

At sixty-five, Old Tom Sharkey does a strong-man act at the San Francisco World's Fair. And he can still throw a mean punch, too

GEORGE GRAU

Only Punks Get Punch-Drunk

By Kyle Crichton

OUT in San Francisco they speak of Old Tom Sharkey as if there might conceivably have been another Tom Sharkey, which is the most utter nonsense ever imagined. Whatever Tom was in the old days only the old-timers know, but right at this very moment there are people who will wager that if they cut the size of the ring down to 3 x 3 and forbade clinching, Old Tom could knock the ears off most of the modern heavyweights. At the age of sixty-five he has legs and arms resembling the stanchions of the Golden Gate Bridge and a chest with the general contour of a tub of pickles. Lately he has been doing a strong-man act at the San Francisco Fair and all anybody has to do who doubts the ability of the old-time pugs is to say Old Thomas a sassy word and forget to run. An ordinary man could be killed by the sort of punch he is capable of throwing even at his advanced age. But Old Tom has passed

"You never saw any of the old-timers punch-drunk or in the funny house. That's because they were trained right," says Old Tom Sharkey. Here he stacks the famed old fighters of his day up against the near-great of today

the age of active fighting and now goes in for active thinking about prize fighting, prize fighters, stumble bums and assorted interrelated subjects. What he thinks about the modern game is simple, to wit: Joe Louis is great and the rest of them should be shoveled out with the old grapefruit rinds and the defeated lettuce. As a matter of fact, Jim Jeffries thinks Tom himself is the one old-timer who would have been certain to lick Louis. Old Tom backs Kid McCoy.

"Could tear your head off with either hand, that McCoy," says Tom, "and so cagey Louis could never have got a good shot at him."

But what was bothering Mr. Sharkey when we saw him recently was an article in the morning paper. "Just look at this," he was saying indignantly. "Jimmy Adamick in the hospital and probably crippled for life. Emilie Martinez in an asylum. That means they weren't trained right, those boys. You never saw any

of the old-timers punch-drunk or in the funny house. Jim Corbett never had a mark on him and was as smart the day he died as when he started fighting. Jeffries is still as strong as a bull. Joe Choynski is a physical instructor in Pittsburgh, as smart as they come. I'm the worst-looking one of the bunch because I got this tin ear. It made me mad all my life. I got careless against Fitzsimmons and he hit me one punch and the ear swelled up big as a derby hat. Well, I fought a lot of fights after that and nobody ever hit me on that ear again. You don't have to get beaten up if you know anything about fighting."

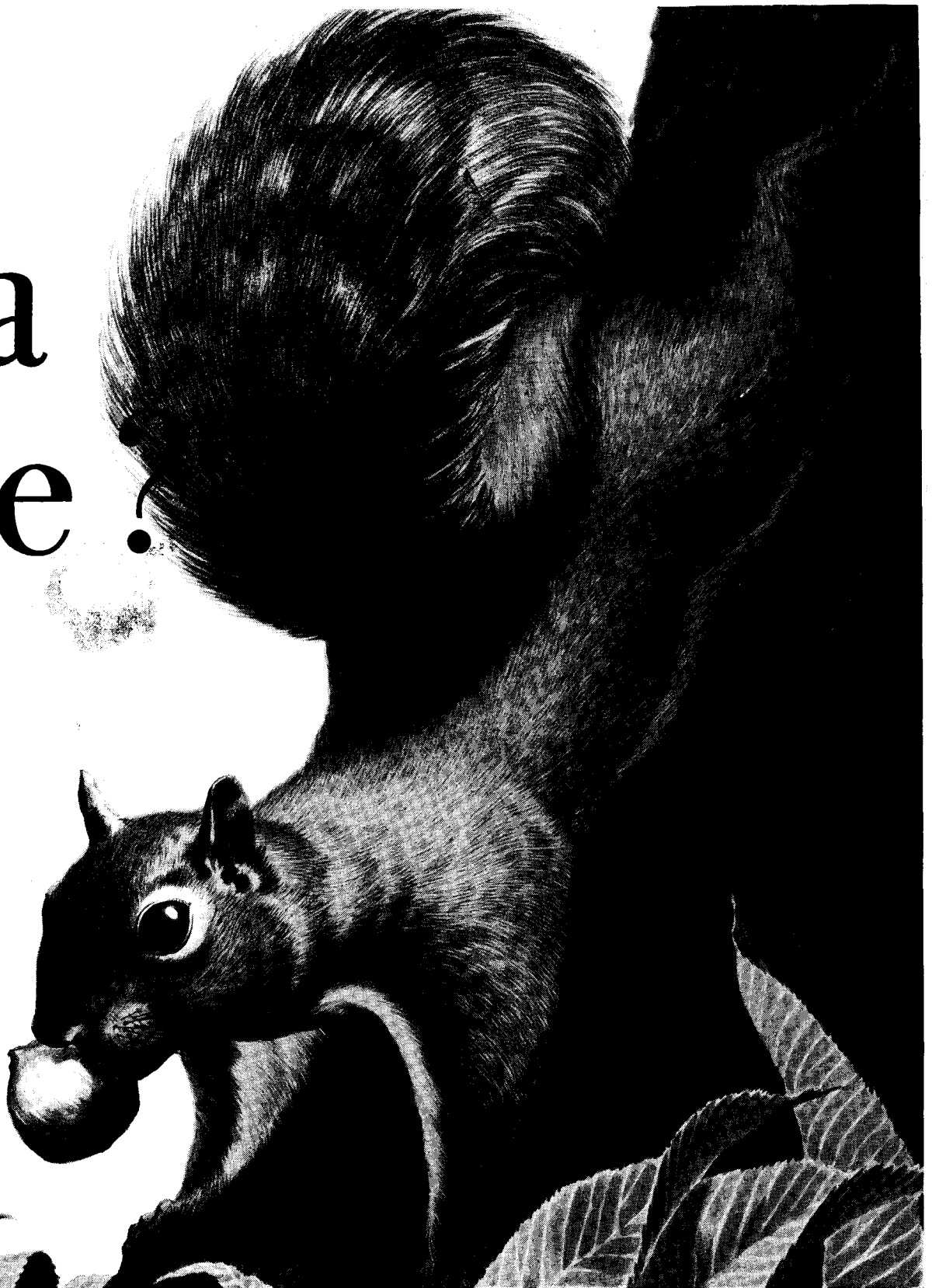
Old Tom thinks the modern fighters know nothing whatever about training. Not only do they drink and smoke and hang out at night clubs, he says, but they train only when they're getting ready for a fight.

"I used to keep up a regular routine every day in the year," he says. "Up

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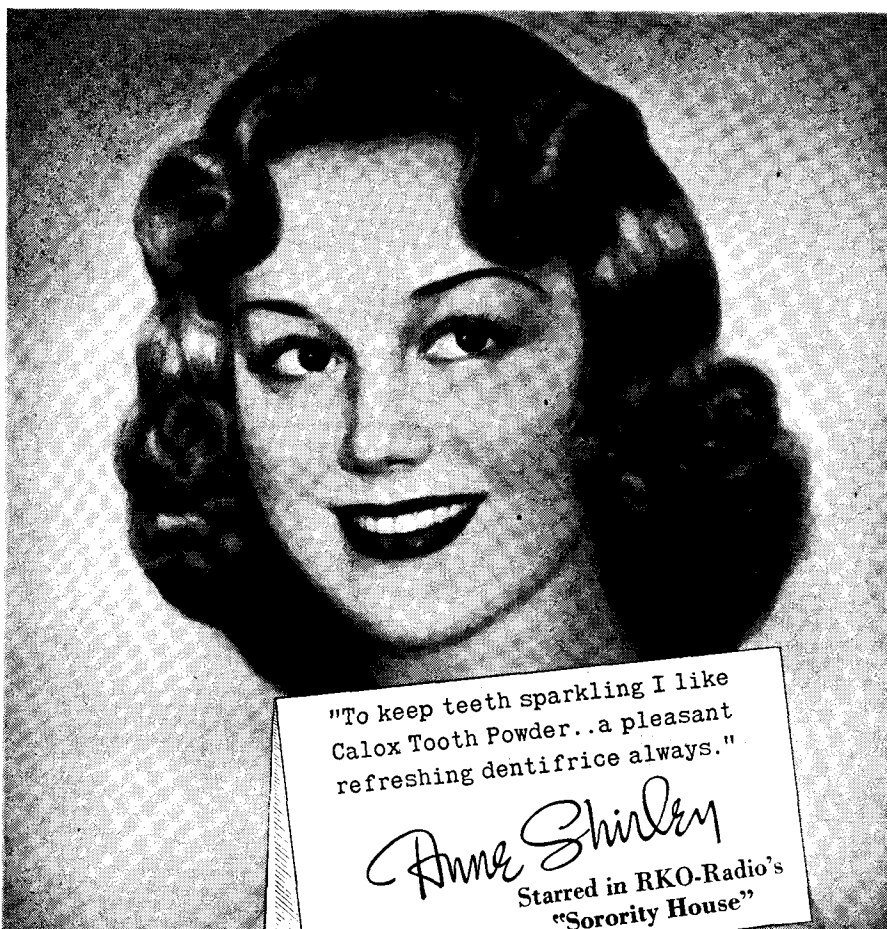
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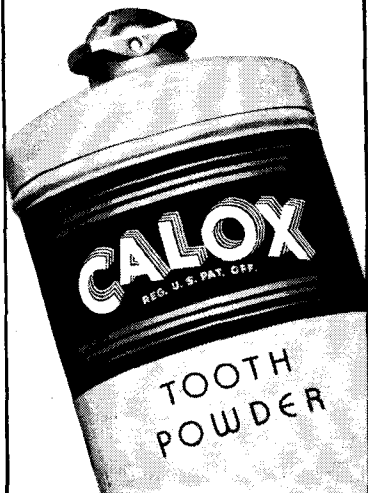
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at six in the morning, take an egg in a bit of sherry and then run with the dogs for a mile or two. After that, breakfast—two chops, two eggs, rye toast and tea. Then rest for an hour, get on heavy sweaters and do six to ten miles of road work. For the first three miles I'd walk fast; then I'd do a little game with the telephone posts. Sprint as hard as I could from one post to the next post, then walk three, then sprint again. When I came back from that I'd take a swim, winter or summer, around the Seal Rocks. I was the first to make the swim and it was a great feat; a lot of people do it now. After lunch I'd rest again and then do six three-minute rounds of punching the bag and skipping rope (1,000 skips each time without stopping). Then I'd spar three rounds. Dinner would be at six, and at 7:30 I'd go out and walk two more miles and be in bed and asleep at nine."

