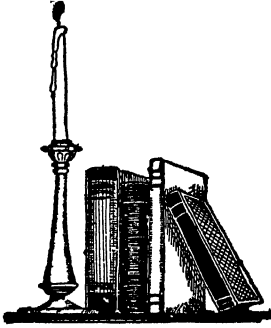


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INTERVIEWING SINNERS & SAINTS

By DAVID W. HAZEN, Staff Writer,
The Oregonian. Foreword by Palmer Hoyt,
Publisher of *The Oregonian*. Published by
Binfords & Mort, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

“Early to bed and early
to rise, and you will
meet very few prominent
people.” *George Ade*

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DAVID W. HAZEN

FIRST EDITION

Printed and Bound in the United States of America

TO MY FRIEND
OF CUBHOOD DAYS
WILLARD L. MARKS

BLACKSTONE SPOILED AN
EXCELLENT REPORTER

ALSO BY

DAVID W. HAZEN

O'ER WATERS BLUE

AMERICAN HISTORY SHELVES

GIANTS AND GHOSTS OF CENTRAL EUROPE

MR. LINCOLN

A Foreword

DAVE HAZEN is unique. He is an interviewer by vocation, a newspaperman by avocation and thus reverses the normal procedure. In his 40 odd years of newspapering he has probably talked to more celebrities, near celebrities, geniuses and just plain nuts than any living man.

And, so, just as David W. Hazen is unique his latest book, "Interviewing Sinners and Saints", is unusual. It isn't a steak dinner. Rather it's a salty, zestful bouillabaisse put together with a typewriter as talented as the hands of the French chef who originated that famous concoction.

Probably Dave Hazen has talked to and written up some 10,000 great and near great. His list includes many of the biggest names of the modern world. This has been possible because Mr. Hazen does nothing else for "The Oregonian" and hasn't for 13 years. Before that his services with the old and now deceased Portland "Telegram" included more than a year as active war correspondent in World War I, and since his last affiliation with "The Oregonian" yearly trips to eastern population centers and foreign capitals have kept his contacts glistening.

Dave Hazen collects interviews with the same relentless abandon that the Maori head hunter gathers the skulls of rival tribesmen or that a Mandan Sioux of the Custer era sought the hair of the whiteman. You may rest assured that if you have built a better mouse trap, written a better book or set a record in climbing snow-capped mountains, and if you come within his ken, this dauntless interviewer will track you down and add your intellectual pelt to his growing collection.

Before I say something about the book I want to pay my warm tribute to a fellow newspaperman who has done much to keep the pages of "The Oregonian" warm and bright during my years of active connection with that newspaper. I know of

none more tireless in the pursuit of a story nor anyone who will meet a later train to talk to someone who is news.

Now about the book: here is a parade of not only big names but vital, interesting people who live again in the attractive pages of Mr. Hazen's work.

In the pages that follow you will find another side to James Branch Cabell, S. S. Van Dine, Vincent Sheean, Fannie Hurst, Gene Tunney, Frank Knox, Ed Howe and almost any celebrity you can lay tongue to in a long day's thinking.

God's speed to you, Dave Hazen, and Bon Voyage to your book.

PALMER HOYT,
Publisher, *The Oregonian*.

A Word to the Wise

IN THE pleasant grind of newspaper work, I have been assigned to interview a great number of men and women. The total reaches thousands of persons prominent enough to have the city editor assign me to see them.

Thinking a tiny part of this aggregate might be of permanent interest, I have worked out this book. In it are recorded bits—sometimes a line, sometimes several hundred words, in a few instances a thousand or more words—from interviews I have gathered over the years. All the quotations are from the printed newspaper articles or from notes taken at the time of the interviews. I have not trusted to memory.

I used the group pattern in assembling these quoted words of wisdom, save in one chapter. As the year 1932 marks the end of an American era, I decided to select a number of notable interviews gleaned that year to use in a separate chapter. It is titled "Dark Days." And speaking of the build-up of this book, I want to thank Palmer Hoyt and Fred M. White for their help in my book-writing struggle. I also wish to say "thank you" to the one with whom I had my most momentous interview, Josephine W. Hazen.

When I have used titles I have taken the ones in vogue at the time of the interview. And the jobs accredited to folk are those they were holding when I talked with them. In a lifetime that goes back to the days when women bragged about their bustles, I have had many adventures. But the greatest adventure of all has been the association with the wonderful men and women who formed the newspaper staffs with whom I have worked throughout the years.

DAVID W. HAZEN.

October 3, 1942,
Starvation Hill,
Portland, Oregon.

Presenting

Novelists	3
Newspapermen	32
I Like Bishops	59
The Players Stage	79
Generals, New and Old	106
Admirals, Wet and Dry	125
Explorers	138
Front Page Americans	153
Historians	172
The Congress	190
Educators	210
Football Philosophy	232
Baseball	259
Dark Days	282
Hatching Eagle Eggs	301
Heavy Business	318
Virtuosos Galore	340
Aviators	363
Other Sports	382
Hollywood	401
Here They Are	421

Novelists

BOOOTH TARKINGTON made a confession that Indian Summer afternoon. We had been chatting in his beautiful manor at Kennebunkport, Maine, talking about his friends, George Ade and John McCutcheon, about painters and poets and prima donnas. And then, without much fanfare, Mr. Tarkington announced—

“I enjoy whales!”

“Do you mean real ones that mess up the ocean?” I asked.

“Real ones, of course,” replied the author of *Monsieur Beaucaire*. He then told me how he visits them off the Kennebunkport coast.

“I wake up at 7:30 or quarter of 8,” Tarkington began, with genuine joy in his voice. “I have some coffee, hot, brought to me very quickly, but I’m afraid I want it quickly so I can get a smoke.

“I have a second cup of coffee about 9, with cereal and fruit. This is a habit, not appetite. From 10 o’clock until 1:15 I am in my work room down stairs, a little detached from the house. I’ll show it to you in a few minutes.

“In 1928 I had to give up writing right in the middle of a novel; since then I have had to dictate. I’ve got only a part of one eye, the other one’s gone.

“At 1:15 I stop working, and go for a cruise in our motor boat. We’ll have lunch on the boat. Sometimes when we get outside I’ll take the wheel, but I have to be very careful not to get cold wind in my eyes. We make these launch trips out to sea every day until the weather gets too rough.”

And here Mr. Tarkington smiled, for he was about to tell that the spirit of *Penrod* still lingers in his heart.

“My greatest joy on these trips,” he confessed, “is to look for whales. I like to get right up close to them because, as I told you, I enjoy whales. Had I been born 100 years sooner, or may-

be just 50 years sooner than I was, I am sure I would have been a whaler.

"I used to like to look at elephants in the circus. I could look at an elephant as long a time as the circus people would let me; other boys wanted to see lions and tigers, but I would stand around watching the elephants until I simply had to leave. I am the same way about whales, only I don't exactly stand around watching them. But I would look at a whale an hour if he would let me."

Mr. Tarkington was towed away from his whales as gently as possible. I wanted a big interview, and train time was edging in. I mentioned that George Ade had told me many things about his friend "Tark." The novelist was pleased.

"I think of Ade's work as the most important literary development in this country," Booth Tarkington declared. "His plays were true and delightful; his fables were popular, but they are much more than something written to please the public—they are true philosophy. His fables developed a new form for the expression of character; there is great wisdom in them.

"Ade's people are very much alive, they always were. But George has been too modest about his work. Even so, Ade took his work very seriously, every artist does, and Ade is an artist. I am glad he never was a pompous man."

I explained to my host that George Ade had told me a great many stories about his friend "Tark's" adventures in Purdue and at Princeton, also a few with a rich Indianapolis setting.

"In fact, Mr. Tarkington, he told me you were the greatest hell-raiser he ever knew when you were in college, but that you suddenly reformed and have been almost one of the Pilgrim Fathers ever since," I said.

"Did Ade tell you that?" the lover of whales exclaimed, laughing. "Well, let me say this, I could tell a lot of rich and rare stories about George Ade if I had time. He was no little angel sitting in the corner, either. The next time you come back I'll tell you some things about your new pious friend, Mr. Ade."

At this period I thought it would be a good time to get Newton Booth Tarkington to talking about his own verbal creatures. In order to broach the subject in a lavender-and-old-lace atmosphere, I mentioned that I re-read the *Gentleman From Indiana* just before leaving Portland, Oregon.

"You certainly have a lot of courage, I couldn't do it," replied the author, dryly.

I could see storm clouds ahead, but I insisted that I enjoyed the story of the country town editor. This phase of the interview came to a most abrupt end when Booth Tarkington told me plainly:

"I never read anything I've written except with regret, but it is very helpful that the public doesn't think that way!"

I interviewed another very famous novelist who didn't tell me anything like that. He is the astounding author of *Main Street*.

Sinclair Lewis has notions about himself the general run of mankind doesn't know. But he tells them to a fellow as freely as fermentation begins. Dr. Lewis charged into the room, plunked himself down on a davenport, poured himself out a drink.

"People out your way think I am some sort of a wild man," he said, looking me over very critically. "I wish you would straighten them out on this matter. I'm not. I'm a thorough conservative, very hard working, and a rather quiet person."

Then the tranquil author jumped up, crossed the room in three steps, entered his bedchamber. He quickly emerged carrying an opened magazine.

"Look here, look at these pictures, they show me as I like to be," he exclaimed.

The pictures were scenes taken at the Lewis country home in Vermont. They pictured the lord of the manor enjoying the morning-glories and humming-birds, and thrilled by the perfume of hollyhocks and forget-me-nots. But before I could look at more than two pictures, the "rather quiet person" took the magazine from me, then again stretched full length on the davenport, rested his head on his hands, and staccatoed:

"Well, Mr. Hazen, what do you want to know? What can I give you from this vast, inexhaustible store of knowledge?"

"One thing I would like to know, Mr. Lewis, are there as many *Babbitts* in the country as when you wrote the book?" I asked.

"I don't know. How the hell would I know that?" snapped this thorough conservative novelist. "I never counted them, and I'm never going to. But the *Babbitts* are nice people, grand people. What makes you think they are not?"

"Your novel," I replied, timidly.

"Oh, you didn't read it understandingly," Lewis answered. "Try it over. I think they are wonderful people. If they are not, why are there so many of them, tell me that?"

I passed. But it was my next move, so I questioned the man from *Main Street* regarding the slams critics had given him on his Stockholm address.

"Oh, there was never any criticism about that speech. What makes you think there was?" playfully replied Sinclair Lewis.

"Don't you ever read the newspapers?" I asked.

"I don't count that," confessed the author, by this time seated momentarily in a chair. "I read very few. I have no clipping bureau, either, which I think is a mean trick to play on the press. It's a dirty trick, I'll admit. Some poor editorial writer will work overtime pouring out words of great wisdom to make me look like a literary vampire, or a dirty deuce, and the villain he is pursuing never sees the criticism. It isn't the right thing to do, is it?"

I agreed that it wasn't the right thing to do. I realized then and there I couldn't make any change in Mr. Lewis' ways of life, so proceeded with my questions. I remembered my host had once been a reporter on the *San Francisco Bulletin*.

"Are you ever going to write a novel dealing with newspaper life—you have written about preachers, about physicians and business men?" I inquired.

"No, I'm never going to write a novel dealing with the newspaper profession, don't know enough about it," he said, walking rapidly back and forth in the small room that formed the library of his suite. "I was in it only about a year. Say, what are you doing in New York, anyway?"

"Just looking around the big city, and working a little bit," I replied, trying to be delicate.

"Working? Getting interviews! Say, don't you hate that?" Mr. Lewis shouted. "You are always meeting up with saps who slap you on the back and say, 'Have a cigar!' I just despised hearing them boom, boom, boom, in a big, deep voice trying to make you think they are as important as hell, when as a matter of fact they don't amount to a damn."

After that outburst, I paused a few seconds before asking the famous Sauk Center, Minn., native son another question. Then

I inquired if he didn't think he had been too hard on the preachers when he wrote *Elmer Gantry*.

"You must know a large number of preachers, Mr. Hazen; now, just what do you think?" the novelist asked.

"I think you were too hard on them, Mr. Lewis. I've known a great many, especially ministers in country towns, and they are, as a rule, honest, hard-working, kindly men," I answered, frankly.

"I know some perfectly lovely preachers, and I don't think I was too hard on them in my book," declared the author. "I gave the country boys a good show in the book, I'm sure of that. My wife's father was a country preacher, and a perfectly swell person. And I suppose that you don't have the same sort of preachers in Portland that they have in, well, let's say Seattle."

He then chatted a bit about an early novel with a Seattle flavor, *Free Air*. The room was cluttered up with books. I asked the father of many of America's literary figures what sort of books he liked.

"I read everything," the novelist replied, picking up a well-thumbed copy of *Sherman—Fighting Prophet*, by Lloyd Lewis (no kin).

At this stage of the perfectly delightful interview, Dr. Sinclair Lewis was walking about rapidly, snatching up one thing, then another. I suggested it was time for me to go.

The Nobel Prize winner agreed 100 per cent.

Sinclair Lewis, quaint as he is, quaint as the taste of green quince, has one gargantuan admirer in his own guild—Vicky Baum. She is author of *Grand Hotel* and other best sellers. We were chatting calmly in her publishers' board of directors room one New York afternoon when she jolted me by saying, "Some of Sinclair Lewis' books I can read over and over again; I like *Arrowsmith* very much. That's a great book."

Miss Baum (Mrs. Richard Lert) continued to surprise me by saying, "I am much attached to him for by reading his books in Europe he gave me my first ideas of America. And pretty good ideas, too."

This brought up the subject of modern reading. "Men don't even read the books their wives tell them to read," she said with feeling. "There is so much going on in the world that I don't

think men are going to sit down and read fiction. That's why I say I write for women."

After telling me all this, Vicky Baum stated a real gem.

"You might be dull," she announced, "when you tell the truth; it might be more effective to tell nice lies."

As I was leaving (only a very small part of the interview is quoted here) Miss Baum remarked, "You have been very nice to me, you are so easy to answer." And she was very nice because she spoke slowly, directly, clearly. A much more rapid speaker is Thornton Wilder, the Yale-trained author of *Heaven's My Destination* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*.

"American literature has gone through its phase of self-examination on its own terms, now it is the business of young American writers to absorb the traditions of other literature in other languages," Dr. Wilder declared.

But he refused to comment on the best sellers of that moment. Asked if he thought any titles in current fiction would survive, he replied with a snap:

"No contemporary is ever in a position to pass judgment on the survival of any literary work of his day. I never talk about my contemporaries."

"What about the flood of books now being published?" was asked.

"I think we ought to regard the immense output of the presses as favorable to the emergence of excellent books when they come," Thornton Wilder observed, cryptically. "They prepare audiences, they facilitate the discovery even of unconventional books, they permit the occasional great book to be discovered by excited readers somewhere."

I wanted to ask Dr. Wilder how he happened to write *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Something interfered. But John Erskine once regaled me at The Players Club on how his classic, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, happened to be written, and what is also important, published.

Dr. Erskine was teaching English "lit" at Columbia university when a well-known publishing house was putting out a series of books on how to understand great authors. Erskine was invited to write the study on John Milton. Agreed. It would require no vast amount of work. But months passed, and the one John completely forgot the other.

"One day I met a member of the firm that was publishing the literary studies," Dr. Erskine explained as we stood by the great fireplace in *The Players*. "This reminded me of the book I had almost forgotten. 'Say, I was to write a book for you folks on how to understand Milton, do you still want it?' I asked the publisher. The fellow was flabbergasted. He hadn't heard a thing about it, but he was a good sport, and said they'd take it. But from the way he said it, I knew his firm didn't want it.

"I hadn't written a line of the Milton book, and my fever wasn't stirred up over it. I was glad to get out of the job. For two or three years I had been thinking about writing on ancient times, so I said to my friend:

"How would you like a book on Helen of Troy?"

"He didn't get a bit excited, but after sparring for a time by clearing his throat, he replied:

"All right. Will it be fiction or biography?"

"I wasn't so darn sure myself. I set to writing at once. Nearly all the story was written between 11 and 1 o'clock at night. When I had a third of it finished I sent it to the publishers. And back came an enthusiastic telegram calling for more. That's how *Helen of Troy* beat John Milton to the presses."

The author said the book's success greatly surprised him, it was so sudden-like.

"The most startling thing that ever came to me was the realization that I had become a popular author," confessed Dr. John Erskine.

I'll bet all the money I've saved since October, 1929, against a hula-hula skirt that Theodore Dreiser was never surprised when one of his books became a big seller. Theodore just knew it was destined to be great—he wrote it!

Dreiser was talking to me one evening about the rubber-stamp congressman. Regarding this officeholder the fictionist sneered, "He is so terrified for fear he doesn't know what his constituents want him to do that he's in hot water all the time; if he thinks they want him to drink milk, he'll drink nothing else."

Then Mr. Dreiser declared "convention is the most drastic thing on the face of the earth. It has made people do the most lunatic things from the beginning of the world. You know that

in certain tribes it is absolutely immoral to be what we call moral.

"Today it is a crime to have natural impulses of any kind. You can only be yourself if you go into a room and lock the door. There, in your own mind, you can be what you think is your natural self. But if you dare tell anyone, if you dare talk about it, you're in trouble right away."

I asked Mr. Dreiser about some current literary matter.

"Let me finish my thought," he said. "In the first place, there is no such thing as individuality. It's all an illusion. We are all alike as peas in a pod, although we have a notion that we are not. But when we analyze the matter we find that convention has made us just like everyone else around us."

Then the author of *An American Tragedy* asked about a local character who had passed out of the picture; "one never hears of him any more," I explained.

"Oh, well, people can get along without being heard of," purred Theodore Dreiser.

Upton Sinclair is one pea in a pod who hasn't a vegetable twin, no matter what tragic Mr. Dreiser mumbles. Mr. Sinclair has reached that stage in life where he wants to discuss world problems instead of books. Maybe he always was that way, and I didn't know it. He drove up to Portland from his Pasadena home soon after he lost the gubernatorial campaign.

"It was precious lucky for me that I didn't get elected," Mr. Sinclair exclaimed. "It's too dangerous a job for an author. I'll never be a candidate again—there's too great a chance of being elected."

I asked the author of *The Jungle* what defeated him for governor.

"Well, any one of a half dozen things," he stated. "It only needed a shift of 125,000 votes for me to win. But I defeated myself by a playful remark I made to Harry Hopkins, federal relief administrator, in Washington. During a talk with him, I playfully said:

"If I am elected governor, one-half the unemployed in the United States will come to California, Mr. Hopkins, and you'll have to take care of them!"

"It was the worst piece of foolishness I ever committed in my life. I defeated myself right then."

Another writer up from California also felt like weeping. Peter B. Kyne, novelist and veteran of Spanish-American and World Wars, was on the verge of tears because the genuine deep-sea jacktar had hauled on the bowline for the last time.

"When the windjammers disappeared, the real old sailor left the sea," explained Captain Kyne. "You can't get any romance out of these mechanics who are puttering around in the present-day smoke pots. It's too bad, because those old salts who gave us clues for stories are dead and gone."

And with this Kyne hid himself from view by the smoke-screen he created from a doublesized Manila cigar.

A few living ghosts of jibboom days still drift about the South seas. James Norman Hall knows them. This soldier of fortune, who now travels firstclass, was in Portland "on a lazy trip around the world—I don't like to work." This was some months after *Men Against the Sea* began selling rapidly. Hall's writing fingers are nimble, but he hasn't a nervous tongue.

The veteran of the Lafayette Escadrille said he was living in Tahiti because "I like a quiet, easy-going place; I enjoy the simple life, and I'm very fond of loafing." Co-author of the greatest book ever written about mystical Pitcairn Island, Hall was asked how long he had stayed on the island gathering local color.

"Two days," he replied.

I wondered if he and his partner were going to do any more novels on the Bounty and Pitcairn Isle.

"No, we've written that subject out," answered Hall, who graduated from quiet Grinnell college in 1910. "When we wrote *Mutiny on the Bounty* we didn't expect to do any other book on the subject, didn't have any idea it would go over like it did. But the demand was so great we had to do two more books on the general Pitcairn theme."

I told the man from Tahiti a war-time buddy of his was living in Seattle—Bert Hall.

"Oh, Bert is?" almost shouted Hall. "Fine! I'll sure look him up. There's a fellow who's a real soldier of fortune, a fellow who would do anything in the world for a friend. He would take the worst of it any time to protect someone else."

Another fellow who would stick by a friend is Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr., U.S.M.C., author of *Fix Bayonets, Red*

Pants and other gogetem yarns. He has written, and sold, a great number of war stories although many publishers insisted such literary material wasn't popular.

Colonel Thomason said "war stories will be read if they are interesting enough; people like action, but they want it made entertaining."

Christopher Morley, ex-star reporter, also craves action. He wants to be going all the time. Never start talking fishing with him unless you have time to stay. But I got him away from the fish, from a Long Island real estate frenzy, even away from talking books.

What I wanted just then was to have a famous author, who had really been a reporter, say something about "back when." Morley did.

"I had six years of actual newspaper work," he admitted with swelling pride. "Then I used to do something, if it was nothing more than raise a little hell. I prided myself most on my interviews. Lots of people told me I knew a great deal more about what they thought than they knew themselves; others said I quoted them in words they never knew were in the dictionary. There's where I fooled some of them, many of those words weren't in the dictionary.

"By the way, I think I have a record. I think I'm the only cub reporter who—"

Just then the telephone rang. The author of *Where the Blue Begins* didn't pick up the receiver. He called to the girl in the next room:

"Tell him I'm hurrying up to start west! And besides, I'm right in the middle of writing my own book, and I can't read his now."

I started to go, not wishing to detain such a busy person.

"Don't be silly," Morley chided. "I have to tell those people something or they'll drive me into the squirrel house, and I haven't any hazel nuts saved up for winter. Let's see, what was I saying? Oh, yes, I think I'm the only cub reporter who, on the very first day he went to work, wrote the lead editorial for his paper. That's me. It so happened I went to work as a cub on the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* the very day in March, 1918, the Germans started their big drive on the British army. I was the only one in the office who had been over the ground where

the fighting was going on; I had bicycled through there just before the war. So I began newspaper work at the top, and simmered down."

He put a question during the interview that I haven't answered yet. "Say, is there anything you can do about anything?" asked Christopher Morley.

But I think Hamlin Garland could have answered the philosophical query. He was a very smart man, Hamlin Garland. He had thought deep on life, the life that deals with heart and soul and mind. When I was a student in the little grammar school at Erie, Kansas, I read Mr. Garland's *The Return of a Private*, borrowing it from Judge Leander Stillwell's library. Many Civil War veterans lived in Erie then, and I would listen by the hour to their exciting tales.

Something in Mr. Garland's story struck me the first time I read it, and I have enjoyed it at least once every year since my boyhood. I have read many of his other stories, his novels, his biographical works. But *The Return of a Private*, in *Main Travelled Roads*, will always be mine. When I visited the Wisconsin-born author at his Hollywood residence, he said the story pictured his father's return home from the Civil War.

Mr. Garland told me he took the materials for his autobiographical books from his diary, then composed of 34 volumes. "I'm 73, and I don't like to travel any more," he stated; then he added, "I go on my quiet, dull way, writing as best I can."

We began discussing the vogue of mystery stories. Mr. Garland had an idea. "A good mystery story," he exclaimed, "is one that doesn't drag in the sexual stuff. I'm so sick of that kind of trash, and I think ultimately the people will quit reading the filthy stuff."

When I asked what he was perusing, the author replied, "I have been reading a great deal of Bret Harte of late. He's a charming old fellow. His pictures of early California life fascinate me." Mr. Garland again mentioned the flood of cheap, sexy stuff that was smearing both literature and stage, and remarked, "I don't like to have my life end in such an era as this."

Nor does Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*, approve literary cadaverousness. He is much interested in

young people, in seeing that they get the right start in life. During the evening I spent at his home in Topeka, he talked a great deal on home training.

"Not long ago I was called in to discuss with the judge some matters connected with the pranks of some young people," Dr. Sheldon related, "and I told the police who happened to be at the conference that they should have arrested the parents, they should have hauled the mothers and fathers of these young folk into the police court, not the children.

"And that goes for every city—the police are arresting the wrong people in a great many cases. The parents are to blame for much of the juvenile crime in this country."

The Topeka writer also opposes war. He hates it chiefly because it kills so many fine young men. Said Dr. Sheldon, "Older men always start the wars, but the young men die. You can't find a place in history where the young men as a group ever started a war. If the battles had to be fought by men over 40 years of age, there wouldn't be any more war."

But if it hadn't been for war, doubtless the world would never have heard of General George E. Pickett, the Virginian who commanded the Confederate boys who made the famous charge at Gettysburg. One May day in 1937, I spent hours helping Archie Binns look for the grave of the General's Indian son, Jimmy Pickett. This nearly forgotten young man figured prominently in Binns' novel, *The Laurels Are Cut Down*. We found the grave, so Archie's journey from New York to Portland was a success.

"Jimmy was a real artist, and at one time his stepmother, whom he never saw, planned on having him come east to study art," related Binns as we wandered through the graveyard. "You must understand this boy was a legitimate son of the famous Virginia soldier. The boy's mother died when he was only a few months old, and Pickett had him reared by an old woman who lived near Shelton, Wash.

"The youngster was artistic, and when he was old enough he took drawing lessons. The first work along this line that he did was for the Seattle *P.-I.* At the time he died, Jimmy had just finished a painting that he said would be his masterpiece. He also said it would be his last picture. He died of 'TB'. The story of that painting is true romance.

"Jimmy was living at a boarding house kept by a Mrs. Jones. I only wish I knew the rest of her name, 'Mrs. Jones' being rather common. Anyway, to this boarding house came a number of sailors who had been saved from a ship that was wrecked off the Alaskan coast. Most of the crew were lost, and when the survivors were brought into Portland by a rescue ship they went to the Jones boarding house to stay until they got other jobs.

"These sailors would tell their stories to Jimmy as he worked on the picture. They would cry as they told of the deaths of their friends, and Jimmy would feel so badly he would have to quit painting.

"But just before he died, he completed the picture. When he realized he was dying, he asked Mrs. Jones to bring the picture to his bedside. He also had a sword left him by his father when the soldier was called east. Jimmy asked that the sword also be brought to his bedside. The artist died looking at the picture of the shipwreck and at the sword."

An interviewer enjoys meeting up with writing fellows who will forget shop, forget sex, for a few minutes and talk about something else. Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain were met at Swan Island airport in Portland on their way east after an Alaskan fishing and note-taking trip.

"I think the greatest thrill of our two months on and among the Aleutian Islands was catching a bright green fish that was even more vivid green when cut up to cook," explained Ford. "They were good to eat after one got over the first shock of eating green meat. So green are these darn fish that when we dropped one in formaldehyde to send back to Washington, it turned the formaldehyde green."

And Alastair MacBain kenned "it sure was the greenest fish we ever saw anywhere; I didn't want to bite it at first, but it didn't hurt so, so I'll say it was good to eat."

I wonder if Mrs. Anna Lenah Elgstrom, of Stockholm, ever tried cooking green fish. She has written many novels and books of travel, is a homebody besides. During a western visit, she studied political and economic conditions for more writing when she returned to Sweden.

"I am sorry I cannot stay longer, but I must hurry to Los Angeles, and then soon I will go home to see that my family has plenty to eat," Mrs. Elgstrom announced. "I have a daugh-

ter 19 years old who is getting ready for her examination to become a lawyer. I must see she has proper meals, for you know good food helps to make good lawyers."

W. J. Woltman, one of Holland's most popular novelists, wasn't in as large a hurry as the Stockholm author. He was working on a new novel, *The Amber Lady*, and planned on writing one chapter in Portland.

"I like to write, it is much easier for me to write than to talk," Woltman surprised me by saying. "You see, my mother is English, my father Dutch, both nationalities being calm and reserved, not much given to talking."

Other foreign novelists visited the Northwest in recent years. The Spanish civil war sent a number scurrying this way to air their views. Ramon J. Sender, a famous Spanish author, who represented the Madrid government, in May, 1938, told me: "The war will last this whole century within and outside of Spain, and in all ways, for within it are all the problems which affect every man and all humanity."

A British fiction writer of the younger group, Ralph Bates, was also a veteran of the loyalist Spanish army. He said in December, 1937, "In so far as I could see, and I was in the trenches a long time, the only Germans with the rebels are airplane pilots and artillery officers. The Italians form most of the foreign element in the rebel force."

Arthur Lunn, another English author, here in November, 1937, spoke for the rebel army. "True democracy consists not in counting noses but in counting red noses," declared Lunn, who styled himself a simple, old-fashioned democrat.

With Sender, Bates and Lunn talking about foreign greed and slaughter, it is well to know that some writers could talk of Europe without mentioning war. There's Julian Street, who can entertain one for hours chatting about the juice of French grapes of peace. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor for his work in telling of the golden dreams that await one in the liquid sunshine of France.

"How many different wines have you tasted?" I asked Mr. Street in his New York apartment back in 1935.

"Oh, my god, I couldn't tell you that," came the instant reply. "At a guess I should say—no, I'll not even attempt to guess. Why, man, do you know there are 1000 different clarets

alone? I have tasted most of them, not all, but I'm still under 60, so have time yet. But that gives you some idea, for all the other wines also have many different shades of delight.

"I'm out of the lower brackets in wines. One need only have the best, even here in New York. I like only extremely good wines, those that are far better than most wine drinkers ever tasted."

As I was leaving, Mr. Street came to the door and said, "Remember, Mr. Hazen, wine drinking goes with leisure and is a civilized thing."

No such philosophy was given me by Ralph Connor (Rev. Charles William Gordon, D.D.), whom I first interviewed at his home in Winnipeg, and later in Portland. The author of *Sky Pilot* and *The Man from Glengarry* was a loveable person, so loveable that I attended his church regularly during the months I worked on a Winnipeg newspaper.

The last time I saw him, he talked of a book he was writing. "I am treating the life of Jesus by using the historical, social and psychological background of His time," the pastor explained. "The objective is to rescue the person of Jesus from the myths and shadows that have grown about Him, and make Him a real, outstanding man of His time. The title of the book is *The Friendly Four*."

Ralph Connor was a real, redblooded man, a major in the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

From Canada came the legend of Paul Bunyan, the big logger with the blue ox, avers James Stevens, who is Paul's biographer. Today there are many versions of the legend, but it is of up-north birth.

"I went all through Maine searching for the origin of the Paul Bunyan legend, but couldn't find a thing to lead me to believe that it started there," related Stevens. "But I did discover that a Paul Bunyon—note it was spelled with an 'o' instead of an 'a'—was a hero of the French-Canadian plain people in the Papieau rebellion. This Paul was a real character, and a very great hero in the eyes of those simple people.

"As the years passed, his deeds of daring grew greater, and as the French-Canadians were great timber people, they took this story with them. When they went into the Michigan and Wisconsin woods they told what a great hero Paul was."

Northward, also, Robert Ormond Case wends his literary way. He finds dark plots in wolf-haunted forests and romance in flea-infested igloos. "Alaskan stories are being classed as 'westerners' now," the author of *Wings North* informed me not long ago.

Mr. Case went on to say that "nowadays 'western' doesn't mean just the blood-and-thunder cowboy stuff, but it has branched out into the entire western field—mining, logging, railroading, trapping, prospecting, homesteading, and quite a bit of forest service stuff is being used."

The most successful writer of western stories today is Ernest Haycox, world war infantry veteran who knows the range first hand, who was a newspaper reporter before he became a high-bracket income-tax payer.

"I have no precise formula," Mr. Haycox bashfully confessed, when I asked him how he wrote his fiction. "I start out with a character, a scene, an idea, and build from there. Usually I never have the end in sight when I start, and usually I have little more than the first chapter in mind. The rest generates itself in the process of writing. By this method one of two things happens: either the story has a fresh feeling, or else it turns out to be no story at all."

Here the novelist picked up a piece of wood, and began whittling. He's still something of a boy, this author of many books—he whittles, whistles, and wets his legs when he goes in swimming.

"There are certain underlying ideas in all these westerns," Mr. Haycox asseverated. "A western is primarily a story of action and adventure and romance. It follows the old course of the adventure novel laid down generations ago. It is based upon the fact that in every person there is a hunger for adventure which, not fulfilled in real life, must find an outlet in fiction.

"In my stories I attempt to create a strong feeling of nature, the smell of fire, the feeling of the shadows in the forest, the kinship of man to the simple and elemental things of the earth. We like to think of ourselves as sophisticated people in a streamlined age. Yet every week-end we make our attempts to get back to the earth by golfing or fishing or hunting or by working with our hands in the garden. The old pull of the earth is still strong."

In his happy days "the old pull of the earth" was strong in Harry Leon Wilson. He was one of the few men I have known who authored a great American classic, *Ruggles of Red Gap*. Here in the Northwest, the folk of many towns announce with bosom-rising pride that their village is the "Red Gap" of Wilson's novel, or that the gap is just outside "the city limits." So, when the order came to interview the author, I asked about these claims.

"I had no place in mind at all," Wilson said. "I located it in the Coeur d'Alene country so it would be in the wild and woolly district. But as for any one town on the map, nay, nay!"

Stewart Edward White certainly knows the golden west. And he thinks that to know the west is to love it. Almost every American reader of fiction enjoys White's California yarns, but everyone doesn't know that he is also an Alaskan expert. I met him when he was returning from a jaunt; he went north to take moving pictures of bears. He is the one white man these animals are chummy with at all hours.

On the trip I am speaking about Stewart Edward White met 97 bears up north, got their names and numbers on his films, and didn't have to shoot one. He speaks their language.

"The closest I got to one this trip was when an old girl with cubs started to walk the same log I was hiding behind," related Mr. White. "I had to talk her out of it. You can talk a charging bear out of the idea by just speaking to it. Most people make a mistake in yelling at a bear. If a man yells at you he makes you mad, doesn't he? At least he startles you. Well, it is just the same with a bear. He either gets mad or he is so startled he doesn't know exactly what to do.

"I've stopped many of them that had started towards me by simply speaking to them in an ordinary voice, not any louder than I'm talking to you right now. Just speak to them quietly; it doesn't matter at all what you say, so long as your voice isn't loud. But when you begin yelling it gets them 'riled,' and they really come after you.

"A bear isn't always charging when he takes a few steps towards you. Bears have to come out in the open, perhaps, and don't stop the instant they see a man in front of them. They'll take a few steps forward while they are making up their minds what to do. Just speak to them quietly, and they'll turn away."

He is the only wild game hunter I know who takes Proverbs XV, 1, for his working motto.

Tom Gill is another author who tells bedtime stories to some wild beasts. His chief pet is the coyote; says coyotes are as kindly as dogs but strictly a one-man pet.

"When I was living in Wyoming, I caught one just as he was getting his eyes open," Tom Gill began. "Raised him on a bottle, and taught him table manners from the start. He was the best friend I had on the plains. In fact, too good. My cabin was about seven miles from the nearest ranch house. But every morning my pet would go down to the neighbor's and—now, you're not going to believe this—kill a chicken and bring it up to me."

Ray Palmer Tracy hates coyotes. He was born on a cattle ranch, one time owned a sheep ranch, now writes of homes on the range. "I write a new type of western story," explained the author. "In none of my stories has there been a gun play used, and very seldom a gun is even mentioned. I know a thousand things about ranch life that a man who hasn't lived on one doesn't know. And I know every foot of the country I write about, which has been a big help to me."

Of the great Oregon country when it was as God made it writes Eva Emery Dye. Her *McLoughlin and Old Oregon* and *The Conquest* have given tens of thousands of readers an insight into the days of heroic pioneering. An Oberlin student, she married her favorite classmate there.

"Were you wed before your graduation?" I asked.

"Oh, my, no, the students didn't do such things in those days," Dr. Dye replied earnestly. "Why, we would have been sent away from college, and not allowed to graduate if we had done such a thing. It wasn't even thinkable then."

And not very long after the wedding, the young Oberlin couple came to Oregon. "I became interested in Oregon history the very first day I arrived here," Dr. Dye said. After years of study she maintains, "If it hadn't been for the women, they wouldn't have had a state here nearly as soon as they did."

Edison Marshall, reared in the Beaver commonwealth, couldn't find wild enough animals and other things in his home forests, so for years he spent his spare time tiger hunting in Asia. I

don't know who shoots the tigers for him, but the Orient has given him material for some wonderful stories.

"I sold my first story when I was a freshman," the author of *Little Shikara* told me. "It was a wild damn thing—the story of a scientist who worked out a formula to hasten evolution, but the scientist got his formula twisted so it worked backward, and in the course of a few months his patient was eating raw meat.

"I didn't have the nerve to tell my parents of the rejection slips I was receiving, so I just quit the university altogether. And the first year I was out I made \$1600 on my stories. Three years later I made \$13,000 on my annual output."

William McFee, spinner of exquisitely beautiful sea yarns, doesn't like to think of the old rejection slips, either. He took me to lunch in New York. Thrilled I was. Going to get the low-down on how to write marine masterpieces. Sad was I when William didn't pay one damn bit of attention to my questions, but talked about how much he had been gipped out of on one novel, and how much money various people owed him. But I did learn something about book reviewing from William McFee.

Octavus Roy Cohen was much more obliging. Although he had just moved into a new apartment, he was courteous and gentle. "How did you start—just sit down and begin to write?" I asked after he told me the difference between living in New York and in Birmingham, Alabama.

"No, sir, it wasn't as easy as that," said the daddy of Florian Slappy. "There are cases where people just started off to be writers, and succeeded, but darn few of them. To be a successful writer, you not only have to have the urge to write, but you have to have something to write about.

"First, I think it is best to knock around a lot to get some real experience. See life. Know life. My god, what use is it to be a good writer if you have nothing to write about. What use would it be to be a good reporter if you had nothing to report!

"There are thousands of persons who can write beautiful English but who will never be successful authors because they can't think of a thing that will interest anyone. So many people try to write who have nothing to say—it isn't just having a command of language that makes a successful writer."

"How do you write?" was inquired.

"I set myself a certain amount of work to do each day," Mr. Cohen began, "and I do it before I quit. I never know how long it will take, but I do the work I have set out to do that day if it takes two hours or eight hours or even longer. I am at my typewriter every morning at 8:15.

"But when I take a vacation, I never touch a typewriter; I don't take work with me on a vacation. I have the old newspaper man's idea of writing on a typewriter—I use one finger on each hand and I write like hell. I go very fast!"

Opie Read was another Dixie novelist who told northern folk of southern life. Back in the nifty '90s and the early 1900s, not to have read Opie Read's books "was somethun to be right smart ashamed of." He resided in Chicago, an aged man with whom the years had not been too kind, when I met him.

"It doesn't make any difference to the body where you are—Rome, London, New York—but only to the mind," explained the Tennessean. "I thought of that when I was in Rome a few years ago. I looked down at my feet and I thought, 'it doesn't matter to them where they are.' Then I thought it mattered only to the mind what I was seeing and hearing.

"The mind is the greatest creation God ever made!"

But Opie Read pointed out that the mind does not always behave. "Since the world began," he mused, "man has been trying to pull down the palace. He sees the castle on the hill, and straightaway wants to destroy it. He will pass shanty after shanty, and think nothing of it, but the minute he catches sight of the castle, he wants to destroy."

Gilbert Patten (Burt L. Standish to you) is a creator, never a destroyer. I count Mr. Patten as one of the greatest influences for good this country has ever known, for his writings instilled the spirit of true sportsmanship into the hearts of millions of young Americans.

"How did you happen to pick the name 'Frank Merriwell?'" was my first question.

"I gave the subject a lot of thought," replied Mr. Patten in his New York home. "I wanted a name that would be a good one for a college hero, one that wouldn't sound like a sissy and at the same time wouldn't suggest the roughneck. So I decided on the name this way:

"Frank is a good name for a boy, and it suggested an open,

aboveboard way of doing things; in other words, he would be a clean, frank fellow. The Merriwell I combined the first half of the name suggesting a jolly, happy boy, and 'well' stood for plenty of health. When these three words were put together I was sure they would make a good name for a schoolboy athlete.

"That I was right was proven by the millions of readers for my stories each week for many years. Towards the end, I dug up a half-brother for Frank, naming him Dick Merriwell, and using him once in a while for a change. But Frank remained the great national hero for a long time. The first Merriwell story was published April 18, 1896, in *Tip Top Weekly*."

John Kendrick Bangs also created a happy character, which, fortunately, flopped as a national hero. Mr. Bangs' dream man was "The Idiot." I read the book in which "The Idiot" was created while recovering from an attack of appendicitis, and laughed until I hurt; years later I read the book, without appendicitis, and didn't laugh at all.

Mr. Bangs edited a college paper while attending Columbia University. Then he went into his father's law office to study. Along came the owner of *Life* (much different then than now) and offered the young man the editorship, Mr. Bangs told me. The matter had to be discussed with father.

"Well, son, what do you think about it?" remarked the fond parent.

"I don't like law, dad," confessed the young man, "and I do want to get in the newspaper game."

"Go ahead, then," said father, "but don't come back next year and say you would like to study law again. This is your last chance."

There was one time when a good writer wasn't spoiled to make a poor lawyer.

Sherwood Anderson looked like a country editor. The day I interviewed him he wasn't feeling as though he'd won the derby. Perhaps the depression was depressing.

"If you write other things beside fiction, the general reading public doesn't pay much attention to you, no matter how good the other things may be," he asserted. "I haven't written a novel recently, and as a result there isn't any discussion of my views on this or that. I recently published a book of poems, but you

know if you sell 25 or 30 copies of a volume of poetry you are doing well."

Mr. Anderson declared he didn't "see how writers can keep from getting more and more into social criticism in disturbed times like these."

Louis Adamic has written much on modern conditions, but the first time I interviewed him was on the eve of the publication of a novel. It dealt with the Hapsburgs, a fine family of tripe. Mr. Adamic was planning a European trip, but said he would keep away from countries that might object to his liberal ideas.

"I don't want any more trouble," he made clear, "I have too many books to write. And there are not enough hours in the day for the work I want to do. One should have two heads, eight pairs of hands, and several stomachs to do all the things one would like to do."

Two years later Mr. Adamic came to Portland. He was making a nation-wide automobile tour gathering material for another tome, a sort of melting-pot saga.

"This is supposed to be an Anglo-Saxon country," the author began, "but lately the coming of other nationals has made it anything but that. Within two generations the United States will be without question non-Anglo-Saxon. And this without counting the negro, and they are 13,000,000. The white immigrants and their children amount to 53,000,000, and they are changing this nation very rapidly. I think they will loosen up all the so-called traditions. The trend is a mess, I'll admit, out of which will come a new type of American which you can't even imagine."

Kenneth P. Littauer and Max Wilkinson were fiction editors of *Collier's Weekly* when I found them. Both agree with Louis Adamic that "the trend is a mess." Mr. Littauer explained that "every great world movement produces a reflection in literature. But I don't suppose we will have a book as good as *The Tale of Two Cities* until long after the present crisis is past. Fashions in writing are in a continuous state of flux, but when one is close to them one doesn't notice the changes."

And Max Wilkinson, from Washington and Lee University's classic halls, exposed one of the reasons for the nation's literary mess when he stated:

"Everyone in the United States is trying to write fiction. At

least you would think so if you could see the mail we get, but only a few are successful. It takes a lot of self-discipline to write fiction; it's undoubtedly the loneliest work in the world."

E. N. Brandt, an associate editor and fiction specialist of the *Saturday Evening Post*, added to the world's store of sage sentences when he told me one night, "A good story is always a good story." Mr. Brandt came to Portland, he said, "to see that sterling example of western manhood, Robert Ormond Case." The editor declared "good fiction always goes, even in the year of the big wind."

Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, who taught English literature at Princeton before becoming president of the University of Kansas City, refused to crawl out on a literary limb. "What is the greatest American novel?" I asked him, and received in reply, "There isn't any—each year a new one comes out." Then Dr. Spaeth explained:

"What makes a master, whether old or new, is the fact that you can't date him, that he is beyond dates. The master is the writer about whom you have said the least important thing when you date him. An example is Hawthorne and *The Scarlet Letter*."

The professor of English at Amherst, Dr. George Frisbie Whicher, pointed out that "we are through with the Middle Western type of fiction, the gloomy, pseudo-Russian sort of story that tells all the grief and misery of a small town."

Gertrude Atherton doesn't bother with small life in a tiny town. She demands a great setting for her work. Her big novels were written in steady flow, like a large river wending to the sea; but her short stories were gushing mountain streams.

"Short stories are hard for me to write," admitted Gertrude Atherton. "I just can't sit down and make them come to me. But when they do come, right out of the air from nowhere, I have to get to work right away and put them down. That's what I am doing now."

James Branch Cabell does not give one the impression that his inspirations "come right out of the air from nowhere." The seriousness of the deep scholar is about Mr. Cabell. He rather overcomes one as he talks. There seems to be something lurking in his mind that will suddenly shoot forth like lightning, and wither one instantly. Withal, he is delightful, a man who might

be a composite of Poe, Hawthorne and Sidney Lanier, with a dash of Ambrose Bierce.

"There was a time when some critics said my books were immoral, and in many stores they were kept under the shelves, the shopkeepers said, so children wouldn't see them," Mr. Cabell told me as we sat in the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Southall Freeman in Richmond, Virginia. "But that only helped the sales. Still, I would a great deal rather have had them sold right out the same as other books. In recent years, the people who really read books have seen they were mistaken, have realized that my books were not immoral. They were different, perhaps, from some of the accepted ideas of a number of things at the moment, but even accepted opinions change."

The New Deal was well under way when I met the author of *Jurgen*, and he noted a trend.

"I am glad to hear that the market in the matter of book sales has improved, not so much because I have books on this market but because it shows a much more healthful business condition," he enounced. "Books, strange to say, are one of the first things people stop buying just as soon as there is any financial trouble in the air. When book sales resume, it is always a good sign.

Branch Cabell said he hadn't written any poetry for several years. "I don't think people want it, I finished it when I was 50," he explained. "I think that 50 marks a period in a man's life when his work is different afterwards. So I completed the work I had been doing before my 50th birthday, then started anew. I even dropped the James from my name when I became 50."

I made plain that bookmen had informed me poetry was selling better than formerly.

"I am surprised," exclaimed Mr. Cabell. "I didn't know people bought any new books of verse. The only one in recent years to command a large sale is *John Brown's Body*; so far as I know, it is a very wonderful book, one that deserves all the popularity it received, but the usual book of verse has a hard time of it."

If S. S. Van Dine ever wrote any poetry, it was as much of a mystery as his murder stories. He had many outside interests including cooking, American horse racing, hockey, prize fight-

ing, wrestling, tropical fish, gardening, Scottish terriers, Egyptology, but none did he call a hobby.

"A hobby," Mr. Van Dine told me in all seriousness, "has both a narrowing and a warping influence on a person."

"With all these interests, when do you write?" I asked.

"Oh, I do my writing in the daytime," he replied.

"But aren't most murders committed at night?" I beseeched.

"I haven't the figures on that," Mr. Van Dine maintained. "Perhaps you are correct, but even so, one can write as well about them in the daytime as at night."

S. S. Van Dine (Willard Huntington Wright on legal documents) said an extended illness made a murder mystery man out of him. He read detective stories for weeks, then began to compose them.

Irving Bacheller is more of a book worm than was Mr. Wright. Talk with Mr. Bacheller in the West or in New York, and he chats of authors and books and manuscripts. He began this interest in reading when a cub reporter.

"You know," he drolled in rare old Yankee style, "I would have made a newspaper man, only I didn't have enough gall. I started in the game years ago on the *Brooklyn Times*. I was about the greenest cub that ever worked Brooklyn."

But one night he landed a scoop—the diary of the missing Lieutenant A. W. Greeley from the time that officer started north until the day he broke off from the outside world. It was a big story.

"After that the other reporters paid a little attention to me," proclaimed Mr. Bacheller.

He was editor of the Sunday edition of the *New York World* when he wrote his big story, *Eben Holden*. It was such a success he resigned the editorship, and has been writing novels ever since.

Vincent Sheean continues to be a successful reporter, as well as author of fast selling books on war and adventure. He has written fiction, but battles charm him more than love. I met him soon after he returned to America from China.

"The curse of the whole country is the generals," he declared, this before the present "incident" began. "The Chinese have a saying it takes 50 years to change from one dynasty to another.

The old order passed out in 1911, and there has been nothing but wars ever since."

But America's greatest expert on China is Pearl S. Buck, whose novel of Chinese life, *The Good Earth*, won her world acclaim. She lived in China many years. Before the Japanese invasion of Cathay, the novelist explained to me:

"China will never become a world menace in a military sense, although it has been proven that the Chinese make wonderful soldiers when in command of good officers. But the people are peaceful and home-loving. They do not desire to make conquests for any purpose. For many centuries they have wanted the world to let them alone, and that feeling is still uppermost in the minds of the many millions of people there."

I asked if Cathay's New Deal government would become really strong.

"That is difficult to say," came the reply. "There are so many cross-currents at work in China, and the different sections have different feelings."

Then, getting far away from the Yangtze, I asked Pearl Buck if a successful novelist must live the life presented in the story.

"No, but the writer must know that life," she said. "And, what is more, the writer must know the philosophy of the life being presented. The writer must know what people are thinking, that is, the people introduced in the book. No one ever says all one thinks, but if you do not know the thoughts of people you certainly cannot write what they would say. A knowledge of life, of love, of hate and of ambitions is quite necessary for an author, a much deeper knowledge than many otherwise well-educated persons possess."

Russian-born Nina Fedorova also knows much about life in China before the Shanghai Incident. Her novel, *The Family*, was and is being widely read. She told me recently, "When I was educated it was said the best woman was the woman of whom nothing could be talked about."

Another successful woman novelist is Fannie Hurst. Her New York home is decorated with art objects she purchased in many European capitals. Just before I made my Indian Summer pilgrimage to New York in 1937, Miss Hurst sold the motion

picture rights of her latest novel for \$100,000. I inquired her plans for the tidy sum.

"Oh, I don't like that; I don't think anyone cares what I do with it," came the quick reply. Then, after pausing a minute or so, my hostess said, "That \$100,000 is a plum that's a raisin. In first place it took me three years to write the book, and my expenses kept on just the same while I was writing it; then I had to pay a commission to the agent who arranged the deal, I have to pay a large income tax, and I had to buy expensive books for research—all these things have to be taken out before I can call a penny my own. That's why I said it's a plum that's a raisin."

Returning to *The Players* after calling on Miss Hurst, I met Samuel Merwin, who was much interested in my interview. He knew Miss Hurst, admired her literary work, was glad I had seen her. Mr. Merwin's novels were big sellers before the war and right after. As we chatted, he remarked:

"I got in really late last night. I was given a birthday party at my son's house. It was very significant in a way, for it was my 61st. You know, the 61st birthday is more significant than the 60th, for the 61st tells you that you are definitely launched in that latter part of life, which is another phase. But the 60th denotes the end of a period!"

Samuel Merwin died at the dinner table in *The Players* the day I went to Albany to see Johnny Evers, an old-time baseball hero. The novelist was a gentle, kindly man, whom Lady Luck forgot when she drove away in her golden carriage.

A year or two later, down in the merry fizz room at *The Players*, I sat at table with Clarence Buddington Keller. I asked questions, one being, "Are the styles in writing changing?"

"The styles change very little," answered Mr. Keller. "There are phases, fads in writing the same as in art. But they don't mean anything. The old standards, the fundamentals, are always present. There is a world of difference in today and the days of Poe and Bret Harte and those great writers, although the fundamentals don't change. But this has been a generation where we've got a hell of a lot of smart aleck kids who are out to invent something new, something to shock people, astonish people."

"These writers will either disappear or they will have to learn the fundamentals!

"There are always going to be side-shows and fan-dances and snake-charming, but they are just side-shows. People go to the circus to see what goes on in the big tent."

While vaudeville isn't a side-show, some people class it as such. Well, this brings back memories of how I introduced Hugh Walpole to Gene Tunney. The then world's champion boxer was appearing at a Portland two-a-day when the English novelist came to lecture. I saw Mr. Walpole in the forenoon, and during our chat told him a great Shakespearean scholar was in town. Would Mr. Walpole care to meet the student. Then I mentioned the name.

"I would jolly well like to meet this chap Tunney," said the author. "He's a different sort of fighter, you know, and my friends will all be interested in hearing about him. A boxer who reads good books is rare, in England, anyway, so I wish to meet Mr. Tunney."

I saw Gene, made an appointment, and took Hugh Walpole back stage. Right away the two literary experts began talking about such highbrow books that I took my leave. In his interview that day, the novelist told me:

"I'm a bachelor, and hope I'll always remain one. Women, lovely creatures, have a great place in the world—but so have bachelors. The few of us who are left should be true to our trusts."

As to whether Max Miller, the *I Cover the Waterfront* person, is a bachelor or not, I have no statistics. But he's a regular fellow. He was hurrying from Shelby, Mont., to San Diego when I spied him.

"I don't know what people like to read," circulated honest Max. "I just write what I think is good at the time."

Thomas Wolfe, a mountain of a fellow, didn't talk to newspapermen about women. But how he could talk; up and down the room he charged, never resting a minute. "I have been pouring it out like flowing lava," he declared, speaking of the novel he was working on when he died. Mr. Wolfe came to Oregon to gather material for the book, was stricken on an automobile tour, died years before he should have.

He had a theory, this North Carolinian, that the best time to

write was at night. His first book, *Look Homeward Angel*, didn't contain a line written in the daytime, he explained. And, said Wolfe, "it raised a lot of hell in my home town." His second book, *Of Time and the River*, was likewise a nocturnal production.

"I worked at night because the night-time has always excited me," he acknowledged. "Night-time awakens a more alert chemistry in me. The United States is a sort of night-time country. Down South people will sit up until crack of day just talking about things. At the University of North Carolina we boys would stay up and talk all night just to be doing something.

"I have a theory that some of the greatest writing has been done at night or tells about doings in the night. I think Mark Twain's finest book is *Life on the Mississippi*, and the best writing in that story is his telling of the nights on the river. If you'll just try to think—I know it's damn hard to try and think while I'm talking here all the time—but if you can, you'll recall that a very large percentage of our best American literature tells of night-time adventures—or authors explain that they did most of their work after dark."

This novelist, a new note in our literature, had a headful of extraordinary notions. "I feel that every writer is an autobiographical writer; I feel that if a man wrote a text book on geology it would have to be autobiographical if it was any good," he said.

Mr. Wolfe also expressed the opinion that "the most pitiful thing in life is where people have to hunt around so hard to be natural." And he told me, in deep seriousness, that "editors have ideas that authors know nothing about, like women thinking about men."

Night came to Thomas Wolfe in the glorious morning of his career. I think, had he lived until the noonday, he would have been numbered among the world's immortals in literature.

Newspapermen

GEORGE ADE is great, fables and all. His hospitality is as delightful as *The College Widow*. No sultan of Sulu ever had a more salubrious sideboard than one finds at Hazelden Farm. Before Mr. Ade wrote his plays, he was a reporter for the *Chicago Record*. It is of these gardenia days he enjoys talking.

"The most wonderful man I ever interviewed—and I was just a cub, too—was Bob Ingersoll," Mr. Ade said as he auld-lang-syned one October night. "They sent me over to the Palmer House to see him, and he took me up to his room and said, 'You don't write shorthand, do you?'"

"'No, sir,' I replied.

"'Well, take out your pencil and paper,' he requested. 'I don't like to be interviewed unless I know what is going to be said. Now, I'll ask you a question, then I'll dictate the answer to you. I'll talk slowly so you can write it just as I dictate it.'

"So he asked the questions and answered them, and all I had to do was write it down. And say, wasn't I some reporter when I got back to the office. I had a wonderful interview."

Mr. Ade years ago quit the pencil-and-paper method. "I would rather saw a cord of wood than write a letter in long-hand," he remarked; "you get awfully lazy about those things." But returning to his reporting days.

John Ringling and George Ade were warm friends. Their friendship began under quaint conditions. In 1899 the reporter decided to travel around with Ringling Brothers' circus to get color for articles on the show behind the big top. "They had a wonderful system," stated Mr. Ade, "no one infringed on the other's work. They were great fellows."

John, to whom I talked once but got only a nubbin of a story, took Ade in tow. The guest was allowed the freedom of the entire circus, but the brothers thought they should receive something in return for their kindness.

The fablist chuckled when he confessed, "John worked me a lot. When we would get into a town, he would take me with him, and go up to call on the editor, or editors, as the case might be. After chatting a bit and giving out the passes, John would say:

"'Now, if you want anything about the parade or any inside circus stuff, Mr. Ade will be glad to write it for you.'

"And the editors always wanted some 'inside circus stuff,' you can bet on that. I got tired of this. I was out to get my own story, not to write press agent stuff the way some editor in Kansas or Arkansas wanted it. So I wasn't very careful. And after a few days I got fired from this free detail.

"I think I was fired for something no other circus press agent was ever fired for—I under-estimated the number of elephants they had with the show. I said they had 20, whereas they had 22. It would have been all right if I had over-estimated, but to under-estimate was a very serious crime."

In discussing his literary work Mr. Ade declared, "I think the only phrase I've added to the common speech is 'the cold gray dawn of the morning after.' I still recite the poem whenever I have to do something, and it still goes over as big as ever. Human nature doesn't change, and the headache doesn't change."

I asked the author of *Fables In Slang* if any towns had been named after him.

"Yes, the town of Ade over here," he replied, quickly. "It has more privies per capita than any other town in the world."

Newspapermen add much to the diminishing total of the world's happiness. Americans rejoice in such gloom-killers as George Ade and Henry L. Mencken, William Allen White and Grantland Rice, to mention a tiny few of the many. Mencken is a big riot, all by himself. He unloads whatever pops into his mind without hem or haw.

"There are so damn few people in the world worth knowing you hate to classify them," Mencken exclaimed when Raymond S. Tompkins introduced me to the Baltimore Cervantes. Tompkins and I had seen Paris together by the pale blue lights of wartime; he was A.E.F. correspondent for the Baltimore *Sunpapers*. And Mencken classifies him as a friend.

"Did you ever notice that men of principles are always a bunch of so-and-so's," continued Henry.

I asked Mr. Mencken if he had objected to the dedication of a book to him in which he was called "the Jesse James of American literature."

"I admit it, but it is too flattering—Jesse James died a Christian," the iconoclast replied. "I never could become a Christian because I never will get into the tank and be ducked. But Aimee Semple McPherson almost converted me. She goes right down under the water with you. Even with Aimee doing her best to love all the sinners, there is no hope for the human race. The world is lousy. The world is scratching itself, and the lice it is scratching is the human race."

"What is your political party?" I asked the man who has long been on the *Baltimore Sun's* editorial staff.

"I was born with a hole in my head; that hole means I have no envy," replied Henry Louis Mencken. "I have never envied anyone in my life. I never wanted anything I couldn't get. I never could be a good democrat because a democrat is a man who envies someone; a communist is a man who envies everybody; a republican is a fellow who is happy because he has what he wants. I don't want to be tagged with any party."

Men with squinting souls don't like Mencken. And he hates them. So I asked what can be done to make matters sweeter.

"It is up to the colleges to do something," the editor declared. "I don't think they ever will. One of the chief troubles in this country is the public school. The school teachers don't know one thing about the government; not one in 10,000 of them ever read the constitution. Some of them may know that congress has two houses, that one house is full of representatives, the other is full of senators. But as for the theory of the constitution, they don't know one thing.

"Our whole scheme of government in the beginning of this country was to have a weak government, both federal and state. Most people living here don't know there is an article in the Maryland constitution that permits rebellion. I am *not* an opportunist about the United States—it is an unsinkable ship. If it were sinkable it would have sunk long ago."

Another plain speaker, but not as harsh as Mencken, is Dr. Carl W. Ackerman, ex-war correspondent and dean of the

Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. He was correspondent for an American press association with the German armies before the United States entered the world conflict.

"I am free to admit that the first time I went to the front I was almost scared to death," Dr. Ackerman told me. "But nothing happened, so on the next trip I had a little more courage. Soon I accepted it as a matter of duty, and let it go at that. Men in war have to become callous or they are useless, for, after all, war is the business of killing men.

"Still, with all its horror, with all its stark tragedy, the most wonderful thing in the world that one can see is a battle at night. I never got over the awe that it inspired."

Dr. Ackerman stated another truism when he said, "Terrible things happen in wartime, but war itself is the most terrible thing in the world."

But this dean would rather talk about newspaper work than about wholesale butchery, so I asked him not long ago if the influence of the press is waning.

"The newspaper is an indispensable factor in a democracy because a democracy lives by two things—news and business," declared Dr. Ackerman. "It is absolutely indispensable that people who want to govern themselves have a free, full flow of information. That's what news is, information. While a newspaper is by necessity a local institution, it receives news from all over the world, and it is this constant interchange of facts and ideas which makes the United States a united nation.

"Take a situation like a strike. Every citizen wants to know every day what the strike developments are, not because he is particularly interested in the strike, but because he knows that ideas and action are contagious. If they are detrimental to public welfare, the people want information to protect themselves in their own communities from contagion.

"Now, on the contrary, if developments in business or in education or in public affairs generally in another community are of a constructive character, the information is automatically carried to all parts of the country; they are equally contagious because we all want, not only to protect ourselves from danger, but to be progressive as well."

Dr. Ackerman, in the interview, pointed out that "we have learned to think when we read, and we have learned to be dis-

criminating readers. We read speeches, we read articles, or we read news stories, and we don't begin to accept everything we read. We have learned to weigh ideas when we find them in print. And I am very sure of this, that as long as information plays such an important part in the life of the individual, the newspaper, as the chief distributor and interpreter of information, is going to grow not only in size but in importance."

Also a great newspaper champion is Walter B. Pitkin, who began to live at 40. "The daily paper is a public utility and a public necessity," he said one morning as he dressed and talked at the same time. He, too, was a Columbia journalism faculty man.

"The whole tempo of the country has speeded up," exclaimed Dr. Pitkin as he hunted for his collar button. "The thing that wins now is the thing that clinks every day, right on the minute."

The Associated Press is just like that. Kent Cooper told me so. He knows, being general manager. "I'm a very modest man, couldn't boast if I would and wouldn't if I could," he announced, then went on to relate, "We're putting constructive modernism into the A.P. I might say, were I a poet, that we are gleaning new harvests from old fields, and old fields sometimes produce the best crops."

Mr. Cooper gave a bit of history that provoked an audible smile — "There was a time when the A.P. wouldn't send out news stories about moving picture people. Well, that's all over now. People want to read about them, and the A.P. now has the finest news service in the moving picture field in the world."

Arthur Brisbane didn't predict any modest future for the west when he visited Portland on August 5, 1929. "The greatest city in the world will be in a short time, as the lives of nations go, located on the Pacific coast," Mr. Brisbane informed me. "There will be other large cities on this coast, for the Pacific coast is now the front door of the nation, and is looking out upon the 700,000,000 people of Asia, our greatest future customers."

Crime, not commerce, was the theme of the Fremont Older interview. The editor of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* didn't adorn his sentences with poetic phrases. "If anybody in this country is going to be hanged it should be the people who make

guns," advocated Mr. Older eight years ago. "If it wasn't for the gun, the machine-gun or the revolver, the crooks couldn't get away with the things they are doing.

"You or I can't protect ourselves if we do carry guns. The crook gets the drop, and if you go to draw, why, he kills you. It's a great deal better not to have one. Sometimes it makes the yegg cuss feel meaner to think you are willing to protect yourself if you get a chance, and he treats his victim a great deal rougher. But the crooks go around heavily armed, and they are willing to shoot if they think they can get away with it. But they don't show a bit of bravado when the officers get the drop on them. That's different.

"In my opinion, it all goes back to the men who manufacture the guns. If there were no guns, there couldn't be any shooting. If there were no revolvers there wouldn't be anything like the crime there is now, and the more serious crimes like kidnaping and murders during robberies would be wiped out."

Did Colonel Frank Knox talk about gun-toters when he was in Portland? Colonel Frank Knox did not. The publisher of the Chicago *Daily News* extolled pipe-smoking—"I can't write an editorial unless I have a pipe in my mouth," he admitted—and rhapsodized over outdoor life—"fishing and hunting should be my middle name," he said.

The Chicago publisher took keen delight in telling how he met T. R. "I got down to Tampa just after the Rough Riders arrived, and I crashed into the regiment by pure nerve," Colonel Knox explained. "I knew a second lieutenant in the outfit, and he introduced me to Colonel Roosevelt. I put up such a good talk that Teddy swore me in personally. I had a great time in Cuba. I became very fond of T. R. I was his western manager in 1912, followed him into the Bull Moose party. He gave me my slant on politics. 'Be a progressive.' I've been one ever since."

Trooper Knox became a newspaper reporter after returning from Cuba.

"You know, I was going to France with T. R.'s division," the Chicagoan stated, "but I soon saw that he was to be punished, so I went to him and said, 'Colonel, they're not going to let you go!'

"I'm afraid you're right," he replied. "I'll tell you what to do,

Frank. Do what my sons did; go to an officers' training camp, get a commission and have them send you over.'

"And that's what I did."

John J. Leary, Jr., who used to report labor for the New York *World*, also greatly admired T. R. But John didn't take after the president in one respect—the scribe hated to be photographed.

"They never take my picture," Leary shouted, "I'm only a reporter."

It was during a time when thousands of Republicans were thinking that maybe Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., would go places politically. I asked about it.

"Now, listen, anything I might say along this line would be taken as prejudiced in his favor," slowly replied the author of *Talks With T.R.*, Reporter Leary. "But, say, I have it from a lot of the hardest boiled Republicans in New York and Washington that the boy is makin' good."

George Creel, a de luxe newspaperman who had been a member of President Wilson's kitchen cabinet, thought Leary's informants were all wet. I have interviewed Creel a number of times, one of them just after the 1924 election when T. R., Jr., ran for governor.

"Young Teddy Roosevelt is forever eliminated from politics by his defeat," the journalist exclaimed. "They are still looking for the few people in New York who voted for him—the state maintains institutions for such people."

Commenting on politics in general at that time Creel said, "There is no room in this country for a third party—there must be a liberal and a conservative party. The liberals will keep the conservatives from becoming hide-bound, and the conservatives will keep the liberals from going entirely crazy."

A decade later Creel was candidate for the democratic nomination for governor in California. Upton Sinclair was also a candidate. Raymond Clapper, a Washington news ace, came out to look over the Golden State battle. He then journeyed to Oregon, and standing with his back to the Hotel Portland wall, Clapper commented:

"Sinclair has been a socialist many years, but he could not get anywhere politically as one so he concluded to go into the democratic party and run for governor. A great many socialists

followed him, which may account for the large increase in the democratic registration. The Utopians also are helping; these are the people who are trying to make technocracy popular politically. They are missionaries in the field of politics."

J. Fred Essary, then generalissimo of the Baltimore *Sun* bureau at Washington, was a news missionary in the political vineyard. In Portland at the time of Clapper's visit, Fred Essary told how he took three weeks to make the westward trek.

"I dodged the big cities and stopped only in the tank towns," he explained, "because I wanted to find out what the small-town fellow thinks of what is going on. I am trying to find out whether this country is genuinely sympathetic to the New Deal. I didn't let anyone know who I was; took off my coat, let the dust blow in my face, hid my cane, and walked down the street like a native.

"I would go into the small stores, and after drinking all the soda water and lemonade I could hold, I would buy small articles in order to get into a conversation with store owners and clerks. I have five new tooth brushes—never expect to use them all up during my life.

"The net result of all this work is: I am firmly convinced that the people in small towns and rural sections believe in this thing. But not one man in ten gives a damn about the New Deal. They know there has been a change, that they are better off than they were. That's all they care about."

But another famous Baltimore *Sun* man didn't look on the New Deal so kindly. A few weeks after meeting Essary out here, I went to Baltimore and talked with Frank R. Kent, keen columnist.

"Just look at the money that is being paid out for relief," Mr. Kent remarked. "If it keeps up much longer both the city of Baltimore and the state of Maryland will be bankrupt. And the national government also will be bankrupt if it keeps on at the rate it is going. And we are face to face with real inflation right now. It is going to be the only way the government will be able to raise credit to carry on its terrific spending programs. The bond market isn't going to hold up forever."

Jay G. Hayden, the Detroit *News* Washington correspondent, detailed to me what happened in Detroit when the banks folded up. No need now to quote it.

"It is going to be impossible for anyone to stay rich in America any more," was the startling message Mark Sullivan gave me when I visited him at his home in Washington not long ago. It was a great disappointment. I thought of my own bank account, but didn't need to think much. My host said he remembered Portland as the home of many wealthy people, who he feared would become poor before long. Then he switched to discussing the scourge of Europe.

"The great thing that is going on in the world today is a tug of war to the death between two conceptions of society and government," continued Mark Sullivan. "The two can't survive, they can't continue this struggle much longer; one will have to overcome the other. The battle is between democracy as practiced in the United States and the new conception of government as now practiced in Europe.

"We simply are face to face with this: shall America continue to be a democracy with the rights of the people safeguarded by the constitution, or shall we adopt a form of the new European version of democracy wherein the citizen has no rights. If we should sit here and talk politics in terms of the Democrat and Republican parties, we would be as out-of-date as if we talked in terms of the Whig and Tory parties."

Mr. Sullivan might have mentioned New England, also, as a place where the once opulent are becoming oppressed. "The industries of New England have suffered terribly as a result of 'brain trust' legislation in Washington," Ellery Sedgwick, owner of *Atlantic Monthly*, told me in 1935, "A great many people are wondering why the term 'brain trust' is used; they say it should be 'lack-of-brains trust.' But as you will, entire sections that were once very prosperous in New England are now as silent as the graveyards of the Pilgrim fathers."

Not so poetic was Bernarr Macfadden, then publisher of *Liberty*. "To hell with the constitution", that's what they say in Washington," the bizarre Mr. Macfadden exclaimed in Portland on September 16, 1938. He fumed against New Deal-ism, but at last was guided away from politics to tell how he kept so slender.

"In these times it is a great problem to live—if you can't live right and enjoy it, you might as well go off to a cemetery," expounded Bernarr. "I still play a good game of tennis,

but golf, that's for old men—I'll start it when I'm 90."

Mr. Macfadden was asked what diet he followed.

"Diet, hell, no diet," shouted the slim man, "but I fast a good deal, some days I don't eat a bite so as to give my stomach a rest. The stomach isn't like the heart, it can't work all the time. I drink a good deal of buttermilk, and I make many a meal on milk and fruit."

Maybe it's his speed that kept Macfadden streamlined. Thomas H. Beck, of New York, president of Crowell Publishing Company, remarked in one of my professional conversations with him, "People want speed, action. They want the hero to save the beautiful blonde much quicker than he would have saved her ten years ago; they want the villain to get it in the neck right away."

Barclay Acheson put it more softly, using a Prince Charming touch with a heliotrope flavor. "The world of realities is quite as thrilling as the world of dreams," said the associate editor of *Readers Digest*.

Getting back to Macfadden. The thin Bernarr recalls the thin trout caught in the raging Deschutes by John Stuart Martin. John was managing editor of *Time* when he came to Oregon to fish. He is one of the founders of *Time*.

"Say, I was surprised by the size of your trout in length and by their light weight," he admitted.

"How come?" was retorted.

"Well, I'm sure some I caught were 17½ inches long," Martin boasted, "but they weighed only two pounds. Eastern brook trout that long would weigh four pounds or more."

John Shaw Billings, when associate editor of *Time*, also paid Oregon a call. He wasn't fishin'. Serious as a Sioux. Just wanted to talk politics. Thought Pat Hurley might be vice-president some day. Said the long-hairs hadn't been able to make prohibition the same kind of an issue slavery was.

Arthur T. Robb, editor of *Editor and Publisher*, an ex-sergeant in the 77th division, didn't mention politics. The press being his business, the press was discussed.

"You must never forget that the newspaper is the one medium of communication that is built for the convenience of the reader—it is there when he wants it, it is wherever he wants

to put it for reference, it is for the whole family to see when each one wants to see and read it," ejaculated Mr. Robb.

Americans have become avid readers of foreign news. The Spanish-American war may have started the habit, the battle-ship cruise around the world helped it along, the world war certainly made it permanent. Today a number of foreign correspondents are almost as well known to adult readers as are baseball heroes.

H. R. Knickerbocker is well known in all European capitals. Master of a half dozen languages, a student of peoples as well as of governments, I think this peppy, redhaired Texan is as well posted on European affairs as any other American, official or otherwise.

"The German government is going to rearm in the air first of all," Knickerbocker told me at the Adlon hotel in Berlin in May, 1933. "No pacts, international forms nor laws are going to prevent the people here from forming an air force. The entire nation is behind the new government in this matter. And I will say this, that in general the feeling in Germany has improved since the new government came in, but it started at below zero."

When war came to Germany, Knickerbocker came home. He was bluer than Bunyan's blue ox when I saw him at the Benson hotel in Portland on April 6, 1940. He thought London would be bombed off the map within a few months, that we would get into the war "after it was too late."

Knickerbocker's parting words to me that day were: "Although we have been under the bed and saying, 'Oh, it's just another European war,' we are beginning to crawl out from under and say, 'The Allies must not lose.'"

Pierre van Paassen, European newspaper writer, warned Britain against Japan and Russia against Germany in an interview he gave me May 12, 1937. But it seems that London and Moscow didn't get copies of *The Oregonian* in which this warning appeared.

"Siam is now a vassal state of Japan," said Van Paassen, pointing out that this meant an attack on Singapore. He also stated that "the Hollanders are frightened out of their wits because they feel sure Japan is going to conquer the Dutch East Indies." And that day he also announced, "The Nazis will at-

tack Russia suddenly and savagely as soon as they think Germany is ready for an offensive."

Four years later Pierre van Paassen, rich from royalties on his book, *Days of Our Years*, again visited Portland. On this occasion he told me, "We are going to occupy the whole of South America. If we don't, we are lost. That is what the army is being trained for, to protect South America from Germany and Italian invasions."

Leland Stowe, home after winning journalistic laurels on Europe's new war fronts, told me in April, 1941, that Italy was sick of its Bechtsgaden bargain.

"I think the day will come when the Italians will fight on the side of the Allies to throw the Germans out of Italy," he announced. "This would be a war that would be popular, and the Italian soldier would fight as never before."

Stowe had given up hope of the hardboiled infantry winning the present conflict. "This war is going to be decided in the air and on the sea," he exclaimed. He was even willing to make a fat bet on this. He found no takers in Portland.

While Ralph W. Barnes, one of Stowe's intimate friends, was Moscow correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* he visited Salem, Ore., his former home. He told in 1934 of Moscow getting all slicked up, girls chic and becoming chicer, and the old Volga boatmen singing as of yore.

"The cities of Russia are beginning to get a great deal more gay as the people are more and more copying western fashions," Barnes explained. "By 'western' I mean both western Europe and America. Those who can are now getting their styles from Paris, which is taking out a great deal of the drab that was so noticeable when I first went to Moscow.

"But you must make a difference between the cities and the villages. In the rural sections the people are still living in the old ways."

He also declared, "Russia will remain peaceful just as long as she can."

Six years later this fine newspaperman met a veteran's death when the British bomber on which he was touring crashed on a Yugoslavia hillside.

Before William Henry Chamberlin retired from Moscow as correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* he told me the

Russian government "will not be upset by any internal force; the only thing that would effect it would be an unsuccessful war, you can't insure any government against that."

George E. Sokolsky, journalistic junketer, knows Russia and the Orient as well as Knickerbocker knows the Reich. Sokolsky explained to me one night before German cassions began rolling along the Polish Corridor that Moscow developed her influence in Turkestan and in Mongolia while Japan was organizing Manchuria.

"The only thing that matters in the modern world is the physical basis of a country," enunciated Sokolsky. "Japan hadn't any physical basis to maintain herself as a firstclass power. It became one only by accident; there was no chance, her statesmen realized, of accidents continuing forever. In 1929 Japan was a third rate power and on the skids, having been very seriously hit by the depression in the United States.

"Then Japan picked up, and rased herself again to first-class power rating by quickly taking advantage of a series of breaks in the international field. Now she has real physical basis. Here is how that came about:

"China was weakened by constant revolution; the United States was weakened by the depression; European imperialist countries were weakened by the politics of Europe; Russia was weakened from a military standpoint by the necessity of completing her five-year economic plan. The Tokio government saw these things, moved in, took possession of Manchuria, and is going to stay until moved out by superior power."

But prophesying what will happen in reconдите Cathay is mystifying. The elder statesmen never became chummy with foreign correspondents. The best of these writers get fooled. Jim Marshall, for years Seattle's star reporter, was made Oriental staff man for *Collier's*. Wise, too, is Jim. He happened into Portland one afternoon to say so-long to the boys before shoving off for Manila.

"Naw, no war in sight in the Orient, why in hell should there be?" he said, biting the stem of his black pipe. "I don't think the Japanese are any more warlike than any other people, but their plans for disposing of their surplus population aren't any farther along than when they started them 40 years ago."

Jim Marshall had spent a lot of time in Tokio. He knew gen-

erals and diplomats by their first names. He knew Japanese movie stars.

"The average Japanese workman doesn't want to go out and get shot any more than the average American workman does," put forth Jim. "And I don't know of any people who want to go out and shoot the Japanese. You know what I think, I think that Japan could dispense with three-fourths of her army and three-fourths of her navy, and be just as safe as she is now."

A few months later Jim Marshall was very seriously, almost fatally, wounded when Japanese air raiders blew up the United States gunboat *Panay*. The next time Marshall came to Portland he told me this regarding the *Panay* incident:

"When the *Panay* was destroyed, that was the end of white domination in the Orient. It showed a billion Orientals that, according to their viewpoint, the United States was afraid to fight Japan. And the only thing the Oriental recognizes is force."

Prophesying what Europe's or Asia's warmongers are going to do is interesting but dangerous to one's reputation as a prophet. But one of my friends hit it right. Sir Percival Phillips, who was one of the greatest in the gallant story of war corresponding, told me in October, 1933, that the Germans were very much worked up over Poland. Asked where war would break out, Sir Percival replied:

"Wherever Germany wants it to!"

Not so exact was Vernon Bartlett, chief foreign correspondent for the London *News-Chronicle*, also editor-owner of the monthly *World*, and later a member of parliament, when he visited Portland in 1935. But he was then rated as a seer, received many good American dollars for lecturing on the international outlook.

"There's no danger of war in Europe for 10 years," Captain Bartlett said, "for it will take Germany that long to get a sufficient number of friends in Europe to make her sure of where she stands. But Germany will be armed and ready in two years. Now, here's the chief reason that war is a long way off: every dictator realizes that if an international war starts tomorrow, a civil war will come day after tomorrow.

"But I believe that Germany should be allowed to arm. It is better to have a strong Germany but under control than to have that country arming secretly."

I breakfasted with Vernon Bartlett; he had orange juice and half a grapefruit, nothing more.

Emil Lengyel, ex-Vienna journalist now working in New York, made a poor guess in 1935. I asked him how Austria was going to survive.

"By blackmailing the powers, the same as she has been doing for the past 15 years," Lengyel replied. "The powers have to keep Austria independent, the same as they keep Belgium, because they cannot permit any one to become too powerful."

Drew Pearson tarried in the Willamette Valley on a western wander in late November, 1938, long enough to comment on several domestic and foreign problems. It was plain to him that Japan wasn't fooling Washington. And the recent general election, he emphasized, was a great shock to many.

"To me, the most important thing about the election was the deserting of party labels; the issues were between conservatives and liberals, regardless of party," Pearson explained. "I never saw, nor ever heard of, so many scratched ballots. I am wondering if this isn't the beginning of the breakdown of all parties. In Massachusetts the democrats are through with Curley."

Robert S. Allen, Drew's literary partner, came west with Governor F. D. Roosevelt's party in '32. The writing partners had authored the book, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, then much discussed, now forgotten. "I wrote six or seven of the chapters, but maybe it would be just as well not to say which ones," remarked Allen.

Another newspaperman who wrote things that would be just as well to forget was Frederick G. Bonfils, who was long publisher of the *Denver Post*. I cornered him in the Union Pacific ticket office in Portland one day in late autumn. He was talking with J. Clyde Cumming, local general passenger agent, about the weather, the safest of all conversational subjects.

When I could edgewise in a word, I inquired about politics. Bonfils launched a long hosanna in praise of Herbert Hoover. The weather was quickly brought back into the conversation. "The Denver winters are cold," Bonfils admitted, "but people who live there are used to them and enjoy them. It is no place for a man without shelter."

The Colorado city would have been no place for Paul Clifford Smith to have tarried in when he was seeing America the cheap-

est way. Mr. Smith skyrocketed into Fourth Estate history when he was made editor and general manager of the San Francisco *Chronicle* before he was 30 years old. He took a different course in journalism from most other editors.

"I've worked in the wheat harvest, as a longshoreman, in lumber camps, as a sailor on deep-water ships, even on a cattle ranch," the red-haired executive related.

"How about boxcars?" I asked.

"That's how I saw America first," snapped Smith right back. "I didn't ride the rods, but I've ridden every kind of freight car Casey Jones ever pulled up the hill. No, I never learned to make mulligan, the older fellows used to do that; but I brought in carrots many a time as my contribution. I always got vegetables for the stew, carrots whenever I could find them."

Paul Smith was born in Seattle, where John Boettiger, son-in-law of President F. D. Roosevelt, is publisher of the *Post-Intelligencer*. On one of Boettiger's many trips through Portland, I once asked his opinion about some heavy matter.

"I should confine my political observations to the columns of the *P.-I.*," purred John. "If I have anything worth saying, I'll say it in my own paper."

A timid reporter who seeks interviews in a faint-hearted manner never knows when his ears are going to be pinned back.

Lowell Mellett, former editor of the *Washington Daily News*, is a fireside friend of the president's. Lowell told me the best traffic story I ever heard, the one about the lady motorist who reached the filling station rest room ahead of the traffic cops. He told it early in 1940 in order to change the subject when I asked if the president was going to run for a third term.

"The war in Europe and the one in China are teaching us that isolation, at the rate all parts of the world are being thrown together, is likely to become an obsolete word," Mr. Mellett declared when I told him I had to have something I could print.

About this same time, Julien Bryan, reporter and ace cameraman who was in Warsaw while it was being bombed at the outbreak of the present slaughter, told me that "the American people are kidding themselves by wishful thinking."

This brings to mind an interview with roly-poly Alexander Woollcott. He was a go-gettin' reporter on *The Stars and*

Stripes in the world war. Alexander got around right smart in those days, saw all of the A.E.F. that one mortal man could see. We compared notes.

"What outfit did you like the best?" he was asked.

"The Iowa regiment, in the 42d division," Woolcott snapped. "They had the best soldiers of any outfit I saw."

"Was the entire Rainbow division that good?" I ventured.

"I didn't say anything about the Rainbow division, did I? I said the Iowa regiment, and I meant the Iowa regiment," snorted Alexander.

As I had been with the Iowa regiment on the Baccarat sector during an attack by the Boche, I also knew it was a very good outfit. A schoolmate of mine, Herbert Stillwell, was a member of that regiment.

Another famous writer, Will Irwin, who was with me in a strange adventure in France at the time of a false armistice rumor, is always good copy. A fellow member of The Players Club, Will in a recent interview told me a swell story about a former Player now gone to his reward.

"John Barrymore was in San Francisco the night of the big earthquake," related Irwin at the Benson hotel. "He had been to a big party the night before, got home just a short while before the shake-down. John went to bed with all his clothes on, and when the quake and fire woke him up, he ran down the street in full evening dress.

"The soldiers were just coming in to take charge. They picked up young Barrymore, a very handsome man, and put him to work helping clear debris for four days, he wearing the swell party clothes all that time. When his uncle told me the story he said:

"'It took a great convulsion of nature to wake up John, and it took the United States army to make him go to work'."

Speaking of work brings to mind Frank E. Gannett, of Rochester, N. Y., ex-reporter and owner of a large newspaper chain. When he was 63 Mr. Gannett informed me, "My greatest dissipation is work; I work all the time, I always have. At this time of life, when I could be enjoying leisure, I am working my hardest. I weigh myself every day; I don't allow myself to get fat or to get thin, for I can't do my work unless the machinery is in order."

While on this matter of work, I recall an interview with George D. Mann, editor of the *Bismark Daily Tribune*, in 1935. He told of work undone and to be done.

"Unless you have been through one of them, you can't realize how bad those dust storms were we had in North Dakota last year. They are worse than any blizzard we ever had. The chief engineer of the highway department told me that more than \$1,000,000 worth of gravel was blown off our highways by these storms last year," Editor Mann explained.

He also told me something that suggested a far-away war whoop and death chant. "There are still a few old ladies living in Bismark who danced with Custer at the grand ball given there the night before he marched away," said Mr. Mann.

The same year I met the Bismark journalist, I had my first interview with Stanley High. This talkative New Yorker told me a lot, among other things that "the hopeful thing about the world is the men who walk down the street with you in every capital but Berlin. They want only two things—peace and security. The Prussian wants war to regain power."

Mr. High guessed right regarding the Prussian, but about the same time another noted commentator, William Hard, guessed wrong about the Jap. Mr. Hard told me in all seriousness, "Japan in relation to China is like a boa constrictor trying to swallow an elephant. It's a mighty big job and while Japan is trying to do it I don't think she is pining for a fight with the United States."

But Hr. Hard's long distance error can be excused when we realize that even James R. Young, long far eastern manager of the International News Service and who knows the jails of Tokyo inside and out, was wrong as late as April, 1941.

"I don't think Japan is going to war against the United States," Mr. Young told me; "the navy doesn't want to, and the internal situation is very bad. Japan is too near the condition of Italy to want to start anything."

But James R. Young did know one important thing about the Nips. "The Japanese navy knows very well that as is British gunnery in the Mediterranean, so is American gunnery in the Pacific. They don't want to lose their fleet," said the newspaperman so hated in Tokyo. "They know that we know their gunnery is no good, and they don't want to meet the American

fleet now or any other time. Their ships very seldom have gunnery practice."

Guessing coming wars is just as uncertain as guessing coming elections. But one political expert gave me an answer I will always remember. Walter Davenport, political editor of *Collier's*, told me something years ago that will be true many years from now. Said Davenport:

"Only God knows what is going to happen at the next election!"

Garet Garrett, economic expert on the *Saturday Evening Post*, also gave a few lines to remember. He was gathering Oregon notes less than a year before the present war began, and he told me two things worth keeping around in one's mind:

"Unless we produce the stuff, we are just wasting our time fussing about how it shall be divided."

"We are in flight from work—everybody wants to consume more and work less."

But getting back to Walter Davenport. He often visits the west, stays around long enough to size up the situation. "A westerner like McNary or Landon understands the Townsend movement," he declared. "And this is simply understanding human nature."

Most eastern news writers coming to the Northwest miss the flare of wicked metropolitan night clubs. Stanley Walker did. The ex-city editor hurried away as rapidly as he could. On one of my trips to New York I asked Mr. Walker what became of the old Volstead era speakeasies.

"All sorts of things," replied the author of *The Night Club Era* and *City Editor*. "Most of them got liquor licenses and became legitimate. They spent large sums of money fixing up the new saloons. Now, I don't want you to think I am ballyhooing for the booze business. We have one very terrible thing connected with it, which can be seen everywhere in New York; that is, women drinking at bars. They are standing up, sprawling over, singing, swearing for no reason at all excepting that they are drunk. This is going to cause serious trouble.

"There are all sorts of these women, but I would say a majority of them are between 20 and 28 years old. Good families? Sure, excellent families. These lit-up ladies stay around the places getting plastered, instead of going to teas like young

women of their class used to do. They just go out to get drunk, and they get drunk like nobody's business."

Some of the ladies down in old Tombstone, Arizona, used to act the same way. Hardly of the best families, those ladies, but when a gal gets plastered her pedigree doesn't cut much figure. Few interviews have interested me as much as the one with Major John P. Clum, founder of the *Tombstone Epitaph*. The law was as one's sixshooter made it when Editor Clum went to the wild town in 1880. He told me he was the first mayor of Tombstone.

"I've often seen a hundred men come running down to a little shack that was on fire, every man carrying a repeating rifle or a double-barreled shotgun or a brace of navy revolvers," Mayor Clum related. "But that was the proper thing to do for the road agents and the crooked gamblers who had it in for the peace-and-order crowd had planned to set fire to a shack on the edge of town, get us fellows out there and then pick us off.

"We were tipped, and when the fire alarm was sounded and the 'outsiders' were planted nearby, we all rushed up with guns loaded and our best shots standing where they could command the surrounding area. The gang kept very still."

None of the laws that made Kansas dry ever crossed the Tombstone city limits. Had this frontier town been dry, the place would have been forgotten long years ago. Frontier picturesqueness and the Ten Commandments never were synonymous.

It was a blistering July day the day I arrived in Emporia to interview William Allen White, The hot weather was getting him down. I mentioned that he appeared thin.

"Look at this," he said as he ran his hands up under his vest, "there's enough room here for an immigrant family."

But the editor of the *Emporia Gazette* was wearing coat and vest and Sunday collar, along with other regulation garments. Bill White, as Kansans call him, was willing to discuss anything. I told him about Otis Skinner praising one of his, White's, short stories.

"Yes, a number of my friends on the stage have been kind enough to say pleasant words about some of my stories," replied W.A.W., "and a few were bold enough to declare that they would produce them. But they didn't. The time element is such

a vital part of my yarns that the playwright has not been able to get it, along with a punch that would make the story go on the stage. So the dramatic critics have been spared something."

Talk to any Kansas editor long enough, and the conversation will drift to prohibition. When I first heard of Andrew J. Volstead, I was sure he was a Kansas congressman. White related in detail the various state laws that once made the Sunflower state dry.

"The law that put the fear of the wrath to come in their hearts was the nuisance act," Bill White declared. "All the county attorney has to do is to show the court that a place is a nuisance, and the man running it and the owner of the building are ordered placed under arrest. There is no jury trial about this. All the folderal of court red tape is forgotten. One of the fines the court can impose is to have the building locked up for a year; the sheriff will nail up every door and window in the place, be it house or store building, and all the owner can do is to let out furnished rooms for the rats and mice in the neighborhood."

On another red-hot day, I barged into Tom McNeal's office in Topeka. He is one of the great men of western journalism, founded the *Kansas Breeze* the same year General Custer was killed. For a reason known only to Tom McNeal, he began talking about President Harding, who had been dead for some time.

"Harding and I were educated at the same school, a little college called Iberia," explained McNeal. "He graduated there, I think, but I went later to Oberlin and then to Hillsdale college. No one could ever make me believe Harding was crooked. He was an honest man, but he could be imposed upon by his friends. I don't believe he wanted to be president, I think he was satisfied to be United States senator. Like Taft, he was surrounded by a group of men who knew exactly what they wanted."

Charles Evans Hughes would have been president of the United States had he taken the advice of Chester H. Rowell, then a Fresno, now a San Francisco, editor. Mr. Rowell came to Portland to meet the Hughes special train, and to urge the presidential candidate to call on Governor Hiram Johnson when he, Hughes, reached California. I listened while the editor re-

quested. "No," was the answer. Years after I interviewed Mr. Rowell, and he told me that he has always thought that two tiny letters, "n" and "o", spoken in Portland, Oregon, kept Hughes from becoming president.

But Hughes did defeat William Randolph Hearst for governor of New York. This fact wasn't mentioned when I interviewed Mr. Hearst at his beach home near Los Angeles in February, 1934. I had spent an entire week trying to see him. When I did, he gave me a wonderful interview. Among the many questions I asked was this one—"Do you think the keeping of our fleet on the Pacific is endangering world peace?"

"I do not see why it is any more of a danger to world peace to keep our fleet in the Pacific than to keep our fleet in the Atlantic," came the prompt reply. "The only way to please some sensitive nations would be for us to drag our fleet up on land and let it rot there.

"No country need object to our having a fleet in the Atlantic or the Pacific if that country has no intention of attacking us. The only people that object to an adequate police force are the criminals, the enemies of society.

"We would not allow our action with regard to police protection to be determined by the enemies of the social organization. We should not as a nation allow our action with regard to national defense to be determined by anything but the necessities of our own safety and protection. Certainly possible assailants should not be allowed to control our action.

"To be specific—if Japan objects to our having our fleet in the Pacific ocean, why should we not object to Japan having its fleet in the Pacific ocean?"

"That would be nonsense on our part; and we should not tolerate nonsense on Japan's part or on the part of any other country.

"The only way to be free from that sort of impudent interference is to have defense forces which inspire respect."

B. C. Forbes, financial writer for Hearst publications, thought American trade with the Far East was to become so large that shipping would be taxed to care for it. "Taking a look ahead, the prospects of our trade with the Orient are beyond all power of imagination," he declared. "And this country is likely to fare much better in dealing with Australia than with Russia."

