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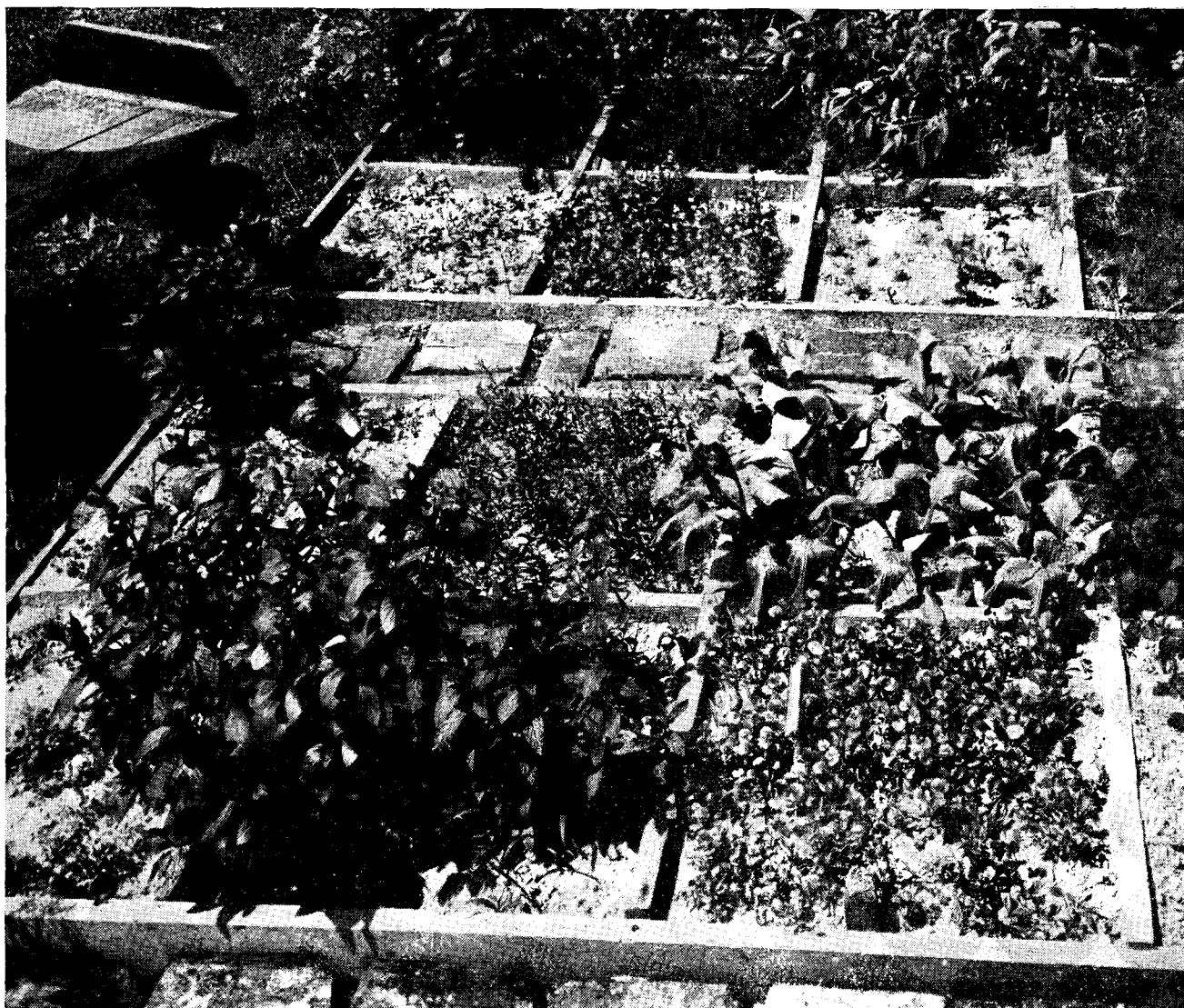
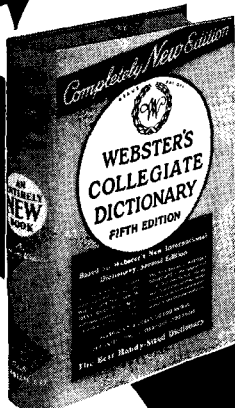
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IFOR THOMAS

Thyme Will Tell

By Rose
and Bob Brown

Rosemary, basil, savory, dill—herbs are back in the kitchen and praise for the cook is rising round the dinner table. Here's how to garner your share of it



Rosetta Clarkson at work in her herb garden

SOMETHING pleasant is happening to help smooth out the lines between the brows of harassed menu makers. And it's not a new beauty treatment either, but simply the revival of culinary herbs. For Grandmother's herb patch has staged a comeback and now, with the added piquance of old-new savors such as sweet marjoram and balm, even an amateur cook can ring countless changes in every familiar dish from soup to dessert.

And the technique of using herbs, either fresh or dried, is just as simple as seasoning with salt, pepper or spices; while the range of choice in new-found flavors is almost unlimited. Besides, there's magic in these tasty leaves and sprigs, not just in the legends and superstitions that have clung to them from ancient times, but an alchemy of health that's very real. For besides being appetizing they're wholesome tonics entirely free from digestive dangers that may attend too liberal use of more ardent condiments.

But how does one come by these quaintly named carriers of sheer piquance—basil, tarragon, marjoram, rosemary and chervil? The question might have been asked in vain only a short time ago, but today the entire herb world is astir, and it's not such a small world as you might think. There are in fact hundreds of bountiful herb gardens from Massachusetts to California. Many universities and some PWA projects are also concerned with growing them, so all you have to do is drop a penny postal for catalogues of herbs in stock, or your grocer will get them for you. And when in doubt about the nearest and best source of supply just write to the Agricultural Department in your state or to the Herb Society of America in Boston.

