years old—as a new and different kind of Christmas remembrance for their friends. Thousands of orders resulted and expressions of praise beyond description.

So Big You Eat Them With a Spoon

Perhaps you have tasted these rare, delicious pears in some famous Paris or London hotel or café. If so, you paid 75 cents for them and ate them with a spoon, like a melon.

Think, then, what a treat it will be for your friends to receive a generous Christmas box of these rare, fragrant, golden pears, fairly bursting with juice.

The gift carton is really a box of days-on-end of glorious Western sunshine. The moment you lift the lid, your mouth waters. Every pear is picked with gloved hands, rigidly inspected, tissue wrapped, and nestled in protective packing. We handle them exactly as we would rare orchids.

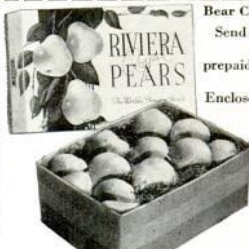
A Rare CHRISTMAS Surprise for Your Friends

We believe there must be enough people right here in the United States—people who appreciate the very finest—to create a home market for this, America's rarest fruit. We believe that you and others looking for a unique remembrance for your friends might

like to join this year with those who are giving Royal Riviera Pears. So we are withholding a portion of our usual Paris and London shipments and offer them direct from the orchards to you.

Money Back If These Are Not the Finest Pears You Ever Tasted

All you do is send us a list of your friends and we will send them each a box with a special gift card enclosed, bearing your name. And don't forget a box for yourself! A "Medium Family" Box (10 lbs.) is only \$1.85. A "Large Family" Box (containing double the quantity) is \$2.95. At these low prices, these pears cost a mere fraction of what you would pay for them in a fine restaurant or hotel. We guarantee delivery anywhere in the United States proper, wherever there is an express office, express prepaid, on any date you specify. And if, after eating your first Royal Riviera, you and your friends don't say these are the finest pears you ever tasted, simply return the balance at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded.



Bear Creek Orchards, Box 1208, Medford, Oregon
Send Royal Riviera Pears to the list attached, all express charges prepaid, to arrive (date).....
Enclose gift card with name:.....
..... "Medium Family" boxes (10 lbs.) at \$1.85 each.
..... "Large Family" boxes (double quantity) \$2.95 ea.
I enclose check (or money order) for \$.....
Name.....
(YOUR name here—please PRINT plainly)
Street.....
City..... State.....

Prices outside U.S.A. proper } Honolulu, \$2.25 and \$3.20. Winnipeg, \$2.40 and \$3.65. Montreal, \$2.70 and \$4.05.
U.S.A. proper } Vancouver, \$2.00 and \$3.10. Toronto, \$2.65 and \$3.95. Quebec, \$2.80 and \$4.15.

BEAR CREEK ORCHARDS
MEDFORD, OREGON

Private Lives

Thelma Morgan Converse, the ex-Lady Furness, is currently modeling a gown she herself designed for the coronation ceremony of her old and intimate friend, Edward VIII. The former Lady Furness and her sister, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt



LADY FURNESS

(who is renewing her fight to gain custody of her 12-year-old daughter), run Sonia Gowns Inc., a smart and successful Manhattan dress shop. The coronation gown they offer is of white satin with pearl embroidery. Lady Furness herself will probably not attend the coronation—she is divorced and no longer a peeress—unless the King himself sends an invitation. This is not very likely though the King and Lady Furness were such good friends four or five years ago that a popular London quip went: "The Lord saved Daniel from the lions' den, but who will save David from the fiery furnace?"



JOE AND SERENA ALVES AND LUCY

Eve Scott, who is five, and **Zoe Scott**, who is two, are the great-great-grandchildren, on their mother's side, of Eleuthère I. du Pont who founded the du Pont company in 1802. Their mother, Marguerite du Pont Ortiz Scott, wife of Forrester Scott, Philadelphia flyer and huntsman, began divorce proceedings against her husband last summer. The court awarded her custody of the children on week-days, her husband custody on weekends. After trying this system out for a while, Mrs. Scott upset both the court's decision and her husband by taking Eve and Zoe out of the court's jurisdiction down to Delaware. From there she notified her husband that she was going to drop her divorce suit and institute instead a suit to recover \$100,000 she says he owes her. She added that Eve and Zoe were better off in her parents' roomy estate in Delaware than they were in the comparatively crowded 12-room penthouse in Philadelphia.