The trouble with most modern fighters is that they don't keep in shape between fights and work too hard to get in condition when they start training, says Sharkey.

"Too much sparring," says Tom. "They leave their fight in the gym."

Sharkey's Greatest Fight

In his good days Old Tom had only one sparring partner—Bob Armstrong, the big Negro. He was probably fortunate in that, for Armstrong is still remembered as the best fighter in a gymnasium the world has ever known. In a ring he went to pieces but in training camp he not only could bump around the big shots with abandon but (and this was most important for Sharkey) he could copy the style of any living fighter. Tom was 5:10 and weighed around 175; Armstrong was 6:4 and weighed over 200 and was fast as lightning. Three rounds a day with him acting in the style of the opponent Sharkey was going to meet was enough for Old Tom.

The system seemed to work well, for Sharkey met the greatest heavyweights this country has ever known. He fought Jeffries twice; beat Corbett twice; lost on a foul and a decision to Bob Fitzsimmons; licked Kid McCoy twice; knocked out Gus Ruhlin in 27 seconds, the fastest on record; defeated Joe Choynski four times; fought Peter Maher twice; beat Joe Goddard, the famous Australian, three times; and took on dozens of other worthies of that great era.

"Never had a black eye or a busted hand," says Old Tom, "and never wore a bandage on the hands. The fighters now bandage their hands so tightly the bones are bound to get busted when they hit a solid punch."

Old Tom thinks Jack Dempsey was the best of the moderns. He saw the Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo and got an eyeful of present-day training methods. Willard always hated road work but he was prevailed upon to do a bit of it during his training.

"When he went into the ring," says Tom, "his feet were so sore he could hardly walk. Technically speaking, Dempsey really lost that fight. He got so excited that he climbed out of the ring before the referee had stopped counting. If it had lasted another round, Dempsey would probably have fallen on his face from fatigue. He wore himself plumb out hitting Jess."

In Old Tom's opinion the fight game is never going to be as scientific again as it was in the past. The old trainers are dying off and the news ones, according to him, have lost the knack of teaching scientific boxing. The best of the moderns would have had their heads jarred off their shoulders by the thousand punches of a man like Jim Corbett, who fought many battles without his opponent laying a glove on him.

"I'd have been as bad as the others with him," says Sharkey, "but I studied him and found out something. I discovered that he had a habit of making two feints with his left and then hitting. He always made those two feints. When he made the second feint, I beat him to it, plastering him good. He never did get on to what was wrong until I told him about it later."

But the great fight of that time was the battle between Jeffries and Sharkey at Coney Island in 1899. The New York papers all gave it to Sharkey but the decision went to Jeffries in 25 rounds. In the first fight with Sharkey, Jeffries had used the old stand-up-straight stance and Tom had slammed him plenty. For the second fight, Jeff had changed. He now stood with his left hand held far out (the pose he is now remembered by) and it was almost impossible to reach him. Jeffries was 6:2, weighed 230 pounds and, according to Old Tom, was "fast as a lightweight." Fighting from that stance, Jeff almost destroyed Tom when the fight began. Whenever Sharkey led with a left, Jeffries would clout him over the heart with a right.

It was probably the most brutal fight in history. In the nineteenth round, Sharkey hit Jeff so hard with his left that he twisted his arm out of the socket and fought with one hand for the last six rounds. Jeff's terrific blows over the heart broke three of Sharkey's ribs, one of the busted springs popping out through the flesh before it was over. Tom's onslaught on Jeffries was so devastating that Jeff wanted to quit in the 23d, being saved by his trainer, Tommy Ryan, who talked him into continuing and thoughtfully loosened his glove between rounds, so that when the 24th started the glove came off, the referee called time out to fix it and Jeff had a chance to recover.

The First Time Off His Feet

"I don't like to be one of those old guys talking about the good old days," says Tom, "but I can't close my eyes to things, either. There are a lot of good boys coming up all the time but they never learn enough. I'm talking particularly of the heavyweights but it's the same in all classes. You don't have to be big to be a slugger. Joe Walcott licked heavyweights when he only weighed 135 pounds himself. He could kill them with a punch because he had learned how to punch. When I see these big hunks bulling around, I have to laugh. Joe Choynski never weighed over 165 pounds and he fought everybody. Kid McCoy was around that same weight and Fitzsimmons started at 158 and eventually got up to 165-170. I weighed in at 178 for the second Jeffries fight and after scrapping under those hot lights (that was the first time they ever made it soft for the cameraman), I was down to 162. But those men were scientific hitters. They worked for an opening and then it was all over. The blow would go only a few inches and the other man would be down for good."

Old Tom still remembers the first time he was off his feet. He had been going along knocking all his opponents kicking until he met Fitzsimmons and Fitz hit him that sock in the ear that ruined his looks.

"It demoralized me for a few minutes," says Tom. "I didn't think there was any man alive who could knock me off my feet and Fitz hit me so hard he not only knocked me off my feet but knocked me about ten feet in the bargain. He was a tall, skinny man, with pipstern legs and big shoulders, but he had a kick like a mule in those long arms. I'd be afraid to see him in a ring with this present crop; he'd kill them with punches like that."

But if Old Tom thinks Joe Louis is a great fighter and belongs with the immortals of the ring, he still feels that there were many of the past-greats who would have taken him.

"I saw him in the Braddock fight and if Jim, a washed-up fighter, could get him on the floor, a man like McCoy would have massacred him. Jeffries, in his prime, would have licked Joe in six rounds. Louis would never have been able to get beyond Jeff's crouch and Jeff would have murdered him with right hands. Jeff could get around like a cat, was strong as a bull and could hit like a sledge hammer. Here, feel this (he pounded his chest and stomach and we felt both and found them made of cement). . . . Well, I was in better shape in those days and yet Jeffries almost tore me apart with his rights. Louis hits as fast as any man I've ever seen, but if he can be hit he can be licked, and lots of fighters have hit him. If any of those old-timers I've mentioned ever hit him, he'd be ruined."

Sharkey was never knocked out in his career and quit when he knew his best days were behind him. He still fought after he started his famous bar on Fourteenth Street in New York but he knew he had enough one night in Philadelphia when he was fighting Jack Monroe. It was to be a six-round bout and Tom had never felt better in his life while he was training. In the first round he belted Monroe in the puss and down he went. However, he got up and continued fighting and Tom, to his consternation, found that he, himself, could only keep his hands up by sticking his elbows into his tummy and using it as an armrest. They had been fine a minute before and now they were almost useless. Tom stalled through the fight and got the decision, but it was the last for him.

There was no loss in it for him because in those days his saloon was making him between \$60,000 and \$75,000 a year. He had his own stable of trotters, lived well and seemed set for life. How-

ever, the Wall Street crowd that had used his place as a halfway house up-town found that when the new subway was finished it was just as easy to go on to Times Square—and the Sharkey establishment gradually faded out. He made total profits of \$575,000 during these years, lost it all on the horses, and is still playing the ponies every day in San Francisco as if nothing had ever happened. The scale is lower but the ambition remains intact.

A Man-Killing Blow

Although he lives in San Francisco, Sharkey has never seen either Fred Apostoli or Lou Nova in action, which is not strange because he bothers very little with anything but the big boys (which eliminates Apostoli) and Nova has fought only preliminary boys around home.

"I'll have a look at him soon," says Old Tom, referring to Nova, "but unless he's found something that the others don't know about, I doubt whether he'll be any better than the rest. He may be the man who's going to lick Louis, but it isn't going to be soon."

We asked Old Tom if he agreed with Jeffries' opinion that Sharkey would have defeated Louis in four rounds if they had ever met.

"I wouldn't have been running away from him," said Old Tom, pushing out his barrel chest and seeming to imagine himself back in his prime. "I'd try to give him this—and this—and this!"

His arms swished through the air like broadsides from a battle fleet and almost as fast.

"Yes, sir," we said and backed away with a blanch. As we said before, a blow like that could kill an ordinary man and we have never made claims to any form of genius. Even at this late day we shouldn't like to see a friend of ours subjected to the this—and this—and this! of Old Tom. We like to keep recognizing our friends when we see them.

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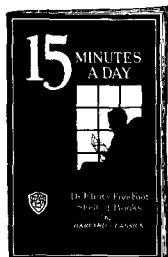
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Beware the Nightingale

Continued from page 12

says they are all up in the pasture and won't be down until the five-o'clock whistle blows. While I was thinking that one over, we turn a corner and come up to a kind of yard. There is a colossal ma pig lying there, and eleven young ones are running around squealing. It was very interesting, but the place had a bouquet like Fulton Fish Market, and while I have eaten bacon since I am ten years old, I wondered if maybe Moses wasn't right.

When we get back to the house, I sit down for a while in a deck chair under the trees on the front lawn. It is warm but not hot, and the air smells wonderful. There's a million birds singing all around, and they all sing better than canaries. So, while I'm sitting there, thinking this is really the existence, before I know it I'm asleep.

WHEN I woke up, I felt a song coming on. That is a hard feeling to describe. It's like you wanted to say something, and you knew you were going to say it sometime, but you didn't know yet how you were going to put it into words. You can wander around for days, sometimes, feeling like that, and then suddenly, boom, there will be your idea for a song, as clear as a photograph. All you got to do then is to sit down and write your song.

When you are feeling in that kind of a mood, it is not a bad idea to get a piano somewhere and fool around on it for a while. So that is what I did. But right in the middle of my workout, I hear these awful roars from outside. Right away I say to myself, "Bears!" But when I get to the window I can see that the racket is coming from a flock of cows coming down the mountain. I guess the five-o'clock whistle must have blown. Dearborn sticks his head in, and says come and see the milking. Sometime when we are not in a public place like this, Manny, I will tell you how they milk cows. I wouldn't want to do it here, you never can tell who would be listening in.

