

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK



By LEMUEL F. PARTON
Consolidated Features.—WNU Release.

NEW YORK.—It might be a good idea to turn Glenn L. Martin loose on this cargo plane job and let him see what he can do. We once saw him pull through a "Clumsy Looking Kite" opened eyes through a doubtful enterprise which wasn't nearly so good a short-end bet as making cargo planes in a hurry. It was at Avalon Bay, Los Angeles, in 1912, when aviation was fascinating outdoor vaudeville, with its hall mark of world destiny still hidden. Bleriot, the French flier, had out-stunted our lads by a flight over the English channel.

On this golden day in 1912 there appeared at the water's edge a clumsy looking kite, precariously poised on a single wooden pontoon. Word got around that this Martin, whoever he might be, was actually going to fly this thing over to Catalina island, 20 miles away.

Young Martin had been ramming around with barnstorming troops, with home-made planes, known to fliers as a daring innovator, but with the public in general not quite sure of even his first name. Lincoln Beachey, Art Smith, Si Christoferson, Bob Fowler and others had found in the California skies a clear field of operations and Martin was one among many there, having a good time in what seemed then a sport, rather than a business. At any rate, bankers of the day so regarded it.

He had built his Catalina Clipper in an abandoned church, with such material as he might come by, without benefit of bankers. We recall that it had a quaint, homespun look. It seemed that it might do almost anything except fly. Getting ready for the take-off, young Martin wasn't paying any attention to the skeptical crowd. He tightened up some bolts, put an inflated rubber tube around his neck, and strapped a compass around his leg. Then, to state it precisely, he flew to Catalina.

Just in passing, when he reached the financial, as apart from the technical, stage of his operations, he wore most elegantly tailored black flying suits, and no more messing around in dungarees. His flying mates called him "Dude Martin," but this get-up achieved an effect of safe and sane conservatism and it was not surprising that he got backing from the bankers.

THE last time we saw Waldo Frank was in the summer of 1939, on our terrace in the country. It was a month or two before the war started and Mr. Frank was deeply troubled. It was a dead-end conversation, every way we turned. War was coming—of that Mr. Frank felt sure. We would be pulled in, and we wouldn't be ready, either with arms or understanding.

The mood of the conversation is more clearly recalled than just what Mr. Frank said. However, we do remember that he was sad because continental America had not shaken loose from a dying Mediterranean civilization and built a proud and safe and cohesive civilization of its own.

A short, stocky man, with a loose tweed suit and a neat black moustache, he moved down a trail in the dusk to a dark cave of interlocking forest trees. The dark trail led to Buenos Aires where he lies today, a casualty of a war of ideas which he has been waging for more than 20 years.

Six Fascist thugs beat him with the butt of a revolver, after the Axis-inclined Argentinian government had found him persona non grata.

His book, "Our America," published in 1919, was both an exalted declaration of faith and a disquieting appraisal of our complacent and slovenly failure to realize what the gods had bestowed on us, and to measure up to this endowment. In this and many later books and magazine articles, he preached a somewhat mystic philosophy of "The Whole," with such earnest faith and plodding persistence that it is not surprising that he carried his challenge to the dangerous political front of Argentina.

During the decades in which he wrote nearly 40 books—he is one of the most prolific of American writers—Mr. Frank was profoundly interested in South America, in his conviction that North and South were interdependent, in their cultural and economic destiny. When he first was in Argentina in 1929, the president provided him an airplane for his tour of the country. It was in that year that he visited the principal cities of South America, on a lecture tour, appealing for continental solidarity.



Liberty—There She Stands!

ALL over the world human liberty is being curbed or threatened by the German and Japanese war lords, but here in the United States still stands this gigantic symbol that men must and will be free. It was more than half a century ago that France, then recently freed from a German invasion, gave this symbol to a sister republic to commemorate the centennial of her successful struggle for liberty. Today France again lies prostrate under the German heel but in the hearts of her liberty-loving people is the certain knowledge that from the shores of the land where stands the Statue of Liberty will come the armed millions that will make them free once more.

There is an interesting connection between the conception of that statue 70-odd years ago and the struggle that is going on today for the preservation of the ideal which it symbolizes. The man who conceived it was not simply an artist with an abstract ideal of freedom. He had known from bitter experience how easy it is for a nation to lose its liberty and the heavy price it must pay to regain it.

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, an Alsatian sculptor, laid aside his chisel to take up a gun in defense of his country. He served as a leader of troops and then as a member of Garibaldi's staff in the Vosges but when the war ended he was homeless, for his native city of Colmar was in the hands of the Germans and Paris was ruled by the Commune.