Only two years ago a unique enter-

prise which is characteristic of this sudden revival started in one of those gracious old town houses that literary and artist folk seek out in Greenwich Village, New York. There Mrs. Helen Clark Phillips settled down to write about French cooking. But where could her American readers buy the essential foreign flavorings, those simple herbs our grandmothers knew so well, which are the basic secrets of so many distinguished French dishes? After making the rounds of foreign shops and importers she managed to assemble the four French favorites—chervil, tarragon, marjoram and basil—and two typically English ones—rosemary and savory. With these as a base she added our already familiar sage, bay, thyme and mint, put all ten up in separate little envelopes of cellophane, packed that full flavoring kit in a snappy metal box and looked around to see if anybody else was interested.

At first she hesitated to invest in a printed leaflet of instructions and recipes, but all of a sudden there was an enthusiastic demand for those charming boxes of dried leaves and she had to double her printing order of accompanying directions. Overnight Helen Phillips' quiet house became a battleground of herb packing and shipping. It took on the fragrant scent of a mammoth potpourri jar, with herbs everywhere.

Into the wing angles of cottages, the corners of urban back yards, window sills of sunny kitchens and along the borders of velvet-smooth green lawns, herbs have been creeping back these last few years as one amateur gardener after another has fallen under their spicy spell.

There's Mrs. Rosetta Clarkson, who grows a mere 170 varieties on Old Orchard Road in New Rochelle, New York—although not all of these are for



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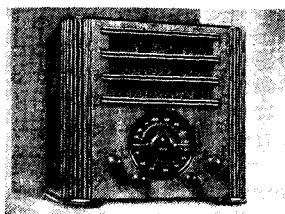
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flavoring food. It's easy to see that herbs are a hobby riding her, instead of the other way around. For after teaching English all day Rosetta Clarkson not only tends her garden but also gets out a monthly Herb Journal which she distributes to several thousand other enthusiasts absolutely free, even paying the postage herself—and that's devotion.

But to get right down to recipes, here's how Rosetta Clarkson tosses up a herbal tomato cocktail that's got everything: Open a tin of tomato juice, pour it into a bowl that will fit nicely in the refrigerator and stir in one teaspoonful of basil, another of savory and a third of tarragon. Add a pinch apiece of salt, sweet marjoram and thyme and a whole tablespoon of sugar. Cover it and forget it for ten or twelve hours. Just before serving mix in a couple of tablespoonfuls of chopped chives and the same amount of lemon and orange juice, strain and serve good and cold. Then you'll agree, we think, that you never sipped anything quite so full of smacking new flavors.

Oscar of the Waldorf also knows his herbs, so when the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens threw a luncheon to celebrate the setting aside of a big plot in which they're now busily reviving the cultivation of toothsome angelica, crunchy fennel, fragrant costmary, borage, balm, and the like, Oscar got up a truly herbaaceous menu for the occasion and started it off with Rosemary Soup, made as follows:

In three tablespoons of butter gently cook one tablespoon of dried rosemary (or three times that amount of fresh rosemary), one small head of lettuce, another of watercress and a cup of green sorrel, all shredded or cut fine. Five minutes of cooking is enough; then pour the herb mixture into a quart and a half of chicken stock and simmer half an hour. Stir in half a cup of cream mixed with an egg yolk, at the finish; salt, pepper and serve immediately.

We toss mint leaves not only into our juleps but also into the pea soup. We sprinkle mint, too, over all vegetables that go well with baby lamb, such as string beans, new potatoes and carrots. We perk up candied sweet potatoes on occasion with sprightly sprigs of it dipped in powdered sugar. Spearmint is what we use, though there are many other kinds to experiment with—apple mint, curly mint, creeping mint, peppermint, golden mint, woolly mint, pennyroyal (that mosquitoes can't abide) and some scented with lemon and orange.

The Family of the Mints

As a matter of fact, the mint family includes half a dozen other sweet herbs, among them the well-known sage and thyme (of which over a hundred varieties exist) as well as the Biblical hyssop, savory, rosemary, basil and sweet marjoram that are now returning with the fatted calf.

All of these herbs, no matter how different they may look and taste, are actually sister mints under the skin. So once we've established this blood relationship it's easily seen how each and every one of them is interchangeable with the little bunch of spearmint that all knowing butchers throw in with a roast of lamb.

When we come right down to it, the vast majority of sweet herbs belong to only two families—and the other one is the common carrot. The sisters, cousins and aunts in this big carrot tribe include such seemingly unrelated herbs as plain parsley, chervil, coriander, caraway, celery, anise, cumin, fennel and, for us best of all, dill. We'll gnaw our carrots in the form of fresh dill, thanks. It's an old Scandinavian custom, and once ex-

posed to it your diet will never be quite the same. It'll be livelier.

We got the dill habit (and by the way it's in season until late October) from buying it in flower. The fluffy yellow flowers and fragile top stems or leaflets appeal to us most. We chop them together and strew them over stews, omelets, salads and soups when nobody's looking. They bestow both color and savor from nature's lavish spice box and twist the tongue of many a guest into wrong guesses as to exactly what exotic flavor has made that most pungent of sauces. Dill is unbeatable with fish or scattered over the succulent stems of fennel boiled and eaten exactly the same as asparagus. For tang in any cucumber salad words fail us, but not the dill.

A Triumvirate of Taste

The two leading herb families, when represented by thyme and parsley, unite with one bay leaf to make the classic herb bouquet, called a faggot of herbs in England and *bouquet garni* in France. This triumvirate of taste is no bigger than a buttonhole bouquet and is tied together with a string for convenience, or if the herbs are dry and have been rubbed to small particles they're sewed into a little muslin bag, but in either case the bouquet is always taken out of the pot after it's given the dish all of its flavor.

Through Europe this herb bouquet is the first thing that's thrown into soup, stew pot, casserole or roasting pan to impart its subtly fine flavor and, quite naturally, the three herbs that make it vary according to different locales.

The chief rule for us to observe is restraint. So let us start calmly, by sticking to the herb bouquet rule of three and go international only by substituting one of the mints for thyme or a member of the carrot family for parsley, as we have seen the Continentals do. Personally, we like a bouquet scented with marjoram or savory for consommés, stuffings, green goose and stews; one made with basil in place of the parsley for fish, and rosemary instead of the thyme in turtle soup.