R. L. Curthoys, while editor of the Melbourne *Argus*, could have said much about our trade with Australia but he was nervous. He startled me by exclaiming at the Benson hotel, "See here, editors shouldn't be interviewed! Who told you I was here—but maybe I'm so far away from home it won't matter—and perhaps I can say a good word for Melbourne. But this is new to me, it's my first interview!"

Calm and peaceful was William L. Chenery, editor of *Collier's Weekly*, who came to Portland solely to see Ernest Haycox, writer of western fiction. The editor had never seen his cowboy author, and wanted to view him on the home ranch. Speaking of the Portlander, Mr. Chenery said:

"Haycox is smart in more ways than one; he stays out west to write his western stories. I think it is the greatest mistake in the world for writers to come to New York to live. They get the New York pattern of thinking and writing; that's not what we want. I try to get as widely diversified views as possible."

And Mr. Chenery, who was reporter, editorial writer, managing editor and editor on metropolitan dailies before *Collier's* grabbed him, brightened the day by saying, "People are interested in a good story, it doesn't make any difference what form it is; any time anyone writes a particularly good thing of one sort, you immediately find a whole flock of imitators."

Sometimes one gets into a regular dither while talking with a famous editor. But tranquility must prevail. Back in March, 1934, Oswald Garrison Villard, publisher of *The Nation*, formerly its editor, didn't aid my mental equipoise one bit.

"No question but that we are in a revolution in this country," exclaimed Mr. Villard. "What is going on in Washington is, they are making over the country in a most extraordinary way."

A year later Mr. Villard told me, "I think the constitution does call for considerable overhauling. A document drawn up for 13 small, struggling colonies does not fit an industrial situation that no human being could have foreseen 100 years ago. I think congress should have the right to legislate on child labor and other social and economic reforms."

Social reforms don't mean as much in the life of a war correspondent as military changes. The correspondent used to be allowed quite a deal of freedom. He saw the fighting, talked with commanders, sent his stories as he wrote them. Today all is

changed. Stephen Bonsal, dean of American war correspondents, is sad because his art has become a lost one. He began reporting battles in 1885. And he went to every place "where paths of glory led to the grave."

"Who were the best fighters you ever saw in action?" I asked the veteran as we talked in his home at Washington, D. C.

"The Serbs are great fighters," replied Mr. Bonsal, proud of the fact that he had been with them. "They were fine all the time on a campaign, and it seemed they would rather fight than eat. They had nothing much to do but fight for 150 years, and the art was handed down from father to son."

Mr. Bonsal explained that "the world reporting of today is much different from world reporting at the time I started doing it. Very much different. There is more of it, the news is sent around the world much faster, but I hope you'll remember I said world reporting is different now, not better."

Speaking of the 1914-'18 days, Stephen Bonsal remarked:

"In the last war when Pershing sneezed or Foch prayed it was cabled around the world. And everything that was cabled from the Allies was in Berlin within five minutes after it was sent from France, and vice versa."

I asked Frederick Palmer why so many crotchety rules were handed out to correspondents with the American army during the world war. His reply can be summed up in one word, "Pershing." I told the colonel that most of the correspondents I met over there blamed him, so, when I requested his autograph after our talk, Frederick Palmer wrote:

"To David W. Hazen, who did *not* find me as terrible as my reputation—I hope."

Isaac F. Marcossou, who began his literary career as a reporter on the Louisville *Times*, roamed the world over interviewing potentates and premiers for the *Saturday Evening Post*. One of his most interesting experiences came when George H. Lorimer, editor of the *S.E.P.*, cabled Marcossou in London at the outbreak of the Russian revolution to go to Petrograd and interview Kerenski. In telling me of his work in general, Marcossou said:

"The thing that made it much easier for me than for most correspondents is that I speak German and French fluently. Still, one can get along very well all over the world if one speaks

only German and English. Everywhere the peoples in foreign countries are learning English, and in most cases they are anxious to talk with English-speaking strangers in order to practice speaking our language."

Although he did not travel all over the world, Jay Elmer House wandered into many nooks and corners of his native land. A farm-reared boy, he early learned to play baseball and to set type. At the turn of the century it was easy for a journeying printer who could really play baseball to get a job. House soon found his way into the city rooms of newspapers, became an excellent reporter.

But he grew homesick often, and would return to Erie, Kansas, "a drowsy county seat town near a sleepy, winding river." He was several years my senior, but as he talked of his travels, made without benefit of Pullman, I listened eagerly. As we sat under the catalpa trees in the tiny city park, House told of newspaper work in the big cities, of reporting murder cases, of interviewing famous men. During one of these home-comings, he was made foreman of the *Erie Sentinel*, a weekly printed on an ancient Washington handpress.

About the first thing the new foreman did was to give the job of printer's devil to the boy who had listened so attentively to the stories of wide adventure. House left *The Sentinel* several weeks later, and in a few months was baseball reporter and dramatic critic on the *Topeka Daily Capital*. It wasn't long until he was columnist on that paper, his cornfed philosophical sayings appearing under the head, "On Second Thought."

Later he was columnist on the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and the *New York Evening Post*. When he received the final assignment, the one from which no reporter ever returns to write his story, Jay Elmer House was columnist on the *Philadelphia Enquirer*. I interviewed him a number of times after he became nationally famous. I will always remember those stories of journalistic adventure told in the little city park in the dreamy town of our boyhood.

Another Kansas editor I admired was Edgar Watson Howe, of the *Atchison Globe*. He was known almost everywhere as Ed Howe. Jay E. House rightfully termed him "the country editor supreme."

A wood fire crackled in the living room of Mr. Howe's home

as we talked. "I hate interviews," he said, so I had to think fast to get his mind diverted from interviewers. He might decide to hate them, too.

"Haven't you been too severe in commenting about women in your books?" I asked the editor and novelist.

"No, sir, no man ever tells the truth about women," Ed Howe replied, "he always musses it up with gallantry; but just the same, men like to get away from women. They—I mean men—are the craziest things in the world to get at women, but there are times when men like to get away from women."

My host quickly dropped the subject of the fair sex, and turned to gentlemen of the cloth.

"I somehow attract preachers," he remarked, giving me a rap on the knee with his cane. "But I don't like 'em. My father was one, but I don't like 'em anyway. I always liked sinners better than preachers. My ideas of sinners are pretty high; they take care of themselves, they are more polite, more gentlemanly than the other class.

"The only hope of the world is for men to behave better. We don't practice being polite enough, for better behavior is for our own good. Behave better—that's the great religion. If you go on the plan that you'll behave a little better each day, then you'll accomplish something. You can't get anywhere praying every night to be forgiven for what you did during the day. You just have to really behave better."

Something was said about his long years of active newspaper work.

"I'm kinda old and ornery now," Mr. Howe exclaimed, "and this is all I am proud of—I have lived here in Atchison 58 years and the people are still my friends."

The old sage chuckled. He gave me another rap with his cane. Throughout the interview the editor held a cane in his hand, and every few minutes gave me a whack on the knee or the ankles. I could have moved back, but he seemed to enjoy giving these raps to make his statements more emphatic.

"I'm *not* very fond of myself, I'm too modest," Ed Howe said. "There are thousands and thousands of people in the country who are smarter than I am. But there's another thing I am proud of—I'm the best country newspaper advertising solicitor in all the world. If I have any genius it is to run a

country newspaper. I wouldn't be worth a damn soliciting advertising in Portland, but in a small city I'm the best."

He related the trouble he had getting his first novel published. Today *The Story of a Country Town* is listed as one of the American classics. But no publisher would take it until after Mr. Howe printed it in his own little job office in 1882. We chatted about the queer ideas many people have about newspapermen. And then, following the hardest rap he gave my legs with his cane, Ed Howe declared:

"The bores are people I'm afraid of. The reason so many persons die young is because they are bored to death!"

I Like Bishops

CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE was the first bishop I interviewed. He was on his way to Manila to have charge of Methodist Episcopal work in the Philippines. Years before I had enjoyed listening to Dr. Locke preach at the old Taylor Street church. I was then visiting in Portland, and boarding near his parsonage. I was first attracted to him by his gray clerical suits and his freckles.

One night a friend took me to Dr. Locke's church. I was a boy just out of high school, and every Sunday for years had had to listen to old-fashioned hell's-fire-and-brimstone sermons. It seemed to me that Satan had nothing worse to offer than having to listen to these dismal harangues. I was surprised at the gentleness of this freckle-faced preacher. His sermons were lectures, beautiful talks on literature and art and religion. I left Portland after a short time, and did not see him again until the morning I was sent to interview Bishop Locke.

"This old world is a happy place after all," he said while seated comfortably in the Portland home of Dr. William Wallace Youngson. "The nearest it came to going to the bad was when the kaiser's forces had the English army backed to the wall. But right won over might, and the world is enjoying the glorious rays of a new dawn."

Speaking of Far Eastern matters, long before the *Panay* incident, Bishop Locke declared the Oriental problem vexing the United States was one to be solved by brains and not by battle-ships. He had learned that in Manila the Americans had a union church for Methodists and Presbyterians.

"I am telling my Presbyterian friends that for the first time in their lives their fellow churchfolk will have a bishop," laughingly exclaimed Bishop Locke.

The second bishop I interrogated was also a Methodist—Dr. H. Lester Smith, of Helena, Mont. A few months before I

met him he had returned to America from a four years' stay in India. He pointed out that the natives were embracing Christianity, but keeping their new light under a bushel.

"Christianity in India is growing faster than any figures given by a bishop or missionary can show," Bishop Smith reported. "The educated classes, while embracing the teachings of Christ, are not making a formal profession of faith on account of the rigorous local religious laws. These laws are such that if a man renounces his native religion he loses his property, his position, his caste and his family leaves him. He becomes an outcast.

"Thus, while a man may believe in Christianity and not be bothered for his private thoughts, he cannot be baptized and make a public confession without enduring the troubles I mentioned. Take, for example, my lawyer in Bangalore. He is a Hindu, but is as good a man and as good a Christian as one can find. His brother is likewise a Christian, but neither will be baptized for the reason I have given.

"'The Lord and I understand each other,' is the clever way he expressed it."

Nearly a decade-and-a-half after I talked with Dr. Smith, I interviewed Bishop Brenton Thoburn Badley, on his way back to India. He is the resident Methodist bishop at Delhi. He announced that there are 500,000 Methodists in his adopted land.

"India is passing from an agricultural into a modern industrial country," the visitor pointed out. "There is some political disturbance due to opposition on the part of the more radical elements to the new federal system that has been proposed. In my judgment, the probability is that with certain modifications in this new plan, it will be accepted and soon go into force. Already every province in India enjoys atonomy, that is, state's rights."

India's coral strand was forgotten when I talked with Patrick Cardinal Hayes, of New York. He was the first cardinal I ever saw. Gentle, soft spoken, he talked freely and without asking that any statement be kept off the record. He visited Portland on his way to California to attend important church functions.

This was in 1930. Much was being spoken in the pulpit and written in the press about the wildness of American youth. The

famous church leader did not approve of the speed at which youth was going, but—

“I certainly do not blame the young people for present conditions nor for the laxity of the times,” he said. “The young people do not form the habits nor the opinions of their generation, but they are the custodians of what is given them by way of example and morality in their days. And what they receive, they carry with them to manhood and womanhood.

“That is one reason why the men and women of our age should set an example of uprightness for the youth, for it is the example in part that they carry forward into the generations to come.”

Cardinal Hayes spoke in a calm, even tone. But his every word and expression was seriously and thoughtfully uttered. And he looked directly into the eyes of the person to whom he was speaking.

“The let-down that came in time of war is one of the causes of the laxity in the moral standards of today,” he continued. “The war was so large, so terrible, it disordered everything, you might say. We can’t have such a violent thing happen to the world without its subsequent and continuing penalty. No one can say that war is an agency of culture or of the finer things of life, although it naturally offered an opportunity for the sacrifice and outstanding nobility for those who suffered and died for others.”

Portland’s next cardinal visitor was Alexis M. Lepicier, who came direct from Rome to attend the Marian congress here. He was head of all the orders within the world-wide Roman Catholic church. His English was musically fine, rapidly spoken. Cardinal Lepicier quickly said, “I must not discuss political moves of the world, I am a disciple of peace and not of war.” This was in 1934. There was plenty of war talk everywhere. The prince of the church was greatly interested in education.

“Give the youth a Christian education,” Cardinal Lepicier explained to me. “They should be brought up in a Christian atmosphere, for the only way to meet the evils of the day is by Christian education. These evils, these so prominent evils of our day, there are many of them! But of them I must not speak to you now for it would take too long a time.

“And then should we begin talking about them, about evils,

it would lead us into a discussion of questions that would be termed political. I have often said it, and I will repeat to you, that to make a man fit to live on this earth you must educate him for heaven. This education tends to drive out the evils of all kinds."

Irving Peake Johnson, Episcopal bishop of Colorado, likewise urged that young people be reared in the way they should go. He was provoked at the prominence given to scoffers of religion by the literary world, and by the value put on the voting by wild groups.

"There are some things you cannot vote out," declared Bishop Johnson. "You can't take a referendum on the shape of the earth for it would still be round even if 400,000,000 Chinamen voted unanimously that it was flat. Just so you can't take a referendum on the power of God upon human life. The Christian religion has just as much power to produce true, real religion as it ever had, and the fact that there are many people who argue against this truth does not alter the facts.

"Today there are many writers who are producing books attacking religion. These authors know nothing about their subject, for they have had no religious experience. A man who knows nothing of music cannot appreciate an opera. So it is silly for these novel writers to pretend to tell of religious experience."

There is one question I always want to ask every church leader I meet. I rarely ask it because it almost always provokes a sermon I haven't time to listen to. But a few months ago I did ask Bishop Henry St. George Tucker, of Richmond, Va., presiding bishop of the Episcopal church:

"Is the world getting better?"

He is a very calm man, this Virginian. The answer came slowly. "Yes, I should say so," he replied. "But I might say we all think it is getting worse because we recognize higher standards now than we did 30, 40 years ago—things that wouldn't have shocked us then shock us now."

None of these shockers was mentioned, so Bishop Tucker began talking about something else.

"The church is steadily increasing in membership," he announced; "not as rapidly as we should like, of course, but increasing. During the past three or four years this increase has

been most noticeable. But in that connection you must remember this—some 50 years ago it wasn't considered respectable not to belong to a church, but now one can or cannot, just as one likes. Still, real Christianity is as strong now as it ever was."

Three years before I met the Virginia leader, James DeWolf Perry, of Providence, R.I., was presiding bishop of the Episcopal church in the United States. I asked Bishop Perry about the world's betterness.

"That's a silly question," replied the Rhode Islander sternly; "If you haven't any more sensible question to ask than that, I will have to be going."

So I inquired about the general condition of the church.

"Distinctly better," Bishop Perry answered. "In times like we have experienced during the past few years, men and women naturally turn to the church for comfort."

Ernest Lynn Waldorf, Methodist bishop of Chicago, expressed it a bit differently. "The church is doing better than any other business I know of," he admitted. "While the resources of the church have not been as heavy as before 1929, never the less our people have made many sacrifices for the church and the attendance is better than it was during the days of so-called prosperity. The people are recasting their own programs to meet the times. They have found out that they can get along with very much less and be better off for it.

"One of the things our people, all people, no doubt, have found out is that the so-called securities are very insecure. This brings them to realize that the eternal ties, the ties of eternal value, are true friendships and the place of God in the affairs of men. These do not crash when the price of stocks goes down, they do not disappear when the banks are closed.

"While we cannot say that the serious times through which the country has been moving the past few years were brought on by divine will, still one sometimes feels that God's hand has made the wrath of man to praise Him."

Archbishop John Joseph Mitty, of San Francisco, insists we should "emphasize the spiritual element in human living." He knows life, does this strenuous leader. He was a war chaplain in the hard-fighting 26th division, and after the armistice served for three years as Catholic chaplain at West Point.

"It is well for us to realize that when we neglect our obliga-

tions to God we are paving the path to the withdrawal of the rights of the individual," pleaded the head of the province of San Francisco. "We can see here the necessity of religion in human life, and that is in accord with the fundamental principles of America."

The former chaplain declared in 1939 that "our statesmen today are calling for a renewal of religious life in the nation."

Archbishop Mitty succeeded Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, for years one of the vigorous Catholic bishops in America, at San Francisco. Dr. Hanna was famous as a student of social economics. While on a visit to Portland to study the use and abuse of labor, he declared in an interview that the problem of taking radicalism out of the body politic is not the difficult task that many think it is. He said the question can be answered in two words—"proprietary rights."

Then Archbishop Hanna drew his tall, spare form to Indian-arrow straightness and remarked plainly, "I am a firm believer in proprietary rights for everyone, and I think this is the way we are going to keep the nation from sweeping over to the extreme left. Of course, education will play a vast part in this saving the country from radical control, but the thing that is to keep the people happy, contented, is for them to own something worth while."

Owning something worth while means taxes. And this is rapidly becoming the most hated word in the American language—"taxes." I am reminded of an interview with fiery Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal church South, at Corvallis, Ore., in 1935.

"I am praying the good Lord that the people who have charge of us will not push us over the precipice," he announced. "I am a taxpayer, and I don't believe the taxpayers should have to support those who do not pay taxes. Today two-thirds of the people are keeping the other third.

"If things keep on as they are going, soon one taxpayer will have to support several who are not. We are in the fog, the fog whistle is blowing, and God help the man who stands on the bridge."

Bishop Cannon gleefully boasted, "I am a Virginia democrat," then made a declaration that proves his power of prophecy to be rather haywireish.

"I think prohibition will be back in Virginia within two years, and the entire country will have it by 1940," said this Old Dominion democrat.

And I think that Logan Herbert Roots, Episcopal bishop of Hankow, China, made just as wild a guess on Manchuria as Bishop Cannon did on prohibition.

"Most certainly China will get back Manchuria," Bishop Roots almost shouted in 1934. "Only the greatest of international miracles can prevent this. Manchuria, in my opinion, is an Asiatic Alsace-Lorraine. And you will recall that France never ceased her planning to get back her 'lost provinces'. Neither will China. Manchuria will have to be returned!"

But Archbishop Edward D. Howard, head of the see of Portland in Oregon, saw the blood-red horizon as he journeyed in the Orient on his trip around the world in 1934. Upon his return to Portland, Archbishop Howard spoke of the war clouds surrounding old Cathay.

"It is the general feeling over there," he explained, "that a storm is hovering over Asia. Just how it will break and who will take the initiative no one seems to be able to tell, but all are sure it is coming. India is restless. China is restless, and Japan is very much so. There is going to be trouble, no question about it!"

Archbishop Howard is a most observing traveler. Speaking of his flight into Egypt, he said, "two days were enjoyed in Cairo and at nearby points of interest; among the places visited was the spot along the Nile where Moses is supposed to have been found in the bullrushes. There are bullrushes still growing there, but I can't say whether they are the ones that the baby Moses saw or not, perhaps not."

Bishop James C. Baker, stationed in the Far East for a number of years in charge of Methodist matters in Manchuria, Japan and Korea, thought China would regain her lost northern territory by sending millions of settlers into that section. "It is China's method of conquest," he insisted.

Two Episcopal bishops from the Orient also told me facts regarding affairs across the Pacific.

Dr. John McKim, Episcopal bishop of Tokio, was a booster for Nippon back in 1931. The churchman made this startling observation:

"I think the army training is a very excellent thing for the boys of that country. The average Japanese student likes to have his own way. He does a great deal of running around, keeps late hours and eats irregularly. When he goes into the army he is subject to discipline. He has to keep regular habits. He eats wholesome food, and eats regularly. The boys nearly always come out of the service very much better physically and morally than when they joined the colors."

Dr. Alfred O. Gilman, assistant bishop of Wu-Han, China, was in Portland in 1926, and proclaimed that "the Chinese do not want outside help. They want to put their own house in order, and ask the foreigner to keep out."

I have listened to millions of words spoken in discussing the problem of the Orient. One of my first interviews on the subject was with Rear-Admiral Alfred T. Mahan. But I am always glad when I can talk on foreign affairs with someone who will not mention Tokio or Tientsin. Such a man is Velitchuy Bishop Andrey, bishop of the Bulgarian Orthodox church for North America, South America and Australia, who came from the ancient city of Targovishte.

A happy soul, this shepherd, who for the moment was very sorry I had had to wait for him. He blessed me when he came and when I left. George Ade once asked me what church I espoused.

"Mr. Ade, I'll let you decide," I answered. "I was baptized in a Presbyterian church, was reared in a Methodist home, I married a Baptist, was given a degree by a Catholic university, and was blessed by a Bulgarian Orthodox bishop."

Bishop Andrey was in Portland the last day of 1938. Speaking of the outlook in the Balkans, he said, "It is now quiet, and I am very happy. There have been too many wars, too much troubles. The relations between the Balkan countries are now friendly. No war talk, no, no. War is not possible, it is bad. We must have it no more."

Three years before the Bulgarian religious peacemaker was in Portland, Archbishop Athenagoras paid Oregon an official call. This archbishop is head of the Greek Orthodox church in both North and South America. Straight as an arrow, almost seven feet tall, wearing the robes of his office, he created something of a furor at the union station. He carried his long,

silver-headed cane in courtly manner, and the heavy gold chain around his neck gave a suggestion of regal splendor.

At that time he told of his church's troubles in Russia and Mexico. Four years later Archbishop Athenagoras returned to the Far West. He was quite happy. When interviewed, again at the union station, the kingly prelate declared, "Since my first coming to this city I have become an American citizen. I preach to my people to become citizens, not only that but to become good American citizens. We pray for peace, and we pray for our great country. We believe in the great mission of our America."

All nations that are oppressing the church should heed the words of Arthur W. Moulton, Episcopal bishop of Utah. "Religion is built into human life," he said. "Religion comes as naturally to humanity as eating does. When you persecute the church, which is organized Christianity, you persecute humanity. It doesn't make any difference what the church is—Catholic, Protestant or Jew—I'm for all churches, because it is through the churches that Christianity makes its impact upon the world."

Without any question, religion was built into the life of the Pacific Northwest when the pioneers carved their homes out of the far-away wilderness. This fact was noted by Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, archbishop of Laodicea and Apostolic delegate to the United States, when he came to Portland in May, 1939, to attend the centennial of the Catholic church in Oregon and to receive the honorary doctor of laws from the University of Portland.

"A century of Catholic life in any section is an important event," announced Archbishop Cicognani. "Really, I could see it was my duty to accept the invitation of Archbishop Howard, and to celebrate with him the memory of the pioneers and the real knights of the cross. What has been done by them, everybody can see."

Dr. Cicognani has a sense of humor. He laughingly told of a visit made to Helena, Mont., three years before. "They told me there was an earthquake but I did not feel it, it was not true, they were joking me," he related, chuckling over the rumor.

Another Apostolic delegate, later a cardinal, who visited the Rose City was Pietro Fumasoni-Bioni, archbishop of Dioclea.

A jolly man, a pleasing talker, the visitor was ready to help busy workers. His secretary said his excellency was too tired to see reporters, would they call tomorrow. But when the diplomat was asked direct, he replied:

"Sure, I will see the newspapermen. Right now, here. The reporters are busy, and so we will talk to them now, and rest later."

He talked freely, saying among other things, "America is a wonderful place. I find new wonders wherever I go—in the South, in the East, but most in the West. Everything is so big—the trees, the mountains, and what you call the big open spaces."

The mention of big open spaces reminds me of three Episcopal bishops who had plenty of acreage in their jurisdictions.

Peter Trimble Rowe, the famous bishop of Alaska, told me in 1933, "After having traveled more than 70,000 miles by log team, I have graduated from the dogs and I am now enjoying the airplane. By using an airplane I can do in a week the work it used to take six months to do. But I miss the dogs."

Bishop Rowe went on to say, "My district is 'all outdoors.' And I try to visit most of it at least once every two years now. My headquarters are in Sitka, my office in Seattle, my wife and children in Victoria, my home is under my hat."

Dr. E. F. Robins, bishop of Athabasca, Canada, told of going from London, England, to the Peace River country in Alberta when timber wolves were as plentiful as coyotes in Idaho. His diocese contained 200,000 square miles.

"Our first work was with the red Indians," Bishop Robins explained. "They still take a major part of our labors. Our Indians are not a dying race, and the children are very numerous. We have fine, home schools for them, and we also take care of the wants of the traveling Red men."

Frederick Bingham Howden, bishop of New Mexico and Southwestern Texas, had an empire as his fold, "the largest of our church in the United States," he proudly proclaimed.

"No, I've never been held up," he stated, "but sheriffs have warned me on several occasions to look out. I remember riding through the mountains one night when I saw the flash of two Winchesters in the road just ahead of me; I slowed up, and two sheriffs stepped out. They told me there had been a jail deliv-

ery nearby, and the escaped prisoners had taken the road I was on. They warned me to be very careful, but I kept on my way and wasn't bothered again."

Ivan Holt, bishop of the Dallas, Texas, area of the Methodist church, also might be called a western churchman. But he resides hundreds of miles east of Portland-on-the-Willamette. In Oregon to attend a gathering of the National Christian mission early in 1941, this native of DeWitt, Arkansas, declared, "If faith can meet suffering and death for 10,000 years, there is no danger that dictators of today will destroy it."

Bishop Holt said, "realism today means facing a world at war. To be realistic we must realize that we are preaching a gospel of love and redemption in a world of hate and in a world whose theory of redemption is not salvation from sin but escape from individual and racial inferiorities. The two great tragedies in war are suffering and death. Not simply in this war but for thousands of years, religious faith has met those enemies and survived."

Vivid memories of the war of 1914-'18 were in the mind of Edgar Blake, resident Methodist bishop of the Paris, France, area, when he visited Portland in 1926. At that time Bishop Blake rather indignantly exclaimed, "It may be of interest to you to know that France is spending less than one-third as much as the United States on military and naval plans—I find a more militaristic spirit in this country than over there."

Paris almost became the last resting place of Bishop Titus Lowe. This noted Methodist leader was on the way from Singapore to take up his new duties in Portland, Ore., when stricken very ill in Paris. For days it was thought he could not recover. But he did, and Dr. Lowe, now stationed at Indianapolis, served 11 years as bishop with headquarters in Portland.

A few days before he left for his Indiana home, he told me about the great church meeting in Kansas City. "The uniting conference was one of the most significant conferences that Protestantism has witnessed in the United States," Bishop Lowe declared. "The coming together of 8,000,000 members of the three churches, which means a constituency of 25,000,000, is a matter of profound importance, not only to the Methodist church, but to the life of the nation as well."

He explained that "Alf M. Landon was chairman of the com-

mittee on publications, which included the great publishing houses of the Methodist Episcopal church and the Methodist Episcopal church South. The extraordinary business sense of Governor Landon came to the front, and the work of that committee was really handled in a masterly fashion."

From Chattanooga, Tenn., came Bishop Wallace Elias Brown to succeed Titus Lowe in Portland. "I think the church is in trying days, but at the same time in the most challenging and promising days within at least a half century," Bishop Brown told me the morning he arrived. "The attitude of union held in other Protestant denominations is quite indicative that in the not too distant future the Protestant churches of this country will be united.

"I think this union will come within a few years, well within the present century, which has a good many years to go."

He spoke of the changing South but said nothing of its economic plight. I wondered if rural Dixie would support the united Methodist church. I have interviewed many bishops, but only one is a farm expert—Edwin Vincent O'Hara, Catholic bishop of Kansas City. Long a parish priest in Portland and in Eugene, Ore., a chaplain with the army overseas during the world war, he became director of the rural life bureau in the National Welfare Conference after returning from France.

"I am very hopeful of the farmers' situation in the United States," he declared. "In the first place, because the farm is so peculiarly suited to the family; there the unity of the family is maintained, for all work together, enjoy their social life together, and their interests are intimately interwoven.

"The social and economic future of our civilization is rooted in the farm family. And the farmers are not leaving the land on their own account, but because in many instances of conditions over which they have no power. Farming is not merely a business, it is a mode of family living, and people will put up with a great many difficulties in order to keep this family life.

"A second reason for my hopeful view is that the farmer forms the only large group of self-employed people in the nation. There is a satisfaction in working for one's self that will cause one to put up without many things that city dwellers have."

There has been much written, spoken and sung during the

past generation about how to keep boys happy down on the farm. But Bishop Bernard James Sheil has been working for years on how to keep boys content and well-behaved in the city, the direful city of Chicago. His labors on behalf of the Catholic Youth Order have won him national fame.

"A boy is going to keep going—start him on the straight path and you've started him on the road to good citizenship; let him drift, and he's likely to get into trouble," Bishop Sheil explained to me.

The moving picture colony of southern California formed the motif of an interview with John Joseph Cantwell, archbishop of Los Angeles, not long ago.

"You can't be doing things that are realistic and intimate every day, and be saintly all the time," the jolly Irish prelate expounded. "But I must say that since they got the talkies, they have a higher type of player, both men and women, in moving pictures. They represent a high type of culture and intelligence."

Archbishop Cantwell spoke of the campaign waged some years ago to clean up pictures. He was prominent in that crusade.

"I want to say this, that when they were asked to clean the pictures, the producers co-operated in every possible manner," stated the Los Angeles ecclesiastic. "The campaign against a certain class of pictures wasn't carried on by the Catholic church alone, it was aided in a very large manner by non-Catholics all over the country."

General Edward J. Higgins, world commander of the Salvation Army, had so many problems on his mind when he visited the west coast in 1932 that he didn't mention motion pictures. The thing that worried him most was the fear his officers would become too mellow.

"There is a danger in our officers becoming too soft by the kind treatment we are receiving," the Londoner explained. "Persecution, you know, does not hurt people generally. If they are in a right cause, it strengthens them. I know that it greatly helped the Salvation Army, but now it has disappeared in every part of the world. I often think of the words of the scriptures. 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'"

General Higgins was much interested in the reformation of

criminals. "I am very much against the long-term sentences; they are not remedial but only serve to make more desperate criminals out of these prisoners," he said. "I believe in short but sharp punishment. The criminal should feel the punishment. The sort of men who usually get into jail do not care, it is just another place to sleep and eat.

"But if they had to submit to the lash they would think twice, even more times than twice, before they would commit another crime. I was thinking of the lash when I said the punishment should be sharp."

Some months after General Higgins was in Portland, Mrs. Ballington Booth, then co-general with her husband of the Volunteers of America, came to Oregon. She, too, was interested in prison reform.

"There has been a very great change for the better in the spirit of our prisons," she averred. "The buildings are a great deal more sanitary, the management of the jails and penitentiaries so much better that there is no comparison to those of 30 years ago. The unhealthy, terrible places are gone, and the extra harsh methods of the old wardens are no longer in vogue. A prisoner now has a chance to reform. Many do so."

Mrs. Booth also said, "I think there is a great deal better spirit towards social welfare than there was when I was a girl."

A few weeks after I had talked with Mrs. Booth, I interviewed General Ballington Booth at the Willard hotel in Washington, D. C. He was not nearly as interesting as his wife. Perhaps he should have spent more time in places like Pittsburgh. Adna Wright Leonard, Methodist church bishop for the Pittsburgh area, delighted in telling of his work there.

"In the coal regions and in the industrial districts of my area are a large number of foreign-born people," Bishop Leonard explained. "And I will say that the melting-pot is working with the second generation very well. These young people are merging into citizenship in fine ways."

A most enticing personality is Heber J. Grant, of Salt Lake City, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Speaking of growth, he stated that "our church has grown more rapidly in the past 27 years, as shown by the federal government's statistics, than any other church." I inquired how the depression had affected his organization.

"It has hurt our missionary work," President Grant replied. "These missionaries, who are young people and who start out when they are about 20 years old, go at their own expense; their parents nearly always help them, and at the end of their period of work, which is two years in this country and about three years in foreign lands, the church brings them home."

The president declared that people who lived up to the teachings of the Mormon church did not use tea, coffee, tobacco nor liquor. I asked regarding their missionary work in the Orient, where nearly everyone uses tea.

"I opened a mission in Tokio in 1901," Mr. Grant said, "and it was kept open for some time, but was closed years ago. We do not have any missions in the Orient, as it is generally known, but a majority of the natives of the Hawaiian islands who have joined a church belong to ours. We also have members and missions in New Zealand, Australia and Tahiti."

Another religious leader who spoke of the rapid growth of his organization was Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, founder of the Oxford Group Movement. "It's revelation and not revolution we need," he said, speaking swiftly. Dr. Buchman seems always to be in a hurry.

"So many ask me to explain the movement in a few words," he exclaimed, "but this can't be done. It's too great for that. An entire library has been written about it, and at least one book a month on the subject is being published. I'll send you some books; you read them, and then you'll know what it is."

That was six years ago. Dr. Buchman evidently put the books on a very slow freight. Not one has reached Starvation Hill.

Books bring to mind the late Dr. Mark A. Matthews, of Seattle, long a famous Presbyterian minister. I once asked him if he would write his autobiography.

"I'm not old enough to commence it," replied the 71-year-old native Georgian. "I never intend to get old."

When our chat became more serious Dr. Matthews stated, "In our country men talk about returning to financial prosperity. We don't need that, we have too much money now, we're just playing with it. What we do need is to return to morality and to God. Our present way of living is a cancer eating out our souls."

Nor was Dr. Charles Whitefield Welch, of Louisville, Ky.,

ever going to get old. He was moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly when he visited Portland. Dr. Welch told me that "strange as it may seem, coming from us, the greatest problem of the church is to find its task. Religion is the only way out of what we are in today, whatever that is."

One task that Herbert B. Clark, of North Adams, Mass., saw for the church was the matter of tithing. Mr. Clark, then president of the Northern Baptist Convention, said, "I am a firm believer in tithing; I advocate the giving of 10 per cent of one's income for religious and philanthropic purposes."

Maybe tithing would make people think more seriously. And lack of sober, sacred thinking was the cause of much present-day trouble, thought Dr. E. A. Halleen, of Minneapolis, Minn., president of the Evangelical Free Churches of America.

"I find the old-time reverence for the Bible and for the church as such is lacking to a great degree as compared to conditions in my youth," Dr. Halleen explained. "In my childhood days the Bible was read in almost every family, and the church was looked up to for leadership by nearly everybody. I cannot attribute this lack of reverence, this lack of respect for the church, to any particular cause, it is just the trend of the times."

Another trend of the times was mentioned by Rabbi Jonah B. Wise, of New York, in an interview given at the genesis of the depression. "The next migration in American life will be from city to town," said Dr. Wise, who was pastor of Temple Beth Israel in Portland before going to New York.

He predicted that industry would be "broken up into smaller and smaller units." And Dr. Wise declared "we not only will educate the people, but will guarantee that their education will be useful and an aid in making their lives happy. We have been spending too much time and attention on the care of folk after they have become dependent in proportion to what we have done to keep them from becoming dependent."

Foreign affairs instead of domestic ones were uppermost in the mind of Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin at an interview time not so long ago. The pastor of Wilshire Boulevard temple declared, "There is a probability that we'll get into the next war. It may be our duty to get into it. The world is at the crossroads, and we may have to save it for democracy at last."

War! War! Future wars, present wars, past wars! In my newspaper career, I think I have heard more about war than about all other serious subjects combined. Maybe because it is the most feared, most hated, most malignant, most ghastly thing on earth. Three little letters—w-a-r—spell an entire world of sorrow.

"Please stress the work I am doing—don't say much about the war," pleaded blind Rabbi Michael Aaronsohn while national chaplain of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, several seasons ago. He came west to tell people of the work of the Hebrew Union college of Cincinnati. But as I had been in the evil Argonne Forest the same time he had, I asked him about his adventure. He was in an Ohio regiment of the 37th division.

"I saw a machinegunner badly wounded," said Rabbi Aaronsohn, speaking of the third day of the battle. "He was an Italian from somewhere in Cincinnati, I guess, but anyway he was an American soldier, and wounded. I picked him up and started for a field dressing station. A high explosive shell struck near us—that's about all."

Chinese missions were discussed by Dr. William E. Hocking, professor of philosophy at Harvard, who tarried in Portland on his way home from the Far East. He was sent to Asia in 1933 as chairman of the committee of appraisal, Layman's Foreign Mission Inquiry.

"The great difficulty with missions in the Orient is they need a change," proclaimed the affable Dr. Hocking. "They don't realize what Asia needs at this moment. Asia has got to transform her entire social life, and is doing it very fast; this applies to India, Japan and China—in China more rapidly than in the other two countries."

Sherwood Eddy, American religious leader and peace worker, several years ago gave me an interview on world rumblings.

"A few weeks ago I talked with the leading editor in Moscow," Mr. Eddy explained. "He said that Russia will not fight over the Manchurian railroad, but that if the Japanese set foot on Russian territory, there will be war right away. He gave me this rather dramatic statement:

"Japan will win all the opening battles of the war; Napoleon won all battles against Russia, won the first, the last, all of

them, but Russia won the war. That is what would happen with us in case the Japanese attack. We would form an alliance with China, and we would win the war'."

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, a world famous missionary in India, told me that "socialism has become a living issue there. The peasantry of India are tinder for this teaching, for they have nothing to lose except their debts."

I could go on and on quoting interviews and parts of interviews on the Orient. But there are enough given herein, I think. Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, New York Presbyterian minister who is a noted traveler, once told me this about one of Japan's allies—"Italy is one of the first powers in the world, and it is destined to have a great deal to do in determining the future of world affairs."

Dr. Dan A. Poling, for years president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, usually discusses the problems facing young people when he comes to Portland, his native city.

"Everything I know about young people, and I claim to know a great deal, convinces me that they are neither badie-bad nor goodie-good, but normal," he once declared. "I never have known of any other generation that more quickly responded to responsible things than the one right now. And this goes for New York as well as for the open country."

A strange interview was the one I had with Billy Sunday, evangelist. He had just returned from his son's funeral in San Francisco. I was unable to get him to talk about anything else but the tragic death of his boy. Mr. Sunday sobbed like a child. I tried to get him to say something about his work, about baseball, but was unable to do so.

Mr. Sunday drove that afternoon from Portland to his home near Hood River, but he did not notice any of the beauties of the Columbia River highway on this journey.

The scenic Columbia—river and highway—has many admirers in the nation, none more ardent than Dr. Paul Matthews, of Princeton, retired Episcopal bishop of New Jersey. He said "all easterners ought to be compelled by law to make the trip down the Columbia river at least once."

Another eastern churchman whom I greatly admire is Harry Emerson Fosdick, the classically dynamic pastor of Riverside Baptist church, New York. Dr. Fosdick and I spent a week

together in England during the early days of 1918. He had been in Europe for some time, and gave me the first interview I sent from over-there during the war. He told me several convincing reasons why the Allies would win.

Dr. Fosdick and I were tour guests of the British Foreign Office. He was a most delightful companion. To my sunset day, I'll never forget a trip Dr. Fosdick and I made to Birmingham, sent there by the aforesaid Foreign Office to see the gigantic manufacturing plants. At one very large munition factory, we had lunch at the plant. An Australian major was there on an official mission, and he lunched with us. Just before we left, the major leaned over the table, and said to me in a clear, steel-cold voice:

"We are going to fertilize France with Fritz this summer!"

I thought of the Australian major's declaration time after time through the terrible months when his prophecy was being fulfilled. I even thought of it when in July, 1933, I interviewed Dr. Ernest Stoltenhoff, Protestant bishop of the Rhineland, at his home in Coblenz, Germany. A delightful, although serious, host was Dr. Stoltenhoff.

"We wish only to have conditions for our country as the other countries have," the bishop explained. "We need airplanes because other countries have them. We are surrounded by a great ring of airplanes in the armies of our neighbors, but our little army has not an airplane for defense. We are at the mercy of any small country that might wish to attack us by air. Germany wishes only an air force for defense, none for attack.

"We want all nations to disarm. But to our west and our east we find countries with large armies that face our frontiers. We have no soldiers in the Rhinelands. The treaty forbids. If other peoples keep big armies, we think Germany should be allowed a larger army. We are a peaceful people, but we must have means to defend ourselves. And for this we need airplanes and more soldiers."

The strangest of all bishops I have interviewed was William Montgomery Brown, of the Protestant Episcopal church. He came in 1927 from his home in Galion, Ohio, to lecture in the city where four years before the council of bishops began its fight against him. He was charged with heresy. An interesting

man was the aged visitor, but had been ousted as a bishop the year previous to his last visit in Portland.

Deposed Bishop Brown gave a vivid interview. There was plenty of action, nothing libelous, but many lines of exciting reading. Alas, odd things take place in newspaper offices. It so happened that the temporary city editor on duty that day was a prominent Episcopalian, a warm friend of the bishop of Oregon. What the devastating city editor did to my interview with Deposed Bishop Brown was terrible to behold. But the headsman's ax spared this statement by the visitor:

"The chief thing about being deposed is having your salary cut off. I cannot longer use the altars of the church, but I am still a member and attend the little church where I started my ministry."

And as the paragraphs were falling by the wayside, the city editor paused a moment, squinted at this one, then permitted it to remain in the spared portion of Bishop Brown's interview:

"The church is preaching a dead gospel to a dead world—it has no message to give. The old notion about heaven being a place up above where the very few good go and hell being a place down below where most of us will go, is all applesauce."

The Players Stage

WALTER HAMPDEN stood beside one of Portland's old theaters, looked at the framed photographs in front of the box-office, at the names in the flashing signs.

"I remember the happy engagement I played here ten years ago," he mused. "Many things have happened since then."

And he strolled on to the barn-like municipal auditorium, for the great actor and his company could not get a theater in which to present their play. They came in on a special train but that mattered not at all. It was pictures, pictures everywhere. Truly, many things had happened since Walter Hampden began starring in the west.

"I hope to come to Portland every season for the next ten years, maybe longer," the famous artist said as we walked up the street in the gathering twilight. This was a number of years ago. Alas, he has not visited Oregon since that starlit night.

"The great trouble now is to get theaters," Mr. Hampden explained as he stopped and looked back at the one of happy memories. "Texas is a terrible place for that. There you have to play in town halls, Masonic auditoriums, school houses, any large place one can get. It seems too bad that the drama has to be treated in this manner. I hope the people will not let music and the dramatic art go out of their lives."

I remarked that no doubt it was easy for legitimate companies to get theaters in cities east of the Mississippi river.

"It is more heartbreaking there than here," Walter Hampden replied. "I go from here to Seattle, then Spokane, Billings, Fargo and Minneapolis. In those little places on the way from Spokane to Minneapolis, we lose money. Then east from Minnesota, the only cities we can get in are Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit and Rochester.

"But I am going to continue playing on the road as long as it is possible to go out and return with a little pot of gold, a very

little one will satisfy. I want to do my part in keeping the interest in the drama alive. People say there is an urge for it, and if that is so we players should present the classics."

I have visited with Mr. Hampden every autumn since 1935, but each time at The Players in Gramercy Park, New York. He is president of that unique club of clubs.

Almost every afternoon I was at The Players, I went up to the library where James T. Powers held court, to pay honor to one of the theater's most delightful elder statesmen. He appeared in many great hits, but the one grandma remembers best is "San Toy."

"Let's see, Portland isn't Seattle—of course it isn't," declared Mr. Powers, ever a stickler for truth. "But if I hadn't gone to Portland I wouldn't have been stung with some worthless Seattle real estate. I used to go to Portland for a real engagement, then up to Seattle just to fill in a little time."

I sympathized with Mr. Powers then and there.

But without a smile within a mile of his face, the actor continued, "I bought a piece of property in Seattle in 1889 in an addition that was going to build up right away. It was in Dibble's Addition. I paid taxes and assessments, more taxes and more assessments, until I was sure my lots were right down in the heart of the business district.

"Fourteen years later I played at the Marquam Grand Opera House in Portland, then went to Seattle. Sunday evening we didn't have a performance, so I started out to look at my fine property. I rode in a cab for an hour, but we didn't find Dibble's Addition. At last we found a policeman half asleep near a lamp post.

"Say, for th' love of God, can you tell me where I'll find Dibble's Addition?" I asked.

"Do yez see that star up there?" he replied, pointing.

"Yes."

"Well, it's right under that star."

"I returned to my hotel, and never again paid out anything on that Seattle real estate. I let it go for taxes."

But Seattle was included by Henry Miller in his revival scheme. He planned theatrical companies of brilliant talent, formed on the Pacific coast to play long engagements in the cities between San Diego and Bellingham.

"The independence of the Pacific coast in affairs theatrical is coming," the player-producer told me between acts in "Moliere", one of his triumphs. "Some day a man will come along who will solve this problem. The Pacific coast has to be made self-relying, you will have to make your own goods."

The genius who was going to solve the problem must have died with Henry Miller.

Otis Skinner never wandered around with wild ideas buzzing in his head. Others could plan on taking the world by storm, of creating new circuits on the Pacific slope, he took the affairs of life like a conservative gentleman. But he was always striving for greater shows, for better art.

One year Mr. Skinner told me that the following season he was going to appear in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." And he said, "I will have with me two young and charming girls who hope to make a success on the stage without going into the movies. These young women will be able to play Shakespeare all right, I think, even if it is the vogue among youthful players to make fun of the Bard of Avon. But I think with a lot of hard work these two will be able to understand that Shakespeare wrote for every age. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, these young women are Minnie Fiske and Margaret Anglin."

Mr. Skinner, in the last two decades of his active career, didn't often take to the road with a Shakespearean offering. One night, as we quaffed in the old Portland Hof Brau, he said he preferred new plays and new characters.

"No matter how much you study a Shakespearean part, no matter how hard you try to make it new and your very own, critics will say you have copied it or that you remind them exactly of so-and-so," the great actor declared before ordering a refill.

Mr. Skinner's magnificent art lives in his very talented and beautiful daughter, Cornelia Otis Skinner. But she talked about something one day that I never heard her father mention, and I knew him for years.

"I love a good vaudeville," Miss Skinner declared. "One learns so much from this kind of a show. It's wicked the way good vaudeville has been treated."

And she, too, demands only the best. "I don't mind telling you that unless Shakespeare's plays are well done I don't want

to see them," she announced. "Shakespeare is my Bible, and I would much rather read it than see a drama poorly done."

Miss Skinner, in every look and action as modern as this morning's sunrise, surprised me by saying, "I like old theaters—there is something so venerable about them. I don't like the bigger and better things; they annoy me. Honestly, I think people are getting tired of this bigger and better stuff."

Another very delightful woman to interview is Tullulah Bankhead, of Alabama and still a rebel. Chatting with her back stage in New York not so long ago, she made a confession.

"Sometimes I'm afraid I talk a little too much," Miss Bankhead averred. "Not often, just sometimes. And at other times, I don't talk enough. I have the sweetest little aunt up from Alabama visiting me. She certainly says what she thinks. In talking with her this morning I said, 'Aunt Mary, don't you think I talk too much?' And she replied:

"To hell with that kind of talk, my dear. Don't you know that a Bankhead without a tongue is no good for the state of Alabama'!"

I asked the admirer of Jefferson Davis if she planned on playing any of the olden classics in the near future. Not Tullulah. Perhaps things are moving too fast for the stately lines of the Bard of Avon. Robert Mantell, I might mention, presented Shakespeare in Portland more often than any other star during the present century. He was a delightful companion, and a famous teller of Scotch stories. I often saw his plays when Fritz Leiber was his leading man. Later Mr. Leiber headed his own company.

"The thing that keeps Shakespeare alive," Leiber explained, "is because he so thoroughly understood human nature. And human nature is the one thing in the world that doesn't change."

I recall some things played by William Faversham, including "Julius Caesar." I interviewed Mr. Faversham on his birthday a number of years ago, before the talkies had been perfected.

"The man who said 'Shakespeare spells ruin' was bughouse, that's all I have to say for that chap," exclaimed Mr. Faversham. "All parents want their children to see the Shakespeare plays, and a large group of grown-ups want to see the old favorites again. So there is money in it for the men and women who do it right."

I hope so. I plead guilty to being a bit old fashioned in my dramatic tastes. And maybe a classic play will come to the Far West now and again. Burns Mantle, of New York, wide awake dramatic critic, told me in March, 1939, that "road shows are coming back. People just have to act or have some contact with acting; the theater is always going to endure as long as people are people."

Katharine Cornell, during an interview in 1939, made it clear to me that "there isn't anything wrong with the American stage." She declared "there is an audience for the stage right through the United States. I proved that by the tour I made in which I played in 75 cities.

"The audience is smaller, it has shrunk, but there is a theater and a very live theater. The theater must prove it has a place, although a small place, in the artistic life of the country. But the theater has to be infinitely finer than ever before. And it is. There are wonderful young men and young women on the stage now who are taking the places of the grand players of our youth.

"Seventy-five per cent of the actors who, years ago would have been on the stage, are now in Hollywood, but the other 25 per cent are doing such fine work that I know nothing is wrong with the stage."

One of New York's greatest producers wanted to put Broadway successes on the road a few years ago but lack of theaters prevented. "I think the country would like to have the spoken drama back again," William A. Brady—old time actor, producer, theater owner, sportsman—remarked in his New York office in 1937. "All that has to be done is to have theaters throughout the country open up to road shows, and good companies will be sent out."

Dusk was coming on when Mr. Brady began talking to me. I had gone to his office in mid-afternoon, but others were ahead of me. He began talking of the early '80s. Born in San Francisco, he started his early trouping on the west coast.

"I played in your city many times," Mr. Brady said. "We used to come up from San Francisco, going through the provinces, we called it. Part of the way would be by stage coach. We always liked to get into Yreka, which was then the metropolis of the mountains; good hotel and pretty girls. In these

small towns the hotel tables were few, usually one big one at which all the paying guests would sit.

"The next good place we'd strike north of Yreka was Jacksonville. It was a lively gold town, and the girls there weren't to be sneezed at, either. Say, isn't it funny that when a fellow begins to get old he can think of the large number of pretty girls he saw when he was a youngster?"

This mention of road shows and pretty girls causes me to recall Helen Hayes. She made a magnificent success touring in "Victoria Regina." But Miss Hayes is more than a great actress, she is a wonderful woman. I asked one evening before she began making up what she would have been if she hadn't taken to the drama.

"I suppose a government employe in Washington," she replied, "until I got married, and then I would have been a nice little housewife."

We discussed today's stage, and Miss Hayes told of her deep regret on account of the passing of the old stock company. Asked what the legitimate theater is going to do without this school for actors, she replied:

"That is a problem. I wish I knew the answer. I have been wracking my brain for a long time to tell what we'll do without stock companies. It comes up every time I try to cast a play. The difficulty is to get mature actors. One can get the people for the young parts, but youth doesn't grow up in the theater any more. The lure of the legitimate theater today does not hold them—the lure of Hollywood is so much greater. Right now the theater doesn't offer anything like what Hollywood does, where one can gain fame and fortune in a short time."

Speaking of herself, Miss Hayes remarked, "I love walking. I'm not very starry, I'm not a tyrant with the company, but I do want someone to walk with me every day."

Another great actress comes to mind—Eva Le Gallienne. I may be all wrong, but I have the impression that Miss Le Gallienne is "very starry." Anyway, she is a fine artist, and fine artists have a right to their idiosyncrasies. Her autobiography had just come out a few days before our interview, so I mentioned the book.

"I wrote it all myself, no ghost for me," Miss Le Gallienne declared. "And the things in it are true, I didn't put in a lot of

stuff to make it sound exciting. What incidents are told really happened. There's none of this stuff about the shah of Persia dragging me around the floor by my hair."

"That would have been enjoyable reading, Miss Le Gallienne," I ventured.

"Oh, yes, but it isn't there," she insisted. "And I didn't say anything about my love affairs, either. They are nobody's business."

A newspaperman who does interviews gets told very often that "it is nobody's business." Ethel Barrymore doesn't hesitate, but says it so artistically with smiles so queenly that it is really something of a favor for her to tell you it is none of your business. But there's no use dwelling on this raspberry side of life.

Miss Barrymore told me in April, 1939, that she was writing her memoirs. And I am proud that a part of them were written with my pencil. While I chatted with her, Miss Barrymore asked to borrow my press pencil a minute, then said she was going to keep it—"it has such nice, soft lead in it that it is a pleasure to write with such a pencil."

I asked regarding her favorite Shakespearean role, and she quickly replied:

"Ophelia. She is the loveliest of all of them. Ophelia is a beautiful person. I like her better than any other of Shakespeare's women. And the part is a beautiful one. I have played it only with Walter Hampden; he is a very fine actor. I couldn't very well play in 'Hamlet' with my brother."

The actress was asked if she does much reading while wandering around.

"Four books a day, sometimes more when I take a notion to read all night and all day," Miss Barrymore said. "I never get tired at night. Detective stories? I love them, I don't know what I would do without them. I like the English ones best, they are marvelous because they have humor in them. When one reads at night one wants some humor. Night is when we theater people live—theater people, rogues and vagabonds live at night."

There was another famous actress, a most beautiful one, who could reminiscently have said, "Night is when we theater people live." She was Lillian Russell. A toast of the nation was Miss

Russell when many great-grandfathers of today were of an age that they would have given a right eye to have held fair Lillian's hand. She told me one night that she started to study for grand opera but—

"It didn't take me long to see that the road to grand opera was a weary one to travel," Miss Russell explained, "and I decided to get something to do as soon as I could. My mother was a famous woman's rights lecturer, and she didn't want me to go on the stage until I had completed my studies. But pshaw, I just went.

"Mother was busy in New York at that time with her lectures and writing, so I just went around and sang. Tony Pastor heard me one evening, and offered me a position at his theater. I was to sing ballads, like I am doing now. Well, I couldn't use my own name, so told Mr. Pastor to put up a few others that could be used on the stage; he stuck up Lillian something and right under it put Hattie Russell. I liked Lillian and Russell, so combined them. There was no romance attached to it. But have you noticed how that name sticks out on the billboards?"

And Fritzi Scheff agrees with Ethel Barrymore on the time theater folk really live. I was ordered out of Miss Scheff's dressing room for asking about a certain night in Portland when she didn't appear in her play. She relented, called me back, and gave an interview. It had a rather unjubilant beginning.

"I have been interviewed by all the great drama critics in America, and I don't think you can say anything new," Miss Scheff scoffed.

She may have been correct, but I asked regarding an incident in her early stage career.

"Why must you bring that up?" she replied, eyes snapping and pretty lips a-pout. "Why must I talk about the stage when there are a million other things in life that interest me so much!"

As the visit was ending, I remarked, "This conversation will tire you so you'll not feel like singing tonight."

"Oh, no! I don't belong to the put-me-in-a-glass-house kind," was Fritzi Scheff's farewell.

Maude Fealy reminded me of a flower grown under glass. When she was a mere girl, Sir Henry Irving engaged her to be

leading woman in his company. For three seasons she worked with him, and would have been with him a fourth had not death closed the contract. Sir Henry didn't teach Miss Fealy much about publicity. When I went to see her, long after his death, she exclaimed, "I don't know what to tell you—how do you like my new waist?"

Perhaps in her youth, Mary Shaw was as frail and shy as was Maude Fealy. But Miss Shaw had been a schoolteacher before she became an actress. After Mary's Aunt Sally had recovered from the shock of the news, she took pen in hand and wrote to her niece:

"Whatever you do, dear, don't fall off the horse while he is running around the ring."

Thirty-seven years later Miss Shaw told me she had heeded the advice, and had never fallen off the horse.

But I'm not so sure about Leo Carrillo. He may have fallen off the horse, and off the wagon, too. Leo is a reclaimed San Francisco waterfront reporter. It may have been a bit of bologna, but he told me, "It was the insight I got into human life while a reporter that gave me what power I may have on the stage."

Leo Carrillo was the first actor to fly to Portland to begin rehearsals. A swell fellow, but sometimes silent. I wanted to make sure he would talk when he crawled out of the Los Angeles plane that afternoon. So I took a very beautiful girl, Lucile Thomas Muntzel, with me to the airport to aid in getting Leo to talk. This time my trouble was to get him to stop talking.

The first time I met Carrillo was when he came west with "Lombardi, Ltd." His leading lady was bewitching Gertrude Vanderbilt. Her account of adventures while traveling were interesting. Once, in a swell Cincinnati grill, she and a girl friend discovered they didn't have nearly enough money to pay for their dinners.

"No, I didn't start to cry, but I did whisper the news to the waiter," Miss Vanderbilt explained. "I accepted the offer of a loan, and I accepted it from the youngest and handsomest man of those who offered. Why? Old men are dangerous."

Nance O'Neil also talked about men. She spent some time in Cairo, was presented to the khedive. She said he attended her

opening show, "Magda." In telling of this event, the actress related:

"The khedive very kindly said to me, 'Miss O'Neil, you will pardon me if I leave before the final act. I will not do so because I wish to leave, but because I cannot see an act where there is a death scene'."

Some years after this "Egyptian interview," Miss O'Neil again visited Oregon.

"I have traveled all over the world—played in the queerest places, for you know I was not made for beaten paths," she stated, dreamily. "And the world has changed all over since I first came to Portland and played in the Marquam Grand. And then that terrible World war had to come to break down the things that had to go."

The brutal savagery of the World war took a terrible toll from the ranks of the drama. Maude Adams told me the theater has not recovered from those losses. Perhaps it never will. I talked with Miss Adams the first term she taught the art of the drama in Stephens College for Women at Columbia, Mo. I had called up Dr. James Madison Wood, president of the college, from Kansas City and asked if an interview could be arranged with his new professor.

"You know how Miss Adams is, she never gives interviews," replied Dr. Wood, "but I'll do my best. Come over, and we can try. Perhaps when I tell her you are from her former home city of Portland, she may see you."

It was in the ancient, but honorable, New Market theater in Portland that Maude Adams first appeared as a star. And the play was, of all things, "Ten Nights In a Barroom."

The interview was enjoyed in Dr. Wood's home, the meeting having been arranged by Dr. Roy Ivan Johnson, in whose department Miss Adams was working. The first question I asked the actress was, "Why doesn't the west get road shows?"

"There have not been many plays that the managers would care to risk sending out over the country," Miss Adams replied. "For so long after the war plays were not being written, that is, plays that proved successful. Many great writers were killed in the war, many men who would have written great plays had their lives been spared.

"The drama suffered a terrible loss as a result of the war.

The world, of course, will never know just how great that loss is. Not only were many playwrights killed but many more came out shell-shocked and wounded and with their minds so numbed and horrified by what they had seen that they were unable to write any more."

Miss Adams stopped talking for a moment. The ticking of the clock in the adjoining room sounded as loud as chanticleer's crow. No one spoke until Miss Adams resumed the interview.

"But now the writers are beginning to bring out some very good things," she said. "Several have appeared in the last few years that have been quite excellent. And I think that from now on we will be able to have writers who will produce good things, and more and more of these plays will be taken through the country because there will be a demand on the part of the people who love the theater to see them.

"Of course, I realize that there have been difficulties in getting theaters in many cities. I remember the last time I played in Portland we appeared in a very large place, a huge place."

I explained that when she and Otis Skinner presented "The Merchant of Venice" in Portland several years ago they were at the municipal auditorium.

"Such huge places are not really suited for the drama—they put too much of a strain, too great a task, on the actor," Miss Adams exclaimed. "A hall seating 4,000 or 5,000 persons is too large for the presentation of a play written and produced for the theater."

Miss Adams thought a company with a real success would have no trouble finding theaters throughout the country if the people were really eager to see the play.

"I think the trouble during the past 10 or 20 years has been the problem of getting suitable plays, plays of the type that people demand to see," she declared. "Nowadays they are accustomed to going to a motion picture theater once or twice a week, seeing a different show each time, and they don't think of the drama being presented on the stage.

"But when plays are written and produced that set people to talking, then audiences all over the country from New York to Portland will begin thinking about them and will begin asking about them. I think the people really want to see the drama presented, and that theaters can be found for the right plays.

A theater manager cannot afford to present an offering that will not bring people out; in fact, the theater should be filled every night for a week."

During the interview, I asked Miss Adams if she would give a list of plays that everyone should read, thinking she would start the list with "What Every Woman Knows." My hopes were dashed ten thousand fathoms.

"No, I never suggest lists of plays to read," Maude Adams replied quickly. "I tell the students that the thing for them to do is to read the classics, to study them. I say that everyone interested in the drama should do as we did when I was a girl—go back to the classics and read them, not only once, but over and over again. That is the only way one can get the fundamentals of the drama, the only way I know.

"So I could, Mr. Hazen, answer your question, 'What plays should the young people read?' in two words—'the classics.' Then, after they have read these old masterpieces, there are some modern plays that are very good, and really should be read, but not until the foundation works of the drama are understood."

Walker Whiteside was also of the old school. Polite. Considerate. Calm. "The deciding on a play is a very important step," he remarked suavely. "Sometimes you snap on one instantly and say, 'That's the play.' All the folk about you read it. We all think it is a fine effort, good entertainment. Staff is gathered in, the designers are called, all think it capital. Play is put on, the audience is impressed, not greatly but impressed. Critics like it. Then the people quit coming. The first nighters are about the only nighters.

"Again, we are rushed for time. A new play must be had. Anything for a stopgap. Oh, just grab this one, put it on until the real one is ready. And lo and behold, the people come in overwhelming numbers. So, you see, it is very hard to say."

Theodore Roberts entertained smug audiences in Grover Cleveland's day. And many years afterward. Roberts made his first stage appearance 40 years before the one-piece bathing suit was invented. He confessed to me, in the twilight of his career, "I love the new theater—the old strut and the voice that made the windowpanes rattle are in the ash heap of forgotten glories."

Mr. Roberts averred that in the '80s, here on the west coast, he wrote for the press. "In those early days, I used to write my own dramatic criticism for the paper," he laughingly admitted. "Then, if I wanted to dig a member of my company I did so, and no one knew who was doing it. Today dramatic criticism has resolved itself into a signed photograph."

Guy Bates Post had recently returned from Australia when I interviewed him. "All the little graces that go to make up the true gentleman are to be found in the Australian," Mr. Post declared. "And they are not effeminate, not at all. Their boys in the battleline proved that, and the country has a citizenship of just such people—they fear neither man nor the devil."

Speaking of fearing neither man nor the devil, I'm sure Sir Harry Lauder is that way. He will laugh with man and joke with the devil.

"Do you know any Scotch stories, Sir Harry?" I asked one morning. His pipe almost dropped from his mouth.

"Weel, tae tell ye th' truth, an auld meenister—"

"Could you say it in English, Sir Harry," I suggested.

"Noo, whau can ye be thinkin' about, mon! I gie ye th' story in perfec' English," came the prompt reply. But the remainder of the interview was in American English, instead of Argyleshire. Sir Harry doesn't think much of the garden variety of Scotch story. He said so.

"That's the thing that makes the Scotch people laugh," he explained, "to think that the Americans, or whoever they may be, think those wise-cracks are true. We laugh at them because we know they are absurd. Of course, there are thousands of stories that have been contorted and rubbed into the side of the Scot, and we know they have been taken from the French or the English or the Yankee, and they have been manufactured and contorted in America."

"When did this brand of so-called Scotch story start?" I inquired.

"About 25 years ago, after I came to America," Sir Harry replied. "Then everybody started crackin' wise ones about the meanness and the stinginess of the Scotch. Let me tell you this, the Scot was never mean nor stingy! He was just cautious and careful and thrifty. It would have been serving to tens of thou-

sands of Americans today if they have been as cautious and careful and thrifty as the Scots."

Sir Harry again announced, as he always does, that this was his "annual farewell tour—when my last will be I don't know." Then he mentioned his home, Lauderdale, on the Firth of Clyde in County Argyle.

"I'm not often home any more, I haven't been there often since the war," he said seriously, "because of the fact it was made desolate by the loss of my son and then by the loss of my wife. Now that all my brothers and sisters and their families are located in Lanarkshire, I am building a new home on the outskirts of Stra'ven, on the river Avon, to be near them."

As our visit was nearing the end, he took the straight-stemmed, black pipe from his mouth, and walked over to a window. He again mentioned his boy.

"I will see the boy some day, and we'll sing our melodies together—but it has been lonely since that day on the Somme, that day he went forward in battle and found rest on Flander's field."

As I left the room, Sir Harry Lauder was still looking out the window, looking at the rain and the fog that blew in from the sea.

Another good story teller was Walter C. Kelly, known on the stage as "The Virginia Judge." His Southern stories were a riot. Kelly's vaudeville salary back in the before-Coolidge days, suggested the national debt of that era. I asked "the judge" why his yarns were so popular.

"I'll tell you," he snapped, "it is because I get the pathos as well as the humor, and I never tell a story that you can't go home and repeat to your wife and daughter."

At the time, I had neither wife nor daughter. Neither had Kelly.

And Frank Fogarty, long president of the White Rats of America, was likewise a great monologist. He told his Irish tales so fast the audience was usually laughing at the third one back. I asked him why he talked so doggone rapidly. This was an easy one for Frank.

"You see," he began, "it lets your audience get the point without you stopping to diagram it; then, maybe only one in a party will get it, and he will feel proud at being able to do so,

and when I get to the next one the others will pay closer attention in order to beat the first man to it."

But it was Chic Sale's rube characterizations that caused me to laugh until I cried. His were Middle Western take-offs. My boyhood was enjoyed in the midwest. Mr. Sale and I were good friends back stage and out of the theater. He was rather serious when out of character.

"People like people," Chic explained one night when I took him out to dinner. (Correct!) "They like to read about them, hear about them, and see them characterized on the stage. Every character I have presented reminds everyone who sees it of someone else. That's why they come to see me. But if I tried to sing, that would be different."

Ted Lewis is a funny fellow off stage as well as on. "Now, I never brag," chirped Lewis when Charley Berg introduced me to the star, "because it's poor business in the show game; be modest, and you'll soon be in the poor house." Ted then told a story, the point being that "he never enjoyed talking with a hair-lipped girl." And he went on to say, "I never have trouble of any kind." Some interview one gets from a guy like that.

But William Kolb and Max Dill did run up against trouble now and then. They didn't like to advertise it, though. So talking to, with and at Kolb & Dill was a lot of fun, still one can't diagram it on paper. After Bill and Max had told all about raising apricots to make vanilla extract, Mr. Kolb remarked:

"Actors are not very fat these days, neither are managers. You don't collect receipts riding on sleeping cars."

Lew Dockstader, ace minstrel, begged me to save his life. As much as I enjoyed minstrel shows and as well as I liked Lew, I turned him down flat. This was long before I knew of Kolb & Dill's apricot ranch; a quart of apricot juice would have been just the thing.

My interview with Dockstader started with an effort to get his exact age. After I had popped questions at him for several minutes, while he was face washing after his act, he turned on me, and growled:

"Say, young feller, what are you tryin' to do with me! Don't you know that the two famous beauties, Lillian Russell and myself, are rather ticklish about our age?"

This was back in the days of prohibition. The old minstrel companies seemed to be in the last stages of dramatic hydrophobia. I asked the great blackface comedian about this trouble.

"Oh, the reason minstrelsy seems on the decline is because the people in the business did not keep up with the times," declared Dockstader, combing his thinly-thatched head. "The old week stands have given out pretty well, but if a fellow wants to play one-nighters there's lots of money in it yet.

"But a minstrel show along modern lines, with new dope at every turn, will go, and go big. I'm workin' on some stuff, and think I'll be ready before long. And say, if I should start to die here in this town, do you think any of your friends could save my life? If so, I'm dying right now; tell 'em to call up the Orpheum quick, and to bring a keg over while they're bringing'."

For years Lew Dockstader and George Henry Primrose trouped together, making countless millions merry. Primrose was the greatest soft-shoe dancer in two centuries. He told me he had figured out that since he began dancing and marching in street parades, he had traveled the distance between the earth and the moon. He explained how he started on his happy career.

A 14-year-old bell boy in a cheap hotel loafed o' nights in Pete Kewin's Free-and-Easy, a well known resort under a Chicago sidewalk in the '60s. One evening a man was trying to do a clog dance on the four-by-nine stage. The bell boy, George Primrose, laughed. This loud giggle made him famous.

"If youse thinks you can do any better, why in hell don't youse get up and do sumthin?" the ultra-hardboiled manager hissed at the scoffer.

George got up, did a clog, and took the house by storm. He was given a job then and there.

"The fiddler in the place was none other than Dan Emmett, author of 'Dixie,'" Primrose stated. "This was one of the resort's main features, this playing of Emmett's. He was just an ordinary violinist, but not many of the boys started out with as famous an artist to play for them as I had."

No matter how many times I went back stage to interview those two most charming minstrel gentlemen, James McIntyre and Thomas Heath, they always told the story of Ben Thompson, notorious Texas killer of the '70s. McIntyre would relate

the adventure, starting the yarn with, "Ben had a record of 125 men he'd bumped off, not countin' Mexicans." And then James would say:

"He didn't like to shoot his best friends, but a lot of times he had to but he always gave them a decent burial."

Funny world, this. It was none other than Ben Thompson who brought McIntyre and Heath together. So this loud-mouthed Texas murderer, who was killed by a 19-year-old boy in 1882, might be said to be the grandfather of the famous "ham tree."

"I first went to San Antonio with a dancing partner named Mike Butler," began McIntyre, settling back in an easy chair, and lighting a cigar. "We had been troupin' together for some time, but Butler used poor judgment at Lula. Lula was a tent town at the end of the railroad, and Ben Thompson was sheriff and boss gambler there. Mike borrowed some money from Thompson, promising to send it back in a week. The week passed, no money went down to Lula, so Ben came up to San Antonio to kill Mr. Butler.

"But one of the landladies in the redlight district hid Mike. She told him to get in a cover, then she put two stoves around him, piled a lot of old carpets over him and also some stove wood. When Ben searched the place—he kept telling Sadie he wouldn't kill him in the house but would kick him into the backyard first—he never found poor Mike.

"When Ben left the house, Sadie gave Mike some sandwiches, and told him to run. So far as I know, he's runnin' yet. I had to get a new partner; Heath's partner was taken sick, so we just joined forces, and have been goin' ever since."

Just then Tom Heath breezed in as youthful-looking and happy as a schoolboy.

"I suppose Jim is tellin' you all about the killers," he said.

"Oh, yes."

"Then it's the curtain for me. I get a chill every time I hear of 'em," announced Tom.

"It's a funny thing," resumed Jim McIntyre, "those real bad men in San Antonio, the real guys who had killed 40 or 50, looked like dry-goods clerks. They were quiet and modest when sober. The boys who looked like the gunmen you see in the movies were the janitors, and they never shot nothin'."

Ben T. Dillon was another mirth-maker who went to Texas when longhorns flourished. He traveled south with the first "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show to play in Texas. How he escaped lynching, heaven only knows. San Antonio was the only place the company made money on that tour, Ben said.

Eddie Foy never talked to me about Texas, but he cried one night when he told how no manager would back him in presenting "Hamlet." "I have spent hours and hours reading Shakespeare in my room," explained the funny-voiced actor. "I read his plays aloud; I learn parts, and play them to myself. I have seen every great Shakespearean actor since I was old enough to skin the cat."

Sir Henry A. Lytton, one of the original Savoyards, might have been a great Shakespearean actor had he taken up that line instead of musical comedy. I met Sir Henry on his first visit to this country following the World war. The milestones he had passed were many, he possessed a vast fund of theater lore, but all he wanted to talk about was the war.

One of his sons enlisted in the air corps. One evening the boy crossed over the enemy lines piloting a British bomber. The next day, after the lad's name there was posted the word "Missing."

"I only wish I knew," mused the actor, then, looking up he said, "I sure like your United States. Good afternoon, sir."

Perhaps Sir Henry knows now.

Daniel Frohman didn't mention war. I referred to his many years in the art, and had my ears pinned back for speaking. All this in 1934.

"Years have nothing to do with age," shouted Mr. Frohman. "I organized my stock company in 1886, and I don't hesitate in saying that it produced more stars than any other like organization in the country."

As we sat in his apartment on the top floor of his Lyceum theater in New York, he named a long list of his former players. He related incidents in their careers. I asked Mr. Frohman if we will have any more great actors.

"Oh, yes, there will be other actors as great as those gone before," he replied, but there wasn't any snap in his words. He was expressing a hope.

Mention was made of recent dramas, and the veteran pro-

ducer remarked, "The plays that reflect life, the most serious moods of life, I might say, are the plays that succeed. The stage is the great instructor—the church and the stage work together to show mankind the good and the bad in life."

Charles Coburn, the great actor and organizer of the Mohawk Drama Festival at Union college, has also toiled long in the dramatic vineyard. He declared, "the theater is a reflection of our mentality. I don't think anyone will disagree with me, at least no educated person. One can note the difference in public opinion on the arts since our good dramatic companies have stopped making road tours."

Mr. Coburn in 1938 pointed out that "a private endowment is the thing we should have, and not a national theater supported by the government. The minute you get into politics, down the drain goes the whole thing. Henry Ford could endow such an institution, and not feel any strain on his pocketbook. We should have it started within a short time.

"The theater must have youth. And if it is going to last, it must have trained young people who love the stage, who have talent, who will stay with the classics as long as they can."

One of the half dozen greatest road shows to visit Portland this century was "The Green Pastures." Much of its greatness was due to the work of Richard B. Harrison as "De Lawd." Rowland Stebbins paid tribute to Mr. Harrison as a fine scholar, a devout Christian, a man who was trying to do something to better his race. Stebbins was owner of the show.

When the company arrived, I went to the depot to interview Mr. Harrison. "I think the stage is one of the world's greatest educational institutions when the proper plays are presented," he stated. "What I mean by proper plays are those that pertain to morals and history and general educational questions."

I asked him when he expected to return to Shakespeare.

"Well, I don't know for sure," he replied. "I hope 'The Green Pastures' will last long enough so I will not have to worry about any other play."

It did, for Richard B. Harrison. Friends gently carried him from the green pastures and laid his tired body to rest beside the still waters.

Another actor of rare delight was Lawrance D'Orsay, the Earl of Pawtucket. A jolly wit was he. As I was talking with

him in the dressing room, the company manager stormed in shouting that a certain English actor was dead.

"So is Queen Anne," calmly remarked D'Orsay.

The years were beginning to tell on D'Orsay when I last saw him. But they were more kind than they had been with Fay Templeton. I remembered when she was the toast of the town, and so, in Boston a few years ago, I called on her at the theater.

"You didn't know me, did you, Mr. Hazen," Miss Templeton said. "You saw me when I was young and beautiful and slender."

She talked cheerfully, bravely, insisted on giving me tickets to the show. There was an echo of nightingales singing in the moonlight. It was only an echo.

But even with the sadness that came over me as I sat there, I enjoyed the interview with Miss Templeton much more than one I had with Minnie Maddern Fiske. All Mrs. Fiske would talk about was the terrible cruelty of fur-trappers in capturing wild animals. She had never seen any fur-trappers at work, her talk sounded very like a press agent.

In Mrs. Fiske's heyday one of the most popular American actors was William Collier, best known as Willie Collier. I can't recall any stage offering funnier than Willie Collier in "The Dictator." When I visited him, late one afternoon, at his home in Los Angeles, he talked to me for more than an hour regarding the Yankee prize ring. He began with 1866, and came down to date.

"Bob Fitzsimmons was a very great man of battle," exclaimed Mr. Collier. "I can never think of him without admiring his courage and his willingness to fight. The matter of weight never bothered him in the least; 'the bigger they were the harder they fell.' They never licked him until he was old. Fitzsimmons was the greatest fighter of them all!

"Jeffries was a grand man in the ring, but made the mistake of not fighting often enough. And I think Jack Dempsey the second also was a wonderful fighter; his generalship was excellent, and he had the heart of a battler."

The hero of "The Dictator" didn't talk much about the stage. This would have been a real disappointment to his friend, George Christie, had the younger actor been present. "The

first play I was in out in Portland I was with Willie Collier," Mr. Christie related. "It was 'On the Quiet'."

I was talking with George Christie late one night in the Players Club when he asked me if I had known Robert Ingersoll. I told him that Robert Ingersoll and a peach-cheeked Arkansas girl had had a great deal to do with my going into the newspaper game. Jay Elmer House put me to work on *The Erie* (Kan.) *Sentinel*, but Ingersoll and the unnamed pretty girl figured in the problem.

"Ingersoll knew his Shakespeare from cover to cover, as every good orator must know it to know the use of words," Mr. Christie declared. "There are two things a great orator must know—the King James version of the Bible and Shakespeare."

I am sure that E. H. Sothern knew both his Bible and his Shakespeare. But in his dramatic work, this great actor was not hidebound. He believed modern writers also produced fine works. In an interview I enjoyed with Mr. Sothern, he pointed out:

"We must take up new things and try them, and if there is good in them, we will find it out. When we go along in a rut, we soon lose what influence we may have had because we lose the soul of art. If a man comes to me and says, 'Sothern, that play of yours is rotten!' I will say, 'Well, sir, please sit down and tell me where it is rotten.' If he has a reason, I want to hear it.

"Of course, there are cranks, but all are not in this class, and many men who have reached a high place in their professions can learn much from a keen-observing outsider. Now, when he tells me what he thinks wrong about my work or a production I give, I'm ready to defend my case; then, we may get together.

"There is so much posing in art nowadays, so much buncombe, that we have to go through a great deal of chaff to find a little wheat. Still, that little is needed, and we must keep on looking for the good things that are only awaiting a discoverer."

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson was another wonderful artist who knew the classics. To see one of his performances was a rare treat, and during his last western tour he played to crowded houses.

"I hope people do not come just out of idle curiosity," the actor-manager, formerly a portrait painter, said, seriously. "I

want them to come because they love art, because they wish to encourage the actor to become a true artist in every sense of the term, and because they want something the stage gives to an inquiring soul that cannot be gained elsewhere."

As we talked, Sir Johnston remarked, "One learns one's weaknesses by reading what the critics say."

Maxine Elliott, whose young womanhood beauty was something to cry over and who was Sir Johnston's sister-in-law, said newspapermen had been so unfair that she would not see one until she knew about him beforehand. The last time she visited Portland, she told me in her Heilig theater dressing room, "I am very happy to again appear in the cities where I played when I first began my career; the people are as kind now as they were then."

Olga Petrova wasn't sure regarding the kindness of people. During one of her visits to the Pacific coast, a certain golden-haired actress was receiving very severe criticism for leaving a husband to galavant around with an athletic actor.

"Why should a woman continue to live with a man when she does not love him, when she knows they are not mated?" Madame Petrova asked, but before I could give the right answer she continued: "It should be enough for a woman to say, 'I cannot live with this man!' It should be enough for a man to say, 'I cannot live with this woman!' Why should anyone else have a thing to say about it. All love should be free, as free as the beating of the heart."

During the interview, beautiful, handsome Olga Petrova made a declaration that millions of women should take to heart. Said Madame Petrova, "Whenever any woman is slouchy in her body she is slouchy in her mind."

But during my interview with Blanche Bates, we talked of happier things. In fact, this actress was always delightful, always as welcome as the rainbow. The last time she starred in her native city she declared, "By gum, I'm mighty proud to tell everybody I was born in Portland, Oregon." At that time "by gum" was her favorite "by" expression.

She mentioned she would like to buy a farm on Mount Hood or near the Columbia River highway, but exclaimed, "What are you going to do when you have children to be educated, and a husband who is crazy about New York."

Margaret Anglin likewise dreamed of 40 acres and a cow. These and a few chickens, were to come when she quit the stage. Still, Miss Anglin was seer enough to remark, "I expect I'll be pretty green out there in the country, I won't even know where to put the footlights."

Every farm needs a dog. Leon Errol might make a good trainer for the pet. Errol used to have a stage fall that was a scream. His dog taught him the trick. "I wanted the pup to sit up and look pleasant when company came, but that dog didn't have any brains," stated Leon. "I would put him up, then he'd just fall over. I tried standing him on his hind legs in a corner but his legs sorta wilted out from under him.

"All the while the dog was falling he would keep looking up at me beseechingly as much as to say, 'Don't keep making me do this because I don't want to.' It struck me so funny that I practiced it, and the thing went over like Niagara Falls."

Trixie Friganza would have been a delightful guest on any farm. Trixie's fat was her fortune, and how she loved to eat. All farm housewives want their friends to eat long and merrily. "Whenever I lose an ounce, I run to the nearest restaurant and eat potatoes until I nearly bust," Miss Friganza, whose Sunday name was Delia O'Callaghan, expounded. "It cost me so much to put on this fat that I'm not going to lose any of it if the food holds out."

Jane Cowl, with figure that was perfect, talked of the stage and not of stew when I met her at the Portland depot. She wasn't interested one figleaf in rural life, just in the theater. And Miss Cowl was all aflutter on account of higher railroad rates and increasing taxes—"because," she piqued, "I just know managers will think a whole lot of times before they'll send a real production out this far from New York. This is a long ways from New York, isn't it?"

I asked Miss Cowl, whose eyelashes were as black as her eyes were brown, if she thought the old scheme of traveling stars and local stock companies would ever come back.

"That was all right for the works of Mr. Shakespeare, which had to be played the same way by most of the people everywhere, the same in Portland as in Podunk," Miss Cowl declared, speaking rapidly. "But how do you think I would like to visit Butte, Mont., to play 'Smilin' Through' with a stock com-

pany that had been collected there? Believe me, I wouldn't!"

Nor would David Warfield care to play in a stock company in Butte. He didn't say so, but it's certain. While Mr. Warfield was making up one night, I asked him what it takes to make a great player.

"To be a great actor, one must have a soul and sympathy. Do you get what I mean—soul and sympathy," Mr. Warfield declared, stopping his work to speak more emphatically. "I can't define these two, but without them no actor or actress can be counted really great. Men and women may have worked until all the known arts of the profession are at their fingertips, are on their tongues' end, but still they are known only as polished players; people go to see them to say they have been to a comedy or drama in which so-and-so appeared.

"Those actors do not have souls nor sympathy, or if they have, they are not able to project them over the footlights.

"Just what 'soul' is, I can't tell you. But you know it when you see someone who has a large soul, and can make those around him feel that he has. This is something no amount of education or work can give; you can't buy it on Broadway or Market street; you just have to have it. And if you have, and if you can project it, then you have something that cannot be taken from you, and it's the greatest asset in the profession."

Jefferson De Angelis didn't talk of the drama seriously the night I chatted with him. He seemed to delight in telling he was born two days before old John Brown was hanged in Virginia. But DeWolf Hopper, when I took dinner with him, discussed baseball and women.

Marjorie Rambeau spoke of the general interest for good plays. She said people "west of the Mississippi river are as keen as those east of it." And Miss Rambeau pointed out that "if you send out firstclass attractions the people will pungle down their dollars to see the shows."

Customers used to flock by the many, many thousands to see Fred Stone, no matter which side of the Mississippi he was on. He is still a great favorite in pictures. Circus performer, musical comedy star, vaudeville thrill, big time movie man, Fred Stone is always magnificent.

My interview with this winning ex-Kansan filled more than two pages of *The Oregonian*. It was chiefly about his circus

career, adventures in a long-ago horse and wagon era when the circus traveled overland.

"We would drive so as to camp a few miles from town, never driving in at night," explained Mr. Stone. "At 4 o'clock in the morning we were up, and actors and band would start soon after that. The first one to see a sign of the town, usually a church steeple, would yell—

"'I see China!'

"And then the entire procession took on new life. The horses would be just dragging themselves along, the drivers would be leaning over almost asleep, and almost everyone in the wagons would be dozing. But when they heard, 'I see China,' everyone got awake."

And speaking of the circus, I recall that George Jean Nathan, dean of American dramatic critics, told me "the circus will never die. How can you kill anything that the children like? In Germany they like to be soldiers, and when they grow up they go to war."

Of the old stock companies, so dear to many hearts, Mr. Nathan remarked, "It would be a very fine thing if the good ones would come back, but there were some poor companies that did much to hurt the theater."

Earle Larimore, delightful actor, averred that "the stage is always a fine career but to make good a man has to have training; it is very difficult to get that training now because the fall and winter stock companies are almost things of the past. It isn't just putting on a make-up and being able to speak the lines that makes an actor. One must have background."

Background is the priceless something that Lunt and Fontanne have in commodious volume. But Alfred Lunt strangely thinks the audiences don't care too much about the players. "People go to see a show, not the actors," he announced one night when we talked things over. He and Lynn Fontanne were presenting an aged classic in Portland.

"We do this play as we think it was originally done," Lunt explained; "in those old days a play wasn't just put together with spit."

Miss Fontanne told of the hard work required to put on a good play. "If anyone thinks the stage is all satin cushions and roses, he is mistaken," she said.

Ruth Chatterton agrees with Miss Fontanne on the work but not with Lunt about what the customers pay for. "The people want to see and hear the players," Ruth revealed.

Raymond Massey, while starring in "Abe Lincoln of Illinois," avowed that many theater-goers "look for the trees and miss the forest." These people, he rightfully thinks, are a nuisance.

"The things I dislike most in life are phonies and high-brows, anyone who tries to put on a front," declared Massey. Wounded while fighting on the western front in 1916 as a Canadian artilleryman, this actor knows what a real man is.

The present war was roaring savagely when Gertrude Lawrence brought "Skylark" to the Northwest. "I get awful days of depression, when my pillow at night is filled with big white feathers, and I want to go home," the English actress exclaimed as tears came to her eyes. "But everyone tells me I can do mere over here."

She was sad, but the humor in her flashed in spite of her homesickness. "Don't take my picture showing me walking backwards," Miss Lawrence insisted, "because in slacks I look like an elephant from the rear."

Another great artist from England, Comedienne Gracie Fields, also realized she could do more over here for Britain's innocent air raid victims than she could do at home. I asked her on January 21, 1941, at the Benson hotel what she thought of American men.

"Perhaps they are a little softer than our men are," she replied. "The living is easier over here. They look brash and healthy between the ages of 16 and 23; when they get past that age all go into the same pattern. Men are alike everywhere after they pass 23."

I didn't ask Lady Diana Manners about American men because her husband, Alfred Duff Cooper, was with her. I inquired if she had noticed any difference in Yankee audiences and British ones. "My play, 'The Miracle,' was treated as a religious production, and the audiences were asked not to applaud," she related, "so there was no difference in the crowds that attended."

While Taylor Holmes didn't find much difference in audiences, he did find differences in police departments. He found

the blue laws working when he arrived in Portland with "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Some words were ordered out of the play, whereupon Mr. Holmes said this to me:

"A virgin can walk into a book store and buy the works of Shakespeare without police interference or police protection. And this in spite of the fact that William's sonnets are hot enough to burn the tablecloth on which the book may be put. But there is no censorship over the books that are sold."

What my old friend George Fawcett—God rest his soul—thought of virgins and their literary purchases, I'll never know. One day while I was talking shop with this actor at The Players, a friend came up and chatted a minute. When he left, George said the man was well-to-do, didn't have to work.

"That's a fine way to be," I thought, outloud.

"Well, sometimes it is," replied George Fawcett.

I don't think William H. Dills ever reached the economic status. A fine gentleman, a very clever actor, Dills never gained the stardom he deserved. In an interview, I asked him once if kissing actresses on the stage wasn't sometimes dangerous.

"Ugly ones are not dangerous," William remarked.

In that case, Miss Billie Burke in her early starring career must have been very hazardous. If there was ever a more beautiful woman on the American stage than Billie Burke, that rival never appeared on my horizon. I asked Miss Burke, "How much does beauty mean to a young woman seeking a stage career?"

"I think her looks count for a great deal with a manager, who is gathering his company," replied the actress. "It takes a very discerning manager to see a strong character in a plain face. But some of our greatest actresses have not been noted for their beauty."

She was then asked if there is any theatrical hope for a plain looking girl.

"I should say so, I should say so," answered Miss Burke quickly. "There are qualities in a face that often are more appealing than prettiness. There is winsomeness, for example. So many really plain women are winsome and have real charm, that a manager, in using his saner judgment, will see that their character will be more attractive than a mere pretty face. You know, it is a true saying that 'husbands will stick longer to a plainwoman than to a beauty, if the plain woman has charm.'"

Generals, New and Old

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, like all great commanders, thinks soldiers should be trained before a crisis and not after it breaks. Like his fellow Virginian, he believes in getting ready for battle while the doves are cooing. He was heart, soul and gizzard for the conscription law.

While this bill was in the congressional hopper, the army's chief of staff inspected western troops. War wasn't far away. I brought up the subject of conscription as a bitter fight was being made against the bill. General Marshall isn't afraid of pencil and paper in the hands of a newspaperman, so he was asked if conscription was actually needed.

"It is something that must be done, and as quickly as possible," he replied instantly. "It is the only democratic method I know, the only practical method I know, to obtain the men we need at the time we need them. In the opinion of the war department the conscription bill is something that must be passed for the possibilities of the immediate future. We should not have to depend on a haphazard method."

General Marshall explained that if recruiting "was put on a real business basis we would know just how many men we would have at a certain time, and we would know just where to place them. It doesn't do to get your men a year late; you have to have them on time in this game!"

The chief-of-staff had just inspected the troops in the Fort Lewis area. "It was quite impressive to see these western fellows," General Marshall told me. "I had time to get around among the various units, and to hear what they had to say about how things are going; I learned that many things are all right, that some could be changed a bit. It is well to know what the troops in the field think about things."

On December 12, 1939, Major General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the army air corps, arrived at Vancouver Barracks,

also on an inspection trip. Down in his heart he knew that his eagles were going to have to do a lot of fighting in a few months. He was anxious.

"You can't make an air force over night," General Arnold declared. "We have just started on a two-year program. At the end of our two-year program we will have a force that will be the equal of or better than any other in the world. Our pilots are the equal of or better than any other pilots in the world. I like to have them start in at from 19 to 21 years of age."

A year-and-a-half after Arnold's visit, Major General George H. Brett, a high-ranking officer in the air corps, talked earnestly about the army wanting long-range bombers and more pilots. Asked regarding the aviators going into the service, he exclaimed as he waved his arms, "Dandy, dandy, gosh, the youngsters are stacking up beautifully."

One evening in August, 1940, after he had made an extended flight, I asked Major General Delos C. Emmons the right age for a boy to start training to become an army pilot. Emmons had long been known as an expert in military aviation.

"That's a hard question to answer," the winged general replied. "We like to get them at our training quarters around 21, 22, 23, the reason being that the younger they are the more we get out of them before they are too old. A man can learn to fly at any age if he has good eyesight and good health. But the older men can't do the type of service required in military aviation because they can't go up to the altitudes that are demanded in army flying. The wear and tear of military service requires youth. Where youth counts most is in pursuit ships."

In August, 1938, Major General Frank M. Andrews commanded the G.H.Q., air force. He flew out from Washington with General Marshall, and just after they alighted at Pearson Field, Vancouver, Wash., Andrews declared, "We've got the finest aviation personnel there is." Marshall agreed.

And then the air officer announced, "I think we have one of the best bombers in the world."

As I talked with those officers, and many others, I often thought of a notable interview I had with Brigadier General William Mitchell on May 3, 1926. The story of his fight to build up the army's air force is one of the tragedies of the

service. But that is recorded in the histories. Here is a small part of what Billy Mitchell told me.

"In every other first-class country the governments send out all the information they can about aeronautics; here it is concealed," said the officer whom I had known in France during war days. "But the reason isn't hard to find. Big business is against it, and when big business is against anything that something, no matter what it is, has hard sledding.

"The steel trust has made billions out of selling armor and big guns to the navy—it isn't going to sit quietly by and see all these good pickin's disappear in foggy air. The steel gentlemen are clever, and they're not overlooking any bets."

General Mitchell also pointed out that the railroad and the steamship interests were stoutly opposing the development of air transportation.

"Of course, our army and navy departments are going to fight the air service as long as the present system is in vogue," he continued. "Congress wants to make big appropriations for the air service, but it wants to take every dollar for it out of the moneys given to the army and navy. When this is done there won't be much of said army and navy, therefore the big howl in charmed circles."

Mitchell said in that long ago, "I think Japan will be the world's greatest air power." He didn't live to see the rise of Nippon's military might, and little heed was paid to his warning. Japan continued to build warplanes, and some of them bombed Colonel (now general) Ralph Royce when he visited the Chinese army at Cheng-tu in 1939. "I think the highlight of my trip was being bombed by 26 two-engine Japanese planes," he related.

"The Chinese make good pilots, and the Japanese are pretty good, too. The Japanese formation I saw was as well flown as any I have ever seen of big airplanes; they had flown 600 miles to reach Cheng-tu, and had to fly back 600 miles after dark."

And this brings to mind what Major General Frank R. McCoy told me in Chicago about the Japanese on September 20, 1935. General McCoy has one of the best military minds America has had since the days of Sherman and Thomas, Lee and Jackson.

"In 1921, when I was in Japan, I met a large number of British and French officers there training Japanese for the air

service," McCoy stated. "They all told me the Japanese would never make good aviators, that they didn't have good eyesight, that they didn't take to the work in a way that made for skill in the air service.