EVE AND ZOE SCOTT AND NURSE

Into a Manhattan court health and charity officials haled black **Joe and Serena Alves**. The officials accused Joe Alves of keeping five-year-old white Lucy Peluso without a boarding license and in dark, vermin-infested, unsanitary quarters. It came out that Joe Alves and his plump, childless wife had been taking loving care of Lucy since she was two years old when her poverty-stricken parents had given them the right to keep Lucy and provide for her. Joe Alves insisted that it wasn't the conditions of his living quarters but the color of his skin that shocked the health officials. After an investigation proved that the Alves home



LELAND AND MARGARET SULLAVAN HAYWARD

was clean though cluttered, a magistrate dismissed the case on the grounds that Joe and Serena Alves didn't need a license to board Lucy because her unemployed father had never had money enough to pay board. So happily back to her black foster parents went white Lucy.

The plot of *Stage Door*, a play now running on Broadway, concerns a Broadway playwright who goes to Hollywood and has his fine talent corrupted while his actress-sweetheart stays on Broadway, doesn't have her talent spoiled and marries a movie talent scout. Star of the play is Margaret Sullavan who went from Broadway to Hollywood and came back a better actress for her movie experience, thus making the play's thesis seem a little silly. But Miss Sullavan has redeemed this slip somewhat and brought true life into the theatre by actually marrying a former movie scout who is now a famed theatrical agent. He is Leland Hayward,

In the fortnight after election, many a romance that had been hanging heavy and over-ripe from the headlines came ready for picking. With an audible sigh of relief the press confirmed the long-suspected marriage of Charles Chaplin to Paulette Goddard, reported the wedding of John Barrymore to Elaine Barrie and proclaimed the definite betrothal of Mary Pickford to Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, of Lily Pons to André Kostelanetz, and of Ethel du Pont to Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr. This last was the only news that had any logic in being post-election. For du Pont during the campaign had been to Roosevelt as Capulet was to Montague and the press, sure that the movies had made the public safely Shakespeare-conscious, used the Romeo-Juliet equation without stint. Typical was the cartoon (left) by Jerry Doyle of the Philadelphia Record, which so tickled Ethel's father, Eugene du Pont, that he asked for, and was given the original. He plans to give it to his daughter as a wedding present.

When Ezio Pinza, basso of the best U. S. opera companies, was sued for \$200,000 by Octavia Picchioni of San Francisco for breach of promise to marry, he loudly wanted to know how Miss Picchioni could have been ignorant of the fact that he was



ROMEO ROOSEVELT & JULIET DU PONT

34, son of Colonel Hayward who commanded the American Negro troops during the War, and he represents such stars as Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Myrna Loy. Though often reported engaged and even married to Miss Hepburn, Mr. Hayward has had only one wife, Lola Gibbs. He married and was divorced by her twice. Miss Sullavan, who is 28, has also been married and divorced twice but she has had two husbands: Actor Henry Fonda and Director William Wyler.



OCTAVIA PICCHIONI

Why do men in the Tropics look old at forty?



GREEK gods at twenty-five, Gold men at forty. That's the penalty of living down near the equator.

The burning tropical sun dries up the natural oils of the skin, leaving the face like parchement, which wrinkles easily.

Women know that a dry skin wrinkles easily. That is why they use creams and gentle oils to keep their complexions youthful.

Men who do not want to look older than they are maintain the natural oils in their skins by using Barbasol. They know its bland soothing oils keep the skin fresh, and the whole face looking alert and youthful.

You see, Barbasol doesn't dry

out the skin. It's so soothing that thousands use it to relieve windburn and chapping.