As early as 1865 Bartholdi had conceived the idea of a memorial to the long-enduring friendship between France and the United States but he was unable to interest his countrymen in the project until the conflict of 1870-71 with Germany. Then the sympathy shown by Americans for the French in that struggle



FREDERIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI

moved them to make some tangible gesture of appreciation and Bartholdi was able to persuade an influential group of Frenchmen to attempt to finance such a project even though their country, recently ravished by the invaders, was struggling to pay the heavy war indemnity imposed by the conquerors.

He was commissioned by this group to design and execute the memorial and was sent to America to look over the ground. As his ship entered New York harbor he immediately decided that an island in the harbor would be the most fitting site.

A committee to raise funds for the statue was formed in 1874 and the plan won the immediate approval of the French people. Money came from 180 French cities, 40 general councils and from thousands of citizens until the cost of the statue, \$250,000, was met. Erection of the base for the statue and the work of installing it on Bedloe's island, which was paid for by popular subscription in the United States, brought the total cost to \$600,000. Although it was planned to erect the statue in 1876, as a part of the celebration of 100 years of freedom in this country, it was not until October 28, 1886, that it was dedicated.

"It was an intensely disagreeable day, with an incessant drizzle of cold rain, the streets muddy and the harbor overhung with a curtain of mist," writes one historian. "But the Americans demonstrated their interest in liberty was more than a sunshine affair by going through with the program as planned. . . . Bartholdi saw the President of the Republic standing bareheaded in the rain, returning the salutes of an army of Americans, who were marching to the waterfront for a glimpse of the Goddess his art had created."

Human Guinea Pig Club

The guinea pig, which is domesticated in most parts of the world, has been widely used in bacteriological experiments. This experimental use of the guinea pig has become so general that the mere mention of this creature's name suggests the idea of "try it out on Rover."

The "Human Guinea Pig club" is the unofficial caption of the U. S. army subsistence research laboratory at the Chicago Quartermaster depot. Here samples of the foods manufactured by various firms are submitted for analysis, tested for vitamin content and other nutritional values. It is here that the containers are subjected to tests simulating tropical and arctic conditions. Here also are evolved the emergency rations designed for aviators, paratroopers and commandos.

The Guinea Pig club is comprehensive in its membership. Generals, lieutenants, famed scientists, stenographers, civilians and enlisted men all partake of food prepared under various formulas. It is they who decide whether the rations are palatable, digestible and nutritious. Every noon the club meets for this purpose, and its members risk their digestions in the name of patriotism, so that the soldier may eat the proper food. And we all know how very important it is that the soldier gets the proper food to sustain him in his grueling routine from day to day. It has often been said that food will win the war. Certainly there is no denying the importance of the part it plays.

The following series of pictures gives you an opportunity to take a peek at America's most unique club.



Brig. Gen. Joseph E. Barzynski, commanding general of the Chicago Quartermaster depot, at end of table, presides over the famous "Human Guinea Pig club." The ham served at this particular meal was eleven years old, and the eggs used in the dessert were four-years old. (U. S. Signal Corps photos.)



In this laboratory, the army technicians break down the food to determine the vitamin content and its nutritiousness.



Under supervision of the Quartermaster Corps, the concentrated food for use of troops in the field is packed by a chewing gum manufacturer who has converted his production line to the packing of emergency rations.



Selecting samples of food submitted by various manufacturers.

War Boom Hits Historic City

'Splitting at the Seams' Is An Apt Description of Modern Petersburg.

PETERSBURG, VA. — Historic Petersburg, famed for its well-kept Civil War shrines, now is overrun with thousands of troops and wartime workmen.

"Splitting at the seams" was the way one social worker described the city after the boom created by the army's biggest quartermaster school at nearby Camp Lee had severely taxed civic and social facilities.

The city's normal population was 30,631 in 1940, but that was before an army of construction workers poured in to resurrect a vast army base on the site of old Camp Lee, a First World War cantonment named for Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Soldiers Follow Workers
Behind the workers came the soldiers—by the thousands. Camp Lee's strength has been variously estimated as high as 33,000 men, most of whom are undergoing training in the quartermaster corps technical school's huge shops and sprawling buildings. Pre-draft shoemakers teach draftees the intricacies of their trade, as do mechanics, bakers, tailors, and the rest of the men that "Keep 'Em Rolling."

Six miles away, at Hopewell, Va., acres of buildings and scientifically tangled pipelines surge with capacity war production.