"But I put this talk down to the fact that white men never want to admit that members of colored races are their equals. My opinion is the Japanese will make good aviators; they are not up to the United States or the leading European powers in this art right now but in ten years I look to see them have a very proficient and a very large air force."

And in 1935 General McCoy also said "the protection for the Northwest lies in Alaska. The army is beginning to realize that an enemy with a large air force based in Alaska could sweep down to the Northwest, and maybe inland east as far as the Rockies."

The battle brew was boiling in the poison pots of Osaka when Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, chief of staff GHQ, and Brigadier General Mark W. Clark, assistant chief of staff G-3, visited Portland air base August 22, 1941.

"We are not ready for battle but we are training our men by using the same equipment over and over," declared McNair, who believes in plain truth. "It is better to be training the troops while the equipment is being made than not to be training at all. We can't make an army over night."

And Clark announced that "training is coming along as well as possible."

The two higher-ups from GHQ were to confer with Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, commander of the 4th Army, while in the west. General DeWitt, by the way, is a delightful man to interview, save for one thing—all his hot news is off the record. After telling some exciting information about Alaska and what was being done with troops coming to the Northwest from the East, he did permit me to publish two extremely innoxious statements:

"You'll recall that over in France we didn't have any such thing as weather."

"This seems to be an age for speed."

No enemy, real or prospective, could get much comfort out of those declarations. General DeWitt doubtless learned the information-is-dangerous lesson during the World war, in which

he performed important staff duties. Generals in that conflict didn't talk for publication while the shooting was going on, but after the fighting ended and the boys came home to sit under the apple trees, the officers again talked for publication.

The statement that startled me the most was made by General Charles P. Summerall. In France he commanded the First division a short while, was promoted to be corps commander; some years later he was chief of staff of the army. It was while he was chief of staff that I interviewed him.

I asked if the World war hadn't dumped the cavalry into the well-known ashcan. The answer came with a snap.

"No, sir, the World war did not do away with cavalry," declared Summerall, "and we are paying more attention to that branch of the service than we did before the late war.

"Most people do not realize what a great part the cavalry played in the World war. In the early period when the English and Germans were making that great dash for the Channel, it was the cavalry that kept the British from being flanked. Without the cavalry, the British commander could never have moved his men to the left rapidly enough to have kept the Germans from outflanking him and capturing the all-important Channel ports."

An artilleryman by choice, son of a Confederate soldier, General Summerall talked freely one October night in 1928 at the residence of Brigadier General James H. Reeves, commandant at Vancouver Barracks.

"The war gave us new weapons," stated the army chief, "in gas, tanks and airplanes. But the one weapon that demonstrated its overwhelming power was the machine gun. It took a terrible toll, and proved that one man and a machine gun can do more than a regiment did in Civil war days.

"The greatest development of any weapon, I must say, was made in artillery. While in former wars only about 15 per cent of the casualties were caused by artillery fire, in the World war 65 per cent were from shell fire, chiefly high explosives."

But it wasn't machineguns nor big Berthas that impressed Summerall most in 1917-'18. "The towering and most interesting thing of the war," he announced, "was the quick method in which discipline was instilled into 4,000,000 young men. The adaptability of our youth to change its mode of living over-

night was the greatest surprise to all European military men."

Major General Hugh L. Scott, ex-chief of staff of the army, told me the greatest lesson learned from the World war was the terrific power of the high-angle guns, first used by the Germans in breaking down the Belgian forts.

"When I learned what these guns did, I at once began to work for them for our army, but all I got was one pilot gun," General Scott revealed.

Another great surprise to European military men, perhaps to General Scott also, was how the American citizen soldier could do the impossible. Perhaps the "greatest surprise" division of our 1918 overseas army was the 30th—it was the first to break the unbreakable Hindenburg line. Major General Edward M. Lewis, who commanded the "Old Hickory" division, is proud of the Dixie doughboys.

"They were wonderful field soldiers, wonderful shots," General Lewis stated as we talked in his Oakland, Cal., home. "When the big drive was made on September 29, 1918, mine was the one division that got through and reached its objective. And we attacked one of the very strongest parts of the line. We were a part of the British Fourth army.

"My division was the best, after the 1st and 2nd, over there—naturally I am prejudiced. But say, out of the 78 medals of honor given to the 2,000,000 soldiers in the A.E.F., my division was awarded 12 of them."

Major General James H. McRae trained his 78th division back of the British lines. "We were the tenth American division sent to train back there," he explained. "The British had thin lines, and we were there to help them in case of a general attack. We were just going into the British lines for active duty when ordered down to the American section for the attack on St. Mihiel.

"After Chateau-Thierry the entire morale of the allies changed. You could feel this change when their thoughts turned from defense to offense. The allies of course wondered how the Americans would fight. They were anxious, naturally, and when they saw that the Americans could fight successfully they at once began thinking in terms of offense instead of just hold the line."

I was glad to know just when the allied field marshals

snapped out of their hold-fast-to-the-trenches complex, and decided to make "attack" their motto. For years another war question bothered me—why did the fighting continue on many parts of the line right up to the last second before 11 A.M., on November 11, 1918? The armistice was signed at 5:05 o'clock that morning, and every division commander knew of it before sunrise.

The day I sailed for Germany in May, 1933, I called on Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard at his New York apartment. I thought it would be a good time to find out the real reason why the fighting kept on for hours after everyone in high command knew the war was over.

"General, if you are at liberty to do so, I wish you would tell me why the fighting continued the day of the armistice until exactly 11 o'clock," I asked the ex-commander of the Second American army.

"Yes, I'll tell you; it's no secret," Bullard replied. "We were not absolutely sure that the Germans were going to keep their side of the bargain. Maybe some of the generals on the other side had different ideas from the peace commissioners, so we said to ourselves, 'Who in hell knows? We'll just fight up to the last minute and if they prove that they are going to abide by the terms of the armistice by stopping their fire at 11 o'clock, then we'll stop'."

"What would the American army have done had the Germans continued fighting after 11?" was asked.

"That was all thought out—we would have kept on going ahead, and we would have brought up new divisions just as fast as God would let us," he said, his eyes snapping. "We would not have been fooled by the trick, but I think the Germans would have been fooled by the vigorous way we would have gone after them!"

General Bullard declared that the only way to make the enemy really want an armistice was to fight him so hard he would cry for peace. "Fighting alone brings an enemy to terms," he declared, "for no one is going to give in to a weak-kneed foe!"

"We just kept on planning and getting everything all ready for a big offensive, no matter what rumors came floating along. On November 15, bright and early in the

morning, I was to advance side by side with the best fighting general in the French army. We were to move to the south-east of Metz. When this offensive was planned the French still thought the war would continue until well into 1919.

"In October a high French officer at my headquarters told me he had come to get me to urge Pershing to 'hurry over more American troops so we can win in 1919.' That's the way the war was to have been won, according to the officers of the high French command. But our boys who were there did the work so well and so quickly that the Germans decided they couldn't wait until 1919 to surrender; they thought if eventually, why not now! So I didn't go to General Pershing to give him my friend's urgent message."

General Bullard thought the war could have been ended much sooner than it was. "I think it could have been ended at Soissons, where we attacked along with the French in July," he stated.

I asked if the American divisions then in the line were trained well enough to handle the situation.

"Why, we could have done it at night, blind-folded and drunk," was the prompt reply.

Major General Ulysses Grant McAlexander, the Rock of the Marne, thought Foch permitted the enemy to quit too soon. He often told me the allies should have forced the Germans to surrender in the field. Reliving the first armistice day, McAlexander said in an anniversary interview:

"I was with my regiments (180th brigade, 90th division) during the entire morning, and everyone from private to colonel seemed depressed. Every one of the 8,000 troops in my command believed the war was ending too soon. I didn't see an officer or man show the slightest elation over the news. Sadness was the dominant feeling. The Germans in our front didn't fire a shot after midnight of the 10th.

"I had notified my officers of the armistice, but warned them to be on their guard. We suspected trickery. The boys talked in undertones. There was no demonstration among the Texans that day. I could hear the fighting up toward Sedan. It was artillery fire. No planes of either army were visible."

General Peyton C. March, chief of staff of American armies during the World war, related to me what would have hap-

pened had Hindenburg not given up when he did. I interviewed General March a few days before I saw General Bullard. The cool, calculating four-star chieftain talked plainly. The chief of staff accomplished a wellnigh impossible task in training our troops and in sending them and supplies to Europe.

"How many men did you propose to send over, general?" I asked.

"I proposed to have a combat force of 3,000,000 men in France by June, 1919," March replied as we sat in the drawing room of his Washington home. "The total force of our armies was to be 5,000,000 by that time, and 3,000,000 of this number would be constantly kept overseas. I realized the longer the war continued, the more of the front lines would have to be taken over by our troops. Just how many men would be kept in the services of supply guarding the line of supplies and how many would be in the battle zone would rest with the man in command in France."

It is worthy of note that March said he would keep 3,000,000 men in Europe. So no matter what our losses might have been, he would have continued sending over great masses of replacements. He said he never feared Germany would train its vast horde of Russian prisoners to fight in the kaiser's armies.

General March was asked regarding the rumor that had the war continued a few months longer General Pershing would have been relieved of command.

"At no time was the question of relieving General Pershing of his command ever considered by the war department," came the instant reply.

This reminds me of what Major General George H. Cameron, overseas division and corps commander, said to me about the chief of the A.E.F. While talking with General Cameron at his home on Fishers Island, N.Y., October 1, 1934, he declared:

"General Pershing should not have been in command of the American army when it went into combat in France!"

I was surprised at the remark.

"That's a startling statement, general; just what do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Just what I said—General Pershing should not have been in command of the American army when it went into battle

over there," he repeated. "It was a mistake that cost us very severely. A very great deal of this would have been obviated if General Liggett had been put in charge of our troops at the front. He is a wonderful soldier, Liggett, and he would have handled the army in a way that would have brought great honor to all.

"Now, I'll explain what I mean. You looked surprised when I made the first statement. General Pershing had too much to do to give all his time to the First army, the Second army as you remember wasn't formed until just a few days before the armistice. But the troops at the front were not all our men in France; there were always more troops back of the lines than there were along the front; there was the great force in the services of supply; there were the large numbers of men undergoing training for battle; there were the many hospitals; there were the various headquarters, and there were problems of supplies that the commander-in-chief had to watch.

"Another very important thing was General Pershing had to attend the various conferences called by Foch and by the allied military missions. He had to go to these no matter how much he was needed on his own front, because they passed on problems dealing with the entire line. The result of Pershing's repeated absence from the front-line was that his staff was actually in command and issuing orders. That's why I believe that General Liggett, a very great soldier, should have been placed in command at the outset of the fighting."

Hunter Liggett was a great soldier, a grand American, a fine fellow. He interviewed perfectly. True, much he said was confidential but he always trusted newspapermen.

"When I think about it all, I wonder how we got away with it as well as we did," he told me in 1927. "Our boys were all green, and they went up against the finest army in Europe. You can think what you please about the Germans but you've got to hand it to them for that army they had during the war. It was the best thing in killing machinery that has ever been collected.

"Remember, the allies were begging for help. We went over to help them. And I want to tell the world that if it hadn't

been for the Americans the war would not have ended in 1918—if it had, the allies wouldn't have won it!"

Lieutenant-General Liggett said he was sick of the propaganda being spread in Europe and in America that the Yanks didn't do much but parade in Paris during the war. This propaganda didn't start until after the peace treaty was signed, he explained.

"We did a hell of a lot over there to win the victory," the soldier stated. "If you don't believe it, read a history of the war before we went into the line, and then read the story after our divisions started doing their stuff. While we were at Soissons and Chateau-Thierry, while we were fighting on the Marne and slamming our way through the lines at St. Mihiel, while we were taking it on the chin and giving better punches back in the Meuse-Argonne sector—you didn't hear anything in France or England about the Yanks parading in Paris then.

"There wasn't a damn word said about us being on a picnic when we were burying our dead on those windswept hills and in the dark valleys of the then French frontier. All this stuff has come up since they started trying to keep from paying their debts to us."

Another great soldier in the First army was Major General William M. Wright. Some years after he retired I was chatting with him in his Washington home. I had a letter of introduction from one of his former officers, Colonel Edward C. Sammons, so we talked about the big war.

"Just before we went into the Argonne," General Wright said, "Pershing came to my headquarters one day and without any preliminaries he said, 'Bill Wright, we have been friends for many years; I like you. But you'll have to make good. Our friendship won't save you if you don't. I've had to pull out several divisions on account of straggling. God help you if I have to take out this division on account of straggling. If I do, you are through. That's all!'

"And he stomped out and rode away. I didn't sleep a wink all night. I thought out a plan that I was sure would put us over.

"I gave orders for all the officers and non-commissioned officers of the four infantry regiments to gather in certain

places, where I wanted to talk to them. As I think of it now, it was a dramatic setting, in a way. Shells were coming over, it was dull and gray with enough fog to hide the sun. When I reached each group, I said:

“I want all the corporals to step out in front. I’m going to talk to the corporals, but I want all you others to listen!”

“When all the corporals were lined up, I said:

“We are going into this fight, and I have called you together to tell you that I can’t win this fight unless you help me. Each of you corporals will go in in charge of seven men. You will handle them the way they should be handled, and we will win. I hold each of you responsible for these seven men, you will take them in and you will bring them out unless you can show the names of the killed and wounded. Aside from those who are dead and wounded, each corporal must bring out of the line, when the division is called back, the same men he took in. Are you with me?”

“A faint ripple of a cheer greeted this. But it wasn’t what it had to be if we were going to win. So I took a few steps forward, and then I said:

“I want every (blankety-blankety son) who has red blood in his veins to cheer—if you haven’t got it, don’t cheer!”

“Well, a yell went up from those corporals that you could have heard back in Chaumont. They went in to win, and they did win. We hadn’t any straggling, I think I picked up only 11 men who could be called stragglers. But we never could have made it as well as we did if I hadn’t had those non-commissioned officers with me.”

Major General Frank Parker, friend of Bill Wright’s, also knew the value of corporals. When Parker commanded the 6th corps area, I learned he was flying out to Vancouver so I was at the barracks to meet him. We had just started talking when a corporal came into the room with the luggage.

“Corporal, would you be able to get me a couple of roast-beef sandwiches without too much trouble,” said General Parker, who used to be called hard-boiled.

“I can get them, sir.”

“If you please, corporal, it would save me a lot of time.”

“Yes, sir.”

I had heard many higher-ups talking to corporals before

but this was the first time I had heard a major-general say "please" to a non-com or ask an enlisted man to do something "without too much trouble."

No soldiers were around when I interviewed Major General Amos A. Fries. This was some time before Germany marched its troops to the Rhine in violation of the Versailles treaty. He declared Berlin was openly making the treaty another scrap of paper. In April, 1927, he bluntly told me of this action.

"The peace treaty provides that Germany shall not manufacture chemicals that may be used for poisonous gasses," said the general, then chief of the chemical warfare service. "But how are they going to tell what chemicals are to be used for commercial and medical purposes, and what for warfare? It can't be done.

"Germany is openly and freely violating the treaty every day and night. France knows it. England knows it. Both are winking at it. The United States is importing annually from Germany tons of chemicals made in violations of the treaty. And what is anyone doing about it? Nothing!"

General Fries thought the Versailles adjustment a huge joke. Speaking of the treaty he said, "It's as elusive as a Mother Hubbard dress—it covers everything and touches nothing."

Poison gas was not worrying Major General John L. Hines when he came north while he commanded the 9th corps area. He was a corps commander in France, later chief of staff at Washington. What the army needed was more men, he announced, not stronger chemicals nor fancier airplanes. He granted the airplane was useful—"but of course it hasn't done away with the infantry, and it never will."

General Hines explained:

"For example, should an enemy send over 5000 airplanes to bomb Portland, what would they have to hold the city? Why, the citizens with their shotguns and hunting rifles could capture the entire outfit if it tried to land. It takes infantry to hold places, and in most cases it takes the hard fighting doughboy to win them."

Another soldier not scared of lethal vapors was Major General Robert Alexander, who commanded the wartime 77th

division. As matter-of-fact as a spring flood, Alexander replied to a query regarding gas as follows:

"I can only speak from what I have seen. Gas is a great annoyance, in some cases it causes considerable loss temporarily, and we should expect its use and prepare for it, but gas will not stop good infantry. I remember when we were getting ready for the big drive in the Meuse-Argonne on November 1, 1918. I was assigned to take a wood that was heavily armed. We knew it was suicide to go against it without artillery preparation.

"For three days and nights we shelled that wood with every kind of gas known to the army. After that we figured that every man in there must be dead or dying. Our boys rushed in, but the German machine gunners came up out of their holes and poured in a fire that was terrible—the gas hadn't made a dent in their lines.

"Gas of course will hurt the few men who breathe it, but it isn't going to do much except scare the timid. With good gas masks and other protection, a gas attack isn't much to be feared. Your nimble infantry rifleman isn't going to let it stop him."

In wartime the doughboys move in a hurry. Part of the 91st division was just out of the Argonne after days of terrific battle when Major General William H. Johnston, its commander, was called by telephone.

"Put your division on French trains at once and go to Belgium," said Brigadier General Hugh A. Drum, chief of staff of the First army.

"I've just come out of the Argonne with only part of it, one brigade is still fighting, and I've just received 4000 replacements, some of whom have been in the army only three months," replied Johnston.

"You will move tomorrow morning. Good NIGHT!" answered Drum.

And the famous Wild West division started for Belgium in the morning.

General Johnston was a ready talker. Interviewing him was a real break for leadpencil dealers. Major General Charles T. Menoher was different. He bossed the Rainbow division (42nd) eleven months, then took over the 6th corps. Didn't have

much to say when he came to Oregon in 1925, but he did prophesy:

"There are not going to be any more wars."

Major General James G. Harbord agreed with the Rainbow boss. One of America's big military three in France, Harbord doesn't choose to be interviewed often. A reporter has to waylay him. Our chat in the Benson hotel in 1927 wasn't so chatty. I had to try a new line. I told him an Englishman had written a book in which he said Great Britain will go to war against the United States within a few years because the British didn't like Americans.

"I don't know who the author is, and I don't care," snapped the titled veteran. "There's no more chance of England and America going to war than there is for any other impossible thing. It would be the greatest folly in the world. It would give civilization such a black eye she would never see again. There is no reason on earth for us warring. We might have some misunderstandings. Even the best of friends have these.

"But men don't kill their friends on account of not agreeing on just which play should have been made when one drew the joker, nor do firstclass countries go to war nowadays over questions that can be settled by men sitting down and talking it over. Without using a stronger word, I'd say the author of that bloody book has written pure bunk—on second thought, I might call it impure bunk."

I will not forget Harbord. He once asked Major General Charles H. Martin, "Who in hell is this David Hazen?" Martin has never told me his reply, but I often recall something General Martin did tell me—"You can't win a war with cookie soldiers!"

More gentle was Major General C. G. Morton. A 9th corps commander when he visited the Northwest, he bossed the 29th division in the A.E.F. On September 13, 1923, Morton was warring against the army's recruiting law. Asked regarding recruiting, he minced no sentences.

"To be frank with you, it is not in a good condition," he said, "not because we haven't a large number of applicants but on account of a queer law passed at the last session of congress. That law requires a man who says he is 21 years old or over and who wants to enlist in the army to bring in

two disinterested witnesses to prove that he is of age. Now, to show you how crazy the law is, a man can't bring in his father and mother as witnesses because they would be classed as interested parties. I think they ought to know when a boy was born better than anyone else."

General Morton was killed a few years later by a Fourth of July firecracker.

The recruiting law didn't please Major General Johnson Hagood, either, nor did he like the way enlistees were being trained. He wanted to do away with the horse-feathers, and make the recruits into soldiers right away.

"We can have a better system of national defense at a great deal less cost to the taxpayers," General Hagood told me in the spring of 1936. "The idea is to reduce the whole question to a basis of common sense and cut out all the bunk that has grown up in all these years in the matter of supply and organization and training.

"In case of war men can turn out as is. They can get busy and do something right away instead of hanging around the camps. Under the system I worked out, a recruit can be taught to be an expert rifleman in five hours; we would take him for a 30-minute lesson at first, then perhaps another half-hour's training, after which would follow four lessons of one hour each.

"At the same time he could be learning to march with a full pack. Go a short distance with a very light pack the first day, increase both for ten days. At the end of this time your recruit would be able to hike 12 miles with a full pack without his feet hurting, and he would be an expert marksman, too. In both respects he would be away ahead of thousands of soldiers who went to France during the war after having been in camps over here for nine months and more.

"My idea is to have the recruit start out at once to learn to be a real fighting soldier. Get action out of the recruit right away, polish him off afterwards. I don't give a damn how a boy salutes if he knows how to shoot and how to march; what if he does forget to say 'sir' if he knows how to take care of himself while advancing on the enemy."

General Hagood said nothing about what the recruit should have for chow, but General Malin Craig did. When Craig

commanded the 9th corps area, just before he became chief of staff, I interviewed him at Vancouver Barracks. He startled me by saying, "Milk is the best food soldiers can have!" He didn't dwell on the subject, but soon began telling me about the cavalry. He is a grizzled veteran of the 6th and the 1st United States horse.

"In my opinion the functions of cavalry as cavalry are more important now than ever before," he declared. "The heavy burden which the cavalry had to bear so long, that of long-distance reconnaissance, has been taken over by the air and motor services. And now the cavalry can do its real job, that of close-in reconnaissance. The horseman is the best for this work in woods and at night.

"Remember, I'm an old cavalryman, and I am prejudiced, and I am telling you my opinions. The horses are not held back by the weather—ever think of that? In rain, hail, snow, scorching sun, the old cavalryman kept on the job all day and all night. You saw where the air armada was held up the other day on account of rain! Never heard of a shower stopping Sheridan or Jeb Stuart did you? But I'm talking too much. That's a failing the oldtime cavalryman has when he talks about his branch of the service."

Major General George Grunert also thought we should hold onto the horses. In a talk just a short time before the outbreak of Polish-German hostilities he said, "I think they will never do away with cavalry. It may be mounted on automobiles, armored cars, bicycles, horses, camels—anything—but there is a cavalry job necessary to any army in this country. I don't expect to see the cavalry done away with in my lifetime.

"And I doubt if the time ever comes when they'll do away with the horse cavalry; if they do, there will be a time when it will be needed so badly that they will have to organize it again. There is a necessity for mechanized cavalry. This will be called our strategic cavalry, but we will also need other cavalry that can move with a fair amount of rapidity over ground where mechanized cavalry can't maneuver.

"Airplanes will go long distances, and see large concentrations of troops, but the cavalry on horses will be needed for work close in to the infantry."

One of the most delightful interviews I ever had with an army man was with Brigadier General Edward L. Munson in his San Francisco home in 1934. He invented the Munson shoe-last, the most comfortable last for walking that has ever been devised.

"It took me about four years to work it out," General Munson stated, "and it has been in use 22 years. I didn't get it patented. I began it at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, and finished it at Fort Leavenworth. Yes, it is still used in our army, and has never been changed."

General Munson's hobby is the preservation of wild game birds. He is a world expert on this important subject.

"This killing has got to stop, otherwise there will be no birds left as seed for the future," he declared after telling of the present-day slaughter. "I remember the passenger pigeon. Farmers used to shoot them by the thousands, for winter's meat. I killed one in 1886. I've seen ducks go just the way the passenger pigeons disappeared. We are just about at the end of the road."

Tall hunting tales were told by Brigadier General G. B. Pillsbury, assistant to the chief of engineers (Major General E. M. Markham), when he came to inspect Bonneville dam as it was nearing completion. Colonel (now a general) Thomas M. Robins, the genius who built the dam, was glad to see Pillsbury and hear the stories. In the early 1900s, Pillsbury had helped build a railroad in Alaska. His yarns were about Dan McGrew and Soapy Smith, about mosquitoes and Kodiak bears.

While the engineering corps is interested in outside things, the medical corps looks inside. Major General Merritte W. Ireland, chief surgeon of the A.E.F., told me of the flu epidemic during the war. He said we lost 37,000 killed in action, 14,000 died of wounds and 42,000 were victims of the flu. General Ireland then told of a conference he had with General Pershing at Chaumont, France.

"What can we do to stop the large number of deaths from flu on the transports, Ireland?" asked the commander-in-chief.

"We can't stop them, general," replied the medical chief, "as we know of nothing to fight the thing with. But we can lessen the deaths very much if you'll put only one-half as

many troops on each transport. This will tend to lessen the deaths by more than half. The boys are too crowded."

General Pershing thought a minute. He looked out the window across the parade grounds of the old Chaumont barracks. Then he turned and faced the surgeon-general of his army.

"By God, we've got to have men to stop the German drive, we've got to get them over here even if our losses by flu seem heavy," declared Pershing. "We can't stop the crowding of the transports."

"Then don't say anything more to the medical department about the losses from disease," replied Ireland.

That ended the conversation, and the transports continued crowded.

Admirals, Wet and Dry

TALL, spare Rear Admiral Ernest J. King came bounding into Portland one morning while he was commander, aircraft base force, United States fleet. And the aeronautics expert of the navy didn't act at all coy when asked about airpower.

"America is keeping pace with the rest of the world in aviation, no question about that," declared Admiral King, now chief of naval operations. "In fact, we are taking the lead in a great many respects."

He explained that the navy was really getting interested in the Northwest. It had been the subject of much talk in this section as to whether the fleet commanders knew the Columbia river existed. This was discussed a few minutes. "The fact that I have been sent here is proof that the department is interested in the Northwest," he announced with warmth, so the matter was left for the Chamber of Commerce.

"Is this country bringing out any new types of aircraft?" was asked.

"No, we have not developed any new types of aircraft," Admiral King said. "The new types that are coming along are improvements over the old types. It all depends on what you mean by 'new'. If you mean a type that is absolutely different, I'll answer by saying there are no radical changes in sight."

This snappy young admiral was asked how old a boy should be before starting to train for the navy's air corps.

"It's a question of the particular individual under consideration just as in any other walk of life," King stated on December 4, 1936. "Some men are old at 40 and some are young at 70."

Rear Admiral Husband Edward Kimmel was quite young at 56 when he brought his sleek cruisers into Portland harbor in July, 1939. He had more snap than a ton of ginger.

Interviewing him was an event. "Yes, I'll tell you what I think of Japan, but what I say is off the record," the officer said in a hurry. He said plenty, too, on the flagship *Brooklyn*.

"I was on the China cruise from 1923 to '25, when I put into every river between Tientsin and Calcutta," Kimmel related for publication. "Most of them were dirty. I may have missed one in that stretch, but not two. There were some sacred rivers, and to me they looked dirtier than the others."

This sailor who became commander of the fleet, and whose name flashed across the front pages of the world right after the Pearl Harbor massacre, was a great admirer of the Yankee sailor.

"I can't praise the enlisted men too much," Admiral Kimmel declared. "They are a fine, capable, understanding lot. I just completed a cruise around South America with a fleet composed of the *San Francisco*, *Tuscaloosa* and *Quincy*; we visited ports in Venezuela, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine, Chile and Peru. During all that time the conduct of the men was above reproach, not a single untoward incident took place in any of the ports we visited."

He was asked if it made any difference where a lad came from as to his ability on shipboard.

"Not a bit," replied Kimmel. "A farmer boy will make as good a sailor as a lad from the waterfront section of an old seaport. The things that make you a number one sailor are a clean mind and a clean body."

Another American sea-master who knows the stinking rivers of the Orient is Rear Admiral Edward J. Marquart, who commanded the Yangtze patrol when the gunboat *Panay* was blown up by Japanese aviators on the loose. He visited the Northwest a few months after the *Panay's* murdered dead were buried.

"It is foolish to expect that there will never be any more wars," he stated in 1938. "It seems that each generation grows up forgetting the past. Wars are very expensive; it is much cheaper to be so well prepared that a potential enemy will be afraid to attack you."

The fleet was getting ready for "that potential enemy" back in 1932. When Admiral R. H. Leigh, a hearty, heave-ho sailor, came to Portland that year to attend the American

Legion convention, I asked him why the entire Yankee fleet was in Pacific waters; I mentioned the hullabloo Japanese papers were making over this fact.

"Oh, simply on account of economy," came the calm reply. "We have to hold our regular tactical maneuvers within a few weeks. The fleet was already out here, and it would cost too much money to send it back to Hampton Roads or to New York, and then have it come all the way back through the Panama canal for the maneuvers. That's the only reason."

Leigh said we needed cruisers, "the biggest ones allowed by treaty." Four years later Admiral Joseph Strauss told me, "I hope we build plenty of cruisers, strong cruisers. You know, there's a mistaken idea about the navy, and it seems to be general. Most people speak of the fleet as the first line of defense, of a kind of insurance against our seaboard being attacked. That's not the chief mission of the navy; its main job is to protect our ocean-going traffic, to protect the sea lanes so our commerce can keep going."

Admiral Strauss was the navy's mines expert in World war days. And in this connection I recall a remark made to me by Rear Admiral Sinclair Gannon—"I would rather drop mines than pick them up."

Nothing was said about mines when I talked with Rear Admiral Joseph K. Taussig, who knows more about destroyers than Frank Buck knows about leopards. Taussig commanded the first squadron of these important craft we sent to the British war zone in 1917. There were six destroyers in his fleet.

"When will your ships be ready to go out on patrol?" asked the stern British vice admiral who bossed the squadrons based on the south Irish coast.

"We are ready now, sir," replied young Taussig.

I asked him how he happened to make such a snappy reply.

"It was the only thing I could think of just then," he said.

Admiral Taussig was questioned as to whether he was nervous when he took the destroyers out on his first actual war patrol. His rank at the time was commander.

"Oh, sure, we were a little on edge when we first started out but that soon wore off," he explained. "For awhile everything we saw on the surface was a sub, and we shot away enough munitions to have lasted us a long time at little more

than shadows. But we learned our lesson, and Germans knew we were on the job before many days passed."

He then made a confession:

"While at first we were fooled by sharks' fins and boat-hooks, which we thought were enemy subs, the first German submarine we actually sighted was mistaken by us for a fishing boat."

Rear Admiral E. B. Fenner also thought the destroyer was the conqueror of the submarine. When asked regarding the influence of sea power in the World war, Fenner replied, "It was absolutely decisive; Germany was starved out rather than fought out."

Not so destroyer-minded was Rear Admiral W. A. Moffett when he visited the Northwest in 1929. But he was bubbling over with enthusiasm on the subject of dirigible usefulness.

"This country should not be content to be behind in anything," he insisted. "We can lead the world in everything, and we should do it. And just now we are woefully shy of airplane carriers. The navy is short on cruisers, but it isn't cruisers we most need just now, it is airplane carriers."

"Our new dirigibles now building in Akron, Ohio, will be the most modern in the world. The first will be built in two years. It will have a speed of 83 knots and a cruising speed of 50 knots. These are much faster speeds than the surface ships make."

"Within the next five years Portland will have commercial dirigibles in passenger and freight service between here and Japan and China. There will be lines from the Columbia river and New York. South America and Europe will have regular lighter-than-air service, so we should be ready for it."

"We will have to jump sideways in the next war to keep from machinegunners and bombers overhead. They certainly will add to our troubles. The airplane will cut such a figure in our next war that we can't afford to be behind in any respect. In fact, airplanes will be the deciding factor in the next war. That is why I regret that we are so woefully shy of airplane carriers."

One of the dirigibles then building was the *Akron*, on which Admiral Moffett plunged into the greatest of all cemeteries, the ocean, in 1933.

Rear Admiral Joseph M. Reeves accompanied Admiral Moffett on the land cruise to the Pacific Northwest. Admiral Reeves, who later became commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, said very pointedly that the Panama Canal needed better and bigger protection from air attack. He quickly proved his statement.

"Three times during the years I was in command of the airplane carriers, we put over attacks on the canal that were so successful the army hasn't finished talking about them," this native of Illinois specified. "It was during three different maneuvers down there. The navy was to attack the canal, the troops were there to defend. All is fair in love and war, you know."

Admiral Reeves explained that Major General Charles H. Martin was in command of the Panama army corps during the first of these maneuvers.

"After the attack we had a critique at the fort," continued Reeves. "General Martin, whom I admire very much, is an infantryman. We were discussing the attack. The general read a paper in which he kept repeating that the way to protect the canal was to march rapidly and shoot straight. Ever after that we referred to General Martin as 'March-and-Shoot' Martin."

Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske likewise believed in straight shooting, so much so that he invented instruments that did very much towards improving marksmanship and in speeding up big gun fire on board our ships. He was a great, farseeing sailor.

"If Josephus Daniels had followed my advice," Admiral Fiske told me in 1937, "we never would have gotten into the World war. In August, 1914, I called a meeting of the general board, and advised that we at once strengthen our defense and prepare to defend our neutrality.

"Admiral A. T. Mahan had pointed out that we were the strongest neutral nation, and I advised that we act at once and build up our fleet so it would be so strong that no other nation or group of nations would violate our neutrality. And at that time we could have increased our naval and military forces at much less cost than it cost us later when we did get into the war."

And the officer philosophically remarked, "When a nation becomes very wealthy, it gets into trouble; that is what is the matter with this country. A country is like a man; when a man gets rich, he is very likely to pull a cropper."

Admiral Fiske then said he was reading all he could find on the rapidly increasing Japanese navy.

"Do you think we will ever have war with Japan?" I asked.

"'Ever' is a very long time, so is 'never'," he replied. Then, to change the subject, he remarked, "by the way, the battle of Jutland was fought with my telescopic sights, both sides used them."

When Jutland's guns amazed the world, Rear Admiral Walter R. Gherardi, then a commander, was United States naval attache at Berlin. He told me about some advice the Kaiser gave him when he, Gherardi, assumed his post.

"Young man, let me give you a piece of advice," the emperor exclaimed. "Whenever your naval attaches have come over here, they at once began to write long reports home. You shouldn't do that. Before you write, take a trip over the country and see what imperial Germany is doing. Visit every place. Then send your reports home. You will have something to write about then."

The American acted on that advice, too.

Advice far more important to his countrymen was being given by Rear Admiral Richmond P. Hobson, of collier *Merrimac* fame, when I talked with him at the American Legion convention in Cleveland. I had interviewed him before when he talked to me from a bath-tub.

"I am making the greatest fight of my life right now," Hobson said at Cleveland. "I am fighting the dope ring. It is a powerful enemy, don't let anyone tell you that it isn't. But we are fighting it in the only way we can ever hope to win, by striking at the sources all over the world."

He talked at length on this subject. At last, I asked if it didn't seem an age since that summer night off Santiago, Cuba, when he steamed into the harbor entrance and to immortality.

"In some ways it does, and then, again, it seems as though it was only yesterday," replied Admiral Hobson, slowly.

When this hero returned home after the Spanish-American

war, the women made such an osculatory fuss over him that he became a new sort of hero. I asked about those "Hobson's choice" days, and he replied, "Newspaper accounts of my kissing and being kissed were immensely overdrawn."

The navy had forgotten all about kissing when jolly Vice Admiral Adolphus Andrews brought his fleet to Portland in 1939. Admiral Andrews, by the way, is the only officer in the navy today who was put there by old General Andrew Jackson. This looks like one for Ripley, but it isn't. Here's the yarn as Andrews spun it on the flagship *Indianapolis*.

"After I graduated from high school I decided to go to Yale, and was getting ready for it when I told father my plans. He thought I was too young for Yale, but suggested I take the examination for the naval academy. The fact of the matter is, he was anxious for me to go there.

"I didn't know what to study to prime myself for the examination. But I had heard they were strong on United States history. I had read everything I could get on General Jackson; then I found a book, 'The Lives of the Presidents'. I studied it. The last thing I did before taking the exams was reread the chapter on Old Hickory.

"And the very first question in the academy examination was about General Jackson, and required a resume of his life. I answered that one like a professor. It gave me courage to tackle the other questions, too. And here I am."

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, "Fighting Bob", was of the "Old Hickory" type. He didn't like it one bit when a peace-time order was issued to have the fleet painted a dull gray.

"I fought that order when I was in command of the fleet, and succeeded in winning out but the whole thing has been done now," Admiral Evans explained. "It's a pity. In case of trouble the men could repaint the whole fleet in less than four hours. Sailors are going to pattern after their ship. If it is bright and smart, they will be, too; but if the ship looks gloomy and the sides are smirky, the men will get to looking that way.

"On a white ship one can detect a rusty seam in a minute, and stop it before it does any damage, but on a dark gray surface the rust will eat away for some time before it is dis-

covered, then there's trouble. The sides of the ships are now smeared with white streaks, caused by the salt spray, and the general appearance of the ships is nothing like as smart as it used to be."

This seadog was noted for the forceful language he used with the greatest of ease. Strangely enough, during the first part of our interview at the Portland hotel, he didn't swear. But Admiral Evans did speak of sea-going profanity.

"I've been at sea a great many years, and I've found out that a man will move a lot quicker if you use a little swear-word or two than if you pray, and then praying takes too long," he said.

Rear Admiral C. A. Blakely was another outspoken sailor. When Commander John A. Beckwith introduced me to him, Blakely started right in talking about besetting dangers, this in 1931.

"We have become a great island empire," exclaimed the admiral. "But we are surrounded by naval bases owned by foreign countries, and every way we look we face a wall. Great Britain controls every bottle-neck in the world. And wherever its ships sail, they are practically on a coastwise cruise.

"We need a big merchant marine, a marine of ample size to protect our commerce under any and all conditions."

Great Britain not only held the bottle-necks but she possessed a very large cruiser fleet presented by American taxpayers, stated Captain (later rear admiral) Frank H. Schofield in explaining this cockeyed naval affair in an interview. In 1924, he declared, "the American taxpayers are presenting a large cruiser fleet to Great Britain. The British debt to our country is more than \$4,600,000,000. Our taxpayers, you and I are two of them, pay \$195,500,000 annual interest on this big sum which we Americans borrowed and loaned to Great Britain.

"Now, the British government pays to the United States government only \$138,000,000 annual interest on this loan. So the American taxpayers simply lose \$57,500,000 a year, which is a clear gain to the British government. And this money the British are putting into a very large cruiser program. So the kindhearted, self-denying Americans are giving

Great Britain the money with which to build up its navy."

Another high ranking officer in the navy, Rear Admiral Clark H. Woodward, told me during an interview on the flagship *Detroit*, "We have been the world's goat for 12 years." He then said:

"We deliberately sunk more tonnage in capital ships as a result of the Washington treaty than Great Britain has in her battlefleet today. We were the only ones who actually sunk ships, the other signatories sunk actual and prospective blueprints, if any."

A year later I talked with Admiral A. J. Hepburn, then commander of the United States fleet. It was the day he ordered the airplane carrier *Lexington* and four destroyers to leave San Diego to search for the eternally lost Amelia Earhart.

"How does our navy rank in the world set-up—second?" I asked.

"No, I wouldn't say second," answered the fleet chieftain. "Take tonnage afloat, laid down, authorized, we rank right up there with Great Britain."

When Admiral Hepburn spoke of the *Lexington*, I recalled that while this great ship was building I interviewed Rear Admiral Jehu V. Chase regarding our lagging fleet. Chase mentioned the *Lexington* and the *Saratoga*.

"These ships will be about the most powerful things afloat except the Gulf Stream," he stated. "The fleet will be tickled pink to get them."

"Will the first one commissioned be attached to the Pacific fleet?" was inquired.

"Can't tell—secretary of the navy hasn't told me all his plans yet," replied the candid sailor.

Just before Admiral Chase visited Portland the navy department announced that one of our squadrons would call at Australian ports soon. Chase was visibly pleased.

"Australia and Canada," he heralded, "are our natural allies, and no treaties nor conferences could make this alliance stronger nor could anything take the friendly feeling away. I look upon the cruise as our fleet paying a visit to an old, true friend whom we love and cherish like one of our own kin. There isn't any object lesson meant by this trip, but just the same, the whole world knows that America, Australia and

Canada are pretty close buddies, and everyone knows what this means."

Captain W. W. Wilson told me about another, and just as important, naval visit to friendly folk. He commanded the cruiser *Nashville* when it went rollin' down to Rio in May, 1939, with General George C. Marshall, chief of staff of the United States army, as a really firstclass passenger. The soldier was on a very official mission to the Brazilian government, with special words of cheer and comfort for the Brazilian army.

"General Marshall was a fine shipmate," proclaimed Captain Wilson. "He has a wonderful personality, plenty of energy, enjoyed the games on shipboard, and didn't get seasick. The boys fined him two cartons of cigarettes, so didn't duck him in the watertank."

The captain was asked about the results of the mission to Brazil.

"General Marshall won them right over at once by his personality," replied Captain Wilson. "I think the Brazilians are genuinely friendly, and the 12 days we were in Rio they entertained us most royally."

Another Brazilian booster is Rear Admiral Monroe Kelly. When he skippered the cruiser *Richmond*, he told of the fine time he had while gunnery officer on a naval mission in Brazil.

"I had to go to sea with them every time their ships went out," he divulged in 1937. "Sure, I could speak Portuguese; if I hadn't I wouldn't have gotten anything to eat. There has always been a great bond of friendship between the two countries."

Another fine Irish mariner was Rear Admiral John Halligan. He was one of the naval academy's greatest football players, lingering on to play for two years after his graduation. But that's a yarn for the sports scribes.

When the army was landed near Santiago, Cuba, in 1898, young Halligan had charge of the cruiser *Brooklyn's* boats. His boat carried Teddy Roosevelt ashore. "The Rough Riders' regiment was an organized mob," the admiral told me. "As fast as they were landed they would start over the trail to Santiago. They walked into an ambush, and I was up all the next night carrying their wounded to the hospital ship."

Halligan also related some fine stories about academy days. They were not as ladylike when he attended that school as during Admiral Henry T. Mayo's cadetship. "About the worst thing they did to us was to make us get up on a tall wardrobe and sing," recalled the World war commander of the Atlantic fleet.

Neither Mayo nor Halligan told me a fish story, but Rear Admiral J. O. Richardson had one when he came down from Alaska in '36. "As an example of what could be done there (Cordova)," he explained, "a man left the dock with his net, and in three hours was back with 1700 fish."

A different kind of yarn was told me by Captain H. A. Badt, of the cruiser *Tuscaloosa*. It was about a campaign in Nicaragua.

"We took everything we went up against, including a hill that had never been captured by Nicaraguan government troops," he stated. "It was taken in the early morning. I remember asking one of our color-guards how it seemed.

"'Sir, as we went in there I saw a rebel aim his rifle right at me, and it looked as big as one of the eight-inch guns on the ship; he didn't put that rifle down, so I had to shoot the top of his head off!'"

That sailor should have been a marine. He's the sort of chap Major General John A. Lejeune could have used delightfully in the hard-fighting Second division in France. I interviewed the general when he was commander-in-chief of the United States marine corps. His overseas division contained two marine regiments.

"The only fault I have to find with my boys is they are too quiet and modest," General Lejeune told me.

When he graduated from the naval academy he chose the marine corps, and lived happily ever after. Lejeune was as jolly to talk to as was "Buffalo Bill" Cody. The general was still in active service when he told me:

"As long as man is a fighting animal, we are going to have wars. We all hope for the best, but it isn't safe to say 'la guerre finis' forever. All of us abhor war, but it would be foolish for us not to prepare to protect ourselves. We who were overseas saw enough of war to know we don't want any of it on our own soil."

Major General John T. Myers was commander of the department of the Pacific, marine corps, when we swapped yarns. He related his adventures in old China.

"Did you get mixed up with the Boxers?" I asked.

"I'll say I did," replied General Myers, pulling out his pipe and stoking up. "I was one of the causes of the relief expedition. My guard of 60 officers and men was bottled up by the Boxers early in June. I lost 10 men killed and 18 wounded. But we still had the situation well in hand when the infantry arrived in August, 1900."

During the interview the marine veteran gave me good advice—"Never look for trouble, it will find you soon enough!"

Major General Charles H. Lyman, who commanded Pacific Coast marines after General Myers retired, wasn't looking for trouble when he came to Portland a year before the Global war began. As he made himself at home in Major James B. Hardie's marine recruiting office, I asked what it takes to make a leatherneck.

"To begin with, he must have a fair education," said General Lyman. "He must be physically fit. To be a good marine, a man must also be imbued with a desire to go places and do things."

Major General Smedley D. Butler had that desire. He traveled much, visited Oregon a number of times. The first time I interviewed him (1926) he said the marine corps was popular because "the men get action and they are taken care of by their officers."

On another occasion I asked General Butler, "Has gossip ever caused you any trouble?"

The color came to his face. He doubled up a fist and pounded the innocent chair a terrible pound. The marines were about to land, it seemed.

"I'll say it has," he shouted. "It has caused me plenty of trouble; it has caused the world a lot of grief. I've said in a magazine article that Dame Rumor is the biggest liar in the world, and I proved it. Well, gossip is worse than the old dame. If the two of 'em could be eliminated out of this old world of ours it would be a much happier place. Trouble would be reduced to nothing, and maybe we could wipe out all wars."

"But, somehow, I don't have much hope along this line. I think people will keep on being people just like they are for a long time to come. And in this case rumor and gossip will keep on working and doing all the damage they can!"

John Philip Sousa, the march king and an ex-marine, was always more jolly than General Butler. During the World war Dr. Sousa was a lieutenant commander in the navy. One January afternoon in 1924, at the Benson hotel, he told me that he defeated the Germans in 1918. This sudden statement was so startling I almost swooned. But Commander Sousa went on to prove his story.

"I am going to tell you how I won the war," he began. "I took the band on three different tours of Germany before the war. The first time the Kaiser treated me wonderfully well. I returned each salute, he bought the beers whenever we met, I furnished the smoking tobacco, and we had an all-around chummy time.

"A couple of years later, I noticed he dodged me. When he saw me coming up the strasse, he ducked around a corner to avoid me. There was no open break, but I saw his nibs was pretty damn chilly.

"The third time, I was out of the picture entirely. And I found out the reason. I then wore a beard, and the old boy was jealous. His barber told him what a better beard Sousa had. So did the queen.

"Well, one day during the war, while I was on the dreadnaught *Pennsylvania*, I heard the allies were fighting with their backs to the wall. I decided to make the sacrifice. I shaved my beard, then sent cablegrams to the Kaiser and to Ludendorff telling them what I'd done.

"They at once got together and decided that when America had men willing to make such great sacrifice as I had made, the war was lost. Ludendorff resigned and the Kaiser skipped to Holland."

When I told this yarn to Admiral William S. Sims a few years later, he jokingly said it relieved his mind of a great burden—he had often wondered just who helped the marines win the war.

Explorers

THE world was utterly dead," remarked Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd as he told of his lone, five-months' vigil in Little America. He hadn't been back long from that eerie adventure when I asked him about it.

"I had the damnest experience any man ever did have," Admiral Byrd said as he crushed a cigarette and jammed the mess into his pipe. "The doctor allows me three cigarettes a day, so I smoke them in a pipe; they last longer that way. I can't drink tea or coffee, so I get all lit up on buttermilk."

"Why did you do such a damn fool stunt as going out there alone?" I inquired.

"I could answer that by saying, 'I went solely for scientific purposes,'" he replied, smiling, "but that would be a lie. I despise bunk. The world is full of bunk, but that doesn't make me like it. So I'll just tell you I went because I wanted to go. There was a scientific side, but that didn't make me do it.

"The reason I went alone is because we didn't have time to get up enough supplies for three men. I had thought of this advanced base for years, and the scientists would have blamed me for the rest of my life if I hadn't carried out the plan.

"But we were held back so long that I knew we didn't have time to put out supplies for three, and two men out there would be a psychological impossibility, for within three weeks they would be hating each other and in a month one would be murdered. Anyway, I wouldn't order a man to such a duty.

"So it had to be one man. I was that man. I wanted the adventure."

His heart was still bothering him. He had been poisoned by fumes from his oilheater, and he almost left his bones in the eternal snows of a far distant wilderness.

"If I survive this thing the experience will be very valuable,"

Admiral Byrd explained. "It took all the folderol out of my makeup. I think I saw life more clearly than ever before. The world was utterly dead, utterly lonely, utterly devoid of any animal life."

Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould told me much about Byrd's first trip to the far south. Dr. Gould, author of *Cold*, a most charming story of that adventure, was second in command of the expedition.

"Poker was the most widely played game of all in the Antarctic," said Dr. Gould. "The boys played poker for chocolate and for cigarettes. Cigarettes were at the greatest premium in Little America. We thought we were stocking up with a large enough supply, but toward the end of the trip we ran out of them. There was no use playing poker for money down there, no place to spend it, no place to go. But cigarettes and chocolates were wanted by almost everyone—they took the place of silver and gold. And when you are away from money for a year-and-a-half you forget the value of it."

Dr. Gould is professor of geology at Carleton College, and quite a dandy as educators go. But it was hard work to keep dolled up in the snowy south.

"Keeping clean is a great problem in the Antarctic," he confessed. "There is an old saying that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' but in the Antarctic cleanliness is next to impossible. Everyone used to bathe once in a while, about once a month.

"One time one of the men went longer than we thought he should without taking a wetting. He wasn't feeling very well, so went to see the doctor. The man's hands were dirty, his fingernails especially so; his skin was a sort of ashen-gray. The doctor looked at the man's hands carefully, then remarked:

"'You are suffering from the great Antarctic disease—which can be cured by liberal doses of soap and water!'"

"After that, whenever we saw a man's hands getting too dirty, or we realized he was going too long without a bath, he would be told that he was suffering from the great Antarctic disease. This always had the desired effect."

The discoverer of the South Pole, Captain Roald Amundsen, did not use airplanes on his most famous expeditions. But, on an errand of mercy, he flew into the unknown. He

was one of the world's finest gentlemen. And no other explorer since the 16th century had a record that equalled his.

He arrived in Portland one time soon after Wilkins explained to me that he, Wilkins, was going to make an Arctic journey and live off the country. When I told the Norseman about it, a smile came.

"Wilkins could live off the land for a little while, perhaps, if he remained near shore, but when he gets off on the deep polar sea he had better put some sandwiches in his pocket," advised Captain Amundsen. "All this talk about the friendly Arctic is nothing but bunk. You go for days without seeing a living thing."

Amundsen told of an Arctic explorer friend who shot a polar bear "that had got lost; he shot the bear to keep the animal from dying of starvation or homesickness. Now, whenever we kill an animal in the North, we always cut open his stomach to see what he had been living on so we can get an idea of what animal life is obtainable if necessary for our own food.

"That homesick polar bear was very lean and poor, and what do you think was the only thing they found in its stomach? You would never guess—it was a newspaper that had been thrown off my friend's ship. The paper was rolled up in some way, and the bear was so hungry that he just gulped the paper down whole. There were so few digestive juices in the animal's stomach that the paper had not been spoiled, the men were able to read it.

"So, if Captain Wilkins can live on newspapers, and takes enough of them with him, he'll get along."

Captain Amundsen, who discovered the South Pole on December 14, 1911, just a few months before Byrd graduated from the naval academy, maintained in an interview that "there is as much difference between the Antarctic regions and the Northern regions as can be. The Antarctic is an immense continent covered with very great stretches of even snow and ice. There are rugged places, of course, but chiefly it is level and easy traveling.

"The Arctic is a frozen sea, where the ice is jammed together in great ridges and mounds, sometimes 70 feet high. It is no more to be compared with the Antarctic than land is with sea."

Lullabies sung by Arctic winds often called Roald Amundsen northward. But one day a siren song reached his ears, and lured him to a tryst beyond the stars.

Sir Hubert Wilkins averred he never ate newspapers on any of his polar trips. But there were many cold days when he wished that papers were edible. I hope Sir Hubert always has plenty to eat, for he is a gallant knight. I once asked him to tell me the greatest thrill he ever experienced.

"Let's see, just what was my greatest thrill," he said, mulling for several minutes. "I've had many of them, it's hard to pick one as the most outstanding. But if I have to, I think it was while I was at Point Barrow, Alaska, getting ready for an airplane flight to Spitzbergen. I had been called crazy and a fool and a lot of other hard names because I had contended that the northwest passage could be made by air.

"Well, one day out of the fog I saw Amundsen and Ellsworth coming through the mist in the dirigible Norge on their flight from Spitzbergen to Nome. There was the realization of my statement that the trip could be made. I think seeing Amundsen making the successful flight gave me more pleasure than anything else in the world has given me. I'll say that was my greatest thrill."

Once Wilkins attempted to cruise under the North Pole to the Bering sea. He used the ancient submarine *Nautilus*, with Lieutenant-Commander Sloan Danenhower, U.S.N., as captain. "We were within 500 miles of the pole, and I think the trip could have been made easily if the ship hadn't lost her diving rudders," explained the skipper as we talked of the freak voyage.

"The idea is all right, and I think the voyage will be made. We never went deeper than 60 feet, and the ice was not more than 17 feet deep. The fact that the ice wasn't nearly as thick as we thought it would be gave us great hopes for making the passage, but when the diving rods went haywire, all we could do was to return to Bergen, Norway, where the sub was sunk according to the naval treaty."

Lincoln Ellsworth, a great friend of Amundsen's, has won fame fitting about in both Arctic and Antarctic airs.

"Do you think Antarctica will be of any commercial value to the world?" I inquired.

"That's hard to say; it's pretty difficult to delve into the future. But I don't care much about that, all I'm interested in is blazing the trail. The mountains I saw were not covered with snow, they were rising black out of the ice cap. If I made another trip down there I would like to start from Enderbyland, where Antarctica was first discovered, and fly right across the entire continent," Ellsworth explained.

"They have all the baser metals down there—copper, lead, iron—but none of the precious metals. Within 300 miles of the South Pole there is a vein of coal 100 miles long with a seam 40 feet wide."

Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, was a fine companion. I never accompanied him to the Arctic, still I can say that on a ride over the Columbia River highway, this pathfinding son of Bowdoin was delightful. His treks across northern ice and snow were made in the days when northern travellers went to the dogs. Had Shackleton used dogs at the time of his "farthest south" trip, he would have reached the South Pole long ahead of Amundsen, Admiral Peary exclaimed during our ride.

"Dogs are the only thing in this kind of work," the admiral continued. "Man power kills; ponies can not eat ponies, so when one dies that much power is gone and nothing is given back. But dogs eat dogs, men eat dogs, so one can keep on going."

When Admiral Peary talked, his iceberg blue eyes seemed to look right through one; he had magnificent teeth, showing his lower ones more than did the average man when talking. And he spoke with a Yankee accent. As we rode east over the highway, the county poor farm was pointed out to the explorer.

"That reminds me of a story on Amundsen," began Peary. "Soon after he got back from the South Pole, he was billed to give a lecture at the city hall in Portland, Maine. I was invited by the committee in charge to join them, and to introduce the speaker.

"Well, we all got into the hall ahead of time. Then we waited. You know how committees are when something goes wrong. They got fidgety. But we just kept on waiting. Then a happy thought struck one of the committee—he was an

editor, I think—and we telephoned to the hotel. They said Amundsen had left for the city hall more than half an hour ago. And then we did worry.

“But after while in came the speaker, red in the face and hot under the collar. ‘Well, captain,’ I said, ‘we were just going to send the police out after you.’ But he didn’t get it.

“‘Those blasted taxi drivers, they’ll kill me yet!’ he replied, and he kept getting hotter under the collar all the time. Now, this is what happened. You know, he doesn’t pronounce all his English words as clearly as some taxi drivers have to have them, so when he told the man ‘city hall,’ the driver said he thought his customer wanted to go to the ‘city home,’ a charitable institution five or six miles out of town.”

While in Portland, Oregon, the admiral again visited with Dr. Louis J. Wolf, who was surgeon of the Peary expedition of 1905-06. “Wolf’s a prince,” declared the Yankee; “he’s not afraid to tackle any kind of hard work, he’d keep going until he was almost dead, but would never peep.”

In New York in 1937, I interviewed Matthew A. Henson, who accompanied Peary to the North Pole. I asked Mr. Henson about many things as we chatted in his apartment in Harlem; one of the things was bears. “Polar bears make nice little pets, don’t they?” I asked.

“Oh, yeah! Especially the males! They are about as vicious animals as you’ll ever want to find,” replied the wanderer. “But every part of a bear is good to eat except the liver, it is poison. That is, the Eskimos say it is poison, that it will kill a dog. I never tried it; I figured out if it would kill an Eskimo dog, it would kill anything.

“As soon as you kill a bear, you cut him open and take out his liver, and bury it deep in the snow or drop it into deep water, it will sink right away. Polar bear meat is sweet; of course, an old bear is tough like anything else, but a young bear is very good meat, all of it but the liver.”

About his old chief Henson asserted, “Commander Peary was very strict, but he was fair; I like a man to be strict if he is fair, because you know what’s what.”

I asked Mr. Henson what he thought when he realized they had reached the North Pole.

“There wasn’t much thinking,” he replied, “it was too cold.

We were tired out. We knew we'd made it, and that was all. Peary wasn't any good after that. He collapsed, and never was any good from that day until he died. His blood dried up—he had 21 blood transfusions. And Cook hurt him a lot, too."

I spent an evening with Dr. Frederick A. Cook sometime after the expose. He insisted, in many words, that he had reached the North Pole. But much of his talk was about a planned trip to the Himalayas; he proposed to climb Mount Everest. So low in esteem had Dr. Cook fallen that when I wrote up the interview and handed it in, the managing editor ordered the story killed.

I took a very pretty girl with me when I went to see Dr. Cook. I must confess that the doctor paid more attention to her than he did to me. It is not always advisable to take a pretty lass with one when going to interview famous people; men will get too interested in the girl, women often become jealous because they want all the attention.

No petticoat attachment when I interviewed Bradford Washburn, Harvard professor who climbs mountains by airplane. He has photographed from the thin air thousands of square miles of hitherto unexplored country in Alaska and the Yukon.

"Exploration in Alaska now is a cross between climbing the Himalayas and exploring in the polar regions," Mr. Washburn revealed, "with the one exception that a man doesn't have to cope with the altitude of the Himalayas. In Alaska you have the polar difficulties of approach, but in the Himalayas the climb is the major problem.

"In the Himalayas you can get any amount of 5-cents-a-day labor—one could get millions of coolies to do the transport for a mere pittance—but in Alaska one has to pay from \$10 to \$15 a day, and then it is almost impossible to get experienced men at any price. In Alaska you have excellent bear and wolf guides, but none for mountain climbing."

Father Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J., is also enthusiastic about Alaska. I met him going up on one of his missions beyond the neon lights. "Going north this time to do some real work for humanity," he announced; "no more just a gun, a bag of salt and a thumb pointing to Alaska. I've been puttering around

volcanoes and glaciers for the last ten years. That's history. Now I'm going in for a few things to help humanity.

"The chief thing is to try to find a specific for TB sufferers. Years ago there was no tuberculosis in Alaska. It came after the Russian occupation. Today 95 per cent of the natives up there are afflicted with TB. If you bring the Eskimo to our climate and to our food, they gallop right off and die; up there the adults don't die until they get old."

Dr. Hubbard, professor of geology at Santa Clara University, said he would "spend a year on King island, which is between Siberia and America. It is time to debunk the Eskimo legends, as Hollywood and the New York Park Avenue explorers have been dishing them out. The Eskimos are just as civilized as we are, so we are going to show what the true Eskimo is."

Another debunker is Dr. Gosta Moberg, Swedish scientist who enjoys buzzing around in the Sahara desert. He has crossed the Sahara numerous times, has led four prominent expeditions over it.

"You can never bring anything out of the Sahara, from an economical point of view it is worthless," he informed me. The wild life of the desert interest him mightily.

"There are two kinds of gazelles found on the Sahara," the savant avowed. "And there are also the addox antelope, mountain sheep, 36 different kinds of lizards, several kinds of desert cats, hares, foxes, rats and a lot of snakes, including the corba; in central Sahara are ten kinds of snakes, six poisonous."

Africa was likewise the favorite strolling ground of Captain Carl von Hoffman. Born in Riga, he served two years in the Russian army, later was in the American forces. After the war he turned to exploring. He talked interestingly about women, which has been a subject of conversation ever since the first two men met. Captain Von Hoffman told me:

"In Africa, and I'm speaking of the native tribes, the woman has no affection for the man. Her marriage was brought about by purchase, the family selling her to the man who was willing to pay the price in cows. The standard prevailing rate is 13 cows for a virgin, 12 cows for a woman who is not. They do not have the same codes we have, so this isn't as startling as it may seem. But the natives live

up to their codes far more strictly than we live up to ours.

"The wives provide most of the food for the family; they do the plowing, such as it is, and the sowing and the harvesting of all the crops. A man will cut down the trees and gather the sticks to make the framework for the hut, but the women put on the thatch and adobe which makes the place livable. The women raise the chickens, which are important possessions, but the people refuse to eat eggs, for they say 'egg is a chicken not yet.'"

At the Explorers Club in New York, where I interviewed Von Hoffman, I also met the late Captain Francis Gow-Smith. He had roamed much in the almost unknown parts of Brazil. And there he learned something. He gave me this advice:

"When you are captured by savages, bloodthirsty ones, and you're looking into the rifles of their firing squad, just act as though you don't give a damn. It may save you."

Captain Gow-Smith did it, and I think Dr. William M. McGovern could have done the same thing. This doctor of science flirted with death many times during his pathbreaking trips into unknown Asia. He told me in 1927 that "England wants Tibet as a buffer state on the Indian frontier," and he predicted war over Mongolia.

Mrs. William H. Harkness, Jr., who talked delightfully about Tibet, stopped in Portland, February 13, 1938, a short time while on her way home with Mei-Mei, the three-months-old giant panda she purchased on the Chinese-Tibetan border.

"It was an enormous piece of luck that I got Mei-Mei," announced Mrs. Harkness. "Pandas live from 6,000 to 12,000 feet up in the Tibetan mountains, and are rarely seen by humans. I'm taking Mei-Mei to the Chicago zoo. I certainly will hate to part with her, but a panda grows to be from 300 to 400 pounds in weight, so she will soon lose her cuteness. No, they are not bears; they are a species of wild animal known only to a very small part of the world."

When Mongolia becomes a battlefield, its edges are bloody now, Roy Chapman Andrews will be very much in demand. Dr. Andrew's prowls in the Gobi desert took him into all sections of it.

"I would like to go back to Gobi again," the explorer told me soon after the war in Cathay began, "but all Asia at the

present time is just like a boiling pot. A big expedition has to plan a year ahead, and one can't do that for China now. It may be quiet today but in six weeks the whole damn thing may be in a ferment.

"There's a tremendous amount of work to be done in Gobi, and I haven't given up hopes of going back. We found traces there of where man had lived 150,000 years ago. Oh, no, didn't find any men, but the implements they used. When I go back I'm hoping to find traces of man having lived there 1,000,000 years ago. It is the mark I'm shooting for now."

It was Asia's jealous mysteriousness that caused the death of Richard Halliburton. This unique wanderer started to sail a Chinese junk across the Pacific to San Francisco. But the spirits that rule over Chinese junks don't want "foreign devils" running away with them. On May 14, 1937, Halliburton explained to me that he had a new book about ready, all chapters penned but one. That chapter, he said, would be written in 1939 after he had brought a Chinese junk into the Golden Gate.

"I will buy the largest junk I can find on the Chinese coast, take it with its native crews and all the pigs, chickens, rats and everything else it has on board, and bring it over the route of the China Clipper airways," the author detailed. "The families of the Chinese crew will be on board, but I'll have an American captain in charge and two or three American able seamen."

"Are such crazy-looking boats seaworthy?" I asked.

"Oh, sure, junks are seaworthy, they've been going for 6000 years," Halliburton replied, looking a bit disgusted. "The trip will cost \$25,000."

Somewhere in the recondite Pacific are Richard Halliburton and his last chapter. Requiem winds will ever hold their secret.

But there are some secrets that do come out, and a prowling explorer will find them after they have been kept hidden for centuries. John W. Vandercook found many of them in Haiti and in Dutch Guiana. Dr. Vandercook has wandered far, has been places where gentlemen prefer blondes stewed.

"The world is getting smaller much too quickly to suit me," he sighed one evening as we sat in the Players Club. "But there are some spots yet unexplored."

Dr. Vandercook named the Australian desert, the central Sahara, many sections of South America as virgin fields for the explorer. He had a jolly time prowling in the then unknown Dutch Guiana.

"They are a strange people, those native Indians of Dutch Guiana," the prowler recounted. "The interior Indians eat their enemies. They prefer a young fat enemy to an old, skinny one. I should say they are right in that. If you are going to eat meat, tender, juicy meat is best.

"But I must say for these Indians that they don't go out killing for meat, but when enemies are killed they are eaten and the skulls are kept as souvenirs."

Carveth Wells selected more ladylike places to go than Dutch Guiana. He boasted to me of a kiss—the Blarney Stone it was.

"I think it was an economic waste," Wells confessed.

You'll never find Prince William of Sweden wasting any kisses on geological specimens. Let's not go into that. Prince William has done some trekking in weird parts of Africa. But it was not of jungles nor veldts he talked during an interview in Portland, it was of his motherland.

"Our government wants to keep our people at home," the prince announced. "What would you think if one-third of your people moved over to Sweden? We much prefer to keep our folks at home. Conditions are different now than years ago. We have developed in every line, especially industrially.

"Our mines and lumber, our paper and match factories, our iron factories and shipyards and our dairying keep all busy. We need every Swedish citizen at home. We're not behind the world any more, and our girls wear just as short skirts and hair as the girls over here."

Prince William is as democratic as is Dr. Karl J. Swenson, who helped entertain the royal visitor. "I can milk cows," boasted the prince as he borrowed a cigarette from "Count" Johan L. Wallin, "I can milk them as well as any man, but now over there we keep our cows contented by milking them with machinery. It doesn't give the intimate touch, you know, but it gives more milk."

I don't believe there ever was a more enthusiastic air

traveler than Martin Johnson, explorer, big game hunter, author. Like Prince William, he enjoyed Africa.

"On our last trip, in which we covered 60,000 miles over Africa by airplane, I had a mighty narrow escape," the big game expert related. "We had a forced landing on account of running out of gas. It was a long wait, more than two months, for the natives to get out to where they could get gasoline, and bring it back.

"So we built some grass huts, and decided to take pictures while waiting. In a nearby valley, lions and leopards passed in and out. We built a blind to set our cameras, not a very good blind but thought it would do. One afternoon a big, grandmother leopard came along. She got our scent, we having become careless, and instantly she started after trouble.

"That leopard did something I've never known any other animal to do—she charged without provocation. In two leaps she went into our blind, got to within a couple of feet of me when a Dutch boy we had along fired. Blood from the beast covered my face and the camera. It was a pretty close call."

Martin Johnson was killed when the air liner in which he was a passenger crashed in California.

When Jim Wilson motorcycled across Africa, following the southern edge of the Sahara, he missed seeing Prince William, missed reaching the Johnson camp in time to see the fierce grandmother leopard. He had a good trip just the same.

"It was my banjo that made the journey pleasant," Wilson said. "The natives certainly fell for it. I earned my way through a Columbia University post-graduate course playing a saxophone in New York night clubs, but I'm sure the natives of Africa enjoyed the banjo more than they would have a sax. A banjo is much better protection in central Africa than a rifle."

I didn't ask Harry A. Franck, who has vagabond journeyed to almost everywhere, if he carried firearms on his trips. His book on Russia had been out a few months when he came to the Willamette River valley. So Russia was the topic, not rifles.

"I look upon the regime in Russia and the regime in Germany and the regime in Italy as just a stop-gap until they can get

a more stable and less terroristic form of government," Mr. Franck specified. "And I am inclined to expect some form of revolution in Italy and in Germany before there is one in Russia. The men ruling Russia either have the whip hand more securely or else they have a larger percentage of the people satisfied than is the case in the fascist countries."

When I met Lewis R. Freeman, who has authored many books of travel, I thought he would talk about Russia, being a globetrotter and having been a correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war. But he didn't care to, wishing to chat about a recent trip to South America.

"I followed in the trail of Amos Burg a year after he had been down in the Tierra del Fuego islands," explained Mr. Freeman at the Explorers' Club. "Amos covered that dreary section of the world very thoroughly, and I met up with a number of Indians who told me about him. It seems that your Portland man, Mr. Burg, made a great hit with the Indians, especially with the ladies of the tribes. I must say they had nothing but good words to say about Amos."

Amos Burg, whom I have known a long time, forgot to tell me of his Tierra del Fuego romances. It is not always wise for one to tell everything. But when Amos returned from a visit to the island of New Guinea, he had a weird yarn to spin—how the natives take care of the old age problem.

"We enjoyed our stay in New Guinea very much, there being no old ladies in our party," the young wanderer related. "Had there been, we might have been a bit nervous. You see, the New Guineans are still cannibals, and instead of having fried chicken for Sunday dinner they enjoy boiled old lady. But they never devour a lady of their own tribe. There are plenty of tribes, so the matter has been arranged like this:

"A man might have a grandmother who has grown too old to work. He may know a fellow in another tribe who has an ancient aunt who can no longer till the soil. The two men will meet and arrange a trade, so that both may have a real feast and yet not violate the tribal laws. When the supply of old ladies runs low, the old men are made into soup, but the gourmands of New Guinea prefer cooked woman to stewed man. The island is ruled by the Dutch and English."

New Guinea is scratched off my calling list. But Brazil

stays on because Dr. Antonio Carlos Simoens da Silva, of Rio de Janeiro, told me they have sure cures for snake bite.

"The scientists have discovered three injections that will cure you of snake bite wounds," the doctor assured me. "They have the crotalus and the lachesis to use where the kind of snake is known, and a general serum for any kind."

Dr. Da Silva was very pleasant until I mentioned coffee. "I will bet you one hat," said he, "if you come to my country and drink the coffee, you will no more drink the coffee of this fine United States. You have too much sunlight in your coffee, it is too light. You take two or three spoonsful of coffee for a shower of water. Ah, that is not the way. That makes washed coffee. You must take two or three spoonsful of coffee powder, place in the small cup, let it cook the proper moments, and you have the proper coffee.

"We have found that coffee made proper and drunk proper is the best brain food. It will restore brain power, and it is a great help to students who study very hard."

Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who was president of the Explorers Club for a number of its most notable years, has a vast amount of brain power, whether it is "coffee powered," I don't know. But I do know that Dr. Stefansson's book, *The Friendly Arctic*, is one of the greatest tomes of travel ever published; it is a "must" book in every American library.

I have interviewed this explorer a number of times, in Portland and in New York, in periods of plenty and in days of depression. Interviewing him is always a pleasure because he never resorts to that terribly overworked phrase, "Now, this is off the record." The phrase has come to be almost a hiss. I was interested in getting Dr. Stefansson's opinion regarding the fate of the Russian north pole fliers who came down August 14, 1937, about 100 miles on the Alaska side of the pole. I talked with the scientist on February 6, 1938, about the lost adventurers.

"The fliers could have lived by hunting; we always did," the famous explorer explained. "I lived approximately seven years on just meat and water, nothing else, eating lean or fat, according to taste. And there are large numbers of bear and seal in the far north. Salt isn't necessary.

"From late October until early June the ice is level all

over the polar sea. In late June it begins to rain all over the polar sea, the rain water corrugating the ice. But when one motor of their four-motor plane failed, the plane could have been pancaked without loss of life. The radio must have been wrecked, though.

"There's a 50-50 chance they were alive after landing. Then there's a 50-50 chance they lived through the winter. Search for them has been going on by moonlight, but there are only six days a month in winter that this can be done, and then only if the weather is clear. But daylight comes in February, and by March 1 there will be continuous daylight.

"Then Wilkins can begin making flights over a 2000-mile lane 40 miles wide. The searching planes from the Russian side can come over and cover other territory because their advance stations are only 700 miles from the north pole. I think the fliers landed safely, that they have lived by hunting, and that they will be found."

Someday, when reporters can send news stories back from Valhalla, the fate of these daring fliers will be known.

I recall an interview with Dr. Stefansson at the Benson hotel years ago when exploring expeditions were still trudging beyond the Arctic circle.

"Of what use are these expeditions to the north pole?" I asked rather impudently.

"Of what use is knowledge?" replied Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Front Page Americans

WHEN Mrs. Eleanor R. Roosevelt first visited Portland as First Lady of the Land, she not only shook hands with members of the committee that met her at the airport, she also shook hands with the photographers and the reporters. So many vitaminless visitors, who admit they are notables, bypass the press.

Once when Mrs. Roosevelt arrived she said she was hurrying to see her daughter, Mrs. Anna E. Boettiger, in Seattle, because the stork was flying in that direction also.

"When do you expect the blessed event?" was asked.

"No one knows exactly," she laughingly replied, "one never knows the exact moment when such things are going to happen."

On numerous occasions the First Lady has proven to me that she knows something about the machinery of editors' minds.

"Is the president going to run for a third term?" I asked her long before 1940.

"I will have to answer that question as I always do—you'll have to ask the president," Mrs. Roosevelt replied, merrily. "Don't you boys get a little tired asking that question? I know you have to ask it because editors always want to know, and you boys have to please your editors."

A year later I asked her if the president expected to spend his 60th birthday in the White House. She laughed, then replied, "Well, that's something new, but I haven't the remotest idea. You'll have to get that from someone else."

In 1938 I said to her, "They are still talking about you for president, Mrs. Roosevelt."

"I think, oh, well, they can talk; conversation never did hurt anything," she smilingly replied. "Some day we will have a woman president, but the time has not arrived—not because women are not capable, but because the people are not ready for it. Now the voters elect people to office for their fitness, and not on account of sex."

A few minutes later she declared, "I have no knowledge of politics. I'm not 'politicking'."

On another occasion I asked her, "What is your idea about women in politics?"

"Well, if you are asking regarding a woman running for president, I'd say it would be silly at this time," came the quick reply. "But if you are talking about women going into politics in general, I think it is a fine thing. But it's all up to the individual. Some women can stand political life; some can't."

Not long ago I asked Mrs. Roosevelt her views on married women working.

"I believe that a great majority of married women who are working do so because they have to work in order to live," the First Lady declared. "The great percentage of working women in the low-wage-scale brackets simply have to work or they would not eat. The married women who are working in the high-salaried class are so few that they don't make any difference in the employment problem.

"Another thing, there is no work in the home any more, or very little. There is no other way for women to get along but to go out and work. The home used to be an industry; my grandmother used to mold candles, spin wool into cloth and then make all the family's clothing, bake, do the laundry, while now everything is made outside the home. Women have simply followed the trend.

"I think it is becoming increasingly evident that since the work has been taken out of the home, women have had to get out of the home in order to be producers."

James, the Roosevelts' oldest son, wandered into Portland occasionally when he was a motion picture producer.

"You might tell us what you think of Hollywood beauty," I once suggested.

"I might, but I won't," replied James, the Roosevelts' oldest son.

There are folk who think this young man will some day be a candidate for president. There are also many people who think Fiorello H. LaGuardia, New York's combustible mayor, in time will be asking for mastery of the White House. When LaGuardia came to Portland in 1940 to attend the mayors' conference, I

asked him why he wouldn't allow his name to be mentioned as candidate for the presidential nomination.

"Did you ever hear the story about when the Rev. Billy Sunday first went to London?" asked the mayor.

"No, sir, I never did."

"All right, just listen," chuckled the visiting fireman. "Billy Sunday was one of those fellows who liked to find out things for himself. When he went to London for the first time he decided to look around without benefit of clergy or anyone else.

"So on his first night in that city he went strolling down to Whitechapel. It is a spot not often visited by parsons. It was a very dark night. Billy Sunday wandered along wondering what was going to happen when he was suddenly accosted by a street-walker. She began talking to him, like the spider to the fly, urging him to go with her to her room. Billy kept refusing.

"'No, no, sister, I cannot,' he kept saying, pushing her aside.

"At last she said, 'You are down in Whitechapel, on the look, so why don't you come with me?'

"'There are three reasons why, sister,' replied Billy.

"'What are they?' she asked.

"'Well, in the first place, I haven't any money, and—'

"'That's enough; you don't need to name the other two reasons,' the woman said, and disappeared in the darkness.

"There are three reasons why I'm not a candidate for president; the first is I couldn't get into either of the major parties' national conventions—I think that reason is enough; I don't need to name the other two!"

Frank B. Kellogg, author of the Kellogg Peace Pact, knew London so well he didn't prowl around in dark places alone. That was all right for a soul-saver but not for the American ambassador to the Court of St. James. Kellogg returned from London to serve as secretary of state in Coolidge's cabinet. But the statesman was a justice of the world court when I interviewed him in 1934 at St. Paul, Minn., his home town. I asked if the Kellogg Peace Pact had helped quiet matters in a troubled world.

"In my judgment it has had a tremendous restraining influence," the justice declared. "I do not believe it is reasonable to think that because some country breaks a treaty, no more treaties should be made."

Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "I'm not trying to reform the world—would like to, but have sense enough to know I can't."

War's alarms were even then rumbling across the Atlantic, so naturally I asked about the rumors.

"I knew that was coming," the elder statesman snapped, "people want to read about war and excitable things. I do not think the German people want another war, and I am sure no other country in Europe contemplates such a thing. The trouble with Germany is the same thing that is troubling the entire world—the economic depression that followed the war.

"All the major European countries are opposed to war, I'm sure of that, but they still have those old fears that have caused so much trouble in the past."

As Justice Kellogg was a Republican, it was too much to expect that Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy throughout the Wilson administration, would boost the peace pact.

"In all the years since 1921 there have been made serious efforts to do something towards abolishing war, but these efforts have been nothing more than magnificent gestures," Mr. Daniels told me shortly before he was appointed ambassador to Mexico. "Take the Kellogg Pact and the numerous treaties, those of Washington and London being the most notable. What have they been? Gestures, beautiful gestures! Let me tell you something. All these conferences and treaties and pacts will not amount to a snap until the world finds a substitute for war. That is humanity's goal!"

But another secretary of the navy, Curtis D. Wilbur, explained to me how we kept from being fooled at the Geneva disarmament conference in 1927. We had taken a terrible beating at the Washington conference.

"America insisted on building the type of ships we feel are necessary to us in the cruiser class within a total tonnage limitation," averred Secretary Wilbur. "The British advanced the proposal of a division of cruisers into two types, one type to be armed with 8-inch guns, the other with 6-inch guns, with a tonnage limitation on each type. The United States was unwilling to make this agreement, partly because fast passenger ships under the Washington treaty may be provided with gun

platforms for 6-inch rifles. In wartime these passenger ships are quickly converted into fast cruisers."

Some years after the Wilbur interview I strolled into Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson's office seeking a news story. He looked at my card, then at me. "You folks out on the Pacific coast need not be afraid of Japan," he said, quickly. "Our navy, counting the battleships, is much stronger than the Japanese fleet."

During the course of the interview Mr. Swanson sagely remarked, "In these crazy times there's no telling what might happen!"

George H. Dern, first secretary of war in the New Deal cabinet, wasn't thinking of Nippon's fleet but of her air force when he visited Portland on his way home after his first inspection of the Panama Canal. "We ought to have more airplanes, more for Panama and more for the entire army," he said. "Just as soon as possible a number of additional squadrons of airplanes should be sent south to be added to the defenses of the canal."

Another member of the New Deal official family interviewed in Portland is Harold L. Ickes. The secretary of the interior, when asked about the public buildings' program, chuckled before he answered. Although stern looking, he laughed often during the chat.

"Congress didn't like the way I was doing that work, so they took the job away from me last winter," Ickes explained. "I was holding down too hard on the new postoffices. So they passed a bill appropriating \$65,000,000 for public buildings, and then fixed it so the secretary of the treasury and the postmaster-general would be in charge of the way this fund was used."

The congress may have ruffled Ickes' feelings by passing this law, but it certainly didn't drive James A. Farley to tears. The kindly, but careful, postmaster-general visited Oregon often before the parting of the way. He talked on all subjects, glowingly on postage stamps.

"This sounds funny, but I didn't start collecting them until after I took over this job," General Farley related. "But I got interested in the various United States editions of stamps, and before you knew it I was a regular bug."

Genial fellow was Jim. He liked to sit with a newspaper group and talk about important matters. But—ah, the slow music—he's of the original "now-this-is-off-the-record" boys.

Henry A. Wallace, when secretary of agriculture, was different. He was as plain spoken as a city editor when I asked regarding overseas shipments of our farm products.

"The American people feel that it is a great sin to import, but they think it is a great virtue to export," Secretary Wallace opined. "They don't seem to see the correlation of the two. They even thought so much of the virtue of exporting that they lent billions of dollars to foreign countries so those countries could buy stuff from us with our own money. And because we don't accept imports in any large quantity, we have to accept the agricultural adjustment program."

The farm problem also interested Harry L. Hopkins when he was works progress administrator. As I stepped into his room at the Multnomah hotel the president's adviser was in shirt sleeves, and vestless. I asked if he would pose for a picture.

"Well, I'll have to put on a coat, I'm supposed to be a statesman, you know," Hopkins remarked.

During the interview he explained, "We allow only one wage-earner in a family to work for us." Then he went on to say, "I've found that the problem of how to care for seasonal labor is a big problem all up and down this west coast. Some way must be found to stop this for the benefit of both the farmer and the worker.

"Farmers depend upon crops to make money, which they should make, and in order to harvest these crops when they come in there must be a large amount of these seasonal workers. But what is to become of them when the job of a few days or a few weeks is done?

"This problem must be approached in a long-range plan that will be to the interests of the whole Northwest. These migratory workers are essential to this Northwest; the farmers and fruit-growers need them at certain times—to stabilize this work is a very important matter."

But such problems were not worrying Northwestern agriculturists when Herbert Hoover came to Oregon, an orphan, from Iowa. His boyhood life in this state was unhappy, many of his Newberg friends have said. One morning as we sat on the

veranda of W. B. Ayer's Portland home, Mr. Hoover flicked the ashes from his cigar, and told me of his long-ago labors.

"I came to Oregon when the farms in this western part consisted of 40 to 50 acres of cleared land surrounded by firs," Mr. Hoover related. "It was a constant battle with the trees to get more land cleared. The job of the small boy on a farm in those days was to bore two holes in a stump so they would come together, then start it to burning on the inside, the holes giving air to this inside blaze, and in time the stump would be burned out.

"As a youngster this was my chief job. Every night after school and all day Saturdays I had to bore holes in stumps, so I came to look upon a fir tree as a public enemy."

Another statesman who talked farming when he came west was Frank O. Lowden, ex-governor of Illinois. A big time hog-and-hominy farmer, he often visited Oregon when the White House was in his dreams. At the time of one of his visits bacon was very high priced, so I inquired about it.

"There isn't anything the matter with the hog," said Lowden, who explained growers were reducing their droves on account of low prices. It was refreshing to learn from such high authority that there was nothing the matter with the hog. I then hinted at politics.

"I'm not going to discuss politics with anybody," Lowden shouted.

His political candle was snuffed at the 1920 G. O. P. convention.

Major General Leonard Wood was another who suffered a final political defeat in 1920. When President Harding sent General Wood to the Philippines to investigate goodness knows what, Wood made a short stop-over in Portland. The general's eyes sparkled and he smiled jizzily as he talked. There was a big strike on in England at the time, and he was asked what he thought about it.

"Well, I can't say, because I do not know conditions over there," General Wood replied, "but I handled four ugly ones without the men having to fire a shot. This is the way I think it can be done right along:

"When we go into a district where there's trouble, we just go up to the mayor, and say: 'Mr. Mayor, this city is under martial

law. I appoint you my representative to carry out the civil law; just go ahead as usual, but if things get to looking nasty, notify us at once.'

"Then we would call in both sides, the strikers and the employers, and tell them what is what. Give each side the same right to come in with grievances, and treat everybody square."

I spoke of the troubles at Gary, Ind.

"The strikers came to me there, and asked what they could do," continued the general. "I told them that the thing to do was to obey the law. They asked if they could picket. I told them they could talk all they wanted to, but not ever to lay their hands on anyone. They could try to talk a man out of going to work all they pleased, but I told them I wouldn't stand for any rioting."

In this way Leonard Wood handled the ominous strikers at Gary, Omaha, Denver and in the West Virginia mining district.

Patrick J. Hurley, Hoover's secretary of war, likewise visited Portland on his way to the Philippines. Hurley came west in an army trimotored plane named the Oklahoma, piloted by a quite young lieutenant. Coming down the Columbia River gorge that August afternoon, the secretary kept passing notes up to the pilot saying:

"See that big salmon?"

"See that salmon jump then?"

The pilot would look out to see. Then up would come another note. "See that school of fish?" The secretary had a lot of fun, for, of course, he didn't see any salmon. At last the lieutenant flashed back a note to his boss:

"I think you are a damn liar!"

This stopped the fish stories. Secretary Hurley laughingly told me the story, and I used it in the front page yarn I wrote that night.

Another important Irish-American to visit Portland officially was Joseph Patrick Kennedy, while chairman of the federal maritime commission and just after the President had named him for ambassador to the Court of St. James. Much alike, the two Patricks. Kennedy on January 10, 1938, told me, "I think all passenger steamship lines should be covered by air lines. And I would like to have the steamship companies have charge of the new air companies. I think within the next two years we will have

regular air passenger and mail service between our east coast and London, Paris and Berlin."

He threw up his hands when asked about his ambassadorship to Great Britain. "Until something happens, you shouldn't do much talking about it," he declared. "If you have been in Washington a long time you know that a thing is done when it is done."

As the interview ended, I said, "As you will be an Irishman at the Court of St. James, you will have my prayers."

To which he instantly replied, "As an Irishman at the Court of St. James, I will need your prayers."

And faith, I'm thinkin' Paul V. McNutt had plenty of Irish forefathers. In Portland during the Landon campaign, the Indiana governor had all the answers.

"What ice will Al Smith cut in the campaign?" I asked.

"None at all! I might say, none other than to help the president," the handsome Hoosier replied.

"What effect will Hearst's support have on Landon?"

"It's the kiss of death sooner or later," McNutt exclaimed.

Some time before I had asked Mark Sullivan, in Washington, that same question and he had answered more sharply.

"It's the kiss of death," said Sullivan, no "sooner or later" about his reply.

While McNutt was triple-strong for Roosevelt, a Missouri democrat I interviewed that same exciting season was as strong the other way. Ex-Senator James A. Reed, of Kansas City, was plain spoken.

"We used to talk about the oppressed citizen of Europe being obliged to carry a soldier on his back, and that this was the cause of European misfortunes," the Missouri leader told me. "We contrasted our happy state with the miserable condition of the European. But we are in a worse condition here now.

"We are supporting employes of the government that swarm over the land and eat up its substance. We are keeping on the dole millions of people who do not work and do not want to work. We are feeding, housing, bedding and coddling the two or three million professional hoboes, tramps, weary willies and I.W.W.s until in many parts of the country it is impossible for farmers to secure hands, or housewives to secure help in their homes, or for mills and factories to obtain sufficient number of employes."

Senator Reed never pulls his punches. "Manifestly, if there is less produced there must be less distributed," he stated. "Money gathered by the government and put into useless enterprises is dead money; that much wealth has been destroyed. We can borrow and spend, but in the end we must toil and pay. Some day in the future a historian-philosopher will refer to this as the age of insanity."

I am glad Vice President Garner didn't "politic" the time I visited him for a newspaper chat. We rambled about this and that, when suddenly the Texan announced, "I would like to come out to your Oregon country some day—they tell me you have fine fishin' out there. Anything I like better than fishin' is more fishin'. I thought maybe I'd get out there this summer, now that airplanes make the trip so quickly, but I can't get my wife into the notion of travelin' that way."

Thomas R. Marshall visited Portland during his vice-presidency, and he didn't talk much regarding politics, either. It was in 1920, and when asked if he thought the democrats would win that year, Wilson's vice president told this story:

"I'm just like my father used to be. The day before the election he'd come to me and say:

"Tom, everything looks mighty good for us this year. I think we are going to carry Pennsylvania."

"And the next morning we'd wake up and find that the Republicans had carried North Carolina."

Vice President Calvin Coolidge didn't mention relatives during the interview he gave in Portland. And Calvin had no unguarded moments. He talked freely, friendily, but often he would start to answer a question, then exclaim, "but this mustn't be printed." The vice president arrived August 12, 1922.

"Business conditions are first-rate in the East," Coolidge announced. "That is one of the very encouraging signs. Wherever I go—in New England, along the Atlantic seaboard or through the Middle West—I hear the same general report that business conditions are very much improved."

The famous Amherst College graduate said there was no unemployment situation in the East. He explained that what he meant by unemployment situation was when men who wanted

to work and were willing to work could not get jobs on account of a business depression.

As different as two Republican vice presidents could be were Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes. General Dawes was chirp as a second lieutenant. I had a long talk with him in Eric V. Hauser's suite at the Multnomah hotel. Being vice president didn't make Dawes less vocal.

"I'm not making this trip for any ulterior purpose," the general declared, whacking his underslung pipe on an ashtray so savagely that the pipe cracked. "I haven't any other office in view. Bah! The people haven't any use for a man who shouts for a reform in order to elevate himself into a higher public position."

What the vice president said about German reparations was secret, but he did say on September 6, 1925:

"Europe is going to enjoy a long period of peace and prosperity when it gets on its feet, with the exception of a few flares now and then about the edges."

John Barrett, diplomat, told me a year after the Washington conference, "The world has had enough of this damn fighting business."

Another of the wise men in the era that ended with Hoover was William Howard Taft. He visited Portland in 1920, at which time I asked him regarding the Japanese problem, then a very live issue on the Pacific slope.

"Just what do you mean by Japanese problem?" he countered.

"The increasing numbers in which they are settling on this coast," I replied.

"You'll have to bring me the figures before I'll believe that," Mr. Taft said sternly. "Ever since our 'gentlemen's agreement' with Japan, their people have decreased rather than increased here."

The ex-president wasn't in a good humor when I met him that morning—"You reporters are a nuisance," was his greeting.

I tried several questions before one clicked. He wasn't talking politics, was emphatic in saying he wasn't a candidate for the presidential nomination. But when the direct primary, which was adopted early by Oregon voters, was mentioned, Taft spoke right out.

"The primary is used by people who are not members of the

party whose ticket they vote, or who are not loyal members of that party, to impose upon the party candidates who are not members of the party or who are not loyal to it," he declared. "They often impose principles directly opposed to the wish of a majority of the members of a political organization."

Mr. Taft said that popular government cannot be conducted without parties, because it is by this method that the will of a majority of the people in government action is determined.

"It is known by all men," he continued, "that the general primary has become a mere instrument for manipulation by people outside of any party or by the opposite party to embarrass the loyal members of a party by giving to them on their tickets candidates that they do not wish and who would not have been selected if only members of the party had voted for them."

William Jennings Bryan was living at the time I talked with Barrett and Taft. I interviewed The Commoner a number of times; he always discussed questions of the moment. On September 11, 1924, while resting in bed at the Portland hotel, he talked rather sorrowfully about the coming election, urging Democrats to support the ticket headed by John W. Davis and Governor Charles W. Bryan, brother of W. J.

"The biggest country in Europe, Russia, has class government," the ex-secretary of state remarked. "France is dominated by Socialists. England has a Labor man as premier. The concentration of wealth is threatening stable government in Europe, and Republican leadership threatens to bring about similar conditions here if it continues its policy of making the rich richer and the poor poorer.

"The situation is too serious to permit the casting of votes as compliments. The ballot is a privilege, and I expect to see a consolidation of progressive votes back of Davis and Bryan, and their election in the electoral college."

Bryan spoke very kindly of John W. Davis. But politicians are not always friendly. I recall an incident Jefferson Myers, while a commissioner on the United States shipping board, told me. Myers is a Portlander.

"I was present when Governor Penoyer wrote his famous telegram to Secretary of State Gresham," said the commissioner. "Gresham in some way heard that the white people of this state

(Oregon) had started to make raids on the Chinese. It was reported in Washington that the yellow men were being driven out of the state, and that many of them were being killed.

"The secretary of state sent a message to the governor requesting him to put a stop to these outrages. There were no riots, the Chinese were not being abused, and the governor was angry. He called Senator J. P. Wager of Pendleton and myself into his office, showed us the wire and then wrote his reply, which he handed to us for our approval. It said: 'If you'll take care of your business, I'll take care of my business.' Penoyer didn't hear anything more from Washington on the Chinese question."

After the terrible defeats the Republicans suffered in '32 and '34, one began hearing that the G.O.P. planned to head its ticket with an old-line Dixie Democrat who opposed F.D.R. So loud became this rumble that on October 21, 1935, I asked Maryland's Ex-Governor Albert C. Ritchie (to whom I was introduced by Raymond S. Thompkins) what he thought about it.

"I've heard that, too," announced Ritchie in his Baltimore law office, "but I haven't seen anyone bring forth the candidate. Of course, I don't know what the Republicans are going to do but just on general principles, knowing them as I do, I don't think there's anything to it. In the first place, it would be mighty hard to get a real Southern Democratic leader to go on a ticket whose main supporters would be Yankees, and then the Republican voters would have something to say—if they think there is a chance to win, why should they give the prize to a Democrat!"