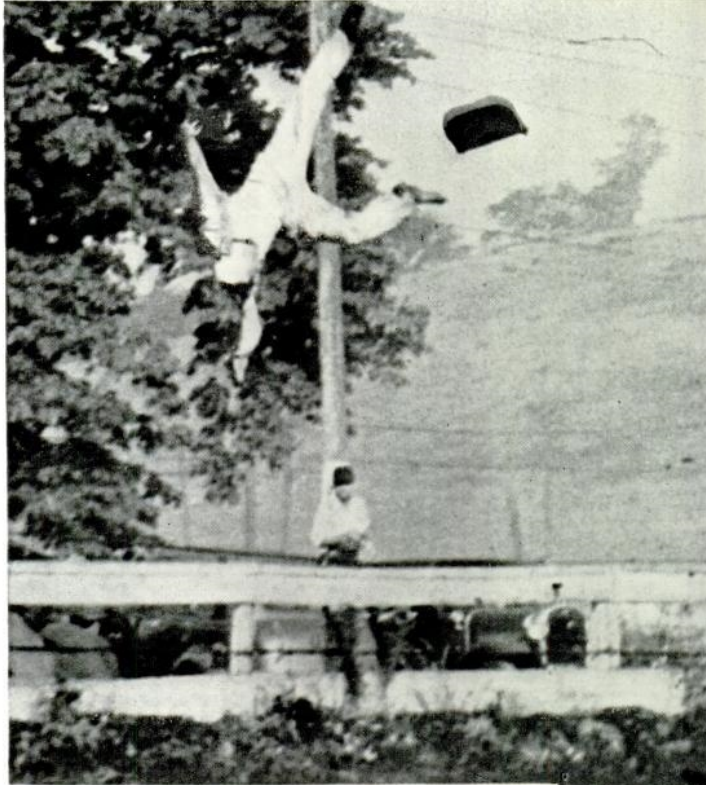
It gives you a smooth quick shave and its bland oils leave your face in the pink of condition.

No brush, no lather, no rub-in. Just wet your face, spread on good old Barbasol and shave. And here's good news! Barbasol is selling so fast we've been able to cut the price.

The big 35¢ tube now sells for only a quarter. We've made the giant 50¢ tube bigger by 25%. And for 15¢ you get five double-lived, scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades. Gentlemen, there's the greatest shaving value in America today!

Tune in Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Monday and Friday, N. B. C. Blue (WJZ) Network. (See your local newspaper for time and station.)





This extraordinary picture of "Wild Bill" Cassidy, race driver, in a track smash-up at Washington, Pa., last July 20 was selected by Wilson Hicks of the Associated Press as one of the most unusual news pictures of the year.

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT that this picture was taken, but no accident that it was printed in The Des Moines Register and Tribune.

Pictures from every major picture service (including both Wirephoto and Phone-photo), pictures from dozens of private agencies in the U. S. and abroad, plus a big home office camera staff, airplane equipped, insure our having the best daily picture supply in America.

Pictures, well handled, have helped build our circulation to more than 300,000 Sunday, more than 280,000 daily; helped create such responsiveness to our pages that "America Speaks" Gallup says, "My surveys show that few newspapers anywhere can compare with The Des Moines Register and Tribune in intensity of reader interest."

THE DES MOINES REGISTER AND TRIBUNE

UNANIMOUS ON ONE POINT

AS LIFE BEGINS

No rubber-stamp similarity is there about these early opinions on LIFE's first issue—nor, the Editors hope, will there ever be about succeeding issues. On one point there is unanimity—that LIFE is worthy of attention and comment. That is tribute enough.

I have a suspicion that November 19th, 1936, will be looked back upon twenty years from now as a historical day in the annals of journalism. It seems to me not improbable that the historians of two decades hence will examine the issues of LIFE as a prime source of knowledge recording the troubled and exciting world in which we live.

HENRY F. PRINGLE, Pulitzer Prize Winner for Biography, Columbia School of Journalism

As a newspaper man I find life very interesting. Now LIFE bids fair to be one of life's greatest stimulants. Yours for more camera excitement!

DAVID STERN, Philadelphia Record

For busy or lazy people like myself, who when they look through a magazine chiefly look at the pictures, what a joy it is to find one that is almost all pictures, especially when they portray so interestingly how the rest of the human family currently lives.

SIR ASHLEY SPARKS, Resident Director, Cunard Line

LIFE looks to me like a natural.

CARL VAN DOREN

RECEIVED LIFE THIS MORNING STOP BEST FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE FOR TEN CENTS I EVER SAW STOP SURE TO PROVE INTERESTING TO EVERYBODY

IRA MARTIN, President, Pictorial Photographers of America

I believe the whole world will come to LIFE—a great publication!

