

— a homely little yellow farm, with cottonwoods all about. It's very ugly. My mother died there."

"Ah! Mrs. Fane — what is it?"

"Nothing. You've been good to me, Sigmund. It's been sweet, some, having you think you love me! Could you wait a half hour? To take me to the station?"

"Station? Mrs. Fane — Julia! What are you doing?"

"I'm going home to Texas, Sigmund. . . . Read the book I gave you. You'll see. But you see too much for a boy, anyway!"

Presently she came downstairs with nothing but a small bag. She walked out of the house without one backward look of regret.

Thomas Campbell: *Master Farmer*

The man who taught the Russians how to grow wheat, who broke all records by talking to Stalin for four straight hours, who got two million dollars out of J. P. Morgan in twenty minutes, who farms 95,000 acres of Montana wheat land without a horse or mule — and makes money at it. "I advocate trade with Russia," he says. In this article he tells why.

by EDWARD ANGLY

WHEN HUMPTY DUMPTY fell off the wall, it is reasonable to suppose that in the resultant consternation each of the king's men had a suggestion as to how to put him together again. The politicians probably got in the first words, and, after them, the business men. The horses, I imagine, merely laughed. It is not recorded that His Majesty gave even a moment's thought to going out into the countryside and asking a peasant what he would do in the distressful circumstances.

Since the crash of our modern Humpty Dumpty, who was called Prosperity, we, too, have witnessed a continuous confabulation of politicians and business men. After a year and a half of head-scratching and speech-making, they are still bewildered and Humpty Dumpty remains rather a sad looking mess. Why not fetch a farmer and have him offer a few sug-

gestions? His prescriptions might or might not prove to be worth while, but it wouldn't hurt us to hear them.

Now the biggest farmer in this dell of depression is Thomas D. Campbell, the overlord of 95,000 grain-growing acres in southern Montana. Using gasoline instead of elbow grease, he grows more wheat and more flax than any individual who has busted sod since Adam did the first bit of delving. He has a strong back and an engineering mind. Stirring around in his mind are a number of ideas as to how to start the business ball to rolling merrily again. It shall be the purpose of this article to present the more salient of those ideas as Mr. Campbell expressed them in several recent conversations.

First, let us see what manner of man is this Cincinnatus of the Machine Age. Besides run-

ning his own 95,000 acre patch in the West, Mr. Campbell serves as chief adviser to the Russian Soviet Government on the operation of its millions of acres of state farms and collectives.

Mr. Campbell is a tall, lanky Westerner with graying hair, blue eyes, and a grammatical tongue that talks with amazing rapidity. He has had the ear of every President from Wilson to Hoover. Born forty-nine years ago on the farm of his Scottish father, near Grand Forks, North Dakota, he witnessed the beginning of the mechanization of agriculture in the grain country. The elder Campbell introduced the first steam plow and steam threshing machine ever seen in that section of the plains. At seventeen, Mr. Campbell took charge of the family's four thousand acres, meanwhile continuing his education at the University of North Dakota, three miles from his home. An A.B. degree in 1903 was followed by a degree in engineering in 1904 and a post-graduate course at Cornell University the following year.

After his marriage in 1906 Mr. Campbell moved to California, becoming operations engineer in charge of all the properties owned by the late J. S. Torrance, then the big shot among the West Coast capitalists. It was the war that pitched Mr. Campbell into national prominence. He went to Washington hopeful of receiving a commission in the engineering corps, but Franklin D. Lane, then Secretary of Agriculture, Herbert Hoover, then Food Commissioner, and André Tardieu, who was the French High Commissioner to the United States, decided his services would be more valuable if he raised wheat, for which the fighting world was just then squawking hungrily and loudly. First it was suggested that the wheat might be grown under Mr. Campbell's direction in Algiers, then it was realized that the job could

be more quickly done in this country on government lands. After an inspection trip with Frank A. Thackery, of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Campbell chose 125,000 acres on four Indian reservations in Montana. It remained to raise the necessary capital to start the enterprise.

