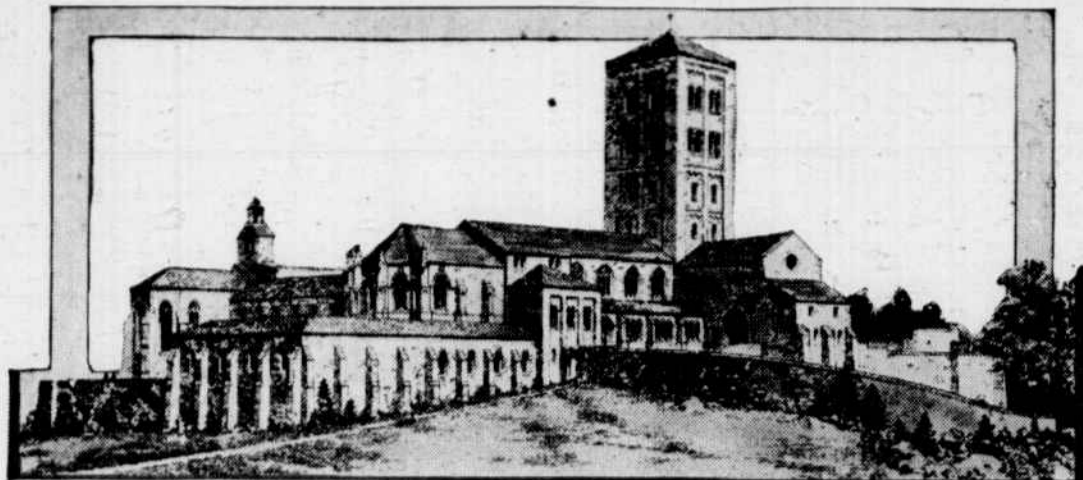
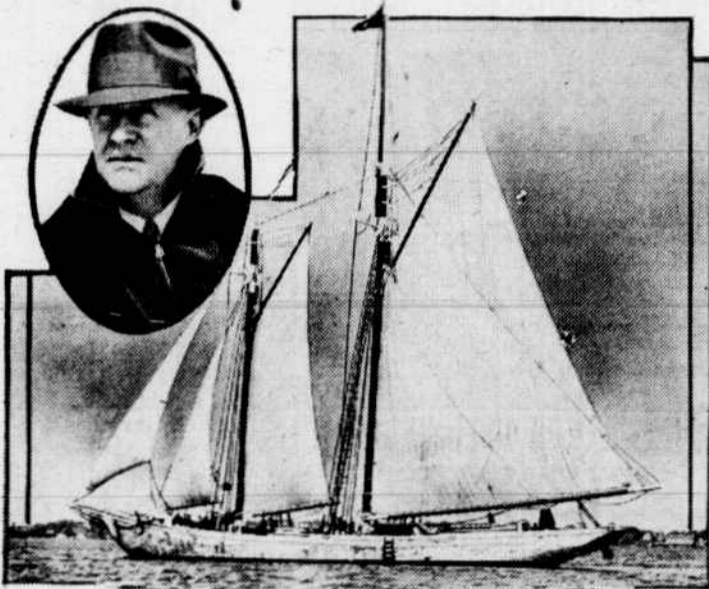


## Cloisters to Be Built With Rockefeller Gift



## Going Exploring on Old Rum Ship



Here are John Hays Hammond, Jr., and the Diamantina, converted rum-runner which he has refitted and on which he proposes to sail around the world. Hammond will try to discover the locality and cause of certain dead spots at sea where radio waves are inactive, and also will promote the development of faster and more efficient sailing craft to compete with power vessels.

## Building Will House Art Objects

A gift of \$2,500,000 by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to the Metropolitan Museum of Art has made possible the building of the structure pictured here. "The Cloisters" and surrounding grounds will occupy four acres in Fort Tryon park overlooking the Hudson. The site was reserved for the building and gardens when Mr. Rockefeller presented the park to New York city in 1930. It is hoped the new buildings will be ready for public inspection in 1938.

The project will supplant the present Cloisters built by George Grey Barnard, noted sculptor, to house the statuary and art objects he has acquired. He sold his art collection to the Metropolitan museum in 1925, and lent its trustees the property and building that the collection might not be moved. With the construction of the Rockefeller building, the original building will revert to Mr. Barnard.

The building pictured above will be one of the most beautiful in America, and will rank favorably with notable European museums.

## Huey Stages Style Show

Here is Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana as he appeared in Washington in all the glory of his new spring gear. The Kingfish said: "I had to



come back to show these people how to dress." His costume consisted of a straw hat with gay band, a tan tropical suit, lavender shirt with checks, red and green tie and tan and white sports shoes.