A few days before I had talked with Ogden L. Mills, secretary of the treasury under Hoover, in his New York office. Mr. Mills was feeling downhearted. "The voters are still running after the big promises, the people don't seem to care about any leader who offers a sane, constructive program," declared Mr. Mills.

Alfred M. Landon offered a constructive program but, as Mills had visioned, the people didn't care for same. During Mr. Landon's second term as governor, I went to Topeka to interview him. His balancing of the Kansas budget was attracting national attention.

"Just how are taxes reduced," I asked, seeking useful information.

"By cutting out waste in government and by good accounting methods," Governor Landon exclaimed. "That's the way we did it here."

"Your reply is too general, pardon by bluntness, but can you explain it a little more in detail," I requested.

Landon tossed away his cigarette, and lit an old, straight-stemmed pipe.

"Well, we did it here in three ways," the governor began. "First, we put through what is popularly known as the 'cash basis' law. Under the old way of doing business our budget was unbalanced. All tax-levying bodies covered up their losses by issuing tax warrants or commissioners' bonds. But when we passed the 'cash basis' bill, it compelled all local governmental units to refund their outstanding debts, that item amounting to \$11,000,000.

"Now, no more of these can be issued without permission of the state tax commission. Should a courthouse or school building burn down or a bridge wash away, permission could be granted to raise funds for the emergency. But local tax bodies can no longer kite their checks nor do business on an overdraft.

"This law was passed in 1933, and affected every county, municipality and township in the state. When they haven't got it, they can't spend it. That is a powerful automatic brake on a tax-levying body.

"The next measure we put into effect was one that put teeth in our budget law. The cities used to make a street fund or a park fund or a school fund, then frequently would transfer some of this money to the general fund. Now it is a criminal offense to transfer any moneys from one fund to another.

"The third thing we did was to call in a group of tax-experts to make a real grass-roots study of the Kansas tax problem."

Henry P. Fletcher was chairman of the Republican national committee when I asked him regarding the administration's spending policy.

"The way federal funds are passed out and the timing of these expenditures are what we object to," said Fletcher. "Members of the Republican party are not opposed to relief to aid the suffering and the needy, but we are opposed to its being made a part of a political method to elect party candidates to office."

It was early in the New Deal era when I met Reed Smoot, very early you will know when I tell you the national debt was only \$26,000,000,000 at the time. For 30 years a famous senator, the Utah statesman headed the senate finance committee 12 years. Although Mr. Smoot had retired from congress when I met him, the debt was a source of worryment.

“Did you ever stop to realize what a gigantic sum \$26,000,000,000 is?” the ex-senator asked.

Being a modest newspaper reporter, I had never stopped to realize.

“Well, here’s something that will give you a hint on what a real lump of money that is,” said Mr. Smoot. “If some supernatural being could have some unearthly receptacle, and if that being had begun putting \$26 a minute into the receptacle the minute Christ was born and had kept it up to this very minute, the total sum deposited would be about \$26,000,000,000. It’s quite a bit of money, isn’t it?”

No thought of the national debt was on my mind when I went to Cleveland to attend the American Legion convention. Mayor Harold H. Burton, now senator, talked to me about labor. Many public officials dodge this subject. Burton doesn’t dodge. He was a 91st division infantry captain overseas.

“We regard the labor problem as a major responsibility,” Mayor Burton stated. “Here the leadership of the American Federation of Labor is working with the city to settle labor troubles without strikes. Labor leaders have found that the workmen lose a great deal by strikes, even in cases where the strikers seem to win, and they all know that order will be maintained here.”

Dr. Francis E. Townsend also discussed labor with me at times, but I was more interested in his economic ideas. “We are on the eve of a new age, the professional economists don’t know it, but we are,” Dr. Townsend once told me. “All my life I have hated poverty, and some time ago I reached the decision that it is the duty of every citizen to fight to abolish poverty. We have so much wealth in this country, so much real wealth, so many natural resources, that we could abolish all poverty very easily if we set about to do so.”

William Gibbs McAdoo also discussed economics at times. I

interviewed him when he was secretary of the treasury and brimful of talk about the second Liberty loan.

"This is a small job for the American people, a mighty small job, in my opinion," he declared. "There is a great deal more interest being taken in the present loan than there was in the first one, although I must say that the opener was given a great welcome."

Another famous economist of World war days is Dr. Harry A. Garfield, who was United States fuel administrator. It wasn't until January 7, 1928, that I met Dr. Garfield, then president of Williams college. It was from the senior class at Williams that my dear friend, Lambert A. Wood, went to the World war; he is sleeping in a sacred vale a thousand leagues from home. Europe was restless in 1928, so I asked the visitor if a war was in the making.

"I labor under no illusions that we are done with wars," Dr. Garfield said as I talked with him in the Portland home of Frederick N. Strong. "Human kind is changing its viewpoint, but we are not going to be through with war until we change our attitude towards one another. Wars may be postponed if we are wise enough, they may be put off a long while, but they'll spring up wherever the match lights. I would not pick out one country more than another where the next conflict may start."

Speaking of conflict, Alvin M. Owsley, our minister to Ireland, said to me in 1936, "We hope that never again will our boys be called upon to answer the bugle summons to war."

America's most recent island possessions came without recourse to war—the Virgin Islands. A somewhat recent governor of these islands was Dr. Paul M. Pearson. After President F. D. Roosevelt removed him as governor, I asked Dr. Pearson about the tropical dots of land.

"Finest place in the world, the Virgin Islands," the ex-governor declared. "The United States took them over because we were not willing to have anyone else own them. It isn't fair to judge the islands from an economic standpoint, for they are a part of our national defense. They would have been of great value to Germany had she owned them during the World war. Our naval experts knew this, and we had been wanting them since Lincoln's administration.

"So one day Secretary Lansing called the Danish minister

to the state department. He recounted the efforts that had been made by the United States to purchase the islands. Then Lansing remarked:

“‘Unless you choose to sell them to us, we may find it necessary to take them.’

“It wasn’t long until the real estate transaction was made. So the Virgin Islands are ours because we want them, because they form a major part of our national defense to the Caribbean. In the Civil war we were greatly handicapped because we did not have a naval base in the West Indies. You can be sure we will hold the Virgin Islands.”

Edward M. House, a great friend of Woodrow Wilson until the second Mrs. Wilson broke up that friendship (at least, Colonel House told me she did), was far from having as high an opinion of Secretary Lansing as did Dr. Pearson. I interviewed Colonel House several times, and in October, 1934, he spoke very freely about the Paris peace conference, and the American delegates to it. He spoke slowly, and with much feeling. At times, his voice faltered, and he had to wait a minute or two before he could continue.

“Wilson was the man on the mountain top. At the end of the war he had more people of the world under his hand than any other man in the world,” Colonel House told me.

“I advised him not to come to Europe. If I had been in Washington I could have kept him from going. But those around him persuaded him to go; I think they thought that if he went over, they would get a trip to Paris. But as soon as he got there he was no longer the man on the mountain, but he simply put himself on the level with Lloyd-George and Clemenceau and Orlando.

“If he had stayed in Washington Wilson would have continued to be the most powerful man in the world. I could have carried out his instructions, but he would have been the final arbitrator. I recommended that he send over Taft and Root, and, of course, appoint me as the third member of the peace commission.

“I recommended Root because he was the most powerful member of the Republican party, because he would have been able to have had the Republicans in congress to do as he recommended. Then I asked for Taft because he also had a powerful

following and he was strong for the league of nations. Taft and Root sold the league idea to me and I in turn sold it to Wilson. If Wilson had named Taft and Root, I had expected we would name Taft chairman, as he was an ex-president, while Root and I would have done the work. Taft was lazy.

"I pointed out to Wilson that he would still have the final say, no matter who he sent to Paris, but this commission would be friendly to his ideas and ideals. But those around the president talked him out of it and into going himself. On the way over these people doubtless told Wilson that the reason I didn't want him to come over was because I was at the forefront then, that I was sitting in the front row, but if he came over I would have to take a back seat. But it wasn't that at all. I knew that he would not command the power in Paris he did in Washington.

"Lansing shouldn't have been on the commission. But he was hell-bent on getting the appointment. He asked me to help him get it. I advised him not to go but he was hell-bent on having it. So I suggested to Wilson to appoint him. It didn't make any difference to Wilson whom he appointed, he intended to be the entire commission.

"He named Bliss and White—did you ever know White? Well, you are much better off for not. That old devil was a terrible bore—he didn't know a thing about what the conference was about except what I told him each morning. I used to set aside 15 or 20 minutes each morning to see White and outline briefly to him what had been done the day before. I did this to keep him from saying too foolish things regarding the conference. I tried to help him all I could, to be nice to him, and you can be sure that I was greatly surprised and chagrined to learn later that all the time White was over there he was writing the meanest and most critical things about me to his friends in the United States.

"Lansing didn't like it because the month that Wilson was sick in Paris he had me sit in the council of the Big Four for him. And then when the president returned to the United States to sign the bills when congress was about to adjourn, he again made me his representative in the conference, and I sat with Lloyd-George and Clemenceau in the most important meetings. This made Lansing peeved again."

Newton D. Baker, the war secretary of war, wasn't troubled

by jealous assistants. "No one ever had the more loyal support of his associates than I had of my associates in the army during the war," Mr. Baker said during our interview in his Cleveland law office.

"Do you really mean that?" I asked, having heard rumors to the contrary.

"If you knew me better you would know that when I say a thing I mean it," replied Mr. Baker calmly, softly.

We spent most of the time talking about military matters. I asked why Pershing, youngest of the major-generals, had been selected to command the army overseas.

"The war hadn't been on a day," said the ex-secretary, "until I saw it wasn't any place for elderly men—that's why I didn't send Bliss or Scott, both good, fine friends of mine and both loyal, excellent soldiers; that's why I didn't send Bell, the senior major-general, or Wood."

I mentioned a number of corps and division commanders I knew very well. Mr. Baker explained that he had favored younger officers for all overseas combat commands.

"Both General Tom Bridges, of the British army, and Marshal Joffre, when they came to Washington soon after we entered the war, told me to pick them young," Baker stated. "Pick them so young, they said, that they can be trained and then live a long time to lead their divisions. They told me that it had cost England and France 25,000 men to train a major-general.

"Don't pay that price!" General Bridges said.

"I was very glad to have those intimate talks with Bridges and Joffre because over here we couldn't see the mountain, all we could see was a map.

"I told Pershing, 'You go over there and do the job—you'll get no orders from me except to go and come. If you make good, maybe some day we will be heroes—if you don't, they may hang both of us to a lamp post!'"

And the ex-secretary proudly declared Pershing had done a good job. As the interview ended, Mr. Baker remarked, "I never see the army of the United States now without a lump in my throat."

Historians

“NO MAN deserves any praise for doing what he wants to do.”

Douglas Southall Freeman told me that. No lover of American history can agree with the statement. All students of this country's story will always praise Dr. Freeman for his *R. E. Lee*. The Richmond editor wanted to write it; that is why he spent 20 years on this great biography.

Every author of a worth-while history deserves praise from every student. I am sure these historians enjoyed writing their books. *The Epic of America*, by James Truslow Adams, could not have been written by a man who never wanted to write it, no more than the airplane could have been invented by two brothers who did not want to invent it.

One pleasant October day at Southport, Conn., I asked Dr. Adams if it is true that history repeats itself.

“I can't say that all history repeats itself,” he quickly replied. “And as for laws in the writing of history, we will never know what they are until we make that subject a science. You know, we have to forget man in history. When I mention this fact, I always refer to the coral reef. When we write the history of it, we tell the story of the reef and don't bother with the individual biographies of the insects that made the reef. In a scientific study of these insects, we find that every one of them is like every other. They are just like atoms.

“But say these insects had wars, say they painted pictures and invented electric washing machines, had members of congress who were nothing more than rubber stamps, carried on love affairs and ordered up cracked ice when they were thirsty, then our method of approach would be different. We would still write the history of the coral reef as an island, but our literary ways would still be different from the scientific.

“Biography serves many useful and interesting purposes, but

if you are going to study the laws of history, you can't study the life of one man."

But biography does enliven history. Rupert Hughes, in his life of George Washington, has made a real man walk out from the sepulcher. In a lecture given at the War college, Captain Hughes attempted to show that the first president was "a red-blooded, honest, fearless American." As a result, the historian received a rain of abuse that was agonizing.

"I was terribly misquoted," Captain Hughes told me. "I never said anything against Washington in my life. I simply rescued him from becoming a myth. It's amazing how men become myths so quickly. Men are becoming myths right in our lifetime.

"Washington was the greatest man who ever lived. I always thought so, and I always said so. During his lifetime, two classes of people set in on him; one class made him a deity, the other said he was a devil incarnate. He was neither. He was a great man, a great human being."

Dr. Hughes explained many things about the soldier-statesman during the forenoon I spent at the biographer's home in Los Angeles.

"There is no evidence that Washington ever went out in the snow and howled his head off to the Lord when he, Washington, had a perfectly good headquarters where he could pray," said Hughes. "This entire piece of fiction is based on a story told and written by one Potts, who is supposed to have seen the prayer-meeting. Well, the only trouble about it all is—Potts wasn't there!"

Gerald W. Johnson, whose *Andrew Jackson; A Hero in Homespun*, makes delightful reading, believes people like fighting men. "The longer I think about it," Mr. Johnson said, "the more I am convinced that in spite of all our peace societies and all our talk of nations living peacefully, the more I think that only a leader whose policy tends towards war is a hero of the people.

"A leader whose policy tends toward peace is a villain. If a leader gets a nation into a fight, he can be forgiven for all his faults, he can be forgiven anything. Take, for example, Washington and Jefferson. Washington was a fighting man, and if you say anything derogatory of Washington the people resent

it. But you can say anything about Jefferson, and it is all right."

What is true for the white man was also true for the red man. Dr. Clark Wissler, author of *Indians of the United States*, told me that "the Indian tribes who lived in small villages and who didn't put up any fight were pushed off the map very quickly and quietly."

Each year at least one worthwhile biography of an Indian warrior appears. Dr. Frederic L. Paxson, professor of history in University of California, reads some of them. But he thinks there are biographies and biographies. "We are establishing in this country the English tradition, only England was 30 years ahead of us," stated the author of *History of the American Frontier* in an interview. "This tradition is that every family that has produced a prominent member thinks a life of the illustrious one should be published. Of course, there are men and women whose biographies appear as a matter of historical interest.

"But in other cases, the family has a 'Life' trotted out so the world's store of knowledge will not be lessened by the failure of folk to read what this 'prominent man' has done. The flood of books that has followed the World war is accounted for by men wishing to explain their parts in battle and statecraft."

Dr. Paxson also made the interesting comment that "books about Jesse James and other outlaws are interesting things for people who like them, but they haven't any more place in history than the story of bootlegging today will have in the histories written 30 years hence."

Sin, raw and sugarcoated American sin, has made Herbert Asbury one of the country's widely read serious writers. His histories of wickedness make crime seem important in spite of Dr. Paxson's thumbs down.

"Why do people like to read about sin?" I asked Mr. Asbury when I met him at The Players Club in New York.

"Maybe it is because there's a bit of it in everyone," came the quick reply. Then, after pausing a minute, Asbury said, "I suppose we are all sinners at heart. I believe that most of us like to read about forbidden things. There are many things we wouldn't dream about doing ourselves but we are fascinated when we read about other people doing them."

There was plenty of cussedness at both ends of the Santa Fe trail in its rapturous days. Robert L. Duffus has made the old highway re-live. The author of *The Santa Fe Trail* confessed to me that "people here in New York are very hazy regarding what goes on in the West; there are some things, some tragedies, that are of interest to New Yorkers because the things are dramatic, like the drouth, the dust bowl, the floods and such happenings."

Carl Carmer doesn't go looking for woe, but if it is the grist that comes to his mill, fine and dandy. As a collector of American folk tales, he has no peer today. Fame came to him as *Stars Fell on Alabama*. Mr. Carmer explained as we talked in his Greenwich Village home that "folk stories usually start in some picturesque or startling fact. A group sitting around a cracker barrel build on it, and soon it has a richness and a fullness that it didn't have when the incident occurred. The tales are improved with every teller. The point where the folk story becomes static is when it ceases to be told by folks, and becomes the object of the scholar's interest."

Dr. Carmer and others who own real estate think the glutinous tax-collectors are the only persons interested in land, but lo, the historian is also looking at it. But the savant's reason differs from the money-grabber's.

"The two greatest real estate agents in American history are the United States government and the railroads," declared Dr. Cardinal Goodwin, professor of American history in Mills college. "I have found out that the land west of the Appalachian mountains and east of the Mississippi, north of the Gulf of Mexico and south of the Great Lakes, had all been in the hands of promoters, the real estate agents, before it was settled."

Dr. W. H. Jackson, whom I met at the Explorers' Club in New York, wrote his story of the Great American Desert with a camera. In the late 1860s he joined a government surveying party in Wyoming as official photographer, and was with it ten years; later he was with other federal mapping groups in a like capacity.

"I made the first photographs of the Yellowstone country before it was a park," Dr. Jackson related. "My pictures were used very largely in congress when the members were being urged to make that region a national park. Through all that

wonderful section, and in a great many other parts of the Rocky mountain country, my photographs were the first to come out. Most of the plates are still preserved in Washington, D.C. While they are as old-fashioned as bustles, they are beautiful pictures, and no one has gotten any better ones with all their newfangled gadgets."

Dr. Clyde A. Duniway was professor of history at Carleton College when I talked with him about books. "The interest in western history continues," he said. "Special chairs for the teaching of the influence of the frontier and of the western march of American civilization have been established in many of our universities and colleges."

A longfelt want was pretty well satisfied when Dr. Clifford M. Drury wrote his biography of Dr. Marcus Whitman. "I think there is a revival of interest in the story of the Pacific Northwest," the Idaho scholar stated. "And there seems to be rising a new school of history writers on the Northwest that is handling the subject differently than did the older authors."

The Pacific Northwest is little more than a footnote in the great historical work Dr. Will Durant is doing. The author of *The Story of Philosophy* is toiling on his history of civilization, to be published in several fat volumes.

"If you want to understand international politics, look in the ocean and see how the fish behave," Dr. Durant told me in an interview. "The fish do it better than we do because the big ones swallow the little ones without saying it is for the spread of Christianity."

As far back as February, 1931, Dr. Durant told me "Germany won the war. The productive system of Germany was left unharmed by war, in fact, it was greatly stimulated by the conflict. Great inventions were made in the Fatherland as a result of the long struggle when the blockade kept out what were once the necessities. Let me name one, the taking of nitrogen from the air. This is one of the greatest inventions of all time."

Dr. Durant also declared, "Liberty is a luxury of order, and democracy is a luxury of peace."

Yale's great historian of the Colonial period, Dr. Charles M. Andrews, made it clear to me that "democracy in a political sense did not begin in this country until it was legally established by law, giving the right to every man to vote, and that

didn't come until long after the Revolution. Down to the Revolution no man could vote who didn't own property."

Guglielmo Ferrero, Italian historian, also knew much about democracies old and new. During his last visit to Oregon, 1931, he announced "the day of absolute monarchies is ended." And then Professor Ferrero explained very slowly, "with the downfall of so many former great governments in the past 20 years the world seems to be groping along wondering what will take the place of the old regimes. Truly, a sick world is in need of a great doctor."

Maybe Clarence K. Streit, author of *Union Now*, has the prescription needed. He told me "we should realize that this proposed union of peoples is what we should work for, we should make up our minds before it is too late. But a federal union of the democracies is no foregone conclusion; it will come about only if America does her part."

A half dozen years after Professor Ferrero saw the need for a wonder physician, Graham H. Stuart, of Stanford, told of vague peace hopes. Just back from over-there, Dr. Stuart stated "the common people of all the countries of Europe are bitterly opposed to war for any cause. But what will they have to say if the general staffs order the troops to march?"

A man stepped out of the pages of *Arabian Nights* to spend a few hours in Portland on October 19, 1932. Major Francis Yates-Brown, retired officer of the Indian cavalry and author of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, tarried just long enough to give an interview and to get his breakfast at the Benson hotel. I asked how the mess in India was getting along.

"I don't believe any responsible British statesman wants to go on holding political control over India if we can make suitable arrangements regarding trade and such things," came the quick reply. "When the people of India can agree on how the country is to be governed, and who will do it, Britain will allow India to assume domination status. But there are so many bitter factions there that I fear they never can agree."

But India isn't the only place where life is bewildering. It has become so everywhere, thinks Dr. Edward M. Hulme, former president of Yale-in-China. In March, 1939, he made me believe that "today is the most complicated and intricate and bewildering period of history ever known."

Norman Hapgood, not long before he died, pronounced bluntly to me that "Americans need to be educated for their own protection on the difference between neutrality and isolation. Denmark, Belgium and Switzerland are neutral but they are not isolated."

While questioning him on political matters one day, I asked Mr. Hapgood to give me his opinion on a subject in a nutshell.

"To do that, it would have to be a cocoanut shell," he snapped.

Another Norman—Norman Mattoon Thomas—also gives snappy answers. He told me the Democratic party "is simply a lot of incompatibles tied together with a desire for offices." Later he proclaimed, "the Republican party has no more to offer than the Democrats." Asked regarding Dr. Townsend's well known plan, Thomas declared "the whole thing is cock-eyed." Of his own party he announced "the Socialists offer a program that will help the nation if it is adopted."

Stuart Chase, also a liberal, came to the Northwest in '38 to lecture and to see the big dams. Speaking of the Bonneville dam, Chase opined:

"I was particularly impressed with the solicitude for the salmon. Seven million dollars for the aid and comfort of the salmon, that is something! But I guess it's worth it, it's a big industry. And the engineers have put in so many ways for the fish to keep going up the river. If the salmon don't like avenue A they can try avenue B or C or D."

A real booster of the West, albeit a salmonless section of the West, is Philip Ashton Rollins, author of *The Cowboy*.

"I want to say that the cowboy was a constructive factor in the real upbuilding of the United States," said the former range rider. "He should be treated more kindly by the writers of American history, most of whom don't know what this cow business was all about. A majority of these eastern writers think a cowboy was a wild fellow, with long hair and a long rope, who rode a horse.

"Well, just let me tell you something; whenever you saw a man wearing long hair you could be sure he was one of three things—he was either a poet, or he was crazy, or he was a killer."

Lowell Thomas would have enjoyed the old Chisholm Trail

had he been born a generation sooner. Before radio gave Mr. Thomas his first million, he came to Portland to lecture. At that time, 1927, Lowell expected to die within a very few years.

"I don't look for any tremendous world struggle during my lifetime," he declared without having his fingers crossed. But he did make this observation:

"Hungary is one of the great danger points. The Hungarians are an exceedingly proud people. They think they can whip any of their neighbors easily, or all of them together with real effort. Should they be allowed to rebuild their army and should their treasury become filled, the Hungarians will try to even up a lot of old scores."

Tom Skeyhill expected to live a long while. He told me of plans that would take years to complete. Skeyhill—Australian war veteran, journalist, historian—interested me because he was the biographer of Sergeant Alvin York, the straight-shootin' Tennessean. "York is one of the world's finest fellows," declared the author. "I strongly suspect him of being noble. If all the men in the world were as fine as Sergeant York, heaven would be right here."

And then Skeyhill, after telling how bad the mountaineer had been before being converted, made the statement, "Alvin York conquered himself before he conquered the Germans."

Some months later I went to eastern Tennessee to visit Alvin C. York. And the first thing the World war hero told me was, "Tom Skeyhill was killed in an airplane accident yesterday."

While scores of people have told me, as did Skeyhill, that Russia and Japan were bound to engage in another war, Dr. Payson J. Treat, professor of history at Stanford and an outstanding authority on American-Oriental relations, explained the situation differently.

"There isn't going to be any serious trouble between Japan and Russia," declared Dr. Treat in 1935. "In Japan, Russia is a bogey that the statesmen have to use for home consumption; and in Russia, Japan is the bogey. That's all there is to that."

In 1940 Owen Lattimore, an occidental who is an oriental wise man, said in his interview, "The Japanese are finished in China; it may take several years to drive them out, depending to a large extent on how much longer the Americans continue supplying Japan with war materials."

Lewis Mumford, historian of modern municipalities, also talked about war, the war that is being waged on slums. "I don't know a city of more than 25,000 that isn't disfigured by some pretty bad slums. I don't know of a city that hasn't some very terrible sections in which to rear children," he announced.

Another beguiling specialist is Edward Hungerford, historian of the railroads. "I have a theory that a man could write the history of the world in terms of transportation," Hungerford averred. "Civilization has followed in the wake of transportation. This sort of story would move along briskly, and I think would have a great audience. Walt Whitman used to say that a great poet needed a great audience, and one might say the same about the historian."

This mention of civilization reminds me that in April, 1940, I asked Harry Elmer Barnes what civilization is. "It is something there is not much of now," replied Dr. Barnes. "My general feelings would be that civilization is a state of security for the masses at home and a decent assurance of peace in world affairs. Civilization long has been a hope far more than a realization."

Getting back to Hungerford's big idea, the story of world transportation would include a chapter on Mississippi river traffic. And the Mississippi ever suggests Mark Twain. When I think of the humorist, I recall a keenly enjoyable afternoon at the home of Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's biographer. Mr. Paine resided at West Redding, Conn., and I visited there a few months before his death. He told me much about the author of *Life on the Mississippi*.

"When Mr. Clemens gave you his confidence, he delivered himself into your hands, he leaned on you, he gave you his full confidence," explained the biographer. "But when he was suspicious, he was the most suspicious man I ever knew. And his suspicion was very easily aroused. He was just like a child. Well, all geniuses are like children—he was one of them."

"Wasn't Mark Twain in the Confederate army?" I asked.

"Yes, about two weeks," Mr. Paine declared, "then he left the army. He said they wanted him to fight in the rain—here's the way he expressed it to me:

"Oh, hell, it rained all the time—damned if I would fight in the rain!"

"It was just a little company of volunteers organized at Hannibal, Mo., and most of the others quit about the same time young Clemens did."

The Civil war—with and without rain—was the specialty of Dr. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. While professor of history at the College of Charleston, S.C., he wrote a very excellent life of Abraham Lincoln, a work that is praised most highly by Bishop Bruce R. Baxter. Strangely enough, Dr. Stephenson wasn't threatened with lynching for writing the biography. At the time I interviewed him, he was head of the history department at Scripps college.

"I am putting a great deal of stress on the Pacific coast in my teaching," Dr. Stephenson announced. "One of the greatest mysteries of American history is the so-called Pacific Republic. Little has come to light on this proposed plan to have a new nation on the coast, make it an ally of the Confederate States, later annex it if possible. There is great opportunity for research work in history in the study of the mystic Pacific Republic. In Portland in the early '60s there was much talk behind closed doors and in dimly lighted rooms on this proposal."

While on the subject of the Civil war, I want to state something Burton J. Hendrick, author of *Statesmen of the Lost Cause*, said to me. "I have always had a theory that the South was not subdued but that it failed through the foolishness of its civil and diplomatic leaders," he announced. "It did not have a real statesman during the years of the War Between the States."

And Dr. Hendrick also said "Jefferson Davis had an idea that he was a great military genius. This strange notion on the part of President Davis had a great deal to do with the downfall of the Confederacy."

Stern times call for stern measures. It was true in the Lincoln era, it is true in the New Deal era. Hermann Hagedorn once told me the depression called for another man like Theodore Roosevelt. "I think he is growing bigger all the time," said Hagedorn, speaking of T.R. "As other fellows come along and we see how NOT to do it, we see what a great man Theodore Roosevelt was."

I asked Mr. Hagedorn to recommend a number of books on T.R. "The 'Autobiography' first of all," he replied. When

Hagedorn said that, I was reminded of an interview I had with an ex-president who enunciated he would never write an autobiography. I asked Herbert Hoover if he was writing his memoirs.

"No," he snapped.

"You should," I said, "at least your experiences with the Belgian Relief commission should be given to the world."

"Memoirs are too often the assassins of people's character," Hoover replied. "I am not writing mine, never intend to. History should be allowed to say what it likes about a man."

Historians, when they give interviews, usually predict. Their percentage of bullseyes is no larger, I find, than that of editors or senators. But Dr. Edward P. Cheyney, while professor of European history in University of Pennsylvania, said something that made me think he had a vision of the appeasement premier-ship in Great Britain.

"The English people didn't want to go into the last war, but they had to," Dr. Cheyney stated.

"Why did they have to?" I asked.

"Why did we go into the war?" he replied. "Simply because it appeared to be the right course to pursue. But the conflict brought so many heartbreaks to old England, it brought such almost overwhelming disappointments, that it would take a great deal to make them enter another war."

Dr. Cheyney's statement was made in July, 1927.

Walter Millis, author of *The Martial Spirit and Road to War*, said something hopeful when I talked to him in 1937. "I think the world in general is far more optimistic than it looks," he announced. "The actual structure of our western civilized society is much tougher and stronger than we give it credit for being. I don't think the yellow race will swallow our western civilization."

Dr. John T. Shotwell, authority on affairs international, gave me a pearl of wisdom—"we mustn't fool ourselves," he exclaimed. Then he said, "I am for neutrality, but it must not be the kind of neutrality that is directed towards making profits out of the misery of others."

Speaking in his New York office, Dr. Shotwell explained, "The strategy of peace has to be quick and decisive in the critical

moment, just like Stonewall Jackson's charge at Chancellorsville."

Jackson's charge at Chancellorsville! What a tragic moment in history! The South was near decisive victory that crimson evening. But Douglas Southall Freeman, the Confederacy's premier historian, told me one night at his delightful home in Richmond, "God never intended the Confederacy to win, that is certain if God directs the affairs of war."

Dr. Freeman gave me the secret of his success as a writer. I had wondered how every chapter of his *R. E. Lee* could have the literary excellence it has. I learned the reason when the author told me, "I think a man makes a mistake, no matter how great his reputation, to ever write cheap, shoddy stuff."

He also said, "I think any man who has written a successful book, to hurry and turn out a shoddy work in order to capitalize on his success, makes a serious mistake. I think the fiction writers who bring out a big success, make a grave error in digging up all their old stuff, some of it terrible, and putting it on the market.

"I'm not going to write unless I have something to say. Too much is being written now by people who seem to be writing just to be writing something."

Dr. Allan Nevins is another historian who always produces a tome worth reading, worth owning. I called on him at his New York home while he was working on the biography of Hamilton Fish, Sr. I had hoped Dr. Nevins would tell me some of the arts of biographyship, but alas—nearly all of the conversation time was taken up discussing the N.R.A.

Dr. Nevins was like Coolidge's preacher who talked about salvation, he was for it. The historian told me he was preparing a series of lectures on the N.R.A., to be delivered in England that winter; he said these lectures would be published in book form, that he would send me a copy. Patiently I am waiting.

Dr. Claude M. Fues, whose biographies of Webster, Cushing, Schurz and Coolidge are truly great books, had this to say to me about the New Deal not long ago:

"The New Deal is one of the most extraordinary experiments, not only in American history but in all human history. I don't believe America will ever be the same again. I don't believe we will ever go back to where we were in 1930."

Carl Van Doren, biographer of Benjamin Franklin (a New Dealer of 1776), has a lovely idea for one so history-minded. "My greatest hope is to get out an omnibus volume of all George Ade's fables in slang," Dr. Van Doren confessed. "Ade's first great book had the title, *Fables in Slang*, but he wrote others in a like vein. They should all be collected in one book.

"George Ade is the man who has done more than anybody else to put the common life of the average American into a humorous idiom. It is his own slang, but he knows how to use it. His *Fables in Slang* doesn't seem old-fashioned slang because it wasn't contemporary slang, and then, a good man's special observations never get old. George Ade summed up the workaday, common life of the ordinary American in *Fables in Slang*"

I hope the Van Doren omnibus volume of Ade will be printed on rag paper. Someone of Franklin's inventive genius should discover a process to make durable paper out of wood pulp. The noise you sometimes hear late at night is the groaning of historians who weep because newspapers are being printed on such fragile material. Many authors have spoken about this serious drawback. The late Dr. Benjamin F. Shambaugh, while head of the department of political science at University of Iowa and superintendent of the Iowa State Historical Society, was much worried over this matter.

He told me "the newspapers of Iowa that were published in the 1830's and '40's are in a better state of preservation than those printed in the last 35 years." Dr. Shambaugh also stated "there is no end to the material of the pioneer period. New material is always turning up, diaries of early travelers and settlers are being found every few weeks, in fact, more material and diaries are coming in now than 15 years ago."

Some day historical societies will want the letters and private papers of Dr. Richard T. Ely, one of America's foremost economists. His papers contain information of much import to writers of history. We were discussing politics one day when Dr. Ely remarked:

"It is too bad that Frank O. Lowden didn't get the nomination in 1920, he would have made a fine president. He was the best governor Illinois ever had, and I am sure he would have made as good a chief executive for the nation. Warren G.

Harding, who secured the nomination and won the election, was the poorest president we ever had."

Dr. Ely, eastern born and reared, explained to me how much he enjoyed lecturing in western universities. Well, Dr. Tyler Dennett, author of *John Hay: From Poetry to Politics* and other valuable historical works, once told me in his New York home a great idea he had.

"Hazen, I hope when my boys grow up to be old enough to go to college, that I'll have nerve enough to do this," said the future president of Williams. "I hope I'll have nerve enough to send them to a western college, I would even like to have them go to one on the Pacific coast. I think it would be better for this country if eastern boys went west to college, and western boys came east."

I interviewed a Middle Westerner who wrote the life of a Virginian, one of the three greatest biographies in American literature. The author, Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana; the subject, John Marshall. It was before he had finished the biography that I talked with the Hoosier senator.

"I am writing the life of Marshall," he told me, "and I began that book the day I was born. I began thinking about this great man as soon as I was able to read United States history. When I began studying law, I tried to find a real life of the chief justice, and do you think I could find one? No, because none had been printed.

"I went into Senator McDonald's private office one day after I had read the decision in the case of McCulloch vs. Maryland, and I said:

"This was written by a soldier."

"What makes you say that?" asked the senator.

"It has the roll of the drums, the marching of soldiers, the blare of the bugle, the roar of cannon; no man but a soldier could have written it," I replied.

"The old lawyer smiled; he might have thought I was a ninnyhammer, but he kindly refrained from saying so. A few days later I rushed in with the decision in the Gibbon vs. Ogden case.

"Whom have you found now?" my friend asked.

"A great chief justice who went out of doors where the winds were blowing and the God of the open sky was near at hand," I said."

Then Senator Beveridge spoke of other great Americans. As he talked about various statesmen, the senator remarked that the longer he lived the more he thought character was the chief thing we should demand in men who conduct the affairs of our nation.

"I used to think ability should be first," he said, "but I have found that a man can surround himself with men of ability, who can counsel and aid him, but who could give him character if it were lacking in his makeup?"

Without doubt, John T. Morse, Jr., would have liked to have had Senator Beveridge write a volume or two in the famous *American Statesmen Series*. But the Indianan matured a few years too late for this work. Dr. Morse explained to me that he gave "young Theodore Roosevelt the job of writing the life of Thomas H. Benton to help take his, T.R.'s, mind off his grief; he had recently lost his bride, a beautiful girl, and a cousin of mine suggested that I let Roosevelt do the Benton in the series.

"Roosevelt plunged into his work with vigor, and he did such a good job that I asked him to write the life of Gouverneur Morris for the series. I don't think he did as well with the Morris as with the Benton."

Dr. Edgar E. Robinson, professor of American history at Stanford, thinks T.R. should be named as one of the illustrious men of modern history. At the Benson hotel the other day Dr. Robinson remarked during an interview, "I call Theodore Roosevelt 'the Great' simply because he was great. And had he been living in the golden age of kings and been one of them, he would have made history even more lively than it is today."

It was in Judge Leander Stillwell's library in Erie, Kansas, that I first saw a set of the *American Statesmen*. Judge Stillwell, who was one of the great jurists of the Middle West, wrote a grand book on army life in the Civil war, from the viewpoint of an enlisted man. I am speaking of the Northern army. His book, *The Story of a Common Soldier*, is worth its weight in gold to one who wants to know how the boys in the western armies lived and fought in the terrible Rebellion.

Judge Stillwell's account of the battle of Shiloh is a classic. In his old age he told me, "I like to sit in the evening and think of the marches and the bivouacs and the battles; I live them

over again—here, put up your pencil and paper, don't write this down—it is just an old man's dream."

Another Civil war veteran and historian I interviewed was Rear Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan. I visited Admiral Mahan at his Long Island summer home at Quogue. He was greatly interested in the Japanese question that was stirring up Pacific Coast states at the time.

"I think this entire matter should be and can be settled peacefully," the greatest expert on sea power declared. "I would favor going to war with Japan if it could be proven that Japanese, under instructions from their government, are attempting to blow up public buildings and docks and factories in the country, as you on the Pacific coast say they are doing. But I don't believe they are doing these things. They are too smart.

"You must remember that the unruly elements in many western states treated the Japanese very severely, cruelly at times. It is no wonder there has been rioting in the vicinity of offices and residences of Americans in Japan. But all these questions can be settled peacefully if you people on the coast only hold your tempers."

Admiral Mahan, at the same time, said we should build up a strong navy so that should Japan ever attempt to invade our shores, Nippon would be defeated at sea.

"We haven't an army large enough to prevent the landing of an enemy somewhere along our immense coast line," he declared. "It would take months to raise and equip an army that could adequately guard our coasts. It is not at all impossible for a firstclass foreign power to make a successful assault on our mainland, and it would be very easy for them to sweep over our colonies and the Panama canal unless—"

And here Admiral Mahan snapped his words—

"Unless we have a navy that can defeat any power, including Japan, that might attempt it. We should build more ships!"

Admiral Mahan I found to be an interviewer's dream—one had to ask only one question to the column.

James Barnes also wrote naval history, but he required much interrogation. The most interesting thing Mr. Barnes related to me was his recollection of the death of Edwin Booth; the historian was in The Players Club the night the beloved actor died there.

But Albert Bushnell Hart and Lathrop Stoddard, like Admiral Mahan, wanted to talk about Japan. The majority of American historians, I find, like to discuss the Samurai kingdom. Dr. Hart, in July, 1920, solemnly stated "Japan will go to war without hesitation rather than admit its people are inferior to other races, or rather than submit to other nations passing laws putting Japanese on a lower plane than other immigrants are placed."

Lathrop Stoddard, whose *The Rising Tide of Color* was a best seller in the early '20s, made page one in Portland when he gave me this line—"I am a 100 per cent Oriental exclusionist!" Dr. Stoddard then explained, "and by Oriental I mean every nation in Asia. The potential immigration from Asia is so great that it staggers one who has studied the matter to think what might happen if we give in the least bit. Literally hundreds of millions of Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, Koreans and other nationalities would swoop down upon America if they were permitted."

Japan was not the only country with an acute problem of over-population. Poland was in that class before 1939. In 1933 I visited picturesque Krakow chiefly to get an interview with Dr. Roman Dyboski, of the university faculty and Poland's most noted historian.

"One of our greatest problems, aside from keeping open a doorway to world commerce, is over-population," Dr. Dyboski explained. "There is a very high birth rate in Poland, both among the peasants and our Jewish population. Many proposals for birth control have been made, but of course you know this is a very devout Roman Catholic country, and the church and the Jewish rabbis strongly oppose anything that tinges on birth control.

"Well, as they say in England, 'a country can't live by taking in each other's washing.' We have to find something for our increasing numbers, now that the doors to America are closed."

And speaking of crowded countries, there's Italy. Pointed out Dr. Alden G. Alley, of New York, "Italy has no valuable colonies. Those she has in Africa are not fertile, and not of much use. She will never rest content under present conditions."

France, by the way, is a nation that has "gone to rest," thinks Dr. Sidney B. Fay, of Harvard and author of *Origins*

of the World War. Months before we entered the present Global conflict Dr. Fay startled me by saying, "France will never be the power it was before 1939, no matter how much the French kid themselves."

With historians everywhere talking of woes and of wars now and wars to come, I sometimes pause to repeat a line written by Abraham Lincoln 94 years ago—

"In this troublesome world, we are never quite satisfied."

The Congress

THE young blizzard that swept across southwestern Minnesota was no colder than the reception accorded me the Sunday morning I called on Andrew J. Volstead, author of the federal prohibition enforcement act. The former representative in congress, who was long chairman of the house judiciary committee, was reading the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* when I stepped into the front room of the house where he was staying in Granite Falls, Minn.

He looked up, and his eyes were like bits of cold, blue steel. He said nothing when the head of the household calmly remarked, "This is Mr. Volstead." The chill of the January out-of-doors seemed to have swept inside.

I took a chair near the famous attorney, and began talking. For quite a long time, it seemed an hour, it was an Oregonian monologue. I explained that St. Paul friends had said that he, Mr. Volstead, was not very well, that he had retired from public life to practice law, that he was allowing the state liquor control fight to proceed without his interference, that he was staying in his home town observing affairs. All this chatter took up some time, and it was 100 per cent one-sided.

"And they told you I wasn't giving any interviews!" spoke up Mr. Volstead, breaking his silence. He spoke lowly, but firmly.

"Oh, yes, they told me that, but I thought I had better come out and see," I replied.

Again silence was resumed upon the part of the ex-representative. But I kept on chatting, not mentioning prohibition, at last making a remark about no trains running into Granite Falls.

"Yes, we have night trains, but none in the daytime," Mr. Volstead declared; "the railroads are making money by their

freight service, enough to keep going and to operate what passenger trains they do run in some places."

"What has happened to the railroads, Mr. Volstead?" I asked.

"Well, they tried to run too long on a 'public be damned' policy," he replied, "and the people got tired of it. I think the railroads brought a great deal of their troubles onto themselves. They went along doing as they pleased, fighting the state and national governments as long as they could, and when the people got a chance to strike back at them it was done. There is no reason why the railroads cannot be operating passenger trains into Granite Falls and other places like this today, and making that service pay, only they acted so long in such a way that the public turned against them."

Mr. Volstead discussed this topic for some time. He thought the railroads would have more troubles to face, but he was greatly interested in the streamlined fast trains.

The subject of inflation came up.

"That reminds me of a visit I made to Germany in 1923," the lawyer stated. "When I reached Bremen one morning I was given 3,000,000 marks for a dollar; the afternoon of that same day I got 5,000,000 marks for a dollar. I went to Copenhagen and stayed a few days before going to Berlin. When I reached Berlin, the value of the mark was going down so rapidly that no one could tell what it would be the next hour. I never knew how much money to take into a restaurant to buy a meal; what I did was to fill up all my pockets with millions of these marks and when it came time to pay the bill I would pile them on the table and let the waiter take out what he thought was due him.

"It was a terrible experience. People who are howling for inflation never have seen it in operation. I am sure Germany does not want any more of it."

Political matters were discussed at length. Then I mentioned the tabooed word—prohibition.

"You understand, I told you I give no interviews on prohibition," Mr. Volstead declared sternly. "In fact, I will never mention this subject again to any newspaperman I cannot trust to keep it out of print. My views on this subject are well known, but when I have been quoted, certain

interests have distorted my statements and lied about them so much that I am keeping out of print on this matter. But I have no objection now to talking to you as man to man on this question."

And so he did, freely, calmly and understandingly.

When I returned to the hotel, one of Mr. Volstead's friends told me this story: "After the election Mr. Volstead was called on the long-distance telephone. It was a call from a newspaper in London, England. When he found out what they wanted to talk about, he hung up the phone, and that ended the conversation."

During the more or less dry era, prohibition was a fertile subject for interviewers when they met national and foreign visitors. As one looks back over those years, many of the statments then made for publication now seem strange, almost grotesque.

Senator Henry F. Ashurst, of Arizona, told me in 1926, that "alcoholic liquor when poured into the volcano of human nature erupts the hot lava of crime and misery. Prohibition is here to stay. You can rally men around a principle, but no political party can rally men around an appetite."

Even Congressman William E. Hull, of Peoria, Ill., a great distilling center, thought prohibition was here to stay. Three days after I saw Senator Ashurst, I talked with Mr. Hull; when prohibition was mentioned the Peoria man said, "This question is a thing of the past; it's settled."

But in October, 1926, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, explained to me, "Among other reasons for the two parties declaring in favor of the present prohibition policy is the fact that no reasonable acceptable change has been proposed."

Judge M. C. George, of Portland, was, I think, the last living member of the 47th congress, and he often spoke of the prohibition dinners at the White House. The congressman-elect went to Washington several months before time to take up his official duties so as "to learn the ropes," as he stated, and he was often the dinner guest of President and Mrs. R. B. Hayes.

"Mrs. Hayes was boss of the White House," Judge George related. "She was a teetotler. Whenever there was a state

or diplomatic dinner, the guests used to fortify themselves before they went to the mansion. Mrs. Hayes was a truthful woman in all respects save one—she could fib about Oregon clams better than any beach real estate dealer that ever lived.

“President and Mrs. Hayes had visited Oregon. Somewhere in the state they were given a meal of clams, and the size of the brutes greatly impressed Mrs. Hayes. During an evening at the White House that winter, I received a summons from the president’s lady to come over to where she was chatting with a party of notables.

“‘I was telling these people that the clams out in Oregon grow as large as geese,’ she said, ‘and I want you to prove the statement. Some of my friends seem doubtful.’

“I replied, ‘Certainly, certainly, Mrs. Hayes, the clams out there grow as big as geese. I have often seen them at the beach gather on the rocks and spread out their shells like geese would spread out their wings. I often would see a large gander clam stand up and flop his big shells in a way that reminded me of an eagle.’

“My statement pleased Mrs. Hayes, and most of the people believed me. I have often wondered if the recording angel put me down for a lie—but a gentleman couldn’t have said anything else under the circumstances.”

Not one word about liquor, prohibition or clams did Senator Robert R. Reynolds, of North Carolina, say when he flew back from Alaska in August, 1938, with a new plan for national defense wherein munition makers wouldn’t net a dime. “A highway from Portland to Fairbanks, Alaska, is worth more for national defense than a large fleet of battleships,” the North Carolinian declared in an interview at Swan Island airport. “I went north to study national defense. I am ranking member of the military affairs committee of the senate, so I wanted to see at firsthand the military possibilities of our northern territory.

“Counting our islands, we are only 530 miles from Japan. And it will surprise you when I tell you that we are only separated from Russia—meaning Siberia, of course—by 2½ miles. So we should be thinking about American territory in the north. There should be a highway built from Portland to Alaska, to Fairbanks. It would cost \$50,000,000, but what

is \$50,000,000 these days! It's nothing when we realize that a modern battleship costs \$70,000,000."

Senator Claude Pepper, of Florida, during an Oregon visit spoke of the new viewpoint the people were taking, a new deal in horizons, as it were.

"The country is just finding out what government means for the people, the country is just learning what the government can do for them," said Senator Pepper, talking with machine-gun speed. "When the people used to vote, they didn't connect the government with the job they would have, with how long they could hold that job, with public health, with highways and safety in travel, with their land and their crops, with what they would have to pay for power.

"They voted for a party candidate. Now they are finding out that the way the election goes determines their economic and social life—it is connected up with social security, with old-age pensions, with life and happiness."

Old-age pensions, mentioned by Mr. Pepper, was the motif of Representative John S. McGroarty's interview when the Townsend plan was in its heyday. The Los Angeles democrat had introduced the Townsend pension bill in congress, and on his way home paid his undying respects to the professors who opposed the idea.

"All these economists are crazy as hell, I think," said Mr. McGroarty.

And the congressman also remarked, "We could save President Roosevelt all his headaches if he would just listen to us."

When Hamilton Fish, Jr., Walter Camp's All-American tackle for '08 and '09, came to Oregon in 1935, I asked what was the worst mistake the administration had made.

"The worst mistake," Fish replied, "was the New Deal administration, which, some months after a most auspicious start, was to bring to Washington a host of young radicals, socialists and near-communists, who have never been affiliated with the Democratic party, to formulate unsound, un-American, unconstitutional and socialistic measures. These have devoured the resources of the nation, prolonged the depression, impoverished the people and increased unemployment."

Senator Lewis B. Schwellenbach, of Washington, said in a

Portland interview in 1935, "We are 35 years behind the times in social security legislation."

A rather frequent visitor to the Northwest is Senator James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania. During a recent call I asked him, "Do you believe that wages should be based on the cost of living?"

"No," he snapped. "Man should have more than the cost of living! That question was settled when I was secretary of labor in the Coolidge administration, when we ruled that man was entitled to more than a living wage; we decided he should have a saving wage so he could put something by to care for himself and his wife in their old age."

Saving was mentioned by Senator Robert A. Taft, of Ohio, during his tour of hopeful observation in 1939. But he was speaking of national and not home moneybags when at the Benson hotel he declared, "The budget can and should be balanced."

The economic toboggan in New England has caused wonder throughout the other sections of the North. I did not understand what had happened until I visited Senator David I. Walsh in his home at Clinton, Mass. "Our textile business began slipping back in 1924," the Democratic leader related. "Owing to the general good times we didn't notice it. The reason was partly on account of southern competition and partly because the bigger plants squeezed out the little ones.

"And then there was an era of consolidation; a company having a number of plants in several towns would make one large factory out of them to reduce overhead expenses. This would leave empty factory buildings in the towns from which the company moved branch factories. This action was taken in both the cotton and woolen industries. It was one of the most far-reaching industrial moves in New England following the World war."

Senator Walsh made no mention of labor troubles, but ex-Senator Daniel O. Hastings, of Wilmington, Delaware, was bitter in May, 1938. Hastings said to me, "I don't think there can ever be any real revival of business unless you can get more sense into the leaders of labor than they have now, either that or put the law on them."

Had I interviewed the Delaware senator six years before he

doubtless would have urged "putting the law" on the striking farmers of Iowa and Nebraska. But the thoughtful Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, had a more human view of the matter on November 1, 1932. That night Senator Norris told me that "the farmers who have been striking in Iowa and in my state have been violating the law, they've been doing things they hadn't any right to do." Then, leaning forward and speaking very earnestly, the senator added:

"But everyone with a heart in his body can't help sympathizing with them."

I had interviewed Senator Norris before. One summer morning in 1928, at the union depot in Portland, he told me he was going to support Al Smith for president, and it was my story that the Associated Press used to tell the world about it. But this wasn't mentioned during the 1932 chat.

The senator spoke of the serious troubles Nebraska farmers were having, illustrating with a story wherein a group of ranchers refused to allow the holder of a chattel mortgage to sell the cattle and farm implements of a widow who was trying to carry on the farm after her husband's death.

"The mortgage holder was told what the neighbors of the widow would give him to settle the matter, and he took it," Mr. Norris said.

But dry weather has been a worse foe to farmers in the West than the skin-flint mortgage holder. While dust storms were raging, I met Senator Homer T. Bone, of Washington.

"There is going to be a great general exodus from the large territories that have been settled for many years by brave farmers and stockmen who struggled along, hoping that the next year would be favorable and that a real crop could be grown," he stated. "But they will have to give up, now that the water level has fallen so rapidly. They will have to leave not only the marginal lands, but even those that for a time gave hopes of being worth while."

Senator Bone was right. The exodus came to pass.

New Mexico, Senator Bronson Cutting explained, was hit as hard as Kansas by the drought. He was flying from Santa Fe to Alaska, stopping briefly at Swan island. His state had been a major sufferer, "some of it will never come back for the soil has been all blown away," he explained.

Senator Cutting's death some weeks later in an airplane accident was mourned by the nation.

Smith W. Brookhart, who was long Iowa's firebrand senator, also talked on the farmers' troubles. "The cause of the farmer's plight," explained Brookhart, "is simply this—he doesn't get the income he is entitled to."

And that goes for a lot of other people who are not farmers.

Senator Lynn J. Frazier, of North Dakota, bypassed the rural problem to talk about old Mexico. He had recently toured south of the Rio Grande. Frazier proved that even United States senators can make errors when mulling over international bickerings.

"Intervention in Mexico is in the wind down in Washington," the North Dakotan said, "but just what's going on no one outside the charmed circle can tell, owing to Secretary Kell-ogg's policy of secrecy. Even congress couldn't find out, but we do know plans are on foot to send an army into that country. The reason the state department has been so secret about its plans is because a majority of the American people is opposed to armed interference."

The army still waits north of the winding river. But at that time there were large numbers of doughboys in the Philippines in spite of talk about the islands becoming independent. My initial firsthand information on this subject was given by Senator Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, on August 27, 1931. The senator had just arrived at the Imperial hotel. He was dressing, hunting for his slippers (which he never found and had to go into the next room and borrow a pair from Senator Pittman), looking at *The Oregonian* and ordering his breakfast all while the interview was going on.

"They want their independence, no matter what it costs," the Missourian said, speaking of the Filipinos. "They realize the American tariff will go against them if they are given their independence, and they know what that means to their exports, but," and here the senator paused in combing his hair to point a finger at me, "but, as I said, tariff or no tariff, they want their independence. Strange as it seems, the Christians and the Mohammedans are together on this."

Seven years later I met another congressional group homing from a Philippine junket. Senator Tom Connally, of Texas,

said "if the Philippines do attain perfect independence they are a foreign country and we can't coddle them any more."

John Q. Tilson, of New Haven, Conn., visited the Philippines while he was Republican floor leader of the house of representatives. He came to Portland on his way home, four years before Senator Hawes called.

"The business men, the successful natives in the various professions, excepting, of course, politics, realize they are making their successes because they are under the protection of the American flag," said this Yale alumnus. "Take the Stars and Stripes away from the Philippines, and chaos will walk in; in fact, it won't walk, but will run in."

Mr. Tilson also announced that biographies of Abraham Lincoln were the best sellers in Philippine book stores. "Lincoln is the world's greatest hero in the minds of the Filipino students," the congressman said.

Senator Key Pittman, of Nevada, who went to the Orient with Hawes, spent some time studying economic problems in China. On his return Pittman said the Japanese were rapidly buying up the factories in China so they could control the major part of the Chinese trade.

The same day I talked with the Nevada Democratic chieftain, I met Senator F. C. Walcott, of Connecticut, back from a two months' tour of Alaska. He was pleased because the experimental herd of musk oxen was getting along so well, but said the overshooting of moose and mountain grizzly should be stopped; he favored bear game reserves.

"Back in my home state we have done wonders in restoring wild life," declared Walcott. "We now have fine trout fishing in many streams that had been completely fished out. You know white men began fishing in my section while John Alden was still living with his first wife. We have been able also to bring back good duck and pheasant shooting. All this has been done by carefully following out a scientific conservation program."

Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, was speaker of the house when he visited Oregon's metropolis. Said to have been something of a sportsman, the speaker then was greatly interested in aviation. While he talked for a few minutes on Mississippi

river flood control and tax reduction, flying seemed to interest him more.

"Congress is awakening to the fact that aviation is really practical," explained Longworth. "Heretofore there has been too much theory to it, too much 'maybe' and 'if'. It's the big transportation problem of the day. Lindbergh, Byrd and those Hawaiian chaps (Maitland and Hegenberger) have brought the advantages of airplanes right home to Americans, and we are going to make rapid progress in aviation."

Mention of aviation always brings to my mind a very terrible word—war. But whenever we think of war, we almost always think of peace a minute or so later. In 1929, Frederick Steiwer, then Oregon's junior senator, said to me, "I think world peace is the most important subject with which we are confronted. But only honest, just dealings between nations will bring about real peace."

Senator Steiwer's statement will hold good throughout the ages.

Styles Bridges, senator from New Hampshire, also uttered a truism when he said to me, "I don't believe you can legislate peace."

Miss Jeannette Rankin, of Montana, first woman elected to congress, averred in an interview, "The pace of progress is set by the slowest group. It is when the masses of people express themselves that real progress is made."

Representative James C. Oliver, of Portland, Maine, an oldtime Bowdoin football star, held in '39 that "we can isolate ourselves without any disruption to our national economics."

Four years before I met Mr. Oliver, Farmer-Labor Senator Ernest Lundeen, of Minnesota, had remarked to me, "I haven't much faith that America can be kept out of the next big war. A few scare headlines, a few more stories like Germans cutting off the hands of Belgian children, some more stuff about making the world safe, and Uncle Sam would be thrown into it again."

It was a millionaire Michigan senator, James Couzens, who told me that "the greatest job before the world, and even before the United States, is to dispel fear and to create a feeling of security."

Of course, all agree that the matter of war or peace de-

pends very much on the stand taken by an administration. A few months before his death I asked ex-Senator Joseph I. France, of Maryland, if congress hadn't become simply a rubber stamp for the brain trust.

"Yes, it looks pretty much that way," he replied. "I don't think congress is functioning as independently as it should. Of course, congress thinks the president should have a chance to develop his policies."

"They didn't give President Hoover that chance," I remarked.

"I can't recall that President Hoover ever had any policies," growled Dr. France. "But right now we have in the White House a man of action instead of reaction. And if the Republicans expect to elect his successor they'll have to nominate a man of like character."

Representative W. A. Oldfield, of Batesville, Arkansas, also growled about things political when he was in Portland. Chairman of the Democratic congressional committee, Democratic whip of the house, death kept him from becoming speaker of the house. But here he was in fine form and fettle.

"I just want to say, before you get away," the Democratic whip exclaimed, "that the shipping board is wasting the people's money, and congress is appropriating salaries in order that administration pets may have fine jobs. It's plutocracy that's ruling our country today, and it must be kicked out."

That was said in 1925.

Party captains met with Mr. Oldfield and quietly discussed men who might lead the ticket in 1928. But when the selection was made, it was a surprise to all of them. Less than a month after that historic election, I talked with Congresswoman-elect Ruth Bryan Owen, then of Jacksonville, Florida. She told me the way she campaigned.

"I never once mentioned my opponent's name," she stated. "All who heard my speeches did not know I had anyone running against me insofar as my talks revealed. I did not talk politics in a narrow sense. I simply stated what I thought the district needs, and told what I will do to help it. As I left home right after election day to begin this lecture tour, I did not learn my majority until I reached Portland. It was 30,842."

I am sure Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, ex-senator of New Jersey, was right when he said in the interview, "The principles and ideals of our system are too deep-seated, and the American people are too sound in their political views, to allow any subversive influence to destroy our liberty."

At Cleveland back in September, 1934, I met A. Victor Donahey, democrat, three times governor of Ohio, then a candidate for the United States senate. The national administration opposed him for the nomination for senator, but Mr. Donahey won hands-down. I inquired how such a thing was done. His reply is a recipe for governors who yearn to be United States senators:

"When I was governor, I was fair and square, and I always acted as I honestly believed. I acted the way I thought was right regardless of the way any political machine wanted me to act. I vetoed bills that were said to be of such a nature that to turn them down would kill me politically, but when the Republicans were carrying the other offices I was re-elected governor. I have constantly been a progressive.

"I have never acted under the orders of a political machine. I vetoed a Bible bill in this state when I was told that my action would end my public career. I'm a pretty lively corpse, wouldn't you say?"

As I was writing about Donahey I recalled that one time Senator Clyde L. Herring, of Iowa, said to me, "Some officials are easier to purge than others."

Another very independent citizen was Senator William Edgar Borah, the lion of Idaho. Although a near neighbor, he rarely visited Portland. He was here July 11, 1923, five days after a wonderful local reception had been accorded President Harding. The day Senator Borah arrived, the president was enjoying a vacation in Alaska, and seemingly in excellent health. The chief executive's western trip caused much political pow-wowing. A faction of the Republican party was even then talking against him.

So party affairs opened the conversation. Senator Borah whittled on a lead pencil during most of the interview in his room in the Hotel Portland. Whittling is a Kansas trait, and Borah spent part of his young manhood in that state. He carved the pencil as playfully as a schoolboy making a willow

whistle. Once he stopped cutting, stopped suddenly when I asked:

"Will you be a candidate for the presidential nomination next year?"

"Well, we'll put that aside as immaterial," he replied.

I then spoke of the great welcome the president had received in this city, saying one would judge that the Ohioan was popular with the people.

"When the time comes to nominate, President Harding will have very little opposition, if any," Borah declared. "From the way things look now, Harding will be nominated by acclamation if alive."

In writing my story that morning I said, "Just why the 'if alive' was put in was not explained."

Twenty-two days later Warren G. Harding died in San Francisco.

I asked the senator if he thought the Democrats would dare name a man from the South to head their next ticket. "The time has come when there ought not to be any distinction made because a man is from the South—that should not have anything to do with it," enunciated Borah.

Talk veered around to foreign affairs, and the senator offered an observation. "The French government is militaristic," he declared. "I do not say the French people are, but there is no mistake about the French government being a militaristic one."

When wars were mentioned Mr. Borah exclaimed, "Trade jealousies have caused every big war since Cromwell's time!"

Robert Ramspeck, Atlanta lawyer and congressman, put it in a little different way—"Wherever your money goes, your sympathies are apt to go."

Some months after Coolidge became president I visited San Francisco, and called on Senator Hiram W. Johnson in his office. The nearest he would come to discussing foreign affairs for publication was to say how glad he was the United States had escaped the League of Nations.

A stern man, Senator Johnson. There wasn't a light minute during the visit. I thought of Henry Clay's old line, "I'd rather be right than president." Hiram Johnson will never be president. I would much rather talk with men who smile at

times, who can tell a story to illustrate a point. I recall with much pleasure an interview with Victor Murdock, of Wichita. He was a young man in the Sunflower state when William E. Borah was practicing law in Lyons, Kansas.

For more than 10 years Murdock served his district in congress. He is a man you can call "Vic" in safety, but don't try to slap him on the back. He told many stories during my interview, one that struck me as good, for I once courted an Arkansas girl, in Pine Bluff. Here's Mr. Murdock's story:

An old man and his wife lived in an Arkansas village. Life had been slow and easy there ever since Andrew Jackson began running for president. One afternoon husband and wife were sitting on the porch; the old man was facing the road, his better half was sitting with her back to the highway. After a time a funeral came along. Father watched it awhile, then remarked:

"Ol' Jim Gibson's got th' biggest funeral we've had in these parts."

In due course the wife got the drift of the remark, and, after weighing it carefully, replied:

"That so? Wish I could see it, but I guess I won't have time."

Economics, not funerals, were discussed with Elbert D. Thomas, University of Utah professor who defeated Smoot for the senate. "Inflation," exclaimed the solon, "that means to blow up, doesn't it? Well, you know, sometimes you can put so much wind into a thing that it will pop. No one wants that."

Instead of putting wind into a law, Wright Patman, Texan, placed teeth in the fair practices act he fathered in the house. "This law," he said, "is aimed at the Captain Kidds in industry, those men who have been detouring the golden rule. It is intended to hit those who are chiseling, cheating and racketeering in business."

Charles Linza McNary, lawyer and farmer, was Republican leader of the senate when Dr. Thomas went there and when Patman pushed into the house. McNary still is the G.O.P. chieftain in the upper house. The first time I interviewed him I had hard sledding. I wanted him to tell about his boyhood. He was born on an Oregon farm, a son of pioneer parents. But he talked as little as he could and still be a good fellow. I asked if his early school days had been interesting.

"Everybody gets lickings at school," Charley McNary replied. "It's customary with all boys who live to be men."

I quizzed different men in Salem, Or., where he was practicing law, about the new senator. "Does Charley belong to any church?" one of his associates was asked.

"Yes, he's a Baptist, but he doesn't rub very much paint off the pews," came the prompt reply.

In a 1937 interview, I inquired if Franklin D. Roosevelt would try for a third term.

"No, by no means; no!" exclaimed Minority Leader McNary. "The American people would resent such an attempt. He would have no more show of winning than he had in his attempt to pack the supreme court."

When Arthur Capper, of Kansas, entered the senate, Charley McNary was there to greet him. Both were rather young, forward-looking citizens. Now they are in the elder statesmen class. Mr. Capper is a native Kansan. He served four years as governor before he was promoted to the senate. Time and again he has been elected to high office when Republican party bosses opposed him, when Democrats were riding high and handsome across the sunflower prairies.

But the people love Arthur Capper, believe in him, trust him. While he was governor, Mr. Capper, owner and publisher of the *Topeka Daily Capital*, gave me one of the secrets of his political success.

"I want to know every nook and corner of Kansas," he said. "I would like to know every youngster and his ma and pa in this part of the world. You know the state is 400 miles long and 200 wide, so I have a great deal of territory to wander about in, and then I've learned to make a speech. Thought I'd never be able to do it, but I can get away with it pretty well now."

Some time before I had the interview from which I am quoting, the governor formed the Capper Pig club, which did wonders for lads in the John Brown state. Local men selected five boys under 18 years of age in each county to be members of the club. Then Mr. Capper lent each boy money, without any security whatever, to buy pigs. Every pig had to be a thoroughbred. At the end of the season, each youngster had to make a report to the benefactor.

"I was speaking at Harper one day last fall, and after I had finished, the chairman told me I had a friend there who was very anxious to see me," Mr. Capper explained. "Up stepped a manly little fellow, and he read me his report showing he had cleared \$119 on the money I had advanced him. He paid me back the loan. I was just as proud as he was."

Beloved Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, is another charming statesman. I was introduced by J. Fred Essary, chief of the *Baltimore Sun's* Washington bureau. The Virginian had recently returned from a vacation in England, and enjoyed talking about the trip. He takes a keen interest in the Shakespeare-Bacon wrangle, but his opinions—off the record, darn it! As we talked, I asked regarding another famous Virginian, Woodrow Wilson.

"Mr. Wilson will stand out in history as a colossal figure," declared Senator Glass. "He is constantly growing in the esteem of mankind, and in spite of the attempts of small, and in some cases jealous, persons to underrate his greatness, Mr. Wilson takes his place in the forefront of world history.

"I remember that I gave the address on the last Armistice day Mr. Wilson was alive, and at that time the tears came to my eyes and I was deeply moved by the memories of his great sacrifices during those terrible years. And they were far more terrible and more horrible than the vast majority of the American people have ever realized. When I think of those years and of the great responsibilities so fearlessly assumed by the leader of the world's destinies in that crisis, I am unable to speak without a show of feeling."

Senator Glass was asked if the war president had not been a very cold, very distant man, so much so that he had no intimate friends.

"No, Mr. Wilson was never what one calls a cold person," came the reply. "He had to be careful. But after he thought he knew one and thought he could rely on him, Mr. Wilson became too trusting and relied too much on the advice of certain humbugs."

Speaking of Wilson, Thomas R. Marshall, while still in office, told me this:

"I have one boast. I do not know whether it is true or not,

but I think it is. That boast is that President Wilson has a vice president who has not given him any trouble."

Frederick M. Davenport, congressman from Clinton, N. Y., 1925-'33, thinks as much of Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., as Senator Glass thinks of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Davenport quoted Theodore Roosevelt as saying, "We must pass prosperity around but you can't do that unless there is prosperity to pass around."

Perhaps one way to make the nation prosperous would be to get everyone on the taxroll. At least that is what Martin B. Madden, of Chicago, thought when he was chairman of the house appropriations committee. "It is a good thing for a man to have his name on the taxroll. The more people we have in the United States who pay taxes the better and more economical government we will have," he declared.

I have listened to many erratic guesses by politicians who were supposed to know what was going on. True, "hope springs eternal," but the ponderously wise gentleman appeared to be speaking after much careful thought and study. One of the farthest afield was Willis C. Hawley, congressman from the First Oregon district, co-author of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, whom I met at the Portland union station June 19, 1932, on his way to Salem from Washington.

"I want to say that President Hoover is both wise and courageous," declared Hawley. "He is very courteous and listens attentively to what anyone has to say. But he decides questions on their merits. He has had a long and wide experience in government matters, and I feel confident that he will be re-elected."

Senator Joseph Robinson, of Arkansas, visited Portland while Democratic candidate for vice-president in 1928. He laughed when I asked if Hoover would carry some of the southern commonwealths. "It's too big a joke to talk about," said the senator, "Hoover hasn't as much chance of carrying a southern state as Al Smith has of carrying Maine."

Then Mr. Robinson remarked, "I understand we have a very good chance of carrying this state. What do you think about it?"

A large group of hungry, but well deserving, democrats was at the depot to meet the vice-presidential candidate. They

were eager and earnest in their welcomings. As I was talking with the senator, I noticed ex-Governor Oswald West standing some distance from the crowd, and smiling blandly. The interview ended, I walked over to him.

"What are you smiling about, Governor West?" I asked the party warrior.

"I was just wondering if there will be enough offices to go around," he replied, dryly.

Mrs. Hattie Caraway, also an Arkansas senator, is the first woman elected to the United States senate. She began the interview by letting me know she is a wise woman; "I never talk secrets, especially to newspapermen," she announced. For session after session she is the only member of the charming sex in the upper house. I asked her if she ever got lonesome there.

"No, I'm too busy to get lonesome," Senator Caraway replied.

But she made a poor guess on war, and this in the very month the Germans began the murder of Poland.

"I don't think we are going to get into another war," she said. "I think we would be very foolish to go to fighting on foreign soil. I don't know whether I would vote for war or not, I don't think I would. But I favor a big navy and a big army for defense."

Speaking of poor guessers, there's Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana. In 1924, when he was vice-presidential candidate on the third party ticket, he visited Portland late in the campaign, and seemingly was as happy as a blonde with her first baby. It was a beautiful October morning, the outlook was abundant.

"I feel we have an exceedingly good chance of carrying New Hampshire and Rhode Island, and a fighting chance to carry Massachusetts and Connecticut," Wheeler predicted. "We have a wonderful chance to win Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and I'll say a fighting chance even in New York. I am sure of our winning in Ohio.

"We will sweep Wisconsin, and we are just as certain to carry by very large majorities Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Montana and Washington."

Senator Wheeler was right—the third party ticket did sweep Wisconsin.

As I re-read my interview with the Montana statesman, I recalled eleven words Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York, spoke to me when he came to Portland during the waterfront strike in 1934—

“If you want to be useful, you can’t talk too much!”

A still stranger statement was made by Senator Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota, in November, 1939. Next year’s election was being discussed.

“I think from the Republican standpoint we should hope Roosevelt will be the nominee of the Democrats,” Nye said. “I think he would be easier to beat than a number of others, any one of whom might be the nominee. Garner would be a hard man to beat, Wheeler also, and Clark of Missouri would be an exceedingly hard man to beat.”

All of which adds up to what Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., once told me—“No one can tell what the public will do a year away.”

Representative L. C. Dyer, of St. Louis, said to me in all seriousness, “It takes a lot of time to educate those senators.”

And when ex-Senator William M. Butler, of Boston, Calvin Coolidge’s closest advisor, visited Oregon as chairman of the Republican national committee, the visitor remarked at the alpha of the interview, “There is such a thing as a man being too garrulous, and I don’t want to commit that error.”

Mr. Butler did not err.

On the other hand, Senator J. Ham Lewis, of Illinois, was quite sociable the night he passed through Portland, August 31, 1938. And he did some mental crystal gazing as we talked.

“I feel that we are on the eve of new political events that will ignore both old political parties, the president and the constitution,” the bizarre democratic party whip in the senate asserted, “making the issue that the government be the supporter of all citizens without work and without taxation.

“I can’t see the third term. Two-and-a-half years is a long time. Governments have gone into revolutions in 30 days. By the time the president is finishing his present term new issues, largely foreign and international, will arise, and new can-

didates on these issues will press all present issues and all present candidates to the background or supersede them completely.

“I see a real danger in this recent California primary. The danger is that every other state in the west may have independent candidates running on the issue of more pensions and larger sums to be guaranteed by the government to all individuals.”

As a rather long interview was ending, Senator Lewis subtly remarked, “Nothing is so dangerous in politics as political autointoxication. Often a man rushes in pell-mell but falls by the wayside because he stumbles against himself.”

Educators

BEAUTY is a part of education," Dr. Charles Seymour, president of Yale University, told me. "You can't distinguish between the aesthetic and the educational values. But if it becomes a question of fine new buildings surrounded by beautiful lawns or of spending the money to get good professors, I would get the professors."

Under the new college plan at Yale, the appointments are magnificent. A royal palace in all its glory is not arrayed like one of these. I asked Dr. Seymour if this luxury wouldn't tend to make the boys soft.

"I don't believe it is going to hurt them," he replied. "If they haven't got the fortitude to take these beautiful things, and then go back and enjoy life in their sixth-floor hall rooms in Brooklyn, well, that's just too bad.

"So far as their personal living goes, the boys have to live very simply. Their rooms are plain, the luxury is all in the common rooms. It is very important that the private lives of the boys be simple."

Dr. K. C. M. Sills, president of Bowdoin College, had this to say about his students: "I don't think youth changes very much although there are some superficial differences. A boy entering college today is more sophisticated than were the freshmen 30 or 40 years ago; that is because boys get around more these days."

Bowdoin, he said, still requires four years of Latin or three years of Greek for the bachelor of arts degree. And the students also lead quiet lives in this famous old college.

Multiplicity, not luxury nor superficiality, was what worried Dr. Walter Dill Scott when he was president of Northwestern University. "The great number of young people crashing our doors is causing the heads of all American universities to worry," he announced, with gestures. "These youngsters demand

more education, and they are going to get it, but just what to do with the increasingly large crops of freshmen is a puzzle. But America always works out her troubles in the right way, and this one will be taken care of without any miracles having to be performed."

Dr. Scott explained the small college has a big place in the field of American education, that it is the safety valve that is helping solve the present problem.

"It is the multiplicity of our colleges that saves us," he declared. "Germany and Spain tried to have only one type of university—Germany the state school and Spain's universities were all controlled by the church. In both countries the one-kind systems broke down. But in the United States we have church colleges and universities, those controlled by the state, municipal colleges and schools of every sort. They act as a check on each other. When one of these tries something that works out favorably, then all can take it up. We can learn from the mistakes of others. This is where the mixture adds to the wealth of the university group."

But Amherst College isn't going to put forth startling innovations as long as Dr. Stanley King is president. No fresh-fangled notions there.

"We are not introducing new things but we are trying to do the old things better," Dr. King announced. "As I see the problem down east, education is an art, and each thing connected with this art should be done better than it has been done before."

I asked the Amherst president if he found any difference in the boys from high schools and the graduates of the preparatory schools. "No difference," came the prompt reply. "Some high school boys are not so good, some preparatory school boys are not so good either. I wouldn't call any bad because all are trying to do a good job, and, taken by and large, they do a good job."

Out in Illinois Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of University of Chicago, has new ideas with every new moon: But during an interview with him at his campus office my questions were conservative.

"The object of an education is to train a person how to think independently," he stated. "The emphasis is on the intellectual rather than on the social forces."

At the time Dr. Hutchins had faculty rebuilding perplexities. "The teaching profession must be put on a decent economic plane because the best young men coming out of our colleges during the past 25 years have been attracted by business and by the other professions," the young president said. "When I was dean of the Yale law school I had a difficult time keeping my instructors in the teaching business; they were always getting flattering offers from the New York bar. We should try to prevail on our college boys to lead scholarly lives."

He announced that "we can't have too many educated people." And happily he heralded "there is no reason why a person should not be educated even if not able to read Greek or Latin."

Soon after I talked with Dr. Hutchins I interviewed Rev. W. F. Cunningham, C.S.C., professor of education at University of Notre Dame. "There is a feeling among many of our educators that Latin should be required, at least two years in high school and two years in college for a bachelor of arts degree," he said. "It is a problem to get the student to realize that he comes to college to get an education, and that all the other so-called activities are side issues."

Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar College, sounded a new note in the educational orchestra. "I think the most interesting change in American education is the substitution of the arts for the classics," he told me in 1940. "Latin and Greek have their value, but it can be obtained at the cost of too much time and insufficient return, whereas art and music and drama have an immediate return. I approve the change."

While talking with Dr. Clyde Everett Wildman, president of DePauw University, I asked if as many people are reading the Bible today as did a generation ago.

"No ways near," came the quick reply. "There are so many more things to read, so many more things to do. It is the life hectic that we have caught up with, and the ignorance of the Bible among people today is perfectly appalling. The trouble is people don't know how to go about reading it. I think the Bible should be taught as literature, the same as Shakespeare; in fact, the Bible is more of our cultural life than is Shakespeare."

Latin was clinging to the edges at Princeton when I interviewed President Harold W. Dodds in 1935. "I cannot explain

the reason our attendance has held up throughout the depression, we have six more enrolled than ever before," Dr. Dodds stated. "And the scholastic quality of this year's class is excellent. The scholarship requirements have not been lowered; in fact, if anything, they are more severe now than ever before.

"On very rare occasions a boy will complete the course of study in three years, but in almost every case a student remains the entire four years. We do not require Latin or Greek for a degree; Greek went by the board as a required study a long time ago, but we still demand Latin or mathematics."

Long before I met Dr. Dodds I had interviewed his predecessor, Dr. John Grier Hibben. This Princeton president declared "the morals of the youth today are better than those of the youngsters a generation ago." Dr. Hibben also said "the idea of a university where young men have an easy time is all past."

And it was a Princeton don, Dr. Harley L. Lutz, professor of public finance, who told me in September, 1932, that "government procedure is still in the horse-and-buggy age."

Something of this sort was in vogue in Hawaii when Dr. James R. Angell visited Honolulu in the spring of 1934. He was then president of Yale. Returning home by way of Portland, he said in an interview:

"Hawaiian citizens are angry over the way congress has treated them in the sugar quota matter. They say they are a part of the United States, that they are citizens of the United States, but have been put in the same class with Cubans and Filipinos. This has given their citizenship a black eye, and is having a very bad influence on the second generation of the foreign groups over there. If we got into a ruckus with Japan, and that large group in the Hawaiian Islands didn't feel that its first loyalty is to the United States, you can see what trouble it might cause."

Mrs. Angell was with her angelic husband during the interview, and I thereby learned something about what Yale husbands think of their wives.

"If Jimmy won't tell you what you want to know, just ask me and I'll tell you," laughingly declared Mrs. Angell.

"Well, I'll tell you this, Mr. Hazen, whatever Mrs. Angell

tells you will be very interesting, but there may not be a word of truth in it," replied the Eli prexy.

The mention of Hawaiian sugar reminds me of Vermont—I'm a great maplesugar fan; and thinking of Vermont recalls F. L. Bailey, of Montpelier, state commissioner of education. He once told me:

"We hold that the schools do not exist for the teachers, but for the children, and the students have the right to the best teachers obtainable. No one asks a doctor if he is married or single when he is called on a case, so if one is a good teacher, her home work doesn't matter."

There was much war talk afield when Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton visited Oregon in November, 1932, so nothing was said about New England's luscious maplesugar. Dr. Pendleton was then president of Wellesley College. She spoke to me chiefly on world affairs.

"There are people in the east who think the peace cycle has about ended," Dr. Pendleton announced, "but I'm happy to say they form a very small group. These people have said they think war is near, but I don't."

Mars was far distant from the thoughts of Dr. James Bryant Conant, president of Harvard University, when he paid his first official call on Portland. "Brains are needed today more than they ever were," he said, looking at a group of Harvard grads standing near when the interview was being given. "The race in the economic and the professional worlds is a real one. A generation ago people loafed through college. They can't do this any more. The present generation of college students is working harder than the students did 30 years ago."

The Harvard president doubtless amens the declaration of Dr. Harold Rugg, of Columbia University, who told me, "study without action is futile."

During the interview I asked Dr. Conant if he would call the present era the chemical age.

"I don't think I would call it so," he answered. "But I will say that chemistry has a great deal to do with the progress of industry, in fact, in almost every field of our economic life. It is one of the important factors in our industrial progress, but with the radio and the airplane also playing such major roles,

I don't think I could call this 'the chemical era in world history.' But I will say that it is a scientific age."

Asked if colleges should take their presidents only from their alumni, Dr. Conant quickly replied, "I think it would be a great mistake for any educational institution to limit itself in selecting a president to its alumni, because it cuts the field down too much. There might not be anyone within that field to qualify for the job."

One of Harvard's great neighbors is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, presided by Dr. Karl T. Compton. During depression's most serious hours, he visited Portland. I asked if there were any new trends in engineering.

"There most certainly is a new trend in engineering," Dr. Compton said. "I will say that the most important new trend is the realization by engineers that it is up to them to think beyond engineering and construction work, and to think more of the economic and social aspects of their profession.

"By that I mean that they must put careful thought and study on such problems as unemployment. No other class of men realize more than we do that much unemployment is caused by the introduction of improved machinery into the industries. We must study the problems arising out of this phase of modern life. A very important matter that is demanding increasing attention is transportation. We must study the problems of distribution of materials and of food.

"All the social and economic problems that have arisen as a result of engineering are now being given careful thought by the leaders of this profession. They feel very deeply that it is up to them to attempt to solve some of these problems."

Not long after Dr. Compton was in Portland I met Dr. Irving Maurer, president of Beloit College. He, too, had something to say about life.

"The college man should know how to enjoy life without having to rely on mechanized contraptions," Dr. Maurer declared. "There is so much beauty in the world, so much in the arts and in literature, that one can enjoy oneself without moving farther away than to get a book or to visit an art gallery."

And Dr. L. P. Jacks, who was for 15 years principal of Manchester College at Oxford, England, told me that "the problem of leisure is the problem of training the rising generation in

personal skill and creative activity. If that side of us had been awakened when we were young we should never be at a loss to know what to do with our leisure time. One of the serious troubles with our youth is that they buy their pleasures ready-made on the markets. Their education ought to teach them that an ounce of pleasure which they create for themselves is more enjoyable than a ton they buy readymade. But you must catch them young if you are to get that idea into their minds."

In the days before the guns of 1898 foretold a new America, many of our best students went to Europe for postgraduate work. Necessary then, but not now. Dr. Edmund Ezra Day, president of Cornell University, said when I asked about European schools, "Taking the situation as a whole, there are very few fields in which there is any reason for going outside this country to get access to better instruction or greater facilities for advanced training. There might be some cultural advantage gained by travel, for we tend to be a rather provincial people, but for academic work American schools are as good as the European. And we have far more academic freedom here. In a number of European countries there is no such thing as a faculty member being allowed to think his own thoughts."

To begin a great work that would add to the number of fine American schools, the Rev. Joseph J. Boyle, C.S.C., arrived in Oregon's metropolis on August 30, 1934, and assumed his duties as president of University of Portland. (The school was then known as Columbia University but the name was soon changed to its present one.)

"I became a citizen of Oregon this morning when my train crossed the Columbia river into the state, and I became a citizen of Portland when I stepped from the train," enthusiastically announced Dr. Boyle when I was introduced by the Rev. Michael J. Early, C.S.C., then vice-president of the school.

"I personally want to be identified with all the civic activities of Portland and of the Northwest," Dr. Boyle continued. "The school has a great contribution of Christian culture to make to this section of the country, I might say to the entire nation, but especially to the city of Portland. I hope to be a part of the true life of your city, to have an active part in its educational and artistic growth, as well as its religious development."

Dr. Boyle's death on July 3, 1936, was a distinct loss to the institution, the community, the state.

Dr. Early, who had been acting president, was appointed to the presidency. After serving several years at Portland, he was made president of Holy Cross Foreign Mission Seminary in Washington, D.C.

"Missionary work is always open for development," Dr. Early said in July, 1941. "A political crisis, like we are having throughout the world today, can retard it but cannot stop it. If the war spreads, the work of the missions will be more and more handicapped, not only because of a lack of funds but also because the young men who would take up this work will go into the armed forces of the country."

Rev. Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., who succeeded Dr. Early as University of Portland's president, is a philosopher of international renown. Author of a number of books, Dr. Miltner was dean of the liberal arts college at Notre Dame when appointed to the Portland school.

"In education during recent years there has been a tendency to subordinate school work to the immediate practical things, to the training to make a living, and too little instruction in the art of living itself," he told me soon after his arrival.

"I should say there has been an over-emphasis on the scientific side, that is, on knowing, and too little on the artistic side, or on doing. We have made heroes out of our so-called captains of industry mostly because of their success in organizing and carrying out great projects. By comparison, we have not appreciated at their full value the men and women who have devoted themselves to literary, artistic and religious pursuits."

This "tendency to subordinate school work" was also noted by Dr. Cloyd H. Marvin, president of George Washington University. "In this country we are in the midst of the most significant social and economic changes the world has ever experienced in a like period of time," he said. "This offers a new challenge to the American college and university. There must be new interpretation upon which to predicate new leadership. The colleges and universities in the immediate tomorrows will be tested with these new measures and if found wanting will be revamped radically or discarded by society."

Once in a blue moon a stern and serious educator tells an in-

teresting story. Dr. Charles E. Clark, while dean of Yale school of law, related one in July, 1934. He said President F. D. Roosevelt's Yale degree conferred the month before had been kept in "cold storage" for a year. Old Eli had offered the honorary doctor of laws the year before, it was said, but the president informed the university authorities he was too busy to run up and receive it. Would it keep. It would.

"The president made quite a hit when he received the degree," stated Dean Clark, "and a cheer went up when he began his speech 'Fellow Elians.' But a bigger cheer was given when he said in his address:

"The greatest honor that can come to a Harvard graduate is to receive a degree from Yale!"

"The story about the president's having declined the honorary degree last year on account of a press of business is said to have caused many of the old-timers around New Haven some very serious concern. They wondered a good deal about it, but I guess their worries are over now."

But the worries Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, discussed with me are not over, the worries of good citizenship. "Anyone who votes for what is called a good man regardless of party is voting to make our form of government impossible," declared Dr. Butler. "The separation of the powers in our government between the executive and the legislative branches makes it necessary that we have party organization and party responsibility.

"If these two branches are to work together and serve the people by carrying out a party platform for which the people have voted, any other line of conduct will produce a paralysis of government and promote unrest and a radicalism that is dissatisfied with all government."

Dr. Butler let it be known he wasn't losing a wink of sleep over the radical talk going around at the time.

"Radicalism is never very dangerous if it is treated right," he explained at the Benson hotel. "Radicalism becomes dangerous when denied the right to blow off. Of course, in time of war a firm policy is necessary toward ultra-radical manifestations, which policy is not desirable in time of peace.

"For a generation the most radical utterances in the world have been made on Saturday and Sunday afternoons at meet-

ings in Hyde Park, London. They have done no harm and nobody has paid much attention to them. But, mind you, the moment you bottle them up they tend to explode with more violence. Most radicals are perfectly happy if allowed to talk all they want. The few who intend to commit overt acts very soon get into the criminal class and can be treated as such."

Another famous educator also had ideas regarding sincere citizenship.

"I am of the opinion that nobody can be a good American unless he has the equivalent of a college education," Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn said in 1934. And the ex-president of Amherst announced, "We are calling on the professors in the United States far more than at any other time in our history."

"The brain trust, doctor?" I exclaimed.

"Exactly! We are seeing what education can do for us, politically and economically. England has been making use of her professors in this way for many years, and has found the practice most helpful," he replied.

I asked Dr. Meiklejohn if he was to speak in Portland.

"Yep," he snapped.

The "yep" startled me. Not long afterward I asked another learned man, Dr. Grayson N. Kefauver, dean of the school of education at Stanford University, regarding slang.

"Words first considered to be slang gradually take on meaning and gradually become accepted words," he replied. "Most of the present-day speakers use slang in their addresses. In order to do this the word must fit the spirit of the occasion and give the special connotation the speaker desires. But I never use words that are recognized slang when I am writing professional discussions. And 'hell' I use only when telling a story in which the word is used."

Dr. John W. Studebaker, United States commissioner of education, is against kicking the press around even though the papers use slang sometimes.

"I am a firm believer in the power of the press. I said recently in a public address that the existence of a free press is fundamental to democracy. And I hold that any action which tends to protect the freedom of the press adds to the strength of our democratic structure," the commissioner stated.

A clear-cut statement this. But all visiting educators do not

make such crystal declarations in answer to questions. Russell R. Larmon, Dartmouth College professor of administration, was chairman of a committee that made a survey of social life at the college. He visited Oregon right after completing the report. He was asked what the committee recommended regarding fraternities.

"The only thing I am at liberty to say about our report is it contains more than 700 pages and weighs more than seven pounds," Mr. Larmon replied.

He told that Dartmouth had solved the budget-balancing problem. "Each season the old grads subscribe enough to a fund that always clears up the ledger at the close of the college year," he explained. There is a Santa Claus after all.

In this connection Dr. Herbert E. Hawkes, dean of Columbia College of Columbia University, in January, 1941, informed me that "the days of the big gifts to colleges are over; it's funny, too, because nobody wants to give his money to the government."

This loss of large gifts does not necessarily mean that the smaller institutions of higher learning will have to close. President Ernest H. Wilkins, of Oberlin College, told me "the small colleges have a tremendous tenacity, they think they have a real mission in the world."

They have. The mission of a small college is just as great as the mission of a university, as Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, president of Boston University, explained it to me in an interview:

"The main business of a university is to keep alive the ideas and the ideals that give us a democracy worth defending."

While Dr. Arthur H. Compton, the University of Chicago's professor of physics and student of the enigmatical cosmic ray, agrees with Dr. Marsh, the western savant puts it in less idyllic terms. Dr. Compton said that "highly developed technology in industry is a nation's very important asset in winning wars, and in that regard the United States is in a most favorable position."

Another physicist who has held many post-mortems over the cosmic ray is Dr. Robert A. Millikan, head of the California Institute of Technology. He was kindly asked if he would define the cosmic ray.

"It is an exceedingly energetic bullet that we find shooting

into us all the time from outer space," Dr. Millikan defined. "Each atomic bullet is at least a thousand times more powerful than any known atomic radiation on earth. But the total amount of energy brought into the earth is infinitesimal, it is not enough to keep the corner popcorn man running if he could get it all. This talk of the utilization of cosmic ray energy is all bunk."

From the cosmic ray to the legal profession is a mighty broad jump but it is going to be made right here and now. Dr. Karl N. Llewellyn, professor of jurisprudence at Columbia University, thought the legal profession should be streamlined. (Not much chance in these times to streamline the cosmic ray.)

"The thing that lawyers don't get through their skulls is that at the present time legal services are a luxury," he explained. "Probably the most important thing for the bar to do today is to sit down and canvass what services can be rendered the public and then canvass all cost-reducing plans so that these necessary services can be given for fees within the reach of all. They should make these services so cheap the poor man would want them."

During the chat, the professor was called "dean".

"No, I'm not," Dr. Llewellyn interposed, "one thing I shall never be, and that's a dean."

But all jurisprudence professors don't have this notion. John Henry Wigmore proudly proclaimed that he was dean of Northwestern University law school. A state's rights man, this dean.

"I regret very much to see the growing habit of people rushing to congress to try to have laws passed to force all the states to follow certain ideas that some groups of people think are just the thing," Dr. Wigmore stated.

"A man or a group of men will propose something to the legislature. Their pet is killed, then off to Washington they must go and buzz into the ears of their congressmen that this should be a national law. Oh yes, the whole nation would improve at once, if only this measure could be put on the federal statutes!

"It doesn't matter if there is no provision in the constitution for it. 'Oh, amend the constitution,' they say, 'what's a constitution among reformers'."

The dean became so worked up over the subject that he

started to light another cigarette, just after he began smoking a fresh one.

Dr. James K. Pollock, professor of political science at University of Michigan, also thought the nation was overpopulated with folk with fool ideas.

Asked about the "isms" floating around, Dr. Pollock said, "perhaps we have more of them than the country had a couple of generations ago. As we have more people, I suppose we have a few more fool ideas, but I doubt if these new 'isms' are any more potent than the old."

In days of yore the state of Maine was an open-air incubator for many quaint, even queer, ideas. But that was in the long ago. The University of Maine did much to bring about a change. Dr. Arthur A. Hauck, president of this university, during a talk I had with him not long ago pointed out that the relationship of the Pine Tree state to the Pacific Northwest is rather close.

"A great many people in Oregon and Washington pioneered in lumber, and some of them were from this section," averred Dr. Hauck, a graduate of Reed College.

A noted alumni of University of Maine, Mary Ellen Chase, is English literature professor at Smith College. "I am one of those persons who shy at reporters," she announced, and then talked as spontaneously as though she had loved them all her life.

"Most people like to live in dreams," she admitted. "We see this so much in the freshmen at college. Girls who simply can't write prose burst into verse, then rush up and say, 'Oh, you should read my poetry'."

Dr. S. S. Huebner, of the University of Pennsylvania, never once mentioned poetry to me, and I have interviewed him a number of times. But he made it plain that it isn't an "ism" this nation requires but an "ence."

"What we need is confidence," he said. "Not only must we have confidence but business must be allowed to make a profit. A thing that a great many people do not understand is that business is a union of both labor and capital, and both should be allowed to make a return."

Another need was mentioned by Dr. Boyd Henry Bode, professor of education at Ohio State University.

"American people are faced with the problems of reorganiz-

ing their ways of doing things in order to keep their liberties," Dr. Bode declared. "In this connection I will say that there is a big change going on in American education. We always have been quite confident that we had the best government on earth, and that when we adopted the constitution all our problems were out of the way. That is why we have been developing the education of the individual pupil."