Of course, any one of these herbs, fresh or dried, comes handy outside of the bouquet, too, just by its own sweet self, or in careful combination. And since there's no cookbook devoted to herbs alone for our guidance, the field is wide open for experiment. So try sprinkling your next ragout with the minced green leaves of either basil, marjoram or rosemary, then progress to mixing two and finally, when you can trust your restraint, use all three.

Basil makes a French dressing go completely Italian. But throw in plenty, until the oil and vinegar become a bright green sauce. Tomatoes then cry for it, and any of the lettuces, from Boston to romaine, thus dressed, are a novelty and delight.

That well-known cooking style called *aux fines herbes*—with chopped herbs—is another natural; but in trailing around the world after thousands of French cooks it's undergone as many a seasoning change as the old *bouquet garni* itself. So those lively green specks that twinkle out at you from an *omelette aux fines herbes* or other dish with as French a name may be cress, basil, rosemary, savory, almost anything in place of the classic parsley and chives which the original recipe specifies. It may be just chervil alone, for that tastes like parsley and fennel combined.

Fines herbes, destined to be mixed with melted butter to make that sauce supreme with grilled steak, calls for tarragon along with the chives. But there's no hard-and-fast rule about any of this, so just be guided by your taste and whatever herbs you can get.

Air Conditioned

Continued from page 25

16 touchdowns by the aerial route, and we scored as many or more in this way in 1935. That is an average of some 96 points in a season, not counting the extra try for goal. Statistics show that in each game one or two men are going to snag a pass and scamper across the goal line.

Every team is defeated now and then, as witness last year's many major upsets. But I doubt if any major team in the country has a better record than Arkansas for consecutive scoring, thanks to its highly developed passing attack. Arkansas has scored at least one touchdown in the last 23 games.

Paddlefoot Sloan is a Mudder

Last season we scored 178 points, an average of almost three touchdowns a game, with our "basketball system" of football. We were dubbed the "pass-crazy" Porkers and were recognized nationally as the "passingest" team in the nation.

We haven't had a great, smashing fullback at Arkansas in years, although I've prayed earnestly and with feeling for such a man all the time. To make up for the lack of such a player we have resorted to bombing the enemy with forward passes.

Sure, we coaches all employ the power smashes when we've got the power. I was a lineman myself back at Nebraska. But what are you going to do when you haven't the power? What are you going to do when you find your great line, the pride of your heart for the last two years, all graduated and you looking ten to twenty hopeful sophomores in the face this season—and these sophomores who must rebuild that line not only lacking experience but also for the most part lacking the necessary weight?

Arkansas likes the passing game—the great passing show—in its football. We have found that it means larger attendance, more gate receipts, more fan interest. We have built a new stadium at Arkansas this year, largely because of the forward pass. From the spectator's point of view, the pass is the most thrilling part of the game.

For the last two years Arkansas has had to pass. The consensus of sports writers throughout the nation was that in 1936 Arkansas had the eleventh toughest schedule in the country. In 1935 it was agreed we had the second or third hardest schedule.

In 1936 we lost only to Texas Christian University inside the conference, and that by four points, but at the start of the season I had the crying towel out plenty.

Jack Robbins, my passer, quarterback, ball-carrier and punter, the man around whom I had built my offense, turned up with a leg injury and then sprained his ankle and burst a blood vessel on the other leg. He was out of three early games. Our captain and our only starting tackle was Cliff Van Sickle, and he opened the season with a formidable appendicitis attack. A third starting halfback suffered a leg injury. Another went down with appendicitis. Other calamity descended.

Fortunately old Paddlefoot Sloan, a lad used to playing around in the river-bottom mud of Bob Burns' home town, Van Buren, turned up with a bullet pass. Furthermore, he was a wet-weather passer. Sloan, slippery footballs and wet weather got along beautifully together, all season. A straight "A" student, Ralph Rawlings, filled in at quarterback for Robbins.

Sloan could pass, and Rawlings could

call 'em, and two basketball men at the ends—Ray Hamilton, who towers near six feet five, and James Benton, six feet three, could catch 'em. With this revamped line-up we met the enemy, and then the rains came. Three of our first five games were played in the rain, and our power attack had been left at home or on the bench with limbs in gauze bandages.

Rain or no rain, we knew we couldn't go through the opposition, so we attempted wet-weather bombing tactics.

In justice to our "basketball" style of play, let me add that our records show that we completed 106 of the 211 passes in 1935, and 120 of the 284 attempts in 1936. We gained 1,455 yards by passing in 1935 and 1,484 yards rushing. We gained 1,498 yards on passes in the 1936 season and 1,243 yards by rushing. Despite the great number of passes thrown, less than ten per cent, both years, were intercepted.

In last year's game against the great Texas Christian team, in the Dallas Cotton Bowl, Jack Robbins was on one leg. I give this as no alibi for losing. No one ever needs an alibi for losing to Texas Christian University, which has yet to lose an intersectional game and which, year in and year out, is a Southwest conference championship contender.

In this game, Robbins tied into a pitching duel against the great "Slingin' Sam" Baugh at his best. Arkansas lost the game and therefore, from a baseball scoring standpoint, Baugh was the winning pitcher. But from the standpoint of pass completions and yardage gained, Arkansas' basketball gang had the more impressive record. The Razorbacks fired 39 passes at the Horned Frogs, completing 19 of them for a total gain of 228 yards. However, the Frogs, combining a clever passing game with a powerful ground attack, nosed us out 18-14.

An Average Gain of Five Yards

While we are on statistics, I'd like everyone to have a look-see at the record of this lad Jack Robbins. He was out three games in 1936, because of injury, and wasn't himself in one more. In the seven games he played, however, he threw 103 forward passes, completing 54 for a total of 554 yards and four touchdowns.

Jack Robbins was selected as an all-conference guard on the Southwest conference basketball team in 1937. He was an all-state basketball forward in his high-school days. He played as a sophomore on the Razorback Olympic Dixie championship basketball team in Madison Square Garden, in 1936.