Nothing else happens that day. Dearborn stirs up some Martinis, and we have dinner. We had homemade baked beans, Manny, and if I was to try and tell you how good they were, you would call me a liar, so skip it. But I will turn down caviar any day for that kind of a baked bean. I stowed away so many of them that after dinner it is very hard to keep awake. We listen to the radio for a while, and play a little pinochle, but finally I have to give up. And I am telling you the truth, Manny, I went to bed at half past nine.

When I open my eyes again, the sunshine is streaming into the room, and the birds outside are all singing Mendelssohn's Spring Song. That is not strictly accurate, of course. Each bird is really singing a different number, but the total effect is kind of like Mendelssohn. I lay there in bed enjoying myself. This experience is all new stuff to me. Then all of a sudden, without warning, I get an idea for a tune.

I sit up quick and start whistling this two-bar phrase in A-flat. It is a cute phrase, and after I get it memorized I go ahead and try to finish out eight bars. Well, it writes itself. In five minutes I have got it. It is the beginning and end of a very commercial tune. There is a penny post card in my suit which is hanging over a chair. I whip out and get it and write down the eight bars, then I address the post card to myself in New York. I always do that, Manny, so if anybody comes along and claims I steal an idea from them, I have got the date

on a postmark to prove when I got the idea. After that I climbed back into the kip.

But any idea I may have of getting in some more shut-eye is socially incorrect, because Dearborn walks in and tells me to get up and get dressed so we can have breakfast. We are going for a canoe ride on the lake.

The clothes Dearborn gives me to wear are very loose fitting, but warm. I am glad of that because the air is still kind of cold when we go out on the lake in this little canoe. And I wouldn't kid you, Manny, I am a little nervous out there in the middle of all that water. Those canoes are tippy articles, and they are built very close to the lake. But Dearborn says everything will be okay if I don't move around much. So I don't move a muscle.

We have not gone far when a man in a red wool shirt comes chugging along in a little old motorboat. Dearborn waves at him, and the fellow turns off his motor and skids to a stop alongside of us.

"Morning, John," says Dearborn. "Meet Mr. Bluestone, Mr. Carver. John is the best game warden in Vermont, Sparrow."

"Glad to make your acquaintance," says the guy, but he don't look it. He has a very sour face.

"How are the pickerel this year, John?" says Dearborn.

"Over in Nichol's Cove, man got a five-pounder yestiddy," says the game warden.

"A five-pounder! Whee!" says Dearborn.

"Ay-yuh," says the game warden. "Birch tree blew in the water. Full of minnows, now, and the big 'uns lay outside waitin' fer um."

"Thanks for the tip, John," says Dearborn. "I'll have to go over and wet a hook, as soon as I get my license."

"You'll ketch one," says John, and started up his motorboat. "So long."

By now I am getting used to being around with people who talk a foreign language. I have figured out that the best way is not to pay any attention. So I am lying in the bottom of the canoe, humming my new tune over to myself, as the game warden goes away. Then, as the noise of his motorboat dies out in the distance, I begin to feel a very peculiar feeling. There is definitely a coincidence happening. A little bird over on the shore is singing my tune!

FOR a minute I think I am losing my mind. But it is positively the same, identical tune. And in A-flat, too! He only sings the first two bars and then finishes off with a little trill, but those two bars are note for note. Then in a flash, I see what has happened. That bird must've been singing around the house all the time, only I didn't realize it, and unconsciously I have stole his tune. For a minute I am stunned. But then, so what, I think. A bird can't collect royalties, so why shouldn't I go ahead and fix up the tune commercial, and write a lyric for it and call it my own?

"What's the matter with you, Sparrow?" says Dearborn sharply. "You look as if you'd been stung by a bee."

"Wrong," says I, "I been bit by a bird."

"You've been bit by a bird!" he says.

"Yeh, he's singing right now, listen!"

I hold up my hand for two bars. "Did you hear him?"

"Yes," says Dearborn, looking very mystified.

"Well, what kind of a canary is that?"

"It's a song sparrow," says Dearborn. "But what is all this biting—"

"Wait a minute!" I interrupts. "Did you say a song sparrow?"

"That's what I said, a song sparrow."

"No kid?"

"No kid."

"Well, how do you like that!" I says. "A song sparrow! That is how you would describe me, isn't it? I am Sparrow Bluestone, in the song business."

"That's right," says Dearborn, "just a couple of song sparrows getting together."

"You said it," I says. "And now get a load of this." And I tell him about the song.

He is very interested in the story, and when I finish he says he thinks it would be perfectly ethical for me to steal the tune and fix it up. He agrees with me that a bird wouldn't know what to do with a royalty check, so I might as well cash in on it.

"If the song is a hit," says Dearborn, "you can bring up some very special birdseed when you come back up here."

And not a bad idea, thinks I to myself. We sat there for about ten minutes and listened to the bird sing. Just that same two bars over and over, but it is a terrific phrase. Why that bird even had syncope in it.

ON THE way back to Dearborn's beach, I batted a lot of title possibilities around in my head, but none of them seemed exactly right. Actually what the bird was saying was "Welcome to Vermont," but that would be no good for a title or a lyric. There would be no commercial appeal, and besides California would get sore.

When we got back up to the farmhouse, the bird is already there, singing the number. I suppose he has taken a short cut. I give him a big hand, and then go in and sit down to the piano, all excited.

The middle part comes very easy, and inside of fifteen minutes I have the whole chorus down on paper with the harmony sketched in. I plug it to Dear-

born four or five times and get a nice reaction from him. To top off the morning, I reach out and pick up a very commercial title. The best way to handle this number is to point it for somebody's fall catalogue. So when I hear that melody begin to say, "Where's that summer moon?" I decide I have found the right title. People would hear a lyric like that, and think back on their summer romance, and they would feel like going right in somewheres and buy a copy. I am very handy with or without a rhyming dictionary, so by the time lunch is ready, I have a rough lyric all done.

As soon as lunch is over, it is time for Ethan to drive us over to Lyndonville where we will get on a train back to New York. As we go out and get into Ethan's 1915 phaeton, the song sparrow is up above us in a tree, giving out with those first two bars. He is still in A-flat. I have dropped it a half a tone to G, on account of a coupla high notes.

I am feeling very sentimental about going away. I have had a terrific week end up there in that lovely country, and besides, I have knocked off the best song I ever wrote. No wonder I hate to leave. But when you got a job, you gotta go and work at it. As it is, I am probably plenty doghouse with Feinstein. But I don't let it bother me too much on the way down on the train. In fact, before I go to sleep, I have written a very satisfactory verse to the new number, words and music.

It is half past eleven the next morning before I show at Faust's, half an hour later than I usually get down there. But I have decided I am going to take an independent attitude. Miriam, the cute receptionist, gives me that Betty Boop expression.

"Oooo!" she says, "where were you? Jack is going on like crazy. He made a date for yesterday for you with Benny Goodman."

"Where is Jack now?" I says.

"On his way down here. He's telephoned eight times since eleven o'clock."

"So let him," I says. "I am not in the

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② "I've had my share of close calls in the air, but my narrowest escape was on the highway!"

"I left Elmira in the rain after the National Glider Meet with 380 miles to drive before morning to get back to work in Mansfield. My nerves were already shaky and I had to drive faster than was safe or I'd never make it.



③ "As darkness fell it rained harder and harder. Solid sheets of rain dimmed my mud-splashed headlights. The road was deserted. I was getting a swell case of jitters. But I gritted my teeth and drove on. I just *had* to get back.

"I swooshed down a hill, skidded the turn at the foot of it, and dimly made out a sign 'Bridge Ahead.' Then I saw the end of the bridge. In the diffused light of my head lamps the road looked all right.

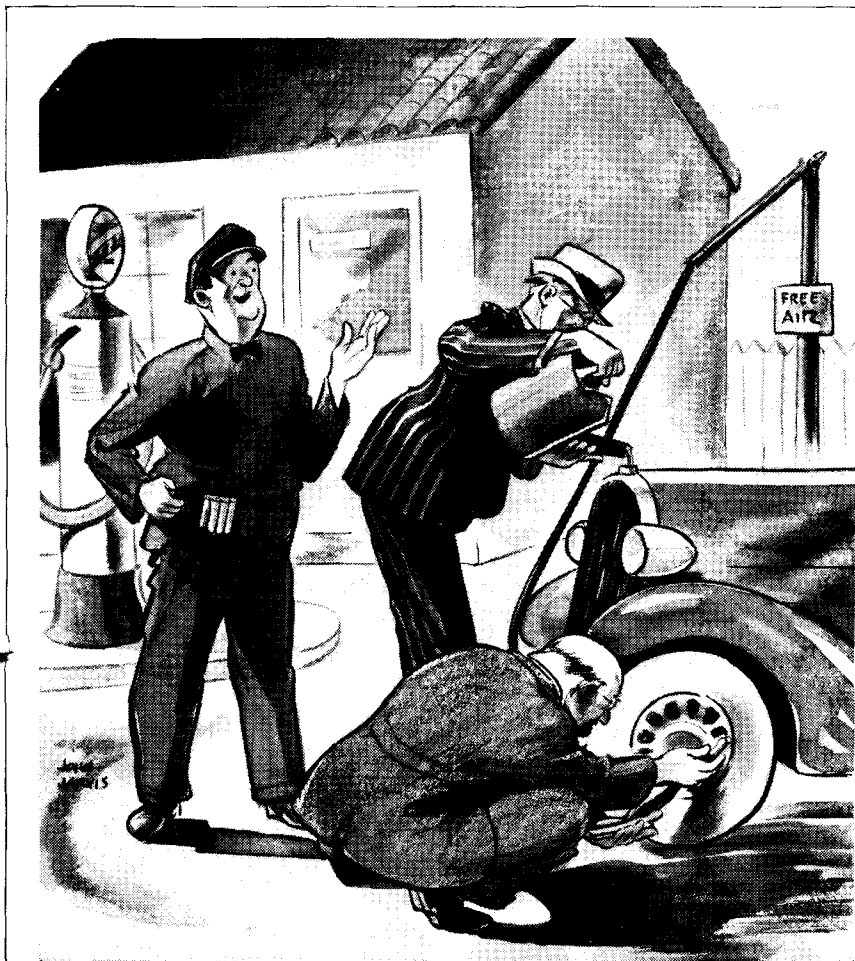
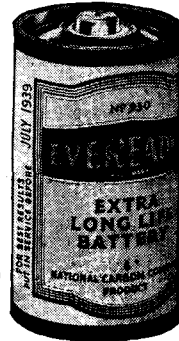
"But just to make sure, I rolled down the window and poked my flashlight out... and my heart nearly choked me! Ten yards of wet planks between me and

Kingdom Come! My flashlight showed me the jagged end of that broken bridge, and none too soon. The raging creek had washed away the whole center span! 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries had saved me from many a broken leg in night jumps, but this time they went the whole way. From now on I'm sticking to batteries that stick to me.