"Then, as now," Mr. Campbell remarked recently, "you could get all the money you wanted in Washington for everything except agriculture. Millions were available for cost plus contracts for ships, uniforms, guns, anything that seemed to be needed except farming, and there wasn't one dollar for that."

So Mr. Campbell left Washington and struck out alone to beard the lions of Wall Street. He sent his card in to J. P. Morgan, whom he had never laid eyes on. Twenty minutes later he had a promise of two million dollars. The Montana Farming Corporation was launched. The financiers who backed it included Mr.

Morgan, James Stillman, Francis H. Sisson, Charles H. Sabin, and Charles D. Norton, all of whom were on the board of directors. After the war, Mr. Campbell bought them out, changed the name of the company to the Campbell Farming Corporation, re-leased 95,000 acres from the government, and let the others go. For eight years he made money. In 1930, for the first time, he lost money.

THE MACHINE AGE FARMER

THERE ISN'T a mule on Mr. Campbell's farm and all the horses are saddle horses. The work horses are inside of internal combustion engines. From plowing to the harvesting and the hauling of the thousands of tons of grain to the railhead at Hardin, forty miles away, gasoline supplies the power for every operation. The farm business roars as regularly as a fac-



tory during eight months of each year, the work going ahead twenty-four hours a day. The tractors, the combines, and the other machines brighten the fields at night with large flood lights. The men, like steel puddlers, work in two twelve-hour shifts. With thirty combines they can harvest and thresh 30,000 bushels of wheat from one dawn to the next. On the Campbell farm each tractor works about 2,800 hours a year. The tractor on the average Iowa farm is busy only 250 hours a year.

Mr. Campbell's tractors take fresh drinks of gasoline without stopping. He has invented devices to improve the efficiency of his agricultural industry. The well-known "Campbell method" of windrow harvesting has enabled two men on tractors and one man on a combine to do a job which used to require twenty-eight men and thirty-two horses.

Like the industrialists, Mr. Campbell pins his faith on large economic units. In agriculture that means fewer and bigger farms, mechanized as much as possible. The biggest of all individual wheat growers, he advocates reducing American wheat production to fit the country's needs, eliminating the present exportable surplus.

"I could take hold of four 160-acre farms in Nebraska, Kansas, or Iowa," he said, "and merge them into one farm and save money. Right away I'd get rid of four superintendents at \$1,800 each and hire one superintendent — a college man — at \$3,000. Only men with plenty of capital or credits can go into farming and make a success of it. No farm can be based on a three-year program. Farming, as a business, is a ten-year proposition. It takes a ten-year period for rainfall, drought, sunshine, acts of God, and other uncontrollable influences to average up the bad seasons with the good ones."

It isn't the grasshoppers, the hot winds, cold snows, cyclones, and market jugglers that are postponing the farmer's millennium, in Mr. Campbell's judgment, so much as it is the general feeling that farming "jest natchelly" can't succeed with a big S. It is impossible, he says, to interest capital in agriculture. He doubts if there are a dozen big bankers in the whole country to-day who believe that farming can be successfully done. But the time is coming, he thinks, when farms will be properly industrialized and properly financed. In his dreams of the future, he sees a United

States Farming Corporation that will be greater than the General Motors Corporation or the U. S. Steel Corporation.

Mr. Campbell has made two visits to Russia and is going there again at the end of this summer. His visits create about as much stir among the Russian populace as do those of the Prince of Wales among the citizens of this Republic. Now and then, when the pressure of the Five-Year Plan gets to hurting and the proletariat seems to need a psychological injection of pep, the Bolshevik newspapers flap their wings and crow over the fact that Russia now has a state farm "ten times as big as Thomas D. Campbell's farm in America."

When the Five-Year Plan was launched, the Soviet Government sent for Mr. Campbell and asked him how best to make the great agriculture dream come true. He was offered one million acres of the Red paradise for his own use and profit if he would consent to stay there and personally operate a farm, just to show the aspiring agriculturists of Russia how he does it.

"I could have cleaned up two million dollars a year if I had accepted that offer," Mr. Campbell said.