End James Benton caught 39 passes for 519 yards and scored six touchdowns last year, including the winning touchdown against the University of Texas in the rain and mud at Little Rock, December 5th, which gave Arkansas the Southwest Conference championship. Benton is a regular on our basketball squad and plays either forward or guard. Ray Hamilton, the other end, caught 20 passes for 296 yards and one touchdown. He is our starting center on our basketball team and was given all-conference mention.

Jim Lee Howell and Ike Poole of the 1935 football squad, played with the All-Stars against the Chicago Bears, at end position, and performed very creditably, as any of the Bears will tell you.

On the completed forward passes in 1935 and in 1936, we averaged 12 to 13 yards. But at least half of them were

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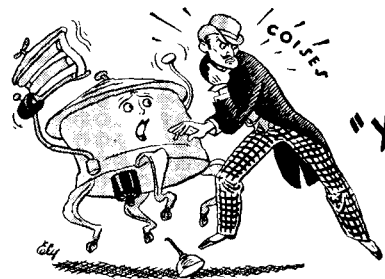
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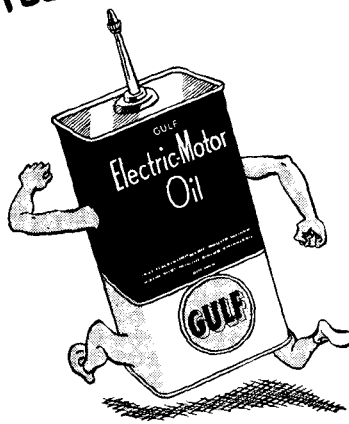
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incomplete, it is objected. All right then, every time Jack Robbins' arm went back to pass, it was good for an average gain of five to six yards. And the same with Dwight Sloan, pitching even in the rain, and the rest of our backfield passers. You give me a player who can gain five yards on every play, cracking through the line, or even a whole team that can gain five yards on every play, and I'll win every game Arkansas schedules.

All right, you say, why didn't you pass twice as much and win all the games last year and the year before?

And there's the rub. That's why football will always be football, no matter whether you are playing basketball football or the ground-smashing kind.

Did you ever see Ty Cobb play baseball? I have. There perhaps was but one thing more disconcerting to the pitcher on the other side than Ty Cobb facing him at the plate. That was Ty Cobb on base.

Cobb took such a lead off base the pitcher thought the diamond was off balance. If he shot the ball to first he was lucky Cobb didn't spring in the other direction and take second. You couldn't outguess him. He capitalized on surprise and daring. He'd steal bases when you didn't expect him to, and he'd stand all day on one base when you did expect him to steal. If you thought he was going to bunt, he'd take advantage of the bad balls the pitcher threw at him and get a walk out of it. And now and then he'd triple or send one over the fence.

The principle of surprise made use of by Cobb in baseball is exactly the same as in the perfect passing attack.

If the other team knows you are going to pass, chances of completion are cut at least fifty per cent, probably a lot more. That is the reason, no matter how good a passing combination a coach may have, he can't rely on it altogether. He has to mix in his ground plays, or the other team will not use a line of scrimmage, on defense, at all. The opposition would take up basketball formation on defense, with eleven men eligible to bat down the ball or intercept it, while the passing team could muster but five men, outside the passer, eligible to receive.

Passing from the End Zone

How are you going to guard against a team that is equally ready to pass or run with the ball, and which does one fully as much as the other? My goal is to have Arkansas' opponents guessing, "Pass or run?" on every play.

If Jack Robbins or whoever was calling the signals thought the other squad was ready for a line play, he fired a pass, even if he had to throw it from behind his own goal line, a thing that we have done several times. As a matter of fact, one of our best passing plays is from the goal line or back of it. Twice against Texas Christian University last fall passes from back of the goal line netted 37 and 34 yards respectively.

That isn't even basketball, that's plain foolishness, you say. All right, imagine yourself in the quarterback's shoes. You are a good passer, or you have a backfield mate who is. You consider those long, lanky basketball ends at either side of your line among the best pass catchers in the nation. You know what the opposing team is thinking. Your back is against the wall. Any safe and sane team is going to kick out—for safety. Their safety man is way back. The other backs are deep. Their line and ends are bent on blocking that kick.

It takes time to kick that ball. It is a dangerous operation. The kick may carry forty to fifty yards up the field, according to the direction of the wind.

If the safety man is fast, he may gain a third or even half of that back.

Just plenty of times my quarterback figures it is sane football to flip that ball anywhere—or almost anywhere over the line into the hands of that pass-catching end and let him scamper down the field for a good gain, first down and a chance to fight out or kick into the enemy's territory. And I agree with him.

Coaches have asked me for the secret of my passing attack. For years, as I suggested at the start, there hasn't been an end on an Arkansas football team who hasn't been a first-class basketball player. And the majority of our pass heavers have been basketball players.

I train my passers to throw that ball just exactly the way I train an overhand pitcher to throw a baseball. You put a man up in front of Dizzy Dean, and let him rush Dean, and even that great pitching maestro isn't absolutely certain of getting the ball over the plate. That's the difference between the accuracy which the pitcher gets out of the ball and the passer with the pigskin. If no one is rushing that passer very fast or very close, he ought to handle that ball as well as the baseball pitcher does the baseball. The principle is the same.

Getting Acquainted

A baseball player also is firmly set with both feet on the ground, with one or two possible exceptions, perhaps, when he is getting ready to throw that ball. I require my passers to be on a certain spot, firmly set, when they are delivering that pass, following through just like a baseball pitcher delivers the ball.

The passer must have good blocking, of course, and I try to have my men block out their opponents as far away from the passer as possible, to prevent him from being bothered.

The passer must be cool under fire, because plenty of the opposition are going to be shooting at him throughout the game. Jack Robbins has this coolness. So have Sammy Baugh, Dixie Howell, Abe Mickal and the other great passers.

The passer also should keep his eyes straight ahead. In other words, he should not look toward the man he is going to pass to. Looking toward the receiver is a dead giveaway, and one that a fast opposing backfield will take advantage of. That is one of the secrets of Dwight Sloan's passing success. He never looks toward the receiver.