In this connection Dr. Howard W. Odum, of the University of North Carolina, told me a bookful in nine old words—"If we could understand society we would be okeh!"

Down in California they have all sorts of society. I didn't ask Dr. Robert G. Sproul, president of the University of California, whether he understood them or not. At the time he didn't look as though he cared to discuss such a subject. As he took an easy chair in his Hotel Portland room, he exclaimed, "I have nothing on my mind or soul for the moment, you'll have to pop the questions."

Dr. Sproul doesn't suggest marshmallows. A tall, soldierly-built, two-fisted fellow, this graduate of 1913 was asked, "Did you go in for athletics when you were a student at Berkeley?"

"Yes, I went in for track," he replied. "I was a two-miler. Did I ever beat a Finn? I've beaten a good many people on the track but I never ran against a Finn. And say, that reminds me. I took my oldest boy to a track meet when he was 12. He looked at the two-milers a few minutes, then turned to me, and said:

"Dad, I hope that form of insanity isn't hereditary!"

Dr. Sproul favors exchange professorships with foreign universities. "We can give them something, they can give us something; it isn't one-sided at all," he said. "There are many fields in which America leads the world; we unquestionably lead in astronomy, in chemistry and in engineering; there are other things I think we lead in, but there might be a dispute so I'll not name them."

One of these visiting dons was Dr. John W. Duff, professor of classics in Armstrong College, the Newcastle-on-Tyne branch of University of Durham. At the University of California he gave a series of lectures on Roman satire. Although the professor had been on earth quite some time, this was his first visit to America. He liked the United States.

"It is difficult for a modern European to realize its vastness and to know that it is all one nation," stated Dr. Duff. "I think if America is well guided, she has a great future. I hope England and America will continue good friends for the peace of the world. If they do work together, they can keep the world at peace."

The mention of England nearly always brings Shakespeare to my mind. Many believe Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare. Dr. B. H. Lehman, professor of English at University of California, is one of them.

"The people who think Bacon wrote Shakespeare may have read Shakespeare but they have not read Bacon," Dr. Lehman told me. "Go and read a little of Bacon's poetry, you'll find it is so terrible a high school freshman couldn't get a passing grade on it. People have strange hobbies. You never know what they will take up. This accounts for the people who follow the Iowa theory as to the authorship of the Shakespeare plays."

But city editors are not yelling their heads off for stories about the great bard. So we'll hurry away from the River Avon and go straight to Wyoming. There may be nothing new under the sun in many lands but the adage doesn't apply to the Equality commonwealth. In the fall of 1935 President Arthur G. Crane established a new course in the University of Wyoming—dude ranching. It leads to a bachelor's degree.

The first person to extol the glamour of dude ranching to me was Mary Roberts Rinehart. This was two years before I met the Wyoming educator.

"We have a new course for the training of workers in recreational ranching, commonly called dude ranching," Dr. Crane explained several months after the work started. "You smile when I mention this course, but really it is an excellent one. I think it will prove popular, although our first class isn't large. The course of study for boys includes the care and culture of stock, the natural sciences, accounting, business law, catering, hotel management, English and history. It leads to the bachelor of science degree. This course aims to train young men for everything needed in dude ranching."

No doubt Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College, rejoiced when she heard of the new course at Laramie, Wyo. "To understand the world we live in is the most inter-

esting thing any of us can undertake," she announced. "You have to teach things in the light of contemporary life, and this makes us live as neighbors. An educator must have a philosophy. If he or she hasn't one, that teacher should get out of the classroom."

The late Dr. Lotus D. Coffman when president of University of Minnesota, had a kindred idea.

"My chief trouble is to keep the university free from the demands of individuals and special groups who would use it for ulterior purposes," President Coffman declared. "A university should be free to investigate any and every question that relates to human welfare; and it should be able to state its findings with the same freedom and the same fearlessness that the press demands for itself. It is difficult to guide these institutions between the pressure from the right, the conservatives, and that from the left, the radicals."

At the time there were a number of schools of higher learning without presidents. So I asked Dr. Coffman just what sort of men should be picked to direct them.

"We are looking for men of courage," he replied, "for men of ability and intelligence, who will not fall victims to politics nor to the pressure from special interests and special groups, who will see that our colleges and universities are genuine seats of learning. That is what we need in education, men of that quality, men of that type.

"The public, by George, has a responsibility to see that these institutions are protected to enable them to carry on their work. I think that during the next decade the colleges and universities of this country may find it necessary to make the fight all over for academic freedom and for the right to carry on research and to tell the world what they find out."

And slender Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase, when president of University of North Carolina (today chancellor of New York University) said in an interview in Portland, "You can't have a university if you can't teach the sciences freely and unfettered."

Progress was the one-word text of Dr. Avery A. Shaw, president of Denison University. "We will experiment with progressive methods," he opined, "and adopt them as they demonstrate their value. Now that our land frontiers have

disappeared, I think the real field for pioneering in this country is in the science of human relations."

Along like paths trod Dr. Frederick M. Hunter, chancellor of higher education in Oregon: "A trend in modern education should be noted—the great emphasis being placed in the field of social sciences—economics as applied to business administration—problems of social relations—the study of the crime situation, which is one of our real national problems. All these are of utmost importance. In a democratic society education has a very intimate relationship with the natural resources of a state; it also has just as intimate a relationship with its social resources," Dr. Hunter declared.

This reference to a state's resources recalls the work Iowa State College did for bacon growers. Dr. Charles E. Friley, the college's president, was asked if Hawkeye farmers were making up losses in hog population, the derth caused by ordered slaughter.

"Oh, heavens, yes! That didn't greatly effect our situation," he replied. "That was done to try and help a desperate situation, which I don't think will happen again. We are convinced that we are on the way towards finding a solution for that problem. In other words, we are working out a birth control method for hogs."

Such a piggish subject as birth control among swine never ruffled the classic intellect of Dr. Ernest James Jaqua, president of Scripps College. Birth control of colleges was his theme song during an interview in 1934. Said Dr. Jaqua, "We have too many colleges in the United States now, at least twice as many as we need."

Scripps is a college for nice girls, but Dr. Jaqua wants men for his faculty. Hark: "Most women's colleges have too many women instructors. Men make the most successful teachers in almost every line. But I believe in women. Don't misunderstand me. Still, one who has to assemble a faculty for a college has to take many things into consideration."

But Dr. Bernice Brown Cronkhite, dean of Radcliffe College Graduate School, had an answer. "More and more as our young women graduate from the universities they will enter the graduate schools to prepare themselves for the professions," she announced. "Women are rapidly entering all

the professions, and I think they have as much right to do so as the men."

Nor did Dr. Meta Glass, president of Sweet Briar College, cheer for Jaqua. "If you are going to get international understanding," she asserted, "you have to get persons who have the background to make these contacts. Many of our college women spend some time abroad, either studying or making tours of observation. I think people who want to break down prejudices and mingle with other nations have to do a lot of interpreting at home."

But Dr. Coffman and not Dr. Jaqua caused Dr. Marion Edwards Park, president of Bryn Mawr College, to speak out. The Minnesota educator had proclaimed that only those of superior talent should receive college training.

"I will say that many very useful women who would not be called talented are a great deal better and much happier for knowing more about the problems they have to meet," declared Dr. Park. "I think Dr. Coffman must have referred to the very large number of students who are going through state universities and colleges because these institutions are free, many of the students not being the sort that a college education will greatly benefit."

Some of the "very useful women" of whom Dr. Park spoke go in for newspaper and magazine writing. More and more they are becoming star reporters, if there is such a person as star reporter (couldn't find it in the unabridged Mr. Webster). And for our profession, I give you words spoken to me by a great teacher.

"American journalism is the only journalism in the world that is readable because it emotionalizes news—I don't mean that it is hectic but that it has human appeal," pointed out Dr. Louise Pound, professor of English at University of Nebraska. And she also said, "Only American reporters tell the truth to the world."

I bowed when Dr. Pound said that, my hat was already off.

Most educators talk of problems. William John Cooper, when United States commissioner of education, thought "the federal government should levy a tax for public school education and pay this money to the states to equalize educational opportunities." Dr. G. D. Stoddard, professor of psychology,

University of Iowa, declared "the one-child family of today has brought in a very serious problem to educators." A whole grand chorus was given by Dr. Joseph Rosier, president of State Teachers' College at Fairmont, W. Va., when he said, "This thing of taxation is a tremendously difficult problem."

Dr. William F. Ogburn, professor of sociology, University of Chicago, didn't inject any jollity into life by saying in 1935 that "taxes will begin to pile up, and before long we are going to really feel the pinch of high taxation."

How correct good Dr. Ogburn was we now know.

Inflation was the keynote of the interview given by Dr. William Trufant Foster, director of Pollak Foundation, when he was in Portland in November, 1940. Dr. Foster was first president of Reed College, coming here from Bowdoin.

"Inflation is already here although we are a little slow in realizing it," he said. "This inflation is going to continue and the prices are going to go up for some time. The government cannot control the rise in prices, no government can. The people will spend more than 90 per cent of their wages within two weeks after they get them. Nothing will stop them from making these rapid expenditures."

Money matters were forgotten when Dr. Craven Laycock arrived. He was dean at Dartmouth for a methuselahic period. Joy and gladness walked into a room with Dr. Laycock. No one worried about inflation when he came to town.

"Dartmouth College was founded as an Indian mission school, and we still have a lot of pretty good Indians attending it," averred the dean. "I might add that every two or three years a real native American Indian enrolls at the college, and carries the work through. But they are from the far west. New England Indians, whose souls Dartmouth was to help save, have almost passed out of the picture."

Other colleges have "pretty good Indians attending," even the smaller institutions. For a time during depression days many observers thought the small college was doomed. But most of the older, well established ones survived. I discussed this question with Dr. Carter Davidson, soon after he was made president of Knox College. It was Knox that gave Abraham Lincoln his first honorary doctor of laws degree.

"I think the future of the small liberal arts college in this

country is brighter than it ever was," Dr. Davidson declared. "The people are realizing you can't create human personalities in the same way you can manufacture pickles. The large educational institutions of the east, like Yale and Harvard, are trying to imitate the small college by breaking their large units into smaller ones."

The reference to the 16th president of the United States reminds me of Lincoln Memorial University, which is doing such fine work under many difficulties at Harrogate, Tenn. This school pioneered a regular college course on Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Stewart W. McClelland, president of the university, explained to me that "it is the most popular course we have; we divide the course into three quarters; the first surveys Lincoln's life, the second deals with Lincoln and the Civil war, the third is a study of Lincoln literature."

Dr. McClelland told me that he thinks "there is a place in American life for the independent college." And so does Dr. Samuel N. Stevens, president of Grinnell College, who declared "a few distinguished small privately-supported colleges will furnish the critical standards for the publicly supported schools."

Dr. James Madison Wood, president of Stephens College for Women at Columbia, Mo., also has pronounced opinions on this subject. "The day of the small college will be over when people quit having families," he told me. "You will find that most of the large colleges and universities had small beginnings, and from these small beginnings they became large and powerful institutions."

"I should say that the day of the small college will never be over as long as we have an educational program. It would be a sorrowful day in American history if that day ever comes when we don't have the small colleges. Certain educational leaders get wrapped up in the machinery of their own large institutions. They are like people living in great, beautifully furnished mansions who say there will never be any more washer-women. But there always will be washer-women."

Character should be placed ahead of scholarship in our educational institutions, large and small, thought Rev. John O'Hara, C.S.C., when president of the University of Notre Dame.

"We put character training first," declared Dr. O'Hara, "for I believe character is the greatest need in the country today. We do not neglect the students' intellectual development nor their physical development, but we feel there are too many people with fine intellectual development who lack moral fiber.

"We want the boys to amount to something in the eyes of both God and men."

And along these very lines strove Dr. George Barton Cutten during the many useful years he was president of Colgate University. In talking about his boys to me, he said:

"There is a tradition at Colgate that every student says 'hello' to everyone he meets on the campus and in the village. To the professors most of the students say 'hello, sir,' and return the professor's 'hello' with a sort of semi-military salute. And if the boys shouldn't say 'sir' to the professor, it would be forgiven, but not to say 'hello' is unforgiveable. I want you to go out there and see if the boys don't 'hello' you."

I did. They did.

College presidents often tell a reporter interesting things. Dr. Robert S. Shaw, when head of Michigan State College, told me "there are 15,000,000 dogs owned in the United States." Dr. John B. Magee, president of Cornell College at Mount Vernon, Iowa, said "our college graduated eight classes before Cornell University was started." Dr. Harry D. Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College, declared "today everyone goes to high school, half of everyone goes to college." Dr. W. L. Bryan, president of Indiana University, told me of a wonderful discovery: "I have learned that there is one thing a man can do about a speech—he can quit!"

Among college men who are favorite speakers and who know when to quit is Dr. T. V. Smith, professor of philosophy at University of Chicago. Without winking he once told me that "only the politically powerless can be politically pure."

Dr. Smith can do something akin to a miracle—he knows when to quit even when he is talking about academic freedom. Although an ancient subject, it is well to bear in mind when interviewing a college dignitary to inquire about academic freedom.

I asked Dr. James Grafton Rogers, Sterling professor of

law and government and master of Timothy Dwight college at Yale, regarding academic freedom at the university. His reply was in plain Yale English:

"I am a conservative in politics, but I should be very sorry to be in a university in which there was not an adequate representation of opposite views. I think that modern education has been founded with the view that a university is a discussion point. As long as a man is a good citizen and gets along with his neighbors, I don't care what his opinions are.

"And in the university, as long as he is a good teacher, I don't care what his opinions are. The student pays little attention to a teacher's opinions, anyway. It is not opinions, it is facts that count. You don't fool these kids, they are as keen as grown people."

It was not of academic freedom that Dr. William E. Dodd, former professor of American history at University of Chicago and ex-ambassador to Germany, talked to me in the fall of 1938. Freedom of the democracies was his theme.

"The democracies should have helped Czechoslovakia," he pointed out. "The Czechs went to war to help the peoples fighting for democracy, but when the Czechs needed help no one came to their aid. The German people tried to gain their freedom through a democracy; they struggled for several years but no one helped them—that's why their democracy failed."

I had listened to so much talk on international affairs that when Dr. Mildred Helen McAfee, president of Wellesley College, came to Portland I simply asked her, "What is the trend in education today?"

"My goodness, what a question," exclaimed Dr. McAfee. "The big trend for education of all sorts is the recognition of the diversity of types of education which ought to be offered to our varied population; once the liberal arts college was the only school offered to the high school graduates but now they can go to schools that offer the particular subjects they want."

"What work do most of your graduates go into?" I wondered.

"A large percentage go into matrimony," sweetly replied Dr. Mildred Helen McAfee.

Football Philosophy

WALTER CAMP, father of American intercollegiate football, was a quiet, gentle soul. I have interviewed many bishops much more boisterous. It was an Edgar Allan Poe night—bleak skies, wind blowing, rain falling—when I met Mr. Camp at the University Club in Portland.

Yale's premier gridiron coach was a vivacious admirer of Knute Rockne. The Notre Dame team was going great guns that season, so Walter Camp of New Haven gave the interview a capital start by mentioning his exuberant friend.

"This man Rockne, say, he is a real walking miracle," remarked Mr. Camp as he threw away his cigarette and accepted a cigar proffered by Burnett Goodwin, an oldtime Eli friend. "Rockne asked me to sit with the team during its game with the Army last year. In that game Rockne sent in a new man for every place but one. I watched him send in four men in a row, and all he said to any of these new players was, 'Take off your sweater and get in there!'"

"Don't you tell those fellows what plays to watch for or what to do?" I asked Rockne. I was almost dumbfounded.

"Those men have been watching this game for nearly one-half of its time," calmly replied the coach. "If they don't know what to do, it's time I was finding it out so I can get other men who know how to use their heads."

"Those new players went into the game, and did exactly the right thing. They had been studying the game as closely as their chief."

As I write, I recall that Chick Meehan once told me, "To become a real player a boy must be loyal—by loyal I mean loyal." Mr. Camp simply told of seeing a fine exhibition of loyalty.

To his dying day the Yale mentor thought Red Grange one of the greatest halfbacks of the ages. Another out-of-the-ivy

league player the sincere master praised highly that night was Bo McMillin, wizard of tiny Centre College.

Mr. Camp almost wept as he talked of the smallness of grandstands for the football crowds. "It would need a stadium about the size of Kansas to seat all the people who would pay to see the Yale-Harvard or an Army-Navy game," he declared. "It is simply heartbreaking to see the people turned away at the big games—old players, distinguished grads, pretty cousins of boys on the team, rich parents whose sons will be in college next year, all these are left outside the field the same as Harry the Bootblack and Tony the Banana King."

Walter Camp will long be remembered for having given America its great autumn game. But I think the best known football coach since the turn of the century was Knute Kenneth Rockne, of the University of Notre Dame.

In my first interview with him I wrote—"Knute Rockne looks as stern as a hangman, his words snap like the tat-tat-tat of a machinegun, and a player might as well commit suicide as not to obey this coach's orders. But with all this hardboiled front, Rockne has every Notre Damer ready to die for him because he is fair."

That was written June 28, 1928. I saw him a number of times afterwards, but the first meeting with "Rock" was always the one best remembered. I mentioned that he didn't seem as tough as I had expected. He smiled.

"There are all kinds of boys playing football, and you've got to get under everyone of their hides," Rockne declared. "Some you've got to abuse, but you mustn't crush them. Never do that. But, you know, everyone knows, there's a certain race that thrives on abuse. We've gotta lot of them at Notre Dame. When I get one of these babies, believe me, he thrives! But they win games. That's what we play for—to win!

"Now, on the other hand, there are boys one must leave alone. When you get this sort of lad, give him plenty of it—he'll get you the first time. And I never tell my boys they are dumb. I make 'em think they are smart and great fighters."

The coach had as many ways of handling boys as he had players. Each youngster was a new puzzle.

"Contented cows make good buttermilk, but contented line-men don't make holes for the backfield," explained Rockne. "I

remember one time we had a fine chap in the line who had too much good humor for anything. He was at peace with all the world at the start of every game. So it was the duty of Clipper Smith, one of the best football players that ever crippled an enemy, to kick this good natured guy on the shins two or three times to get him mad. And when that bimbo did get sore, believe me he went through the opposition like water through a sieve."

The Notre Dame mentor referred to a coach's oratory just before a game as "flat air." And Knute Rockne didn't like an alibier. "The man who alibis," he said, "is simply a boy not grown up yet. Real men don't do it. Be a good loser as far as being a gentleman is concerned, but be a poor loser inwardly." He hated "set-ups," too.

"We take 'em all, the tougher the better," he told me. I think that line could have been his motto.

Rockne was killed in an airplane accident March 31, 1931. I chatted with him just a few days before he started on the fatal air journey. As I was leaving, I asked, "How do you feel, Mr. Rockne?"

"Just as well as I ever will feel in this world," he replied.

A truly majestic coach who thumbs his nose at Father Time is Amos Alonzo Stagg. A great player at Yale, Walter Camp in 1889 picked him for an end on the first All-American football team. Mr. Stagg was head gridiron coach at University of Chicago for many years, and then kicked out because he was getting old. He went to the University of the Pacific at Stockton, Cal., in 1933, and has been turning out fine football teams ever since.

"Oh, we had some heartaches when we left the University of Chicago, I'll admit," explained Mr. Stagg. "You know I left a lot of boys I had worked with nearly all my life, that is, several hundred of them I worked with during the 41 years I was there. I hated to leave."

I have interviewed Mr. Stagg four times, but the chats were chiefly about current gridiron matters, who would win in certain conferences, the plays that would be stressed during the season.

Clark D. Shaughnessy, who succeeded Stagg at Chicago, is also a fine gentleman. The first time I met Shaughnessy was at his Chicago home. He hadn't been getting much football material, but this wasn't being bemoaned by the university nearly

as much as it would have been in many other educational institutions—"the people who run the school don't give a rip who wins," the coach explained.

"But what would happen if you lost all your games," I inquired.

"Well, in that case I think they would look up to see how great a character builder you are," Shaughnessy replied. "And you'd have to be pretty good, too, I guess."

When Clark Shaughnessy quit Chicago for Stanford, I met him soon after he came west. His T-formation hocus-pocus hadn't been pulled out of the hat then, so we talked at the Benson hotel about other important matters.

"Selfishness is the greatest crime in my lexicon," he declared. "I will not have it in any squad I coach. A boy must put all he has into the game, he must work for the team and not for his scrapbook, and he must obey the rules. You lose if you win by cheating."

"Do you think the University of Chicago will ever have real football again?" was asked.

"Yes, I think so, in a few years," the mentor replied. "This cataclysm that is sweeping over the world is going to teach a great many people a whole lot of things, especially a bunch of these goofy professors of social science."

Shaughnessy is now football's General George C. Marshall at the University of Maryland.

Glenn Scobey Warner is one of the five men I call football's Titans. He has been on sportdom's front page ever since Ernie Nevers wore diapers. Mr. Warner has ideas on every phase of the game. I spoke regarding a much kicked-about play.

"As for the mooted subject of giving one point for kicking goal after a touchdown, there are two sides to that question," declared Pop Warner. "When I played the kick gave two points. It isn't a one-man play at all, because the line has to hold or the kick will be blocked or hurried so it misses. I don't know whether the point should be taken off for the kick or not."

Another question I uncorked was, "Who is the greatest player in the history of American football?"

"Well, I could name several," Pop replied, after thinking a minute or two. "For years I said Jim Thorpe was the greatest player who ever put on a uniform. He could do everything in

the game just a little better than anyone else. And the other boys, whose teams had played against Thorpe, didn't find any fault with my selection, either. But I've found a boy who is better than Jim Thorpe because this other boy has a better head, can think better and he can play every part of the game just as well as Jim did. When it comes to thinking, he's ahead of my old friend many miles."

"Who is this new champion?" was the natural question.

"Nevers, Ernie Nevers," said Warner.

Some years later I met Nevers. Told him what Pop said. No applause. The great Stanford player had had a fling at the professional game, so I asked about it.

"It's a good game, I liked it, but I don't think we'll have professional football out on the coast, not for a long time, at least," Nevers replied. "There are too many big college games in our leading cities, and these draw the crowds."

All the experts admit Ernie Nevers was a grand gridiron artist, but still almost every picker of All-Time, All-American football teams puts Jim Thorpe on the list. I am not an expert, but Thorpe is a halfback on my All-Time, All-American, All-Interviewed team. I had difficulties meeting the most famous of the Fox Indian tribe at his home near Los Angeles.

After much pow-wow-ing I got Jim to talk. "Oh, I guess I played pretty well when I was a young fellow," confessed the old Carlisle halfback. "In 1908, the first year I played as a regular at Carlisle, Walter Camp put me down as one of the backs on his All-American third team. I was out of school awhile, but in 1911 and 1912 Camp had me on his regular All-American teams.

"Sure, I was proud to be on those teams. There are only 11 players on the regular All-American out of the hundreds of fellows who are playing the game. Wouldn't you think it was pretty good to be picked as one of the 11 best reporters in the country?"

As I have never been picked as one of the best in anything, I couldn't react to the thrill. So to dash away from this subject, Jim was asked how many All-Time, All-Americans he has made.

"Oh, lord, I can't answer that one. I just don't know them, but I know Pop put me on his—I think an awful lot of that one," came the reply.

I was able to get Thorpe to make out his first All-Time, All-American team. It didn't have one of the two greatest backfield men in football history on it—James Thorpe. But he named several men I know—Heffelfinger for a guard, Pete Henry for a tackle, Red Grange as a halfback. When he thought he had completed the list I remarked, "This is a darn funny team, Mr. Thorpe."

"Why?" asked Jim, all apuzzle.

"Because you have only one guard."

"Oh, heck! Yes, I reckon that would be a queer team. Well, let's see. Oh, yes, put on Pop. He was a great guard at Cornell. It'll make him laugh to know that I've made him an All-Time, All-American."

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Thorpe?"

"Sure, put him down. He was a great guard, no foolin' about that."

Another notable lineman was Fielding H. Yost, who was for many years director of athletics at University of Michigan. Some years ago Yost visited Portland, and told me he could name every boy who had played on his old teams, could tell where he is and what he is doing. He enjoys telling gridiron tales.

"We were playing Michigan Agricultural College," began "Hurry-Up" Yost speaking of the school others call Michigan State. "Several minutes before the picnic ended I saw one of the Aggies walking out of the game, which ended in a 119 to 0 score.

"Say, boy. whatta leavin' for, you have four minutes yet to play?" I yelled at him.

"Not me," replied the disgusted youngster. "They told us this would be a game for experience. I've got all the experience I want. If those other boobs want any more they can stay and get it, but I've got plenty."

Yost's most famous player went to University of Michigan from Grants Pass, Oregon—Willie Heston. This farmer boy is to Yost what Nevers is to Warner. "Hurry-Up" says Heston was the greatest running back he, Yost, ever saw, greater even than Red Grange.

One forenoon in his Detroit real estate office, I discussed old times with William Martin Heston, whose schoolboy nickname

at Grants Pass was "Rosy Posy." He played on the Michigan team four years without knowing defeat. He graduated in 1904.

In telling of his admittance to Michigan, Heston said he arrived in Ann Arbor "three days ahead of Yost. This was the last of August, so I just hung around town waiting for the coach to show up. I was standing on the corner of Huron and Main streets looking across at a bank when someone booted me in the rear with his knee.

"'Hey, whatta you doin' here?'" the booter hollowed.

"I looked around and there was Yost, grinning. The next morning he sent me out to Whitmore lake for early training. A few of the upper classmen were late getting back to school, so I played in the first three games of the season against Case, Albion and Indiana. Then the old backfield returned, and I was put on the second team. I made several touchdowns in those games, and everyone was watching me.

"'Who's this wild and woolly dude from the west?'" asked one of the seniors on the first-string backfield.

"'Some guy from Oregon named Heston—William Heston,'" a junior replied.

"'Oh, so Willie has come to college to learn to play football,'" the smart guy said, said it loud enough so I could hear it. But I just bit my tongue, and kept my mouth shut. From then on my name was Willie. I could take it, and I did.

"'The fourth game was with Northwestern. The backfield wasn't showing much. Yost yanked one of the swell-headed seniors, and put me in. And I played regularly for four years from that minute on. This wild and woolly dude from Oregon also found occasion to get even with the nice little boys who had made the remarks. It's a long lane, you know.'"

Willie Heston weighed between 180 and 184 pounds during his stardom; he was 5-feet-9, could do 100 yards in 10.6 seconds, but was exceptionally fast at 50 yards, and was a very quick starter. Heston was the first player on a western team to make Camp's All-American, this in 1903. And the Michigan halfback was put on the famous All-Time, All-American selected by Camp. The Yale mentor and I agreed on this one, too.

One other gargantuan pigskin artist on whom we eye-to-eyed was W. W. Pudge Heffelfinger, Yale guard. I talked with Pudge in his office at Minneapolis when he was a county commissioner

of Hennepin county, Minnesota. Stagg, who played on the team with him, said the lineman made eight touchdowns from guard in his, Heffelfinger's, first season.

Joe Boland, when line coach at Notre Dame (he used to live in Minneapolis), told me Pudge was the only man to have played on the University of Minnesota team who never attended that university. Boland explained that Pudge, when a boy, was such a wonderful high school player that he was "rung in" by the university for a number of its toughest games before the youth went east to college.

"The trouble with the game today is they use too much apparatus," declared Heffelfinger. "I think apparatus hurts a player wearing it more than it does him good. We used to train in order to be hard enough to take it. We were trained like prizefighters, and we had to stand up under punishment. My nervous system never got tuned up when I was hit hard; I took it, and kept on playing. I never saw the day I couldn't play an hour's football after I'd had the proper training."

Frank Butterworth, Yale's terrific fullback of the smug '90s, agrees with the running guard. "I think the greatest difference in the game today and when I was a youngster is in the training," announced Butterworth as we talked on Eli Yale's front lawn. "They don't know how to train them any more. In the old days when you had a man and maybe a sub for each position, they trained them hard and they played them hard. But now, with 50 or 60 men to draw on, they don't have any boys ready to play a long, tough battle. And you have so much time out now that a player gets tired resting. Any 'eleven' can play through an entire game if they are trained for it.

"In my day a player wasn't taken out to get dolled up, rest awhile, then put back into the game. You didn't go out then unless you were entirely used up or unless someone had done you up. And we played more games every season than they do now. It was straight line bucking and end runs. The guards ran. You've heard of Pudge Heffelfinger. Well, he was great on interference, and he could carry the ball, too; he sometimes picked up the ball-carrier and lugged him over the line for a touchdown."

I know a modern player who would have delighted the eyes of Butterworth and Heffelfinger—Bronko Nagurski. He was a

University of Minnesota cyclone, a backfield man who ran his own interference. Here is how he was toughened.

"I lived on a farm for eight years," Nagurski boasted, "and began milking when I was six years old. Later I worked in the woods a great deal, and did a lot of woodcutting while I was on the farm; later I worked at logging and in sawmills. Oh, yes, I tried to play golf. No luck."

And speaking of speedy juggernauts, never forget Wilbur Frank Henry, the gift Washington & Jefferson College made to football's hall of fame. When he was six years old neighbor boys nicknamed him Pete. I asked Henry, now alma mater's athletic director, what it takes to make a real football player.

"Ambition—heart—spirit to play, these are the three things that mean a lot to a player," replied Pete Henry as we talked in his office on the campus. "Along with these things, he must have the natural instinct of an athlete. Physical ability is about the last thing. A good little man is good; if he has the heart and the spirit and a good head on him, he can go."

A 225-pound tackle when streamlined, Henry could run like a deer.

This mention of good little men reminds me of the most famous backfield in history—the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. These players were not little but they were light, by far the lightest national championship backfield in college records.

In the fall of 1934, I decided to make an interviewing big game hunt and bag all the living members of that great Four Horsemen-Seven Mules team, ten years after its last season of play. First one I met was Elmer Layden, fullback, then head coach at Notre Dame. He was in the midst of a dinner party when I barged in. The soul of hospitality, he insisted on making a place for me at the table. A tragedy followed.

His little girl, Joan, aged about 5, couldn't be at the table with the grown-ups but her mother had promised her as big a piece of pie as the others had. When I charged in, the pie was given to me. In a few minutes, Joan came in from the kitchen, the tears running down her cheeks; she went to her mamma, and said, "The man took my pie." Taking that baby's dessert has plagued me to this day.

It was Elmer Layden's first year as coach at Notre Dame, so I asked what he needed. "A whole line from tackle to tackle,"

he snapped. Later he admitted just a few outstanding linemen and an extraordinary right half would do.

"Green boys make mistakes; new men on any job always do," explained the boss. "But each season brings out a group of new All-Americans, and maybe we have some in the bag, and don't know it. If they are here, they certainly will receive a welcome. But the boy I need most of all is a right half. A flashy right halfback is a very important man in the Notre Dame style of play."

During our talk, Layden made a surprising statement—"I'm no miracle man," he declared.

Next Horseman I encountered was "Smiling Jim" Crowley, old left halfback, now football professor at Fordham University. He was on the practice field when I arrived. I asked him if he was worried about the season's outlook.

"Worry, I worry?" he whinnied. "All the worrying I do is about myself. People wonder why we coaches look so young. It's from losing games!"

Crowley, called "Sleepy Jim" at Notre Dame, told me he got very few New York City high school boys—"they don't seem to be football minded," he said. New England, New Jersey and Pennsylvania sent him his wonder men. I asked what he thought would be his hardest game.

"Southern Methodists are said to be tough," replied Jim as Irish eyes were smiling. "And I've known some northern Methodists who were pretty tough, too, but let's don't talk about that."

Crowley told me a secret. "It's the games you are sure to win that you always lose," he whispered.

Next morning I took the train to Philadelphia to see Harry Stuhldreher, ex-quarterback who was Villanova's coach, now mentor at University of Wisconsin. A short time before Pop Warner had verbally attacked the Notre Dame system of play, so I asked Harry, the greatest field general Rockne ever coached, about it.

"The boys on the team, as well as the system, have a great deal to do with it," explained Stuhldreher. "Gray matter is one of the things a football player needs, and it is something the Notre Dame system can't supply—I don't know whether the Warner system can or not. Mentality has much to do in win-

ning games. If a team doesn't go into a game with the right mental attitude, no matter how good it is, it can't pick itself up to its regular playing ability during the battle."

Don Miller, the other horseman, was coaching a Catholic high school in Louisville, Ky. I went to see him, arriving Sunday morning. When I telephoned the school I learned Miller was visiting his wife's family in Terre Haute, Ind. So there I went, arriving that night. Don told of a number of notable games his old team had played, said he regretted they hadn't had more contests on the Pacific coast. Then he sang the Notre Dame songs for me.

Edward Hunsinger, right end, was the first of the Seven Mules I saw. He was then an assistant coach at Fordham. I asked him to name the toughest games he played in.

"I guess I'll say the games against the Army were the toughest," admitted Edward. "Good sportsmen, the cadets, but they played as though they were in a battle, and had to win to save their country."

Hunsinger surprised me by saying, "I never played football before I went to Notre Dame."

Adam Walsh, center and captain of the great team, was then an assistant coach at Harvard. He is now coach at Bowdoin. The night after a dinner party with the Fordham boys, in which Assistant Coach Frank Leady, now head coach at Notre Dame, was chief chef and a mighty good one, with Hunsinger his assistant, I left for Cambridge. I met Walsh in the classic Harvard dressing room just after practice. I asked him to tell me the secret of the Notre Dame team's success.

"It was just 11 fellows playing football under a great coach, 11 fellows who loved to play the game and who worked in perfect co-ordination," he replied. "So many things entered into it that you can't point your finger to any one thing and say that is why we were successful."

"How did that backfield have such good luck?" I inquired.

"Those boys were so small and skinny that we didn't even have to open air holes in the line for them to get through," the former captain related. "They were fast midgets who would just pop through a crack. In fact, we didn't have to make a real crack in the opposition line, but only just start one when those

'Horsemen' would pop through. They had great speed and wonderfully good eyesight."

I found E. E. "Rip" Miller, ex-right tackle, working as assistant coach at the naval academy at Annapolis. When I asked how Rockne did what he did, Miller said:

"His secret was himself, but he had at Notre Dame that manly, kindly appeal that won him the friendship of everyone. We were just a little bunch of country boys away from home, some for the first time, and Rockne fathered us when he saw we had the blues."

Rip Miller had been very fond of Dr. John Weibel, left guard, the only member of the team I could never interview. "Wasn't it too bad that Johnny Weibel had to die?" said Miller, slowly. "I had hoped all the members of our team would live a long time and grow old together. It just about broke my heart when he died because I had thought so much about the fun we would have when, after we were past middle age; we could have reunions and talk over those fine years at Notre Dame."

From Annapolis I started westward, making my first stop at Pittsburgh for four reasons, the main one being to see Joseph Anthony Bach, left tackle, then coaching at Duquesne University. I went to his office, knocked on the door.

"Come in," shouted Bach, "if you are not the sheriff."

Over his desk hung a large picture of Rockne. "I keep it as an inspiration, not only for myself but for the boys who come in to see me," Bach explained.

The next stop on the Mule trail was Lafayette, Ind., to see Noble E. Kizer, ex-right guard, then head coach at Purdue and a great friend of George Ade. Since then Noble Kizer has gone on a long, long journey.

"Do you know, Mr. Hazen, I never had on a football suit until I entered Notre Dame," Mr. Kizer revealed. "I was not out of high school when I enlisted in the marines. I was discharged in March, 1919, not having had the luck to get across, and I returned to the Plymouth, Ind., high school, where I played basketball. I was just a farmer boy, and at first didn't think I would care for football."

Away from Lafayette, I stopped briefly at South Bend, Ind., to see Bill Cerney, who had been a reserve back on the famous team. Bill also told me where I could find Charles Cornelius

Collins, left end. "Chuck," as this Collins was called, had been head coach at University of North Carolina eight years, when let out without warning, he said, after the coaches' scrambling season was over. He was in charge of a gasoline filling station in Chicago when I saw him in '34, as a start to learning the oil business.

I asked Chuck why the Notre Dame team lost its name of "Irish" and gained that of "Ramblers."

"Some people think it was because Irish names became fewer on the squad but that was not it," C. C. Collins averred, "for there was always a large number of boys with Irish names playing with the team. It was because Rockne wanted to make the university well known in every section of the United States. He wanted the people to see his team in action, wanted them to get acquainted with his boys so they would know what sort of fellows attended Notre Dame.

"He traveled around so much that the press boys began talking of the 'Ramblers.' And you don't need an Irish name to be a Rambler."

Notre Dame had another grand sweepstakes backfield in 1930. According to Grantland Rice it was probably the greatest backfield of all time on account of combined power and speed. The air in ten thousand barber shops has been abundantly agitated by fierce arguments as to which was the greater backfield; that of 1924 or the one of 1930.

Marty Brill, right half in '30, was famed for his interference. "You've got to block, you've got to block harder and tougher than the other fellow to win games," Brill told me in his Philadelphia home. "When I'm coaching I tell my boys not to lean against 'em, but to push 'em!"

Joe Savoldi, fullback of the '30 quartet, explained some of Rockne's methods. "No matter how good the team was going, he made the fellows think they could do better," Joe declared. "No matter how I was going, whether I gained nine yards or 90, 'Rock' always said I was lousy. He gave me the impression that he thought I was loafing on the job, so I would go in the next quarter and try to fight harder than I ever did."

Marchmont Schwartz, the other '30 halfback, had recently been made coach at Creighton University and was on his way to Grinnell to play a game when I met him in Hotel Fort Des

Moines. He looked fine but said, "This coaching job is getting me down, the first year is always the hardest, but I think I'm doing better than anyone expected."

University of Nebraska used to be Rockne's Nemesis, but that was before Dana X. Bible went there to coach. I once made a trip to Lincoln to see Bible; among the things he uttered was that farmer boys made better football material than city chaps.

Maplesyrup farmers flock to Dartmouth, some to absorb wisdom, some to try for the football team. When Earl Blaik (now at West Point) was coach there, he gave every boy who turned out for practice a chance. Some of his best players were suffering from broken hearts.

"We don't grow them as big back here as you do in the Far West," the then grand sachem of the Dartmouth Indians told me. "I wish we had a few more of your boys back here. We are strong on Phi Beta Kappas, but I could use a few Paul Bunyans who wouldn't quite make the upper ten in their classes."

As for postseason games, no, no, ten thousand times no, Blaik bugled loud and clear.

Minnesota's coach, who is always interesting, is Marine Bernard William Bierman. The platinum-haired master isn't narrow between the eyes, he would like rules loosened so mid-west champions could show their wares in the Rose Bowl. Modest, almost shy, Bierman spoke in a low voice when I talked with him.

"When will Minnesota be able to play a Rose Bowl game?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied number one Gopher.

"Why?"

"Well, I don't know that, either."

"What is your opinion regarding the Big Ten's big rule against after-season games?"

"Personally, I would like to see the Big Ten accept Rose Bowl games whenever any of us are invited to play," Bierman said, "but I am against post-season games in general. But I think the Rose Bowl is a real classic, and I am firmly of the opinion that any team invited by the Pacific Coast conference winners to play the New Year's day game should be permitted to accept the invitation.

"When I was coach at Tulane, my team played in the Rose

Bowl, and we all enjoyed it. I couldn't see where any harm was done. It wasn't burdensome for the boys, and I think the average squad would like to make the trip."

Although he didn't tell me so, I think Fritz Crisler, University of Michigan coach, would like to go Rose Bowling. I interviewed him at his residence when he was coach at Princeton.

"In football, anything can happen, it's a crazy game," Crisler confessed. He told me that most of the Tiger players "come from right around here, 90 per cent from 'prep' schools, very few from high schools; lots of boys from the South attend Princeton, but not many football players among them; we don't have many students from the Northeast nor from the West."

Crisler was loreied away from delicate Princeton by a co-educational giant, University of Michigan. Soon after the coach moved to Ann Arbor, I interviewed Dr. A. G. Ruthven, president of the university, during a Portland visit. I spoke some nice words about Mr. Crisler. Dr. Ruthven looked at me coldly for a minute, then remarked:

"He will have to do his own coaching and his own advertising!"

It was the eve of a big game when I called on Francis Schmidt, then Ohio State mentor, at Columbus. "We have a suicide outside schedule," he announced, then told me about it. "By the way, I almost went out to Oregon State when Paul Schissler quit," Schmidt said. "I was at Texas Christian. I talked it over with Doc Spears, then decided to come here. Maybe I was wise."

Schmidt now masterminds at University of Idaho.

A terrible case of Pasadena fever hit Fordham one autumn I visited there. Jim Crowley's boys were all ready to be anointed with attar of roses, then the unexpected. Glen Michael Carberry, line coach at Fordham, explained the reason.

"It doesn't make a bit of difference whether it is Lebanon Valley or Purdue, every team comes to New York keyed up to win," decided Judge Carberry (he's a lawyer, too.) "That's the game they point for, and we have to be on our toes every minute. Most of the teams would lose every other game to make sure of winning the one played in New York. That's what keeps us all so thin."

On the other hand, Yale's ex-coach "Ducky" Pond, doesn't care a pfennig about post season games. Told me so that night

we dined at Mory's. This important matter settled, I asked Pond what he looks for in a candidate for the team.

"Courage and determination," the coach replied, quickly. "Of course, he must be physically fit. It is pretty hard to analyze. He must have a natural control of his body. I think the thing to look for is a boy who has those attributes that will make him work hard as a team player."

Dr. Emerson W. Nelson, who succeeded Pond as Yale coach, had starred at University of Iowa. I was introduced to Spike Nelson on the practice field by Alan Bartholemy, Portland boy who captained the Bulldogs in '41. Spike was all geared up to the big-man idea. "The eastern boys, as a rule, do not have the size the middle western boys have. This is accounted for chiefly because so many mid-western chaps who turn out for football were reared on farms. But there is no difference in their enthusiasm for the game," he said.

Howard Jones, one of Yale's illustrious left-end graduates and long headman of University of Southern California's tantalizing football department, emphasized scoring from any spot on, over or under the field. Mild mannered, soft spoken, Howard Jones seemed more like a cloistered scholar than a coach of hardriding football champions. "I was one of those hometown boys who liked to stay around Main street," he told me. And yet, he became a gridiron hero at Middletown, Ohio, high school, at Philip Exeter academy, at Yale.

"What makes a football player?" I asked Mr. Jones.

"Being able to co-ordinate properly, this and speed," he answered. "Then, there are the mental attributes, which are very necessary; also the keen desire and ambition to play the game. Courage is likewise a necessary asset."

"Some men say a good player must be a great student," I remarked.

"I think that's all a matter of hooey," came the reply, "but, of course, there's this to be said, if a boy doesn't study he can't play, for the members of the team must keep up their class work."

"What are the best ages for pigskinning?" was asked.

"Oh, I find the players who are 19, 20 and 21 years old the best boys in the squad," Howard Jones stated. "There are

exceptions, no doubt, but I usually find when a boy is older than 21 he becomes sophisticated."

Howard's brother, Thomas Albert Dwight Jones, was also an eminent Eli player and coach. Tad Jones was football's headman at Yale from 1916 to '27 with the exception of 1919. He is now a New Haven industrial fuel dealer. He insisted the T-formation was invented by the Bulldogs. He also pointed out that in his day the boys stood up under heavy barrages.

"It destroys the game for me to have men running in and out all the time. I like to see a football game played by two football teams, not by 81 men on one side and 54 on the other side," Tad Jones enounced. "When I was quarterback on the field, not in the barber shop, we played the game in halves. If a man was taken out, he couldn't go back into the game; once removed, a fellow couldn't play any more. So we did everything possible to keep the coach from thinking we had been injured. There wasn't any limping to get a rest, no limping out and then leaping back in."

Like the Jones brothers, Bill Spaulding, who made the University of California at Los Angeles, football conscious, was a philosophic coach. "Whenever we win a game," he philosophized to me, "I always say the team belongs to the faculty and students and fans and alumni; whenever we lose I say the team belongs to a guy named Bill Spaulding. No matter how good you are, if you keep on playing you're going to get licked some time."

He was the only man in California who didn't like to talk about the weather.

"It's best not to talk to the boys about weather," he advised. "You take a team in there and tell 'em that it's hot, and they'll begin thinking it's a great deal hotter than it really is. This hot-weather stuff is a good deal in the head. Don't say anything about it, and the boys will think about the game instead of about the weather."

Soon after Spaulding arrived on the coast, I interviewed Babe Hollingberry, lord high executioner at Washington State. "The Southern branch will be a big school, and it will turn out a championship team," said Babe. "Just keep your eye on Bill, and you'll see real football."

Stub Allison, boss man of University of California gridders

at Berkeley, spoke up regarding the messy-shaped Pacific Coast conference, during a recent northern visit.

"I never think there will be two conferences on the coast," declared the 6-foot-2, 250-pound Stub. "Geographically we are in bad shape for a conference, I'll admit that. With two schools in Los Angeles, with those around the bay, and these up north, it's quite a jump—the Los Angeles teams go more than halfway across the United States in distance traveling up to Washington to play, but I think you'll find that the conference will always stick together."

Tiny Thornhill, when Stanford strategist, disliked Alibi Ikes. I once relayed to Thornhill that Dr. H. W. Dodds, president of Princeton, told me the Tigers would never play in the Rose Bowl because they have an agreement with Yale and Harvard not to play intersectional games for national championships.

"He's all full of horse feathers," snarled Tiny. "The Rose Bowl games are not for the national championship!"

That dusted off the cake, so we took up the next order of business.

Captain John J. McEwan, who turned out adored teams when coach at West Point, was as plain lipped as Thornhill. McEwan didn't have his rabbit's foot with him when he coached University of Oregon. Later he was mentor of the football Brooklyn Dodgers, and I talked with him at Ebbetts Field. I asked how he liked "pro-ing."

"Well, it's different from coaching college football," McEwan noted. "But I might say that in the playing of the teams, there really isn't a great difference. The thing that surprised me the most when I came to this job was the spirit that fills these boys. The professionals play with the same abandonment and furor as the college players."

It was one of the famous college players who took me to Brooklyn—Christian K. Cagle. Trim, jaunty, Cagle looked frail, but he made the All-America team three years in a row while at West Point.

"I like the pro game fine," Red Cagle asserted. "because every man knows what to do. A fellow doesn't have to worry about anyone else and the others don't worry about you. In college teams a man, especially a backfield man, has to wonder about

some other player, you often have to carry a fellow with you."

Steve Owen, coach of the pigskin Giants, is one of the finest from an interviewing standpoint in the game. I've talked with him in Portland and in New York. Owen is a gentleman at home and on tour.

"He has to be able to take it, that's the first thing," drawled Steve when asked regarding the requisites. "That's one reason why boys from small colleges do better in pro ranks than those from big schools where they have large squads. The players on small teams are in the game a great many more minutes than those in the big universities. They are used to being knocked around, and they have to be able to go up against high-class competition because a small school takes on the big ones two or three times a season, as a rule."

Owen footballed at little Phillips University in Enid, Okla., so he knows. I asked if all the All-Americans wanted to get into pro football.

"No, a lot of them don't," he declared, "and one of the big reasons is a lot of them couldn't make the teams. A lot of these swell All-Americans can't take it. I've been in the pro game since 1924, and I've seen many of these highly advertised dudes go out quick."

But George Wilson, University of Washington great, and Mel Hein, Washington State's marvelous center, could meet all comers. I saw Wilson make a touchdown carrying three opponents across the line with him. Hein often held half of an entire line while one of his own backs got away. "Professional football isn't as dirty as college football," Wilson whispered. Hein agreed with George.

The most famous professional gridironer I ever interviewed was Red Grange. He visited Portland on a barnstorming tour. "Football playing is just like dancing the Charleston, it takes a lot of practice," he said, opening the chat.

He advised college football boys to go in for track. "It helps you get a quick start, it helps your wind, trains your eye, and keeps a fellow keen all the time. Every football player should go in for track the same as for real gridiron practice," he declared.

I was disappointed because Harold Edward Grange didn't have red hair. I complained to him about it. "My hair used to

have a reddish tint when I was in grammar school," he explained, "and it was there I got the nickname. Since I grew up my hair has turned dark, but the name sticks, maybe because I blush so much because I'm timid in lots of ways."

Rear Admiral Jonas H. Ingram isn't timid in any way. One of the naval academy's truest and best, he maintains "outdoor sports do more to make young boys happy, to make sailors happy, than any other thing in the world." Jonas made football history at the academy.

Lou Little thinks like Ingram. The Columbia University grid-iron chief has done much to popularize the game in New York City. He believes in spreading joy over the land. But his technic is rather severe. As I watched the Lions practice one early October afternoon, I remarked to Colonel Little that the boys looked very good.

"The hell they do!" shouted Lou. "What th' matter with you, can't you see, either? They can't tackle, they can't tackle at all!"

"You did pretty well last year, didn't you?" I said, trying to be calm.

"Yes, but this isn't the squad we had last year, this is just a bunch of nice boys from the drug store," the coach answered. "My, wouldn't they make a showing against Vassar or an old ladies' home!"

I asked him what he thought of intersectional games.

"I think intersectional games are a fine thing, sure, providing they can be worked in," Lou Little stated. "But, you see, we have so many teams in the east we have to play that it's hard to squeeze more games in."

A day after enjoying the visit with Lou, I went to see Eddie Casey, then head coach at Harvard. He was bemoaning the fact that Bobby Grayson had gone to Stanford instead of entering Harvard as planned. The Portland lad would have sparked Casey's team to a blue ribbon (if one can mention "blue" in connection with anything Harvard).

"We have a depression in backs and linemen," Casey explained, "because nowadays a boy has to be Ph.D. material to become a freshman here. Scholarships go to the chaps who can write the best odes in Latin or give the best orations in Greek.

A good right tackle or a promising left end is out of luck if he wants to make Harvard unless he can pass these tests.

"Other colleges offer scholarships to prep school football players who have good scholastic standings."

Today's gridiron generalissimo at Harvard is Richard C. Harlow. He informed me that "here at Harvard you don't know who is coming out for football until they come out for practice." Sophomores are generally still too damp behind the ears to suit Harlow.

"I normally don't like to use sophomores too quickly," he told me. "Most of our players are much better in their senior year, which shows we develop players. No, I don't look for big hands on my players, you can't pick out hands here at Harvard."

Harlow surprised me by saying, "I think Texas has about as many good football players as any place in the country."

Carl Snavely, Cornell University's knight-errant coach who surprised the world, reminded me of some federal judges I have known. Snavely ruled out geography, it made no difference because a good player is a good player no matter where he hails from.

"A boy has to be rugged physically," the Cornell coach explained; "by ruggedness I don't mean size, although size helps, but he must be fearless. The first thing I notice about a boy is his build. I sometimes see in a boy's face his aggressiveness and willingness; I have been fooled both ways, not very often though, I have passed on too many to be mistaken very often. I want a player who is willing to tear in and who is not overcome by the size or power of his opponent."

Clipper Smith, the Chesterfieldian chief at Villanova, is modest personally but professionally, oh, boy! "I don't want any breathers," he once told me, "but it's hard to get a big game every week. Your big teams don't always want to take a beating. That's the trouble. Otherwise making up a schedule would be easy."

James Phelan, who was long head Husky at University of Washington, asked me a queer one as he tarried in Portland while on his way from Purdue to Seattle.

"Many girls in your universities out here?" he asked.

"Yes, and pretty ones," said I, pushing out my chest.

But James didn't flicker a smile. "Where there is an abundance of women in a college, one doesn't find good football," Phelan asseverated. An echo of sad music floated down the New Heathman hotel corridor.

"The boys today have too many outside attractions, too many pies, too many automobiles," bemoaned Andy Kerr, the lightning flash that directs Colgate's footballsters. "There are so many amusements, so many other things to occupy their minds that the boys can't concentrate on football. This is an age in which the tendency is to be soft. Most college boys have almost forgotten how to walk."

Grantland Rice, who probably has seen more football games than any other man still young enough to have bellyache, told me what it takes to make a football player. "A fellow has to like to play," said Rice; "he's got to have speed and stamina; he has to be big, always; he has to be competitively smart. If he is inclined to be hurt easily he never gets far."

It was Grantland Rice who named the famous Notre Dame backfield "The Four Horsemen." And he may have seen the history-making game in which the then unknown Notre Dame raised havoc with a mighty enemy. It was the great 1913 game between West Point and the Irish on the cadets' field. (No gals at either school, very good football!) It was an epoch-making, hair-raising scrap because in this game the effectiveness of the forward pass was demonstrated beyond a reasonable doubt by Rockne and Gus Dorais.

For years Dorais has been professor of football at University of Detroit. To that campus I journeyed just to get Gus to tell of the great battle on the West Point Plains. It took some time to get him started, but when he did he told the whole story without a prodding question being necessary.

"It did mark the turning point in the history of football, that's true," began Dorais. "Up to that time football was largely centered in the east. And the eastern teams went in for defensive football. They did a vast amount of punting, and any team that got one touchdown against West Point considered it had done a good day's work. So in 1913 Notre Dame had been picked by the Army as one of the 'push-overs.' Nice little boys from out west who were to have the honor of having the cadets beat them about 50 to 0.

"Well, we went to West Point with the eastern sports writers giving us the merry ring-around-the-rosy. It was a write-up in a New York paper that made Rock and me mad. That summer we had worked together, and all our spare time we practiced the forward pass. Previous to this Army-Notre Dame game the forward pass had been used, but only in great emergencies when a team was behind and only a few minutes or seconds left to play. Just as we arrived at the Point, a kid came around selling New York papers. We got a copy and saw a write-up that used the expression, 'Notre Dame College of South Bend, Illinois.'"

"It made us angry to have them refer to our school as a college instead of a university, which it was, but it made us fighting mad to have them say we were from Illinois instead of Indiana. I was quarterback, Rock was playing an end. We had developed the pass into a perfect play, and the other end had been given plenty of practice.

"'We'll let 'em have the pass plenty, and see how they like it,' I told Rock before the game.

"We had a great fullback on the team. When he took the ball he went through the Army's line like a battering ram. The cadets quickly saw they would have to play their backs close to the line to stop him. When they did that, I passed, chiefly to Rock, who was always where X marks the spot. I completed 24 passes that game, throwing all of them, and Rock catching nearly all; I gave a few to the other end, just to mix up the nice cadets a little more. It was a slaughter all right, but just the other way around from the dope.

"Notre Dame scored 35 points against the Army, which was more than had been scored against West Point in all their games for two years before that put together. Jesse Harper was our coach. Notre Dame went down to the West Point Plains an unknown and unsung team.

"From that game we started on the upgrade. And that game was the first in a great series, the beginning of one of the finest friendships in football."

I will add that the West Point score that game was 13 points.

Years after the slaughter on the Plains, I interviewed Jess Harper. He vividly remembers the game but we didn't dwell on it. I asked Harper what he used to look for in halfbacks.

"Boys with speed, with agility, and with swivel hip-bones," he said; "and if you could get them with big hands you had something. They had to be active, had to know how to run interference, had to be able to get down on the field. Above all, they had to be awfully good above the shoulders, they had to diagnose plays instantly. It took the same stuff 20 years ago that it does today to make things go."

And it took "the same stuff" long before Harper's day "to make things go." William H. "Pa" Corbin told me that, and he knows. In 1888 he captained the powerful Yale team that won 13 games, scored 698 points without a single point being scored against it.

"At the end of the 1888 season the old graduates gave a great banquet at Delmonico's in New York," Pa Corbin told me as I sat one October night in his Hartford, Conn., home. "It was the first time in all of Yale's history that alumni had gathered to a feast that solely honored athletic victories.

"Well, it was a great year; 13 victories and not a score against us. When I was called on to talk I remember saying, 'We have been so successful all season that there has been almost too much of a sameness'; I recalled what the old man said about leading a good life—it's monotonous but satisfactory."

I was taken to see Captain Corbin by Edgar T. Glass, Hartford business leader who was a Yale guard soon after the turn of the century. Camp All-Americaned him in 1902. And Fielding Yost rated Glass as one of the sweetest linemen in history.

"The greatest difference in the game now from my day is the neutral zone and the forward pass," explained the 6-foot-4 ex-guard as we toured Connecticut's beautiful highways. "Of course, much has been done to protect the ball-carrier and the rule on fumbles has slowed up the game somewhat, but it's still a great sport."

Yet another powerful old-timer is Bill Edwards, of Princeton. "It's too bad we all have to grow old," Bill admitted in his downtown New York office. Edwards uttered one more truism when he said, "I think every boy who goes to college should graduate, for after all a diploma is worth more than a little gold football as a watchcharm."

But the oldest of football oldtimers I have interviewed was George Hall Large, who was on the Rutgers team when it beat

Princeton on November 6, 1869. This was the first American intercollegiate football game. "I was fast, light, and a good runner, that's why I was on the team," the veteran told me when I was taken to his Flemington, N.J., home by Judge G. K. Large, a son.

"I remember one thing very clearly about that game," said the senior Mr. Large. "There was a board fence around our field, and on this fence were perched many of the spectators. It was the grandstand. The ball hit the fence, and I got there after it, but a Princeton man called 'Big Mike' was after me and when he hit me, he knocked my wind out—and a number of people off the fence."

Dr. Harry A. March, who was known as the father of professional football, stated in his New York office that there was room for two leagues of pigskinnery in this country. Each league should have eight teams, he said. And Dr. March made the declaration that "Lou Little is the best line coach in America—the only one who almost equals him is McEwan."

On my way home after visiting eastern spots, I stopped at Northwestern University to have a look at wonder man Lynn O. Waldorf. He has a deep, bass voice like the old Methodist presiding elders, speaks slowly, doesn't repeat. I was just passing through. When presented to Waldorf, my introducer said, "Here's one newspaperman who doesn't want any tickets to the big game."

"My goodness," shouted Waldorf, "that sounds good but there isn't such an animal!"

Bo McMillin, coach at Indiana University, insisted on my staying to see his big game. Bo skyrocketed to everlasting glory when quarterback and captain of Centre College team at Danville, Ky. He related many experiences; to me, the most interesting was how Centre's players got their nickname.

"Kentucky had been beating the daylight out of Centre, but it was a new combination that was to meet Kentucky in 1917," Bo began. "The year before Centre had been defeated, 68 to 0. You have heard the Centre College boys called the 'Praying Colonels,' haven't you? I'll tell you truthfully how that came about.

"It was just before the game when little David was to meet the giant Goliath. Uncle Charley (Moran) came into the dress-

ing room and said: 'Boys, I'm a God-fearing man; I rough you and cuff you and cuss you, but it's just my way of tryin' to get it out of you. But I believe in a supreme being. I am just wondering if one of you boys wouldn't like to say a word of prayer.'

"One of the boys spoke up and said, 'Let me.' He did. It was a simple prayer; just a sincere request asking for guidance without asking that we win; God was asked to let us play our game safe from serious injuries, and to keep us gentlemen no matter whether we won or lost.

"It was a boy's prayer, but it was from the heart. Only took a minute or two, but it made all of us feel better.

"And say, when the newspaper reporters heard about it, they started making fun of us. And they gave us the name of 'Praying Colonels.' But from that time on all the while I was at Centre College, we didn't get into a game without someone saying a word of prayer before we went onto the field. We won that game, 3 to 0, and I have always felt that the spirit in which we entered the contest was what gave us the victory."

I interviewed Charley Moran, now a big league umpire, in Chicago during the 1938 world's series. He served seven years as football coach at Centre College. I asked him the secret of Elvin N. Bo McMillin's gridiron greatness. "No secret," announced Uncle Charley. "Bo was naturally a lover—he loved football, loved athletics, loved to train, loved to practice, loved to perfect his plays. He never crabbed about practicing."

The day after I met Moran, I went to see Dick Hanley. Hanley made Northwestern a football power before resigning to go into the insurance business. He's getting rich, now. "All football coaches are in trouble if they stay with it long enough," he confessed. Then he remarked:

"The old masters are tired. You put a man up against hard work for 40 years, and it tells on him. Even 'iron mills' get tired. But I still think Pop Warner has forgotten more offensive-play ideas than any of the other coaches now on the job will ever know."

But Tex Oliver, when gridiron maestro at University of Oregon, told me a few of his notions. He didn't have a mammoth squad to work with, so had to use finesse.

"Football is a game where there are physical requirements,

as a rule a frail boy can't play," Oliver opined. "And we like a boy who is ambitious, a straight-forward sort of a kid. Courage is an important item, but courage can be developed, just as the skills are developed.

"A boy doesn't have to be a genius to be a good player, but he must have alertness; he doesn't have to be a giant, but he has to have a certain amount of ruggedness in his physical makeup. He must have good legs and strong hands; the size of a boy's hands indicates the size of his bone structure, and it denotes the amount of work he has done."

One of the "small greats"—one who isn't "a giant" but who has "a certain amount of ruggedness"—I have interviewed is Albie Booth. This pint-sized hero is still talked about whenever Mory's gets all lit up. Albie's toes once beat Harvard single-handed, so to speak. Size was the motif of our talkfest in the office of Ogden Miller, Yale's athletic director.

"I think a small man has a chance to play the game regardless of what type of football they are playing," said this 144-pounder. "Small men have played ever since the game started. I think you'll find plenty of little men on every ball team, but of course everyone doesn't get a chance to show his stuff."

I hadn't met Albie Booth when I visited Robert C. Zuppke at the University of Illinois. But, during our talk, the coach said, "A good big man is better than a good little man." Zuppke was strong for speed, and I think he still proclaims Red Grange the greatest of all backfield stars. The coach praised Grange very highly as we sat down to a hotstove session.

Zuppke went on to say, "I prefer a good big team to a good little team. The ideal team is a big, fast team. A slow team of any size isn't any good. The average little team is slow; it is hopeless in mud and rain. There are rarely strong teams who have little men. Big, fast men are rare, but when you have them you have a great team."

After explaining just what he wanted in every position, Zuppke summed his views by saying:

"The desire to be a great football player is what makes a great player—in other words, he must enjoy the game. The actors, they're no good, they dream of glory during the week and wilt on the day of the game."

Baseball

TY COBB, one of baseball's immortals, almost threw me out of the hotel room window when I called to interview him. It was a small room, all the chairs were occupied, so I put my hat on the bed. Zeuie! Tyrus Raymond Cobb pounced on me like a Sioux grabbing for a scalp. Didn't I know it was an invitation to bad luck to put a hat on a bed.

But calm came, it always does. Then Ty really started to talk. And forthwith he put the national game in the Old Gray Mare's class. "The new ball has simply made caddies out of the outfielders, anyone can score from second now," he exclaimed. The days of the giants had departed, thought Cobb, who used plain words when he spoke.

"The fielders lean up against the fence, and when a long fly comes their way they get it and throw it back to the pitcher," he declared, walking back and forth like a caged tiger. But when he roamed the Detroit jungle, no one ever caged him.

"One-third of the team isn't in the play any more," Cobb said. "The fine points of pitching are being neglected. Just any little, hinky-dinky batter can hit 'em over the fence."

The playing days of the ex-Georgia Peach were ancient history when Harry B. Smith, sports editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, arranged for my interview in the Golden Gate city. Ty's interest in the game was triple keen, so I asked, "Are the youngsters playing baseball today like they did when you were a boy?"

"Well, a lot of them are but a majority are gravitating to other lines of sport," Ty Cobb replied. "A few years ago the boys didn't have much else in the way of outdoor sport, but now there are other things. And the colleges are to blame for keeping a large number of good boys from taking up baseball. Did you ever hear of any college in the last 15 years offering

scholarships to good baseball talent? No, not a damn one! The football coach gets all of them, or all he needs.

"Then does the baseball coach get what's left? He does, in a pig's eye! The track coach takes the rest, if the school doesn't have a crew. Where they go in for rowing the crew coach gets a whack at the scholarships, but the poor old baseball coach now gets the 'women and children,' so to speak. That's why the halls of higher learning are not sending forth Greek and Latin scholars to burn up the diamonds. You recall when they used to say:

"'It is only a question of a short time when all the professional baseball players will be college graduates?'"

"I think baseball is still a wonderful game. It develops the initiative in a fellow; it develops him physically, and it don't beat hell out of him like some other games they are now boosting. Baseball doesn't take so much life out of a young chap as many other games do."

Honus Wagner, who gained everlasting fame playing short-stop for Pittsburgh, also thinks the moderns have lost the spark that made the game gargantuan.

"All told, I stole 720 bases," John Henry Wagner explained to me at his home in Carnegie, Pa., "for I was just a natural base stealer. It makes me sick the way the fellows hang onto the bags these days. You would think they were settin' on some eggs tryin' to hatch 'em out. Wish I was in the game now, I would show 'em how to get down when a pitcher starts winding up."

The Flying Dutchman was a terrific hitter, too. "I think if we'd had the live ball they've been using in the big leagues during the last few years, I would have been hitting above .600 instead of better than .300," Honus stated.

"Mr. Wagner, just how did you smack the ball so often?" I inquired.

"The whole secret of hitting depends on the pitching," came the quick reply. "If you've got a pitcher throwin' fast ones to you, you have to choke up the bat and don't take such a long stride; just meet the ball with a very quick snap of the bat, and time it; you can hit home runs that way sure!"

"But if you go against a pitcher who mixes 'em up, you've got to time the ball and try to hit it about half a foot ahead of the plate."

There's advice from an extraordinary expert. "Honus Wagner is perhaps the greatest player ever in the game," Connie Mack told me.

Another player the cunning Connie lists among the permanent great is Mickey Cochrane, catcher—the all-star of all-time, Mr. Mack rated him. The first time I interviewed Cochrane was just after his Detroit team had cinched the American League pennant in 1934. Among questions I asked was one regarding plans for the next season.

"I'm going to bring in 15 or 20 boys from the farms, and take them down to spring training camp," Mickey declared. "Maybe out of that group we'll find three or four we'll keep. It's awfully hard for a championship team to buy players from any of the other clubs in the league, they don't want to let you have anything that may improve your chances for winning again. They're sure tough on a winner, these other clubs. I want to keep all my old men, but still I'm looking around for good, new material."

This matter of new material joining the team has two sides. There's a world of difference in the viewpoints of a manager, as Mickey was when I first quizzed him, and the older players on the roster. One of these two sides I never thought about until I interviewed Irving "Bump" Hadley, the Yankee pitcher who accidentally beamed Gordon Stanley Cochrane and ended the catcher's playing career. Hadley had this to say:

"A good many of us who are trying to get along, hope there won't be any new stars show up for two or three years. I think now the new players are coming from the colleges, and a few from prep schools. The old sand-lot days are over, the semi-pro teams have taken the place of the sand-lot teams."

Del Baker, the Sherwood, Ore., farmer who succeeded Cochrane as manager of the Detroit Tigers, wishes he had a catcher as good as Mickey was before the tragedy.

"There is a real scarcity of good catchers," Baker declared during my chat with him at the Imperial hotel in Portland. "Perhaps it is too tough a job for the boys. I'll tell you a story I told some friends of mine at a dinner party one night. They were talking about how few good catchers there are, and asked me why.

"Well, I can tell you how I got started," I told them. "As a

general rule every spring the manager looks over all the young fellows in training camp, and he picks out a big, strong, awkward boy who looks like he can stand a lot of hard knocks, and makes a catcher out of him. That's how I became one.'

"That's what I told these friends of mine. But I want to tell you something else. I think good catchers are underpaid, considering the amount of work they have to do day in and day out and the salaries the other players are drawing."

Del has the reputation of being baseball's greatest signal stealer. The eastern sports writers say Baker can catch his opponents' signals quicker than they can. I asked him how come.

"There's nothing to it, nothing at all, I don't," Baker announced.

"Then why is it, Del, that all the star writers beyond the Mississippi say you are the greatest signal pilferer in the game?" I asked.

"In life a fellow gets accused of many things he is innocent of," he replied quickly, "and that's one of the things I'm innocent of."

While Delmar Baker may think catchers are few because the lads don't want such a difficult berth, Jimmy Collins points out that good third basemen are extremely rare. Jimmy is rated by nearly all men able to judge as having been the greatest third-sacker since baseball began. I inquired of James Joseph Collins what it takes to make a real "hot corner" baseman.

"Well, I suppose you have to have natural ability and a lot of nerve," he said, slowly, as we chatted in his home in Buffalo, N.Y. "A good arm is the principle requisite—the better your arm, the better chances you have of holding the position. And you've got to be able to see, boy, you've got to be able to see everything that's going on.

"I never see anyone playing third with sun-glasses, and you have to think quick, and be in pretty good condition all around all the time."

Pepper Martin played the "hot corner" for the St. Louis Cardinals for a period. One late fall Pepper and Dizzy Dean made a western barnstorming tour. They appeared in Portland in an exhibition night game. When the affair ended, Martin confessed:

"I'm a pretty fair country hitter in the daytime but I can't hit worth a damn at night."

Martin went on to say "We figure in baseball that pitching is 70 per cent of the game."

Dizzy Dean was more garrulous than Pepper. I was interested in hearing how Diz achieved his well-applied title.

"Dave Bancroft gave me my crazy nickname," said the star. "While I was pitcher for the Perfect Service company team in San Antonio we played an exhibition game with the White Sox. And we beat 'em 2 to 1, in 11 innings. I struck out 11 men. But my pitching was so different from the big leaguers' that Bancroft called me 'Dizzy'. The name just stuck to me, and now I find it a pretty good trademark."

I didn't see Jerome Herman Dean again until the opening day of the 1938 world's series. He was with the Chicago Cubs. I asked him what they were going to do to the Yankees. "We'll win in a breeze," said Dizzy. What a breeze!

"Dean is a peculiar fellow," Frankie Frisch told me. Frisch is manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates. "You have to have two sets of rules, one for the team and one for Dean; but I'll tell you one thing about Dizzy, he'll never cause a manager any serious troubles; Diz doesn't drink nor do anything that's bad, he just does queer things because he gets a kick out of doing them."

Maybe Dizzy Dean was Gabby Street's ideal player. Street who became a big league manager after playing days were o'er, once said to me:

"I contend that baseball players should be showmen. We should make the people want to see us. We should be handshakers, and attend civic club meetings whenever we get a chance. I think it should be in every ballplayer's contract that he must attend civic clubs if he is invited at least two or three times a week. We should take an active part in the affairs of the city where we are making our headquarters. We should be heard as well as seen."

Grover Cleveland Alexander, "Old Pete" to many, was a great showman as well as a pitcher of highest rating. But great as he was, he toiled for an office boy's pay.

"Salaries? Huh, we didn't get salaries when I broke into the big time, just low wages," Alexander grunted. "Say, the first

year I was with the Phillies I worked under a contract that gave \$1500 pay and \$1000 bonus if I won 25 games. I wonder what they would give a fellow now who could win 25 games for them?"

Grover is 6-feet-1 high, sandy-haired, without much fat on his bones. When he was in major league trim he was thin. Mention was made of this.

"Check up on all the pitchers who have lasted a good while and you'll find they are all tall, lanky fellows," he exclaimed. "The little fellows don't last; they are mighty good for a time, but they get all tuckered out pretty soon."

Dutch Ruether, pitcher who was a good hitter, didn't discuss economic matters, but he brought up a matter that city dads should ponder. "The main thing that is keeping a lot of kids out of baseball is they haven't any place to play," he remarked. "The old back lot isn't big enough—it's suicide to play on the streets—so the youngsters have to take up something else."

A few experts contend that golf doesn't hurt a ball player. Maybe not. But it never aided an ace in learning to steal sacks. Max G. Carey, a two-legged Man-o'-War on the diamond, weeps when he talks about the decline in base pilfering.

"The fundamental thing is to retain your balance," Max explained when I asked how to steal. "You can't start with your feet together, you have to have them apart, and maintain your center balance. Keep both hands on your knees in order to give yourself a push-off for a quick start."

He went on to say there is a right way and a wrong way.

"A lot of slow men have been good base-stealers," Carey continued, "but they first had to learn how to start. It isn't all blinding speed. I can teach any man who can play baseball how to steal. But the boys who are playing now seem to think it is very hard work.

"If you have a ball club composed of boys who are on their toes and trying to steal all the time, you have the opposing pitcher pitching to first base most of the game. The result is he is a lot easier to hit, a whole lot easier for the batter."

Just then Jack Quinn, one of the last of the spitball pitchers, happened along. I asked him why the spitball had been ruled out.

"That's a question I want to ask someone some day," an-

nounced the pitcher who had been christened Jack Quinn Picus. "The spitball never hurt anyone. It isn't dangerous, like the bean ball, say. It's just as good and fair as any other pitching. It takes lots of practice to control, and the atmosphere has a great deal to do with it. But for the life of me I can't see why they ever ruled it out."

But out it went, just like a light. And the mention of light reminds me of a moot subject—night baseball. Ford Frick—president of the National league, ex-reporter, big game hunter, fisherman, golf stylist—was doing hard thinking on this matter back in October, 1936, when I first interviewed him in his New York office.

"In the minor leagues night baseball has worked marvelously well," Ford declared. "I will go further than that and say it saved the minors, and if we didn't have minor leagues we wouldn't have anything to build up the major leagues."

I talked with Clark Griffith, president of the Washington Senators, about players. Wise old fox, who pitched for Tacoma in the ancient Northwestern league.

"You have to have honest-to-god players before you get anywhere in baseball," he announced, "and remember this, catchers are hard to get, terribly hard to get."

I asked Mr. Griffith if he enjoyed being president.

"Yes, the job is all right," he replied, "but I was a manager before I was a club president, and I know what a president should do. If I knew a play that would win a game I wouldn't tell the manager. What if it missed? Then I'd be in a swell fix, wouldn't I? And I never would tell a manager who to pitch.

"What a president has to do is to get players and turn them over to the manager to use as he sees fit. If a manager don't know how to run his team, get a new manager, but don't try to tell him how. I want the manager to tell me whether the man I'm looking for will do or not do; if he says he'll do, I try to get him."

Mr. Griffith's remark regarding catchers recalls a number of these human towers of strength I have interviewed.

Billy Sullivan, with the Chicago White Sox in the club's golden era, smiles when he says, "I was the most hitless of the hitless wonders." For more than 20 years he has been an orchardist in the Chehalem Valley, near Newberg, Oregon. A great

judge of batters was Billy Sullivan. I was all ears when he said:

"A straight ball is just as effective against a batter as a curved ball if he isn't looking for a straight one. If the batter is thinking in the curved ball line, your straight one gets him."

John Chief Myers, Giant's catcher in yonder years, was different from Billy. Myers was a sweet hitter. One day I asked him, "Chief, how can a man hit homeruns?"

"There are three cardinal points," he stated, speaking slowly. "First, the batter must see the ball leave the pitcher's hand, and he must follow the ball with his eyes as it comes towards him. The bat should be held horizontal with the ground, and the point of contact with the ball must be well up on the big end of the bat.

"Second, the point of contact must be out in front. The batter must meet the ball, it musn't get by the proper point of contact by even a fraction of an inch.

"Third, the batter must have the proper stance when he is up at the plate, and that proper stance is an individual one."

Ray Schalk never weighed more than 155 pounds during all the years he caught for the White Sox. But his rating is as one of the half-dozen greatest catchers of all time. We were talking in Schalk's recreation center in Chicago one night when I asked Ray, "What does it take to make a catcher?"

"Well, in the first place a fellow must be able to stand a lot of hard work," he began. "And one has to like his position, he should know that it is the greatest position on the team. A ball game is played for the benefit of the catcher; he is the only player who sees the whole game."

I asked if a catcher didn't have to have a good memory.

"Yes, that's the chief thing," declared my host. "You have to know everything there is to know about your pitchers, and you have to know everything about the hitters, all of them in the league; you must remember their weaknesses, the kind of pitch they like best, their ability as base runners and their tricks when they are on bases.

"And you've got to be an expert in catching fouls. Many a catcher who was otherwise very good has lost out on account of his weakness in catching fouls. A fellow must have a good throwing arm, too; that's very important. There're a thousand things to a catcher's job."

Schalk is the smallest of the great catchers. While I was talking with Ray I thought of what Ira Thomas, another old-time backstop, told me—"Catching slows you up, but the little fellow back of the plate don't slow up nearly as fast as a big man."

And speaking of oldtimers, there's the Duke of Tralee. Were he in playing form today, I'm sure either the Red Sox or the Giants would be paying him \$50,000 a year salary. Roger Bresnahan was a catcher—some experts say the best ever, a pitcher, an infielder and an outfielder. They kept him in the lineup up account of his hitting and base running. A complete answer to any manager's prayer was Bresnahan.

In his Toledo, Ohio, home one night I asked Roger if there isn't some difference in the game now as compared with his playing years.

"Just as much difference as between night and day," came the reply. "The live ball has spoiled the game. Any 10-year-old boy in the bleachers now knows what the next play is going to be. Twenty-five years ago inside baseball was the real fun of playing the game, you worked your damndest to outguess them. You worked to coax in the first baseman, then lined one out past him.

"Nowadays the managers are all looking for big strong fellows to hit the ball into the next county, that's all they want now. There's no more base stealing, which is one of the most interesting parts of the game."

In talking about the always golden yesterdays, Bresnahan paid this tribute to a grand hero, "Honus Wagner was the greatest ball player that ever lived; he could do everything—and he was always in condition."

Another premier player the Duke placed on his all-time all-star team is Johnny Kling, for many seasons the Cubs' catcher. I interviewed Kling when he was owner of the Kansas City Blues. And he had the "blues," too, bemoaning the fact that good youngsters were scarce as warts on a bathing beauty.

"You just can't get good kids," Kling exclaimed, "the young fellows don't seem to be playing baseball. I wish you would tell me where I can pick up a few good youngsters."

As we were talking in the lobby of the New Yorker hotel, another ex-catcher came up, Steve O'Neill. "No matter how

much Johnny offers you for those good youngsters, I'll give you twice as much," said Steve, laughing.

Bill Killefer was the hardest swearing catcher I ever interviewed. But I must be fair to Bill, he almost had a right to cuss the day he was doing it. He was manager of the Sacramento, Cal., team, and had been suspended 15 days by "Shoot-From-the-Hip" Tuttle, as Bill called the league president, for assisting an umpire take off his mask in a hurry.

"In all my years in baseball, both as player and manager—and I was 22 years in the big leagues—I never saw as raw a deal as I got," Killefer sputtered. "If you would add up all the suspensions I had before this one, they wouldn't total 15 days."

By the way, Grover Alexander told me Bill Killefer was his favorite catcher. Gabby Street was Walter Johnson's favorite backstop. By the way, Johnson broke into the majors as quietly as whiskers grow.

"I was living in Fullerton, Cal.," Walter began, as we sat in a couple of Hotel Cleveland's easy chairs. "I pitched ball for the town club, and some of the boys thought I was pretty good. I kinda agreed with them.

"In 1906, a week after the earthquake in San Francisco, I went to Tacoma on the promise of a job with the ball club there. The year before Tacoma had been in the Pacific Coast league, but during the winter its franchise had been transferred to Sacramento, and Tacoma was put into the Northwest league. I have to explain all this so you can get the story.

"Some California friends of mine also went up to Tacoma to play ball. But the earthquake so upset things around San Francisco and that part of the state that the owners of the Tacoma team decided they could get some of their old players from Sacramento and also some from San Francisco. So they let a bunch of us young fellows go. I still think it was a dirty trick. I was a long way from home, and I was rather proud. I didn't want to write home for money, and I had only a few dimes left when I was let go.

"Someone told me there was a pretty good small town club over in Weiser, Idaho, and that they needed a pitcher. I got over there somehow, got a job, and guess I pitched pretty good ball for them. We only had a game once a week, but I had other work, so did real well. In the spring of 1907 I went back to

Weiser, and did better pitching than the year before. In fact, I was studying the game, and putting all I could into it.

"Stories drifted out about my work, as those things do, you know. I realized I was being looked over, but just didn't know exactly who was doing the looking. Word got back to the Senators. Cliff Blankenship, a catcher, had broken a finger in a game, so they sent him out to see how I was doing. He growled a lot, he told me afterwards, about having to make the trip, he said he didn't want to do it at all, but they gave him orders to go to Weiser and watch me perform. Cliff looked me over pretty thoroughly. That was in July. He got on the wire, and told Washington to grab me. They did."

When I asked Walter Johnson to name his All-Time All-Star team, the second pitcher he selected was Ed Walsh. (The first was Grover Alexander.) "Big Moose" Walsh, greatest of the spitballers, has taken up the old men's hobby, golf. He was putting when I called at his home in Meriden, Conn., one Sunday morning. But he wasn't long getting back to the family fireside, because no more hospitable man lives than Ed Walsh.

"Left-handed hitters have their weakness—everyone of them—the same ball gets 'em—inside close, just above the knees," he explained as our interview got under way. "But don't get it into your head that left-handed hitters are easy marks. When you get an idea like that you're sunk. I rated every man who came up to the plate a dangerous hitter.

"I studied every one of them as carefully as I could, paying just as much attention to the boys with the low batting averages as those in the .300 alley. I would get my first line on the opposition by watching their players during batting practice. Now, look here, it's just human nature for a fellow to want to hit the ball when he is standing at the plate with a bat in his hands, whether it is in a game or just in practice.

"A fellow may poke at the ball a few times, but in regular batting practice before a game he will square off and hit hard at the kind of a ball he likes. And he'll have the same stance he has in a game. He will back away from a close one, and if you watch him carefully enough you will learn a great deal about your enemy batter by observing him at batting practice."

Mr. Walsh has done a great deal of recreational work with children, giving the boys baseball lessons. He enjoys this.

"I stress pitching," the great star of the White Sox declared. "My first rule in working with a kid pitcher is to have him work for control. I tell them that control is perhaps a pitcher's greatest asset. My idea of control isn't just putting the ball over the plate, but it is pitching successfully to the batter's weakness."

Another grand hero who studied his opponent's weaknesses is Cy Young—"he's the greatest pitcher of all time," Ed Walsh told me. Mr. Young was plowing when I drove out to the farm near Peoli, Ohio, to see him. He soon came in, and, after unharnessing his team, began talking of old diamond days. Now, if you don't believe the adage, "Great minds run in the same channel," listen to this answer to my question, "What does it take to make a great pitcher?"

"It really takes a good big man, a man with plenty of nerve and backbone and who can think," replied the winner of 511 games in the major leagues. "The real secret is control, as near perfect control as possible. Then, you must know the batter's weakness, and pitch to it.

"And you've got to be able to control your temper. When you lose your temper you get your mind off the game. It used to be the trick of the old fellows to try to get a pitcher's mind off what he was trying to do. A man should take care of himself if he expects to last. You've got to be backed up with pretty good habits and a strong physique to last."

Mr. Young—real name is Denton True Young—said, "I pitched 22 years in the majors, it's a record for a pitcher." His total number of wins is also a world mark. I asked this right-hander regarding the greatest difference in the game today and when he was starring.

"The greatest difference in baseball now and in my day is the fences," replied the man who was a king from 1890 to 1911, inclusive. "They have moved the fences in too close. Maybe it is because real estate got too high, but I don't think so. I think it was because the fans like to see home runs knocked.

"Then they pushed out the grandstands, and with these two changes the heavy hitters now ring up home runs like ringing up four-bit sales on a cash register."

Recalling giants of the Cy Young era, there's Mordecai Brown, who won the after-season playoff game that gave Chi-

cago the National league pennant over New York in 1908. Mordecai is best known as "Three-Fingered" Brown.

"When I was five years old I caught my right hand in a feed-cutter," he explained the evening I spent with him at his filling station in Terre Haute, Ind. "It cut off my index finger and broke my middle finger; the broken one was put in a splint, but I fell and broke the splint. I didn't tell anyone about it, and as a result it healed with the middle finger bent at a right angle at the first joint. It took a lot of practice to overcome that handicap."

One of the bits of inside history Mr. Brown told me was how he tried to get Tris Speaker to join the bizarre Federal league.

"Tris was getting about \$5000 with Cleveland—that was when I was managing the St. Louis Feds," stated Brown. "I saw him in New York, and took him to the Knickerbocker hotel to talk things over. I offered him \$45,000 for three years, and told him I would give him a year's salary in advance. He said:

"'Brown, I think it is only fair to tell my team about it, and if they'll give me as much, I'll stay with them; if they don't, I'll sign up with you.'

"In about an hour he came back and said they had agreed to give him \$17,500 a year. But he gave us back the contract I had handed him, which is more than a lot of 'em did. There were some things on that contract we didn't want the others to know just then."

I asked Brown if batters ever deliberately try to strike out.

"Never in the history of baseball has a batter ever tried not to make a hit," the ace answered. "And I can say the same about a fielder—he never purposely makes an error."

Knowing that thousands of youngsters hope someday to be baseball pitchers, I went to Philadelphia one morning to talk the matter over with Albert Chief Bender, long one of Connie Mack's best twirlers. I asked the Chippewa Indian veteran when a lad should start tossing the ball.

"I should say you should start a boy off just as soon as he is able to walk," came the prompt reply.

"That's pretty young, isn't it," I murmured.

"Yes, but the younger the better," the Chief continued. "What I mean is, you should start building up a strong body, see to it that the youngster's eyes are well taken care of, see

that his arms and legs are properly developed. Then, when he gets older, you should have his eyes and heart examined by experts before he starts to take up athletics seriously.

"There are a lot of fellows you would think, just to look at them, would be great athletes, but who don't come up to expectations. It is on account of some heart trouble.

"Now, take baseball. Men will go to bat and strike out time after time. Maybe they have been fine batters before, maybe they led the league or their team in hitting. Then, suddenly they begin striking out. The sports writers tell about the terrible slump Joe Doques is in, and picture him walking back to the minors. All that's the matter with the fellow is there's something wrong with his eyes, something that can be remedied very easily by glasses. It's no disgrace to wear glasses.

"With your heart beating right on all cylinders and your eyes able to see the centerfielder's teeth when he swears, you should keep the rest of your body shipshape. I saw Cy Young pitch a wonderful inning when he was nearly 65 years old."

An ex-major leaguer who keeps himself in condition is Joseph Wood. He pitched nine seasons for the Boston Red Sox and six with the Cleveland Indians, was baseball coach at Yale when I met him. He is known as "Smoky Joe", on account of his old speed ball.

I asked Wood about some of the tough batters who faced him.

"Well, there was Nap Lajoie and Sam Crawford and Ty Cobb—Cobb was tough," replied Joe. "But some of the mediocre hitters bothered certain pitchers more than the star batters did. Any pitcher will tell you that."

Herbert Jefferis Pennock, greatest of modern lefthanded screwball artists, is another pitcher-scientist. When I was introduced by Roy C. Mack, vice-president of the Philadelphia Athletics, Pennock wasted no time.

"I fortunately developed very good control through practice and study," the veteran stated. "I realized that I had to master control. I didn't have a burning fast ball nor any of the tricks that fooled them like some of the old pitchers had, say Mordecai Brown and Ed Walsh, so I specialized on control. What good is a change of pace if you can't get 'em over?"

"What makes the great ball player is the combination of nat-

ural ability and self-control. One doesn't need to have a great physique but one must control himself under all conditions both on and off the field. I have heard fellows say that a certain man was yellow; but I believe that it was just a case of a man who didn't have self-control.

"The greatest players are the men who rise to great heights when the going is the toughest; that's what made Ty Cobb and Eddie Collins and Grover Alexander and Chief Bender. It is the will to win that wins."

Knowing that hitting interested Burleigh A. Grimes, I asked him the difference between National and American league pitching.

"The National league boys are breaking-ball pitchers, and the American league boys are fast-ball pitchers," Grimes said. "And the breaking-ball is what the American leaguers don't hit best."

But I have interviewed many American League stars who hit anything that came within a foot or two of the plate. Babe Ruth is one, although the day I first interviewed him (in October, 1934) he was on the sunset side of the slope.

"I'm feeling fine, wonderful," the big boy told me. "Not a thing the matter with me at all, only, of course, I can't run like I used to. Otherwise I'm just as good in the game as ever."

"You ought to still be good for a number of years in the game," I remarked.

"That's nice of you to say that, but I don't think so," said Ruth. "There has to be a time sometime when a fellow has to quit. It might just as well be now as any other time. I have been playing baseball a long while. I've played it hard, everybody will tell you that. A fellow's legs get so they won't travel like he wants them to, no matter what he does to help out. So while you and others of my friends say that I still have several years more of baseball in me, I honestly don't think I have."

Lou Gehrig was another great hitter. Best firstbaseman that ever played on any New York team, the "Iron Man" enjoyed knocking in runs. Now, when one meets a fine fellow like Gehrig was, one never knows what he wants to talk about. In his case, it was Japan. He had made two diamond-storming trips to Nippon.

"Do you think the Japanese will ever make great ball players?" I asked.

"No, I don't," replied Gehrig. "Why? Well, they have several handicaps. But the main reason is, the chief handicap I might say, is size. They are too small to make a real showing against an American team. Of course, they win a game against us now and then, but taken through a season, or through a long series of games, their size would count against them. And there's another thing: their attitude seems to be entirely in the wrong direction, they concentrate on defense. Now, if there is no strong offensive there's no victory. Ever hear of a team that played only a defensive game winning any championships? You've got to go out after them to bring in blue ribbons."

Lefty O'Doul, once a flashy fielder and heavy hitter, also made a number of barnstorming trips to Nippon. Back in 1936, in a San Francisco cafe, Lefty introduced me to a baseball promoter from Tokio. "Our girls think Mr. O'Doul is very cute," said the cherryblossom visitor.

Another homerun hitter and master of the national game is James Emory Foxx, long a wearer of Boston Red Sox. I asked him about the report that it is becoming more difficult each year to get topnotch young players.

"There are just as many good kids coming along as there ever were but they don't get the chances they used to," replied Foxx. "All this hullaboo about not being able to get young players is tommyrot. Give them a chance and they'll come along all right."

I asked him where they would come from.

"No part of the country has any edge on the others in the matter of kids playing ball," Foxx declared. "Just now there are a lot coming in from California, and Texas produces a mass of good players, but when you count over the stars in the big leagues and the best of the minor leagues, you'll find that their geography is pretty evenly scattered.

"If you give the city kids room to play baseball, they'll play. Some folks tell you these youngsters are going to the golf courses and forgetting ball. You can't blame the kids. They go out to pick up a few nickels. How many do you see playing golf? Darn few. They go out to caddy. It costs money to play golf."

Charles S. Buddy Myer, Washington's hard-hitting second baseman, agrees in part with Foxx. "I play golf," Myer told me, "but I get more kick out of hunting quail. Golf is really hurting baseball, it has a lot to do with the scarcity of baseball players."

Frank Crosetti, Yankee shortstop, told me "you have to bear down on all of them, there are no soft spots anywhere" (referring to opposition pitchers.)

"They treat a young fellow fine now when he comes up to the majors," Crosetti said. "All the older fellows pitch in and try to help you all they can. I've been told that in the old days they used to make it as tough for a young chap as they could, in the days of Cobb and Speaker and those fellows; I don't know whether it was true or not, but that's what I was told. Anyway, that's all over now. When I came to the Yankees, they all did everything they could to make it easy for me."

Dick Bartell, Giants' shortstop when I first met him, had glorious words to say about major league welcoming committees. Whenever I think of Bartell and Crosetti, I am reminded of something Gabby Street told me—"No ball club is any greater than its shortstop, no ball club ever won a pennant without a great shortstop."

The day I first met the two great shortstops, I also interviewed, in New York, Hugh Duffy, who holds the all-time major league batting record of .438, made in 1894 when he was center fielder for the Boston Nationals. In his diamond days Hugh was 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighed 160 pounds.

"There are just as good hitters today as there ever were," Duffy modestly remarked. "You've got to have a lot of luck in batting."

Be it said, there were no rabbit-balls when Hugh Duffy went to the plate. And he was just as belligerent in his day as Rogers Hornsby was later.

"The great trouble with the game today is they've taken the scrap out of it," the battling Hugh set forth. "In the old days, when we were fighting all the time, the people came out to see a scrap. They say the fans don't like to see fighting now. That's all the bunk!

"The American people like to see a scrap. Of course, you

don't have to murder each other, but the fans come out to see fighters."

Duffy explained, "I've played in every field and I hit into every field." As the interview closed he said, "Night ball isn't the national game!"

Another flash is Rabbit Maranville. A natural infielder, this 5-foot-5 chap could hit, run, field and fight. When I first shook hands with him, he was manager of the Montreal club and was looking for pitchers. My goodness, what manager isn't!

"Control is the greatest thing for a pitcher," Rabbit stated. "A fast ball is fine but you've got to have more than speed. Walter Johnson had a fast ball, but they hit him, didn't they?"