G. H. ("PETE") BOSTWICK

Well, you didn't oversell it—not a bit! For me the appeal of the new LIFE is irresistible. Once I picked it up, I stayed with it all the way through to the back cover, missing neither picture, text, nor ads. Gripping photographs, beautiful typography—I like it all!

P. L. THOMPSON, Director of Public Relations, Western Electric Co.

The first issue of LIFE was delightful and makes me look forward to future issues with great pleasure.

MRS. T. M. CARNEGIE JR.

There are so many fine features, including the remarkable trip around Brazil, the whole story of Robert Taylor and the other features such as the life story of the Black Widow, that I can't sufficiently sum up my enthusiasm for this, the biggest ten cents' worth I have ever seen.

ROY DICKINSON, President, The Printer's Ink Publication

SIMPLY GREAT AND CANNOT BE ANYTHING BUT TREMENDOUS SUCCESS. CONGRATULATIONS

R. F. BLACK, President, White Motor Co.

I have just finished dashing through the first issue of LIFE. What an exciting magazine and what promise of many thrilling hours in the weeks to come! I wish I could find a play to produce that would hold as much chance of success or of giving pleasure to a wide public. Congratulations and best wishes for the hit I am sure LIFE will be.

BROCK PEMBERTON

The writer cannot restrain the impulse to send congratulations to your staff.

The character of your reproductions is no less impressive than the "shots" themselves and we cannot imagine the public being other than enthusiastic about the manner in which you have elected to present the day's news.

H. F. JONES, Advertising Manager, Campbell Soup Co.



LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE

Private Lives (CONTINUED)



GLADYS WITT AND HER TWO EX-FIANCÉS

...already married in view of the widely publicized suit for alienation of affections brought last year by Mrs. Pinza against soprano Elisabeth Rethberg. Miss Picchioni did not answer because, her counsel said, she cried every time anyone spoke to her about it. It was pointed out, however, that 28-year-old Miss Picchioni was an orphan who had received her early training in a convent and might not understand such things.

It is a fairly safe guess that the coming popular heroine of romance and movie will be the airplane stewardess. In that case, if



CHARLES MICHAEL SCHWAB

...realism is respected, the happy ending will be the marriage of stewardess to air pilot, for many stewardesses, in actual fact, marry pilots. Whether or not Gladys Witt, stewardess of Western Air Express, will come to this happy fade-out is uncertain at this moment. She was engaged to Erich Balzer, a mere passenger, but she left him in San Francisco and flew to Kansas City to marry Jimmy Roe, a TWA pilot. On the plane with her was Mr. Balzer who talked to her so persuasively that when she arrived in Kansas City, Miss Witt said that she was not going to marry Pilot Jimmy Roe after all. But neither

was she going to marry Mr. Balzer. Which is no ending at all for a movie.

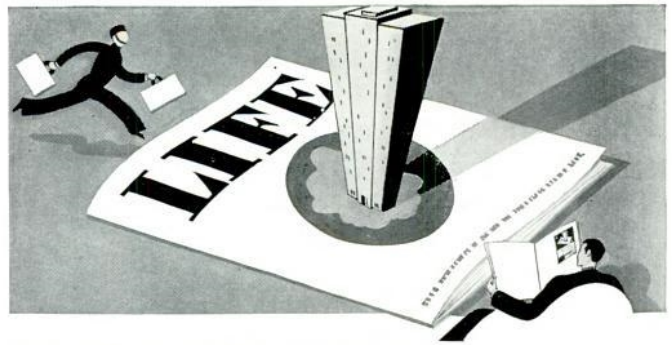
Charles M. Schwab, at 74, is still Board Chairman of Bethlehem Steel Corp., second largest U. S. Steelmaker. He visited a radio amateur hour one evening and, after making a couple of broadcast remarks, he wandered idly around the studio looking for something to do. He found a piano and a photographer found him.

Every morning, **Lord Baden-Powell**, 79, founder of the Boy Scout movement, touches his toes with his hands 21 times, and stays down each time long enough to recite the name of a British regiment—a different regiment each bend. But his lordship, as the camera shows, bends his knees a bit, which is not what a thorough Scout would do.