The resultant war boom shook every stratum of the city's economic life. Wages were high and labor was scarce, although hundreds came in to take the boom-time jobs. Many camped in trailers on the former sites of First World War laborer-barracks. Rents rocketed and prices went up. Juke joints, cafes and amusement halls—all of fimsy, temporary construction—went up overnight.

Officers Fill Guest Homes.
Guest homes that once catered to history-conscious tourists were crammed with army officers and defense workers. Houses rented at almost any price for any kind of house, despite efforts of the federal-ly-sponsored local rent committee.

Police and the ever-present M.P.'s report comparatively little disorder on the teeming streets. Two newly dedicated USO centers, one for white soldiers, the other for Negroes, have helped the recreation problem, but the khaki-clad enlisted men still pack the streets on weekends, and line the highways to Richmond, 25 miles away. Camp Lee authorities say 4,500 men get weekend passes each week, on an average.

Already choked with the Camp Lee boom, Petersburg is bearing part of the brunt of another. Construction of Camp Pickett at Blackstone, 35 miles west, has brought more hundreds of workmen to seek living quarters here. And now, thousands of trainees of the army's medical corps are housed in permanent buildings at Camp Pickett, swelling the total even more.

Doctors Discourage All But Urgent Operations

PHILADELPHIA.—Next time a friend accosts you with a tale about "my operation," lend a sympathetic ear, for it will probably have been an urgent one.

In an effort to permit understaffed hospitals to take care of emergency cases, physicians are "rationing" operations by discouraging all those that are not immediately necessary, hospital administrators here disclosed recently.

The increase in hospital cases is due largely to hospitalization services and increased income. Pooling of services and the exchange of medical and surgical staffs may become necessary, according to Harold T. Prentzel, president of the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania Hospital association.

Patients are now being discharged from one to three days earlier, and visiting hours will probably be shortened to give the nurses more time to discharge their duties. Night visits may be eliminated entirely as a precaution against air raids or blackout confusion.

Cooks One Meal Per Day From 5 A. M. to 8 P. M.

PRATT, KAN.—A cook who overheard a bystander ask some soldiers on a train at the railroad station how the army was feeding them, turned around with a big, broad grin.

"Boss," said he, "we used to cook three meals every day on these diners, but now we just cook one. We start at 5 a. m. and quits at 8 p. m. That's what's cooking, boss."

Plan Plain Food For Women's Army

Dainties and Fads to Have No Place on Menu.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—Truffles, pate de foies gras and caviar will be harder to find at the WAAC's daily mess than an iota well-hidden in the sands of the Sahara, it was revealed here.

Dainties and "food fads" will take the back seat at the Women's Army Auxiliary corps training school and "good, wholesome food" will greet the first WAAC's when they sample their first mess.

That information, girls, comes straight from headquarters where Capt. John McSweeney, an expert army food dispenser late of Fort Riley, Kan., will slave over a hot stove with his gang of cooks, K.P.'s and a mess sergeant just to keep you operating on the right kind of grub.

Here's a sample day's table:
For breakfast you'll have your choice of the following groceries on the breakfast list—fresh apples, cream of wheat, fresh milk, fried bacon, wheat cakes and syrup, cinnamon toast, tea or coffee.

Then, at lunch time, after you've put in some time out on the parade ground, you will have—croustons, vegetable soup, beef biscuit roll, cream gravy, baked potatoes, combination salad, bread and butter, fruit jello and chocolate milk.

At dinner time, before you settle down to your studies, your menu might be—roast leg of lamb, mint sauce, mashed potatoes, buttered peas, cole slaw, rolls and butter, peach cobbler and iced tea.

Remember, you will be able to eat whatever amount you wish. So keep an eye out for your "figure" and let your conscience be your guide.

Germans Massacre 5,000 Jews in Polish Town

LONDON.—Official Polish sources reported that the Nazis had killed the entire Jewish population of Hrubieszow, a town in southeastern Poland. They described the town as of from 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, of whom more than 5,000 were Jewish.

Arthur Cardinal Hinsley, Roman Catholic primate of England, declared that the Nazis had "massacred 700,000 Jews" in Poland since the start of the war and added that "their innocent blood cries to heaven for vengeance. The Lord will repay in His own good time."

Cardinal Hinsley, who is archbishop of Westminster, said the "Nazis have done to death without the semblance of justice countless innocent people of the non-Aryan race."

"Everything religious, whether Jewish, Catholic, or Orthodox, is the target of the pagan hatred of the Nazi agents in Poland," he declared.

Lad, Invalid for Seven Years, Wins Diploma

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.—Warren Claunch, 14, has been an invalid since 1935, when he was in an automobile-bicycle crash.