Maranville also told me, "The best boys now come from the Pacific coast; the fellows from the south are too lazy to play ball. These southern gentlemen go out and if they feel like it they may play, but if it's too hard work they are liable to go to sleep."

Joe Gordon of Portland, Ore., crashed the dizzy heights his first year in the majors, his third in professional ball. I saw him the morning the 1938 world series opened. As I talked with Gordon in Chicago that (to him) very important day, he said, "I've been treated fine ever since I joined the Yankees. They are a great bunch of fellows. And I've never felt better in my life."

I asked how it made him feel to be getting world series money his first season in big time.

"Great," he shouted. "And I'm going to stick it right away where the wolves can't get it."

This Portland lad is a merry, chatty fellow on the diamond. Too bad the Boston Red Sox didn't get him. He would have tickled Manager Joseph Cronin right down to the toes. "I think professional baseball players should display the same boyish enthusiasm on the field as is shown by the kids on the lots and in high school games," Joe told me. "We get out and yelp and 'holler' and have a lot of fun. The fundamentals of baseball are the same on the sand-lots and in the major leagues."

Whenever I see Gordon's name in print, I think of Oscar Vitt, a great guy with a four-motored temper. Oscar is one of baseball's most entertaining monologists. I recall having him tell me about the Long Beach, Calif., earthquake. "When it comes to quakes the Long Beach variety has it all over the San

Francisco brand, I know because I was in both of them," he related.

When Vitt was manager of the Cleveland Indians, he furnished the scribes with columns of sizzling copy. Just before going to the glittering graveyard of baseball managers—Cleveland—Vitt had managed the Newark Bears. It was while with the Bears that Oscar developed Joe Gordon into big league caliber.

Vitt thinks Gordon is a second Eddie Collins in the making. Eddie—he ordered me to "cut out that 'mister' stuff"—is named by numerous experts as the best second baseman in 100 years of baseball. A great player, a successful business manager, Collins is also a sports philosopher.

"In baseball no matter how good you think you are, you can always improve," he declared. "You are always at the danger point when you think you are all right. It is the 'ands' and 'ifs' and 'buts' in this game that creates the great national interest. And it's the thousands of grandstand managers who keep up the excitement."

When Carl Mays, a great pitcher, named for me his All-Time American League team, he placed Eddie Collins at second base and number two in the batting order.

Johnny Evers is another immortal second baseman. He was the hero in the most famous baseball game ever played. It was in New York, September 23, 1908, between the Chicago Cubs, for whom Johnny second-based, and the New York Giants. So cabalistic was the outcome of this game that the National League directors ordered it played over. Mr. Evers told me the epic, but I had to go to his sporting goods store in Albany, N. Y., to hear it.

"Well, it's an old story, and I tell 'em to read it in the papers, but you came 3,000 miles to hear me tell about it, didn't you?" he began. Then Mr. Evers slowly related the details of the Merkle incident, which is worthy of a chapter by itself.

Arthur Devlin, also a veteran of that game, the most famous in baseball, told me about it. This contest was played September 23, 1908, the date is worth remembering.

It was Umpire Hank O'Day who made the ruling that Fred Merkle had failed to touch second base, which resulted

in New York losing the pennant that year. I spent an entire evening in Chicago with O'Day a few months before he died, but the Markle adventure didn't percolate.

"Why should I talk to you about that," the old man growled, "when I can get a dollar a word—I could get two dollars a word—for telling it to some of the writers on the big magazines! But that isn't why I don't tell you, you understand, I would like to, just to help you, but it's a closed story now, so let's talk about something else."

The most famous of all umpires, Bill Klem, spoke right out in meetin'. There was nothing about his umpiring he wouldn't tell. "I don't call as I see 'em, I call 'em as they are," he repeated for me. This was Bill's theme song throughout his long and illustrious umpiring career.

"I never missed one in my life," said Bill. "But right here and now I want to tell you I don't claim to be infallible."

Another noted baseballer of sunbonnet days is Samuel E. Crawford, outfielder. During his 15 Detroit Tiger seasons, "Wahoo Sam" is said to have knocked the apple over the garden wall more times than did Ty Cobb or that other heavy-hitting Tiger, Harry Heilmann. Most boys who play baseball want to be one of two things—a great hitter or a wonderful pitcher. So I asked Crawford how to hit a homer.

"That's a big order," the veteran replied, "but I'll give you an idea. Everything has to be in unison. The timing has to be right, although it doesn't necessarily have to be a vicious swing, but you have to meet the ball just right. Most home runs are made by meeting the ball just right, and that means you have to meet the ball right out in front."

Two other famous sluggers told me their ideas about hitting.

Al Simmons: "I think a good batter has to be born, but a man can improve himself by practice. But I would say that the most important thing in any line is ambition combined with determination. If you don't have them, you are sunk. Practice, of course, is a good thing. It's the best muscle-builder there is, and great for the eyes."

Ping Bodie: "In hitting a man should have confidence in himself. A man who is afraid shows it, and the pitcher sees it at once and pitches accordingly. The batter should have a little power although he doesn't need to be a giant. But the

one rule I would give is for the batter to put his full weight on the ball when he hits it."

Then Bill Essick, Yankee scout who signed Gordon while Joe was attending University of Oregon, added something else to a good hitter's repertoire. "Habits are a very important thing," declared Bill; "no athlete can be at his best if he is not in the best physical condition."

William Wambsganss (Wamby to middleaged fans), of Cleveland, told me how to make a tripleplay unassisted, then said, "Baseball is a wonderful thing for any youngster to take up, it is a fine developer, and it is a well-paying profession."

Elmer Smith, Wamby's old teammate and once Cleveland's homerun king, agreed with William up to a certain point, but Elmer enjoys shooting. "There's one thing you have out in Oregon that's got us beat all to pieces here in Ohio, and that's hunting," he told me. "Our biggest and most ferocious wild beast is a full-grown male rabbit."

Heine Groh is another famous horsehide walloper. Heine's bizarre stance and his bottle bat are still talked about. Groh now scouts for the Giants. "You turn out a lot of great ball players on the Pacific coast," he remarked while watching a game in Portland. "Some good ones come up every year. And when they go up from this coast, they're practically ready. There's Joe DiMaggio, maybe you've heard of him. Walked right into the Yankees' lineup!"

I recalled having gone out to DiMaggio's home in San Francisco the afternoon before he left to go to the Yankees' spring training camp for the first time. I tried to get Walter Mails to go with me but he had another engagement.

"Aren't you a little jittery, joining the big league for the first time?" I inquired.

"No, I'm not nervous a bit," he replied, laughing, "and when I get back to New York I'll try to knock 'em dead!"

Joe then started to tell about his sandlot days down around the bay.

"I always played in the infield, shortstop, when I was a kid," he said.

Just then Papa DiMaggio came into the room with a big pitcherful of good claret. Everyone was handed a glass but Joe.

"How come, you don't have a glass?" I asked.

"I never drink," came the quick reply.

"Suppose you never eat spaghetti, either?"

"Oh, sure, I specialize in spaghetti, you can't leave me out there," piped Joe. "But getting back to baseball, I played shortstop all the time I was in semi-pro teams, until I joined the Seals; then they put me in the outfield. Yes, I'm through with the infield."

A Joe DiMaggio of the gay '90s was William A. Lange, better known as "Big Bill". Lange was a great fencebreaking fielder and champion basestealer. This was when he played with Pop Anson's Chicago team. In his San Francisco real estate office recently, Bill told me how he "invented" one of the sparkling plays of the game.

"I used to get away with the delayed steal," he said proudly. "I'd wait until the catcher threw to the pitcher—just as the catcher threw, I'd start. I originated that play. I thought it out very carefully before I tried to pull it in a game. I had never seen anyone else do it, so that's why I claim to have 'invented' it."

Lange thinks Anson was the greatest of managers. But of the modern crop, he likes Joe McCarthy quite well. It was during a world's series in New York that I first interviewed McCarthy, Yankee manager. This magician isn't afraid to talk. I asked about the boys from the Pacific slope. Replied Joseph:

"We have some mighty good players from out your way, and, let me tell you this, that's where more than half the baseball players are coming from in a few years. Why? Because they can play outdoors 12 months in the year, while our boys in the east only have five months in which they can play baseball."

When I was introduced to William H. Terry, for years manager of the New York Giants, I proudly spoke of the Pacific coast being a fine country to grow great baseball players.

"They're coming from everywhere," replied Terry, "so I don't care to make any statement about them coming from the Far West. And, besides, I haven't been on the Pacific coast since 1933."

"I thought you could judge from the number of far western boys coming back to New York," I suggested.

"No, I wouldn't want to say, I'm in no position to judge," he said.

"I suppose many boys are playing baseball down in your state of Tennessee," I mused.

"Naw, too many golf courses down there," snapped Bill, "the boys are going in for golf. The girls also play golf, you know. Georgia used to be a good state for baseball players, but they aren't producing them any more. I don't know that any one section is putting out any more ball players than any other section right now."

Regardless of where managers and players come from, I believe that it takes great fans to make great baseball teams. No great fans, and the players soon grew weary in well doing; they become stale, some fade away like the lovely dandelion.

One of the nation's number one fans is Wendell Willkie. During an interview I asked him which sport he enjoys the most, football or baseball.

"I like them both very much," came the quick reply. "I don't know which I like best, but I do enjoy a big league baseball game mighty well. And I have a lot of baseball heroes I recall very well."

"Who is the favorite?" I inquired.

"Well, young Joe DiMaggio is one of them. Walter Johnson was my great hero 25 years ago, and he still is. I remember old Honus Wagner, perhaps the grandest shortstop of all time; I certainly used to think he was one of the world's top citizens. And I like Ty Cobb, too, because he was a player who could never see defeat."

Dark Days

NO CITIES will be destroyed by gas in warfare. This news was given by Major General H. L. Gilchrist, when chief of chemical warfare service, United States army, June, 1932. He referred to the wild stories about entire cities being destroyed by poison vapor as "pure bologna".

"The statements that have been printed about gassing cities in the next war are so ridiculous that they are not worthy of giving time to deny," the soldier declared. "You couldn't possibly gas a city. To commence with, what would be gained by such an attack? Gas does not destroy property, and if an enemy wished to kill innocent women and children it could do so much easier than by gas attacks.

"You can't spread gas over a place by airplanes at a height of more than 400 feet, and our large cities have skyscrapers 700 feet high."

"How about dropping a bomb here and there?" I asked.

"That's something else," the general replied. "You can drop gas bombs, and if anyone happens to be in the vicinity of where they hit, casualties will be caused. But one-fourth of cities are taken up by business districts. If the bombs should drop on the roofs, no one would be in danger, save those on the top floors. No city is going to be asleep nowadays and allow air-raiders to sneak up on it.

"In wartime a town of any size in the zone of attack would have anti-aircraft guns. It would be a difficult job for enemy planes."

General Gilchrist gave a few rules for the civil population to follow in case of an airplane raid:

People should stay indoors and keep doors and windows tightly closed.

Citizens should occupy second and third floors of the

buildings they are in, if the structures are that high; if not, take to the attic.

The fire department should be ready to flush the street where a gas bomb has fallen, for gas clings to the ground.

"There is no gas known today that is any more dangerous than the gas we used during the war," General Gilchrist declared. "I wouldn't hesitate a second to remain without a mask in the second story of any modern building during an air raid gas attack."

He said Germany gained nothing by her air raids over Britain in the world war.

"How about spreading germs in warfare?" I inquired.

"The spread of germs will never be used," the general stated. "What germs could they use? Cholera, bubonic plague, typhoid fever are the chief ones mentioned. Well, you can't control germs, and they would be as dangerous to the side that sent them as to its enemies. Then, they would have to be fired from shells, and by this firing the shells would become so hot they would burn up all the germs."

General Gilchrist said gas was the most humane way to fight a war in spite of the terrible things said about it. A man gassed has 12 times as many chances of recovery as one wounded by any other weapon, he said.

Asia and not gas was talked about by Floyd Gibbons, commentator. "Keep your eye on Manchuria," he warned. He also announced, "Our trouble is we are drifting into a war we do not want to get into."

Colonel Eddie Rickenbacker visited the Northwest about this time. The flier saw America entirely surrounded by peace. But he said, "I believe in insurance; and the best national insurance we can have is proper protection. That means airships. We have the boys to fly them, none better, but a ground ace isn't much good in time of trouble."

War talk didn't interest Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, director of the United States veterans' administration. His job was to care for the sufferers from past conflicts. "The men who fought our other wars are passing out of the picture very rapidly," he said. "It will not be long until they are but a memory. The nation's problem from now on will be the world war veteran."

Perhaps the best known World war veteran to visit Portland in '32 was a non-battle veteran—Captain Paul Koenig, who commanded the German merchant submarine *Deutschland*. He arrived March 3, and the first question he asked me was, "Did they return the baby to Colonel Lindbergh yet?" When told that the kidnapers still had the infant, the old sailor remarked:

"That's too bad, too bad! I hope they get the baby home all right, then they must go after the gangsters and never stop until they get all of them. They should hang 'em!"

"How's the Fatherland, captain?" was my first question.

"Things are very complex," he replied, "but I think they will straighten out all right. There are many things to look after, and the debts to other nations are a problem, but all will come out good. Some classes make a lot of noise and a lot of trouble, but the Germans are good thinkers, and they will find a proper plan."

Captain Koenig told about the two famous voyages of the submarine *Deutschland* from Bremen to the United States during the World war. Two merchant subs were built by the Germans as an experiment to break the blockade. These were the *Deutschland* and the *Bremen*. The craft cost \$250,000 each. Koenig, who had long been captain of trans-Atlantic passenger liners, was put in command of the first sub cargo carrier.

"Germany had to have rubber and nickel," the *Columbus* of the underseas Atlantic explained. "The boats were built to carry this cargo. The rubber was needed most for surgical purposes, the nickel for ammunition. We carried 800 tons cargo, which we valued each way at \$1,000,000.

"When I returned to Bremen from the first voyage and made my report, six more merchant submarines were ordered, all like the *Deutschland*. But when the United States went into the war, our cargo business was over. They transformed my ship and the others into war submarines. The sister ship, the *Bremen*, was lost on the first voyage.

"The *Deutschland* has been dismantled and the old crew has scattered. My second engineer lives in San Francisco, two of my crew I saw in Brooklyn."

In his jolly way the mariner told how the newspapermen were with him and his ship night and day during his stays in Baltimore and New London, Conn. "You can't get rid of an Ameri-

can reporter," he declared. The captain said he would never forget the first words of welcome he received when he chugged into Chesapeake bay on his first submarine voyage. He signaled for a pilot. When that worthy came alongside in a small boat he took one look at the queer craft, then yelled:

"I'll be damned, here she is!"

The first night the master mariner was in Portland, he was entertained at dinner at the home of L. C. Kramer. During the feast, I asked the captain if he had ever visited the Pacific Northwest before.

"It is strange, but this is my first time to this coast," he replied. "As a boy I visited the Atlantic coast in a sailing ship; many times I came there as master of big liners. The strangest visits I made to America were as captain of the commercial submarine. And now I come as a passenger and a visitor.

"In the *Deutschland* when I came to America we were not looking for adventures. We brought a very precious cargo, 800 tons of cargo. That doesn't seem large now, but it did to me then when I remembered that the big sailing ship in which I first went to sea in 1883 carried only 1200 tons cargo."

Captain Koenig was happy over the welcome he had received on his tour. He told me he expected to visit America again, that he planned to make a longer stay in Oregon next time. But it was his farewell voyage. I asked about him when I visited Germany the following summer, but was told he was so ill he could not see visitors. Some months later his soul put out to sea.

Another native of the Fatherland visited Portland in dismal 1932. In fact, all of the interviews I will mention in this chapter were garnered in 1932. Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink came early in August to fill a vaudeville engagement. I will never be able to tell how heart-sick I felt when I realized the great soloist was to do vaudeville acts. I had interviewed the wonderful singer a half dozen times when she was empress of the concert stage. But I camouflaged my feelings when I called at the Benson hotel to see her.

"Now don't you put in a lot of foolishness; what I say all right, but not so much I don't say," the madame began right

away. "You mustn't mind if I sew a dress for my granddaughter; she likes to have a new dress, too."

The first time I interviewed the diva she spent her time darning stockings.

"I'm happy and surprised to see you back again, madame," I stated, "for in this very hotel not so long ago I thought you said your touring days were over."

"Oh, I hate those farewell business, I never said it," replied Madame. "It was the managers who said the goodbye tour. They think it makes the money. I told them, 'None of this farewell foolishness,' but they didn't think so. Never will I quit singing so long as I have a voice."

"That's where the people who love good music get a break," was suggested.

"Well, you see also, in America, I learned you don't let a piece of gold lie in the street, do you? No, you pick him up," she said, laughing.

"Why should I sit and do nothing but sew and mend stockings? Why should I stop singing when my voice is still so very good? Last winter I sang many times for unemployment, for the baby milk, and for the soldier boys. I must do all I can for the poor. But then came the opera, and again I sing Wagner in the Metropolitan. Never did I sing these operas better, and next year I sing again in the Metropolitan.

"But now I am glad to sing in the popular theaters. I like vaudeville, and I always did cut up. Once a critic called me the village tomboy. He was a good critic. I didn't know at first what he called me, but when I was told then I give a big laugh. Here I am in vaudeville, and I like it. Why? Now I must tell you something. You will listen, oh, sure.

"I am glad I am in this so the people who did not see me before can come. They could not afford the price of the concert or the price of the opera, but now they can come and hear me. It is fine. The people say, 'My God, isn't this woman 71?' And I say, 'Yes, but she does sing yet. She sing for 54 years, and yet she is good.' So we have a good time. I sing, the people come, and we have a good time together."

Madame Schumann-Heink came up from California in her automobile. The trip was made from Stockton to Roseburg in one day, on to Portland the next.

"When I get into Oregon and see the fine trees I yell in my B flat, in my B high, I yell and sing everything, for I like the big trees and the big spaces," she said, still sewing away on the granddaughter's dress.

Another great singer born across the sea had no plans for retiring when he came to sing amid Willamette's evergreen hills and dales. When John McCormack was interviewed, he wanted to talk about his estate at Moore Abbey, Ireland, where eight racers were in training, and where six mares and four foals were being kept. After he told me about his stables, I called him the greatest race horse owner in Ireland, and not a word of it did he deny.

"Have you won a derby yet?" I asked.

"Not yet, but wait," he said. "I won the St. Leger last September, and was second in the Irish 'dar-be' and also second in one of the other Irish races last year."

"With what horse?"

"Ah, it's a fine, beautiful name, that—Beaudelaire."

"How do you spell it?"

"What, you a writer and a great student of literature, and don't know how to spell the name of the famous French poet!"

"I almost have it, but, Mr. McCormack, some of us Irish have spent so much time helping to free Ireland we didn't have leisure to study French."

"Oh, sure, well it's B-e-a-u-d-e-l-a-i-r-e. A fine name it is."

"Suppose you had a lovely time training this winner?"

"There's where you're wrong—I never threw my leg across a horse in my life."

But shamrock affairs were not mentioned by Fred I. Kent, New York banker, when he came west to attend the Institute of International Relations. He thought the war debts should be canceled, but insisted the powers disarm in return for the favor.

"In 1923 I recommended that in exchange for international disarmament on some plan to be developed later, a plan that would be of value to the people of the United States as well as to the peoples of other nations, we move to lighten the debt burden of Europe," said Mr. Kent.

"At that time I recommended that if the plan for disarmament would be carried out by the great powers that were

allied during the world war, the United States cancel those portions of the debts that were used for war purposes and allow those for civil purposes to stand. I have never changed my mind on that subject. If that plan had been carried out then, we would never be in the mess we are in now."

Another New Yorker, Charles E. Bedaux, industrial engineer, was more frank about the debt affair.

"I think we of the United States will foot the bill of the great war," he said. "That is the price we'll have to pay to learn that future wars must be waged on a cash basis and not on credit. We will pay dear for this, because we will have to forgive all the war money we lent."

Debts were not mentioned when Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, cartoonist father of Ol' Bill, came to lecture. This British veteran is one of the finest men to be met in a day's march. And, of course, we talked about the war.

"Whenever I get to thinking about all that big show I just say to myself that no other depression that we have can ever equal those terrible dark, deadly days on the western front," the captain declared. "I never can think of them without recalling the dead men, the rats all around, the roar of those 'Jack Johnsons' and the rattle of machine guns. The machine guns—that was death! Several times, if they had acted promptly, the Germans could have won the war.

"There was that first gas attack at Ypres. I came into it with the very first relief. There wasn't a thing for some time between the Germans and the channel ports but long rows of dead and dying Canadians. Had the Germans thrown in an army corps they could have marched through, taken the channed ports then and Paris at their leisure. They could have easily smashed the 4th division. I recall my regiment went in a 5 o'clock that morning with 900 men and by 9 A. M., we had only 150 standing."

Another artist came this way a bit later in the year—Sidney Smith, daddy of Andy Gump. Sidney just wanted to talk fish. "The biggest one I ever caught," confessed Mr. Smith, "was so big it took a forest fire to fry it. That's why I'm in Oregon now, to look up a good fire for the next big one."

It took hard work to get Sidney Smith to talk about art. In fact, the federal constitution had to be broken before he

would. When I insisted on being told where the Gumps came from, the artist relaxed.

"Just got 'em outta thin air," he replied, handing the bellboy four bits. "They didn't come from anywhere; didn't get the suggestion from anyone I had ever seen. One of those inspiration things, I guess."

"How do you keep them going?"

"I grab and I grasp what I find in life. They are human beings after all, and I just keep them acting human. They've been on the job for 17 years, and as I'm good for at least 70 more years of life, you'll see Andy around a long time yet."

"Are you inspired when you draw?"

"Say, when I sit down in front of a piece of white paper it's the blankest piece of paper in the world. I just have to get a start, then it all comes."

"Cost much to draw a million-dollar cartoon?"

"Fifty cents, maybe a little less now that things have come down. I've an old ink pot, a pen, an eraser and the blank paper. That's all. But it's nice work. You don't have any stage director, no one at your back telling you to get a move on, no nothing but the family in your own brain."

He went on to explain, "I was the first cartoonist to use the continuous idea in a cartoon. They told me I was crazy when I started, but now all the boys are doing it. And let me tell you this, brother, that it isn't so easy drawing pictures to please 40,000,000 persons a day."

Poor Sidney Smith! He was killed in an automobile accident before he could have another forest fire fish fry.

Had Dr. John Campbell Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C., been in Portland when the Gumps were in town, he would have suggested that Sidney visit Crater lake. "I know Crater lake is one of the most beautiful spots on the globe," said Dr. Merriam, here three weeks after the Smiths.

"Last year I visited the lakes of Europe, then those of Canada, going back to Crater lake at the end of my tour," continued the scientist. "I wanted to compare it with the beauty places of the Old World and the Dominion, and I will say that the Oregon lake is unique, being one of the most

beautiful for its color. And it also has another interest, the story of the volcano in which the lake rests."

While Dr. Merriam urged the protection of Oregon's natural beauties, Horace M. Albright, director of the national park service, on his way to Crater lake, said in an interview, "If the Pacific Northwest ever expects to get heavy tourist travel direct from the east to this section it will have to see to it that there are four or five paved highways from the Mississippi valley to Oregon and Washington. The southern transcontinental highways are paved right from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean, and they are the roads the vast majority of motor tourists take when coming to the coast."

W. Freeland Kendrick was around about the same time as Mr. Albright. The ex-mayor also talked roads.

"I've traveled over the most famous highways in Europe, including that very famous way from Genoa to Nice, also your own Columbia River highway, but I want to say that the most wonderful of all is the coast route from San Francisco to the Columbia river," exclaimed the Philadelphian.

Following Albright and Kendrick came William T. Gardiner, governor of Maine, making his first visit to the city named in honor of his state's metropolis.

"I like it out here," said the governor. "It is a young man's country. If the Orient ever opens to a trade not interfered with by wars, the Pacific coast is going to boom in a way that will cause it to grow many times more rich and powerful than it is now."

Charles Edison, son of America's great inventor, also liked Oregon. The industrialist visited Portland at Rose Festival time. As he watched the grand floral parade, he turned to me and said.

"This is the brightest spot in the entire country. I wish I could bring the entire city of New York out here to see it—it would cheer them up and prove to them that America is still all right. New York just now is the gloomiest place on earth."

He declared New York was so blue he just had to get out and see how the rest of the country looked. "The farther west we got the more hopeful people talked. When we got west of the Mississippi we discovered that courage has not

left the country, that the people are as brave as ever, and that America is safe. You westerners still can smile and laugh. Maybe you think it isn't good to see folk who can do that!"

Actually cheerful was F. O. Ayres, first vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York. On October 13, 1932, he told me, "I have been traveling all over the United States, and I have found that during the last six months there have been a great many commercial men on the road. In the hotels the sample rooms are occupied, and in many hotels there is a waiting list at times."

Not so buoyant was Dr. Samuel D. Schmalhausen, student of the social sciences. He announced, "We really have no civilized spot, for every country is involved in the chaos which is part of our age. The next 25 years will see the most fundamental changes socially the world has ever seen unless another world war destroys western civilization. Before the war we had a wonderful faith that civilization was civilizing. After the war we began to doubt it. Now we are rather convinced that civilization is a sort of complicated savagery propped up by science.

"Science gives us the impression that we are civilized, but are we? The traditional institutions—the church, the home, the school, the professions—constituted the essence of civilization. We had great faith in them. Now these institutions are breaking down, and the result is a sense of chaos in the world. The old values are wrecked and we have no clear, new values as yet."

No chaos shrilled through Wilfred W. Fry's talk. Mr. Fry, president of the advertising firm of N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., declared in October, 1932, "Good old American courage is coming back again. Believe me, I am a great believer in the future of the United States. If we are wise we will learn some very helpful lessons in the experiences the nation and the world are going through. If taken to heart, everyone can learn much out of the unhappy things a great many of us have had to take."

About this same time a San Franciscan, George W. Kleiser, president of Foster & Kleiser, outdoor advertisers, said, "Advertising will lead the van out of the present state of affairs, and perhaps will be one of the first of the large industries to recover if those of us to whom it is entrusted will only use

this great force skillfully and in a sane manner instead of a jazzy one."

Frank K. Berry, president of the A. B. Stove company, Battle Creek, Mich., also spoke a little early that summer when he declared, "We have reached the bottom of the depression and are now on the upgrade."

How many, oh, how many times did I hear that same refrain in interviews with business men before conditions really changed for the better. I got sick hearing it. I never could decide whether those industrial leaders were simply doing a plain bit of lying or were whistling to keep up their courage. But throughout the gray days, many of them black-and-blue, the oil companies seemed to thrive. Chester W. Washburne, New York geologist, while on a visit to Portland explained it this way:

"The oil situation has steadied down, good control is being kept on production. During the past six months oil has been in firstclass condition in spite of the tremendous oversupply, but this has not been allowed to come out of the ground. This hold-back was started by the illegal action of Governor Murray of Oklahoma, but the people backed him, so his action proved all right. He was followed by a weaker governor in Texas after a time.

"In California a different plan is used. There associations of producers have been formed, and these have decided how much oil shall be produced in each section. The enforcement of their rules is partly moral. A man who breaks them is ostracized. Thus the production in the three main fields of the United States is under control, which is enough to keep oil on a fair basis, no more being brought out of the ground than can be handled."

There wandered Portlandward from oilsoaked California a man who had lost about everything by a series of calamities—fire, earthquake, Volstead, depression. He was John Tait, one time most famous restaurant man between Pikes Peak and Fujiyama. At the time I interviewed him he was manager of a small vaudeville road show. As Tait smoked a cheap cigar—gad, how he hated them—he fell to talking of better days. While manager of San Francisco's Pacific Union club he witnessed a number of bizarre sights.

"The best little gambling stunt I saw at the club was a dice game between the president of the Pacific Gas & Electric company and a millionaire planter from South America. One night they got to shaking dice for \$1000 a shot. That game sure warmed the blood of the old boys looking on. When 3 o'clock in the morning came, the president got sleepy. He was \$70,000 winner.

"'Tell you what I'll do,' says he to the planter, 'I'll shoot you for double the pot or nothin'.'

"'You are very kind,' replied the South American, 'I will accept the offer.'

"Out rolled the dice. The president won. The planter wrote a check for \$140,000. The winner put it in his pocket, said good night, and went home. I looked at the planter.

"'A little whiskey, never mind the soda,' he said."

When Tait's restaurant was going, all the great artists who visited the Golden Gate enjoyed the gay cafe. One of John's friends was a man named George something-or-other, American agent for Moet & Chandon, champagne manufacturers. The Metropolitan grand opera company was playing a San Francisco engagement, and the wine baron came west, too.

"George used to be in my place a great deal," said Tait. "I enjoyed his visits. One night, when the Metropolitan company was there, George came in. I had more than 300 guests in the place that night.

"'John,' he said, 'I want you to give everyone in the house tonight a quart bottle of White Seal with my compliments.'

"We were selling White Seal at \$5 a bottle. I might say right here that a pleasant time was had by all."

The very next morning the fire and earthquake came. John Tait awoke to find the entire front of his hotel in the street. He rose up in bed, and looked right out at all the world. Crawling over several roofs, he reached his larger restaurant. It was a wreck, all but the kitchen. Here he found one of his porters cleaning up as though nothing had happened.

Tait reached his safe. He took out \$3000 in currency but had to leave the gold and silver. While he was getting his money, another shake hit.

"Hey, let's get outta here," he yelled to the porter.

"Oh, dat's nothin', we has deses down in Martinique whar

I comes from all de time," replied the worker, who continued cleaning the kitchen.

Colonel W. E. Easterwood, Jr., Dallas, Texas, millionaire property owner, doubtless would have enjoyed the games John Tait watched at the Pacific Union club. Long chances were the Colonel's long suits.

"Four days after war was declared, I went down and joined the marines as a private," he told me. "They took me right off the reel, although I was 35 years old. I got to France, and I vote that we had a firstclass war over there in every respect."

"Who won the war, Colonel?" I asked.

"You're not going to put me in a hole getting me to answer that question," he fired back.

But Bainbridge Colby would have answered it. He is direct, plain spoken. The ex-secretary of state came west on a campaign tour, and spoke for the democratic ticket in Portland.

"It is lack of leadership that has brought us into our present plight," he said in his interview.

The league of nations was mentioned.

"Of course, the league of nations is not an issue in this campaign," Colby declared, and then the statesman went on to say:

"I personally believe that the so-called machinery of peace under the conditions that exist in the world today offers little, if any, tangible or concrete protection to any nation. One of the shortcomings of the Hoover administration is the reliance it has displayed in the Kellogg pact, despite the lessons of events which show its insubstantial character.

"To undermine the nation's defense under such conditions seems to me a dangerous form of folly, a much safer policy is the historic American policy of pacific conduct toward all nations, together with the unflagging maintenance of national defense."

A friend of the visitor's, who entered the hotel room with me, remarked that they were both getting gray.

"That reminds me of one time at a dinner I was seated next to a most charming woman," Mr. Colby retorted, "and someone made the remark about one getting old and gray.

"Oh, Mr. Colby, gray hairs are not a sign of old age, you know,' my sweet young friend declared.

"Well, I never heard of a baby being born with gray hair,' I replied."

Three days after Mr. Corby's visit, Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, then associate editor of *Good Housekeeping*, came to Portland campaigning. She, too, favored the "Forgotten Man ticket." It may be well to say that after the election she was not a forgotten woman.

"Many are saying Pennsylvania will go for Roosevelt, but I can't believe it—it sounds too good to be true," exclaimed Mrs. Blair. "I went through Pennsylvania recently and it looks as though there has been a great change there politically. But it seems too good to be true to put the Keystone state in the Roosevelt column. Still, did you ever stop to think there are more democrats in Pennsylvania than there are in Alabama. The difference is there are so many more republicans in Pennsylvania."

Another campaigner in these parts, the number one campaigner, agreed with Mrs. Blair and Bainbridge Colby 100 per cent.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was Portland's most notable visitor in 1932. The day was September 21, the day the Bonneville dam was born, perhaps I should say conceived.

"You have a fine name, governor, besides your other fine attributes," I remarked, very strong going for a republican.

"Yes, I agree with you," he replied, laughing, "it is a good name. And I wish T.R. were alive today. I know what he would say about Hoover."

The special train had just pulled into the union station when James A. Farley introduced me—"Governor, I want you to meet *The Oregonian* reporter, Mr. Hazen."

"*The Oregonian*? Should I talk to *The Oregonian* after all the things it has said about me?" exclaimed the candidate as he held out a hand, and laughed so merrily everyone else in the car joined in. "I am very glad to see you, and it is a great pleasure to get out here in the west. I like it, don't you? Of course, they keep me pretty busy, these fellows around here, but come up to the hotel. I want to have a chat with you. And give my regards to *The Oregonian*."

A few hours later at the Portland hotel the chat was resumed.

"I recall very well my visit to Portland and the Northwest 12 years ago," he announced, "and in comparing those days with these I find a very great number of new and large buildings in the cities I have visited up here. There has been much building, but I might say there is not the same prosperity here now as there was then. You people remind me a great deal of New England."

"Just whom do you mean by 'you people,' governor?" I asked.

"Why, you people of Portland, of course," he replied. "Not only does Portland resemble a New England city, but you folk resemble New England citizens. I have known quite a number of Portland, Or., and Portland, Me., people, and I often think of the resemblance in the men and women of the Northeast and the Northwest."

There was a large crowd in front of rooms 211-212 at the hotel. The people, who surmised how political winds were blowing, hoped there would be many offices to pass around in a few months.

"I was mighty glad to see the old Oregon again this morning," the ex-assistant secretary of the navy remarked. "I hope you can find a better location for her. That is not a good one where the battleship is moored. I wish you would put her where she will show to better advantage."

He was asked if he could suggest the place.

"Oh, no, no, I'm not going to get mixed up in anything like that," he declared, throwing his head back and chuckling. "Only I'm sure there are better locations here. You'll find one."

"You see, my interest in the old Oregon lies in the fact that I saved her from the scrap heap. She was to be broken up but I thought that with the great history the fine old ship has, it would be better to keep her afloat. And I thought that perhaps the state of Oregon might like to have her in Oregon waters. So while I was in the navy department we worked out a plan to let this state have the ship for use of the naval militia or for show purposes.

"This morning, when we drove out to Gresham, I asked General Martin if we could see the Oregon on our way back. He said we could, so I asked that we drive that way. Now,

can't you help get a better location for her, so when I come back again I can see the old ship in a happier place?

"There are four of the most famous ships of the old navy still afloat. And I think it is a wonderful thing for the children of the country that they can see these vessels that were so notable in their day. These ships are the Constitution and the Constellation, which represent the navy of the first years of the republic; the Hartford, which was Admiral Farragut's flagship in the Civil war, and then the Oregon, the most famous ship of the Spanish-American war."

About this time Carl C. Donaugh, state party chairman, stepped up.

"An old Harvard friend would like to see you a minute, Governor," said Carl.

"An old Harvard friend can see me any minute," stated the man from Albany, N. Y.

Governor Roosevelt spoke twice that day, at Gresham and in the Portland municipal auditorium. It was during the auditorium address that the Bonneville dam was started.

A few days before Governor Roosevelt visited Oregon, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the interior in Hoover's cabinet, passed through Portland on his way to the Klamath Indian reservation.

"Passengers on shipboard don't blame the captain for the storm," Dr. Wilbur told me at the Benson hotel. "When they reach the shore, they generally praise the mariner for getting them safely through the storm that came without his bidding. That's the position we have been in in this country.

"There has been a storm, a very severe one. But the captain of the ship of state had nothing at all to do with bringing on the storm. But he has weathered it, and we are on shore now. I don't think the people want to be pushed back in the water again.

"I am sure that when the people get that serious second thought, which will come before election day, they will realize that the captain has taken them safely through a most severe storm and placed them on shore."

Burton L. Fitts, then district attorney of Los Angeles county, Calif., gave a long interview closing with this, "I wish you would say for the real republicans of California, we think

Herbert Hoover has contributed more toward the upbuilding and the good of this country than any other president since Abraham Lincoln."

Taxes, not politics, was the theme-song of Dr. Harley L. Lutz, professor of public finance at Princeton university, on September 2nd back in 1932. Although he announced "the taxpayers everywhere are a lot of boobs and suckers and will stand for anything, including murder," the Princetonian thought that somehow taxes were in for a reducing process.

"How are they going to be reduced?" I asked.

"By the control of expenditures, if at all," was the prompt reply. "To do this, the people will have to exercise real care in their selection of public servants, the people who spend the money. While there has been great progress in the last two generations in the industrial and commercial and transportation world, the business of government has stood still, 'waiting at the church,' so to speak.

"Government procedure is still in the horse-and-buggy age. Our office holders still have the methods and the viewpoints of the horse-and-buggy period. For instance, we still cling to the local political division of counties and townships in many states that were laid out when the buggy was the swiftest mode of transportation. I have been driving with my family at the easy rate of 300 miles a day on this coast tour. Fast drivers would make a great deal more mileage in less time.

"Today, with automobiles and airplanes and fast express trains, distances are nothing. But government hasn't taken the slightest notice of all these changes. A new, independent set of standards must be devised to get the most service at the lowest cost. Budget-making will have to undergo a new birth. At present the budget is based on the amount the boys got away with last year. No one seems to care whether they wasted anything last year. The boys don't care how much was wasted, their thoughts being to be sure and get as much, and a little more, than the fellows had last year."

Two Washington, D. C., correspondents of New York papers tarried in Portland one October Sunday to gather political impressions. Arthur Krock, of the *Times*, careful and genial, proved himself a true prophet. "If Pennsylvania is going

democratic, then the world is coming to an end," he said. The state didn't, that year. Continued Mr. Krock:

"I have visited all the industrial states, all the corn states and the states of the Northwest. I learn that in the states where the vote has been say 60 to 40 against the democrats for years it has now turned around the other way. But I will say this, the vote is going to be a protest one. It will not be so much a vote for Roosevelt as one against the administration. We are all expecting that the Roosevelt cabinet will be the strongest of any administration in many years. As for Franklin Roosevelt, I will say that it is an unhappy fate to be elected as a protest, for all sorts of wild men come in with you."

Theodore C. Wallen, of the *Herald-Tribune*, whose early death was a loss to our craft, was one of the G.O.P. hopefuls. "There has been a great deal of talk about the republicans not getting into the campaign with their oldtime vigor," he said, "but this is an error. They have started the fight in both the east and the west with all the great force at their command."

The votes had been counted some three weeks before A. H. Griswold reached Oregon. Colonel Griswold was vice-president of the International Telephone & Telegraph company and executive vice-president of the Postal Telegraph-Cable corporation. The makeup of the president-elect's cabinet was worrying the colonel, on this depended the speed with which business would come back in this country, the message man declared. But I thought there wasn't much use foolin' around asking about that.

"Do you think television will be in in time for the new cabinet members to use it?" was asked.

"Science has gotten to the point where what a man can conceive a man can do, that is, within reason," replied Griswold. "So I'll not say that television from a commercial standpoint will not come in time; but there will have to be a great development made in it before it can be used for commercial communication. Some day, no doubt, it will come."

Colonel Griswold was jumping about the country by airplane. But Scott Turner took a more conservative method. He traveled by train. Turner was director of the United States bureau of mines. The world seemed topsy-turvy in 1932,

the year that marked a change in American life. The coal industry had been hit hard by swirling conditions. I asked Turner about it.

"There are far too many bituminous coal mines, twice as many as we need," he declared. "The industry is in a hard way, and I don't know what is to be done about it. The mines have been equipped to speed up production; there are hundreds of thousands of persons who have been used to making a living by working them, and now the whole world has far too much soft coal even in normal times. It is a hard game to beat."

One Portland visitor in those trying days was Miss Gilda Gray, stage star who invented the shimmy dance. Gosh, but it was a joy to interview someone who didn't mention politics or economic affairs or troubles across the seas. Gilda talked about dances and legs; if taxes were to be reduced, she hadn't heard anything about it.

"Where did you get that name for a dance, the shimmy?" I inquired.

"I originate all my dances," she explained, "and as this one seemed so personal, I wanted to give it a personal name. I thought up several different names for it, but none of them would do until at last I thought of the shimmy. That's a very personal garment, and it was a catchy name, so I just gave it to the dance."

"Miss Gray, when you were here before, the billboards said you were the lady with million-dollar legs," I remarked as the interview began in her stage dressing room.

"Yes, that's right," was the cherry reply.

"What's become of them?"

"Oh, they're still doing. If you don't believe it, come to the show and see," was the quick challenge.

Hatching Eagle Eggs

The following chapter is the first one written for this collection. It was penned more than ten years ago, then put aside and forgotten for a long time. It deals with a number of prominent men and women who visited Portland in 1916 and '17. Much of what was said then applies today. Nothing has been added to the text since it was written, but much glittering verbiage has been removed from the copy—the highlights linger on.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, gallant knight-errant of the snows, reached Portland six days after America entered the World war. He was on his way home from the Antarctic to join the colors. Everyone was anxious for war stories or to hear tales of the Kaiser and other German leaders. Sir Ernest told me a good one.

"I had just returned from a voyage south, and had gone to Berlin to speak," explained the explorer. "The Kaiser decorated me with the Order of the Royal Crown of Prussia. He was in good humor, and began to chat with me and told me why we had missed reaching the South Pole on the journey.

"What are the white bears like in the Antarctic?" he asked.

"There are no bears down there," I told him.

"Why?"

"Because Nature hasn't gotten around to it yet, sir."

"Well," spoke up the Kaiser, "if you had gone more to the right you would have reached the pole."

"But it was impossible, sir," I tried to explain.

"No, it wasn't," replied the ruler, quickly. "I have read all that has been published about the Antarctic, and you could have gone more to the right than you did!"

This visit with his imperial majesty took place soon after Sir Ernest had returned from a notable "farthest south" trip

when he was within 96 miles of the goal. The explorer laughed as he told of the Kaiser's knowing just how to reach the South Pole. The Irishman remarked that it was just like Wilhelm II to tell exactly how to find the place.

Sir Ernest was wearing two long rows of ribbons on his tunic. These represented the many decorations awarded him by his own and other countries. But the German order was missing.

"What did you do with the medal the Kaiser gave you?" I asked.

"Oh, it's kicking about up home some place if the kiddies haven't traded it off for some sweets," the sailor replied.

The interview was veered to the land of penguins. Sir Ernest got tired poking around in the merchant service, so decided to do something that would kick up a bit of a fuss.

"There was a sort of Arctic lull at the time," he said, "and so I made up my mind to try it down south."

To the Antarctic he sailed with an important expedition. The men simply experienced the usual adventures of those days until the commander decided to take Shackleton and the party's physician on a desperate sled journey. Soon after they started Shackleton broke a blood vessel in his lungs. It continued to bleed for 14 days.

"It did look rather serious, really, but I decided I was going to pull through all right, so I let it go at that," the explorer said. "Naturally the other two officers were worried about me. One night I heard them talking.

"Do you think he'll last 'till morning?" asked the captain.

"I'm afraid not," replied the doctor."

The visitor smiled, then turned his head away to look out the window. In the eternal snows of the Antarctic, covered by the white mantles of a thousand gales, were sleeping the two noble, brave friends, in a sepulchre only 12 miles from the spot where they camped the night both expected would be Shackleton's last.

"But I always thought I'd make it," the sailor continued in a minute. "And one time, after the news of this hard trip got into the papers at home, one of my chums sent me a telegram: 'You'll die with your boots on yet, you old blighter.'"

Sir Ernest explained why he wasn't home and in the king's

navy. He sailed Antarctic-bound from London four days before war was declared. Going down the channel he heard the big news. Sir Ernest called his men together, told them of the war, and said he was going to offer his services to the king. Every member of the crew said the same.

But when their offer reached London, orders were sent them to proceed. The proposed trip had been heralded over the world, it would never do to allow an enemy to think that men were so scarce that a party of this scientific sort would have to be hauled back.

"Going south again after the war?" I asked.

"Sure—if I'm young enough," the visitor replied.

He explained that he wanted to cross the Antarctic continent. His ambition was to make the Antarctic as well known as the Hudson's Bay region.

"When do you expect to join the forces, Mister, or rather, Sir—"

"Never mind worrying about that name," he laughingly spoke up. "At home they call me Sir Ernest, but you're not used to that sort of thing out here, so call me Shackleton or Shack—oh, call me anything you like."

When here the explorer was bronzed almost as dark as the Indian on the old copper cent. He urged all boys who wanted to see action to join the navy and help sink the Kaiser's submarines. He was much interested in our fleet, and complimented Yankee ships and sailors.

Just a month before the explorer explored Portland, another famous Englishman visited us. He was H. Granville Barker, playwright, also on a lecture tour.

"America will soon be in the war," Mr. Barker announced, looking up from Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe" which he had been reading. "This conflict is a great world settlement. This country cannot afford to be left out of this world settlement. We are one people, no matter what little differences we may have had in the past or what small worries we have now."

The playwright leaned back. He was silent for a moment. Then, in serious, time-marking words, he said:

"I am living for only one thing now—an Anglo-American alliance. I am sailing for England the last of this month. The submarines? Oh, they're nothing. If they get you, they get

you, that is all there is to it. If not, you get to London and go on about your business."

Two days after I interviewed the playsmith, I had a talk with John Spargo. A famous author of books on socialism and unionism, he was one of the five men directing the Socialist party in America. Serious acts of sabotage had occurred in munition factories filling gigantic orders for the Entente; in the west, I.W.W. outrages were hindering lumber operations.

"In all lands the anarchists like to call themselves Socialists in order to gain for themselves that degree of respect that the Socialist movement has obtained for its followers," declared Mr. Spargo. "We refuse to have anything whatever to do with the anarchist or his methods."

And John Spargo declared that "any one who advocates sabotage is promptly expelled from our society."

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, nationally known clergyman, whose books have had a wider sale than those by Mr. Spargo, toured the west in the interest of the war effort. He was in Portland on June 1, 1917.

"If our Liberty loan is to have the effect on the enemy that it should have it should be subscribed ten times over," he declared. "The German leaders have told their people that the Americans were not interested in the war, and that they would not give their money to carry it on."

Urging the feverish buying of battle bonds, Dr. Hillis stated that a great over-subscription would show Berlin we were in for war to a finish.

Ida M. Tarbell, biographer of Lincoln and historian of Standard Oil, came to Portland during the twilight months between peace and conflict. Many famous people traveled about the country on various expense accounts during the period.

"We are starving on gold," is the way Miss Tarbell began the interview. She asked regarding the food situation in Portland. Then, after telling of the high cost of living in eastern states, she said:

"It is beyond belief to see the old swamp lands down in Delaware now great power factories, while acres upon acres of former vacant lands around our New England cities have been built up with factories for the manufacture of shells and shrapnel. I have a summer home at Bridgeport, Conn., and

25,000 more people have moved into that city since the Remington Arms company has increased its plant to take care of the war orders.

"The preparedness people are just as hysterical as the peace advocates. I believe that everything that tends towards war is wrong, but I do not think we have reached a stage in our civilization where wars can be avoided. I do not think the conflict in Europe will be the last great world war. But I do think we are making progress toward an era of peace, and every move that is made in that direction means that we are becoming a bit more civilized."

There was still a mite of hope that we would not be drawn into the conflict. And so Miss Tarbell was asked (this on February 24, 1917), "Will the ending of the European struggle cause any serious labor troubles in this country?"

"Oh, we are always borrowing trouble," she replied. "Of course, it will make a change in work, but why should we, a great big nation, be afraid of such a thing! The work that is now keeping so many men busy is wrong, and when these same men can begin working along lines that will do the world good, why should it cause trouble? We should not be trying to borrow grief; we should be planning on how to aid those stricken countries as soon as the war is over."

A great crowd was at the union depot to welcome the most distinguished woman from Pennsylvania.

"I am glad I am liked so well, but, honestly, it is most bewildering," she declared. "People have been so lavish in this wonderful Northwest that it requires all my brains for me to tell the place I am visiting. I often go to the station to buy a ticket and ask for one to the city in which I happen to be."

Miss Tarbell told me she declined a place on the federal tariff commission because it would be too confining.

"And I think I can do better work to attack the problems from the point of view of a reporter," she explained. "I am taking this little junketing trip to see the country and to try to study some of its problems firsthand. It is also a rest because I can exercise a different set of muscles traveling around than I would just staying in New York or Washington for weeks at a time."

And then Miss Tarbell uttered an epigrammatic truism.

"We reporters are busy people," she said.

The famous historian did not mention any foreign nation in her interview, but another visitor who came ten months before Miss Tarbell's visit called his shots. U. S. Grant, Jr., son of the great soldier, passed through Portland on his way home from a visit in the Orient. He averred there seemed to be no ill feeling towards the United States in Japan, but said the Japanese made no secret of their great admiration for the German war machine (this in 1916).

"They are a warlike people, these Japanese," declared Mr. Grant, "and they have the same feeling of wanting to enlarge their territory as has Emperor William. You know, he wanted to take Europe, then come over and help himself to the United States. The Japanese are very much in earnest regarding the policy of Asia for the Asiatics, and their eyes are turned longingly toward China.

"When you talk of the war, they bow and smile but say very little until something is said about the showing that has been made by the German army; then their eyes sparkle and they show their teeth when they smile; in every way, by word and by action, they show that they are glad the Kaiser's troops are fighting so well. The Japanese army was drilled by German officers, and many of the native leaders were schooled in Teuton regiments.

"It would have gone hard with the Allies if Japan had joined the Kaiser instead of declaring war on him. Although a state of war exists in the Mikado's country, I saw no signs of it. We were there several weeks and visited different parts of the islands, but saw no more soldiers than one would expect to see in time of peace. We were told their army and navy were ready for any possible trouble but they kept the troops out of sight.

"By the way, is there any important news from Europe this morning?"

Mr. Grant was told that nothing of special interest had come from the western front when I left the office.

"I understand the Allies say they are not going to take any territory away from Germany," Mr. Grant continued. "This is a great mistake. They should take all her coast land away and whatever else is necessary to crush her."

War was very much nearer when ex-Senator Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado, passed through Portland on March 19, 1917. Our eagle eggs were almost hatched. The senator's private car came in on the Shasta, and waited at the union depot only 20 minutes. A committee of reporters and cameramen extended greetings.

"How long is the price of copper going to continue high?" was asked.

"As long as this war keeps up, and it looks as if it is going to continue the rest of this year," the senator averred, puffing a long Havana.

Hatched were the eagle eggs when Carl Schurz Vrooman came. An Illinois farmer, he was also assistant secretary of agriculture. It was the very day in July, 1917, on which the draft drawing started in Washington, D. C., when Secretary of War Baker pulled out the first number from a great glass bowl, that Mr. Vrooman visited Portland. The visitor announced American women must conquer.

"The two great jobs confronting this nation before we can get well started in the fight," he told me, "is the mobilization of the women, so they will put the households of the country on a war basis, and then the mobilization of the business men, who must put business and industry on a war basis, a basis divorced from all illegitimate profit. The whole success of the war depends on the complete mobilization of these interests."

Mr. Vrooman stressed the need for American women to can vegetables and fruit as they never had canned before. And he remarked "they should also can a wellknown citizen of Berlin."

"It will be useless for the farmers to produce unless their products are marketed and conserved," the assistant secretary went on to say. "We have to feed more than one-half the world, and if the wives and mothers and daughters of the land don't pitch right in and put up foodstuffs for winter use the victory will be to the mighty military power that has been preparing for years. You people out here are surrounded with plenty, and are so far removed from Europe that I'm afraid you do not know how serious a problem we are facing."

The speaker, thought by many to be a pacifist, really grew eloquent as he talked of the crimson conflict.

"This war doesn't mean just men in khaki," he stated. "It

means an army in the trenches, an army in the furrow, an army in the kitchen. It means an army of business men preventing illegitimate war profits and speeding up efficiency of the nation to its highest possible pitch. And then, after the war, we will have to feed the Central powers."

Vrooman's high hopes regarding the prevention of illegitimate war profits sank in the rush to grab, but his prophecy about having to feed starving millions proved to be a true one.

Still, this matter of prophesying in print is dangerous, not to life nor limb, but to reputation. Take for example the statement by Jules Bois, the French poet, playwright and novelist, who visited Portland July 24, 1917.

"When the Russian people find out that the German Socialists are liars they will be very angry and will fight more bitterly than ever," M. Bois declared.

In making this statement, the poet was in error. As a prophet regarding Russia's return to the allied cause, he was totally mistaken. He spoke of the revolution against the czar as a "momentary collapse," and said it should not frighten us. That revolution, I think, was the longest "momentary collapse" in history.

M. Bois was terribly in earnest, although time has proven him completely wrong in his Russian prognostication. As he talked his brown eyes snapped and he gestured all over the place.

"France is tired," he said, but not sorrowfully for he had come to America not to mourn but to enthuse. "Ah, of course France is tired. But France is stronger than when the war first came, and France has decided to go to the end. No sacrifice, no sacrifices can be too great for victory. France knows that if the fight does not go to the end the war will come again very soon."

As he spoke of France, one realized M. Bois was talking of the most treasured possession of his heart; when he mentioned Russia, there was hopefulness in his voice; when he told of the army of France, when he spoke of the thousands of newly-made crosses, there was a sadness that recalled the voice of one telling of a friend who had passed away.

"France knows America admires her, and France wants to be worthy of this admiration," the visitor exclaimed.

A few statements about the size of his country's armies

served as an introduction to another erroneous prophesy.

"Victory is sure, for the power of Germany was broken at the Marne," he said. "You understand, I do not mean that Germany is crushed, but her strength was broken. At Verdun and at Yser no advance. Germany can endure long, can resist terribly, but cannot make another offensive."

We who remember the tremendous offensive that started March 21, 1918, that portentous offensive that forced the never-say-die British army to fight with its back to the wall, know that M. Bois was mistaken in 1917. His fondest hope was parent of the thought.

War ended the "next year," but the world was not made free—more peoples are in political bondage today than there were when the French scholar visited Portland. Still, he was sure the struggle would end before the winter of 1918—"I have studied it very much and form opinions from facts and not from dreams," he explained.

During the interview, M. Bois declared the Japanese people were not interested in the war, that the mikado's government had not been able to stir them up to a point where they would enter the struggle with any spirit.

"The Japanese people think this is a war among European peoples, and they want us to fight it out ourselves," he said.

This mention of the Japanese recalls an interview with David Starr Jordan on February 23, 1917. The chancellor of Leland Stanford, Jr. university, began talking about Nipponese affairs.

"The people over there are getting rather obstreperous," Dr. Jordan declared, "and when a crowd puts a government cabinet out of office by raining it with cobble-stones, there is no telling what the mob will do. The wiser statesmen of Japan are doing all they can to hold the people in check, but they are afraid a state legislature here will pass some fool law that will cause the people of the cities over there to show their displeasure in an emphatic manner."

The chancellor said the mikado was trying to do things in China that would take all of his empire's strength to put through.

Dr. Jordan was a mild-mannered iconoclast. Against many still popular notions, he expressed his views calmly and quietly.

I said at the time if a brass band were sent out to welcome him, he would glance at it a moment, then continue his conversation about the lepidosiren. He was the world's authority on the lives and loves of fishes, but was best known in America and Europe as a pacifist. He did not believe in military training, said it brought on a military party and military rule.

"Everyone knows it was the military party in Germany that forced the Kaiser into this war," declared the university head. "For years the leaders of that party have been at work on the scheme to bring Holland, Belgium, Austria and Turkey into the German empire. The scheme did not set well with the Austrians, in fact, none of the countries mentioned was highly delighted with it, but that didn't matter. It was once proposed to take in Denmark, too, but after the Kiel canal was completed it was decided not to bother the Danes.

"Hungary was to be allowed to drift after a fashion. It was stated that Jewish bankers held mortgages on all the land, and, when the time was ripe, these mortgages would be bought up by the imperial treasury and thus all the estates of the Hungarian nobility would be owned by the German rulers. It was a fine scheme but the German people were not considered."

Dr. Jordan explained that he spent two years in Europe before the outbreak of the war. He went to study international conditions. During those two years, he pointed out, there was a feverish rush everywhere to get ready for the coming conflict. The arch-duke of Austria-Hungary was feared; statesmen in other Old World countries thought he would make some rash move that would start the disaster.

"He did start it," the visitor declared, "but not in the way he intended."

The educator, during his European tour, thought the foreign affairs departments of the various governments would be able to hold in check the menacing military groups, but, to use the university chancellor's expression:

"War is like a game of cards where, when one trick is taken, the game is lost; one shot, and the war is on!"

As the interview ended, Dr. Jordan made a statement that made me more proud of my craft than ever.

"I found, when I was in Europe," he said, "that the correspondents of the large journals were the people to go to

for the real inside information. They knew just what was going on, although they could not write it. In Sophia and in Constantinople, the correspondents knew more than many of the government officials regarding the working of things in government inner circles."

Another famous pacifist visited Portland a few weeks after Dr. Jordan was here—Carrie Chapman Catt, who declared the women of the allies were going to win the war. It was a big order. But the war was won.

"I am in Portland," Mrs. Catt said, "to represent the new women's committee of the Council of National Defense that was appointed by the secretary of war on April 25. The first function of this committee was to co-ordinate the various women's organizations in the country in their work for national defense."

As the war department had no program to offer the new toilers, they made one of their own. Mrs. Catt hurried to Canada to investigate the work being done by our sisters of the snows.

"I found the women in the north doing a wonderful work," she stated, "in sewing and knitting and raising subscriptions for Red Cross funds and in helping needy families of the men who had gone to the front. Canada, with its small population, has given more to aid the wounded and the poor of countries other than its own, than we Americans have done."

But it must be remembered that this declaration was made May 25, 1917.

"There is an honor understanding among them," Mrs. Catt continued, "not to eat the young of useful animals. No veal nor lamb nor even young pig is eaten by these loyal Canadian women, because they want to help conserve these animals."

A woman who had been at the front in every European war zone visited the Oregon metropolis the first summer of America's participation—Miss Kathleen Burke, honorary organizing secretary of the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service. In her interview, she gave figures regarding losses and hospital costs. Her work had taken her into Serbia as well as along the western front.

Miss Burke told of seeing an aged, wrinkled woman sitting before a ruin that had once been her home. Someone told the

lass that the old woman had just received word her only son had been killed in battle. Grief, a grief too great for tears, seemed to hold the mother in a trance.

"I am sorry, and I want to help you," Miss Burke told the sufferer.

Arising as quickly as the years would permit, trying to straighten a form bent by toil, the mother looked the nurse in the eyes, and exclaimed:

"I am proud my son had the honor of dying for his country."

In the interview and in the address she made in Portland, Miss Burke told how Marshal Joffre, whom she called "the dearest of French generals," received the sobriquet of "Papa". The victor of the first Marne battle was christened "Papa" Joffre by his countrymen soon after the war began.

"Four young aviators had volunteered to perform a duty that meant death," Miss Burke explained. "There was not the slightest chance that they would return. The men marched to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief to salute. The man in whose hands the nation was resting looked at these fine sons of France for a few seconds, and then, his eyes filled with tears and his heart overflowing with love, he held out his arms to them and exclaimed:

"Shall a father send his sons away without kissing them goodbye!"

"And the great general bid his soldiers farewell as tenderly as though they were the sons of his own fireside."

It wasn't long until entire battalions of boys were sent on missions of certain death. They sang as they marched, but booming through their songs was the long roll of drums. "Papa" Joffre's four sons were soon joined by four millions, and then by more.

"The average active life of a British officer at the front was 21 days," declared Captain D. E. Carleton, of the Maple Leaf forces. "I managed to stick it out ten days longer than most of them, when I was sprinkled with shrapnel."

Captain Carleton was with the first Canadian contingent that left for the front. He arrived in Portland the month the United States declared war. His mission was to gather reinforcements for the Westminster Fusileers of Canada. There

was one question all Oregon wanted to hear answered by a soldier from our Dominion neighbor.

"Is it true, Captain, that Canadian and Australian soldiers are always put in the front lines whenever an almost hopeless attack is to be made?" I asked.

The officer took a cigarette from a silver case, passed the case around, borrowed a match, lit his cigarette, flicked the match across the floor, smiled.

"They are never put in the soft places, I'll admit," he began.

There was a pause.

"There're no soft places left, and every regiment in the British line takes its chances. There're no favorites."

"But there are rumors over here, Captain, that when there's very hot work to do the British generals always send in the Canadians; how about it?"

"All bunk," spiritedly replied the officer who had been "sprinkled with shrapnel."

Captain John Hay Beith—known everywhere as Ian Hay, the novelist—visited the Northwest in 1917's early summer. He thought the war would end in a year. In an interview, he spoke feelingly of the religious spirit that had swept over the British army at the front.

"It is a most impressive sight to see these men, who realize that for many of them it is the last service they will ever attend on this earth, taking part in a Sunday service with a regiment in reserve back of the line," he said. "And, on the whole, I think the religious side now predominates among the men of the British forces in the war."

More than a year later I met Captain Beith in France, and he was the first to recall his visit to the City of Roses. The war was still on.

Seven days after the soldier-novelist first saw Portland, one of the best known of our so-called pacifist United States senators arrived in the city. He was Asle J. Gronna, of Lakota, North Dakota. A small man with an old-fashioned, back-country mustache, he impressed one as being genuine. He had worked hard to prevent war being declared. But now the blood-plunge had been made. His 19-year-old son was in the artillery. There was none of the "too proud to fight" spirit about the North Dakota statesman.

"Our boys are going to fight on foreign soil and we have got to provide for them," the senator declared. "We have to fight to a finish now, and our people have to give up their money and their boys."

He paused to glance over the front page of a newspaper. When he looked up, he spoke of his son.

"My boy went in as a private, was raised to a corporal, then to the next highest position. He would have been advanced so he could take the examinations for a lieutenant only he is too young. He's six feet tall, and my youngest boy.

"The fathers of this country, and the mothers, too, must realize that we have to conscript the greatest wealth of America—her best and her strongest boys. Of course, it is going to be hard, but I hope it is all for the best."

William H. King, then junior United States senator from Utah, was here with Senator Gronna. The former asked for the latest news from Petrograd. I told him affairs were more serious in Russia insofar as the allies were concerned.

"Well, then we are in for a long-drawn-out war," Senator King declared. "It will come to every home in the land. It will hit all of us hard, and the boys who go out to the firing line and the ones who stay home and work in the shops and on the farms will be called from rich and poor homes, from every town and city, every township in every state."

A third United States senator, William H. Thompson, of Kansas, was in Portland the same day.

A number of members of the national house of representatives were in Portland with the toga trio. But the garden variety of congressman doesn't rate very high in the presence of a United States senator. There are a few congressmen, to be sure, who loom, but a majority of lower house members fade in the shadow of senatorial sanctity.

Congressman Charles C. Kearns, of Amelia, Ohio, was asked why his state had gone Democratic at the last election. It had been hard for the G.O.P.-ers to take.

"I sat in my office one afternoon last fall and listened to Senator Pomerene speak from an automobile down in the street," Mr. Kearns began, talking slowly and not loud, "and heard him repeat over and over again, 'Re-elect as president that great man who, while all Europe is at war, has kept crepe

off the homes of our boys.' This statement was cheered by a crowd of men who had long been Republicans.

"The senator got another 'rise' when he said that if Hughes were elected the country would be plunged into war with Germany in less than three months after he took the oath of office, but that the present president could steer the ship of state clear of the cruel breakers of war. It was all rot, but they put it over and got their man back in office."

Congressman Kearns, brother of W. L. Kearns—for many years marine editor of the Portland *Evening Telegram*—favored allowing Theodore Roosevelt to go to France in command of a volunteer division, but thought the men should receive intensive training before going to the front. And the Ohioan said the Mexican mess had been badly handled.

Congressman Charles O. Lobeck, then serving his fourth term from Omaha, Nebraska, announced that "congress is going after this food speculation." He said we would have to feed the allies—"We will have to pinch to do it," was the way he emphasized it.

"We used to get a list of the folks out home and send them some seeds every year," Lobeck continued. "Sometimes they wanted them, sometimes they didn't, but we took a chance. But this year, bless my soul, there was a pile of letters on my desk every morning this spring asking for seeds, seeds, seeds. I guess every man, woman and child in Omaha has put out a garden patch, and all of them wrote to me for some government seeds. I sent 'em out as fast as I could and as long as the supply lasted, but it ran out."

He stated the government was planning on getting a much larger supply of seeds for the following year, realizing that the demand for foodstuffs then would be greater than it was in 1917.

No people were more interested in the American food supply than were the British. The Yankee breadbasket would be a big factor in this winning-the-war business. And the stomach ammunition supply was one of the things looked upon by Brigadier General W. A. White, of the Imperial army, when he visited us during our first battle summer.

"There's no danger of our starving," he said when the question barrage began, "although some of the luxuries that we used

to enjoy can not be had. People can't waste food, either, but we will have plenty for the civilians and the soldiers to eat—plenty to eat and to wear."

The general prophesied the United States would soon learn that women could do a great deal of the work formerly done by men. The he-workers would be needed to tie cans to the tails of the dachshunds.

"Your women can work in the lifts, on tramcars, and as porters in the railway stations," he stated. "The war has resolved itself into a matter of man power. I know some are telling you that it is a question of the control of the air, but as I see it, it is a problem of getting men on the firing lines, and then let them push through. There's still need for millions."

Another allied group visited Portland in that memorable 1917 summer, the Belgian mission making an American tour. It was headed by Baron Moncheur, who asked far more questions when he was being interviewed than he answered. The baron was much interested in our slang. He knew we were all right in a military way but he had misgivings about our brand of English.

The one Americanism Baron Moncheur garnered in Portland was "bean him." A crowd had gathered around the mission's private car. The baron was pleased, and made a short talk to the multitude.

"And as for the Kaiser," the titled visitor exclaimed—

"Bean him! Bean the Kaiser!" yelled a number of listeners.

Baron Moncheur was puzzled. He quickly finished his speech, and hurried back into the car.

"'Bean him,' what is it?" he asked Hugh Gibson, of the department of state, who accompanied the mission as the American government's official representative.

"That means to hit him a hard blow on the head," explained Mr. Gibson.

"Ah, very good, very good," replied the baron, fully approving the sentiment expressed, and happy in the thought that he had added another term to his collection of Yankee slang.

Those spring and summer days of 1917 were so serious that one fairly jumped with surprise when a really funny story was brought back from Europe. Harry V. Patterson, of New York, for many years western representative for a New York book

publishing house, received votes of thanks from friends for the war stories he picked up in Ireland. Harry, as Irish as Paddy's pig, went to the Emerald isle to act as groomsman at a wedding early in 1917.

The New Yorker reached Liverpool without incident. There he took packet at once for Dublin. Patterson asked one of the ship's officers if there was any danger. The groomsman was anxious to get back to work, and didn't want his feet to be wet by salt water.

"When the subs first began poking around here," the officer replied, "these boats were held up. We told the Dutchmen that this was the Irish packet, and they straightway sailed away and left us alone. You know, the Kaiser is awfully afraid of Ireland and he don't want to do a thing to rile us up."

Soon after getting home, Harry Patterson came to Portland on a business trip. And in an interview on conditions in Ireland, he told the most popular war story going the rounds of the Dublin refreshment places. Here is the tale as I wrote it down:

"The king had just offered a gold sovereign for every German killed by his soldiers. This news was given to the Irish troops in the trenches just as Clancy and O'Reilly were going into the outer trenches for night duty. After a while it got very dark and stormy. The boys heard a strange noise. Clancy crawled out to reconnoiter. After while he hurried back.

"'Foine news, Mike,' he whispered.

"'What, for th' love of hivin?'" asked O'Reilly.

"'You know th' sovereign th' king's goin' to give for every Dutchman shot?'"

"'Yis.'"

"'Well, there's 1,400 of 'em comin' and we got 'em all to ourselves!'"

Heavy Business

HENRY FORD is a real good fellow. Not a backslapper but a fine handshaker. He makes one feel at ease the minute one is introduced. Sitting down on a straight-backed chair in the little private dining room of his great engineering laboratory at Dearborn, Mich., he put his feet up on another chair, leaned back, and smiled.

"Well, Mr. Hazen, I suppose you would like to ask me a few questions," he remarked.

"Yes, Mr. Ford, I would."

"Go ahead, I'll answer them if I can."

"Why don't we hear as many Ford jokes as we used to?" I asked.

Henry Ford didn't answer that one for a minute or two. He hadn't been asked it before. Soon a quaint smile came to his lips, and he laughed when he replied:

"Guess they found out it was good advertising for us. It started in a ballyhoo to drive the little old model T off the road, but it failed to do the job. The reason these Ford jokes failed was because the little old model T was giving a great service, and it hadn't finished its job. When the time came for a better and faster car, we gave it to the people regardless of the jokes. We didn't ask any of the jokers about it at all."

The automobile manufacturer had purchased a small railroad, and there was talk that he might buy other lines. So I asked him, "What is going to happen to the railroads?"

"Lord, heavens, it has already happened," exclaimed Mr. Ford. "They are commencing to make cars lighter, in fact, they are making all their equipment lighter, which is something they should have done a long time ago. You may remember that years ago I talked about lighter equipments for the railroads. It was a smiling affair then. The big fellows who were running those roads said Henry Ford was just doing some more talking."

"But the greatest climber we got in the world is a cat. It's light, that's why it can climb so fast. I used to say to a person who was arrested for speeding, 'What kind of a car did the policeman have, a heavier or a lighter car than yours?' And the answer was always, 'A lighter car.'

"Now, these days speed counts. People not only want to get there in a hurry, they want their goods in a hurry, too. The railroad fellows used to say the trains wouldn't have traction if they were lighter. Lord, heavens, they should make the loads heavy, not the cars. With a heavy engine, and with cars loaded, there will be plenty of traction. The only thing that should be heavier about a railroad is the rails."

I asked the automobile builder if he thought the railroad would soon pass out of America's economic picture.

"No, no, if they will look around and see what they should do they won't," Mr. Ford said. "I am of the opinion that there was never anything of use put into this world that will pass entirely out of it. The railroads have been of great use to the country, and they will still be of use if they keep up with the times. Otherwise the automobiles and the trucks will take their business away from them."

The next question I put was, "Are there too many officeholders in the nation?"

"There'll be just as many, and a great many more, as long as the people tolerate them," he replied. "In fact, there are more every minute right now. This grows on the country, and will continue to grow until the people really check it. It is something like the number of thieves; there would be a great many more of them if the people didn't do a great deal to put a stop to them and to the way they work. But without this check, there would be hundreds more thieves in the country than there are at present."

"Could our governmental units be operated on as efficient basis as are large business concerns?" I inquired.

"If you can tell me what a government is, I'd like to know," Mr. Ford stated. "At the present time our government is really a financial institution. All there is to the government at the present time is competition, it is trying to kill off the companies that are manufacturing goods for commercial use. What the government wants to do is to drive the successful people out of

business, and take over that business, which would make a great many more government employes."

I wondered what Mr. Ford thought about the universe in general, so I asked if he thought the world was getting better.

"It is the same as most any other machine, it is making a product," he declared. "Perhaps it is making its product faster than any other machine we know about. What's that product? Why, it's character. I believe that out of all the troubles and worries the world is having will come a civilization that will be so good and fine that we'll all be able to get along together without politics and without wars.

"New people are coming into the world all the time, new young people who see the good around them and try to add to this. They see the bad, too, but most of these young folks don't want to add to this badness. So the sum total of things as I see them is the good is gaining over the evil.

"It all comes out about right in the end, some gain, some loss, no one has a great deal either in wealth or experience or goodness, for it is only character that counts in the long run. This is a machine age, all right, and the machine is turning out a better product. I hope that answers your question, Mr. Hazen."

It did. As I was leaving the room, Mr. Ford called me back. "Any time you want another interview, just see Mr. Cameron (William J.) and he'll arrange a time for you." (For the benefit of the reader who may be wondering—I have never driven a Ford car.)

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of General Motors' board, also makes a newspaperman feel at ease in a jiffy. He's as easy to talk to as an insurance salesman. But there are a few questions he doesn't encourage, and says so in plain sentences.

"I don't think a business man ought to talk politics," Mr. Sloan declared. "But he should talk economics. Industrial leadership should deal solely with the economic side of life. We should preach the gospel of sound economics, and let the people interpret their politics as they choose. Economics and politics should not be mixed. Industry must study economic problems, and in doing this it has a very big job on its hands."

Mr. Sloan said "the United States is nothing more or less than the biggest business in the world, and it must be conducted

on the same general lines of sound economy as any other great concern in order to succeed. The same rules apply as apply in regular business. That is what we call corn-fed philosophy, but it's sound philosophy."

It was not "corn-fed philosophy" that William S. Knudsen, president of General Motors Corporation, discussed when he visited Portland in January, 1939, soon after returning from an overseas visit. He was in Europe when Munich darkened the skies. Even during that January day in Portland, war was on his mind.

When Mr. Knudsen is feeling well, he's a very pleasant man to interview. On the other hand—but let's not talk about that.

"I don't believe a major war could be conducted in Europe without material assistance from the United States," Mr. Knudsen said. "By that, I mean assistance in goods, raw materials, munitions, money. The trouble with war today is it is so darn expensive, and there isn't a chance for a fellow to be a hero any more. The individual doesn't amount to anything.

"War is a waste, and the cost is not in dollars; it is in hours of labor that are wasted. The fellow who is killed is lucky; the fellow who is left has to sweat to pay the bill."

But our people are willing to sweat. "I don't know a red-blooded American who wants an easy job," announced Walter D. Fuller, of Philadelphia, in May, 1941. "The country is up to its ears in production work for defense. I found a musical instrument factory up in New England whose chief output for years had been piccolos; but it isn't piccoling now, they are drilling gunbarrels on a sub-contract." Mr. Fuller is president of Curtis Publishing company.

Maybe, after Johnny comes marching home, we can make and sell more piccolos. William McChesney Martin, Jr., when president of the New York Stock Exchange and before joining the army as a private, was optimistic about some things. "I am hopeful about South American trade after the war, I think we will be able to hold a large percentage of it," he said.

Roy Arthur Hunt, of Pittsburgh, president of the Aluminum Company of America, gave me economic and geographic information in his interview. After stating that there are big aluminum deposits in Arkansas and in Georgia, he explained:

"A very large amount of ore we use is imported from South

America. Most of it comes from Dutch Guiana, although we also import some ore from British Guiana and a little from French Guiana."

When I called on Charles W. Nash, the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation's board chairman at Kenosha, Wis., he talked of business conditions, economic outlooks, fishing, hunting. But what interested me most was the story he told of how cherry picking made an automobile manufacturer out of him.

As a boy starting out to make his own living, Charley Nash walked over to neighboring farm of J. D. Dort, and applied for a job. Dort asked the lad if he could pick cherries; the fruit was plentiful that year, the price was high, and pickers were needed.

"Yes, sir; I'm the best cherry picker in the country," said young Nash.

The boy was sent out with a large crew of pickers. He was smaller, quicker than the others, and was the fastest cherry-gatherer in the group. Dort watched him. He was a gentleman farmer, this J. D. Dort. His money was made in a carriage factory in town, much of the profits going into the farm.

Dort so well liked the way young Nash picked cherries that he offered the boy a job in the carriage factory. Within a few years Charles W. Nash was foreman, then superintendent, at last, general manager of the carriage plant. From there he jumped into the horseless carriage business, becoming president of the Buick Motor Car company, and later president of General Motors, before he founded the Nash Motors company.

Some months after seeing Mr. Nash, I met George W. Mason, president of the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation. Mason had gained national renown by fathering the idea that "sales mean jobs, aggressive selling will bring us out of the recession."

Asked about it, Mason declared "this question of unemployment is a national program. There were thousands of men out of work but there were millions working, and those who were working would buy if the goods were properly presented to them. That was my plan."

Edward Barit, president of the Hudson Motor Car Company, explained that "a small percentage of our population can throw things off balance, so in viewing conditions, we must

remember that recessions, depressions and recoveries start with the attitude of the ultimate consumer."

About this same time Roy H. Faulkner, president of the Auburn Automobile Company, told me "there's a marked increase in quality buying."

Quality buying suggests people of quality who buy, then race down the highways like headless horsemen. "Education and courtesy are the only things in this cockeyed world that will reduce traffic accidents," H. J. Klingler, president of Pontiac Motor Company, said in an interview. "If we were only as courteous when we drive as when we walk, traffic accidents would be reduced 50 per cent. But when we get out on the highway we lose it. It seems that when one gets behind the wheel of an automobile courtesy flies out the window. I don't believe we can do much toward cutting down traffic accidents by legislation."

Automobile executives have different troubles. While Klingler was knocking the impolite driver, Paul G. Hoffman, of South Bend, Ind., president of the Studebaker Corporation, was worried about collections. "We have \$200,000 owing us by Spain, wish you would tell me how I can get it," he said.

Mention of Spain always suggests war. And this reminds me of something different regarding war that Robert C. Graham advanced when vice-president of Graham-Paige Motors Corporation. The country having the best and most milch cows will win, he announced fearlessly.

"One of the most important items in the dairy industry is the making of dried powdered milk," Graham declared, "and powdered milk is used for making smoke screens for naval warfare. The country whose fleet is so protected by smoke screens that it can defeat the enemy's fleet will win the war."

J. C. Penney is interested in milk. He is a world famous breeder of Guernseys as well as a founder of retail stores. (His first store was at Kemmerer, Wyo.)

"Just think of this, there are 25,000,000 dairy cattle in this country, and only 3 per cent are purebred stock," the merchant prince once told me. Then he pointed out that "a scrub cow eats just as much as a purebred, so why bother with scrubs."

Mr. Penney gave me a bit of his economic belief one morning. "It is the pick and shovel of individual industry that prosperity is searching for," he declared.

I know very little about Guernseys or about milk in marine warfare, but I do know motorcycles played an important part in the World war. But these chuggers were mixed up in many accidents in France. I spoke about this to Walter Davidson, of Milwaukee, motorcycle manufacturer. "Accidents are caused by the cheaters, you know that," Davidson explained. "It's the fellow who cuts or who drives fast without any regard for the other guy who gums up the works."

Motorcycles hadn't been dreamed of when Edgar L. Apperson and his brother built the first automobile. This car is now in the Smithsonian Institution, and Mr. Apperson told me it is recognized by the national government as the first horseless carriage. The car was built in the Appersons' machine shop in Kokomo, Ind.; work on the newfangled carriage started in October, 1893, it was first run July 4, 1894.

"We worked as secretly as we could," E. L. Apperson stated. "We got our gas engine from Grand Rapids; it was a two-horse affair. When we were ready, we hooked the car to the back of a buggy and drove out into the country. We didn't want anyone to see us if it was a failure. But the horseless carriage, as we called it, went right along without any trouble. It made eight miles an hour. Then we decided to go into the business."

It's a far cry from the Apperson Jackrabbit to Fisher Bodies. But if it hadn't been for the Kokomo carriage, who knows? I met E. F. Fisher, vice-president of the Fisher Body Corporation, soon after France had hit American cars.

"You saw what France did to us," Mr. Fisher remarked. "The French government put on a quota of only 40 or 50 cars a year, something like that, to be allowed to be imported from the United States. The French government wouldn't like it at all if Uncle Sam should say to the boys:

"'You can import only 40 or 50 bottles of French wine a year'."

It is interesting to ponder on what might have happened to France if it hadn't been for American trucks during the World war. "During the battle of Verdun, 5000 of our trucks were used by the French in taking munitions to the defending army there," Robert F. Black, of Cleveland, president of the White Motor Company, stated. Mr. Black also said "one in every seven men gainfully employed in the United States is in some

form of the automobile industry." He made this statement on January 12, 1939.

Thousands of these men were making tires in Firestone factories. Harvey S. Firestone was one of the most pleasant captains of industry I ever met. None was more kindly. And he always gave an interview that rated page one.

Mr. Firestone said in a Portland interview, "When the British put on their rubber restrictions in 1923, they forced the industry in this country to look around for a place to grow rubber that would be free from England's grasp. That restriction the British had on rubber between 1923 and 1928 cost the automobile owners of the United States \$1,250,000,000.

"We looked about and found Liberia was the one good rubber growing spot that the British didn't control. Liberia is under the moral protection of the United States, and so we thought it would be safe to proceed to start rubber tree plantations there. We leased 1,000,000 acres of lands there, and loaned the government \$500,000.

"Then we spent \$8,000,000 in putting out the finest plantation of rubber trees in the world. It contains 55,000 acres. And then, just as soon as they saw what was being done, our foreign rivals got busy and tried to get this advantage away from us. They demanded that Liberia be placed in charge of the league of nations. We might just as well get out if Liberia goes into the hands of the league. No one wanted to have anything to do with Liberia until we started developing the rubber industry over there. Then Europe got busy and the league began making claims."

No American dreamed of the Japanese taking the British Malay States when Charles Edison visited Portland as president of Thomas A. Edison, Inc. But Americans were thinking of how to become independent of the British rubber monopoly. Charles Edison, who later was secretary of the navy and then governor of New Jersey, told me:

"When father was taken sick the last time, he was working on making rubber from substances other than the rubber plant. He had found a species of golden rod with which he had been very successful. There are some 200 species of this plant, so don't ask me which one it was for I don't recall. But he had most all of them in his gardens. From one he had been able to

get 3 per cent rubber, but just before his illness he was able to get 9 per cent from this one through careful plant breeding.

"The trouble he found with this rubber was in vulcanizing, but while he was ill the men brought him some rubber from the factory in which this work had been done very successfully. Father's aim was to make the United States completely independent of foreign nations for its rubber supply in case of war. In this I think he was successful, although at the present price of rubber that from the golden rod would not take well on the market just now. But it can be done, and will be when needed."

On May 14, 1941, Byron C. Foy, president of the DeSoto Motors, told me the rubber supply in this country was ample for awhile, "with synthetic rubber in the offing—all the companies have synthetic plans ready to use if need be."

Francis B. Davis, Jr., didn't care to discuss international affairs but he did say kind words about the domestic truck. This New Yorker, president of United States Rubber Company, declared "more and more products all over the country are being carried on trucks. And it is very noticeable that the hauls by truck are becoming longer and longer."

When I asked Roger D. Lapham, president of the American-Hawaiian Steamship company, if his line was building any more ships, he fairly barked, "Don't you think we're having enough trouble operating those we have without going to the expense of building any more!"

Strikes, especially those at San Francisco, had caused his company big losses. Throughout the interview, Mr. Lapham kept his hands jammed deep in his pockets, and never once did he smile, not even when I mentioned Harry Bridges.

Kermit Roosevelt, a former steamship company executive, spoke of strikes but quickly turned to big game hunting. "I want to get a takin," announced the son who accompanied Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on African and South American expeditions. "No, I never shot one, never even saw one. You find them high in the mountains of central China and in Tibet. I would like to go back into central China chiefly to get a takin. It is a large, strong, mountain animal belonging to the musk-ox family. The word 'takin' is from the Tibetan language, and means a 'horse ox'."

Having to interview the dour rajahs and kaisers of the busi-

ness world is one of journalism's worst headaches. So, when a maharajah with a sense of humor arrives, it is as pleasant as an August rain along the Cimarron. Such a find was Newcomb Carlton, chairman of the board of Western Union Telegraph Company.

"No matter what we think," Mr. Carlton told me in an interview, "the great mass of world trade moves on. It has its moods, sometimes they are up, sometimes down, but they never stop, and no matter how anxious we are, we'll never be able to do anything about it until we know the inner secrets of money. We can look wise and rub our bellies, but we don't know the fundamentals of money. No man in the world does, unless you do!"

Mr. Carlton asked me to go with him to congratulate the engineer of the train, the ride had been so delightful. The engineer didn't know the passenger, so inquired.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," replied the traveler, "I'm a stuffed shirt who acts as one of the directors of the Union Pacific."

This reminded me that Mr. Carlton was an active member of New York's great Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was mentioned.

"I have a blind spot for museums," he said, "but I get put on their committees and boards of trustees for this and that. But honestly I don't care a thing about them. I never did like old bones and pictures of ladies who forgot to put on any wraps when they got up."

Asked regarding his health, the New Yorker answered, "I'm no good any more, just a shadow walking around with a good appetite."

And then, his eyes twinkling, Mr. Carlton sort of drolled, "I've reached the age in life where I get a grim satisfaction in grabbing the paper the first thing in the morning and turning to the obituary column and reading the names of my friends who have beat me to it."

Al G. Barnes, circus owner, also had a soft spot for museums. "I want a museum to perpetuate my name after I am gone," he confessed to me. "I want it to contain the greatest collection of animals and fossil remains of ancient beasts that will be found in America outside of New York."

Walter S. Gifford, with a young mind free of museum notions,

visited Oregon as president of the American Telephone & Telegraph company, and was interested in tax reduction. But he looked at the subject in a comprehensive way. "It is after all a matter of how the money raised by taxes is spent," Gifford declared. "If for a good and needy cause, such as building roads where they are needed and in improving schools where they are needed, then the increase in taxes is not so bad. But where the money is wasted in needless bureaus and such, then this wastefulness should be stopped."

Most men of money brag, one way or another, about New York. Not so J. H. Hill, rose hybridizer and president of two large flower-growing concerns in Richmond, Indiana. I supposed, outloud, he shipped a carload of roses daily to New York. "Now right there's where you've made a real fat mistake," boomed the gentleman from Indiana. "New York is the poorest cut-flower market in the United States. It isn't worth our time bothering about, so we go ahead on the theory that Manhattan island still belongs to the Indians."

John Jacob Astor III, who owns large chunks of Manhattan isle, breezed through Portland one night in a private Pullman. He said he had never visited Astoria, Oregon; in fact, he had only seen Portland from a railroad car window at night. "But I guess all towns look a great deal bigger when you see them at night than they really are," John guessed.

Crop distribution worried Louis K. Liggett, of Boston, president of the United Drug Company, when he was west. "Things have to be adjusted," he declared. "In Maine six months ago potatoes were selling at the lowest price in history up there; when we got to California we found potatoes selling at the highest price in their history in that state."

Mr. Liggett didn't mention Iowa but Patrick H. Joyce, president of the Chicago Great Western railway, did. "Say, if you lost a pants' button in Iowa and came back in two weeks, you'd find it growing," he acclaimed. Then, after telling how easy it is to grow things in Iowa, Joyce declared, "What is needed in the United States is a little more struggle, more effort to do the impossible."

William G. Mennen, president of the company manufacturing men's toilet articles, has his own method of judging economic conditions. "The boys slopped off during the depression

and didn't powder their cheeks after shaving," he told me. "They didn't have money to spend and they didn't spend it. But today our business is back to where it was before hard times hit us."

A great volume of men's toilet stuff is sold to farmers, thousands of whom make their money raising hogs. And hogs formed the theme of my chat with John Holmes, of Chicago, president of Swift & Company, in February, 1939. After we had disposed of the pork question, the president remarked, "We are always hoping, and we are progressing."

Although all of us hope we are progressing, few know the outcome. Edward C. Stone, of Boston, smart enough to be president of a number of large insurance companies, told the world through *The Oregonian* what he thought at the time America was heading for the Global war:

"I haven't found anyone wise enough to tell what is going to happen."

Still, one important problem was solved for me by H. D. Collier, president of the Standard Oil Company of California, several weeks before we plunged into the crimson whirlpool. "The side making the highest altitudes will win the war," he announced.

And, perhaps, had William Wallace Atterbury been around at the same time he could have said more on the subject. He was president of the Pennsylvania railroad when he last visited Portland. He came crowded with years and honors and good humor. He did nearly all the questioning when I called on him at his private car. In a few minutes General Atterbury began talking about the old World war. He was very fond of Pershing and Harbord. Mention was made of General Harbord's remark about the Folies Bergeres in Paris—"It was no place for a nervous married man!"

"Oh, the show may have made Harbord nervous but it didn't bother me one bit," remarked the railroad president, whose officers in 1918 used to call "General Attaboy."

The visitor wanted me to get someone to play golf with him. I did, Dr. O. F. Willing. "You know, I played Bobby Jones; he gave me a handicap, and what do you think, I beat him," the rail chieftain related.

Arthur Curtiss James, one of Amherst's famous graduates,

when he had scores of millions invested in railroad stocks happened into Portland one November morning.

"How's business in general?" was asked, naturally.

"Very good, and especially so in the Northwest," he replied.

"How about the cotton states?"

"I don't know a thing about cotton, and I have nothing to do with the Cotton Belt railroad," chuckled Mr. James.

"What about politics?"

"Say, I don't know a thing about politics—is there any?" came the wary reply.

Back into Portland rode Arthur Curtiss James six years later.

"The country has been on a big drunk," he said, "but we are getting over our headache."

Carl R. Gray, who was long the beloved president of the Union Pacific, didn't refuse to chat about unhappy subjects. When passenger travel fell off, Mr. Gray explained to me, "It is not because the people are using automobiles or roller skates, but simply because they are not traveling."

Interviewing a railroad official usually means questions regarding spot news—business conditions, improvements, new trains, labor, crop conditions. A sample question is one asked the Union Pacific president during a dusty year:

"How about dry weather back your way, Mr. Gray?"

"The corn crop is safe, I think," he said, "for there has been lots of rain during the last three weeks. I'm speaking for Nebraska and Kansas, and I'm informed that the same is true for Iowa. There's a better feeling in the cattle country too, while the price of hogs has been improving. If we can have a good corn crop and preserve our pastures, a great deal of the difficulties that were anticipated will be overcome."

William P. Kenney, when president of the Great Northern railway, gave me this bit of practical philosophy, "Whenever an economic mistake is made, the people have to pay for it in the long run."

Francis J. Gavin, now president of the Great Northern, was just as anxious to talk about battles as about raises in salaries for his clerks.

"What is the war doing to the railroads?" I asked while the storm was still confined to over yonder.

"We'll leave the war business to the men who are running it," replied Mr. Gavin.

And so we did just that.

During a visit with L. A. Downs, president of the Illinois Central railroad, I asked if airlines were hurting his company's business. It didn't take more than a split second for Mr. Downs to answer—"Anything that carries passengers that might otherwise go by train hurts the Illinois Central."

Frederick Ely Williamson, president of the New York Central, said to me in 1933, "I must say that these are perilous times; still we are going to muddle through, we always have."

Mr. Williamson was a big surprise. I found him sitting alone at the Union depot in Portland waiting for a train to Seattle. He was traveling just like any other passenger, using regular trains, regular coaches, and without any excess baggage in the way of secretaries or valets.

When Charles E. Denney made his first western trip as president of the Erie railroad, he was in Portland on October 22, 1930. I asked what he thought of conditions in Europe, and he replied, "I can't fix international questions for they are always settled in the smoking compartments of Pullman cars."

On a later visit I asked him when the Erie was going to build a new depot at Warren, Ohio. In those days I went to Warren to visit the sweetest little girl I know, Elaine Vennewitz. I went there on the Erie, and alighted at a depot that doubtless saw the departure of many volunteers who fought at Shiloh during the Civil war.

"That depot is all right, it hasn't fallen down yet, has it?" countered the rail chief.

I also interviewed Denney on his first trip to Portland as president of the Northern Pacific railway. Since the first time I met him, he has called me Horace Greeley, no other name. It was Horace Greeley who made it possible for Abraham Lincoln to be nominated for president in 1860, so I feel honored.

"I hope you can get your new depot at Warren, Ohio, now that I've left the Erie," Denney chuckled.

Robert E. Woodruff, who succeeded Denney as head of the poetic Erie railroad, came west soon after his promotion. He was asked regarding the war, and answered by telling about the

apple market. To get farther away from the questioned subject, he said:

"The first day's work I did for the Erie was in Warren, Ohio."

This was a break for me. I spoke about the decrepit Erie depot at Warren. And Mr. Woodruff informed me that as I resided in Portland, Oregon, it was none of my (strong word) business what sort of a depot the road had in Warren, Ohio.

A transportation sage is Martin W. Clement, president of the Pennsylvania railroad. He told me during the gray days, "The people of this country are beginning to realize the great work of the railroads during the depression. The roads continued to operate their trains just as though everything was going along smoothly, although business was away down. In doing so the railroads performed a service that greatly aided in keeping up the spirit of the people, even though we could have cared for the traffic with greatly reduced train service. We didn't, and I can see now that the people are appreciative."

W. A. Harriman, the Union Pacific's chairman of the board, in a very gloomy period, had a cherrie-oh outlook. "The people seem to think that the corner that has been looked for for some time has been found," he explained. Two years later, all he wanted to talk to me about was the new streamline trains he was fathering.

I walked into a private railroad office one morning, and was greeted by a ruddy-faced man who sat at a desk fumbling through a pile of yellow papers.

"Sit down! Good English is spoken here," was his greeting.

Dr. William Martin Jeffers, who succeeded Carl Gray as president of the Union Pacific, was the spellbinder. He looked up in a minute, and said, "Oh, it's you. Well, what can I do for you before it starts raining again."