Gouverneur Morris, rich and socialite novelist, who is descended from the Revolutionary War Morrisises, does his writing in a rambling house set in a shrubby garden near Los Angeles. There his wife Ruth often entertains her good friend, Mrs. James Kirkwood, who used to be Lila Lee of the movies. The afternoon of September 25, Lila Lee's bright 12-year-old son, Jimmy, noticed near the barn an auto belonging to **Reid Rus-**



ROBERT, LORD BADEN-POWELL



AS NEW AND "ALIVE"

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At a glance you feel the modern spirit of your newest magazine. And in the same way, as you enter the lobby of new LaSalle Hotel, you respond instantly to the cheerful newness, the up-to-date smartness, the friendly spirit.

New to a detail—every guest room, every banquet room, every public room—all the restaurants. New in decoration, in furnishings and appointments—new elevators, new inner spring mattresses—everything to provide for your comfort and happiness.

Cheerful, colorful, stimulating. And a spirit in service that reflects our determination always to live up to our slogan: "Foremost in Friendliness".

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It's an entirely new type of shaving instrument which will bring more genuine comfort and convenience to your daily act of shaving than you ever believed possible. And the tougher your beard, the better you'll like it! Its "toothless" Guide Bar smooths the skin, stretches it taut just ahead of the blade—prevents those painful nicks and scrapes. The Schick Injector changes blades automatically. Nothing to take apart, unscrew, twist, assemble, or dry after a shave. You get 20 blades at a time, suspended in oil in a metal Injector. Invest \$2.00 today for the razor that men are talking about—all over the country. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



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MONOPOLY is by the makers of PING-PONG (still going strong), CAMELOT (famous board game for Men and Boys), MAKE A MILLION (card game, delights all Monopoly players), PURVIS "G" MEN, FINANCE (another Parker Trading game).

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Private Lives (CONTINUED)



THE REID RUSSELL MYSTERY: A RE-ENACTMENT

sell, unemployed auto salesman and friend of the Morris. But Russell was not in evidence. Mr. Morris looked around and in a lazily-swinging hammock in the garden, he found a gruesome object: the bloody body of 28-year-old Reid Russell. Police called the case suicide and Mr. Morris wrote Russell's white-haired mother a note about her son that was at once consoling and complaining: "He looked extraordinarily peaceful in that . . . last sleep. His face was composed, his handsome strong hands folded. Why he came here to end his troubles, I cannot know . . . letting people who had been kind to him in for slander, scandal, suspicions and God knows what . . ." With that off his chest Mr. Morris went back to his writing but a month and a half later, slander and suspicion once again descended on him. Mrs. Russell had declared that her son had been murdered. So police tramped again over the peaceful Morris garden, re-enacted the crime, searched for lost bullet shells, argued with each other over evidence and finally exhumed Russell's corpse. They ascertained that the gun found in Reid's hand had

probably killed him and verified the powder burns on his forehead—a probable sign of suicide. Then, though obstinate muttering of murder still persisted, it seemed that quiet would once again come to the harried novelist and his wife.



GOVERNEUR MORRIS



MRS. RUTH MORRIS, JIMMY KIRKWOOD, LILA LEE KIRKWOOD



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LIFE'S PICTURES



ALFR ED EISENSTAEDT, long one of
Europe's best-known news photog-
raphers, took the only picture of Hitler and
Mussolini shaking hands. He came to this
country a year ago, made for LIFE the
charming story of a Chinese Mission
School (Nov. 23). In this issue Camera-
man Eisenstaedt records West Point and
the President's departure.

The following list, page by page, shows
the source from which each picture in this
issue was gathered.