(Signed) *Gretchen Reighard*

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PLASTIC WOOD

Army, and he is not General Pershing." A door bangs behind me, and Jack Feinstein comes in like a Bronx express. He stops in the middle of the floor and points a finger at me.

"You are fired!" he screams. "Go into my office and I will be in there in a minute to fire you personally."

So, keeping my independent attitude, I just turn my back on him, and go into his office. When he comes in five minutes later, I am sitting at his piano, playing Where's That Summer Moon? But very softly, and quite slow, ballad style, with just a one-finger melody in the right hand, and a little accompaniment, but not much, in the left hand.

Jack comes and stands over me. I don't even have to look at him to know he is trying to make himself look tall. He is no bigger than I am, except fatter.

"For two cents," he says, breathing hard, "I would fire you."

I DON'T answer him, just keep on playing Where's That Summer Moon? soft and low.

"A hundred places I tried to get you," says Jack, "and you are nowhere. Have I got a rule here that no matter what, all the executives gotta leave word where they are gonna be?"

"So I was in Vermont," I says. "Can I jump a taxi and go quick to your house or someplace else, if I am in Vermont?"

"In Vermont you've been!" says Jack, screaming. "I tell Benny Goodman you are coming around to see him and show him how he can make a terrific swing number out of The Old Village Church, and where are you? In Vermont!"

"Don't get excited," I says, "I am out with a plug."

"Who's excited?" he yells. "Where will you find a plug in Vermont?"

"The director of the North Pole Ice-Cream Hour. I was with him the whole time."

"You call that lousy program a plug!" Jack sneers. "What is the name of it again?"

"The North Pole Ice-Cream Hour, and it is on eighty-seven stations."

"Coast to coast?"

"What else?" I says.

"So it's a good plug," Jack snaps. "But that is no reason you gotta run off to Vermont any time you feel like it. And what is that tune you are playing?"

"Do you like it?" I says, picking up the tempo a little.

"Do I like it?" says Jack. "Who cares? It's a hit, isn't it? What is the title? It sounds like Walter Donaldson."

"Well, Jack," I says, "that little number is going to sell a lot of copies, you wait and see."

"Who's got it?" he says, grabbing my shoulder.

"Nobody's got it, yet," I says.

"Get hold of the writers right away," he orders, "and I will give them a contract this afternoon."

"I am glad to hear that, Jack," I says, "because I wrote that tune myself."

"What did you say?" says Jack, astonished. "You wrote that tune? It's terrible!"

"You don't like it so much now, huh?" I says.

"It's awful! I should waste my time listening to that kind of a tune."

"I wouldn't waste my time playing it for you," I says, right back at him. "I am going over to see Solly Bergman at Mueller's. Solly is a good judge of a tune."

"You can't go over to Mueller's," says Jack, "you got work to do here. I positively forbid you should leave this office today."

Well, I haven't worked for Jack Feinstein for twelve years without learning how to handle a person like him. In a half-hour, I have a contract which states that I will get five cents a copy on all sheet-music sales of Where's That Sum-

mer Moon? That is a very high percentage, Manny, for a young writer. I also have a bonus check for one thousand bucks, for being a good boy and staying on as professional manager of Faust's. Jack never even bothered to call together the song committee. He figured the number was a hit, and he knew if another house brought it out, he would get a nasty memorandum from Morty Faust.

Well, the world knows now that Feinstein wasn't wrong. Even somebody in the wholesale millinery business like you, Manny, has a radio, and heard that number night after night. It was a hit right from the gun.

The number has its radio premer on the Vallee program. We can't get any orchestrations from the printers until the following Monday, but that does not prevent my baby from getting forty-nine network plugs the first week it is out. The week after that, it goes on the Hit Parade and stays there all summer.

By the Fourth of July we are selling ten thousand copies of sheet music a day, and I begin to realize I have hit the jackpot. As the composer of this sensational hit, I go on the air myself as a guest artist on a dozen big radio programs. All they want me to do is sing Where's That Summer Moon? If I go to a night spot, before the headwaiter can show me to a ringside table, the band is playing Where's That Summer Moon? And sooner or later the M. C. of the joint will call on me to get up and sing it. If I tune on the radio at home, it is six, two, and even that I will tune in on Where's That Summer Moon? And all the time the gold is pouring in on me from all directions.

Now that is all very well, Manny, but did you ever get sick of a song? Well, let me tell you something. You will get a hundred times as sick of a song if you have personally written that song, and not somebody else. By the time I have heard Where's That Summer Moon? seventy-five times, which is two weeks after it is released, I decide I don't want to hear it again, ever.

But that is early July, and every week the number is getting more popular. By the end of August I am definitely a wreck. I give you my word, Manny, I am just a bundle of nerves. After a while I am afraid to go to work. I stay holed up in my apartment with all the windows closed tight and the radio disconnected.

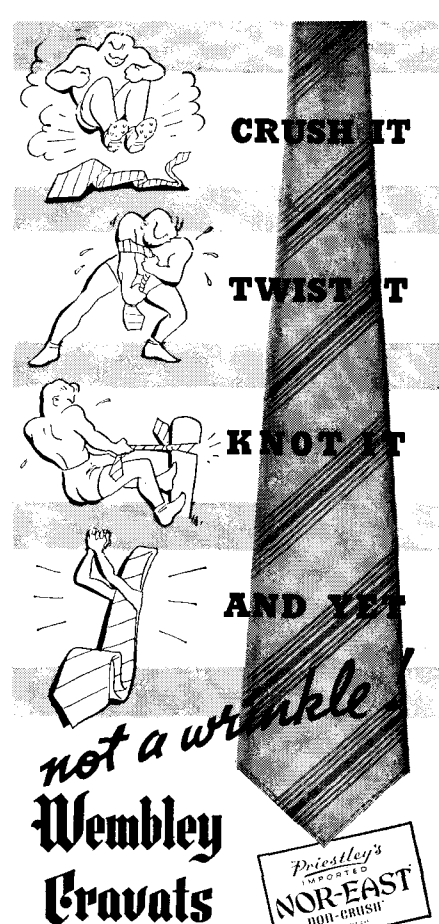
IF YOU are wondering, Manny, what has New England got to do with all this, and why it is a sore spot with me, I will tell you. You see, I was chump enough to go back to New England.

Dearborn calls me up one night, and says he is driving up to Vermont the next morning for over Labor Day. He asks me to go with him. In the state I am in, that sounds like a streamlined special to heaven. "Get on board," I says to myself. "But, yes!" I says to Dearborn, and I am nearly bawling from relief.

The next morning we go up. In my bag there is a package of extra-special, hand-selected birdseed. I have not forgotten that in spite of my woe, I am way up in the chips, and that it is a little bird that started it all. I don't know why I didn't foresee what was going to happen, Manny. I guess I was so loopy by now that all I could think of was getting away from New York and that song.

It is way after dark when we get up to the farm, and we are both very tired from the long drive, so we head right for the hay. But before I go upstairs, I go out on the lawn and dump out the package of birdseed on the little garden table. Royalties for my feathered friend!

The next morning I wake up slow.



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There is somebody with a tiny silver hammer beating out a familiar rhythm over and over again on my left temple. Quick I sit up and shake my head. But the rhythm goes right on, and there is a melody attached to it. You've got it. It is the song sparrow outside my window. He is singing the first two bars of *Where's That Summer Moon?*

Those two bars and the trill took about five seconds. Then there would be a pause of about ten seconds, then he would start in all over again. Instinctively, I began counting the number of times he sings those two bars. By the time I am dressed and coming downstairs, he has performed them one hundred and twenty-two times, and my stomach is turning over, slow and regular.

As I sit down to breakfast, Dearborn looks curiously at me, and follows my eyes out of the window. The song sparrow is out on the garden table lapping up the birdseed. He sings for five seconds, then dunks his nose in the stuff and goes after a hunk of it. Then he sings again, and so forth, regularly four times to the minute.

"It's pretty late for him," remarks Dearborn. "By this time they are usually headed south."

BUT I am not listening to him. I am thinking that if that damn' bird doesn't finish out the first eight bars once, I will positively go nuts! I went into the living room, opened a window and leaned out. The bird began his three hundredth performance. I picked it up in his key on the third bar and whistled the rest of the phrase for him. But nothing! Before I am even finished, he is starting right in again on the first bar.

Something snapped in my brain, Manny. I whirled around and saw this big gun over the fireplace. Dearborn told me once he kept it loaded in case of a fox. Before I know what I am doing, Manny, I have that gun down and I am pointing it out of the window at that bird.

Bam!

When I come to, I am lying on my

back on the floor where that young cannon has kicked me. My right shoulder feels like it is in Quebec, while the rest of me is still in New Orleans. Dearborn is kneeling over me, and behind him stands that sour-puss game warden. He is still in a red shirt.

"Did I get him?" I yells, staggering to my feet.

"You suttinly did," says the game warden, looking at a bunch of feathers in his hand.

"Hooray!" I hollers.

"Good thing I happened by," interrupts the game warden, "and seen you do it. That'll cost you one hundred dollars, young feller."

"A hundred bucks!" I yells, reaching for my roll. "For what?"