I mentioned the streamlined train, knowing Dr. Jeffers thinks the Streamliner is the railroad's answer to the passengers' prayer. "The passenger wants speed combined with comfort; the Streamliner gives it," stated Jeffers. And as he talked about a forthcoming train, City of Portland, which now operates between the Oregon metropolis and Chicago, he sternly announced, "No 'dead-heads,' official or otherwise, will ride on this train."

Once, when Dr. Jeffers was telling of his company's building

two new speed trains, I asked what the line was going to do with its secondhand streamlined trains.

"Whattayuh mean, secondhand streamlined trains? There isn't such thing," he shouted. "All of our streamliners are in operation, and we need new ones right now on the California runs. I never heard anyone before suggest a secondhand streamliner, it'll be a long time before there is any such thing."

Other interviews with Dr. Jeffers have brought additional well-remembered statements.

"In 1937 I said I would rather be president of the Union Pacific railroad than president of the United States, and I feel that way more today than ever," he told me in March, 1940. And in November of that year he said, "I believe the true measure of an American is not what he does the day before election or on election day, but what he does the day after election."

As I left I said, "Goodbye, Dr. Jeffers, be good!"

"At my age, that is very easy," replied the Union Pacific president, sadly.

John J. Bernet had a steel-trap way of talking. No wasted words, no lost minutes. "I wouldn't give a damn for a pessimist," he said. "And let me tell you something, young man, anyone who tries to sell this country short is going to go broke."

At the time I interviewed him, Mr. Bernet was head of the Erie, but later he was made president of the Chesapeake & Ohio, Nickel Plate and Pere Marquette railroad group. As the visit was ending, I asked, "How are politics warming up?"

"There are two things I never talk about—politics and religion," Bernet replied, sharply. "It is none of my business what a man's religion is, and I have the same views about my politics."

The interview had ended.

A. D. McDonald, who succeeded Paul Shoup as president of the Southern Pacific system, made a declaration in 1935 that was, and still is, interesting. "We figure that one out of every five persons who come to the Pacific Coast on a visit makes it his permanent home," Mr. McDonald said.

One visitor who didn't linger long was John D. Rockefeller, Jr. As he stepped from his private railroad car in Portland, he said he came just to show his sons the Columbia River highway. He smilingly announced he would answer questions.

"How about the oil situation, Mr. Rockefeller?"

"Well, you see, I am not a director nor an officer in any of the companies," he said pleasantly, "so I know nothing at all about it. But we have a few shares of stock in the family, you know."

Here he paused a moment, then said:

"We have it saved up for a rainy day."

Other questions were answered kindly, but nothing was said worth a page one banner. Hoping against hope for a jazzy reply, I asked:

"Are you making a study of psychological conditions on this trip?"

Replied Mr. Rockefeller, "As I said, this is solely a pleasure trip, and I haven't made a study of a thing."

Another famous business man who came west to look but not to linger was Gerald Swope, president of the General Electric Company. He was feeling tip-top and exclaimed, "The most surprising thing in the universe is that the world is doing as much business as it is under present conditions."

This was before Japan started its present war of conquest in China. Mr. Swope talked of world trade, mentioning various European countries, then Japan, and last China. "Of course, China is a puzzle, sometimes a disappointment," he explained. "We are always thinking that it is just on the verge of a great business revival, then someone comes along and spills the beans, or I should say, rice.

"But the development seems sure, if slow. The seaport cities of China are growing rapidly, and electric power is being used more and more in the interior. But it will take many years before the nation is electrified as it should be."

Japan was much more enlightened, Mr. Swope thought then. He declared "more people live under electric lights in Japan than in any other country. Even the lonely fisherman in his little bamboo cabin on a desolate shore has his electric light."

While "the lonely fisherman in his bamboo cabin" may have his electric light he hasn't an electric range. George A. Hughes, of Chicago, inventor of the electric range, wasn't thinking of men on desolate shores when he told of this household help idea, but of his old home.

"I never forgot seeing my mother working on a hot summer

day over an old kitchen stove, where she cooked and ironed and washed without complaint, but suffering from the heat all the while," explained Hughes. "I resolved when I could to try and invent a stove that would relieve mothers of this painful drudgery."

He worked for two years with the idea before he produced his first electric range. It was made to lighten the drudgery of the kitchen. When an inventor works with his heart as well as his hands, the entire world is the gainer.

And big corporations sometimes have hearts, too. I discovered this one night while interviewing Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company. It was during one of the serious international crises, and I asked Mr. Grace, "Is the war scare in Europe helping out the steel trade?"

"Not in the slightest," he replied quick as a flash. "And we don't want a steel demand; we don't want an ammunition demand; we don't want a ship-building demand, and we don't want a large navy program that is based on war. Whatever profits made thereby would be lost many times over after peace came.

"Let me make this clear to you. The steel industry of the United States would rather make plowshares than projectiles. In the first place, the plowshares would be manufactured for construction, and in the second place the projectiles would be for destruction. One would be destroying values, the other would be creating values."

Otto H. Kahn, the great international banker and member of the New York financing firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, made me feel much better the day I interviewed him. "After all, the making of money isn't the real joy of life," Mr. Kahn declared, then he added:

"After making this money there comes a longing for the spiritual things. These are the only things that are really worth while. I see that the West has gone through the first period of money getting and is now longing for the better things. It is plain that the soul and mind of the Westerner is turning more and more to the spiritual."

Samuel Sloan Colt, of New York, didn't care to talk about railroads or banks. He knew that Ed Leader, rowing coach at Yale, came from the Northwest. So Mr. Colt talked about the coach, praising him very highly. I had expected the president

of the Bankers Trust company would tell me all about international banking.

A more chatative man is Gordon S. Rentschler, chairman of the board, National City Bank of New York. If all big men of finance were as friendly as this banker, interviewing would be as pleasant as clipping coupons.

"We are in for a very big development in air transportation both during the war and after the war," Mr. Rentschler announced in 1941. "If we properly coordinate the automobile, truck, railroad, air and ocean shipping, the world's transportation system as a whole will be able to do a very great part in stabilizing affairs after the war is ended."

The same year that Banker Colt talked about Rower Leader, Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of New York's Chase National Bank's board, toured the West. "I think bank deposits will continue to grow larger until industry starts in to use more capital. It is a circle affair—the people do not regain confidence until business improves, and business improves when people buy in larger quantities and invest more," he calmly told a jittery world.

William R. Dawes, Chicago financier, announced in Portland several years ago, "The spirit of the pioneers whose bravery built the railroads is still in the land, and it will build big fleets of airships that will revolutionize transportation in this country." But when asked about Illinois politics he snapped, "Politics is taboo with me; my name is Dawes."

Henry W. Phelps, New Yorker, talked of more lowly things than airplanes—just tin cans. The chairman of the board of the American Can Company told an interesting bit of history during our chat. "Napoleon is the man who started the canning industry," Phelps averred. "During his military campaigns he had a great deal of trouble carrying food for his soldiers. In his early wars food problems were his greatest problems.

"So Napoleon offered a prize to the one who would present the best plan for preserving food so it could be carried with the army. Nicholas Appert won this prize with canned foods that were hermetically sealed in tins. That is how the industry started. Pretty smart idea, wasn't it?"

Food, tinned and otherwise, is right down Lucius M. Boomer's alley. He is president of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York's

swanky inn. I asked him about the foreigners who visit the United States in normal times. "The most important group that visits this country from over-there is the English," Mr. Boomer replied. "They are coming in slowly increasing numbers.

"The French have stopped coming. They started, but when troubles began to pile up at home, especially franc troubles, they stopped just like that. When the pocket-book is hit, either above or below the belt, people stay home.

"Visitors from South America are coming right along. They are good fellows. They know how to live. And they live. They bring a pile of money with them. They come here to make money. They know how to do business. Wall Street doesn't scare the gentlemen from South America one little bit."

Interviewing men who are accustomed to handling billions of dollars is no easy task for a reporter. The scribe doesn't know their language.

"When is business going to pick up?" I thought a good question to ask Leroy A. Lincoln when he was president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company.

"Here is where you and I are going to part company," he replied. "I've seen too many untrained prophets make predictions about economic matters, predictions that didn't work out worth a darn, so you are not going to get me into that class."

Mr. Lincoln could have put in an "if" or two, and been safe. That's what Joseph William Martin, Jr., minority leader in the national house of representatives did. "If the New Deal keeps on they'll have all the money piled back there in the city of Washington, and Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators, will get lousy rich," Joseph stated.

Lewis W. Douglas, president of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, got something off his chest when he said:

"This kind of a world in which we live presents a lot of difficult questions."

A difficult question to answer right now is, What becomes of all the whalebone?

Some "big business men" are women. One of these notables is Mrs. Blanche Green, of New Haven, Conn., president of the Spencer Corset company. I had but a cursory knowledge of corsets when I first interviewed her. But I learned a thing or two.

"Women are vain and you must give them something to make them look young and comfortable; if you can do that, they will be your slaves for life," Mrs. Green told me, letting me in on a secret. Still another thing I didn't know she told me in the next breath—"And, of course, you know women have to wear foundation garments."

As the interview ended Mrs. Green said, "And corsets don't use whalebone at all any more." I'm so glad she told me that, otherwise I never would have known. But what is the whalebone used for now? I'm waiting for the New Haven industrialette to return.

Tony Sarg, made famous by marionettes, may have used some whale products in his work. Anyway he told me his motto was—"Work very hard at your work, work very hard at your play!"

No advice was given me by Harry F. Sinclair, chairman of the board, Consolidated Oil company. But on April 5, 1940, Mr. Sinclair declared "the war isn't helping the oil business any." He talked more on this theme, then gave a bit of Sinclair philosophy:

"I have a great deal of confidence in people. I don't care whether they are Mexicans or Americans or who they are, I still have confidence in people."

It wasn't a lack of confidence in people that kept Henry Veeder, of Chicago, one of the nation's leading corporation lawyers, away from Oregon until 1938. He had some kind of a record for slow railroad travel.

"I bought a ticket to Portland from Chicago in 1897, and came to the coast by way of San Francisco," related Veeder on May 26, 1938. "I was just ready to start to Portland when I received a wire to return home, so took an east-bound train instead of a north-bound one. Since then I have traveled a great deal, although I never got to Portland until today."

But when Bernard M. Baruch started for Portland, he came direct. No waiting 41 years to reach the place he starts for, nothing like that for this financier. He talked for some time on matters of the day, then shot this question at me:

"You haven't anything going wrong around here, have you?"

"No, Mr. Baruch, why?"

"Well, I've been blamed for a lot of economic ills and political

boiling pots that I didn't have any more to do with than you had. So I thought if you wanted to blame someone for something, I might as well take it on the chin while I'm in your city."

Soon, the 6-feet-4 intimate financial adviser to President Wilson during war days became very friendly. "Many people ask me this question," he volunteered: "How is it that you, with your many big business connections and your many friends in New York's banking and railroad circles, can be a democrat?"

"And this is what I always tell them:

"'Oh, that's easy. I was born in South Carolina, my father was an officer in the Confederate army, the roof of my mother's home was set on fire by the Yankees and one of them slapped her face, and I lived in South Carolina through the horrors of the reconstruction period—now, what more could you ask?' And they all say, 'That's enough, too much, maybe.'

"But now, in these times, we must all be good soldiers. We must do all we can for our country; we must stop complaining, and turn in and try to do real constructive work and thinking."

I'll never know what ills Alfred E. Smith blames on Mr. Baruch, but I do know New York's famous ex-governor has had troubles plenty. One October afternoon in 1934, I went up, up ever so many stories in the Empire State building to visit Al Smith. He was feeling pretty low, having a mammoth office structure to rent, and renters seemingly far away.

Maybe I was never intended to be a great diplomat. I mentioned to Governor Smith that the previous year, when I had called on him and found nobody home, I noticed a number of rooms on the ground floor of his building were empty.

"The real estate business in New York is flat, it is flat," loudly declared ex-Governor Smith as he brought his open hand smack down on the table. "We have lots of stores and offices for rent. Other buildings are in the same fix. You have seen it. I tell you, it's tough to try and rent a store room to anyone because the entire real estate market is flat.

"Say, whenever an apartment is rented in New York City now, it's a big news story. Whatta think o' that! Just rent an apartment, and you've got a big story for the real estate editor. It didn't used to be that way. No, sir, it didn't. But what's worryin' me now is I want to go duck shootin', and there's a lot of other things I've got to do."

Virtuosos Galore

“IT’S VERY pleasant to read about one’s own death and then see what many nice things the papers say about you,” Fritz Kreisler told me as we talked about the World war. I mentioned how grieved America was when the news of his death flashed over the wires in 1915.

“I’ll tell you how that report started,” continued the violinist. “I had been wounded rather seriously, and was brought back from the front in an ambulance to a little town where there was a hospital. Soon after we reached the town there was a severe skirmish just outside the place. Another officer was brought into the hospital very badly wounded I could see. There were no cots left, so I told the stretcher-bearers I would lie on the floor, and allow him to have my cot.

“When the surgeon had gone through the room I was on the cot, and my name or number put above it. The next time the surgeon went through, the other officer was there, dead. So I was reported as having died from wounds, and the news went all over the world.”

Fritz Kreisler was very serious as he talked. Long lines of young men . . . guns vomiting death . . . Cossacks riding down footmen . . . the ghastly chant of machine-guns . . . the bursting of shells . . . then darkness.

“You know, of course, I was an officer in the Austrian army,” said the veteran, “and what pleased me was the fact that the Paris and London newspapers, my enemies then, printed very wonderful and very fine things about me. In America it seemed that everyone was sorry I had been killed. That is what I meant when I said it was pleasant to read about one’s death. I have never gotten over the fine things the Paris papers said, because people were so bitter in those days.”

I first met Mr. Kreisler when he toured the Northwest under the management of Miss Lois Steers. When I fail to see him on

his Portland visits, he chides me the next time I meet him. One of the most interesting interviews I've had with Fritz Kreisler was when he told of the "old classics" he composed.

"I was very much surprised at the great sensation that was caused a few years ago," he began after I had quizzed him about it, "when the papers published what they thought was a wonderful discovery—that I had composed 24 pieces that had become very popular under the names of ancient composers. I used the names of old Italian masters, old French masters, all who were once living composers and whose names you could find in the dictionary.

"When I was a very young man I wrote them for my own programs. I pondered over them a great deal, and at last I decided I couldn't go very far as both a composer and a soloist, so I decided not to have all these compositions published."

Mr. Kreisler explained that "in a few years these names became very famous, and my colleagues and the critics began to demand that I publish these pieces. They said it was very selfish holding them back, and other people said I kept these compositions back because I wanted to make money on them. Many years ago I sold outright to European publishers some of these 'arrangements'. I sold them for a mere pittance. That was 35 years ago, and I never made anything out of those I sold.

"Later I wrote others under posthumous names, and I would smile to myself when some critics criticized me severely for the liberties I had taken in making my own arrangements of the great masters. And then the high-brows went after me because I mixed these works of the old masters with my own on a program, listing these 'old numbers' and my own in the same bracket.

"I remember 25 years ago a famous Berlin critic was very severe on me. I had played three waltzes that I had attributed to a great old Viennese composer named Lanner. These waltzes had made a fantastic success, and that night in Berlin I also had one under my own name in the same group. The next morning this critic took me to task most severely, saying I was lacking in tact and good behavior in putting my own stuff, which he said was not bad but not good either, along with the waltzes of the great master.

"I didn't like it, so I wrote an open letter to the paper and

told them the whole story about the three popular waltzes. The paper published my letter, but the critics soon forgot about it."

In the early 1930s, Fritz Kreisler almost ended his own career. While he was stropping a razor, the strop broke, and he suffered a very painful cut, one that could have wrecked him as a violinist had the cut been just a bit deeper. Some years later I asked him if the wound had had any permanent effect on his hand.

"No, but I'm the greatest chump in the world—about some things," replied the artist who is anything but a chump.

"After I cut my hand in Winnipeg, I began using an electric razor. One evening, in Buffalo it was, I burned very severely the entire palm of my right hand while holding the electric cord attached to the razor. It was just about an hour before time for the concert. My hand was simply cooked, like roast beef, and pained terribly.

"An army doctor happened to be in the hotel, and someone told him about me. He came to help me. He washed my hand with picric acid. Do you know what picric acid is? It is something used for making explosives. It is also good for burns, I learned. The acid stopped the pain for an hour or so, but by golly my hand hurt for a long time."

In one sentence Fritz Kreisler told me the secret of his triumph:

"I am fighting constantly against the non-essentials in life, the things that take up one's time and use up one's energy to no good purpose."

Albert Spalding, American-born violinist, is also a World war veteran. He was a liaison officer in the aviation corps overseas. He spoke freely about the orchestra, said very little about Spalding. He declared:

"A symphony orchestra should not be measured by a dollars' and cents' return. A fine orchestra is just as much a part of a city's life as a fine library or a fine art gallery. People do not complain if the library does not pay profits nor if the art gallery does not show a surplus at the end of the year."

Paul Kochanski had come from his native Poland a short time before I saw him in 1926. It was our only meeting. Death was cruel to the world of music in taking away this great violinist at the age of 47. Dr. Kochanski was a fine ambassador

of good will. It was of far-away scenes he wanted to talk that January morning.

"The conditions morally very good, economically very bad," was the laconic way he summed up the situation in Poland. "Nobody has money, but, what may seem funny to you, everyone is happy because they are free. They think the new minister of finance will find a way out of the troubles of money.

"The reason Poland is not more prosperous is because most all the young men, the men who are the right age to be the best workers in the factories and on the farms, have to be in the army. A big army is too bad but we must have one to protect us from Russia. With Germany we have no trouble; of course, we are not 'spooning' with them, as you say in America, but we are not quarrelling."

Kochanski related a number of musical adventures in Warsaw. At last I asked him when a youngster should start taking violin lessons.

"A child should start playing the violin at the earliest possible moment when his finger joints are not formed, when all the bones are soft," he answered. "No child beginning at 13 or after can ever become a great artist; he may be a good orchestra player or a good teacher, but never a great soloist. You must get them very young."

Cecilia Hansen was a most charming violinist. I was much younger when I interviewed her, so she took me by storm. Blue eyes, beautiful teeth, delightful smile, blonde hair unbobbed, winsome personality, I'll admit she captivated me by both her beauty and her charm. When I recovered from my happy surprise, I asked why the fewness of female fiddlers.

"Women put too much sentiment into their playing," she explained. "This is the reason why so many fail to impress. Sometimes sentiment is useful, but it must only be sometimes, not always."

Miss Hansen said everyone should have a musical education, although only a few should ask the public to listen.

"No one really hates music," she stated, "everyone loves music, so if all were educated to understand it, to play a little, how much more enjoyment people would have listening to music."

Mischa Elman, who also knows people love good music, thinks

American teachers too soft. Born and schooled in Russia, Elman spoke as an American citizen regarding students here and there.

"In our country the pupil is greater than the teacher," he said. "In Europe the teacher is a little god, and the pupil looks up to him, and the master's word is law. That, I think, is the chief reason why more finished musicians come from the other side than are produced here.

"Take a boy studying the violin. He comes to my concert. He hears me play something he likes. He goes to his teacher and says:

"'Mr. Elman played Nardini's Sonata D Major, and I want to play it.'

"Then the teacher says, 'My son, you are not far enough advanced to play it.'

"'Oh, yes, I am,' shouts the boy.

"They fuss a bit, and at last the pupil will tell the teacher that if Nardini's sonata cannot be played he will go to some other teacher. That cannot be done in Europe.

"A child studying music must put every confidence in his teacher. It is only in this way that we can make great musicians in our country. In Europe all pupils, old and young, must obey. It should be so here."

Jascha Heifetz, who early learned to obey, has concertized in Portland numerous times. While on a visit here some years ago he said he was planning a trip south of the Rio Grande. And what strange thing do you think Jascha was doing to get ready—he was looking over the compositions of General Charles G. Dawes to select one or two for the coming tour.

"I am planning my first trip through Mexico," explained Heifetz, "and I think it would be fine to have some of the American vice-president's numbers on my program."

When told Mexican audiences might run him out of town for his melodious daring, the violinist replied, "I was through the first Russian revolution, you know."

Efrem Zimbalist hadn't heard of the Dawes "Melody" when he first came to Oregon. At that time, Zimbalist was collecting ancient Chinese snuff bottles. He was preparing for a trip around the world.

"It is a good tonic to play before audiences of different nations," declared this violinist. "In India, all the Parsees

attend the concerts; there will be more of them than of Europeans. But in China the audiences are of Europeans and Americans. In Japan I play my most serious programs, for the Japanese love music and understand it."

In discussing American composers, Zimbalist remarked, "John Powell, who is a wonderful fellow, has done quite a number of beautiful compositions, some that are really great."

Joseph Szigeti, the Hungarian violinist, startled me by almost shouting, "The fiddle is a cruel instrument—you can't just quit it and then come back to it." When time permitted, Szigeti said he enjoyed making arrangements of almost unknown compositions by almost unknown composers.

"There are so many treasures that are never discovered by the average artist, that are not in shape or ready to be played, that I am doing this work," Szigeti announced. "In some cases there are things no one ever thought suitable for the violin that I have found very beautiful. I found a little Norwegian song by a composer who died 20 years ago that was sung only by groups of his countrymen once in awhile. I tried it out, and it is going to be one of the hits for the violin."

Carl Flesch, another Hungarian violinist, was excited about Henry Ford. He said Ford enjoyed half an hour each morning playing old fashioned dances on a \$30,000 Stradivarius. At the time, the automobile manufacturer was collecting rare violins.

"I don't expect Mr. Ford is much of a fiddler," Mr. Flesch admitted, "but he certainly has a half dozen very fine fiddles. He is in the market for more, money no object, but real Strads are so rare that even Henry Ford has trouble buying them. There are about 500 known ones, most of them being owned by collectors."

As we talked that Sunday morning, the visitor uttered a truism I've remembered—"Ah, no one can tell when genius will be born."

Orchestras and not millionaires interested Jan Kubelik, Czech violinist, when I talked with him on February 29, 1936. He raved about American symphonic organizations, said harsh things about the Paris orchestra. And France refused to aid the Czechs two years later.

"Since my first visit about 1902 or so," Jan Kubelik said in

his rapid way, "America has made wonderful progress in orchestras. You now have as great as are in the world. That is the way it should be, build only a firstclass orchestra; never a half-done, an underdone orchestra can fulfill the mission of great music. Only a great orchestra can bring out every idea of the composer just as he intended it to be."

He named the Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit orchestras as our greatest. "Europe has only ten that could compare with these," he affirmed; "it should have 50 as good as any in America." I asked him to name Europe's ten premier ones.

"Well, I should say," Kubelik began, "that they are Vienna, in London there are two, then Berlin, Milan, Amsterdam, Rome, Dresden, Moscow and Prague."

"How about Paris?" I asked.

"A good orchestra, not a great one," came the quick reply, "it does not compare with Philadelphia or the other American ones I have named. The French artists don't go into details as they should in order to give great interpretations."

Moin dieu! Jacques Thibaud would have pulled Jan's ears had he, Jacques, heard those terrible words. In Portland, this French violinist was gentle.

"Music, I think, is one of the very big necessities both for the morals of people and for the depressed feeling," Thibaud explained quietly. "When you are depressed, the best thing is to hear good music, to read good books and to see fine paintings. You will feel much better if you do, for that makes you forget the selfish feeling of being so sorry for yourself. Artistic things make people forget trouble."

Queen Marie needed music to soothe her soul when she commanded violinist Milan Lusk to play for her. At least, he thought so, and arranged his program accordingly. After the concert, she chatted with him for some time.

"She was then planning her trip to America," Lusk related. "I had recently been to the States, so she asked me a lot of questions about Indians, train robbers and other things. She said she received on an average of two letters a day from Americans who read her articles, and who asked her many queer questions. Queen Marie seemed honestly interested in the United States."

Travel was the hobby of Toscha Seidel, too. "I like the ocean better than anything else in the world," he declared, "and I would do nothing but travel by steamer and give concerts on shipboard if I had my own way. If I had not been a violinist I would have been a deep sea sailor—and maybe I would have had a sweetheart in every port just like the other sailors."

Speaking of travelers, meet Yehudi Menuhin. He went everywhere before he was old enough to play postoffice. Came to Portland frequently in his youthful years. While he was in knee-pants, Yehudi began an interview by exclaiming:

"I just finished reading Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, and I think it is splendid, don't you? I never laughed so hard before as I did at that story. I enjoyed *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, too, but not as much as I did the 'Yankee'."

Two years later the boy talked about his recent visit to Scotland. "I had heard so many jokes about the Scotch that I wondered what kind of people they could be," the lad said as he took off a tweed overcoat and adjusted a plaid necktie. "When we reached the station in Edinburgh I said to my father:

"'Do you think the men and women here will be as queer as we have been told in England?'"

"'Oh, no, my son, they'll be just like other folks we have met,' he said, and so I was satisfied. And they were, only more kindly and more generous than in many other places I have been. Just why they say the people of Scotland are stingy is more than I can tell. I hope to go back there soon."

One afternoon when Yehudi was quite young I took a little girl, Dorothy Ann Snyder, to meet him at the Benson hotel. She had just started taking piano lessons, so I thought they could talk artist to artist. But she was so overcome she couldn't speak. And when Yehudi suggested ordering some ice cream, Dorothy ran out of the room.

Another youthful master of the violin is Robert Virovai, born in Yugoslavia. (Frank E. Andrews, Portland impresario, says he is "a mamma's boy.") Robert spoke of his age in February, 1940.

"I am 18, I will be 19 in Minneapolis on March 10, and I've never been kissed, never—it's a good joke for the paper," he chirped.

Miss Barbara Lull was young when I interviewed her. She enjoyed her childhood in Portland.

"I have had a lot of hard work since I left here," Miss Lull explained. "It is a real job to break the almost never-ending vicious circle a young soloist must get out of to succeed. You see, one cannot get engagements until one has made a reputation, and one cannot make a reputation without playing good engagements. So there you are. Sometimes good luck helps a lot."

Zino Francescatti, French violinist, is a real booster for the piano. He explained to me in a recent interview, "I play the piano too. But not for the concert, just for me. The piano is very interesting for the musician. The violin is just one instrument, but the piano is an orchestra."

A hardboiled veteran is Mishel Piastro, concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic. When Piastro first went from St. Petersburg to New York he was astounded.

"My first surprise in New York was the big crowd that went to an afternoon symphony concert to hear a rather severe classical program conducted by Dr. Walter Damrosch," Piastro stated. "I never realized so many people in America would come to such a concert, but I have since learned that Americans are great lovers of good music."

Georges Enesco, the Rumanian violinist, wanted to talk only of his country. Of America's progress in music, not one word. "I want the friends of my country to realize that we are surrounded by enemies," he pleaded. When asked regarding his trip across the Atlantic, Enesco replied, "Not so stormy as I like it. I like the weather stormy at sea; I like the ship tossing and jumping about. It gives me what you say is the thrill."

Some violinists refuse to stay violinists. Harold Bauer is one. The London-born soloist is strong for art, but appetite cannot be ignored.

"It was a force of circumstances over which I had no control that sent me to the piano," Bauer told me. "I went to Paris, where I could see more of the artistic world than in London, but the supply of violinists in Paris was so great I simply couldn't get work anywhere.

"I reached a point where I was starving. I was poorer than any church mouse that ever lived. I could play the piano a bit,

and found odd jobs serving as an accompanist. Then one night some one on the program failed to appear, and I filled in with a piano solo, for which I received enough money to allow me to eat four days.

"Then I got another 'fill in' job, and from that time on I turned to the piano. I've almost forgotten how to play the violin now, but for a long while after I was a public pianist I could play the violin much better than the piano, but no one would listen to me."

Poland's great pianist also endured starvation days before he caught up with success. Ignace Jan Paderewski had a severe struggle to reach the top. I had owed him a dollar for years, but when I went to pay him he would not take it. The pianist laughed when the piece of silver was handed to him on his last visit to Portland. He held the dollar a moment, then handed it back.

"I congratulate you on having a dollar," he said, chuckling as he was reminded of the time he wrote his autograph for me and asked for a dollar for the Chopin monument fund. At that time I was poorer than a pencil seller, didn't even have 15 cents.

"I will say now, since you offered to pay the debt, that you don't owe me a thing," the visitor continued, "and I am very glad you are prospering so well that you can pay your old debts."

"I saw you a couple of times in Paris during the peace conference, Mr. Paderewski," I remarked.

"Ah, yes, what were you doing over there?" he asked.

"War correspondent."

"War correspondent at a peace conference?"

"Well, you see, I stayed over a few months after the war."

"Oh, that was the way."

"And I was tempted to offer you that dollar over there."

"I wish you had, I would have taken it then. War times are hard times."

The pianist then remarked, "I like the Pacific coast, I like it so well that I have two ranches in California. Once I lived for more than two years there without going away."

"Better be careful," I said, "or the Californians will be calling you a native son."

"Well, a lot of things could be a great deal worse than that," he ventured.

Mr. Paderewski spoke feelingly of his wife, who was then very ill in Switzerland. He was glad the international situation was quiet, hoped world trade would improve soon. He asked about business in Portland, said America was much better off than Europe.

He was leaving his private Pullman car for a drive. "I like to take an automobile ride every afternoon," he explained, "for it gives me a complete rest, as I am then away from everything that suggests work."

I told him we would look for him back within two years.

"That's very fine of you, I'll come back," he said, slowly.

But he did not. I still have the dollar I offered him.

It's always a glorious time when one interviews Josef Casimir Hofmann, also a Polish pianist. A quiet, Napoleon-sized man, Josef is good copy. He was looking at the display window of a wine store during a Portland stroll. I had met him often, so stepped up to speak to him and arrange for a time to talk. He was on his way to get a cup of coffee. Would I go? I would.

Before the second cup was ordered, I mentioned his playing of Chopin. The pianist was pleased.

"Chopin composed for the piano, not for the violin or the piccolo or the bass drum," said Dr. Hofmann. "Chopin is for the piano; try to sing it—it doesn't go; try to orchestrate his dainty pieces—it isn't possible; try to make it chamber music—it doesn't work.

"Chopin was so much for the piano that I often say his mother and father were the piano, not humans like us."

In order to clear up a mystery, I asked if the apple story is true. It is told that when he played his first New York concert, a small boy then, an apple rolled out of his pocket as he was playing a Chopin number; he is said to have jumped up instantly, and run after his apple.

"It may have happened, I don't remember," he replied. "It could have happened, because I do like apples. But you must know that a great many more important things have happened to me in the past 51 years than chasing an apple across the stage."

During this kaffeeklatsch Dr. Hofmann made a rather startling statement.

"It takes a long while for an artist to get a name in this country, unless he is a foreigner," the pianist, born in Krakow, heralded. "If one comes to America from Europe with something of a name over there, he quickly becomes famous here, sometimes over night. But if he is an American, this fame comes very slowly. Money helps. If one has money, it will pay for propaganda. Money exhilarates fame."

Mention was made regarding music students. This caused the soloist to remark, "The talented ones are always poor; I know I was, Kreisler was, Micha Elman was, almost all of them are."

I asked if the piano should be taught in public schools.

"It is more important than Greek and Latin," Dr. Hofmann averred. "Music is still alive, they are dead. The old, dead, are for the scientists, that's all. Music is a general pleasure."

Speaking of the alive, there's Jose Iturbi. If Chopin's parents were pianos, Iturbi's were dynamos. The Spanish pianist visits Portland frequently, always in whirlwind fashion. I go down to the airport to meet him, expecting him to come in riding on the wing of the plane.

The first time I interviewed Dr. Iturbi was in 1932. He recently had come from his home in Valencia, Spain. So I asked about a revolution, inquiring, "What does the king think about it?"

"The king! The king! What does he think?" shouted Iturbi, waving his arms. "I should know what he thinks! But I think he say, 'Oh, damn!'"

After bit I got around to the question, "Is Europe accepting any American music?"

"Only the jazz, which is too American to be taken by European composers," Dr. Iturbi replied. "I like the real jazz, and now I can play the jazz too. But, please, may I say that there are two kinds of jazz in America, cheap and good. The cheap is in the cheap places, but the good is fine for modern music."

When the Spanish pianist was here last year, I asked, "How old should a child be before starting to play the piano?"

"Play? No, practice? Six or seven," he replied. "And, if I may say it, immediately give the child a good teacher and a good instrument. Too many people say, 'Oh, she, or he, is only

a child now, so we will have a cheap teacher and a poor piano until the child grows up.'

"No, no, that is not right! You should no more give the child a poor teacher and a poor piano any more than you should give her rotten milk or rotten meat. In the beginning you have to take good care of the tree, of the flower, of the child. But it is the opinion of 99 per cent of the people that a child should not have the best when the child starts music lessons. That is exactly the time for the best, it's too late afterwards.

"Then I would like to advise people who believe in child prodigies not to force the children. I am convinced that we are losing today several future great artists because they are using them as child prodigies."

Jazz has received kind treatment from Percy Grainger. He told me that "foreign musicians found jazz too hard to play; it required too much individual effort for them. The man who writes good jazz has the same qualities that the man who writes classical music."

Grainger paid a real tribute to American music.

"One of the great gifts to music was made by America," said this pianist-composer. "It was America that invented a type of popular song, the songs of Stephen Foster. What Foster gave was a folk song for all the world. When I was a boy in Australia we sang his songs with as much joy and pleasure as you did in Oregon or in Ohio. America is richer in different kinds of music than any other country, and it has been for some time. It has all the various kinds of music I'll name for you:

"First, the white folk-song as found in Maine, in the Blue Ridge mountains, in Kentucky and among the cowboys.

"Second, the Indian songs, which are different from any of the music of white men. I'm not so sure that it is different from the Oriental, but I haven't studied this deeply enough to talk at length about it.

"Third, the African-American music, which is supposed to be very much African but which in my opinion is 80 per cent white.

"Then we have the composed popular songs like the Foster songs, and also the songs like 'Dixie' and 'Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny'. And we also have the popular music beginning with ragtime, jazz and swing, which is one continuous evolution.

Then we have the classical music built upon the international traditions of Europe.

"The tragedy of American music is that the American public has been too prone to accept the anti-American edicts of the European musicians."

John Powell—born in Richmond, Va., and musically resurrected in old Vienna—is a composer and pianist. He has studied deep in sources of American melody. He related some of his conclusions.

"The Red Indian school can never give us a national American music," John Powell said. "The Indian material is too scanty, monotonous and inelastic to lend itself to musical development in the higher and more complicated forms, but the fundamental trouble lies deeper. We Americans are not Red Indians; we are not even Americans; we are Europeans in race and language. It could never be possible to express our European culture and psychology in terms of the musical idiom of an alien and primitive race."

The Virginia scholar next took up the music of the lowly.

"When the Negro music is analyzed we see at once that that part of it which is purely Negro is also as meager and monotonous as the Indian music," Powell explained. "Many of the best known Negro songs are now known to be not folk songs at all but the compositions of white men, for example, the Stephen Foster songs. And the Negro spirituals, it has been discovered, are also chiefly European in their origin, being merely Negro adaptations of white campmeeting and revival tunes of the last century.

"Most of these spirituals, when critically analyzed, show clearly in their melodic and harmonic structure their Caucasian origin."

Rudolph Ganz came west during the period of economic stress. He did not discuss American music in any form, shape or void. "Depressions may be a good thing in order to show us how much we can rise above them a few years later," he explained semi-cheerfully.

Then the Swiss pianist said, "One notices that in times of depression the unnecessary things suffer first. The things that people do without in the beginning of these troubles are the luxuries, and I'm sorry to tell you that too many people count

music as a luxury. The next that are allowed to go by the way are the spiritual things. What a cold and dreary place it would be to have a land without art and without spiritual life. I do not ever want to be there."

Mirthful and gay was Josef Lhevinne. "I like to play the big composers," this pianist announced, "and recreate them. I never compose. But it's a wonderful work to tackle an old piece, and try to play it as though you have never seen it before. I recreate the old masters; that's the artist's job, to present the old in such a way that it is like a second creation. If one succeeds, one is victorious.

"Of modern classics, I like the French the best."

Lhevinne went on to say that "as the years go on you get more thorough and do deeper thinking and give more expression to your work. Youth has its charm. There's nothing impossible to youth. This is why boys go to war so gaily, we men who know life would not do it."

Ignaz Friedman, Polish pianist, composed a great deal. "Oh, yes, I am writing new compositions," Friedman exclaimed. "I have different pies in the oven. Sometimes I write something; it looks very beautiful; six months after, when I see it is very bad, I tear it up.

"You understand, please, a man cannot be a good servant for two gods—reproduction and production."

Moriz Rosenthal almost wept when he told of the trouble piano and violin soloists had to get appearances on symphony concert programs in Europe. This pianist in his concert here stopped in the middle of a number because a woman was coughing—"Impossible," he exclaimed as he dropped his hands from the keyboard. He resumed when the coughing ceased.

"In Europe now orchestra concerts very rarely have soloists," Mr. Rosenthal said in his interview. "Years ago it was very common for pianists and violinists to play with symphony organizations, but no more. There are two reasons—the audiences want only the great artists, and the conductors do not want these soloists because they detract from the applause that would otherwise all go to the conductor. So the question is settled by having no soloists."

Benno Moiseiwitsch found the Australians "simply wild" about classical music. He went to the island to play 30 concerts,

but had to stay long enough to give 72. It was difficult to get him to talk of anything save his visit below the Southern Cross. But at last he did say a few words about modern music.

"There are always a few new notes trying to get out," Moiseiwitsch stated, "but they have a very hard struggle. Only a very few are worth being let out. So the new music being so uncommon, most of us are satisfied with the old. I think the old masters are pretty hard to beat, as you say in this country, and they are pretty good friends for us to stand by. Sometimes someone says something new in music, and when a true note is heard we welcome it."

New notes were not worrying Walter Giesecking when he came to play Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto with the symphony orchestra. He was glad to reach Portland, he said, because he liked to give concerts in new cities. My first question was, "You are said to have the largest repertoire of any pianist; is this true?"

"That is difficult to say," he answered. "How shall I know how large the others have? I play more different modern pieces than perhaps any other pianist. When I finished the conservatory I could play all the 32 Beethoven sonatas from memory. I memorize a great many more compositions than I can play in my programs. I have 25 or 30 concertos ready to play with the orchestra all the time."

Giesecking was asked where he attended school in his youth.

"I didn't," came the prompt reply. "My parents traveled so much I could not get into a school, and stay. My father was a physician, but he enjoyed traveling, and we were in many countries in a short time. My father was musical, not a musician, and I began playing when 4½; I began my real study when 16 in Hanover. It has been my home ever since. I married a Hanover girl."

"Do you compose?" I asked.

"Oh, very little," Giesecking answered, "some few things, but I don't have time now. I'm writing down a few melodies for children, and my two little girls sing them so I think the melodies are successful. I will write them for other little girls to sing."

Maybe Grace Castagnetta will sing Giesecking's songs. She, too, came to Portland to play with the symphony, it being her American orchestra debut, on February 5, 1933. But she had

been piano soloist with orchestras in Cologne and Dusseldorf. Her mother was her inspiration.

"I've been playing in public since I was 4," said Miss Castagnetta, "but at 7 I began taking lessons. My mother always went with me to the master, and she would sit beside me at the piano while I practiced. During my public school days in the city I only practiced 1½ hours daily, but in the summer vacations my parents would move down to Long Island, and there I had to play the piano several hours every day."

Hopeful was Mischa Levitzki. "Music will die only when the human race dies," he remarked as he dallied with a jewel-studded cigarette case, "and I have it on inside information that the human race is going to be around for a long time more. I don't want you to think I'm a Polly-Anna rushing around scattering sunshine, but I never have been one of those people who think music is headed for the dogs.

"Assuming what I said about music being as permanent as the human race is true, just remember that the piano is the basic instrument in music. We have to rely on it for support whether we sing a song or play a violin or 'cello solo."

This made me recall Felix Salmond, violincellist, who wouldn't talk about music. Just cities. Why? Ask the marines.

"New York is thrillingly beautiful," Salmond announced, as though he had discovered something new. "I can think of no other term to describe it. There is no other term to describe it. There is no other place like New York this side of heaven—I refer to the atmosphere and the architecture. It is thrilling."

Daniel Ericourt thought Paris the world's finest city. But the French pianist didn't talk about it. "The trend" was his theme. "There is a definite trend of improvement here in the liking for classical music," he said. "And I think jazz is on the decline. Maybe I should not say that for publication, but it is true. Jazz is on the decline. But my favorite American composer is George Gershwin."

Rudolf Serkin, native of Eger, Austria,—“not far from Pilsen, where they make such good beer,” he explained—made a discovery. “The orchestras of America are much more enthusiastic than those of Europe, they like to rehearse here, like to play,” he declared.

Serkin made a most sensible statement about children attacking the piano.

"If children like it, they should start very early; if they don't like it, don't start," was his advice.

Mieczyslaw Munz as a child wanted to play the piano. A great many Polish children have this urge. A veteran of Poland's army, he was still a young soloist when he first visited Oregon.

"I had to practice much to get along," he confessed, "but I still have to practice a great deal. To be a piano soloist means to be a good practicer."

Munz was on an Australian tour when he decided to give concerts in the United States. "But I thought I had better go home and see my parents before I came where there are so many bears and wild Indians, and what you call them, buffaloes," the young artist explained. "So I went from Sydney to my old home, then I came to Los Angeles. It was a big ride, and I got tired."

Madame Elly Ney wasn't afraid of the Indians. "Every musician in Europe wants to come to this country," she said. "Most of the best musicians of the old countries came here before the immigration law was passed. All of the other good ones want to come."

Miss Poldi Mildner, Viennese pianist, was too young to talk much for publication. "Vienna is much better now, the depression is no more," she proclaimed in February, 1937. "More tourists come now than before, they have a fine time dancing and singing, for my city is gay again."

What great changes a few years can bring.

Miss Janet Graham, San Francisco pianist, was in Vienna to give a concert when the German troops marched in. "The average Austrian didn't want them to come," she stated very firmly. "Only the young people who didn't know the war, who didn't know its aftermath, wanted the Nazis."

The present war was raging over much of the map when I asked Alec Templeton, blind pianist, if the conflict would affect his programs. "I am just going on playing anything I like; music is an art that knows no battlefields," he said.

Bela Bartok, Hungarian composer-pianist, was greatly worried over the violent trend of the times in 1941. But he gave his profession some advice:

"The important thing is for us artists to work as long as possible; it is our duty."

No one else is more pleased when American musicians are successful than Guy Maier, Buffalo-born pianist, composer and teacher.

"Young America will accept anything in music—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart—if it is presented to them imaginatively and vitally enough," he pointed out. "Instead of being bored, the youngsters will 'holler' for more. To be sure, I occasionally put in on the program 'The Rhapsody in Blue' and 'Sentimental Rhapsody' because I firmly believe much popular music is good music, in fact, a lot better than the 'salon music' which is dished up to the young people."

Maier once told me, "Music is for the ear, and should be taught by ear; it is only the stupid music teachers who object to this method."

Dalies Frantz, native of Denver, played a Portland piano concert as part of his honeymoon. He discussed talent, not brides. "Talent is far overrated," he gave as his opinion. "If one is to make music a profession perhaps talent would be worth while, but just for home concerts, for one's playing for one's own enjoyment, talent isn't necessary."

John Murfree Williams, one of America's best known educators in the realm of the piano, thinks hard work and good instruction are handmaids of talent. I asked regarding the age Elaine or Junior should start taking piano lessons.

"One year before the child begins going to school," came the reply, "one year before the school teacher gets hold of the youngster. And another thing, the beginner should take a lesson every other day, not simply once a week. Maybe I should say that if the child is 5 years old, a lesson every other day should be given; if younger, maybe two a week would do until the tot is a bit older."

Pianist Vladimir Horowitz, native of Kiev, Russia, said, "I practice three hours each day in the summer time, in winter I practice by listening to the radio." When I asked him to name his favorite composer, he replied briskly:

"Favorite composer? Ah, I play all of them. But I will tell you my favorite—perhaps you know him—he is Professor Good

Music. I like him very much. So he is my favorite composer—Good Music!”

Children are a subject on which Pietro Yon, the organist, speaks drolly. He thinks the papas and the mammas should be spanked, not the youngsters. The parents are to blame because American youngsters are not musical, he says.

“Soft, kind-hearted papas and sweet, loving mammas, they don’t make baby practice,” shouted Mr. Yon. “‘Don’t take away all his fun,’ says papa. ‘Oh, the little dear must get out and mingle with other children,’ says mamma. And what does little sweetheart say a few years later. He say plenty.

“Everywhere I go, all over the world but especially in America, men come up to me after the concert, and say, ‘My, I wish I had studied music, I wish I could play something beside the pinochle!’ Not poor men, but very rich men say him, yes, millionaires say him. The parents are to blame. They make loafers out of the children when the kids are 5 years old.”

Pietro Alessandro Yon, proud of American citizenship as well as of Italian birthright, is doing all he can to make America musical. He loves his new country.

“Everywhere in America they are live wires,” he proclaimed. “And when they show you a good time they do it from the heart. If they do it for business they tell you before. It’s a funny life!”

Charlotte Lockwood, a Tarheel girl who became a noted organist in the New York metropolitan area, was taught by her father to play the piano. “When a reed organ was installed in our church in Reidsville, N.C.,” she explained, “and no one knew how to play it, my father said, ‘Charlotte, I think you can play that organ.’

“It was a big order, but he found some books on the pipe organ, and by keeping a couple of jumps ahead of me, he was soon able to teach me to play hymns and bits of the classics. The organ has to become second nature to one, and it is best to start young.”

Once when the Pro-Arte String Quartet, of Brussels, Belgium, toured the west Robert Maas, cellist, and Alphonse Onnou, violin, were the interviewees in Portland. They wanted to talk about conditions in Europe. So did everyone else. I tried to get the duo to talk music. I wondered if they were composing.

"There is enough bad music, it is not necessary to make more," replied Maas.

"I think there is enough good music so we don't have to make any more," said Onnou.

Maas ably summed up the European situation in two words, "Everywhere something!"

Gregor Piatigorsky, native of Ukraine, could have raved about Europe, but he was kind. Instead, he talked about his Montagnana 'cello, "born in exactly 1739." He then remarked, "I am very proud of her." This gave me a lead for a question, "Are there many women who are good cellists?" I could have said, "Are there many good women who are cellists?"

"Oh, yes, there are many fine women cellists," replied the artist. "In England there are a great number, several of whom are soloists. But the most famous of woman cellists is a Portuguese lady."

But I forget all about this Portuguese lady when I think of a certain *senorita* from Madrid. It seems a long time ago, does 1931. It was a long time ago, in modern Spain. In 1931 the Aguilar Lute Quartet gave a concert in Portland. I heard much from them about conditions in the sunny, bloody land. Both Pepe and Ezequiel talked freely, *Senorita Elisa* only a little save with her eyes, they were beautiful; the fourth lutist didn't speak a word.

"To us it will be very sad if the king comes down," said Ezequiel, "because we are very good friends of the royal family. Our father was physician to the king and his family, and we are all so good friends."

The chat drifted to audiences. The lute was new on the concert stage.

"Last October we played in Germany," said one or the other of the brothers, "and they liked our music better than everywhere. They liked the classic best, and especially they very much love Bach. The public in America is very lovely, too, and they like our concerts. They like very much here the new peppy numbers of our modern Spanish composers. We like them, too."

But I doubt if Marcel Dupre, the great French organist, cared for "the new peppy numbers." He unquestionably preferred Bach. M. Dupre not only ranked as a famous organist, he also was a wonderful teacher.

"I find almost always some of my pupils in every city I enjoy seeing in this country," he told me. "The Americans are my most satisfying pupils."

"Do you still play German music in France?" I asked.

"Of course," replied the virtuoso.

"Much?"

"All the great compositions of the masters, certainly. We play all sorts of music in France, you know, even my own compositions," he laughingly explained.

Then he was asked why so few women become grand organists. Dupre gave a gallant answer.

"My classes are two-thirds boys, one-third girls," he said, "and the girls are very fine students. They study and they play as well as the boys, but the reason they do not play so much when they leave school is it often will happen they get married, and sometimes the babies come. Then it is finish for music."

Sergei Rachmaninoff was not as gentle and courteous as M. Dupre. The Russian pianist and composer, if he believes in evolution, surely claims the polar bear as his remote ancestor. I once asked Rachmaninoff in Portland if he was then on his farewell tour.

"I have no such thoughts," he announced. "I have not thought that this is my last trip. I may see you many times."

Then he started to walk away, saying, "I have not so many words for you, I have no words at all."

But I walked with him. Several questions didn't draw him out. At last I hit one that registered.

"Are you writing any more compositions with an Edgar Allan Poe motif?" caused his eyes to brighten.

"Not now, but you know the Philadelphia orchestra played my symphony, 'The Bells'," said the stern piano player who has no sense of humor. "It is a great pity I did not have Poe in the original. I wrote 'The Bells', not from the Russian translation, which is very good, but it was translated from the Russian into the German and from the German to the English by an English woman, so there was nothing of Poe left.

"The Russians like Poe, and their translations are very good. Those I should have used. That would be all right. It was too bad I did not have the original, for Poe is a great artist, a very

great artist. I should like to do some more things from Poe, but I am not doing them now. Maybe I will."

Away back in the Volstead era a French pianist, Alfred Cortot, told me music would soothe the savage breasts of Germany and France. Warm music, not the frigid. This was Cortot's hope in 1925.

"We are only human beings on both sides of the Rhine, and both love music," the artist declared. "Music is the thing that will bring about a fine feeling between the two peoples. We both have seen lots of things we must forget."

What now, M. Cortot, what now!

Hans Kindler, Dutch cellist, told me, "Art is a luxury; it is only good when it is a luxury. And the better it gets the more of a luxury it becomes."

Champagne is also a luxury. And this brings to mind a story related to me not long ago by Joseph Bonnet, French organist. He played at the dedication of Rheims cathedral after the World war.

"Rheims, you know, is in a champagne section of France," began Captain Bonnet, infantry veteran of the Marne and of Verdun. "After the services a peasant came up to me, grabbed my hand and told me how happy he was and how much he liked the music.

"'Ah,' he said, 'had you and I been here when Jeanne d'Arc came for the coronation of the king, I would have given the king and Jeanne and you some of my very best champagne.'

"He patted me on the back, and walked away. The king and Jeanne were not there, so I got none of the peasant's wine."

Aviators

EDDIE RICKENBACKER gave his bewhiskered uncle good advice years ago. America's greatest World war flier told me in an interview ten years back, "A ground ace isn't much good in time of trouble!" Colonel Rickenbacker was just another voice crying in the wilderness of complacency.

Down at the Swan Island air port on October 26, 1932, the ace said a number of things that should have meant something to higher-ups. "I'm sorry to say," he told me for publication, "that we are quite a way behind England, which is speeding its air service, and France, which has thousands of planes, and Japan, where even the school children are contributing funds to the government to buy war planes.

"I'm not one of those fellows who think war is just around the corner. But I believe in insurance. And the best national insurance we can have is to have protection. That means air-planes. We have the boys to fly them, none better. But a ground ace isn't much good in time of trouble."

The war hero declared "aviation offers a great field for the boys of today. The youngsters now are born to the plane just as they were 20 years ago to the automobile and 40 years ago to the rubber-tired buggy."

A few years before this Swan Island interview, I had talked with Rickenbacker at the Benson hotel. The old war wasn't so old that morning. He told me I looked much fatter than when he had known me in France. He was right, darn it. We began talking about that big trouble over-there. He gave a warning to his countrymen and countrywomen then, but he was given back the raspberrish ha, ha, ha!

"The fact that the terms of the armistice limited the Germans to airplanes of certain horsepower and to a standard wing spread has caused them to put their genius into planes of the size specified," the flier stated. "This has brought out a startling

number of improvements, and now the Germans are so far ahead of this country, which invented the airplane, that there is no comparison."

Eddie Rickenbacker began automobile racing in 1913. On May 30, 1917, he was to drive in the greatest race of his career. These things he told when I asked him how he happened to get to France so early in the war. On May 25, 1917, a friend in Washington telephoned him.

"I can get you in on a secret mission to France if you want it? What do you say?" the friend announced.

"This is so sudden," replied Eddie in Indianapolis. "Will tell you in the morning."

The next morning dawned. The phone jangled early. Washington was calling.

"Whatta say, Eddie?"

"I'll be with you in ten days."

"If you don't get to New York tomorrow, you don't go. Goodbye!"

It wasn't long after Mr. Rickenbacker arrived in New York the next day that he enlisted in the army, and learned that General Pershing wanted him for his chauffeur in France. After a hitch in this job, the general gave Eddie a chance to become a pilot. And what a pilot this former auto speeddemon became.

Captain Rickenbacker's squadron, 94th pursuit, that gave Red von Richthofen's Flying Circus so much trouble. This Yankee bunch was called the "Hat-in-the-Ring" squadron. It was a most popular insignia during the war, and so when I met Eddie here I asked how he happened to pick it.

"When we first went up to the front, the boys thought we ought to have some design on our ships," the ace replied, "to tell them from those in other squadrons. We discussed several designs before I thought of Teddy Roosevelt's remark of throwing his hat into the ring. I sprung it, and the boys gave a cheer. It was accepted at once, and an artist in the outfit drew the design. It became pretty well known in a short time."

Rickenbacker predicted that "the air ship will not displace the automobile but it will be a common 'buggy' for short visits within a few years."

One thing about talking with this pilot, he uses words that a layman can understand. So many experts pour forth words,

phrases and clauses that only other experts in the same line can understand. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, the scientist who has given the cosmic ray a good recommendation, once told me, "Anything can be explained to the layman if you take enough words."

That is just what Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, America's greatest dirigible expert, did when he visited the Willamette river as navigating officer of the cruiser Portland before he was ordered to take command of the Lakehurst station.

"I do not think the dirigible will be used as a fighting ship, but only for scouting and general observation purposes," he told me. "It may also be transformed into a transport for small bodies of troops, although the present dirigibles are built to carry only members of their crews. But this could be arranged. Nothing that has happened to the airship, and this includes the Akron disaster, has diminished my belief in its eventual success as a great commercial carrier and a priceless naval scouting craft."

Commander Rosendahl was sure these big gasships could be used to transport troops long distances under certain conditions. He had made a ten-hour flight with the Akron carrying 207 men on board.

"Several dirigibles could take a regiment of marines from the Pacific Coast station to Central America in a few hours," the officer said.

What Commander Rosendahl is to American dirigibles, Charles A. Lindbergh is to American airplanes. Lindbergh visited Portland September 14, 1927, during his flight around the nation in his famous plane, Spirit of St. Louis. At that time, the lone eagle treated newspapermen as though they had a right to live on the same earth he so glorifies by his presence.

At the very outset of the interview, Lindbergh remarked, "I would rather not go into personal matters, please. People are not interested in me, they are interested in aviation."

I asked him regarding the many freak air flights then being attempted.

"Personally, I'm in favor of future prize flights being made in the interest of safety instead of speed," promptly replied the aviator. "Ships should not take off without careful preparation, but they should not be stopped from making transoceanic

flights. They should no more be stopped than automobiles should be stopped from racing on speedways."

Inquiry was made as to the future of his plane, Spirit of St. Louis, if it was to be presented to the Smithsonian Institution.

"I've talked this matter over with my friends in St. Louis, those who backed me on the flight," explained Lindbergh, seemingly pleased by the question. "They seemed to think that would be the place for it. I think so, too. But I'm not going to give the ship up after this flight. I'm not going to part with it right away, not by any means. But some day the ship will be placed in the Institution at Washington."

As he was the most famous flier to land on Portland's then new Swan Island airport, he was asked what he thought of the field.

"It's not wide enough, but I would rather not discuss local air ports," he made known. "Just landing on a field once doesn't give one much of an opinion on conditions. Different cities have different problems and wants. But I will say the field here is a fine one on which to land."

The subject of "Lindy songs" was mentioned because many welcoming committees had groups of children singing them when Charles came to town.

"Well, I'll tell you about that," snapped the flier, "I don't like them. But if a city has prepared them as a part of its program, I'll not interfere. They can sing them. I'd rather they wouldn't."

The next day I talked with Lindbergh when he wasn't so tired. I asked if he was planning a lecture tour.

"No, I'm not," he answered, quickly. "I hadn't even thought of that."

"Are you going to write another book?"

"No, of course not; what would I write about?" he said, smiling.

"This present trip in and out of 48 states."

"Oh, that wouldn't make a book, and besides, it has been written so much about in the papers," Lindbergh continued. "I don't even plan to write any magazine articles about these hops. There hasn't been anything unusual on the trip excepting in Portland, Maine, where the fog was so thick I couldn't land the day I was supposed to. Fog doesn't usually keep me gues-

ing, but the kind they had in the other Portland was too thick for us to play with.

"I've had some rain, but that's a part of good weather in some sections. I had never been in Washington or Oregon until this trip, and the beauty of the scenery is undescrivable. I sure would like to have more time here to see the mountains and the waterfalls. The Cascades are as beautiful as any mountains in the world."

As I was leaving his room, Lindbergh remarked, "It's fine to see these crowds, to know so many people are interested in aviation. I would like to give everyone a personal smile, but I just can't. But, Mr. Hazen, I try to do my best."

Lady Lindy, as many writers called Amelia Earhart, had real opinions regarding women fliers. She had just arrived in Portland, by train, and began a busy day by granting me an interview before she repowdered her nose. I had called her the world's sweetest flier, and she at once started a warlike conversation.

"Women may even be more desperate fighters than men, we've never been tried out," Miss Earhart declared. And she was speaking seriously.

"I think the women should be drafted for fighting service in the next war along with the men," Miss Earhart continued. "Do you know why I think so? Because it would be the finest possible way to end war. I feel that war must end or what we now call civilization will be ended."

"Do you think women fliers will be used in combat in the next great war?" I asked.

"You are talking to a female who feels there shouldn't be sex distinction," snapped back the reply. "Capacity to do the work at hand and not sex should determine. We have so few women fliers today that we don't know their value. But I see no reason why a woman couldn't be trained to fly all types of planes in aviation that men can fly.

"Women could work behind the lines bringing up supplies. They could be made pilots for observation planes and other types of ships, if the generals didn't want us to fly fighting craft."

Something was said about the romance of women aces flying

at the enemy, and winning a battle. This was in 1933. Romance—the word didn't click with Miss Earhart.

"Aviation isn't romance, it's work," she retorted. "It is as much of an industry as the railroads or making automobiles or lumbering. Romance, no! It's plain hard work. Just as much hard work is necessary in aviation as in any other job. It takes months and months of planning and working to make a big flight."

The pretty Ruth Elder, who took a famous bath in the well salted Atlantic, was quite independent when she visited Portland as an aviatrix. She was flying without a compass to get ready for the Los Angeles-Cleveland race. And she found it hard work, but not as hard as lumbering, to fly compassless.

"I'm now going without a compass to get used to it," she asserted when she landed at Tex Rankin airfield near Portland. "It is my first flight with a map alone. You see, something might get wrong with the compass during the derby, and if I weren't used to map flying I'd be out of luck. I think it's lot of fun this way."

Local friends started to drive her to town for lunch. Soon after the car speeded away, a black cat ran across the street just in front of the automobile.

"Let's go back," Miss Elder exclaimed, "that cat will give us bad luck all day if we cross its path. I'm afraid. No, I'm not superstitious. Well, I always say I'm not until a black cat crosses my path, and then I'm scared."

The car had to be driven back to the airfield, and a restart made over a different road.

Maybe it was a black cat that crossed up Douglas Corrigan. I found him slumped down in a rear seat of a chair coach on his way to Spokane to give a book talk. He didn't want anyone to know he was on a railroad train.

"I didn't take a plane up from San Francisco because you can't tell what the weather would do," he confessed.

"Are you ever going to fly back to Europe?" I quizzed.

"Maybe, maybe I'll fly back in my own ship, maybe I'll take one of the passenger ships," the avitor replied.

"Steam or air ship?"

"I think it will be a long time before they have an air service

across the Atlantic from this country," said Douglas Corrigan in 1939. A poor guess.

"What did you think about during the time you were flying to Ireland?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"Oh, you must have thought of something, those were long hours out there," I insisted.

"No, nothing. The time didn't seem long to me," yawned Corrigan.

I know one aviator who doesn't go gallivanting about without thinking. He is Gill Robb Wilson, state aviation director for New Jersey. He told me, "nothing has ever been the matter with aviation excepting the people."

Major Wilson had much to do with the investigation of the dirigible Hindenburg disaster. He was an eye-witness of the holocaust. Wilson was making a study of heavier-than-air craft, and was on the Lakehurst field awaiting to get reports from the flight.

"The ship was within 50 feet of the ground," Wilson said. "Then I saw a lick of flame coming out of the gas shaft on the top of the ship. The flame was the size of a tablecloth and the shape of a shark's fin. I expected that the next minute the 7,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas would explode and blow the whole station off the map.

"Pure hydrogen, you know, burns very slowly, and the way the cells were arranged didn't give it a chance to mix with the air. That accounted for the small loss of life. But I thought everyone around the place would be killed. When I saw that first lick of flame, I turned to my mechanic, and said:

"'Charley, there are 300 of us dead!'

"The outstanding feature of the incident was the courage with which those blue-jackets of the station ground crew plunged into the burning hell to rescue the airship passengers and crew. If the navy department fails to recognize C. E. Rosendahl and his crew, there's something the matter with its sense of justice."

I don't know how fast the navy department was in passing out recognitions to the Lakehurst boys, but I do know the army didn't hurry in promoting Kelly and Macready after they added laurels to its flying corps. For years they were the best known army fliers in the west.

Lieutenant Oakley G. Kelly and Lieutenant J. A. Macready made the first non-stop flights across the United States, May 2-3, 1923. Their actual flying time was 26 hours, 50 minutes. The boys carried beef broth and coffee for food.

"When we reached San Diego the coffee that was made in New York was still too hot to drink out of the thermos bottle," Kelly related. "The newspaper boys sure got a kick out of that."

A narrow squeeze came in getting over the mountains in New Mexico. "It was a darn close shave, and for a little while I was afraid we wouldn't make it," the flier said.

I talked with Major Macready before the non-stop across the Pacific had been made. He was all for such a trip. "The Pacific flight is not such a terrible adventure as one might think at first," he explained. "It is a long hop, that's true, but aviation has made such notable strides in recent years that what seemed great distances a decade ago are just little trips now. But here is the thing that must not be forgotten, there must be the most careful preparation."

One day at the Boeing plant in Seattle, I lingered for some time near the desks of Major Erik H. Nelson and Captain John Harding, Jr., two of the first around the world fliers. Their trip was made in 1924. Nelson was chief engineer on the cloud cruise, Harding was his assistant.

"Aviation is a great profession for a young man to enter," Nelson said. "But in the future it will not be sufficient just to be a good pilot; one will also have to be a navigator, he will have to know the design and construction of his plane, he will have to be something of a sailor, and he'll have to know how to handle men. The future pilot will not just take an airplane up and wiggle it around, and then come down and take a bow from the American public."

Major Nelson told how America had played Santa Claus to European builders. "Since that famous London-to-Melbourne air race, in which the American planes made such a great showing, a great stream of European aviation engineers has come to the United States, including the Russians, to take over all our knowledge—we started from scratch, they are getting all this for nothing," he declared, feelingly, for Major Nelson wants his country to be ruling queen of the air. "We have been so

glad to tell them about it that Germany is now ahead of us in streamlining planes."

I think the greatest thrill handsome Jack Harding got out of the flight was the attention he received when he returned. He is a camera addict, although not a collector of pictures.

"I don't collect anything," Harding announced with vim. "I got sick of this collecting business on the big flight. The girls are the worst. They weren't so bad in the foreign countries, but when we got back in our own country, my lord, it was tough. Why, girls a fellow never saw before in his life, and hoped he'd never see again, would walk right up and tear a lapel or a button off one's uniform without asking a word.

"Oh, lieutenant, I just want it for a souvenir, you look so cute!" they would say as they walked away with the loot. I never want to be cute again."

But by the time Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland and Lieutenant Albert Hegenberger made their non-stop flight to Hawaii in 1927, the nicer girls of America had quit pulling the buttons off aviators' clothes. I saw the officers not long after their spin. They were happy, courteous young fellows, wearing the same sized caps they wore before they became famous. Speaking of the flight, Maitland, the pilot, said:

"If we had had some good old fashioned moonlight that night, we would have felt a lot happier, and wouldn't have been nearly so lonesome. I never saw a night so dark as that one was. When we saw the sun peek out that morning, we were there; that's all there was to it. We knew we had won. I'd advise all the boys who are planning on that hop to pick a moonlight night. The old man up there is a mighty big comfort."

Then Maitland explained that he "spent seven years dreaming and planning that jump to Hawaii. I got everything together that I thought we'd need for navigation, and then, by jimminy, the things I had put the most reliance on failed us. It was a good thing we had all the instruments possible."

Hegenberger, the navigator, didn't say much about the trip. "It's such an old story to us," he stated, "that I guess every one who wants to knows about it. It seems that way to us. Still, we'll tell anything we can that you want to know."

A non-stop flight from Seattle to Tokio was proposed at the time, and I asked Hegenberger what he thought of it. "There

isn't a plane built at the present time that could make the trip," he replied. "But one could be built that would do it. It would have to carry at least three men—four in the crew would be a lot better."

Walter Hinton, first air pilot to fly across an ocean, brought the navy's NC-4 snugly into Plymouth, England, harbor on May 31, 1919. A fine pilot, this ex-navy lieutenant, but a poor prophet.

"People will soon be too smart to let anyone coax them into another war," Hinton told me on May 4, 1931. "They realize that a few bombing planes, with a load of poison gas, could wipe out a city in a few minutes. Another squadron with explosives could blow half a country into the middle of next week. So airplanes have abolished any more major wars."

Too bad Hinton was 100 per cent wrong in his prognostication. The world is today enduring the most terrible war in its history, a war that began less than nine years after the Atlantic flier said "airplanes have abolished major wars."

In the present conflict women fliers are said to be ferrying war planes from the Pacific coast to Atlantic ports, and then across the ocean to Great Britain. I have been told that one of these over-the-ocean ferry pilots is Jacqueline Cochran, speed flier and business woman. She told me in April, 1941, "I'd hate awfully to see women going into battle. My lord, what will happen to the world if women start killing people in war."

Ferrying war planes to Britain is a very good start.

"Women under special stress can do a tremendous lot of difficult and trying work that they could not do in peace time," Miss Cochran declared. "So if they are given a great work, they will do it. I would like to see, when the time is ripe, a woman's air corps that is a part of the regular government set-up."

Tex Rankin, who knows more about the Northwestern skies than any other man the coroner hasn't got, trained a number of very excellent girl fliers. Some of his fair pupils won national fame. He resided in Portland for years before the present conflict began. Tex is a daring young man on the flying transport.

One black, rainy, windy day back in January, 1931, Rankin started to fly Rear Admiral Byrd from Portland to Eugene to keep a lecture engagement. After a number of thrills Rankin

wouldn't talk about, they were forced to return to Portland. The next day the admiral told me:

"Ten Rankin is one of the best fliers in the world. I'll make it stronger than that; there is no better flier anywhere than Tex. The storm we ran into was one of the worst I've ever been in. It was a 50-50 chance that we would be killed. Tex Rankin didn't take that chance. He hated to turn back, but he realized it was the thing to do."

Just before he started for Eugene, Admiral Byrd in an interview had declared:

"There's a lot of bunk floating around in the world. It doesn't take so much patience to be a polar explorer; aviation requires more patience than polar explorations."

Major Albert W. Stevens, stratosphere flier, also knew there was a lot of bunk floating around the earth so he decided to go above the clouds and escape some of it. This army go-upper startled the world on November 11, 1935, by going 72,395 feet into the stratosphere.

"Well, major, what did you do when you got up there?" I inquired.

"There was plenty to do," Stevens replied. "We measured the intensity of the cosmic rays and the direction of them; we also measured the amount of ozone in the air, for ozone is more important to us than any of the stars except the sun; if it wasn't for ozone the sun would blister us on the earth in less than 15 minutes. We measured ozone as low as 14 miles up, when at that time scientists thought it didn't come any closer to the earth than 20 miles.

"We couldn't bring back any ozone, although we did bring down air samples. But ozone would have become oxygen if we had brought it to earth. Up as high as we were, the sky is almost black, while the earth that day looked brown except the rivers, and the riverbanks were green."

Jimmy Mattern is also a high flier, but not quite as uppish as Stevens. I met Mattern when he was ferrying planes north for the British forces before Pearl Harbor. He tarried in Portland a short time while southbound. He admitted he was a poor backseat passenger.

"I don't mind riding behind another pilot when I know he's all right," said Jimmy, "but I've got to be doggone sure."

On an attempted around-the-world flight in 1933, Mattern cracked up in Siberia 750 miles west of Nome.

And so did Captain E. Hamilton Lee want to be sure about the other fellow in the cockpit. Lee had flown a mere 4,000,000 miles when I chatted with him, was not comfortable on the ground. He was one of the first of the early mail pilots, having made the inaugural postal flight between Chicago and St. Louis.

"I've never been scared in the air in my life," declared Lee, "but I have been scared a lot of times on the ground. There's no reason at all to be frightened when you are up in the air if you know your stuff."

It seems only a few years ago when anyone coming to Portland by airplane was considered by city editors as worth interviewing. I recall when Lieutenant Alexander Pearson, U.S.A., was expected to arrive after a non-stop flight from somewhere in Texas. That was thought to be a great adventure. The C.E. was all aglow over it.

I was up before daybreak, and Photographer Gardiner P. Bissell and I were waiting on the Eastmoreland golf course, where Pearson was to land, when eastern skies began turning pink. The handsome young aviator arrived, didn't have anything thrilling to tell, but he did the best he could to help out the press. Once he had been lost along the Mexican border for days, and then he was real copy.

Pearson Field at Vancouver Barracks is named in his memory.

Several years after Lieutenant Pearson made his early morning call, Colonel Roscoe Turner, speed demon and fashion plate, rushed into Portland. He was thinking of a trip around the world. Was even willing to talk about it.

"What's your next big flight, Colonel?" I wondered out loud.

"Don't know yet, I'm still thinking," he replied, showing a row of well-laundered teeth as he smiled. "Figuring on a round-the-world trip, following along the equator. Going to study general conditions."

"A speed trip?" was asked.

"Oh, no, scientific one," came Turner's quick reply. "A lot of things we don't know about the air, so I'll try and find out something new that will be of interest to the boys. We'll stop when necessary. It's 25,000 miles around the globe in the middle, so it won't be a non-stop flight."

Clyde Pangborn was flying south with the Colonel at the time. I had interviewed Pangborn before. He is the most obliging of the many famous fliers I have interrogated. He is the first aviator to make a non-stop flight from Japan to the United States.

"Japanese don't make good fliers," declared Pangborn, "because they don't seem to know what it's all about. But I'll tell you this, the Japanese would make very dangerous enemies. They haven't one bit of fear, and would dive a 'ship' into anything. They would just as soon commit suicide as light a cigarette if they thought they were doing it for their country. That's why they would be dangerous.

"A Japanese flier isn't afraid to try anything, maybe he'll only try it once but he'll go after what he thinks he wants. Then their officers have absolutely no consideration for the lives of the men. It would be just too bad if a bunch of their bombers got over an enemy's fleet. There wouldn't be any effort made by the Japanese to get away, all they would do would be to try and blow up the battleships.

"Here's what they are doing now. They are practicing dropping a bomb from an airplane with a man on the bomb to steer it. In this way they figure they have a better chance of hitting a target, and the man who goes along picks a quick and easy way to go to h—."

Although we didn't know it at the time Pangborn was in Japan, Tokio was making a study of Alaska's air and the landing fields. But all of the Japanese put together don't know as much about the northern territory as does one Kansas-born aviator. An eagle of Alaskan skies is Joe Crosson, mercy flier of the north. I first met him on his way home after he had taken the body of Will Rogers from Point Barrow to Burbank, Cal. I asked Crosson regarding the report that he had urged Rogers not to take off that fatal morning.

"There's nothing to that," replied Crosson, gently, "nothing to that story at all. I wish I had, now. But that day it didn't seem much of a trip. I really didn't think anything about it. Yes, I was down when they took off. The boys were going to Point Barrow, all right. They told me that. But they didn't have their trip mapped out much beyond that."

Crosson didn't want to discuss the tragedy.

"I haven't anything to say about the accident," he said, "it was just one of those unfortunate things."

Three years later Crosson again visited Portland. "The dog teams are about out of the picture up in our country," he announced. "They are out insofar as carrying the mail is concerned. We now have a weekly air service between Juneau and Fairbanks, there's a regular Nome-to-Fairbanks air service, and we have a mail run from Fairbanks to the Kuskokwin river."

Joe Crosson enjoys talking about flying. He would have fun chatting with Amos and Andy, who have taken it up for a hobby. When I talked with Charles J. Correll and Freeman F. Gosden in their broadcasting studio, both were excited about aviation. Each radio comedian had his own plane.

"Suppose you boys have taken a mess of lessons?" I asked.

"Sure," they replied.

"And you fly around a great deal together?"

"Oh, no, that's just what we don't do," exclaimed Correll. "We don't trust each other."

I asked them where they picked up their dialect.

"I'm from Virginia, went to school in the south," explained Gosden. "Andrew, there, is from Peoria, Ill. We traveled through the south many times as a vaudeville team, and we studied the old southern negroes and practiced their dialect for hours at a time. Just before we started on this program we were with a production company in an act called 'Sam and Henry.' We would flit from town to town helping Rotary and Kiwanis clubs and other local organizations put on shows. We drilled up home talent, and put it in shape for the show."

In general conversation Gosden speaks with a snap. The minute I stepped into the studio and was introduced by Bill Hay, the famous announcer, Gosden remarked, "In these interviews we find it best for you to ask questions; we'll answer them right away."

"Okay! Is 'Amos' or 'Andy' ever going to die?" I inquired.

"Oh, lord, no," chirped Correll. "we couldn't stand for that. We do have minor characters die occasionally to speed up the story but it wouldn't do for us to bury one of the leading characters, wouldn't do at all. You can see that yourself."

Then I asked if they didn't get tired being interviewed.

"Oh, no, we are glad when we notice this much interest in us,"

avouched Correll. "When the public doesn't want to see us any more, then God help us."

The public both in America and in Europe wanted to see Captain Einar P. Lundborg when he was Sweden's most famous aviator. But the people did not have this privilege long. I met him during his western tour. He came to Portland not long after Prince William of Sweden was here. "The Swedish air lines have been operating five years, and have never had an accident," he said proudly—then looked around for some wood to tap on: "Our lines are to the countries of Europe, and not between our own cities. The country is so mountainous that air travel is not convenient."

Poor fellow, he didn't tap wood hard enough to cast a safety spell over his own plane a few months afterward.

Another great pilot killed at the controls was Frank M. Hawks. He visited Portland a number of times during the months he was establishing new speed marks every week. While cracking the record between Agua Caliente, Mexico, and Vancouver, B. C., he tarried here for gas. While he stopped south-bound, a telephone message came from Vancouver saying he didn't touch his wheels up there.

"Of course I did, I'm sure," Captain Hawks shouted. "I ought to know. Maybe I was going too fast for them. But I slowed down to 200 miles an hour as I came down to touch the ground. Oh, hell, what difference does it make, anyway? I was up there, and a whole bunch of witnesses saw me."

"How are you feeling, Captain?" I asked.

"Feeling fine! I'll make it through this time easy, if I don't break a leg!"

And J. R. Wedell, of New Orleans, also made speed records until—well, fate is fickle, and birdmen accept all verdicts. When I went to see Mr. Wedell, he was talking to Major Howard C. French, state aviation inspector. They were chatting about cross-continent hops. I asked regarding the proposal.

"I'll tell you what I am planning on doing," Wedell admitted, "I'm going to wait until we get a little more daylight, then I'm going to take breakfast in Los Angeles, hop to New York for lunch, and be back in Portland that same night for dinner."

At the time I saw him, he was on an attempted record-cracking flight between Mexico and Canada, but southbound was grounded here. Speaking of his northward trip, he said, "My only stop was at Reno."

"Get a divorce while there?" I inquired.

"No, guess not, but I had plenty of time to do so; I was there 20 minutes," Wedell replied.

Remember I mentioned that Wedell and Howard French were chatting. On July 23, 1938, I went to Swan Island airport to wish Howard bon voyage; he was hopping to Oakland, there to board the Hawaii Clipper for Hong Kong.

"It will take a week to the very hour to reach Hong Kong," Major French explained, "because we have a day in Honolulu, and do not travel at night; then there'll be a layover in Manila. I hope to get up to Canton while I'm there. I want to be in Canton when the Japanese pull another raid on the town. I want to see how the bombs drop now. It's been quite a while since I was in the aviation corps during the world war."

Silver sails in the sunset, then the bugles of eternity sounded "Taps".

Writing of so many human eagles reminds me of a noted naturalist who knew the winged type. Captain C. W. R. Knight, of Kent, England, said by many to be the world's greatest authority on real eagles, visited the west a number of times. He studied these majestic birds in every land in which they lived.

"If I may be allowed to say so, I think there is too darn much shooting of beautiful birds," he stated. "You talk so much about the disappearance of the carrier pigeon and other birds. Well, many more species also will disappear soon if there isn't a stop put to this terrible tragedy of slaughter. The eagles will soon be gone if this shooting continues."

I asked this world war veteran if the royal sport of falconry would ever be popular again.

"It never will be revived," Captain Knight declared, "because it is much too difficult to train the hawks. And then it is too slow for this jolly, up-and-at-them age. If you should get two pheasants a day with a falcon you would be doing well, whereas you could go out with a gun and get 200."

Falcons may have been used for hunting in France by the

forefathers of two noted French pilots who visited Portland during hectic months before the outbreak of the German-Polish war. They were Michel Detroyat, winner of the American national air races in 1936, and Henri Guillaument, chief pilot for the French South American air line.

Detroyat said the Americans were away ahead of Europe in their beacons and weather report service furnished pilots. "In safety you are much ahead of us, and your new planes are very fine," stated the visitor.

Guillaument exclaimed, "Oui, oui!"

A very high authority also said the new planes were fine. General George C. Marshall, before the world war began to blaze, came to the Northwest to witness the first wing maneuvers held out here. "I have been greatly impressed by the wide range of the planes and by the accuracy of their bombing," he told me.

General Marshall saw boys in the air who hoped, if trouble came, to equal the record of Major D. R. MacLaren, one of the ten greatest fliers of the World war. He is credited with 49 enemy planes and five balloons. A veteran of the Royal Flying corps, he was residing in Vancouver, B. C., when I chanced to meet him.

"Were you in the big show that started March 21, 1918?" I asked.

"Yes, we were right there," MacLaren replied, speaking very low. "I saw the thing start at 6 o'clock in the morning just east of Bullecourt. Our outfit had just come back on the job, and we had Baron von Richthofen's red circus to watch. We used to see him every day. He was pretty cagey at that time. Von Richthofen was a pretty clever fellow, no doubt about that."

I wanted the Major to tell me about his greatest thrill.

"I was scared to death so many times a day I can't tell which time I was the most scared," he confessed. "The boys all went over there as kids, they didn't hate anybody, they took it as a big game, it was just a big lark. That March period from the 21st to the end of the month was our most serious time."

The man who had the greatest aviation thrill of any living person told me about it—off the record. He is Dr. Orville

Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, one of the two brothers who invented the airplane. On my way home after visiting Sergeant Alvin York in eastern Tennessee, I went to Dayton to interview Dr. Wright.

He received me very pleasantly in his office, looked at my card, asked me if I were the aviation editor of *The Oregonian*. I was not. He smiled, then said he did not give interviews to folk who were not well versed in aeronautics. But realizing I was far from home, had made an extended trip to see him, he said he would tell me the entire story of the invention and first flight of the airplane. But it was to be an off-the-record talk.

Dr. Wright spent more than an hour telling me of the work, showing me small models and drawings, documents and letters and photographs. Not a note could I take, and when I left I promised Dr. Wright I would not attempt to compose a story from memory. It was one of those interviewing heart-breaking headaches.

Not so shy of reporters is Jack Knight, director of public education for the United Air lines. When I interviewed him he had only 18,000 hours of flying time, but this has been added to. He is a veteran air mail pilot, at the time I talked with him he was one of three living of the 20 boys who started flying the United States mail.

"Two weeks after I got my discharge from the army, March 1, 1919, I started flying the air mail," Knight explained. "This was the first regular airmail run in the world—Cleveland to New York, with a stub line from New York to Washington."

He kept in this service a long time. When at last the company gave him a deserved promotion, he had to go to New York to learn some things about public relations. And that was a real adventure.

"I hadn't been on a train for 15 years up to the time I took this job," Jack Knight said, "and just a short time ago I slept in a Pullman for the first time in 20 years. I'm telling you the gospel truth when I say that the first night I fell out of bed twice.

"I had never been on a subway until I went onto this job. About the first place I had to go was New York, and I made

a crack about never having been on a subway train. So one of the guys I was with got me onto a subway train, then slipped off the train when I wasn't looking.

"There I was, lost in the mess of tunnels under the city of New York. I rode around for awhile, and then I followed a blonde and got off the car all right."

"How far did you follow this blonde?" I inquired.

"Oh, only far enough to get out of the tunnel," Knight replied. "She was just doing a Lewis and Clark for me. I lost her as soon as I found my way to the street."

Other Sports

HELEN WILLS combines beauty and intelligence, a rare combination. Tennis has been her main interest for quite some time, but she has others—etching, black-and-white sketching, swimming, Sealyham terriers. As I talked with her at the Women's Athletic club in San Francisco, I asked:

"In what country do you enjoy the galleries the most?"

"What do you mean?" she replied, wondering if I referred to the Metropolitan or Tait's or the Louvre. She is very much an artist.

"Oh, I mean the crowds that watch you play," I explained.

"Each country has its individuality, of course," the tennis star declared. "The American gallery is spontaneous without being as excitable as the French. In France the crowd is very expressive, and the people enjoy everything about the game.

"In England, especially at Wimbledon, the gallery is quite dignified, very well mannered. But I think when one gets used to playing in the various countries, one doesn't notice the differences in the galleries at the games."

She was planning long trips to exhibit her etchings and drawings. We talked more about tennis, and as the interview was ending, Helen Wills said:

"After all, the main thing is to play the game squarely!"

Big Bill Tilden smashed his way to championships all over the tennis map, then turned professional and kept on going years upon years. He has decided opinions on matters concerning the sport. As for stars of the gentler sex, said William T. Tilden, Jr., the first time I interviewed him:

"A woman can't compete against a man in tennis, she just can't. By that I mean the best woman player would not be able to make any showing against the best man tennis star, nor could the first ten women players win from the first ten men players."

I asked what it takes to make a firstclass tennis player. It quickly appeared that this question wasn't so hot.

"I can't answer that," Tilden stated. "It requires a combination of a great many things. There are plenty of rules to follow for one to get the right start, but this doesn't mean that one obeying all these rules will become a champion. No, I can't give them to you because I am writing them in a series of signed articles."

William, who began playing tennis when he was between five and six years old, talked about the international sweep of the game, then started to tell of Davis Cup competition.

"Do women take part in these Davis Cup matches?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, they do not," said Tilden. "No matter how great a woman player is, she cannot hit the ball as hard as a man and she cannot get around over the court as quickly as a man can. Helen Wills is a great player, but great as she is there are many, many men in the United States who could beat her by almost any score they wished to. And yet she is just as great a player in her class as the greatest man player, just as great an artist, and her technic is just as good.

"As a technician, Helen Wills is just as great as Ellsworth Vines, the present champion, but he could beat the daylights out of her, so to speak, in a game anywhere."

I interviewed Ellsworth Vines while he was champion. But I never asked him if he "could beat the daylights out of Helen Wills." I did inquire, though, whether accuracy and steadiness were better than speed.

"Well, one will win more matches in the aggregate with steadiness and accuracy, but one will never win any world championships that way," he avouched. "Speed is the big thing there. You see, when you go out for the championship, you run up against fellows who have everything—accuracy, steadiness and speed."

The last time I talked with Vines, he was touring with Don Budge, who won the championship during that trip.

"Don's pretty easy, isn't he?" was asked.

"He is tougher than Perry, a lot tougher for me," confessed Ellsworth. "He is a different type of player; there's

more speed to his game than to Perry's. As I get older, I find that I like them to hit the balls a little easier."

The aforesaid Mr. Budge also paid compliment to Mr. Vines. Said the redhaired Don, when asked if he still got as much of a thrill out of the game as he did before he turned pro:

"Tennis is a lot of fun right now," he proclaimed, "because playing with Vines you don't know how a game is coming out, and you have to play your best every night."

"What formula do you have to beat Vines' cannonball service?" Budge was asked.

"No formula," was the answer; "every now and then he gets kind to me and eases up on his service."

Another chap who likes playing before crowds is Fred Perry. He remarked that tours were not easy—"You've got to keep fit, you can't go out on a couple of parties a week and really play lawn tennis," he explained.

The visitor was asked how old he was when he began tennis.

"Between 15 and 16," Perry answered. "That's the time we start playing lawn tennis over in England, but over here you start between 10 and 12."

Tennis stars enjoy golf. Several tennis big-wigs have asked about a golf game but no golfer has asked me about a tennis match, not even Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., of Atlanta. The Georgian had photography for a hobby—"I sure am a nut on taking pictures," he confessed.

It was raining the day Bobby Jones arrived in Portland to view the National amateur golf tournament at the Alderwood club in 1937. I asked the ex-many times champion if it bothered him to play in the rain.

"No, sir! I got over that," he said, "but I hate to play in the wind. The main thing I hate in golf is a cold wind."

He told of some chilly days in North America and on the other side. And those adventures brought out the query, "What was your greatest thrill, Mr. Jones "

"That's just one I can't possibly answer," he replied. "I think the thing I most enjoyed doing was winning the open at St. Andrews in 1927 after making a mess of the open over here."

As hundreds of local lads were excited over the coming

tourney, I thought an old standby question would not be out of place at the time—at what age to start playing.

“The sooner they can start the better, but the exact age is something for the parents to decide,” he asserted. “A kid starting in at seven or eight has a big advantage if he wants to play golf. I started before I was six; a friend of my father’s gave me a club, and I started to beat the ball around. I didn’t have anything else to do.”

I inquired of Bobby if any more golf clubs would be invented; he brought 14 along as part of his luggage.

“There are always new ideas,” he replied. “We get them at the factory all the time, but most of them are not any good. I don’t know what the next step will be but there can’t be any radical change in the clubs, and keep them within the specifications of the rules committee. About all they can do is to improve the styling, and change the weight distribution and the materials. Styling means a lot because a man can’t play golf very well with a club that doesn’t look good to him.”

As W. Lawson Little was for two years men’s amateur golf champion of the United States and Great Britain, I inquired about the difference between the British and the American galleries.

“The British people have studied golf longer and therefore have a better understanding of the game,” he explained. “And the British people are not as demonstrative, there’s no rooting for a favorite player; they applaud a good shot by either team. They will remember a champion or a fine player very much longer over there than they do in this country. Their favorite picture stars, for example, are remembered for years after they have retired.”

Lawson also made a few pertinent observations regarding autograph collectors here and elsewhere.

“There are more autograph hunters in Great Britain than in the United States, and they come after you with all the queerest things in the world to write on,” he related. “Over there I’ve had to sign white shoes—a lot of them—and hats, purses, walking canes and every kind of scrap of paper you can think of, including unmentionables.

“In this country I’ve had fellows try to get me to sign blank checks. They did this just for a joke. But as I don’t

use my legal signature for autographs and I seldom have any money in the bank, it wouldn't make any difference if I did sign those checks. You know, people in public life whose autographs are being asked for all the time have to establish a legal signature for protection."

Francis Ouimet also is a good fellow. Interviews best while shaving. Man of action type. Has to be doing something all the time. As he was mussing up his face with lather, Ouimet sputtered:

"Go ahead, now I can answer your questions."

So I asked, "Do you think a left-handed player will ever be golf champion?"

The twice men's amateur golf champion, once open champ, sighed deeply, then said, "I don't see why not. I don't see why it won't be possible. But you must remember there is only one left-hander in every 25,000 golf players, so the handicap against a champion left-hander is rather large. I realize that Babe Ruth was the greatest hitter in baseball, but golf is different. In golf, you are hitting a stationary object, which is a great deal different from hitting a moving object."

Charles Evans, Jr., of Chicago, known wherever golf is enjoyed as "Chick," was asked about the starting age.

"A youngster should begin playing golf when he is real young," stated Evans. "I don't believe in any of this 5 or 6-year-old stuff, but he ought to start golf at the age of 11 or 12. And I think a boy who is going to try to make a real success in golf should play other games. Baseball is good, so is football. They help a lot."

H. Chandler Egan became a golf course architect after his premier playing days were over. Speaking about noted players of the day, Mr. Egan remarked, "It's the man who is hot for the moment who wins." He had played golf a great deal the previous winter with Ty Cobb.

"Cobb is becoming a good player," the ex-amateur champion said. "He's a southpaw, you know, but he takes a very keen interest in playing, and it's fun to be with him."

Johnny Dawson works hard at his game. He said his greatest thrill came when he was playing with Bobby Jones at Pinehurst; he, Dawson, made a hole in one on the eighth hole.

Ralph Guldahl, golf dream man, didn't talk thrills. He is interested in helping the boys in the game. "What we need is fewer and bigger tournaments," Guldahl declared. "There should be one big tournament in a section with a real big purse, instead of a lot of smaller ones in the same state or section with a mess of small prizes."

Macdonald Smith—whom Palmer Hoyt says is the greatest stylist in golf—poured out plain soda water for himself—"I never take a drop of anything stronger, I'm sorry," he said. If he hadn't taken up golf, Macdonald would have made a good newspaperman for he told me:

"I am like my old friend, Sir Harry Lauder, I'm so modest it hurts me sometimes."

But I insisted that Mr. Smith tell me something of his career.

"Th' time is short, I must get th' train, me lad," he answered, "but say, I'll tell ye what to do—go up to your bonny library and ask th' good lady in charge to give you th' files of th' *Police Gazette*. There you will find out all th' things I did, and a lot of things I would like to do."

He was asked what large city was near his native town of Carnoustie, Scotland.

"Dundee," said Macdonald. "Ever hear of Dundee? They have a jute factory, an iron foundry, a place where beer is put together, and about 200,000 girls who work in the factories. I used to like to go to Dundee when I was a boy, th' turning wheels used to please me."

A bonnie lad was this great golfer when he came to America. When the World war happened along, he joined the Yankee army.

"What outfit, buddy?" I asked.

"Th' 145th Field artillery, ever hear of us," Smith snapped. "And I was a buck private in th' rear ranks, don't forget that when you are writin' your piece for th' paper. It was th' best artillery regiment in Mr. Pershing's army, just remember that."

"Do you know Tommy Armour?" I inquired.

"Very well."

"Tommy told me he was one of a half-dozen British soldiers to get into Cambrai the time the British almost broke through the German line in 1917."

"If Tommy says that, it's so," exclaimed Private Macdonald Smith.

As the interview was closing the great stylist declared, "One mustn't allow little things to worry him. If he does, it spoils his game!"

Nothing ever spoiled James A. Ten Eyck's game, the grand rowing coach was great to the very last. He was 83 years old when I met him in Seattle. And he gave an entire sermon at the outset of our talk—"The only way to row is the right way." He also stated very proudly:

"Mr. Teddy Roosevelt told me he had taken all kinds of exercise, but he said, 'Rowing is the best exercise of all.' I was very gratified to have him say it. It was a recommendation from a very high authority."

I asked the Syracuse University coach, "What makes a good oarsman?"

"Common sense, good common sense is the first requisite," Mr. Ten Eyck cracked back instantly. "Then it takes a lot of headwork to make a real oarsman. It takes a combination of things to make the good rower. I've mentioned one. The boy should be a rangy youth 6 feet or 6 feet 2, rawboned and powerful according to his build. He should weight about 175 pounds, and he must have courage and the will to win."

Asked why great, champion college oarsmen are forgotten so quickly by the public, Mr. Ten Eyck didn't answer right away.

"In the first place," came a reply in slow tempo, "a crew works as a team, a team without any prima donnas. They are not individualists but must row as one man. So they don't get written up by the sports writers like a Jim Thorpe or a Red Grange. Sometimes the stroke-oar gets a few writeups, but nothing like a football hero would.

"Then, football is a land game. One hundred thousand people can sit in a stadium and watch every play. Rowing is so far away from the public that the people can't get close enough to understand it. And then football is played every week for two months or more each fall. The reporters are around the players all the time. A crew rows in only one, two or three meets a year, and then they are out in a big river, with most of the fans on the banks rather far away."