Despite the fact that he was unable to study for the first three years after the accident, he has just received his diploma as a member of the Pacific Grove grammar school graduation class of 1942.

The school board arranged for a teacher to visit him daily and he was graduated as an honor student.

The youth will enter high school in the fall with the aid of an electric wheel chair presented him by a local church congregation.

New Sten Gun Credited To British Army Officer

LONDON.—The mystery of Britain's new Sten submachine gun which Lewis Silkin, Laborite member of parliament, had charged was merely a slight modification of the German Schmeisser gun, ended. The inventors of the Sten gun, a Daily Mail correspondent disclosed, are Lieut. Col. R. V. Shepherd, arms expert, and a Mr. Turpin, draftsman, although both the Sten and the Schmeisser are based on a gun invented in 1904. The Sten has only 59 parts, however, compared to the German gun's 104, and costs only \$8.

Paris Is Storing Away Food for Winter Needs

VICHY.—Paris authorities are storing away for next winter's food supply of the capital 40,000 tons of meat, 16,000 tons of butter, 4,000 tons of eggs, chickens and bacon and 2,000 tons of fruit and vegetables.

The cold storage facilities of the Paris markets have been doubled and permit 400 tons to be stored away daily.

Radium Lost 2 Years Is Recovered in Yard

CHARLESTON, ILL.—A small needle filled with radium, valued at \$50, which was accidentally discarded at the home of a patient receiving medical care here two years ago, has been recovered by Edward H. Peet, who used a radium detector in his search. The needle was found intact beneath a layer of dirt and ashes.



By VIRGINIA VALE
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

NOW that Vera Zorina has been removed from the role of "Maria" in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and Ingrid Bergman has been assigned to it, a lot of people are much happier. The role seems made for Miss Bergman. The change wasn't made without a struggle; extra tests were made after the first few days' work, but finally out came the dancer.

Paramount announces that this did not in any way impair the star's career, and put Somerset Maugham's "The Hour Before Dawn" into preparation for her.

Metro's talking about opening "Seven Sisters" simultaneously in America's seven most romantic cities; if you think yours is one of them, they ask you to send in statistics! Of course, Savannah, Charleston and New Orleans ought to be on the list. But let's hope that they won't ignore smaller towns when they make their decision, the ones that are really representative of modern American life.

When Katharine Hepburn made her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement," Adelyn Doyle was her stand-in. When Adelyn married, her sister Patricia took over the job. Pat



KATHARINE HEPBURN

married, and Miss Hepburn recently began "Keeper of the Flame" with Katharine Doyle as stand-in. There are two more Doyle sisters, so it looks as if the supply would last as long as the star's in the movie business.

Remember David Niven? Nigel Bruce, working in "Journey for Margaret," had a letter from him saying that he's now a major in England's armed forces. And Robert Montgomery has been promoted by Uncle Sam's navy from commander to squadron commander.

Alice Faye will return to the screen soon after more than six months' absence, to do a musical picture called "Hello, Frisco, Hello." It's another of those costume pictures—she must be getting sort of tired of them—with a story laid in 1900.

When Connie Boswell sings "He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings" it's more than just a song to her. It's a salute to her young brother-in-law, Ben Leedy, a fier-to-be stationed at Mitchel Field. If you've seen her work you'll recall him, rushing out of the wings to lift her into her wheel chair, hurrying out again to take her off stage. She sings it as often as she can on the Friday "Caravan" show.

The kitten, "Zero," heard frequently on "Those We Love" broadcasts, is played by that very versatile actress, Virginia Sale. She also portrays the principal role of "Martha" in the drama series. You've seen her in pictures.

For weeks Phil Baker had USO headquarters in New York searching for service men named Baker—wanted them for his anniversary and birthday broadcast of August 23, when only persons named Baker could take part in "Take It Or Leave It." Celebrities who qualified were numerous enough, starting with Bonnie, Benny, Kenny and Belle. But the program was incomplete without men in uniform.

June Havoc caught the mumps from her young daughter, April, and promptly exposed the entire company of "My Sister Eileen" to them; hadn't the faintest idea she had them. She says she looked as if she were wearing a small ballroom for a necktie.

Jack Briggs is going to find "Seven Miles From Alcatraz" especially interesting, if he gets a chance to see it. The young RKO contract player enlisted in the marines as soon as he was 21; a week later he told his family and the studio what he'd done—on the very day that RKO announced him for a pair of important roles in "Ladies Day" and "Seven Miles From Alcatraz."

He just had time to finish the former when he had to report for active duty.