"A hundred dollars is the fine," says the game warden. "Up here in Vermont, we don't like people goin' round killin' songbirds."

"To hell with him," I says to myself. "I am rich, and he cannot spoil my moment."

"So take it!" I shouts, shoving a C-note at the old burglar. "I killed the bird off, anyway. I will now have some peace and quiet around my brain!"

The game warden gives me a look as if I have a disease, and turns and stomps out the door, while Dearborn is laughing like a crazy man.

"What is so funny?" I ask.

He gradually stops laughing, and kind of shudders, and then he puts on this long face and says, "Sparrow, I'm terribly afraid you have a mistaken idea. Did you know that there is more than one song sparrow in the world?"

I went cold all over.

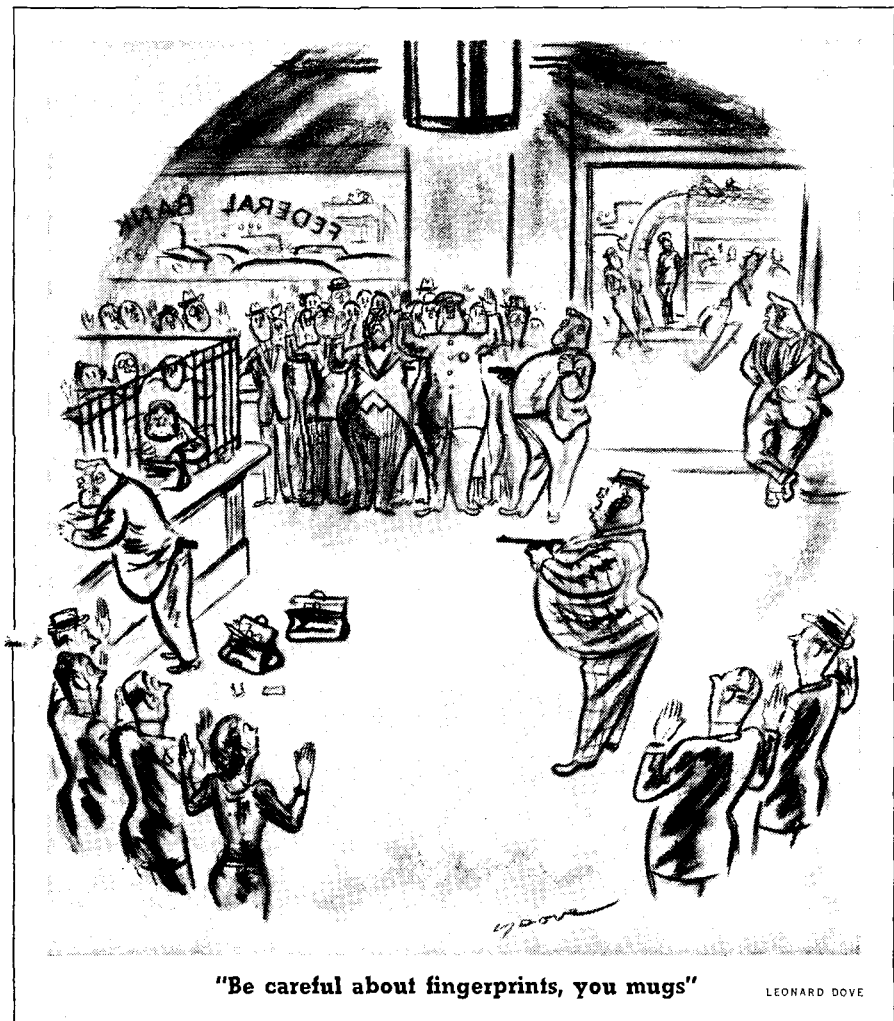
"More than one," I says slowly, "that sings that song?"

"I would say conservatively," says Dearborn, "that there are about two million song sparrows in the New England states alone. And they all sing the same song, Sparrow."

So you can see, Manny, why I am perfectly willing to go to Miami. But don't ask me to go to that New England with you because where can a private citizen buy a machine gun nowadays?



occupation: *Housewife*
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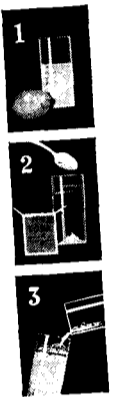
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Call Up Harry

Continued from page 13

orders. He did not say, nor even intimate, that he'd be happier if Mr. Hopkins could induce American business to view the White House through kindlier, more understanding eyes. And nothing was said to support the all too obvious rumor that Mr. Hopkins was Mr. Roosevelt's favorite for the Democratic presidential nomination and that he was being sent into retreat for conditioning.

Not that Mr. Hopkins' heart does not house a well-disciplined yearning to be Mr. Roosevelt's successor. He is one of a number of the President's satellites who would not object to being the Democratic choice. Whatever his prospects may be at the moment, neither the President nor Mr. Hopkins believes it will do any harm to have them enhanced. Of all the hopeful crew of pure New Dealers, the White House considers Mr. Hopkins the least likely to achieve overwhelming failure as the head of the party's ticket. Mr. Hopkins alone would command at the outset a large number of votes from the underprivileged to whom he represents all six of Santa Claus' reindeer. He alone starts the warm-up for the race for the convention's acclaim with an organization—the highly efficient and unquestioningly loyal organization of district administrators of WPA. These ladies and gentlemen retained their jobs only so long as they managed to comply without a grimace with the cardinal law of the Hopkins regime: Antagonize none but obey only me.

Mr. Hopkins' Main Chance

Mr. Hopkins is clearly the only New Dealer, aside, of course, from Mr. Roosevelt, who has anything remotely resembling popular appeal. And yet his chances of getting anything more than a nice hand at the Democratic Convention are small. Mr. Hopkins, like all the other members of Mr. Roosevelt's official family, will have to overcome the growing desire for new faces, new names, less glitter and more substance. Another desire, the fruit of disillusionment, is not limited to the Roosevelt side. To get anywhere at all the Republicans will have to offer fresh goods.

Mr. Hopkins' main chance lies in the knowledge of the anti-New Deal Democrats that no Democratic candidate may be regarded as a safe investment if he lacks the approval and wholehearted support of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Garner might not have that, nor might Senator Bennett Champ Clark. The Honorable Jim Farley, beloved by the White House as a faithful retainer but not regarded as an intellectual comrade, would not be Mr. Roosevelt's ideal as a successor. To offer the party a Tommy Corcoran, Robert Jackson, Mr. Justice Reed or any other of the shining throng who are but New Deal names to the average voter would be asking for loud and vulgar rebuff. To succeed in winning the nomination for any of these would put the President in the position of imploring the country to go Republican. Thus far the President has but two New Dealers to offer the public—only two who would have a chance of victory—himself and Harry Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins is courting the distinction of being the favorite son of a state as well as the White House. After a lifetime of missionary work amongst the forlorn and six years of being the nation's almoner, he has abandoned his New York residence and re-established himself in his birthplace, Iowa. Thus

he may enter the convention with at least one set of delegates carrying his portrait on banners and at least one platoon of patriots hailing him as the only man who can possibly save us from complete destruction.

In Iowa Mr. Hopkins' strategy is not at the moment being regarded as one of the state's proud milestones. The leader of one farm group told us that "our boys generally do come home from the city when they get good and hungry."

A Sacrificial Goat

Mr. Hopkins, the White House's heir presumptive, would quite naturally disclaim all aspirations to the crown. Whatever happens in 1940 he will not be wanting a job. If the New Deal survives he'll be in Washington. If it doesn't he'll probably take one of several jobs which have and which will be offered to him. He can go to work for an important industrial corporation—as personnel supervisor—or for a rich foundation with humanitarian programs.

And it may come to pass that Mr. Hopkins' name will never reach the convention, that he will serve between now and then only to draw the fire of enemies within and without the party, to demonstrate with his own frail form the temper of the populace. What happens to Mr. Hopkins between now and the day when nomination talk may be taken seriously may dictate whether the bitter-enders within the New Deal will go off on a third-party spree. All of which sounds as if Mr. Hopkins were cast for the part of the sacrificial goat.

He's been in inferior health for some time. He'll tell you somewhat hollowly that he has never felt better in his life. But among the millions of his fellow citizens to whose relief he has galloped during the past five years (and the hell with the budget), few needed relief more than Mr. Hopkins. For two or three years he has whirled from looking pretty well to being a pushover for a rheumatic germ. Those CWA, FERA and WPA chores he turned in since Mr. Roosevelt enticed him to Washington would have ruined the constitution of the Statue of Liberty. He has been Mr. Roosevelt's iron horse. He's the Glenn Cunningham of the New Deal.

Yet he has never been one of the New Deal glamor boys—much too practical. Among his associates in the Administration have been numbers who refused to be happy unless they were today doing something wholly different from what was going on yesterday; who at the mere hint of a new idea became hysterical with joy. Mr. Hopkins was not of them. We wish we could remember who it was who called him a drudge with brains. The term isn't as unpleasant as it sounds. Anyway, while it isn't a perfect fit it covers Mr. Hopkins over the worst parts.

The Hopkins Success Secret

He is first among that exceedingly small band in Washington who are really close to the President. He is almost daily in conference with the President either in person or by telephone—more frequently the former. He dines at the White House twice and sometimes three times a week. And his intimacy was not bred on the yes-yes system. His knack of winning smiles from Roosevelt haters has sent less-gifted New Dealers frequently into huddles of jealousy and suspicion. He doesn't wear his politics on his sleeve.

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G • VITAPETS • G

The professional red-flag man calls him a Pink or, what's worse, a Reformer. The reactionaries like to think of him as redder than Lenin. He's either liked or hated and has an enviable talent for not giving a damn. Twenty-six years of labor among the lowly has completely disillusioned him. Mr. Hopkins is convinced that neither the ups nor the downs have a monopoly on the snide.

Almost invariably when appearing before congressional committees he has come off an unqualified victor. But then, he's gone before the committees with the huge advantage of knowing what he's talking about. He'll tell you quite frankly that any administration that regards itself always as a teacher and never as a pupil is marked for trouble. He's one of the best administrators in Washington, probably has no superior. He is almost equally as good as an organizer. As a politician he's no Jim Farley. He's not even a John Hamilton. His experience in Mr. Roosevelt's forlorn congressional purge last year convinced him of that.

