

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—Back in the days of Sockless Jerry Simpson and the Populists and the rock-and-sock battle between Wall Street and the Corn Belt, there was a prairie healer and evangelist named Slater who scolded the farmers for their intemperate talk about the New York bankers, and said that when the millennium came they would be brothers again.

The evangelist might have been locked up had he predicted that within four or five decades the board of directors of the New York Stock exchange would hire an Illinois farmer, with no experience in securities dealing, to be president of the exchange.

These things came to pass, in the Rev. Mr. Slater's scriptural parlance. By unanimous vote of the board of governors, the \$48,000-a-year exchange job is offered to Emil Schram, operator of the Hartwell Farms at Hillview, Ill., and head of the Reconstruction Finance corporation since July, 1939. As this is written there is word from Washington that Mr. Schram will accept the post.

The tall, baldish, urbane, deep-voiced Mr. Schram has been esteemed in Washington for his bilingual accomplishments. It has been noted that he can talk to New Dealers and business men in their own language.

Under the tutelage of Jesse Jones, who brought him into the RFC, and whom he succeeded as its head, he has served not only as a liaison between business and government, but between agricultural and industrial interests. Shrewd onlookers in Wall Street are interpreting his call to the big board as a protective measure by the governors. The idea is that he might be a shock absorber as war tension brings more governmental regulation.

Of the third generation of German immigrants, Emil Schram finished high school in Peru, Ind., and took a job as a roustabout and handy man in J. O. Cole's lumber and coal yard.

By the time he was twenty-one, he was the bookkeeper for the business. Several years later, his employer took over 5,000 acres of swamp land on the Illinois river. He assigned his young bookkeeper the job of draining and developing the large tract of land.

Within a few years, the yield from the land was run up from 6,000 bushels of corn per year, to 140,000, with other crop increases in proportion. Young Mr. Schram acquired a substantial interest in the project, which became the Hartwell Land trust. Twenty tenant farmers have been on the reclaimed land for more than 25 years.

Mr. Schram's first contacts with the federal government came in later years as he became active in community drainage and reclamation projects requiring federal co-operation. As chairman of the board of directors of the National Drainage association, he had dealings with the Hoover administration, when the Illinois river was muzzling up farm lands in this vicinity, and loans for flood control and reclamation were needed. The astute Jesse Jones made him chairman of the drainage, levee and irrigation division of the RFC.

He later was a swing man in various government activities, including the presidency of the Home and Farm authority, a TVA subsidiary. He made it pay. Recently Edward R. Stettinius "drafted" him as assistant priorities administrator, to allocate raw materials for defense purposes.

Mr. Schram is 48 years old, the grandson of a woodworker. He is a Democrat, but he has never been active in politics, and has never been a candidate for office.

William M. Martin Jr., the "boy president" of the Stock exchange, whom Mr. Schram will succeed, quit his lucrative job for \$21 a month as a private in the army. His term of office had been a good investment, but not really because of the \$21-a-month salary. To take the exchange presidency, he had to sell the stock he owned.

After having experiences in the Antarctic, in hardy adventures around the world on the North Star. Rear Admiral Richard Byrd, already in London, was on hand to greet them. In above group are: Lt. Col. Paul Siple, commander of the Little America base; Mrs. Siple; Admiral Byrd; Mrs. F. Wade, and F. Wade, senior scientist.

Wartime Rules Invoked to Guard Capitol



Capitol police begin checking articles carried by visitors, for the first time since World War I days, when a time-bomb exploded in the senate reception room. Fourteen officers are stopping all visitors at the seven entrances to the building, and relieve all sight-seers of bundles, cameras, umbrellas and other articles.

Australian Prime Minister Arrives



Robert G. Menzies, prime minister of Australia, and companions, pictured as they arrived in New York, from Europe, on the Pan-American Dixie Clipper. Left to right: Menzies; Frederick Shedden, secretary of Australian-British defense co-ordination department; and John Storey, member of Australian-British aircraft production committee.

Home Legionnaires Sign Up



A group of army mothers who attended the organization meeting of the Home Legion in New York city, signing a huge post card which was mailed to the President by those pledged to do all in their power to make the lot of the soldier in camp a happier one. The Home Legion is composed of wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of draftees.

North Star Returns From Antarctic



After having experiences in the Antarctic, in hardy adventures around the world on the North Star. Rear Admiral Richard Byrd, already in London, was on hand to greet them. In above group are: Lt. Col. Paul Siple, commander of the Little America base; Mrs. Siple; Admiral Byrd; Mrs. F. Wade, and F. Wade, senior scientist.

Fights Polio



At the invitation of President Roosevelt to take treatment for polio, Higinio Morinigo Jr., son of the president of Paraguay, arrives at Miami airport with his mother and Maria Carmen Pena, four, en route to Warm Springs, Ga.

Gift From Red Cross



John G. Winant, United States ambassador to Great Britain, handing over a check for 70,000 pounds to Lady Reading, chief of the Women's Volunteer Service, in London. The money was sent from the American Red Cross.

Proof of Sabotage



First picture of damaged machinery aboard Italian liner Colorado, being examined by J. C. Mahon, from coast guard cutter Unalga at San Juan, Puerto Rico. The FBI is investigating charges that the damage was caused by the crew.

Reich Mouthpiece



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Man About Town
New Yorkers Are Talking About: The 400 per cent law his tilt for Willie after his Collier's piece (answering Lindbergh) . . . The trouble Halle Selassie's daughter is having getting a visa to come here . . . Adolf Hitler's nephew, Wm. Patrick Hitler, being summoned by the N. Y. draft board, and his plans to enlist in Canada, instead . . . The muffled groans over at the Satevepost because one year ago it paid St. Ethical McKelway a big advance fee (for a series of South American pieces) and not one word has been submitted yet.