In training my receivers, I differ somewhat from many coaches. From the first I separate the ends and backs from the rest of the squad and impress upon them that they are eligible pass receivers. On each practice play they try to get in position for receiving a pass.

In separating our ends from the remainder of the players at the start of the season, we have another purpose in addition to that of giving the receiver practice in catching the ball. We want our passer to get acquainted with him. We want the passer to learn the speed and running habits of the individual receivers. We spend many hours in this getting acquainted, and I have found they are well spent.

We also have a "dead man" on every play. He is a receiver trailing along there somewhere, where he isn't noticed, to take the pass if the intended receiver is blocked out.

The 1937 football season is now upon us. Arkansas should have a good team—fingers crossed on that remark. Shall we pass this year? "Well, I'll tell you," as Bob Burns would say, "no doggone Razorback is going to root for acorns when by lifting his snout a little bit he can pull down an ear of corn fresh from the stalk."

England's "No" Man

Continued from page 18

went comparatively late in life from business into public affairs. But like his father, Neville Chamberlain had a thorough acquaintance with municipal life. He earned his living as a manufacturer. He took a prominent part in Birmingham local politics, where, no doubt, his father's name was a decisive aid; but, none the less, his own personal efficiency marked him out at an early stage in the great city where he lived and where he was best known. F. E. Smith (Lord Birkenhead) in a biting sentence once described him as "an adequate Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year." There was much more to it than this. No one who knew him but felt himself in contact with a cool, capable and purposeful man.

The war broke out. It flamed and roared on for two years. At length Lloyd George undermined and overthrew Asquith, and formed, at a time when resources were ever becoming more exhausted, a government of intense action. Voluntary enlistment had played its part. Conscription was already the law. Every man up to forty-five or more—"the only son of his mother, and she a widow"—must prepare himself for battle; even the twice wounded must be patched up and returned to the cannonade.

Neville Chamberlain, with his municipal record behind him and his great name, was invited to undertake the organization of man power; who should stay to make great wages in munitions, who should go to the front for a soldier's pay? How was all this process to be related to the needs of the armies, to the needs of the munition industries, to the feeding of the nation and to its remaining life? That was his problem.

In solving this problem he was held to have failed. After a few months there was general agreement that a new chief must be found for "National Service" as the office was called. A Select Committee of the House of Commons reported "... that the results were not commensurate with the preparations made and the heavy preliminary outlay."

In the autumn of 1917 Sir Auckland Geddes, afterward ambassador to the United States, was appointed in Mr. Neville Chamberlain's place. The future Prime Minister of Great Britain resigned his important wartime function and returned to his business and his Birmingham.

One can hardly imagine a more stunning and crushing reverse for any man. If ever there was a knockdown blow, not immediately mortal but utterly cata-

strophic, this was it. I remember a few months later, at the height of the war, to have read quite casually in the papers that the departed Minister of National Service had told the Birmingham Daily Mail: "Now I have decided to embark upon political life, I do not want to wait an indefinite time, until a general election, before going into Parliament. Naturally I should like to represent a division of Birmingham."

The terrible culminating months of Armageddon rolled forward. Victory came. Lloyd George and his colleagues were swept into a new lease of power by the relief and gratitude of the people after the triumphant Armistice had been dictated. As an incident in this electoral upheaval Neville Chamberlain became the member for a Birmingham seat. There followed the aftermath years of prostration and confusion. The hideous Irish specter raised its head. I have but one recollection of Neville Chamberlain in those days. We had made the Irish settlement; I had the duty of carrying it through, both in parliamentary debate and in actual execution. Many breaches of faith, many bloody and treacherous murders affronted the broad and high settlement we had sought to make between the British and Irish peoples. The House of Commons at times was hardly controllable. But at one critical juncture the new member for Birmingham rose in his place, as I well recall, and said quite coldly and calmly that we had entered into a settlement, that he was in favor of the settlement, and that he would not be turned aside from that decision, even though all kinds of cruel and lamentable deeds and events occurred, or words to that effect.

Called to the Rescue

In the course of time the weight and poison of the aftermath enveloped the Lloyd George government with violent unpopularity. Personally, I think it was the greatest administration I have ever seen; but the force of events was greater still. It fell.

Bonar Law, recently retired from our councils, formed a conservative government as a dying man. Baldwin, hitherto unknown, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Neville Chamberlain was given the office of Postmaster General.

The mortal illness of Bonar Law led to great changes in this short government, and within six months Neville Chamberlain became Chancellor of the Exchequer.

After a brief Socialist interlude, Bald-

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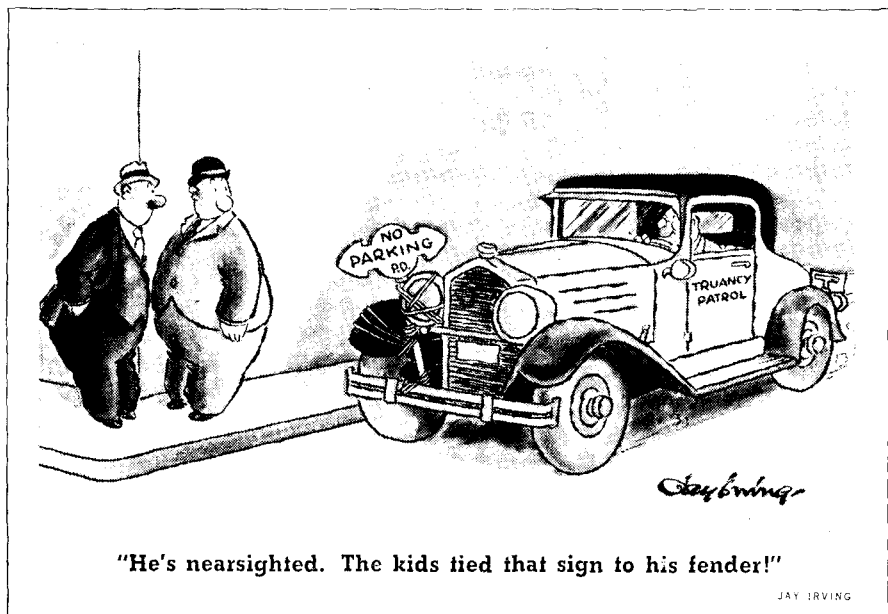
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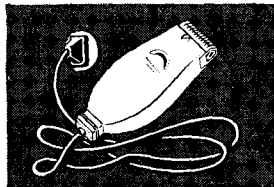
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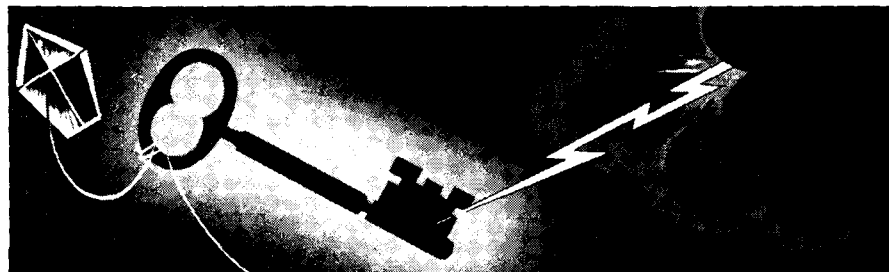