He took a dismal part in the attempt to eliminate Senator Gillette of Iowa from public life, Mr. Gillette having committed the cardinal sin of not agreeing in all things with Mr. Roosevelt. Together with James Roosevelt and Thomas Corcoran, Mr. Hopkins sought to replace Mr. Gillette with Representative Otha Wearin. It was frankly awful. Left to its own devices Iowa might have kept Mr. Gillette at home. But when the Messrs. Roosevelt, Corcoran and Hopkins were through working for Mr. Wearin, Mr. Gillette had nothing to do but write his acceptance speech. It cured Mr. Hopkins.

The New Deal cherishes no desire to enter the 1940 convention picketed by Big Business. The Democrats may call all the party caucuses they want but unless honest concessions are made by both sides they will convene to name their nominee split to their heels—the Garretts against the President's lads, with Mr. Farley clucking excitedly between the ranks.

Mr. Hopkins occupies a curious position. He is of the Roosevelt persuasion but has even more friends on the other side of the party argument. One of the most important American industrialists met him at what logically should have been the nadir of his popularity with the non-Roosevelt element. He was being accused of boldly coercing WPA workers to vote New Deal—or else. Moreover the famous "spend, spend, tax, tax, elect, elect" boast was being imputed to him and he hadn't yet made his denial.

The Appeasement Assignment

The industrialist was prepared to tell Mr. Hopkins with brutal frankness, accompanied no doubt by a good hard chest thumping and a nasty turn of the lip, that he for one wasn't going to stand for it. Nobody was going to do this to him. But Mr. Hopkins turned on the charm and within a very short time he and the indignant industrialist were shaking hands so long and violently that mutual friends had to remind them of their blood pressures. The industrialist left after telling Mr. Hopkins that there would always be a job in his organization for him.

Thus, as almost anybody can see, Mr. Hopkins was given the appeasement assignment by Mr. Roosevelt—even if Mr. Roosevelt did not call it that. It's too much to expect that Mr. Hopkins in his new role is going to repair every rip in the industrial fabric of the United States. South American trade will be a baffling problem for years in spite of all his efforts. Railroads and other transportation media will bother administrations for some time to come. It is going to take more than charm and twenty-

six years of experience as a social worker to produce all the answers. And it is probable that Mr. Hopkins alone will not be able to accomplish a lasting unity, peace and concord between the employer and the worker.

But nobody will be able to say that Mr. Hopkins didn't try. He'll put forth more of his efforts in the haunts of the rich than he will within the austere, tradition-scented offices to which political expediency has shunted him. He's the almost perfect mixer, looking and acting just the same at a banker's week-end party as he does in a flophouse. Before his doctors got mean about it, he drank beer on Pier Six, gin at Georgetown cocktail putches and champagne on Park Avenue without a fractional change in manner or view. With great wisdom he is ever Harry Hopkins—and you can like him or leave him. He has enemies but very few of them weighty. Even Father Coughlin likes him. And Doctor Townsend, too, although Mr. Hopkins thinks the doctor's plan somewhat cock-eyed. About the only thing Bill Green of the American Federation of Labor and John Lewis of the Committee for Industrial Organization agree upon is that Harry Hopkins is a pretty good guy. Senator Glass has thanked God that WPA was in sane if somewhat lavish hands and Mr. Hoover is said to have observed that Mr. Hopkins was the least poisonous of a somewhat dangerous lot.

Washington's Busiest Man

His telephone calls him to give advice on almost everything from hair-dos to whether Liberia is good for 1,200 gross of overalls, from the merits of double-yolk eggs to what to say about Adolf Hitler. His waiting room is filled with a discouraging array of citizens—from congressmen wanting to know how to explain their vote on relief appropriations to manufacturers longing to send competitors to jail.

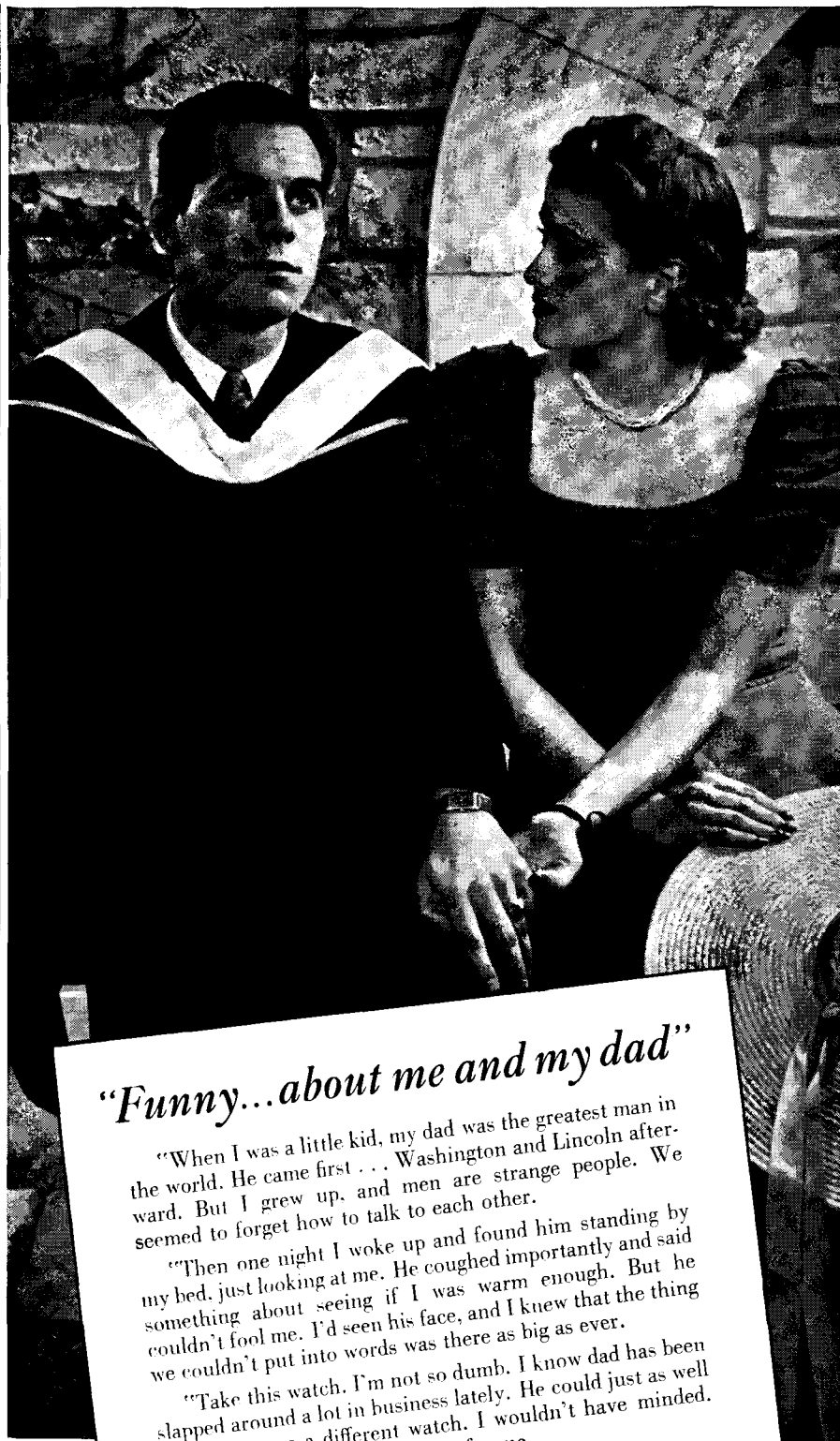
His mail brings him everything from wheelies to wallops. Demented paupers threaten him with death in a wide assortment of painful forms. Businessmen send him everything from implied bribes to explicit directions on how to save the country from complete and lasting disaster. He is asked to advocate a loan of two or three hundred millions to rebel leaders who promise, in return, to permit none but American merchantmen to dock on their shores—when victory has given them control of their countries. Every day dozens of ladies and gentlemen demand that he hire them to lead the country into everlasting prosperity—by means of gigantic plans which have sprung, full-panoplied, from their admittedly gigantic brains overnight.

His daily appointments include haves and have nots indiscriminately—from Mr. W. A. Harriman, chairman of the Union Pacific Railroad and incidentally chairman of Hopkins' Business Advisory Council, to Mr. Z. Alderpluck, president of the Haberdashers' League of Scuttlebottom County, Utah. He can talk of running horses as glibly as a bookmaker's shill and, we were glad to discover, is in our backward class as a race-track winner.

He may turn out to be the second man to emerge from the Commerce Department politically alive. But to do that he'll have to be as clever as his friends say he is, as wily as his enemies say he is. And there's nothing to do but wait to find out.

If he fails he may have the excuse that he never had a chance. Too many people, including the White House, availed themselves of the time-consuming last resort:

Call Up Harry.



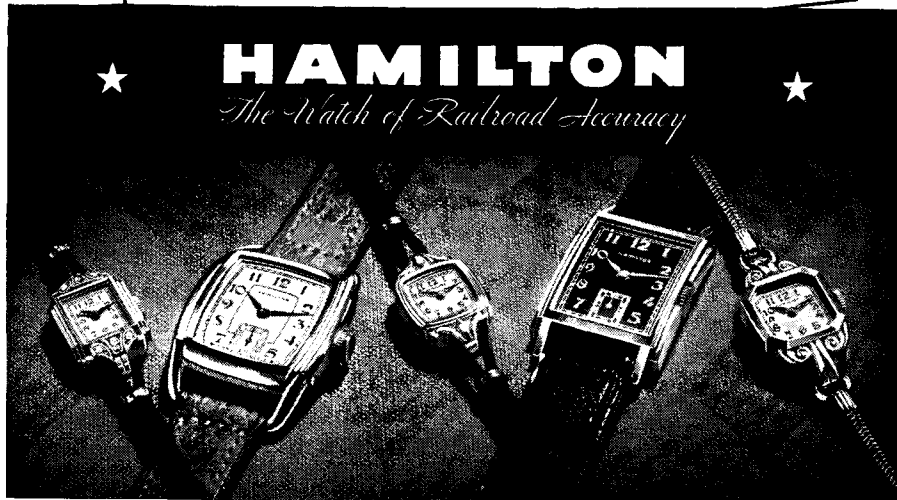
"Funny...about me and my dad"

"When I was a little kid, my dad was the greatest man in the world. He came first . . . Washington and Lincoln afterward. But I grew up, and men are strange people. We seemed to forget how to talk to each other.