Fegler's terrific mad-on with Liberty mag. He sold it a yarn on unions, guilds, etc., but it'll run side by side with a yarn debunking his piece. The debunking smarticle is bylined by J. Woll, of the American Fed. of Labor . . . Shep Fields' definition of an isolationist: A guy who sits on a fence long after a normal man feels splinters.

FDR being fed up with the Axis propaganda and his belief that a counter-offensive of free ideas should be sent abroad. He thinks it is Hitler's weak point—because in Europe—any man who believes what he sees—is a Fifth Columnist against Hitler! . . . The "beat" of the week: That the administration has been sounded out by influential Italian exiles for permission to set up in N. Y. the government of the Republic of Italy!!!!!!

The Gov't is actively considering the best location in the U. S. where foreign agents can do themselves the most—and the Axis the least—good . . . Naval conferences in London have reached the point of a discussion of joint command of all democratic vessels—Atlantic (British), Pacific (U. S.)

Notes of a Newspaperman
The Story Tellers: Raymond Leslie Buell, a Fortune editor, warns FDR is "in danger of becoming the American Chamberlain." That takes the President all the way around the block. He's been called "dictator," "warmonger" and now "appeaser." The name-callers invent the name to fit their special angle . . . There are six kinds of escort who are practically a guarantee of spinstership, an anonymous model reports in "Beauty Is My Career" in Cosmopolitan. The half dozen will spend plenty on a gal's face, but nothing on the third finger of the left hand . . . An editorial in the SEP states: "If the country is unable or unwilling for the duration of the war to freeze its economic disputes, to forget its class jealousies, to put out of its mind such a thought of equity of sacrifice, then its life is in danger" . . . Them's fine words. We hope the Satevepost will set an example . . . Page 122 of the SEP has a cartoon about a silly ostrich with its head buried in the sand. It's good to know they can laugh at them selves . . . Read Stanley High's piece: "Hitler Ersatz Religion" in Reader's Digest. He says Germany is their God, Hitler is their Christ and Mein Kampf is their bible.

The Front Pages: The Associated Press contributed great space and ink to a group's selections. They honored outstanding American women—who "made the greatest strides in the last 50 years" . . . In the field of aviation the honored were Ruth Nichols, a South American lady named Mrs. Miguel Otero, and Anne Lindbergh . . . Amelia Earhart, in short, is not only Gone—but Forgotten . . . The Pulitzer Prize Committee's award to the Pulitzer paper in St. Louis (for getting rid of a smoke nuisance) was like seeing a man pin a medal on himself.

This column's orchids for the best editorial cartoon of the month go to Rollin Kirby of the N. Y. Post . . . The caption was "The Capital of the World of Tomorrow Will Be Either Berlin or Washington" (which Willie said in a speech) . . . In a sofa chair is "Isolationist" with his newspaper (featuring Lindbergh's opposition to British aid) on the floor . . . "Average American" (that's you and me and Kirby) is pushing a finger in The Old Man's direction and saying: "I don't want war any more than you do, but I don't propose to let this guy Hitler take ME over. And don't you call me a warmonger!"

In Daladier's new book, "France Speaking," there is a good tip-off on why France fell . . . Daladier once said sadly: "What can I do about it? Gamelin doesn't LIKE tanks!"

Typewriter Ribbons: Benjamin Franklin's: Rebellion against tyrants is obedience to God . . . Anon's: Often the man the public tares and feathers today has a feather in his cap tomorrow . . . G. B. Evans': The way to beat convicts is with convicts . . . Jack Warwick's: Few Americans want war. They hate it—but believe in not peace . . . Akron Beacon-Journal's: Just what are the unalienable rights of a man who is doing nothing for his country and is trying to keep others from doing anything?

Easy to Reduce Weight When You Limit Calories



You Lose Two Pounds a Week.
A TRUE slimming story! And a really happy ending, too, when a stout woman diets the calory way. By limiting food calories to around 1,200 a day, she not only loses—as much as 24 pounds in three months—but feels radiantly younger. And the lovely part is that while reducing you eat as much as ever!

Have a graceful, girlish new figure—soon! Our 22-page booklet gives 42 tasty low-calory menus, a newly enlarged calory chart. Also tells how to gain. For a copy, send your order to:

READER-HOME SERVICE
635 Sixth Ave. New York City
Enclose 10 cents in coin for your copy of THE NEW WAY TO A YOUTHFUL FIGURE.

ESSO REPORTER NEWS

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| WCSC | D 7:55 | 12:00 | 6:15 | 11:00 |
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*Central Standard Time D-Daily S-Sunday

Exposed Defect
Let a defect, which is possibly but small, appear undisguised. A fault concealed is presumed to be great.—Martial.



For Your Health
Gladdness, Temperance and Repose slam the door on the doctor's nose.—Longfellow.

DON'T BE BOSSSED

BY YOUR LAXATIVE—RELIEVE CONSTIPATION THIS MODERN WAY
When you feel gassy, headachy, lory due to clogged-up bowels, do as millions do—take Feen-A-Mint at bedtime. Next morning—thorough, comfortable relief, helping you start the day full of your normal energy and pep, feeling like a million! Feen-A-Mint doesn't disturb your night's rest or interfere with work the next day. Try Feen-A-Mint, the chewing gum laxative, yourself! It tastes good, it's handy and economical . . . a family supply costs only

FEEN-A-MINT 10¢

Habits Multiply
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.—Ovid.



"All the Traffic Would Bear"

There was a time in America when there were no set prices. Each merchant charged what he thought "the traffic would bear." Advertising came to the rescue of the consumer. It led the way to the established prices you pay when you buy anything today.