- 9, 10, 11, 12, 13—ALFR ED EISENSTAEDT-
PIX
- 14, 15, 16, 17—ACME, INT., P. I., W. W.
- 18—PIX, MIAMI BEACH NEWS SERVICE
- 19, 20, 21, 22, 23—MIAMI BEACH NEWS
SERVICE
- 24—25—SOV FOTO
- 26—P. I.
- 27—28—P. I., LONDON FILM PRODUCTIONS
LTD., W. W.
- 36—37—EUROPEAN, and other news picture
agencies.*
- 38—39—U. S. and foreign news services*
- 40—INT.
- 45, 46, 47, 48, 49—ALFR ED EISENSTAEDT-
PIX, ACME (1)
- 50, 51, 52, 53—"ATLANTIDA MAGAZINE,"
ARGENTINA
- 54—UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, PAN
AMERICAN AIRWAYS, AEROVISTAS,
ARGENTINE INFORMATION BUREAU,
MARTIN MUNKÁCSI
- 58, 60, 61, 63—ACME, INT., P. I., W. W.*
- 66—COMMANDER GEORGE M. DYOTT (round
picture and 2 rt. center), others GLOBE
PHOTOS
- 67—GLOBE PHOTOS exc. L. L. G. M. DYOTT
- 68—69—MARTIN MUNKÁCSI
- 70, 71, 72—WILLIAM VANDIVERT

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Glenmore's
KENTUCKY TAVERN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



1 A tiger leaves his paw print (above).

TIGER! TIGER!

THE Indian tiger is a better fighting machine than the African lion. Longer, heavier, smarter, it rarely takes foolish chances, attends strictly to its business of killing. Only old males approaching senility and reckless young ones when annoyed or very hungry take the great risk of attacking Man. However, tigers in India kill about 1,000 people a year. Indians believe that the spirits of the dead men sit on the head of the surviving tiger, advising it how to kill more.

On these pages a tiger in Bhopal is shown striking down a Hindu beater who got separated from his fellows in a tiger hunt. Cameraman was able Explorer Paul L. Hoefler, who perched in a tree, swung his telephoto lens just in time to catch the spring. This time the tiger, scenting other men, wasted no time in killing, tried instead to get a quick jaw-grip on the luckless beater and drag him off into the jungle for a leisurely meal. But the maneater was shot before he got well started. The Hindu, minus several large chunks of flesh, survived. In over-hunted Bengal State in the past ten years, Bengal tigers have grown so lean and gawky that a man is about all they can lift and carry.



2 On this tree he lately sharpened his claws.



3 The man-eater scents his man.



4 Quicker than the camera is the tiger's spring.



5 Like an upright wrestler, the tiger tries for the throat.



6 Down goes the man, with the tiger above him.



7 Rolling for dear life, the man hides his face in hot fur.



8 The tiger, tail lashing madly, gets a jaw-grip.



9 As rescuers arrive, the beast slithers into the bush.



10 One good shot and the killer's killings are over.



11 One more dead tiger is an elephant's burden.



12 The skins of many tigers dry in the sun for man's use.

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7 GREAT FEATURES

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ARGENTINE BIRD-ROPING . . .

BEFORE the Spaniards came with their cattle, the dead-flat Argentine *pampa* was nearly bare of animal or bird life. Exception was the nandu, the common rhea or South American ostrich. Favorite sport of the Argentine cowboys, the gauchos, is to ride down a flock of nandus, cut one bird from the flock and lasso it with the queer roping device, the "bola" or "Three Marias," a rope with a handle at one end and, at the other, two spliced rope-ends weighted with lead or stone.



The Argentine gaucho (above) unlimbers his bola for the chase.

A close view of the bola (right), showing handle and weights.



THE GAUCHO LETS FLY AT THE RUNNING BIRD WITH HIS BOLA.

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Managing Director

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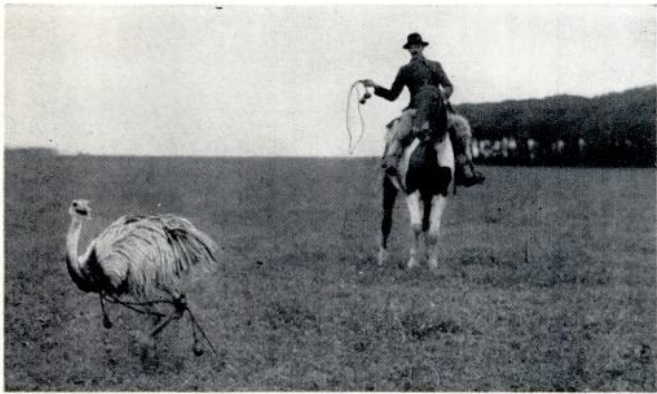
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... ON HORSEBACK



THE NANDU STAGGERS TO A STOP, ITS LEGS SHACKLED BY THE BOLA'S COILS.