"Then one night I woke up and found him standing by my bed, just looking at me. He coughed importantly and said something about seeing if I was warm enough. But he couldn't fool me. I'd seen his face, and I knew that the thing we couldn't put into words was there as big as ever.

"Take this watch. I'm not so dumb. I know dad has been slapped around a lot in business lately. He could just as well have given me a different watch. I wouldn't have minded. But no, it had to be a Hamilton for me.

"So that's how it is with us. I've got my varsity letter and my share of the other honors, too. But I'd rather have this watch than all of them put together. It's highest honors from my dad, who is still the greatest man in the world."



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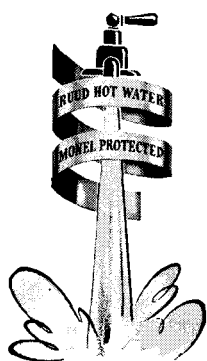


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Rhythm Man

Continued from page 22

whale big enough to swallow Jonah. Jonah was a good man and the Lord took care of him. The Lord'll do the same for you if you give him a chance." If the audience remained quiet the preacher would plead "Help me out."

The congregation would sway and cry, "Say so. Dat's de truth. Say so. Amen, brother. Go on, brother," and then someone would chant: "The Lord made the whale as big as he wanted. The Lord made the whale as big as he wanted."

Young Bob MacGimsey would find himself swaying, beating time with his right foot, and he'd find himself chanting, "The Lord made the whale as big as he wanted," and of course he didn't know it but the song was being born then, a song called Jonah and the Whale which would be sung by the greatest artists of our day. Men like Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas would sing that song some years later but young Bob didn't know then that he was being unconsciously trained to give the world the true songs of the Negro.

How "Shadrach" Was Born

Then the preacher would tell the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, and of how they were thrown into the fiery furnace. Then an angel with big white wings came into the furnace and what happened, brothers? What happened? They laughed, that's what happened. They laughed at the flames and they laughed at the fire. Who laughed, brethren?

The congregation with a happy roar would chant "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. They laughed at the flames and they laughed at the fire, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego."

Young Bob laughed too, laughed with joy because those three good men had been saved by the Lord. He left the church and ringing in his ears was the refrain, "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego." He walked home and on the way he saw two Negroes chopping down a tree. One was on either side of the thick trunk and their axes swung rhythmically. As the axes swung, the two Negroes chanted, "Oh yah! Oh yah! What he say? Oh yah!"

Young Bob squatted on the ground, watching them, and soon he was chanting too, but he was chanting, "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego." It just fitted the rhythm of the axes striking the tree.

The two Negroes picked it up and now the three of them chanted the refrain. The birds in the trees were their only audience. A few years later Carnegie Hall would be jammed to hear John Charles Thomas sing it. Then Nelson Eddy and Thomas L. Thomas would sing it on the radio, and orchestra leaders, hearing it, would ask permission of Bob MacGimsey to use it. He would give them a simple piano arrangement and the song would sweep the country. It would be altered and from the simple story of faith in the Lord a swing number would evolve and jitterbugs would writhe in ecstasy under its spell.

Sigmund Spaeth, the music critic, was to hear Shadrach and he was to congratulate MacGimsey on "the first original song I ever heard in my life." But young Bob, singing there with the two woodchoppers, didn't know that.

Well, that's how spirituals are born. Young Bob became Robert MacGimsey and philharmonic orchestras played his songs and the world's greatest singers sang them. Today you hear Shadrach, Daniel in the Lion's Den, Land of

Degradation, Religion Ain't Nothin' to Play With, Sweet Little Jesus Boy, Jonah and the Whale, and Trouble, and on Lincoln's birthday you may have heard MacGimsey's newest song, The Old Slave, sung by The Southernaires.

MacGimsey himself is slim, boyish-looking, younger-appearing than his thirty-five years. He sings his own songs better perhaps than anyone else does. Lawrence Tibbett said after hearing him, "When MacGimsey sings, his face turns black." Tibbett knows that no one can sing spirituals except the old Negroes, because they are songs of emotion and one must feel them to give sincere voice to them. MacGimsey since childhood has felt with the Negroes and has felt as they do about these songs.

"You see," MacGimsey explains, "these songs were never intended to be sung to anyone. A white man sings to an audience. A Negro sings to himself. He isn't being consciously entertaining. Actually he's holding a sincere and intimate communication with his Maker. I'm speaking, of course, of the old plantation Negro. He couldn't read. There were no hymnbooks in his church. Prayers had to be remembered and it was easier to remember them if they were in rhythm."

MacGimsey was about twenty before he ever actually copied down any of the songs the Negroes sang. Until then, there had been nothing extraordinary about these songs. He had lived with them all his life. But then he went away to school, he took a law degree, he traveled. Often he'd hear what purported to be genuine Negro music, blues music, spirituals, mammy songs. They grated on his ear and horrified him.

The Rhythm's the Thing

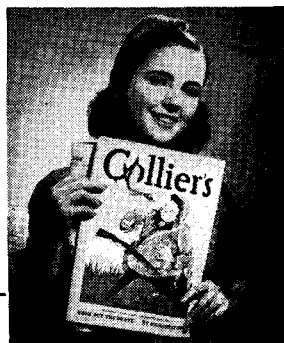
When he returned he decided to write down the music he had heard since childhood. The words were often without meaning but always the rhythm was true. Sometimes the words are difficult to analyze. For instance, Uncle John used to sing a song that came right out of his heart. He'd sing:

"Rock mah soul on the bosom of Abraham,
Satan he's chained in hell and he can't get out,
Oh, rocky mah soul."

When Bob would ask him what he meant by "rocky" Uncle John would shrug his shoulders and say complacently, "It's a good word." He didn't bother to analyze it. A good word is one that fits the rhythm. The rhythm and the sentiments expressed are the important things.

The first song Bob ever copied down was a song given to him by a Negro on his aunt's plantation, a white-haired old man named Uncle Olmstead. He said that was his name when he appeared out of nowhere one day asking for a job. He was very old and very feeble, so they let him take care of the flowers and the vegetable garden and let him feed the chickens and he and Bob became great friends. Bob discovered that he had a natural gift for whistling. He could whistle harmony, three-part harmony. He's done some of it on the radio because, after all, even the best composer of Negro rhythm songs in the land doesn't get wealthy writing music. Well, Uncle Olmstead used to love Bob's whistling. "A gift from de Lawd," he'd say. It was as true as the note of a flute and softer.

One morning Uncle Olmstead came to Bob and his eyes were shining. "I got



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because Dad says that's the safest rifle there is—and it's stream-lined, too. Dad has a Mossberg 46B* repeater and I have a Mossberg 26B** single shot. He says every boy, for his own good, should know how to handle a rifle."

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a word," he said ecstatically. "I got a sign from de Lawd. It came when ah was sleepin'. I had a dream and ah saw Mary sittin' on a white cloud. She had long streamin' hair and big blue eyes, the kindes' blue eyes you ever see. She was playin' on a big gold harp and she was beckonin' to me and then she sang:

"Come chillen, come chillen, come play on the golden harp;
Come where pleasure never will die,
Come where pleasure never will die,
Come play on the golden harp."

"That dream," MacGimsey says now, "was as real to Uncle Olmstead as anything that ever happened."

Songs Are for Voices Only

From that dream MacGimsey wrote the slow, majestic story that he called *The Old Slave*, and when it was first sung publicly he announced that it was dedicated to Uncle Olmstead. First sung on Lincoln's birthday, it promises to rival Shadrach in popularity.

It begins:

"Ah'm jes' an ole slave,
Ole black slave,
Travelin' weak an' low;
Ain't got no frins, ain't got no mastah,
Ain't got nowhere to go."

Like the Negroes to whom he used to listen, MacGimsey too thinks, feels and talks in rhythm. Ask him about the musical construction of a song and he'll be rather inarticulate about it and then he'll say, "Now let me sing it to you, that'll show you what I mean." He won't even want to sit at a piano and play it. The voice is the medium of song to him.

When he first arrived in New York the city was a terrifying, bewildering place that he frankly admits scared him stiff. He had never been in a subway. His first trip was a memorable one. He hung on tightly, expecting to be hurled into eternity any minute. Gradually he became conscious of a strange cadence. It was the click of the subway wheels, a different rhythm than that of railroad wheels. It was sharper, more staccato, and yet every fourth beat there was a major click. He began to tap his foot

in concert with the clicking of the wheels—and a song was born. He called it *Land of Degradation* and its rhythm is that of the New York subway.

Quite often the songs that MacGimsey heard as a boy had absolutely no musical kinship to any known music. MacGimsey thinks that a great many of the rhythms were born in Africa four hundred years ago and that they have survived. Often the song would start in a minor mode, shift suddenly to a relative major and then, in a peculiar way, go back again to the minor.

"That," MacGimsey says, "is sheer African and it's sheer music too. It isn't always possible to copy down faithfully the tunes of many of the songs. It would be like trying to copy down the song of half a dozen birds singing together. The quick variations from the conventional scale and the occasional introduction of surprising quarter notes baffle the one who is trying to make musical sense out of the song."

"Once I was trying to take down the tune of an old song that Uncle John was singing to me. I asked him why no one had ever done that before. Uncle John looked at my penciled scribbles and said solemnly, 'Mistah Bob, the white man's notes jes ain't black enough.' He meant that only a Negro could feel, understand and reproduce the songs that came to him in dreams and others that were born in him."