## Good Military Students Get Medals



Secretary of War Dorn presented Pershing gold medals to eighteen young men from the C. M. T. C. and R. O. T. C. of the nine corps areas for excellence of attainment in military education. In the photograph Mr. Dorn is seen giving his medal to Alexander E. Lawson of Mt. Olive, Ill.

## Stalin Addresses Session

When I. V. Stalin, Soviet dictator, speaks, Russians listen. He is shown in a characteristic pose as he addressed the session of the commission for studying the project of the model constitution for agricultural artels during the second all-union congress of collective farm shock-workers.

Stalin's original program, which called for complete control of all agricultural activities on a communistic basis, is reported to have undergone drastic revision. It was first intended to do away entirely with individual units. Stalin recently is said to have modified this order.



I. V. STALIN

## Father Neptune Opens West Coast Bathing Season



When the weather seemed propitious and the water warm enough at Santa Cruz, Calif., Father Neptune came ashore to open the bathing season for that region, including San Francisco, and was greeted by a bevy of lovely swimming girls.

## Scenes and Persons in the Current News



**IN THE NEWS:** 1—Mrs. Fletcher M. Johnson of Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y., who was selected as the "Typical Mother of 1935" for the nation-wide celebration of Golden Rule Mother's

day, May 12, with one of her grandchildren. 2—Strikers picketing the plant of the Chevrolet Motor company in Toledo which was closed because of the strike. 3—Some of the large party of Minnesota farmers who have left to make new homes in Alaska under the auspices of the FERA, boarding a train at St. Paul for San Francisco.

## BOSS OF THE CREW



Pretty Caroline Neill of Manchester, Conn., who is this year's captain of Wellesley college varsity crew.

## 1,400 Leave for Alaska

Hoping to find new opportunities, two groups of American farm people are leaving for Alaska as a part of a FERA colonization project. About 200 families will make the journey, together with approximately 400 CCC workers who have volunteered for this project.

One group left May 1, and another is scheduled to start about May 15 on the journey. These modern pioneers will make the journey from San Francisco by government transport. In Alaska they will build new homes, and attempt to start life over again.

## BIRDS' FRIEND IS 70



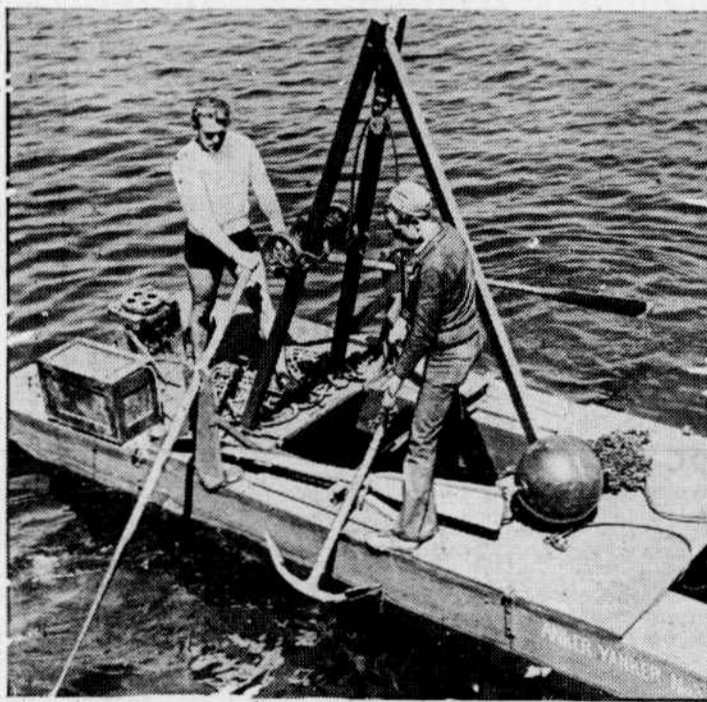
Jack Miner, whose huge bird sanctuary near Kingston, Ont., is internationally known, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. He is here seen placing a splint on the injured leg of one of the thousands of wild geese that stop at his sanctuary each year.

## FARM ECONOMIST



Howard R. Tolley, who has been appointed chief economist of the Department of Agriculture, in his most recent photograph.

## Here's an Odd Way to Make a Living



When yachtsmen at Santa Monica, Calif., want their anchors laid at the bottom of the harbor they engage the services of Dave Foster and Frank Quinn, young college students, who have thought up this odd way to pay their expenses in school. Their catamaran anchor pulper is 18 feet long and is propelled by an outboard motor. It has a lifting capacity of one-half ton.