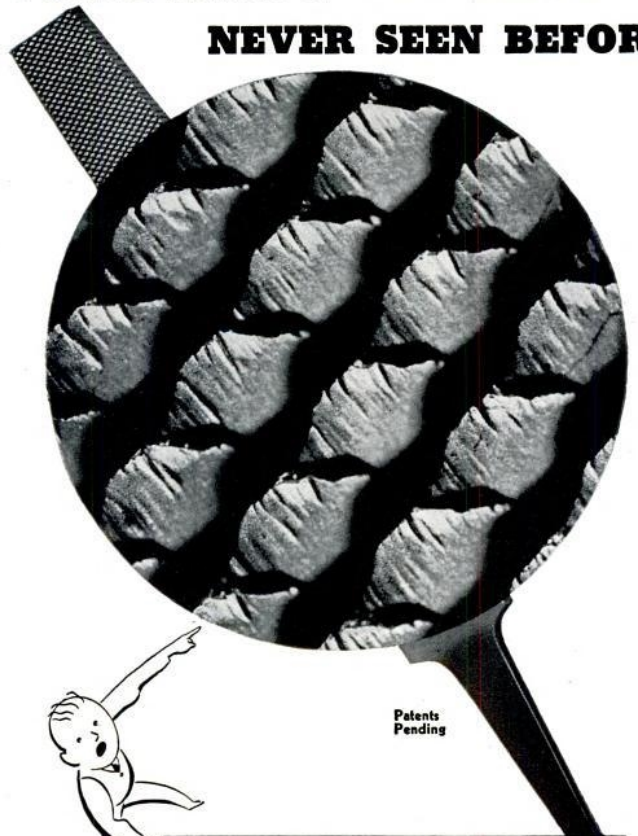


THE DISMOUNTED GAUCHO GETS A GRIP ON THE FRIGHTENED, HELPLESS BIRD.



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Made In These Brands

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A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE



To fight oil taxes, Vice President Charles E. Arnott (*above, top*) of Socony-Vacuum enrolls with the American Petroleum Institute's special tax-fighting committee. At the API party in Chicago 2,000 oilmen sign a mechanical anti-tax round-robin which already carries 35,000 names. In the hotel ballroom lobby stands a tax giant (*below*) about to devour Oil.



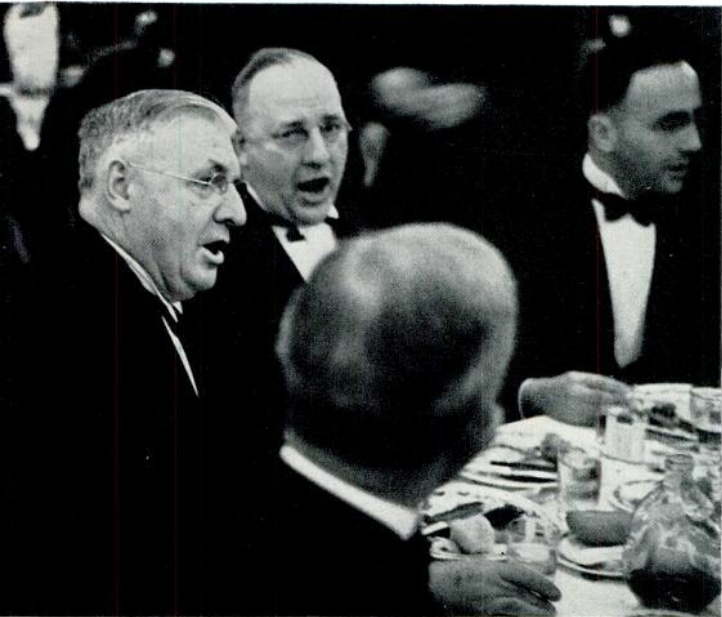
Life Goes to a Party

With the American Petroleum Institute and Judge Roy T. Osborn



Judge Roy T. Osborn, counsel for Sinclair Refining Company.