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win was again returned to power. Everyone expected that Robert Horne would become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Neville Chamberlain was quite content to yield place to him. He therefore accepted the Ministry of Health. It was with much surprise and little pleasure that he learned the next day that I had been appointed Chancellor. We worked together for nearly five years in offices which were frequently in relation. I, from the Treasury, proposed and financed large measures like the Widows' Pensions Scheme and the De-rating Scheme, which he, as Minister of Health, shaped and carried through Parliament. He discharged his task in good will and good faith, even though it was not the task which he himself would have desired.

Now we come to the great financial collapse of 1931. The Socialists showed themselves utterly incapable of bearing the weight of British national administration. They broke in pieces under the strain. Their leaders came over as allies to the Tories, and the National Government was formed, representing all three parties. Chamberlain was its Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was called to the rescue of the nation's finances at a moment when Socialist folly and incompetence had almost plunged our wealthy, powerful state and empire into the appearance, at least, of bankruptcy. But by vigilant, austere control of the Exchequer he re-established confidence and credit both at home and abroad. By his Conversion Scheme and by the cheap-money policy which he was able to pursue, a saving of over one hundred millions was effected in the annual service of the debt.

Doing the Bulk of the Work

But the great change with which he was primarily associated was the adoption of the low- or medium-tariff system which now rules. This proved an invaluable solatium in the home market at a time when foreign barriers, quotas and restrictions were preying most cruelly on our export trade, and opened within our very doors new fields hitherto unused by British traders. At the same time the principle of weaving together the British empire by trade preferences received a decisive forward impulse. Here was a historic change in the fiscal policy of Great Britain. Free Trade was definitely abandoned, and the whole indirect process of setting up a tariff was carried through Parliament, and has now entered into the composition of our national economy.

For the next five years he served as Chancellor of the Exchequer, first under MacDonald and thereafter under Baldwin. I have, of course, no knowledge of what took place inside those cabinets, but I am assured that in the main he did the bulk of the work. Neither MacDonald nor Baldwin was the kind of leader who was at the same time a capable administrator. They were essentially party leaders, men of the caucus, men who presented to Parliament and the public the broad issues, and who represented to them the general conception which the nation then desired. They both, in turn or together, sat back and added the weight of their party or national influence to the immense practical power which a Chancellor of the Exchequer necessarily wields. He is the man who has to find the money, and by that very fact he is master of the fortunes of many departments. A Finance Minister who can say No to every hopeful scheme for making things better at the public expense is necessarily a most prominent actor in any cabinet. There is hardly a day when he must not pronounce a decision against a fellow minister and procure the support of his colleagues and of his chief.

Here a remarkable circumstance deserves to be noticed. It is, of course, the natural business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to criticize, canvass and oppose expenditure, especially expenditure upon nonproductive services like armaments. Chamberlain was no more alive than the rest of the MacDonald-Baldwin government to the great new danger which opened upon Europe in the German mass rearmament, which began in deadly earnest in 1933 and 1934. But when, in 1935, he at last realized the gravity of the situation and the almost total unpreparedness of Great Britain, he was found capable of making a decisive change of view. Instead of putting his hand to the brake upon expenditure as the character of his office would have prompted, he put his foot upon the accelerator.

As Baldwin gradually yielded to the weight of years and to the many pressures of work and worry which beset the heads of governments in modern times, and also probably in ancient times, the Chancellor more and more became the essential functionary behind the scenes. To quote a Shakespearean phrase—he was "the pack-horse" in great affairs.

There never was any doubt that Neville Chamberlain would succeed Baldwin. No rival candidature was even discussed by serious people. Thus we see him securely installed in the great office, which while it by no means possesses the high direct authority of a President of the United States, nevertheless combines in one single man the guidance of the executive, leadership of the House of Commons and the control of the strongest party machine.

Curiously enough, at the moment of succeeding to all these commanding powers Neville Chamberlain has made the most obvious mistake of his political career. He added to his budget, quite needlessly so far as the current year was concerned, a tax which was at once injurious, unworkable and infertile. The city, at first puzzled, was soon thoroughly estranged. The manufacturers and traders who, for so many years, had reposed their confidence in a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, like themselves, was a trained and experienced businessman, were infuriated. The markets collapsed in an exaggerated but none the less alarming slump. He was the last man from whom such an excursion was expected. Reaction was all the more severe. After a month of bargaining, bickerings and haggings it gradually became clear that the House of Commons would not have the tax, or would have it forced upon them only at the price of the prestige of the new cabinet and the popularity of the new Prime Minister.

A Passion for Social Justice

No one impugned his motives. They arose from a very sincere desire to absolve the government from all suspicion of tolerating readily profiteering in the firms inevitably enriched by the great flood of government rearmament. They arose from a desire to make the munition workers realize that the imperative, long-delayed rearmament of Britain would not be converted into a rich man's ramp. They arose from the habit of looking ahead and from a grave view of the European and world situation.