Alvin M. Ulbrickson, University of Washington coach, has been picking winning crews for years. Not every year, but almost. "We like to have a kid that is rangy, from 6-feet-1 to 6-feet-3 tall," Ulbrickson explained. "But we don't like a man too heavy. The best crews average 175-176 or even lighter. We haven't had a football player in the crew since 1922. We want the stringy type, because they pull more for their weight and have more endurance. A fellow with bulky muscles usually ties up.

"And, as a rule, the boys who turn out for crew have never had any athletic competition in high school. Most of them are so awful at first that they stumble all over their own feet."

Like Ulbrickson, Carroll "Ky" Ebright, University of California coach was a University of Washington crewman. "Ky" was a coxswain, Alvin a stroke. Ebright was tickled because Oregon State College was getting a navy.

"There's no reason why Oregon State shouldn't have a crew," the Golden Bears' mentor said. "It takes a little time to build up a crew, but they have good material at Corvallis. No, it doesn't make a bit of difference about the river being crooked. That is easy. I'm glad the University of Portland is considering taking up rowing. The more the merrier."

Russell S. "Rusty" Callow, rowing maestro of University of Pennsylvania, passed through the Rose gateway homeward from California. He was asked, "What makes the western crews so successful?"

"Man power," he exclaimed.

"You have man power back east, don't you?"

"Yes, but out here the boys are bigger and stronger, and both California and Washington have a great many more to pick from," Rusty replied. "And there's another thing: The schools I named have much better rowing facilities, and the crews row a great deal more than ours can. Say, the Pacific coast boys are rowing three months before we ever put an oar in the water. We have the old Schuylkill river for practice; it is just wide enough for three crews abreast, and only two feet deep.

"If my friends out here want to send me a Christmas present, you tell them to send me Lake Washington from up in Seattle. If I had that back there, boy, you'd hear a different story."

As for the beanpole type, Ed Leader, Yale crew coach, told me that "the boys I get here are as tall and stringy and strong as the boys who turn out for rowing on the Pacific coast." He said he wants for his shells "boys over six feet tall, not too heavy, who are stringy; short fellows don't do well in those sliding seats." The coach pointed out that he had no difficulty getting good crews for his squadron—"the great trouble is to keep them," he stated. Professors insist on Eli's boat-pullers making passing grades.

Leader spoke unhappily of the lateness in starting practice at Yale. "Some times I don't get on the river until April 1, and by that time the crews up in Seattle have had two months of outdoor practice," he explained.

Glenn Cunningham, world's champion miler, thinks about speed when he is racing. In telling about the "spirit" on the Dartmouth track when he made the mile in 4:04.3, Cunningham said, "While I was running I thought I would make it under 4:05, but, of course, I didn't know just what it would be." He had broken other records, but this was his greatest break.

A retiring chap is this Kansan. When asked if he expected to run the mile in 4 flat, he replied. "Well, I think it will be done, but I don't know whether I'll do it or not. I'd like to, and I'm going to try."

"Did you ever run after jackrabbits in Kansas?" he was asked.

"Sure I did, lots of them," Glenn admitted. "I guess I did everything any other boy has done, and maybe more. I used to do lots of hiking, and I still do as much as I can. The fastest mile I ran in Kansas was 4:12.

"While I was in K. U., I was never interested in time; we were out to win meets and I was usually in at least three events, especially if we needed points for gains; in fact, I often ran in four events, so I took things as easily as I could to win."

The human breeze was asked how he keeps in trim, he had been running for years.

"I just take care of myself," Cunningham replied. "I try to live simply and sensibly. During the hard running season I usually try to get nine or ten hours' sleep every night. I

eat plain, simple foods—lots of steaks, fruits and vegetables; very little pastry, very little fried stuff. And I don't drink anything stronger than orange juice or lemonade."

Nor did Donald Ray Lash, Indiana University's two-miler, stuff on roast goose or gooseberry pie. "I get eight hours' sleep, I eat anything so long as it's not too much," Don declared. "In running I usually finish faster than I start; in a two-mile race you have to spread it out."

Another Hoosier with pepper in his feet is Thomas M. Deckard. This youth went in for long distance running early, on the farm, in fact. "As soon as I entered Indiana University, I enrolled in track," he said, "and as the coach was an old-time middle- and long-distance runner, he always stepped up the boys a notch from their high school ideas. I had been a miler, so at once the coach stepped me up to a two-miler; he did the same to Don Lash."

Gene Venzke, world's champion miler for two years B. C. (before Cunningham), is another boy who couldn't be kept down on the farm. "Sure, I can milk a cow," he shouted, "I certainly pull a mean teat. I'm a good, all-round farm hand. As for diet, a fellow should form good eating habits, and stick to them. I eat good food, always did, and as much as I want."

Cornelius C. Johnson, Los Angeles boy, who was the Berlin Olympics' champion high jumper, briefly told of his conquest. "I had a fine time in Germany at the Olympic games," said Johnson. "The people were very nice to us. But the Europeans are not much on the high jump. All the rivals who crowded me were Americans; one Finnish boy was pretty good, but nothing to write home about."

While not a high jumper, Gene Tunney was a pretty good jumper. The former world's heavyweight fighter, in telling of his battle with Jack Dempsey, explained the technic of jumping up after being knocked down. It took some time to get Tunney in the mood to tell his story; he didn't do so until he learned of my friendship for George Ade, whom the boxer greatly admires.

"No boxer who knows what he is doing ever gets up before nine after a knockdown," Gene declared. "You can look through the whole ring history and you'll not see a clever thinking

fighter get up before the count of nine after a knockdown. Those seconds between the time a man hits the floor and the count of nine are very precious, they are dear and golden to him, and only a fool or one temporarily relieved of consciousness gets up before the full count."

I asked Tunney if he hadn't been champion boxer of the navy.

"No, A.E.F.," he snapped. "I was a marine, 20 years old."

"Aren't the marines in the navy?" was inquired.

"A marine officially knows he's in the navy but he raises hell if anyone mistakes him for a gob," replied Tunney.

Gene gave me one line that is good enough to be the motto in a boy's school—"You've got to hit to be a world's champion!"

Old Jake Kilrain didn't think the modern ring gladiators knew how to fight. "They get in and hug each other—I think sometimes they kiss each other—they don't hit like the boys did in my day," said Mr. Kilrain—a great battler in the '80s and '90s—when I visited him at his Quincy, Mass., home; he was then past 70. "Any of the old champs would have killed the fellows who think they are champs today. Huh! I'd like to have had a crack at Dempsey or Tunney in my day. I'd a flattened 'em!"

Jack Dempsey started on a come-back campaign long after he was an "ex". Hope springs abundantly in an ex-champion's breast. Jack arrived in Portland early on the tour, and at the Imperial hotel I asked him, "How do you pick them on this journey?"

"I don't," the two-fisted whirlwind replied, "and that's just where the question comes in. Anytime one of these unknowns may put a haybaler on my jaw, and the fans will whistle Chopin as I am carried out. We are letting the local promoters do all the picking. No set-ups. I'll go four rounds if I keep on my foundations."

Dempsey explained, "fighting is not so much, for you get in and are doing something, but it is the long, hard work getting up to the place where you are ready that pulls a fellow down. The grind of training is something that a lot of fellows who might be good boxers if they would stay with it simply can't stand."

James J. Braddock missed a lot of fun in his boyhood.

"The mumps once took me for the count," said Jim, "but neither the measles nor the chickenpox has caught up with me yet." Braddock's talk had to be primed; he was not garrulous when he was the world champion. I asked how it felt when he first realized he was the champion.

"Of course, I felt great—that's what I'd been lookin' for for years—I kinda thought I'd win before I went in, so I wasn't surprised," stated James. "The only thing that made me dance around was the flashlights that newspaper photographers kept shootin' at me—I felt like I wanted blinders, those flashes hurt my eyes so—I was just dancin' to keep those lights from hurtin' my eyes any more than possible."

"When that cheer went up it sounded pretty good, didn't it?" was a primer.

"Oh, yes!"

But it didn't sound good to Max Baer. It meant he had lost to Cinderella Jim. I asked about the battle. "Braddock," shouted Max, "there's a guy who had the greatest present ever given a man—the championship of the world. It was given to him by me. I was the best little Santa Claus the ring has ever seen. They never gave me anything when I was battling to get a chance to wear the crown. No, sir. I had to step in and knock 'em cold for everything I got. But Jimmy happened around just at the right time—for him."

Max Baer then gave me a bit of his philosophy. "A mental hazard is the greatest handicap a man can have," he said. "It is a thousand times worse than cold feet. Sometimes a guy with cold feet gets a wallop that kinda snaps him out of it, and he goes in and puts up a winning battle. But the guy with a mental hazard is sunk before he steps into the center of the ring to kiss the referee."

Buddy Baer, Max's big brother, was in the room. I asked Buddy if he was helping Max get ready for the come-back. "I'm going to have to watch his diet; he's eating too much spinach again," remarked Buddy.

James J. Jeffries, a rough-and-tumble fighter, also is a rugged philosopher. "What makes a champ, Mr. Jeffries?" I asked as we talked at his ranch near Burbank, Cal.

"Well, a guy has to like the sport," growled James. "He has to be able to take it as well as give it. We won't go into

that old stuff, but there's one sure thing he has to want to do battle. Any man who don't like the fight game ought to stay out of it!"

"Do you think Dempsey was one of our greatest fighters?" was queried.

"Nope," stated Jefferies, "I don't think Dempsey could have hit a man like Fitzsimmons at all."

Robert Fitzsimmons was one of the quaintest men I ever interviewed. I long ago forgave him for knocking me across the room and over a trunk. He was just illustrating a punch. Few questions were needed to get Bob to talk. "I've had my picture in the newspapers more times than Teddy Roosevelt, and I've been interviewed a million times more than he's been," Fitz exhaled.

The last time I saw him he was studying the Bible, learning prayers, preparing to become an evangelist. His talk was more gentle than before. His use of strong words was limited to when he told of being jobbed by crooked managers. "I have been an actor 26 years, that is what keeps me youthful," he said in his dressing room at the Pantages theater.

"You must be a champion actor by this time?" I remarked.

"Naw," Robert answered, "naw, I never will be a champion actor, but say, listen to me, I was four times champion of the world. I was champion middleweight fighter, champion light heavyweight, champion heavyweight and the world's champion horse-shoer. Can you beat it?"

After telling how his big-heartedness had caused him to let hundreds of people "work him" for his money, Bob remarked, "I'm too damned honest for my own good."

Maybe that was what was the matter with Sam Langford. After looking around Harlem for some time in a search for Sam, I found him resting on the roof of a municipal lodging house not many blocks from Gramercy Park. He was blind, but Mayor LaGuardia was aiding him in some way.

"Governor, it's th' God's truth, if I'd never had any money, I'd never had any trouble," Langford told me. "If I'd stayed in the lumber woods I'd been a lot better off. I could work in the lumber woods, and I could farm. I can put in any kind of crops, and I can milk more cows with one hand than most farmers can with two."

I asked Sam how he received his nickname of "Tarbaby". He said the old ladies in the Boston district where he lived used to say, before his fights, "Our baby will win! Our baby will win!"

"Who's your baby?" some reporters asked 'em," continued the ex-sluggger.

"Sam Langford, Sam Langford, he's our baby,' these old ladies told e'm. Well, I was a little dark, something th' shade of tar—I guess you know that all ready, governor—so th' newspaper boys they just handed me th' name of 'Boston's Tarbaby.'"

Jack Johnson, ex-world's heavyweight champion, told me "the Boston Tar-Baby was one of the greats, to my way of thinking, and I judge that everyone who saw him in the ring thinks the same." When I asked Johnson to name the hardest hitters he ever met, Jack replied in a jiffy, "I can't go wrong on that one—Fitzsimmons and Langford."

Prize ring kings often hold their titles for years. Wrestling championships are will-of-the-wispish. Only one wrestler in recent years has held the title any length of time—Strangler Ed Lewis. "A wrestler should begin young, the younger the better; I began as a boy of 16 in Lexington, Ky.," Lewis related. "Since I was 17, I've had nearly 4000 matches and lost only five."

Jim Browning, when asked regarding the starting age, said, "The younger the better. The best way to learn wrestling is to wrestle."

Gus Sonnenberg, Dartmouth's All-American tackle, turned goat wrestler while playing pro-football. He became a wrestler in a week—"I jumped up and planted my head against him so hard he went down like a rock. I completely revolutionized the game."

Joe Savoldi also brought a new deal to the mat. "When I began to wrestle in public I was just another football player in the game," he said, "so I thought up something to have for a trademark. All the others had something, so I needed a new stunt. I figured out reversing the flying tackle by going in feet first instead of head first. I practiced it ten months before I sprung it. Now I'm 'Jumping Joe' instead of 'Notre Dame's ex-fullback.'"

Jim Londos, the Greek Adonis, had a cultural idea. "In the next world I am going to be a sports writer on a heavenly daily, and I want all the sporting editors and wrestling promoters who are in heaven to be real wrestlers so I can say things about them like they have said about me."

Man Mountain Dean began the interview by asking, "Do you want me to give you a good story or do you want me to tell the truth?"

Vincent Lopez confessed that "hunting is my weakness, and it is my ambition to visit the jungles of the world and get the biggest game there is."

Senor Lopez should take red-headed Gus Peret with him. Gus is a big game hunter with postal addresses at Yoncalla, Or., and Bridgeport, Conn. He is an expert on African, American and Alaskan big game. His first real hunting was for cougar in the wilds beyond Yoncalla. But Gus has his weak moments.

"I would rather face a lion or a tiger any day than a rattler; I haven't any use for snakes," declared Peret as he sipped a glass of sherry in the Benson hotel. "Any brave woman is afraid of a mouse, and I'm afraid of snakes."

In telling of African treks, Gus said the game on the Seregetti Plain is so plentiful that it appears it will never be driven out if the killings of lions are stopped.

"A lion will kill in a short time more than all the hunters kill in a year," Peret explained.

The prettiest wild game hunter in the world is Mrs. Osa Johnson, former Chanute, Kans., girl. "I'd sooner tackle an elephant any time than a leopard," she told me. "And next to the leopard is the black buffalo. By golly, he uses his head; I'd never track one of them into the brush; it would just be suicide.

"Leopards grow to be as large as a lioness, and they are quicker than greased lightning. A leopard knows his stuff, too, for the first thing he does is to knock the rifle from one's hand, then jumps at one's face in an effort to tear out the eyes first. Never trail one into the tall grass or the woods. He's so tricky he'll double back and get you."

Martin Johnson, who operated the movie camera during hunting trips while his wife Osa stood guard, made a study

of lions. Shortly before Mr. Johnson was killed he explained to me that "an unwounded lion will permit you to bother him three times before he will charge. Out in the lion country on the Seregetti Plain you can go within 20 feet of one without him taking much notice of you. If you go any closer he will get up and walk or trot away a short distance and lie down. Follow him up and he'll do the same thing again without any fuss.

"But the third time he will be more deliberate, will begin to lash his tail and show that he's getting angry. But he will go away a short distance, and then if you start toward him he'll charge. And they are very nasty animals to have charge you. There are five very dangerous animals in Africa, and it is pretty hard to say which is the most dangerous, although with me the leopard is the most dangerous. The others are the elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo. And sometimes a gorilla may be."

Should Richard H. Durrance, Dartmouth college star, go to wild distant lands it would be to find a place to ski and not a bear to skin. When Daring Dick was en route to Mount Hood, he chatted merrily about this newest of sports in the Northwest. "Start skiing as young as you can—I mean the real thing, not simply sliding down the bannister at home, although that's good training," advised Durrance. "A youngster should begin where there is a small slope, don't go to picking out a mountain until you know something about how to act on skis.

"And a lad should have someone to train him, he needs a teacher to show him how to turn, if nothing else. I think the beginner should really take lessons from a good skier, a professional one would be the best, so one wouldn't have to forget a lot of things when one really goes in for real skiing. There's a lot more to this sport than you might think there is."

Walter Prager, Dartmouth's ski coach, gave the sad Swiss information that "girls can't ski as fast as boys but their style can be just as good; girls are not big enough nor strong enough to ski as fast as boys." Mr. Prager said "weight doesn't make much difference, but a heavy man in the slalom gets more speed than a light man; and a short, heavy man gets more speed than a tall, light man.

"But the little fellow can get as much speed as a big man. A man shouldn't be over six feet tall because he doesn't look so good on skis; a small man looks better."

Austria's mountain slider, Otto Lang, quickly gave the formula when I asked what it takes to make a skier. "A sense of balance, a little bit of courage and lots of patience," he remarked. Lang explained that Central European skiers didn't go in so much for jumping as the Americans do. "We don't care for jumping but for downhill skiing," he said, "for in Austria we regard it differently. A very good jumper can be a very poor skier."

Babe Didrikson doubtless would have made a fine skier, but Texans have never been great mountaineers. When I met her, she was beginning to take golf seriously after having won eight national and two world championships in track events.

"I eat everything but I just don't get fat," said Mildred Ella Didrikson. "But in just one word I can tell you what more than one-half of my training is—sleep! I take nine hours sleep every day."

She talked of many track meets where she had won, and then—"Have I any hobbies, did you ask? One—golf! I would rather play golf than eat. Not very good yet, but I sure have lots of hope."

Girl athletes, unlike boy athletes, enjoy talking about eating. There's Gertrude Ederle, first female human to swim the English channel. "I eat lots of fish, all swimmers should," she announced when I called on her at Pantages theater. Halibut was her favorite. But when I first saw Trudie she was making away with a quarter of a large huckleberry pie. Some local admirer sent it to her. It was Miss Ederle's introduction to a huckleberry.

"What did you eat when you landed after your big swim?" I asked.

"Well, I was a little tired, so I only had a ham sandwich and a ripe tomato," she replied. "After that I took a good sleep. While swimming across, I didn't have much nourishment. At noon they gave me some chicken broth; at 3:30 I had a small piece of chocolate, and at 7:30 I was given some pineapple and pineapple juice. One shouldn't eat much while in the water, but eat plenty at other times."

I. A. Horowitz, of New York, the American chess federation champion, began playing chess when seven years old. "Chess players don't study like musicians," he explained. "We play only when we feel like it, but we feel like it pretty often, I'd say."

"How many different moves can be made on a chess board?" I inquired.

"There are five billion positions, or about that number, I really never counted them," replied Horowitz. "You understand, when the pieces are set up on the board, that is a position; then, every time a move is made a change takes place that makes a new position. One would think from that it is a difficult game but it isn't. I would say it is easier to learn the rules of chess than it is to learn the rules of bridge. No, I don't play chess every day, just when I have a game."

Well, well, "the rules of bridge". Shades of Ely Culbertson flitted by when those words were mentioned. Some conversationalist, Ely! "I play bridge less than any of the other 15,000,000 people who play the game in this country," he asserted at the beginning of our interview.

Culbertson was asked if women have better bridge brains than men.

"No, definitely not," promptly exclaimed the expert, "but woman is just as intelligent as man. I deny the statement of the so-called intellectual superiority of the man. Woman has as much brains as man, but she hasn't been taught how to use them. Man's conceit prevents him from studying, but boys are better trained than girls."

I don't know whether Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., played bridge but he was the world's greatest polo performer. One morning at Swan Island airport, I asked Hitchcock where the best polo ponies come from.

"Oh, they come from all over," he said, "from out here in the west, from England and from Argentine. A lot of our very best ones come from out here. But there is a steady move to go back to the thoroughbred horse. As for his skill in the game, that all depends on how he is trained."

"One of my friends, who is a great player, gets all his ponies from around Pendleton. Polo ponies now have to be pretty much thoroughbreds to keep up. And a great deal also

depends on how much trouble has been taken to train them."

The ten-goal star was asked what a boy must have to make a real polo player. I recalled that when I went with a lawyer friend, William P. Richardson, to see our first polo match, we thought the players would make fine dragoons.

"He must be able to ride; if he can't ride he hasn't much chance," declared Hitchcock in answering the question. "He also must learn the game very thoroughly. Good eyes are a most important requirement, as in any game with a ball, and the hitting of the ball in polo is more like hitting in golf or tennis than anything else I can think of."

Speaking of good riders, there's Earle Sande. But, a few years ago the great jockey told me, "I guess my riding days are over; I hate to say it. I'm getting too heavy. I almost killed myself trying to reduce. I'm lucky to be alive. A nice weight for riders is between 105 and 110 pounds.

"I rode from 1918 to 1928, then laid off awhile but came back in 1930; that was my last big year although I did ride a little in 1932. In all, I won some 960 races."

Earle Sande, born in Groton, S.D., and reared at American Falls, Idaho, has become a great trainer of horses. But, now that his championship riding days are over, he thinks he would rather have been a soloist in the Metropolitan Opera than to have been king of the jockeys. He sings, tenor.

Hollywood

MAE WEST told me she had never married. And I was expected to believe it. I quickly skipped to another subject. All this on the Paramount lot down Hollywood way. I sat beside her on the rear seat of her overstuffed automobile. I had often wondered what a girl like Mae read for pastime. I asked.

"I don't get much chance to read," she replied, "because when I'm not making a picture I'm writing a play for my next show, or I'm at work on a novel. I've written two novels. When I really have a little time for outside reading, I like to get a good biography of one of those dames who made the people take notice, like Cleopatra or Catherine of Russia. I like them."

When she talks Miss West waves her hands a great deal. They are plump, rather stubby, chalky white, with fingernails taking a high polish (ox-blood red that day). Her voice is pleasing, nothing like it sounds in some of her pictures.

"Are you planning any more novels?" I asked.

"I have a few more good stories in my head that I hope to put into novels," she replied. It gave me an opening for this question, "What do you think of all the Mae West stories that are being told?"

"Well, maybe I haven't heard all of them," the star sparred, "but you know what Henry Ford said, 'every story they tell about me is good, free advertising.' I have heard a lot of Mae West stories."

She told me one, but before I could ask for another, Marlene Dietrich came up to the car and began gushing about something. After the gushfest ended, I asked the "come up and see me sometime" girl if she kept a scrap-book.

"No, oh, wait a minute. I don't exactly keep a scrap book, but I have a lot of clippings, several large boxes full of them," confessed the player. "Some day I'm going to have all of

these clippings pasted into books so I can read them when I retire. When you are all worn out, and you don't have any more box office appeal, you can stay home and read these write-ups to yourself. No one is coming around to hear them."

The interview lasted some 40 minutes. We talked about many things, including what she should write on a photograph she was giving an Australian journalist. As I was leaving, I asked my automobile hostess:

"Which one of your pictures is your favorite?"

"Now, that is a question, isn't it!" Miss West answered, none too sweetly. "Did you ever ask a mother which one of her children is her favorite?"

Well, I might have asked May Robson that question—"I'm the only one in pictures who admits being a great-grandmother," she proclaimed when I visited her Hollywood home. "There are a lot of them old enough, maybe some of them are, but I'm the only one proud enough of the fact to announce it to the world.

"Why not! You are just as old as you feel! And I don't feel any older than I did before motion pictures were invented. I was very proud when I received word that my grandson was born, but that joy wasn't to be compared with my happiness when I heard about that little great-granddaughter coming to this world."

May Robson knew one thing about the theatrical business that only a few of the old-time stars knew—how to treat the press. Irene Dunne also is one who kens. We talked in her dressing room during picture-making time.

"What sort of people annoy you the most, Miss Dunne?" was asked as an opener.

"The overly nice persons, those people who are just so proper and so nice that they make it plain they are of the finest folk in the world," she replied. "You know the kind of persons who try to patronize you, I dislike them most of all. Sometimes I think they imagine the people on the stage and in pictures are different from other people, and when they find out we are not, they are overcome."

Miss Dunne is as charming as she is beautiful. So is Jeanette MacDonald. The first question I asked the Scotch lass was,

"Who would you like to be if you were not Jeanette MacDonald?"

"Oh, what a question," fairly screamed the songbird. "Oh, dear, do I have to be someone else? Golly, I don't know. Honestly, I am really satisfied with Jeanette MacDonald."

She told me how she likes to cook. Her crowning artistry in the domestic line is making peach ice cream. But I switched the subject by asking, "Should a child start to take singing lessons before the voice has changed?"

"No, no, a child should never take voice lessons before the voice changes," Miss MacDonald said, quickly. "I think it is wrong for children to start studying voice until it is definitely decided whether the voice is going to be high or low. But any child who has an aptitude for music should start on the piano, and should study harmony and such things as early as possible."

Bette Davis startled me when she said, "I'm not at all athletic. I'm sort of stupid at games. The only sport I enjoy is swimming."

Miss Davis then began talking of personal appearance tours many film players make. "People like to have more than just a look at a motion picture star, people want to know if we can really act," she expounded. "One has no idea what people in the audience really think of one, because we are known only by the pictures they see and the articles about us they read. If we could be seen in person, in a play suited to each of us, people would realize that we are flesh and blood men and women, that we are neither angels nor devils, but just people like their neighbors are."

Mary Pickford's last personal appearance tour was not all her manager hoped for, but it gave many people an opportunity to meet a charming lady. It was a chilly May morning, early morning, when she got off the train in Portland to greet a welcoming group. She wore a beautiful black broadtail coat and a silver fox fur, but I was startled to see that she wasn't wearing stockings. At least, I thought she wasn't. But as Miss Pickford moved about, I soon learned I was in error; I discovered she was wearing stockings because I saw a run in one of them.

In a private interview, away from the committee, Miss Pickford began the chat by asking, "Are the lilacs over yet?"

When told they would be blooming for some time, she exclaimed, "Oh, good! That's what I love, a lilac bush in bloom. We don't have lilacs down there, except when we ship them in. I am so fond of them."

Miss Pickford said she had seen lilacs blooming along the railroad tracks in one of the shanty colonies. These groups of shacks and their denizens interested her. She asked in detail about them.

"Poor darlings," she said, "maybe they are happier than people who have everything. Happiness doesn't mean acquisition, does it? And those who have so much don't know what to do with what they have. I've often wondered what rich people do with their spare time.

"Those little shack settlements would make a wonderful setting for a new 'Tess of the Storm Country.' Someone should write a play around these men and their little, humble homes."

Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Mont., so she didn't talk about lilacs. She had wanted so keenly to get away from Helena, that when she did she went far.

"Oh, Budapest, I enjoyed it more than any other place in Europe," Miss Loy rhapsodized in telling of a recent trip. "I enjoyed every minute of the week I was there. It is full of mystery, and I like mystery more than romance."

Florence Rice, lovely daughter of Grantland Rice, likes New York as well as Myrna liked Budapest. Miss Rice was born in Cleveland, but moved to Gotham when very young. When I met her in Hollywood, she surprised me by abusing our national game.

"I'm crazy about football," Florence insisted. "I like it much better than baseball. Father used to want me to go to baseball games with him, but I just didn't care for the game. Maybe it is because the players are so old."

And there you are. But the age of men wasn't worrying Irene Rich when she visited Portland with her two daughters. Up to that time, Irene Rich had acted in 110 pictures.

"I have played mother parts so often that down in Hollywood they now say for one of these characters, 'Oh, that's a regular Irene Rich part,'" confessed the star. "I have had some funny reactions on these parts, too. I like to sit in audiences where my pictures are being played, and hear the

comments. Not long ago I heard a woman say, 'Oh, I knew Irene; she used to teach school up in Montana where I lived'."

I don't think Barbara Stanwyck ever taught school, either. I interviewed her while she was breakfasting at Hotel Portland. I was invited to join her and her (then) husband, Frank Fay, who did too much talking, in the repast. Miss Stanwyck didn't waste any words when she talked.

"Of the many pictures you have starred in, which do you like best?" she was asked.

"'So Big,' " came the reply.

"Where were you born, Miss Stanwyck?"

"Brooklyn."

"Where there?"

"In the famous old gas-house district."

"What do you like to do when you are not working?"

"Swim."

"Have you any other playful hobbies?"

"Tennis."

"Ever play Helen Wills?"

"I think she's afraid of me."

Just then the door opened, and in came George with table and tray and the waffles.

"Now, Frank, eat with your fork, we have company for breakfast," admonished Barbara.

There's nothing fluttery about Miss Stanwyck. How different is Fifi D'Orsay, chockfull of fiffness. "In pictures I'm the bad girl, sometimes I have to be good, but listen, big boy, when I'm bad that's when I'm good," she exploded. That, and much more.

The Duncan sisters—Vivian and Rosetta—were sweet little darlings when I used to see them. No fiffness, no frowziness about these merrymakers. But they were good talking girls. Rosetta said they were old enough to be stage headliners before they had eaten a dead oyster. In Chicago an Orpheum big-wig gave a fine dinner in honor of the sisters. The first course, oysters on the half shell.

"It was a large party," said Rosetta, "and when we were all seated, the people just sat there. They were waiting for the guests of honor to begin. At last Vivian spoke up: 'You'll

have to excuse us, but we never ate oysters before so we don't know which spoon to use'."

Vivian recounted their trip to bonny Scots.

"Father always told us we were descendants of Scottish kings," the watchcharm-sized lass began, "and before we went to Scotland we bought expensive new outfits in Paris and London, so we would be ready to meet the social swells named Duncan.

"When we reached Edinburgh we found about half the people in the city were named Duncan. On shoemakers' shops, on restaurants, barber shops, grocery stores, in fact on every hand was the royal name. But the one that knocked us cuckoo was when we read in big letters on a street cart—'Duncan's Frankfurter Wagon'! We didn't say any more about our royal blood after that."

Nothing about royalty entered Pauline Frederick's conversation during our interview. But she told some interesting press stories. Once she read a critique of her show, and it made her feel so crestfallen and terrible that she went to a hospital instead of back to the theater.

"So I never take a chance any more," she announced sweetly. "I always wait until we start away from a city before I look to see what the newspaper men thought of the show. They might praise it so highly that it would go to my head—there's always that danger, of course."

In parting, she paid a lefthanded tribute to a most picturesque profession. "I have discovered that press agents seldom care to be worried with facts," pronounced Miss Frederick.

Still, the press agent has an important role in the industry, as Claudette Colbert will agree. A native of Paris, this chic charmer was longing for London when I talked with her in Hollywood.

"No, I don't believe in dreams," opined Claudette, after getting rid of her chewing gum. "If I did it would scare me to death. I seldom dream, but when I do it is a nightmare. Something terrible happens to me. I am very superstitious, but two things never bother me. I don't believe in dreams, and I whistle in my dressing room whenever I want to. Among old-time actors it's always a sentence of death to whistle in a dressing room."

"I've seen your picture advertising lots of things, Miss Colbert," I said, wanting Claudette to know I was observing.

Al Parmenter, of the studio staff, hit me in the ribs—it wasn't the right thing to say to an excitable star with long, black eyelashes.

"Say, I'll do most anything to be agreeable, but no more 'tie-ups' for me," Miss Colbert snapped, eyebrows going to a new high. "I used to indorse anything, and never got even a 'thank you' for it. People thought I was getting thousands of dollars for these endorsements. I wasn't getting a sou. No more 'tie-ups'."

If jolly Ginger Rogers was doing any worrying about indorsements, she certainly didn't look it as she walked towards me smiling like the queen she is. She gives away a million dollars' worth of smiles a day. Although a native Missourian, she said she didn't own a hound dog, and she didn't smoke a corn cob pipe.

"I get a great bang out of my fan mail," Ginger admitted. "It comes from all over the world, and I can't help being glad so many people like me. I sure get a heap of letters from red-haired girls and boys, and I read as many of their notes as I have time to. But honestly, I am so busy I just can't read them all."

When one of her new hits is being shown, this young lady receives more than 2,500 letters a week, not counting the postal cards.

"What are you going to do, Miss Rogers, with your old-age pension when you begin drawing one?" I inquired.

"I'm never going to get old," Ginger declared.

"Maybe someone will tell on you, what then?"

"Oh, in that case I'll take the money, and go back to the farm. I don't mind being around baby cows and funny chickens," Ginger Rogers confessed.

But I don't think Marlene Dietrich plans on going back to the farm when the camera forsakes her. She was resting full length upon a bed in the Paramount studios when I interviewed her. As a child, she had studied the violin under Dr. Flesch, so I asked if she still played her Stradivarius.

"No, no more," she said. "One has to give all of one's time to the violin, or nothing. That is too bad, too. It is always

sad when one can play the violin, and then has to give it up."

"Will you take it up again?" I asked.

"No, I'll never have the time," Miss Dietrich averred. "And it makes me feel very sorry, for I loved it very much. But I still play the piano, I can't give it up. One can play the piano a few minutes, then forget it for days, and go back and play again. You can't do this with the violin; it demands you, and if you don't mind the orders, you never play well."

Loretta Young, dainty as a marshmellow, never mentioned music. She announced she didn't mind what sort of pictures she worked in "as long as the public wants to keep on paying to see one's pictures."

But gray shadows fall. The day comes when the public quits paying to see a long-time popular player. Take Ben Turpin. There were years when multitudes drew money from the bank to buy tickets to see Ben Turpin in the movies. Turpin's time was, but is no more. I asked him several years ago if he had been born with his eyes as they are.

"'Happy Hooligan' made me cockeyed," Turpin explained. "I woke up one morning not having any idea that something had happened to me, but when I looked in the looking-glass, there was that eye cockeyed. I didn't know what to do, so I just left it that way. You know, I played the part of 'Happy Hooligan' eleven years, and I had to roll my eyes around so much that I pulled a muscle loose sometime when I didn't realize it."

For two decades that "cockeye" was his fortune. But the years brought more changes. Hollywood is fickle.

"I work when they ask me to," Ben told me, "but as a rule I live calmly in my home watching the world go by. I've seen a lot of it pass."

Norma Talmadge, too, has had a long experience in the theater world, but of course she is very much younger than Turpin. I began an interview with her by asking, "How do you feel when a strange but perfectly sanitary reporter begins talking to you?"

"I'm always on my guard, much on my guard," Miss Talmadge replied instantly, "but one can usually tell what he is like after the first question or two."

"You're a smart young lady," I murmured.

"Thank you, but it isn't so much that, you get used to them," the screen personage said. "But the styles in interviewing change like the styles in shows and other important things. People are much more free than they used to be. You can talk to a reporter now just as though he was a human being. Most of them really are."

While on this subject hear what Ellen Drew told me: "I think photographers are lots cuter than reporters, almost all the girls in Hollywood think the same."

Ruth Roland was the first moving picture star I met. She had left the silver screen, and was a Los Angeles real estate dealer when I talked with her. A fortune teller had whispered to her, "You will be a great writer." This amused the ex-star, who remarked, "About all the writing I do now is to sign checks."

Miss Roland was a delightful woman. She went out of her way to be pleasant. So did Madge Evans on my first visit to Hollywood. Miss Evans is the girl who posed for the picture advertising a brand of soap—she was holding a bunch of violets and seated on a cake of soap, and beneath this picture was the legend: "Have you a little fairy in your home?" Madge was three years old when this picture was made.

By the way, the violet is not her favorite flower. And as for the type of motion picture she enjoys appearing in, Miss Evans said:

"I like any picture that is a good picture, I like any part that is a good part. And by a good part I mean one that has something really worth while in it, not just a picture where boy meets girl."

Madge Evans is pretty. Whenever I meet a pretty young actress, I always think of the first time I saw Mary Boland. She was beautiful.

In Hollywood one afternoon I requested an interview with Miss Boland. She asked so many questions that most of my allotted time was used up. Miss Boland said she enjoyed her early days in stock very much—"I'm not as young now," she remarked.

"When I first saw you, Miss Boland, you were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen," I told her.

She did not speak. In a moment she walked away.

A fellow can't always say the right thing at the right o'clock. The urge to know sometimes causes one's diplomacy to slumber.

"How did it feel to be a vampire?" I asked Theda Bara at her home in Los Angeles.

This question wasn't answered until I had promised not to write it for publication. My query was a firstclass verbal fumble. Miss Bara said her work in pictures had been very trying, very hard. And that many things people had said about her had been severe heart wounds. Miss Bara was a most delightful hostess.

In the days when Theda Bara's vampire roles were one of motion pictures greatest offerings, Mabel Taliaferro was a popular leading lady in silver shadow. Mable told a good story when I asked where she was born. "Honestly, I don't know, and my mother didn't know, either," the star declared. Here is why:

Her mother wanted the baby born in New York City. The father, a loyal Virginian, insisted the infant's first day be in Richmond. The matter was settled by the expectant mother starting for New York. On the train somewhere between Washington and Manhattan, the baby arrived. The family and the train crew were so excited by Mabel's arrival that no one thought to note in what state or near what town she was born.

"Because I had such very small feet, I was picked for the lead in 'Cinderella,' the first three-reel picture made in this country," Miss Taliaferro said.

Jane Darwell, character actress, is a famous Hollywood cook. This is screenologically speaking. As she appears in so many pictures as cook or housekeeper or sympathetic aunt, I asked Miss Darwell if she can honest-and-truly cook.

"Yes, I can cook but I don't like to," was the confession. "I like to have my own house but I don't like the drudgery of keeping it up. I think it just warps one's outlook on everything to stand over a stove, and cook and fry and boil."

Anne Shirley was just 17 when I met her. A fine girl. "I would rather bake a good pie than do anything else I know of off stage," she insisted. Anne was questioned about her fan mail.

"Now, that's a funny thing," she stated, "I get very few letters from boys. There are lots of nice boys, but they are backward. Most of the mail I get is from girls 13 years old."

Frances Farmer didn't tell me how many fan letters she

receives from men. She doubtless thought it was none of my business. A talented artist, Miss Farmer graduated from University of Washington in 1935, and that spring won a contest trip to Russia.

"It was interesting, very exciting," she declared. "I was so interested in the theater over there that I saw little else. The Moscow Art theater is the most modern in the world, and the others are patterning after it. Russia is a delightful place to holiday."

Jean Harlow dreamed of playing in a great stage production some day. But the dream was never realized. She was still a wonderful, lovely girl when the end came. Miss Harlow made a great name playing wild parts in pictures. But she hated such characters.

"I have appeared in some unpleasant parts," Miss Harlow explained as we sat in her beautifully appointed drawing room. "I want you to know that I don't like some of the parts I have played, but they have been assigned to me, and I have presented them as well as I could. If the selection had been left to me, I would have taken other roles. Still, I believe in doing the thing you have to do the very best you can."

I'll wager John Barrymore didn't play any parts he hated. As outspoken as a Roosevelt, John took only the parts John wanted. Sometimes he was said to be an unpleasant man to meet, but the occasions I interviewed him he was as pleasant as a parson seeking a raise in pay. One time he was flying south. A tarry was made at the Portland air field. As they stepped from the plane wife Elaine remarked, "Let's go and get a drink of water, darling."

"What a dreary suggestion," dryly replied John.

With the water idea out, I asked Mr. Barrymore, "Are you ever going to play 'Hamlet' in pictures?"

"I have been coquetting with it, I would love to do it," he replied slowly. "I think it would be swell. I nearly put on 'Hamlet' once in a studio, but something happened and it was withdrawn. But it would be great, I think, and I hope I'll get to put it on before long."

We chatted Shakespeare a bit, then I asked the actor what character parts he liked in pictures.

"I like guys who are a little screwy but who are on the move,"

Mr. Barrymore replied. "By the way, my wife and I are going to put on a play in New York next season called 'My Dear Children.' I'll be glad to get back to the stage. I like pictures, but the stage was my first love.

"Another thing I like to go back to New York for is to be near The Players' Club, which is a grand and remarkable institution. I have belonged to it for years."

James Gleason is an outdoor fan, polo for him. "I've been in pictures eight years," he said as we quaffed in his Los Angeles home, "and I like them. I'm directing, acting, writing, doing everything a guy can do in the business. I wrote 'Broadway Melody'. Of course, I like murder mysteries. But, boy, I love horses.

"I have one good horse on the track now, but most of my loose jack is tied up in a string of polo ponies. Have seven, and I've an eye on some others. If there ever was a grand game, it's polo. It has everything else in the way of outdoor sports backed off the map."

James, by the way, would have said the same as his friend Barrymore said about getting the drink of water.

William Farnum told a good horse story as we talked of olden days. We had been discussing the stage of a generation or two ago. "Speaking of the old stage recalls to my mind 'Ben Hur', in which I played five years," he said, proudly. "I was the original Ben Hur, and I've won more races than any other man in the world. But once I lost a race, something got wrong with the machine. My horses took the defeat terribly, especially the front horse; he lengthened out and pulled as hard as he could. When he lost he looked around at me as much as to say, 'What in hell's th' matter?' That was the only race I lost in all those years."

Just how much Guy Kibbee likes horses I can't tell but I do know he enjoys fishing. Once he arrived in Portland just before election day. In our chat he harked away back to his slender years.

"My dear old daddy, who was born a democrat, lived a democrat, died a democrat, always wanted me to be one," explained the son, "but I have followed a policy of voting for the fellow I thought was the best man. I was born in El Paso, where the best man is the cuss who is first on the draw."

Then the portly actor said he was in a hurry to get back to Hollywood to start a new picture—"and your old friend Edward Everett Horton will be with me."

My old friend, indeed. Former leading man with the Baker Stock company. Tall. Handsome. A fine actor. I have seen him several times since the olden days. Always pleasant, always a gentleman, always Edward Everett Horton.

One idle forenoon two or three Februaries ago, Mr. Horton and I discussed the old stock companies. Their vanishing was the passing of dear friends. He spoke of the unsuccessful attempts in many cities to revive the stock company.

"People say the stage has been ruined by the star system," continued Mr. Horton, "but I can't see it that way. People like stars, like to see them twinkling and all that. Why, back in the days of King Charles II—oh, no, I didn't mean that you could remember that far back—people used to flock to the theaters to see the stars. They were beautiful lady stars then; the 'he' star didn't make much light at that dark period. People will always go to see a great star, be the star on the stage or on the gridiron. They always have, and they always will.

"But these great and famous actors will have to keep up to date. They can't just live on past glory; time works changes in the dramatic art the same as it does in corsets and petticoats. In olden times, which our grandparents refer to as those good old days, if a man was thought to be a great actor, he was a great actor, but now he has to click, he has to be a human being."

Clark Gable, who formerly worked in *The Oregonian's* business office, was a delightful star to interview. He enjoyed talking about his work.

"I always wanted to be an actor," he told me. "Even down in Oklahoma, when I was following my dad around in the oil business, I planned on becoming an Edwin Booth or a Robert Mantell. So I broke in just as soon as I could."

Gable was asked if he began by playing juvenile roles.

"Oh, no, I was too big for that," he said. "They don't use six-footers to play those nice, little juvenile parts. Anyway, they didn't when I was young and handsome. I jumped from small parts right into leads. I knew the best place to get going was New York, so when I saved up enough money in Houston,

where I was playing in stock, to make the hop, I hopped right for the big Broadway.

"It was tough getting started. I thought every young fellow in the country had come to New York the same time I did to crash the stage. But at last I landed. My first appearance on the New York stage was helping support Jane Cowl in 'Romeo and Juliet.' I sure was a great help. I carried a spear, and Miss Cowl thought I was the best spear-carrier she had ever seen. One thing I didn't do, I didn't drop the spear.

"The first speaking part I had there was in 'What Price Glory.' It was a damn good play, by the way. At first, I was one of the corporals, you remember them. Later I was promoted and became Sergeant Quirt. I think the first lead I played in New York was in 'Machinal!'"

Throughout a long interview, Clark Gable never said an unkind word about any member of his profession, and many names were mentioned. He complimented everyone, even Jack Oakie.

Another fine player is Ronald Colman. Although wanted by producers everywhere, he works in very few pictures a year.

"I haven't forgotten the days when I was a hungry actor, when I walked the streets tired and discouraged hunting for a job," Colman explained. "And now I'm not going to try and 'hog' things because I've met with some success. The less I work, the more jobs will be open for others."

Douglas Fairbanks gave another reason on July 3, 1935, for his absence from the screen.

"Are you going to act in pictures again?" I inquired.

"Me!" he gasped, then pointed several fingers at himself. "No, they've had enough of me. Twenty years, boy, don't you think that's enough? No, I'll look after the promotion end of the business from now on, I guess."

Most folk used to think of Fairbanks, Sr., as a wealthy actor. Maybe if he had thought of it on that July day, he would have told me what Thomas Mitchell did a few years later.

"Funny thing, this business," said Mitchell. "One hears a lot about the money an actor makes but you seldom hear how much of this dough a fellow has to pungle up to Uncle Sam."

But according to Gene Palette, the people are going to have some things in spite of heavy levies against property and of the

income taxes. "There are two things the citizens of this country are going to have—food and relaxation," he declared. "And I think one is just about as important as the other."

I expect Mickey Rooney would add stamps to that list. He's a collector. He told me Alfred E. Smith, well known New Yorker, had helped him in gathering the collection. "I have one stamp I've been offered \$1,500 for, but I won't take it," young Rooney stated. "I think it's from one of the islands where they don't have many stamps, one of those places down in the South Seas where they have lots of pretty women but only a few stamps."

Wallace Beery is a motion picture actor who couldn't be bothered by little things like postage stamps. Rather noisy is Beery. On one of his northern visits I took young Velma Michell with me when I called for an interview. Velma thought the hotel was going to tumble down.

Once Earl B. Gilmore took the large actor from Hollywood to the Pendleton Round-Up in the oil company's new Bellanca airplane. They stopped in Portland for gas.

"Nothin' I'd like better than to ride a horse bareback from here to Pendleton," shouted Beery when I greeted him. "I'd fill that horse full of Gilmore gas, and, boy, I could ride him upside down."

Charles "Buck" Jones could outride Wall Beery any day in the week and twice on Sunday. Jones, hard ridin' actor and director of westerns, came north with Major W. S. Van Dyke on a fishing trip. Cowboys have had an appeal that may be dimming on account of airmen. Jones was asked if the wild west pictures were still drawing.

"Well, they are still making the dough," he replied, "so I would say they draw. Kids are born now the same as they were years ago, they still have the heart-love for the open. They dream about being cowboys and hunting redskins the same as we dreamed. There are two things you'll always find a kid playing with, a helmet that makes him an aviator, and a pair of chaps that make him a cowboy. And just as long as kids play at being cowboys, they are going to see western pictures."

Major Van Dyke, he was a marine reserve officer and is now with 'em, is one of Hollywood's most astounding directors. He enjoyed making wild movies. He has hunted big game everywhere, as a boy was wild and woolly and full of fleas.

"Hearing Buck talk about cowboys got me to thinking about my boyhood," remarked the marine major. "I had a pretty good time. As a kid in Texas and the old Indian Territory I used to shoot up saloons and frontier towns. The best sport in the world is to walk into one of those 'red-eye' saloons and shoot out all the lights."

Of such fighting material are good marines and movie directors made.

Herbert Marshall is a veteran of the old war. A private in the London Scottish, a kilted infantry regiment, he was severely wounded at Arras. A year in the hospital kept him from a commission. He had been on the stage before the war, not much luck, but after the fuss was all over, "the breaks came to me," he stated. In America this fine veteran has found a foe he hasn't licked.

"Autography collectors," he almost hissed, "I still want to know how to cope with the autograph situation, to keep my sanity without seeming to be rude. I would like to know just how to be kind to these people without missing trains or steamers or my plane."

I asked Herbert Marshall for his autograph, he gave it, and the interview was ended.

On the other hand, Charles Laughton doesn't seem to mind giving one his autograph. It is part of the price of fame. As for his work, well, he told me not long ago, "The more I do of acting, the less I know about it. How it's done, I don't know. One works and works, then suddenly something happens, and one clicks."

Laughton explained that "acting a character in pictures is much more difficult than presenting that character on the stage, the camera is looking at you so darn close all the time."

Bill Robinson, whose feverish feet have entertained America a long time, said in an interview, "It takes 50 years to get to the top; you can go down in 50 seconds."

I took lunch with Ted Healy—heaven rest his soul—the day I saw Robinson. Just talking to Healy a few minutes gave one the chuckles for a week. "It's no trouble to be funny if the people you are playing to have brains," Ted pointed out. As we chatted, the actor pushed this one across the coffee cups:

"Isn't it queer! A lot of guys you go to the trouble of figur-

ing out something to help them will give you the colic instead of a cheer!"

Television, not motion pictures, was the chief subject discussed by Harry L. "Bing" Crosby when I interviewed him in the studio in Los Angeles. He wasn't exactly sure when it was going to be popular, but he did think it would bring aid and comfort to radio fans.

"I think television will help make radio programs better," Crosby declared. "It will make a doubly good show, if you get me. I mean, if the music is good and the acting is also good, then people will be getting over the air just twice as much as they get now. But it will require real acting as well as good singing to make the programs worth while."

Fredric March talked about mountains, trees, fishing, plays—he once told me he thought "*Les Miserables*" comes mighty close to being the picture I like best—and his boyhood. Explained he was reared a Wisconsin Presbyterian. One thing he said in a hurried depot chat stays with me:

"The things you want to do are the things you miss so often."

Nelson Eddy was not as poetic as Fredric March the last time I talked with him. The singer wasn't married then. In order to get a different lead for my interview I asked the simple little question, "Are you a woman hater, Mr. Eddy?" I thought the handsome young man would explode; he hit the ceiling, so to speak, and I was glad it was the ceiling and not me. After a couple of highly seasoned ejaculations, Eddy exclaimed, "Why do they say I'm a woman hater! Just because I'm not seen at a different night club every evening with a new doll, they say I'm a woman hater! Just because I don't go to every party I'm asked to to meet a flock of new chickens, they say I'm a woman hater! Just because I don't have my picture taken with every dame I meet, they say I'm a woman hater!"

"Nobody in the United States loves women more than I do, but I don't go around crowing about it. I don't make a Cassanova out of myself. It's a libel on any normal man's character to say he's a woman hater. I certainly am surprised at you asking such a damn fool question."

Mr. Eddy had been very calm in his flower-bedecked room at the Benson hotel until the innocent little question was asked. He didn't smile once while answering the query.

"When ten or twelve girls rush up to you and ask what color eyes do you have, and is your hair curly, and who is your favorite movie queen, I don't go for that," the baritone continued. "When 500 women rush back stage to ask you if you like to sing and to autograph their programs, it's time to jump into a taxi, and get away.

"I would like to meet them, give them my autograph, but you can see it's a physical impossibility. I'm tired out after a concert."

Eddy lit another cigarette.

"If you want to say I'm a silly-woman hater, it's all right by me, I'll have none of this foolishness. But as for normal women, I am just like other men," he declared.

When I first interviewed Sonja Henie, I was sure she was going to marry Tyrone Power. They were with a Hollywood party bound for Rainier National park to film scenes for "Thin Ice." Such attention as Mr. Power did show. And he called her "Snook". Alas! Alas!

"How fast do you skate?" I asked, trying to forget a honeymoon—that wasn't.

"Oh, not fast, I never was timed, I do fancy skating," replied Miss Henie. "No, no, sir, I never had on roller skates! No, I never skated on a river, always in a rink."

"How old were you when you began skating?"

"Seven years."

"How old are you—"

"Look at those pretty ducks there in the lake, Snook," shouted Tyrone, rushing to the rescue of girl friend. "Wonder when we'll get back to Hollywood?"

After young Power piped down, I asked Miss Henie about skiing.

"Sure I like it, I hope we have plenty of good skiing at Rainier," she exclaimed. "I've won lots of prizes. Skiing is like swimming—once you learn how you never forget. Oh, yes, I swim, too."

No skiing for Deanna Durbin, who was 14 when I met her Hollywood-bound after a visit with the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra. She had been filmed with the orchestra in making the picture, "100 Men and a Girl."

I asked a number of questions one could ask a youngster, then I inquired, "Who is your favorite movie star?"

"No favorites, I have no favorites of any kind, I'm strange about that," the youthful singer replied, smiling. "I change my mind so often, just about as often as I go to the theater. I like them all."

"Where did you find that name, Deanna?" I asked.

"We didn't find it, we just made it up because it sounds nice," quickly explained the child. "My name is Edna May Durbin."

I interviewed one moving picture star whom I wanted to pick up in my arms, and cuddle. She was just as sweet as sweet can be, and if I hadn't had a cold when I went to see her, I would be unable today to truthfully write—

I have never kissed a movie star.

The girl I wanted to cuddle is Shirley Temple. She was six years old when I called on her in her bungalow on the 20th Century-Fox studio lot. After she had bowed and shaken hands, Shirley ran over to a little table, picked up two bantam eggs, and brought them over to show me.

"See what I got," she boasted, "I've two little banties, and I eat the eggs. I didn't like eggs for a long time, but now I like them. Do you like eggs?"

When the question was answered she was asked, "How do you like them cooked?"

"Soft boiled and coddled," she announced promptly.

"How do they taste?"

"Fine."

Shirley then told about her ranch. "We have a regular farm in our backyard. I have two banty hens and one banty rooster and eight rabbits. I had more rabbits, but I gave some away to my friends. They said they would be good to them. At first my banties didn't give me any eggs, and I said they were all 'he' banties.

"Say, can you make a chickenroost. I got to have a good roost. Maybe I'd better make it."

I knew she had had a tooth fixed that day, so I asked the doll how she liked the dentist.

"I don't mind him so much if he don't hurt," she stated. "He didn't hurt today; he just mussed up my hair."

Her golden head didn't look mussed up then. A clever and most careful mother didn't let Shirley appear tousled.

"How do you like Santa Claus, my dear?" was inquired.

"Fine," came the quick reply, then the tot began to laugh. "Of course I would have to say that," she added, still laughing.

Mrs. George F. Temple told me Shirley was a perfectly normal child. The youngster eats almost everything, the mother explained, even spinach. Shirley went to bed at 8 o'clock, took a nap every afternoon, studied as hard as any other six-year-old. The child had her own teacher, for she would have been the object of too much attention in a regular school.

"Shirley studies reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling and French," the mother said. "Speak some French for Mr. Hazen, won't you?" the parent requested.

The child was playing with the telephone when Mrs. Temple spoke.

"Okay," shouted Shirley, and she began to talk French in a way that recalled Rue de l'Opera. The child told me, in French, that she liked to study it, and then she said she was getting hungry and told what she would like to have for dinner. It was then 5:30 P.M., time callers were going. Shirley was smart.

I asked the youngster if she would write her name for me.

"Okay," came the quick response. After she had penned her name, she said:

"Now, I'm going to have you write in here"—running over and picking up a big volume—"it's my guest book."

Shirley came waggling across the room carrying the book, which was larger than she was. Reading the list of her guests was like reading the roll of fame. As I was leaving, I remarked, "What do you think, dear, of all these reporters who come around and ask you a lot of silly questions, just what do you think of interviewers?"

Shirley looked serious a minute, scratched her little head, then, with a smile, she replied:

"Well, I don't know, I just like them."

Here They Are

INDEXED BY JOSEPHINE W. HAZEN

A

A. E. F., 48, 392
Aaronshon, Rabbi M., 75
Acheson, Barclay, 41
Ackerman, Dr. Carl W., 34, 35
Adams, James T., 172
Adams, Maude, 88
Adamic, Louis, 24
Ade, George, 3, 4, 32, 33, 66,
184, 391
Aguilar Family, 360
Alaska, 15, 18, 19
Albright, H. M., 290
Alexander, G. C., 263, 269
Aldrich, W. W., 336
All-American Football, 234, 236,
237
Allen, Robert S., 46
Allison, Stub, 248
Amherst College, 25, 162, 211,
329
Amos and Andy, 376
Amundsen, Roald, 139, 142
Anderson, Sherwood, 23
Andrews, Vice Adm., 131
Andrews, Dr. C. M., 176
Andrews, F. E., 347
Andrews, Maj. Gen. F. M., 107
Andrews, Roy C., 146
Andrey, Bishop, 66
Angell, Dr. J. R., 213
Anglin, Margaret, 81, 101
Apperson, E. L., 324
Armour, Tommy, 387
Arnold, Maj. Gen. H. H., 106
Asbury, Herbert, 174
Ashurst, H. F., 192
Associated Press, 36
Astor, J. J., 328
Athenagoras, Archbishop, 66
Atherton, Gertrude, 25
Atlantic Monthly, 40
Atterbury, W. W., 329
Ayres, F. O., 291

B

Bach, J. A., 243
Bacheller, Irving, 27
Badley, Bishop, 65
Badt, H. A., 135
Baer, Max, 393
Bailey, F. L., 214
Bairnsfather, B., 288
Baker, Bishop, 65
Baker, Del, 261
Baker, Newton D., 170
Bangs, John K., 23
Bankhead, Tallulah, 83
Bara, Theda, 410
Barit, Edward, 322
Barker, H. G., 303
Barnes, Al G., 327
Barnes, H. E., 180
Barnes, R. W., 43
Barrett, John, 163
Barrymore, Ethel, 85
Barrymore, John, 48, 411
Bartholemy, Alan, 247
Bartlett, Vernon, 45
Bartok, Bela, 357
Baruch, B. M., 338
Bates, Blanche, 100
Bates, Ralph, 16
Bauer, Harold, 348
Baum, Vicky, 7
Baxter, Bishop, 181
Beck, T. H., 41
Beckwith, J. A., 132
Bedaux, C. E., 288
Beery, W., 415
Bender, Chief, 271
Berg, Charles, 93
Bernet, J. J., 333
Berry, F. K., 292
Beveridge, A. J., 185
Bible, D. X., 245
Bierman, B. W., 245
Billings, J. S., 41
Binns, Archie, 14

- Bissell, G. P., 374
 Black, R. F., 324
 Blaik, Earl, 245
 Blair, Mrs. E. N., 295
 Blake, Bishop, 69
 Blakely, Rear Adm., 132
 Bode, B. H., 222
 Bodie, Ping, 278
 Boettiger, J., 47
 Bois, Jules, 308
 Boland, Joe, 239
 Boland, Mary, 409
 Bone, H. T., 196
 Bonnet, J., 362
 Bonsal, Stephen, 55
 Boomer, L. M., 336
 Booth, Albie, 258
 Booth, Gen. B., 72
 Booth, Mrs. B., 72
 Borah, W. E., 201
 Bowdoin College, 199, 210, 228
 Boyle, Rev. J. J., 216
 Braddock, J. J., 392
 Brady, W. A., 83
 Brandt, E. N., 25
 Bresnahan, R., 267
 Brett, Maj. Gen., 107
 Bridges, Styles, 199
 Brill, Marty, 244
 Brisbane, Arthur, 36
 Brookhart, S. W., 197
 Brown, Mordecai, 270
 Brown, Bishop W. E., 70
 Brown, Bishop W. M., 77
 Browning, Jim, 395
 Bryan, Julien, 47
 Bryan, William J., 164
 Bryan, Dr. W. L., 230
 Buchman, F. N. D., 73
 Buck, Pearl S., 28
 Budge, Don, 384
 Bullard, Lieut. Gen., 112
Bulletin, San Francisco, 6
 Burg, Amos, 150
 Burke, Billie, 105
 Burke, Miss K., 311
 Burton, H. H., 167
 Butler, Maj. Gen., 136
 Butler, Dr. N. M., 218
 Butler, W. M., 208
 Butterworth, F., 239
 Byrd, Rear Adm., 138, 372
- C
- Cabell, J. B., 25
 Cagle, C. K., 246
 Callow, Rusty, 389
 Cameron, Maj. Gen., 114
 Camp, Walter, 194, 232, 236, 238
 Cannon, Bishop, 64
 Cantwell, Archbishop, 71
Capital, Topeka, 56, 204
 Capper, Arthur, 204
 Caraway, Mrs. H., 207
 Carberry, G. M., 246
 Carey, Max, 264
 Carleton, D. E., 312
 Carlton, Newcomb, 327
 Carmer, Carl, 175
 Carrillo, Leo, 87
 Case, Robert O., 18, 25
 Casey, Eddie, 251
 Castagnetta, G., 355
 Catt, Carrie C., 311
 Chamberlin, W. H., 43
 Chase, Mary E., 222
 Chase, Rear Adm., 133
 Chase, Stuart, 178
 Chatterton, Ruth, 104
 Chenery, W. L., 54
 Cheyney, E. P., 182
 Christie, George, 98
Chronicle, San Francisco, 47, 259
 Cicognani, Archbishop, 67
 Clapper, Raymond, 38
 Clark, C. E., 218
 Clark, H. B., 74
 Clark, M. W., 109
 Clement, M. W., 332
 Clinchy, E. R., 76
 Clum, John P., 51
 Cobb, Ty, 259, 272, 386
 Coburn, Charles, 97
 Cochran, J., 372
 Cochrane, M., 261
 Coffman, Dr. L. D., 225
 Cohen, O. R., 21
 Colbert, Claudette, 406
 Colby, B., 294
 Collier, H. D., 329
 Collier, William, 98
 Collins, C. C., 244
 Collins, Eddie, 277
 Collins, Jimmy, 262
 Colman, Ronald, 414
 Colt, S. S., 335
 Columbia University, 35, 36, 149, 214, 218
 Compton, Dr. A. H., 220, 365
 Compton, Dr. K. T., 215
 Conant, Dr. J. B., 214
 Connally, Tom, 197
 Connor, Ralph, 17
 Cook, Dr. F. A., 144
 Coolidge, Calvin, 162

Cooper, Kent, 36
 Cooper, W. J., 227
 Corbin, "Pa", 255
 Cornell, Katharine, 83
 Correll, C. J., 376
 Corrigan, D., 368
 Cortot, A., 362
 Couzens, James, 199
 Cowl, Jane, 101
 Craig, Gen. M., 121
 Crawford, Sam, 278
 Creel, George, 38
 Crisler, Fritz, 246
 Cronin, Joe, 276
 Cronkrite, B. B., 226
 Crosby, Bing, 417
 Crosetti, Frank, 275
 Crosson, Joe, 417
 Crowley, Jim, 241
 Culbertson, Ely, 399
 Cumming, J. Clyde, 46
 Cunningham, G., 390
 Cunningham, Rev. W. F., 212
 Curthoys, R. L., 54
 Cutten, Dr. G. B., 230
 Cutting, Bronson, 196

D

Daily News, Chicago, 37
 Danenhower, Commd., 141
 Daniels, Josephus, 129, 156
 Dartmouth College, 220, 228,
 245, 397
 Darwell, Jane, 410
 Da Silva, Dr. A. C. S., 151
 Davenport, F. M., 206
 Davenport, Walter, 50
 Davidson, Dr. C., 228
 Davidson, W., 324
 Davis, Bette, 403
 Davis, F. B., Jr., 326
 Davis, J. J., 195
 Dawes, C. G., 163, 344
 Dawes, W. R., 336
 Dawson, Johnny, 386
 Day, Dr. E. E., 216
 Dean, Dizzy, 263
 Dean, M. M., 396
 DeAngelis, J., 102
 Deekard, T. M., 391
 Dennett, Dr. Tyler, 185
 Dern, G. H., 157
 Denney, C. E., 331
 Dempsey, Jack, 98, 392
 Detroyat, M., 379
 DeWitt, Lieut. Gen., 109
 Didrikson, Babe, 398
 Dietrich, M., 407

Dill, Max, 93
 Dillon, Ben. T., 96
 Dills, W. H., 105
 DiMaggio, Joe, 279
 Dockstader, Lew, 93
 Dodd, Dr. W. E., 231
 Dodds, Dr. H. W., 212, 249
 Donahey, A. V., 201
 Donough, C. C., 297
 Dorais, Gus, 253
 D'Orsay, Fifi, 405
 D'Orsay, Lawrence, 97
 Douglas, L. W., 337
 Downs, L. A., 331
 Dreiser, Theodore, 9
 Drury, Rev. C. M., 176
 Drew, Ellen, 409
 Duff, Dr. J. W., 223
 Duffus, R. L., 175
 Duffy, Hugh, 275
 Duncan Sisters, 405
 Duniway, Dr. C. A., 176
 Dunne, Irene, 402
 Dupre, Marcel, 360
 Durant, Dr. Will, 176
 Durbin, Deanna, 418
 Durrance, Dick, 397
 Dye, Dr. Eva Emery, 20
 Dyer, L. C., 208

E

Earhart, Amelia, 133, 367
 Early, Rev. M. J., 217
 Easterwood, W. E., 294
 Ebright, "Ky", 389
 Eddy, Nelson, 417
 Eddy, Sherwood, 75
 Ederle, Gertrude, 398
 Edison, Charles, 290, 325
Editor & Publisher, 41
 Edwards, Bill, 255
 Egan, H. C., 386
 Elder, Ruth, 368
 Elgstrom, Anna L., 15
 Elliott, Maxine, 100
 Ellsworth, L., 141
 Elman, Mischa, 343
 Ely, Dr. R. T., 184
 Emmons, Maj. Gen., 107
 Enesco, Georges, 348
Enquirer, Philadelphia, 56
 Ericourt, D., 356
 Erie, Kansas, 13, 56
 Errol, Leon, 101
 Erskine, John, 8
 Essary, J. Fred, 39
 Essick, Bill, 279
 Evans, Charles, Jr., 386

Evans, Madge, 409
 Evans, Rear Adm. R. D., 131
 Evers, Johnny, 29, 277
 Explorers Club, 146, 150, 151,
 175

F

Fairbanks, Doug., 414
 Farley, J. A., 157, 295
 Farmer, Frances, 410
 Farnum, William, 412
 Faulkner, R. H., 323
 Faversham, William, 82
 Fawcett, George, 105
 Fealy, Maude, 86
 Fedorova, Nina, 28
 Fenner, Rear Adm., 128
 Ferrero, G., 177
 Fields, Gracie, 104
 Firestone, H. S., 325
 Fish, Ham., Jr., 194
 Fisher, E. F., 324
 Fiske, Rear Adm., 129
 Fiske, Minnie M., 81, 98
 Fitts, B. L., 297
 Fitzsimmons, Bob, 98, 394
 Flesch, Carl, 345
 Fletcher, H. P., 166
 Foch, Marshal, 55
 Fogarty, Frank, 92
 Fontanne, Lynn, 103
 Forbes, B. C., 53
 Forbes-Robertson, J., 99
 Ford, Corey, 15
 Ford, Henry, 318, 345
 Fosdick, Dr. H. E., 76
 Foster, Dr. W. T., 228
 Foy, B. C., 226
 Foy, Eddie, 96
 Foxx, J. E., 274
 France, J. I., 200
 Francescatti, Z., 348
 Franck, H. A., 149
 Frantz, D., 358
 Frazier, L. J., 197
 Frederick, P., 406
 Freeman, Dr. D. S., 26, 172,
 183
 Freeman, L. R., 150
 Frelinghuysen, J. S., 201
 French, Howard, 378
 Frick, Ford, 265
 Friedman, I., 354
 Fries, Maj. Gen., 118
 Friganza, Trixie, 101
 Friley, Dr. C. E., 226
 Frohman, Daniel, 96
 Frisch, Frankie, 263

Fry, W. W., 291
 Fuess, Dr. C. M., 183
 Fuller, W. D., 321
 Fumasoni-Bioni, Cardinal, 67

G

Gable, Clark, 413
 Gannett, F. E., 48
 Gannon, Rear Adm., 127
 Ganz, Rudolph, 353
 Gardiner, W. T., 290
 Garfield, H. A., 168
 Garland, Hamlin, 13
 Garrett, Garet, 50
 Garner, John N., 162
 Gavin, F. J., 330
Gazette, Emporia, 51
 Gehrig, Lou, 273
 George, M. C., 192
 Gherardi, Rear Adm., 130
 Gibbons, Floyd, 283
 Gideonse, Dr. H. D., 230
 Gieseking, W., 355
 Gifford, W. S., 327
 Gilchrist, Maj. Gen., 282
 Gill, Tom, 20
 Gilman, Bishop, 66
 Glass, Carter, 205
 Glass, E. T., 255
 Glass, Dr. Meta, 227
 Gleason, James, 412
Globe, Atchison, 56
 Goodwin, Burnett, 232
 Goodwin, C., 175
 Gordon, Rev. C. W., 17
 Gordon, Joe, 276
 Gosden, F. F., 376
 Gould, Dr. L. M., 139
 Gow-Smith, Capt. F., 146
 Grace, E. G., 335
 Graham, Janet, 357
 Graham, R. C., 323
 Grainger, Percy, 352
 Grange, Red, 232, 237, 250
 Grant, Heber J., 72
 Grant, U. S., Jr., 306
 Gray, Carl R., 330
 Gray, Gilda, 300
 Greeley, A. W., 27
 Green, Mrs. B., 337
 Griffith, Clark, 265, 337
 Grimes, B. A., 273
 Grinnell College, 11
 Griswold, A. H., 299
 Groh, Heine, 279
 Gronna, A. J., 313
 Grunert, Maj. Gen., 122
 Guldahl, Ralph, 387
 Guggenheim, S., 307

H

- Hadley, "Bump", 261
 Hagedorn, H., 181
 Hagedorn, Maj. Gen. J., 121
 Hall, Bert, 11
 Hall, James Norman, 11
 Halleen, Dr. E. A., 74
 Halliburton, Richard, 147
 Halligan, Rear Adm. J., 134
 Hanley, Dick, 257
 Hanna, Archbishop, 64
 Hansen, Cecilia, 343
 Hampden, Walter, 76, 85
 Hapgood, Norman, 178
 Harbord, Maj. Gen., 120, 329
 Hard, William, 49
 Harding, John, Jr., 370
 Harding, W. G., 52
 Harkness, Mrs. W. H., 146
 Harlow, Jean, 411
 Harlow, R. C., 252
 Harper, Jess, 254
 Harriman, W. A., 332
 Harrison, R. B., 97
 Harvard University, 75, 214, 251
 Hastings, D. O., 195
 Hauck, Dr. A. A., 222
 Hawes, H. B., 197
 Hawkes, Dr. H. E., 220
 Hawks, Frank M., 377
 Hawley, W. C., 206
 Hay, Ian, 318
 Haycox, Ernest, 18, 54
 Hayden, Jay G., 39
 Hayes, Cardinal, 60
 Hayes, Helen, 84
 Hazelden Farm, 32
 Healy, Ted, 416
 Hearst, W. R., 53
 Heath, Thomas, 94
 Heffelfinger, P., 237
 Hegenberger, A., 371
 Heifetz, J., 344
 Hendrick, B. J., 181
 Henie, Sonja, 418
 Henry, "Pete", 237, 240
 Henson, Matt A., 143
 Hepburn, Admiral, 133
Herald Tribune, New York, 43, 299
 Herring, C. L., 201
 Heston, Willie, 237
 Hibben, Dr. J. G., 213
 Higgins, Gen. E. J., 71
 High, Stanley, 49
 Hill, J. H., 328
 Hillis, Dr. N. D., 304
 Hines, Brig. Gen. F. T., 283
 Hines, Maj. Gen. J. L., 118
 Hinton, Walter, 372
 Hitchcock, Tomny, 399
 Hobson, Rear Adm. R. P., 130
 Hocking, Dr. W. E., 75
 Hoffman, Carl von, 145
 Hoffman, P. G., 232
 Hofmann, Josef, 350
 Hollingberry, Babe, 248
 Holmes, John, 329
 Holmes, Taylor, 104
 Holt, Bishop Ivan, 69
 Hoover, Herbert, 46, 158, 182, 200
 Hopkins, Harry L., 10, 158
 Hopper, DeWolf, 102
 Horowitz, I. A., 399
 Horowitz, V., 358
 Horton, E. E., 413
 House, Col. E. M., 169
 House, Jay Elmer, 56, 99
 Howard, Archbishop, 65
 Howden, Bishop, 68
 Howe, E. W., 56-58
 Hubbard, Rev. B. R., 144
 Huebner, Dr. S. S., 222
 Hughes, Charles E., 52
 Hughes, G. A., 334
 Hughes, Rupert, 173
 Hull, W. E., 192
 Hulme, E. M., 177
 Hungerford, Edward, 180
 Hunsinger, Ed, 242
 Hunt, Roy A., 321
 Hunter, Dr. F. M., 226
 Hurley, Patrick J., 41, 160
 Hurst, Fannie, 28
 Hutchins, Dr. R. M., 211

I

- Ickes, H. L., 157
 Ingram, J. H., 251
 Ireland, Maj. Gen., 123
 Irwin, Will, 48
 Iturbi, Jose, 351

J

- Jacks, Dr. L. P., 215
 Jackson, Dr. W. H., 175
 Jacksonville, Ore., 84
 James, A. C., 329
 Jaqua, Dr. E. J., 226
 Jefferies, J. J., 393
 Jeffers, W. M., 332
 Johnson, C. C., 391
 Johnson, G. W., 173
 Johnson, Hiram W., 52, 202
 Johnson, Bishop I. P., 62

Johnson, Jack, 395
 Johnson, Martin, 149, 396
 Johnson, Mrs. Osa, 396
 Johnson, Dr. R. I., 88
 Johnson, Walter, 268
 Johnston, Maj. Gen. W. H., 119
 Jones, Bobby, 384
 Jones, Buck, 415
 Jones, E. Stanley, 76
 Jones, Howard, 247
 Jones, T. A. D., 248
 Jordan, Dr. David S., 309
 Joyce, Pat H., 328

K

Kahn, O. H., 335
Kansas Breeze, 52
 Kearns, C. C., 314
 Kearns, W. L., 315
 Kefauver, Dr. G. N., 219
 Kelland, C. B., 29
 Kellogg, F. B., 155
 Kelly, Monroe, 134
 Kelly, O. G., 370
 Kelly, W. C., 92
 Kendrick, W. F., 290
 Kennedy, J. P., 160
 Kenney, W. P., 330
 Kent, Frank R., 39
 Kent, F. I., 287
 Kerr, Andy, 253
 Kibbee, Guy, 412
 Killefer, Bill, 268
 Kilrain, Jake, 392
 Kimmel, Rear Adm. H. E., 125
 Kindler, Hans, 362
 King, Adm. E. J., 125
 King, Dr. Stanley, 211
 King, W. H., 314
 Kizer, Noble, 243
 Kleiser, G. W., 291
 Klem, Bill, 278
 Kling, John, 267
 Klingler, H. J., 323
 Knickerbocker, H. R., 42
 Knight, C. W. R., 378
 Knight, Jack, 380
 Knox College, 228
 Knox, Frank, 37
 Knudsen, W. S., 321
 Kochanski, P., 342
 Koenig, Capt. Paul, 284
 Kolb, William, 93
 Kramer, L. C., 284
 Kreisler, Fritz, 340, 351
 Krock, Arthur, 298
 Kubelik, Jan, 345
 Kyne, Peter B., 11

L

La Follette, R. M., Jr., 208
 La Guardia, F. H., 154
 Lash, Don R., 391
 Lauder, Sir Harry, 91
 Landon, Alf. M., 50, 69, 165
 Lang, Otto, 398
 Lange, W. A., 280
 Langford, Sam, 394
 Lapham, R. D., 326
 Large, G. H., 255
 Larimore, Earle, 103
 Larmon, R. R., 220
 Lattimore, Owen, 179
 Laughton, Charles, 416
 Lawrence, Gertrude, 104
 Laycock, Dr. C., 228
 Layden, Elmer, 240
 Leader, Ed., 390
 Leary, John J., Jr., 38
 Lee, E. H., 374
 LeGallienne, Eva, 84
 Lehman, Dr. B. H., 224
 Leiber, Fritz, 82
 Leigh, Adm. R. H., 126
 Lejeune, Maj. Gen., 135
 Lengyel, Emil, 46
 Leonard, Bishop, 72
 Lepicier, Cardinal, 61
 Levitzki, M., 356
 Lewis, Maj. Gen. E. M., 111
 Lewis, Ed., 395
 Lewis, J. H., 208
 Lewis, Lloyd, 7
 Lewis, Sinclair, 5-7
 Lewis, Ted, 93
 Lhevinne, J., 354
 Liggett, Lieut. Gen., 115
 Liggett, L. K., 328
 Littauer, K. P., 24
 Little, Lou, 251, 256
 Little, W. L., 385
 Lindbergh, C. A., 365
 Lincoln, Abraham, 181, 189, 198
 Lincoln, L. A., 337
 Lincoln Memorial University,
 229
 Llewellyn, Dr. K. N., 221
 Lobeck, C. O., 315
 Locke, Bishop C. E., 59
 Lockwood, C., 359
 Londos, Jim, 396
 Longworth, N., 198
 Lopez, V., 396
 Lowden, Frank O., 159, 184
 Lowe, Bishop Titus, 69
 Loy, Myrna, 404
 Lull, Barbara, 348

Lundborg, E. P., 377
 Lundeen, E., 199
 Lunn, Arthur, 16
 Lunt, Alfred, 103
 Lusk, Milan, 346
 Lutz, Dr. H. L., 213, 298
 Lyman, Maj. Gen. C. H., 136
 Lytton, Sir Henry, 96

Mc

McAdoo, W. G., 167
 McAlexander, Maj. Gen. U. G.,
 113
 McCarthy, Joe, 280
 McClelland, Dr. S. W., 229
 McCormack, John, 287
 McCoy, Maj. Gen. F. R., 108
 McCutcheon, John, 3
 McDonald, A. D., 333
 McEwan, J. J., 249
 McFee, Dr. Mildred H., 231
 McFee, William, 21
 McGroarty, J. S., 194
 McIntyre, James, 94
 McKim, Bishop, 65
 McMillin, Bo., 233, 256
 McNair, Lieut. Gen., 109
 McNary, Charles L., 50, 203
 McNeal, Tom, 52
 McNutt, Paul V., 161
 McPherson, Aimee S., 34
 McRae, Maj. Gen., J. H., 111

M

Maas, Robert, 359
 MacBain, Alastair, 15
 MacCracken, Dr. H. N., 212
 MacDonald, J., 403
 Macfadden, Bernarr, 40
 Mack, Connie, 261
 MacLaren, D. R., 379
 Macready, J. A., 370
 Madden, M. B., 206
 Magee, Dr. J. B., 230
 Magnin, Rabbi E. F., 74
 Mahan, Rear Adm. A. T., 66,
 129
 Maier, Guy, 358
 Maitland, L. J., 371
 Mann, G. D., 49
 Manners, Lady Diana, 104
 Mantell, Robert, 82
 Mantle, Burns, 83
 Maranville, Rabbit, 276
 March, Frederic, 417
 March, Dr. H. A., 256

March, Gen. P. C., 113
 Marcossou, J. F., 55
 Marquart, Rear Adm., 126
 Marsh, Dr. D. L., 220
 Marshall, Edison, 20
 Marshall, Gen. George C., 106,
 107, 134, 379
 Marshall, Herbert, 416
 Marshall, Jim, 44
 Marshall, Thomas R., 162, 205
 Martin, Maj. Gen. C. H., 120,
 129, 296
 Martin, John S., 41
 Martin, J. W., Jr., 337
 Martin, Pepper, 262
 Martin, W. M., Jr., 321
 Marvin, Dr. C. H., 217
 Mason, G. W., 322
 Massey, Raymond, 104
 Mattern, Jimmy, 373
 Matthews, Dr. M. A., 73
 Matthews, Bishop Paul, 76
 Maurer, Dr. Irving, 215
 Mayo, Adm. H. T., 135
 Meehan, Chick, 232
 Meiklejohn, Dr. A., 219
 Mellett, Lowell, 47
 Mencken, Henry L., 33
 Mennen, W. G., 328
 Menoher, Maj. Gen., 119
 Menuhin, Y., 347
 Merriam, Dr. J. C., 289
 Merwin, Samuel, 29
 Michell, Velma, 415
 Mildner, Poldi, 357
 Miller, Don, 242
 Miller, Henry, 80
 Miller, Max, 30
 Miller, "Rip", 243
 Millis, Walter, 182
 Mills, O. L., 165
 Miltner, Rev. C. C., 217
 Mitchell, Tom, 414
 Mitchell, Brig. Gen. William,
 107
 Mitty, Archbishop, 64
 Moberg, Gosta, 145
 Moffett, Rear Adm., 128
 Moiseiwitsch, B., 354
 Moncheur, Baron, 316
 Moran, Charley, 257
 Morley, Christopher, 12
 Morton, Maj. Gen. C. G., 120
 Moulton, Bishop, 67
 Mumford, Lewis, 180
 Muntzel, Lucile Thomas, 87
 Munson, Brig. Gen. E. L., 123
 Munz, Mieczyslaw, 357
 Murdock, Victor, 203

Myer, Buddy, 275
 Myers, Chief, 266
 Myers, Maj. Gen. J. T., 136
 Myers, Jefferson, 164

N

Nagurski, B., 239
 Nash, C. W., 322
 Nathan, G. J., 103
 Nelson, E. W., 247
 Nelson, Eric H., 370
 Nevers, Ernie, 236
 Nevins, Dr. Allan, 183
 Ney, Ella, 357
 Norris, G. W., 196
 Nye, G. P., 208

O

O'Day, Hank, 277
 O'Doul, Lefty, 274
 Odum, Dr. H. W., 223
 Ogburn, Dr. W. F., 228
 O'Hara, Bishop E. V., 70
 O'Hara, Rev. John, 229
 Older, Fremont, 36
 Oldfield, W. A., 200
 Oliver, J. C., 199
 Oliver, Tex, 257
 O'Neil, Nance, 87
 O'Neill, Steve, 267
 Onnou, A., 359
Oregon, 296, 297
Oregonian, The, 42, 102, 295,
 380, 413
 Ouimet, Francis, 386
 Owen, Ruth B., 200
 Owen, Steve, 250
 Owsley, A. M., 168

P

Paderewski, I. J., 349
 Paine, Albert B., 180
 Palette, Gene, 414
 Palmer, Frederick, 55
Panap, 45, 126
 Pangborn, Clyde, 375
 Park, Dr. M. E., 227
 Parker, Maj. Gen. F., 117
 Patten, Gilbert, 22
 Patterson, H. V., 316
 Paxson, Dr. F. L., 174
 Pearson, Lieut. A., 374
 Pearson, Drew, 46
 Pearson, P. M., 168
 Peary, Rear Adm., 142
 Pendleton, Dr. E. F., 214
 Pennock, H. J., 272
 Penney, J. C., 323

Pepper, Claude, 194
 Peret, Gus, 396
 Perry, Fred, 384
 Perry, J. D., 63
 Pershing, General, 55, 114, 115,
 116, 124, 171, 364
 Petrova, Olga, 100
 Phelan, Jim, 252
 Phelps, H. W., 336
 Phillips, Sir Percival, 45
 Piatro, M., 348
 Piatigorsky, G., 360
 Pickford, Mary, 403
 Pine Bluff, Ark., 203
 Pitcairn Island, 11
 Pitkin, Walter B., 36
 Pittman, Key, 198
 Players Club, 8, 29, 48, 80, 99,
 105, 147, 174, 412
 Poling, Dr. Dan A., 76
 Pollock, Dr. J. K., 222
 Pond, "Ducky", 246
 Pound, Dr. Louise, 227
Post, Denver, 46
Post, Guy Bates, 91
Post, New York, 56
 Powell, John, 345, 353
 Powers, James T., 80
 Prager, Walter, 398
 Primrose, George H., 94
 Princeton University, 4, 212
Public Ledger, Philadelphia, 55

Q

Quinn, Jack, 264

R

Rachmaninoff, S., 361
 Rambeau, Marjorie, 102
 Ramspeck, Robert, 202
 Rankin, Jeannette, 199
 Rankin, Tex, 372
 Read, Opie, 22
Record, Chicago, 32
 Reed, James A., 161
 Reed College, 222, 228
 Reeves, Admiral, 129
 Reinhardt, Dr. A. H., 224
 Rentschler, G. S., 336
 Reynolds, R. R., 193
 Rice, Florence, 404
 Rice, Grantland, 33, 244, 253
 Rich, Irene, 404
 Richardson, Rear Adm., 135
 Richardson, W. P., 400
 Rickenbacker, Eddie, 283, 363
 Ringling, John, 32
 Ritchie, A. C., 165

- Robb, Arthur T., 41
 Roberts, Theodore, 90
 Robins, Bishop, 68
 Robinson, Bill, 416
 Robinson, Joseph, 206
 Robson, May, 402
 Rockereller, J. D., Jr., 333
 Rockne, Knute, 232, 253
 Rogers, Ginger, 407
 Rogers, Dr. J. G., 230
 Roland, Ruth, 409
 Rollins, P. A., 178
 Rooney, Mickie, 415
 Roosevelt, Mrs. Eleanor, 153
 Roosevelt, F. D., 47, 218, 295
 Roosevelt, James, 154
 Roosevelt, Kermit, 326
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 37, 38, 134, 181, 295, 364
 Roosevelt, Theodore, Jr., 38
 Root, Bishop L. H., 65
 Rosendahl, C. E., 365, 369
 Rosenthal, Moriz, 354
 Rosier, Dr. J., 228
 Rowe, Bishop, P. T., 68
 Rowell, Chester H., 52
 Royce, Col. Ralph, 108
 Ruether, Dutch, 264
 Rugg, Dr. Harold, 214
 Russell, Lillian, 85, 93
 Ruth, Babe, 273
 Ruthven, Dr. A. G., 246
- S
- Sale, Chic, 93
 Salmond, F., 365
 Sammons, Col. E. C., 116
 Sande, Earle, 400
 Savoldi, Joe, 244, 395
 Schalk, Ray, 266
 Scheff, Fritzi, 86
 Schmalhausen, S. O., 291
 Schmidt, F., 246
 Schumann-Heink, E., 285
 Schofield, Rear Adm., 132
 Schwartz, M., 244
 Schwellenbach, L. B., 194
 Scott, Maj. Gen. H. L., 111, 171
 Scott, Dr. W. D., 210
 Sedgwick, Ellery, 40
 Seidel, T., 347
 Sender, R. J., 16
Sentinel, Erie, 56, 99
 Serkin, R., 356
 Seymour, Dr. Charles, 210
 Shackleton, Sir E., 301
 Shambaugh, Dr. B. F., 184
 Shaughnessy, C. D., 234
 Shaw, Dr. A. A., 225
 Shaw, Mary, 87
 Shaw, Dr. R. S., 230
 Sheean, Vincent, 27
 Sheil, Bishop, 71
 Sheldon, Dr. C. M., 13
 Shirley, Anne, 410
 Shotwell, Dr. J. T., 182
 Sills, Dr. K. C. M., 210
 Sims, Admiral W. S., 137
 Simmons, Al, 278
 Sinclair, H. F., 338
 Sinclair, Upton, 10, 38
 Skeyhill, Tom, 179
 Skinner, Cornelia Otis, 81
 Skinner, Otis, 51, 81, 89
 Sloan, A. P., Jr., 320
 Smith, Al E., 339
 Smith, Clipper, 252
 Smith, Elmer, 279
 Smith, Harry B., 259
 Smith, Bishop H. L., 59
 Smith, Macdonald, 387
 Smith, Paul C., 46
 Smith, Sidney, 288
 Smith, Dr. T. V., 230
 Smoot, Reed, 167
 Snavelly, Carl, 252
 Snyder, Dorothy A., 347
 Sokolsky, G. E., 44
 Sonnenberg, Gus, 395
 Sothorn, E. H., 99
 Sousa, John Philip, 137
 Spaeth, Dr. J. D., 25
 Sualding, Albert, 342
 Spaulding, Bill, 248
 Spargo, John, 304
 Speaker, Tris, 271
 Sproul, Dr. R. G., 223
 Stagor A. A., 234
 Standish, Burt L., 22
 Stanwyck, B., 405
Stars and Stripes, 47
 Stebbins, R., 97
 Steers, Lois, 341
 Stefansson, Dr. V., 151
 Steiwer, Fred, 199
 Stephenson, N. W., 181
 Stevens, A. W., 373
 Stevens, James, 17
 Stoddard, Dr. G. G., 227
 Stoltenhoff, Bishop, 77
 Stone, E. C., 329
 Stone, Fred, 102
 Strauss, Admiral J., 127
 Street, Gabby, 263
 Street, Julian, 16
 Streit, C. K., 177

Stillwell, Leander, 13
 Stowe, Leland, 43
 Strong, F. N., 168
 Stuart, G. H., 177
 Stuhldreher, H., 241
 Sullivan, Billy, 265
 Sullivan, Mark, 40
 Summerall, Gen. C. P., 110
Sun, Baltimore, 33, 39
 Sunday, Billy, 76, 155
 Swanson, C. A., 157
 Swenson, Dr. Karl J., 148
 Swope, G., 334
 Szigeti, J., 345

T

Taft, R. A., 195
 Taft, William H., 52, 163, 170
 Tait, John, 292
 Taliaferro, Mabel, 410
 Talmadge, N., 408
 Tarbell, Ida M., 304
 Tarkington, Booth, 3, 4, 5
 Taussig, Rear Adm. J. K., 127
Telegram, Portland, 315
 Temple, Shirley, 419
 Templeton, Alec, 357
 Templeton, Fay, 98
 Ten Eyck, J. A., 388
 Terry, Bill, 280
 Thibaud, J., 346
 Thomas, E. D., 203
 Thomas, Ira, 267
 Thomas, Lowell, 178
 Thomas, Norman, 178
 Thomason, Col. J. W., Jr., 11
 Thornhill, Tiny, 249
 Thorpe, Jim, 235
Time, 41
Times, Louisville, 55
Times, New York, 297
 Timothy Dwight College, 231
 Tilden, Bill, 382
 Tilson, J. Q., 198
Tombstone Epitaph, 51
 Townsend, Dr. F. E., 167
 Tomkins, Raymond S., 33, 165
 Tracy, Ray P., 20
 Treat, Dr. P. J., 179
Tribune, Bismark, 49
 Tucker, Bishop H. S., 62
 Tunney, Gene, 30, 391
 Turner, Roscoe, 374
 Turner, Scott, 299
 Turpin, Ben, 408

U

Ulbrickson, A. M., 389
 Univ. of Notre Dame, 212, 229,
 233, 240
 Univ. of Portland, 67, 216, 217,
 389

V

Vanderbilt, G., 87
 Vandercook, J. W., 147
 Van Dine, S. S., 26
 Van Doren, Carl, 184
 Van Dyke, W. S., 415
 Van Paassen, P., 42
 Veeder, Henry, 338
 Vennewitz, Elaine, 331
 Venzke, Gene, 391
 Villard, O. G., 54
 Vines, E., 383
 Virovai, Robert, 347
 Vitt, Oscar, 276
 Volstead, A. J., 50, 190
 Vrooman, C. S., 307

W

Wagner, Honus, 260, 267
 Wagner, R. F., 208
 Walcott, F. C., 198
 Waldorf, Bishop, 63
 Waldorf, L. O., 256
 Walker, Stanley, 50
 Wallace, H. A., 158
 Wallen, T. C., 299
 Walsh, Adam, 242
 Walsh, Ed, 269
 Walsh, D. I., 195
 Walsh, T. J., 192
 Walpole, Hugh, 30
 Wamby, Bill, 279
 Warfield, David, 102
 Warner, Pop, 235, 257
 Warren, Ohio, 331, 332
 Washburn, B., 144
 Washburne, C. W., 292
 Washington & Lee U., 24
 Wedell, J. R., 377
 Welch, Dr. C. W., 73
 West, Mae, 401
 West, Oswald, 207
 Wheeler, B. K., 207
 Whicher, Dr. G. F., 25
 White, Stewart Edward, 19
 White, William Allen, 33, 51
 White Rats, 92
 Whiteside, Walker, 90

- Wigmore, Dr. J. H., 221
Wilbur, C. D., 156
Wilbur, Dr. R. L., 297
Wilder, Thornton, 8
Wildman, Dr. C. E., 212
Wilkins, Dr. E. H., 220
Wilkins, Sir H., 140
Wilkinson, Max, 24
Willkie, Wendell, 281
William, Prince, 148
Williams, J. M., 358
Williamson, F. E., 331
Willing, Dr. O. F., 329
Wills, Helen, 382
Wilson, George, 250
Wilson, G. R., 369
Wilson, Harry Leon, 19
Wilson, Jim, 149
Wilson, Capt. W. W., 134
Winnipeg, Man., 17
Wise, Rabbi Jonah B., 74
Wissler, Dr. C., 174
Wolf, Dr. L. J., 143
Wolfe, Thomas, 30
Woltman, W. J., 16
Wood, Dr. James M., 88, 229
Wood, Joe, 272
Wood, Lambert A., 168
Wood, Maj. Gen. Leonard, 159
Woodruff, R. E., 331
Woodward, Rear Adm., 133
Woolcott, Alexander, 47
Wright, Dr. Orville, 380
Wright, W. H., 27
Wright, Maj. Gen. W. M., 116
- Y
- Yale University, 8, 176, 210, 213,
218, 230, 232, 247, 255, 390
Yates-Brown, F., 177
Yon, Pietro, 359
York, Alvin C., 179
Yost, F. H., 237, 255
Young, Cy, 270
Young, J. R., 49
Youngson, W. W., 59
- Z
- Zimbalist, Efrem, 344
Zupke, Robert C., 258