## Slated for High Post

This is Gen. Joachim von Ribbentrop who has been promoted by Chancellor Hitler of Germany to a high command in the Nazi Guard troops and, accord-



ing to rumor, will be given the rank of ambassador-at-large. Later, he may be made secretary of state.

## Something New for the Bay State



William E. Chamberlain, left, secretary of the Eastern Horse club, receiving from Charles F. Connors, chairman of the state racing commission, the first horse race license ever issued by the state of Massachusetts. It was to be used at the Raceland track at Framingham.

## Tony

By SCOTT W. RYALL  
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WNU Service.

TONY BECCHIO came home in June, home to a dim flat in a Grimm street tenement where the smells of cooking, stained walls and people were more pungent than its neighbors.

Tony, like every other boy, had much of good and much of bad in him. At eighteen, he was caught in a robbery and sent to the reform school. Three years later he came out to find his family moved from the river-side shanty to the big, Ninth ward tenement on Grimm street.

The family prepared a welcome home dinner for him. They did not refer to where he had been. There were his mother and father, the twins and little Guletta. They tried so hard not to refer to the school that Tony knew it set on them as a sort of shame.

For a time after the return, he was an outcast. Everyone was kind to him. Even Officer Casey who had instructions to watch him, talked cheerfully enough whenever they met.

He was an outcast by reason of his own thoughts, and although the tenement was a far cry from the other place, he felt a depressing influence from its stains, its smells, its throng of inhabitants.

"He'll come out of it," said Pete, his father, one night when the mother was worried and Tony was up alone on the roof, brooding. "Give him time."

"All right for you to say, Pete," she replied, "but he think-a things. Not-a nice things, Pete."

Maria Becchio managed their adopted language less perfectly than her husband or Tony. But she did realize more keenly than Pete that Tony was "thinking things; not nice things."

Tony was sitting against a chimney on the roof, his mouth pulled down bitterly and he dwelled on the inequalities of life for he had learned something at the reform school besides a trade.

They taught him shoemaking and there was no job among the shoemakers. Even if there had been, they would find his record. He was a bitter, disillusioned outcast who could do nothing useful and at that moment the vague class of humanity known as "Rich people" were dining in hotels, each one spending more money in one night than he needed for a month.

His breath caught in a sob. It wasn't sorrow or self-pity. It was anger; anger at his situation, at his failure to get a job but more than all else, he was angry at the weakness which seemed keeping him from taking what was his right.

He rose suddenly, decisively; climbed over the roof parapet onto the fire escape and descended to the alley. It was dark down there. A damp wind swept against his face.

One of the boys at the prison school—a thick-headed, lewd young thief—told him how he had robbed a man by holding his hand in his coat. The man thought he had a gun and trembled so his teeth, which were false, rattled. It was funny. And he had over forty dollars on him.

Forty dollars! The big fellow had got forty dollars with nothing more than a harmless threat. Forty dollars! And some men had as many hundreds, even thousands.

The young man was fanning the flame of determination. His hand pressed tightly in his coat pocket. He walked aimlessly until he found himself in the warehouse district, then purpose took form and he saw his victim.

The man turned slowly, then came toward him, the metal point of the cane tapping more briskly as he neared. Tony's lip quivered. He waited for him to pass then stepped softly after. He was trembling all over.

Suddenly the man whirled. Tony gasped. He tried to snarl, "Put up your hands!" but no sound would come. The man's eyes seemed fastened on him like gimlets.

"Who is there?" he asked sharply. Again Tony tried his threat and failed. In that instant the man turned his face to the blank building wall.

"Who is there?" he repeated and the young man saw in the attitude the tense listening of a blind man.

His breath caught in a gasp of terror. "Gotta match, mister?" he asked hoarsely.

The man faced him again. Then he laughed softly, musically.

"Certainly. And could you tell me where I am? I've been walking farther than I thought and my sight is—bad."

The hesitation before the last word was so habitual, Tony knew it only represented an old pain. The boy's eyes protruded as he stared at those sightless ones. His hand mechanically reached for the offered match and was caught in a hard grip.

He withdrew quickly, futilely. The man's free hand traveled searchingly, over his face, feeling the lines of bitterness, the pinched cheeks and tense jaw. Then came that soft laugh and he released him.

Tony felt a nauseating weakness. How could the man laugh like that in the dark?

"Boy," he said kindly and the would-be assailant knew that sightless as he was, nothing had been hidden from him, "you must yet learn to suffer. Lead me to a restaurant and we'll have dinner together."

Again he laughed softly as if slightly amused, and Tony, feeling a lightness of mind, unknown since his arrest three years ago, leaned weakly on the blind man's proffered arm.