Today Bob MacGimsey has given up his law and he's about given up his whistling. He's concentrating only on the composition of spiritual or "move" music. He calls it "move" music because he says that it is impossible to do justice to the songs while standing up. Negroes seldom sing well while standing. Sitting down they can pound out the rhythm with their feet and they can sway from side to side, thus furnishing their rhythmical counterpoint. MacGimsey winces a little when he hears a dance band play *Shadrach*. He isn't allowing the swing artists and the crooners to play and sing his other songs until he is sure that they are firmly implanted in the hearts of concertgoers. Swing arrangements, he believes, have a tendency to kill good music very quickly. He wants to give his own music every chance to live long and happily.



UNCLE GEORGE: Well, well! You like yourself, Bob, don't you?

BOB: I like Post's 40% Bran Flakes. Uncle George—and wait 'til you sit down to that breakfast in there—you'll see that I've discovered a perfectly grand-tasting breakfast food! Besides...



UNCLE GEORGE: Sa-ay—this NUT-LIKE flavor is great! And from what you say, Post's Bran Flakes may be just what my daily diet needs!

MRS. STEWART: They make such delicious BRAN MUFFINS, too—the recipe's right on the package!



Bob's right! Here are the two *extra benefits* he's talking about:

FIRST, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a *natural* regulator, that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.

SECOND, Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B₁ to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

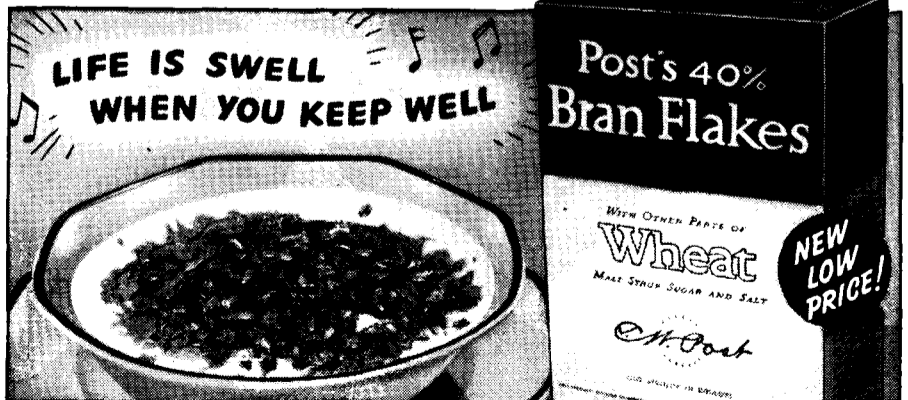
ALL THIS in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose*: to make breakfast a delicious treat, and to help you keep fit. And today, Post's Bran Flakes come to you at a *new low price*!



UNCLE GEORGE: Yep, I'm feeling like a million. I've been eating Post's Bran Flakes regularly since you told me about 'em!

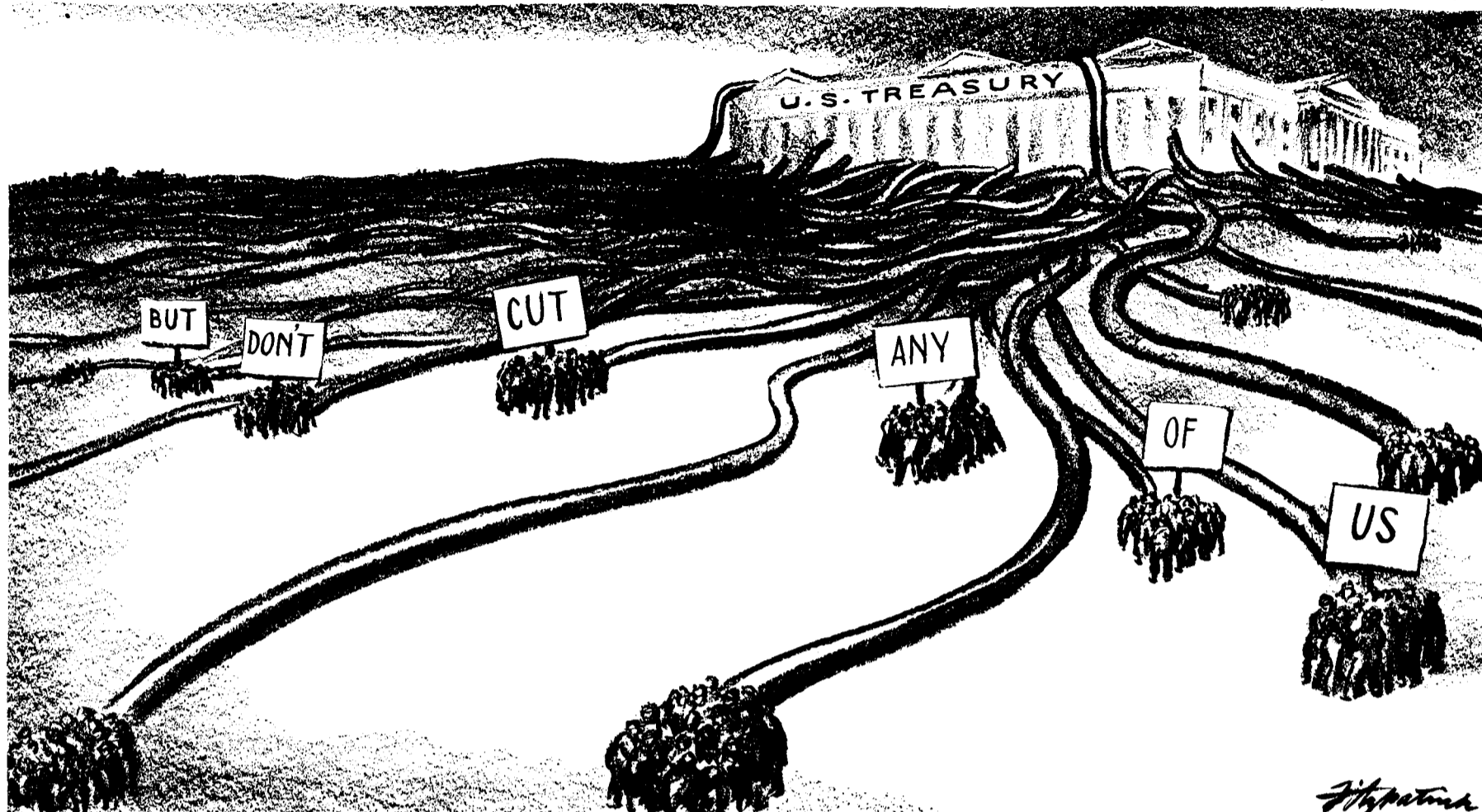
BOB: It's swell, isn't it, that such a grand-tasting cereal also gives you those EXTRA BENEFITS!

A Post cereal made by General Foods



IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's

Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.



Costs Can Be Cut

THE "tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect" crowd at Washington has changed the phonograph record of late.

We now hear almost every day that the government couldn't cut costs, much as it might want to cut them, without wrecking the apple-cart. Marriner S. Eccles of the Federal Reserve has stated this argument in what he appeared to consider a highly strategic challenge to Congress to retrench if it dared.

Well, the thing has been dared here and there. Both the economic and the political effects have been all to the good.

Governor John W. Bricker (Rep.) of Ohio, elected last November, has cut his state's government expenses so effectively that he has started himself a presidential boom that is already worrying Senator Robert A. Taft (Rep.) of the same state, and may grow to worry Thomas E. Dewey.

Bricker cut costs in the way that is proverbially NOT the way to start yourself a boom for anything except early political retirement. The Ohio governor's system is to bounce large mobs of public job holders off the state's pay

rolls. The last figures we saw were: 3,000 Ohio ex-bureaucrats out looking for real work, and \$4,000,000 a year saved Ohio taxpayers. The taxpayers, who still outnumber the job holders and politicians, seem to enjoy this novel sensation.

The experience of Governor E. D. Rivers (Dem.) of Georgia has been even more instructive—to taxpayers, at any rate, and we all pay taxes. Georgia's voters in a statewide poll declared for economy and no new taxes. The Georgia legislature went home from its latest session leaving appropriations \$8,500,000 short of budget demands for this fiscal year.

Having to cut costs, Governor Rivers cut costs. In the state's highway department, for one example, he cut them 50% for April, May and June. Unfortunately, hardships were worked on Georgia's schools and insane asylums. Too bad. But to stick to the point of these remarks, when Governor Rivers found he had to cut costs he also found he could cut costs.

Bridgeport, Connecticut, business-managed by Mayor Jasper McLevy (Socialist) since 1933, has found that costs can be cut without

hurt to essential public services such as schools, hospitals, police and fire forces, etc. McLevy has improved all these services in Bridgeport, and also paid off \$2,000,000 of city debts.

The state of Nebraska has long operated under a pay-as-you-go plan. Its constitution flatly limits the state's bonded debt to \$100,000. Persistent economy doesn't seem to have brought the manifold miseries the "spend and spend" crowd promises us in case Washington ever takes to saving money.

The logical inference from all this is that any government's costs can be cut. It can be done when officials are remorselessly economy-minded. Or it can be done when the majority of taxpayers are remorselessly determined that the politicians shall not overspend.

We're optimistic enough to think that one or both of these changes may catch up some of these days with the federal government itself.

One or both of these changes had better come about, unless the federal government's exactions, plus those of state, county and city governments, are to eat us all into slavery to the taxgatherers.

Look in Your Own Back Yard

SEE America First" always was good advice, this being the gorgeous giant of a country that it is. It's even better advice this year, for at least three reasons.

One of these is the seemingly perpetual European war scare, which warns Americans of travel on the Continent.

The other two reasons are the more important. They are the New York and San Francisco world's fairs. San Francisco's fair opened

February 18th; New York's opened April 30th, and it is just getting into stride.

They are both grand shows, according to highly reliable observers, and we honestly don't know which we'd rather see. Anybody who can do so is wise, we think, to play safe by seeing them both. The railroads are charging about \$90 round trip for flat transportation to both fairs, the bus lines about \$70.

So why not kick your worries into the cellar

of your mind for a while, load the family on train or bus, or into your own car, and set out to see the fairs and your own country?

There's an old proverb to the effect that you find the pot of gold not at the end of the rainbow but in your own back yard. Call the magnificent country where you're lucky enough to live your own back yard, and see if, by getting around in it a bit, you don't find spiritual if not actual gold, and pots of it.