But still, for ten or twenty millions out of a budget of over eight hundred and fifty millions no one should compromise the larger issues involved. Least of all should this be done when the money could so easily be found from the same quarters by different and simpler means.

It was with enormous relief that the House of Commons learned that the new Prime Minister was not incapable of making a timely, judicious and coolly

executed withdrawal. So far from his prestige being affected by his retreat, it has, strangely, become enhanced.

There has grown up a conception of Neville Chamberlain as a cold, aloof, rather inhuman figure, set apart, not only by the loneliness of leadership, but also by a certain arctic quality in himself. His strength is unadorned with graces. There is a bleakness in it. It is true that he has few friends and that he shuns society. He dislikes and mistrusts facile enthusiasms. He has taken no pains to invite or encourage those affectionate loyalties that so often center upon the personality of a party chief. He has the typical Englishman's distaste for emotionalism. This certainly does not imply that he is cold and unfeeling. He has inherited a great deal of his father's passion for social justice. Like Joseph Chamberlain, he believes that the well-being of the people is the touchstone of political success. And he interprets well-being in no narrow sense. The extensive scheme for the physical education of British youth, of which he is the principal architect, bears the impress alike of boldness of conception and generosity of spirit.

Twenty Minutes for Lunch

But there is one sphere especially in which the real man has revealed himself. There are many homes in England that would be motherless today but for the impetus which, as Minister of Health, Neville Chamberlain gave to the campaign against maternal mortality. Behind his interest in this subject lay a deep intensity of feeling which had its origin in personal tragedy. "My own mother," he said in a speech nine years ago at Leeds, "died in childbirth. And I know how great is the injury to the family when the mother is taken away." It is possible that this early bereavement, so deeply felt, drove the boy in upon himself and led to the creation of that cloak of icy reserve in which, at times, the man appears to be wrapped.

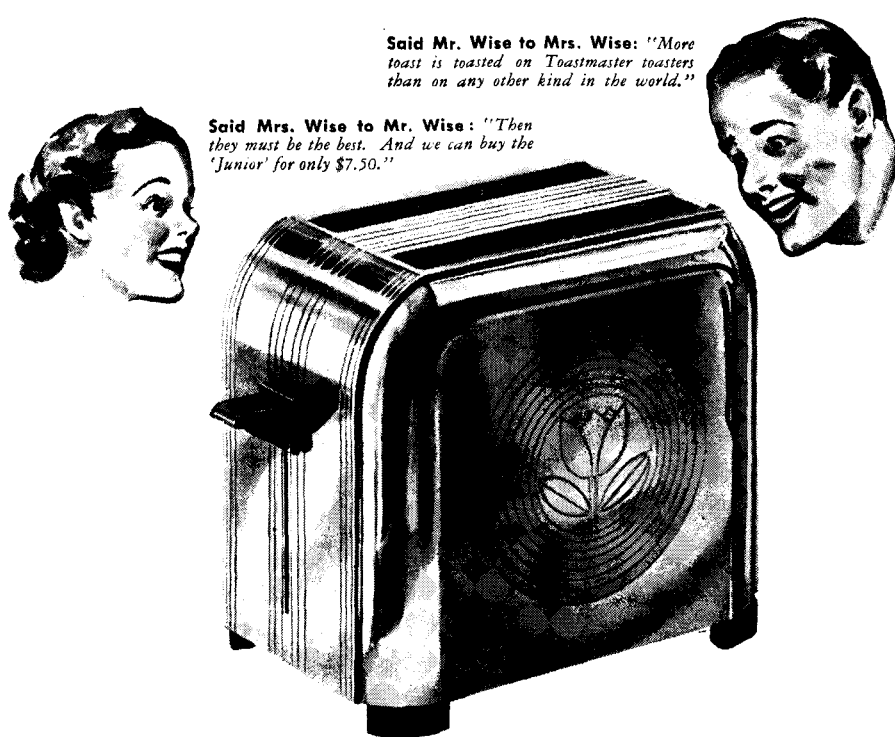
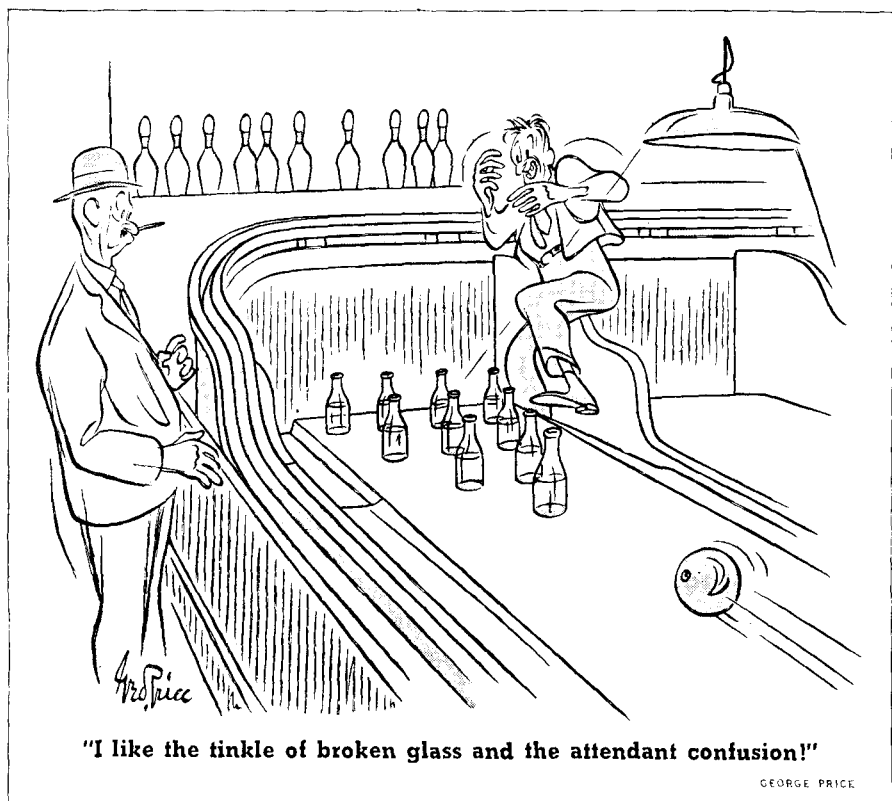
His chosen recreations—fishing and bird-watching—are of a kind best pursued alone. They have perhaps confirmed him, not in misanthropy, but in self-sufficiency. But it is difficult to fit the friend of birds, who feeds a flock of sparrows, blackbirds and thrushes every morning at No. 10 Downing Street before sitting down to his own breakfast, into the picture that is sometimes painted of him. It is not any lack of

normal human feeling that makes him hold aloof from society. The happy comradeship of his home life shows that. But Neville Chamberlain, throughout his career, has been too busy doing things to bother about meeting people.