EVERY year every U. S. business from shoes to steel, from pecans to printing, holds an annual convention. The country's biggest natural resource industry held one of the autumn's biggest business conventions when the American Petroleum Institute opened its 17th annual meeting at Chicago's enormous Stevens Hotel. Some 3,000 members are all primed for four full days of committee meetings, electioneering, lectures on everything from Truck Tanks to Trends in Legislation, fun, frolic and feasting. By the third day oilmen are so sated that few show up for the afternoon general session (*bottom, opposite page*). But almost to a man they turn out for the big banquet that evening. A careful dresser who must get his black tie just right for the occasion is Judge Roy T. Osborn (*above*), head of Sinclair Refining's legal staff. Roy Osborn went to Kansas University with Harry Sinclair. In 1918 the Sinclair Co. called him to Chicago to organize the legal department of Sinclair Refining Co. Six years later Sinclair headquarters shifted to New York and Chief Counsel Osborn shifted with them, establishing his home in suburban Westchester. An able student of Oil's tax and legislative problems, he belongs to the powerful American Petroleum Industries Committee which views with alarm the 201 different kinds of taxes which annually levy over \$100,000,000 on oil production, nearly \$900,000,000 on oil marketing.



"Sweet Adeline" is sung at the API banquet by President Edward G. Seubert (above, left) of Standard Oil of Indiana and friends while their tenderloin grows cold on the table. This onetime Syracuse newsboy early developed a fine voice for convention singing.



When a male entertainer swings her high, wide and handsome, this dancer's left slipper flies off, just misses several oilmen.

A WELL-BEHAVED gathering with little drinking, the oilmen's banquet—a \$5 affair with cigars included but liquor extra—is climaxed by ice cream (*Bombe Carmen*) illuminated with electric batteries and light bulbs, by \$1,250 worth of clean entertainment by performers from Chicago nightspots. Dancers, acrobats and an adaptable lady dressed like a donkey take the place of speeches.



Embellished with references to Caesar, Edmund Burke, Karl Marx, the Pharaohs of Egypt, Adam, Elihu Root, and Robert Burns, Congressman Samuel B. Pettengill's speech on "The Future of Free Enterprise" draws a poor house of API members.

TRIUMPHANT TALLEY . . .

Ten years ago, Marion Talley was a plump nineteen-year-old choir girl, scoring her first sensational triumph at the Metropolitan Opera.

Now—slim, glamorous, younger looking at 29 than she was at 19—she is scoring new triumphs. Delighting radio audiences with her golden voice . . . dazzling movie fans with her radiantly slender figure! Telling millions of women how they, too, can lose weight. "Just follow the Hollywood Habit," she says. "Exercise regularly, eat sensibly and always use Ry-Krisp as bread at every meal. That's what I did; I now weigh 107 pounds and never felt better in my life."



1926 Marion Talley as *Gilda* in Verdi's "Rigoletto"—her first sensational triumph at the Metropolitan Opera.



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This non-fattening whole rye wafer is delicious with any meal—any food—any beverage. Crisp and crunchy, its unique whole rye flavor makes any food taste better. So wholesome and nutritious, too, that dietitians recommend it as an everyday whole-family food. Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis, Mo.



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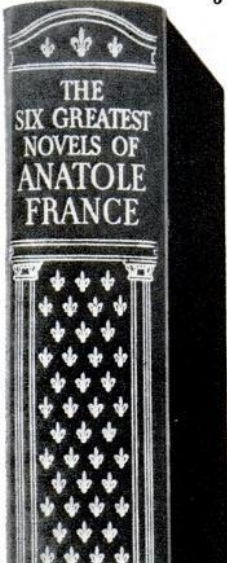
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Life's Party (CONTINUED)



A good story is appreciated by no one more than President Frank Phillips (right) of Phillips Petroleum. This jolly huddle of story-telling oilmen occurs in the middle of a luncheon in the middle of a Stevens Hotel dining room.



Oldest active oilman at the API convention is J. W. Van Dyke (above), 87, board chairman of Atlantic Refining Co., an API director.

A great party-goer as well as a great party-giver is Amon Giles Carter (below) publisher and independent oil producer of Fort Worth, Texas.



Tuckered out after the API party in Chicago, Paul S. Hedrick (above), oil editor of the Tulsa World and one of the ablest chroniclers of the industry, relaxes happily with his own paper. Forty other newspapermen attended the party.

Watch the gun-metal boom!



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YOU'LL SEE THESE STEELY OPERA
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