In his wife he found the ideal help-mate. She has, he said on one occasion, "rejoiced in my successes, encouraged me in my disappointments, guided me with her counsel, warned me of dangers, and never allowed me to forget the humanity underlying all politics." And he added: "She has been privy to all my secrets, and she has never divulged one."

He has never spared himself. When he was doing war work as Lord Mayor of Birmingham he allowed himself only twenty minutes for lunch and had no break for tea. He still rises early and goes to bed late. The days are too short for the work that he wants to crowd into them. A man who has thus had to fight every inch of the upward way, and in whom habits of unrelenting industry and self-discipline have become ingrained—one, moreover, whose chosen recreations take him to scenes where nature is still unspoiled and man is dwarfed by the immemorial hills—may well regard the standards of society and the easy eminence which birth or wealth can give, with a measure of suspicion.

It must be of United States interest, as well as British interest, that the stable, ordered continuity of British government should be preserved. In these days, the United States views with favor and sympathy the part Great Britain is striving to play in the maintenance of peace in Europe, and in upholding what is of even more importance than peace, the cause of law and liberty, now threatened as it has not been threatened for centuries. Much of the weight of this will impose itself in the coming years upon Chamberlain's shoulders. He is, as he said himself at his adoption meeting, undertaking this heavy burden at a time when most men are thinking of retirement. Still, as told us, he has led a sober, temperate life, and at sixty-eight he is sound in wind and limb and capable of hard, long and tiring effort. He is a man of the highest character, equipped with many years' experience, and supported on all sides by the hopes and wishes of his fellow countrymen. He has a most agreeable voice on the broadcast; he has a disarming smile, a charming wife, and carries the flag of righteous endeavor. We must all wish him well.



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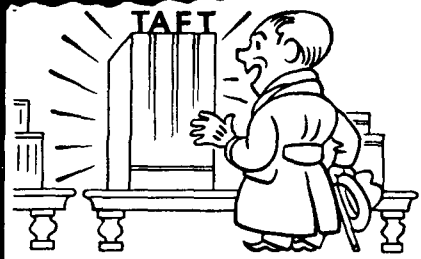
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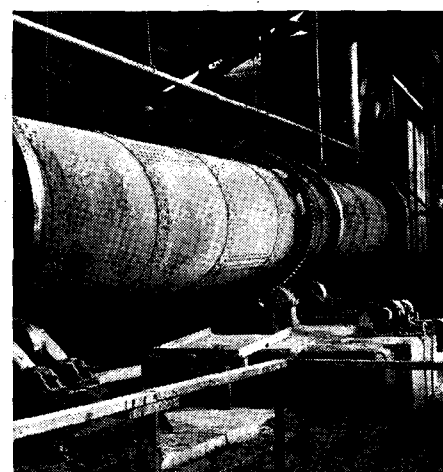
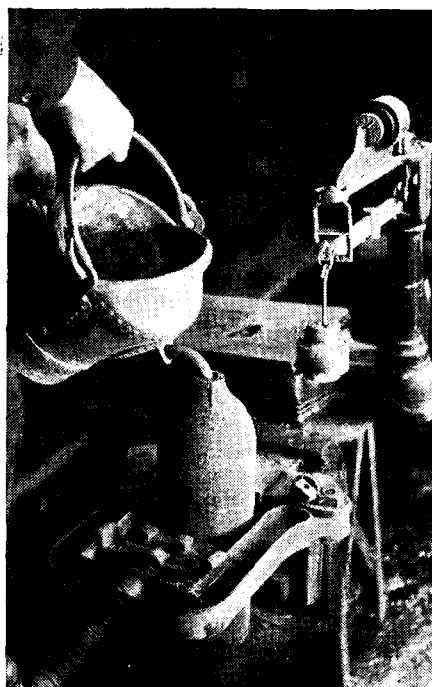
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By Frank J. Taylor

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OLD Pop Carey is "hoeing the soot" on the heavy, sloping, iron table alongside the battery of condensers. Each time his hoe bites into the soot, tiny, shiny, silvery blobs pop like beads of perspiration out of the steamy black pile. They gang together like raindrops to trickle in tiny rivulets to a quivering puddle of liquid silver in the low corner. In its mirrored surface Pop's wrinkled visage bounces back at him.

"Stick your hand in," suggests Pop. "See if you can pick some up."

You try it. There is an uncanny, cold, metallic feel to the stuff. You try to grab a little of it. It slips away like nothing at all. Now you have it, now you don't. Finally you get smart. You cup your hand and catch a little, like rainwater. But before you can lift it up, the quicksilver has slipped between your fingers and is gone. You look at your hand, expecting it to be wet from the liquid metal. It's as dry as a bone.

"Got away from you, did it?" laughs Pop. "Quicksilver's funny stuff."

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Quicksilver, or mercury (take your choice), is the magic metal that has teased and tormented the alchemists for a thousand years. Without mercury, half the ointments in common use and many of the antiseptics would cease to be. Without it the dredges could collect no gold or silver. Without its basin of mercury in which to float, how would your lighthouse and airway beacon turn so smoothly? Without it your doctor couldn't take your blood pressure. Without quicksilver the most promising prospect for cheaper lights and power would vaporize into thin air, like mercury itself. More important yet, without this magic metal, no soldier could fire a shell or explode a bomb. Quicksilver, the only metal in liquid form at normal temperature, barometer of both weather and war, is skyrocketing in price. Eu-