But he turned it down and came home after supplying the Kremlin with a thesis that covered agriculture from the Garden of Eden all the way to modern Montana. Since he wouldn't stay in Russia to serve as a model farmer, the Soviet Government sent two hundred of its own sod busters out to his farm to learn his methods. Most of them stayed there about a month.

In Moscow Mr. Campbell pondered over the whole agricultural program which the architects of the Five-Year Plan had arranged. He made corrections here, suggestions there. He talked to Stalin for four straight hours — another world's record. The planning commission had figured that binders and threshers would be good enough for Russia, and they had never even heard of night farming. Mr. Campbell converted Stalin to combines and to plowing and reaping all around the clock.

Starting from scratch on unplowed and endless steppes, the Soviet state farms have now grown to almost fifteen million furrowed acres. The collectives have replaced the individual peasant farmer on forty-two million acres. The largest of the state farms, the so-called Giant Farm, eighty miles from Rostov,

embraces a million acres. Mr. Campbell visited it last year on his five weeks' tour of inspection inside the U.S.S.R. He arrived there at midnight, heard the roar of a hundred gasoline motors and saw the searchlights of the harvesting machines blinking for miles around.

For that tour of inspection the Russians paid him a handsome retainer and all the expenses of himself and his family on the round trip from Pasadena to the bathing beaches of the Southern Caucasus. His first day on the Giant Farm Mr. Campbell made a correction in the method the Russians had blundered into adopting in the operation of combines. That one change, it was estimated, would save the state farms several thousand dollars a day. So the expense of the long trip was recouped by the Soviet almost immediately.

Despite the growth of Russian wheat production in recent years (the 1913 record was exceeded for the first time in 1930), Mr. Campbell does not think Russia's exportable surplus will increase greatly for several years to come. Russia's production is not yet to the point where the government will permit the baking of white bread.

"They figure," said Mr. Campbell, "that they will need seven bushels per person per year at home. That means more than 1,100,000,000 bushels. Their production last year was not quite a billion bushels. This year they figure it will be a little over a billion. Here in America our consumption of wheat has come down to between four and one-half and five bushels per stomach. We have gone hog-wild over dieting and staying thin. But the Russians haven't heard of the Hollywood diet. It's a safe bet they will keep on needing almost all the grain they grow for a good while yet.

"Excluding Russia and China, the world production of wheat is about four billion bushels, and the exportable surplus about 850,000 bushels. The United States raises about 800,000,000 bushels a year and consumes about 650,000,000, leaving an exportable surplus of between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 bushels. Eventually we will have to eliminate that surplus and grow only enough wheat to meet our own needs."

THE SLUMP AND RUSSIAN TRADE

As FOR the depression, Mr. Campbell has some ideas about that, too. "Business with

Russia can be effective in getting rid of this depression more promptly than any other possible foreign trade. The American farmer cannot become a consumer of our manufactured goods until next autumn at the earliest. There isn't a chance of his having any spending money until then. Meanwhile Europe as a market for our manufactured goods is going to keep on reducing its purchases. The European countries have learned how to make for themselves the things we used to make for them. South American countries have recently repudiated — after revolutionary changes in government — millions of dollars' worth of contracts for North American goods. Russia remains. She needs the goods and she wants to buy them from us right now. She would rather buy from us than from any other people. I know. I've talked to Stalin and the rest of the leaders. We are their ideal, industrially. Why, from my own trips to Russia I have brought home millions of dollars' worth of orders for farm machinery which were placed with American manufacturers.

"But we have begun to balk at extending credits, and it is only our bigger concerns with surplus fat to go on which are trading with Russia to-day. Meanwhile European governments are backing up their industrialists who obtain Russian contracts. In Germany the government gives the exporter a guaranty that covers seventy-five per cent of the value of his invoice. In Italy sixty per cent is guaranteed by the government on some exported products, and seventy per cent on others. The British guaranty runs to sixty per cent of the contract. Norway has a government guaranty on credits for Soviet orders placed in that country, amounting to seventy-five per cent of the total value of orders up to an aggregate of twenty million kroner.

"You go down to Wall Street and try to show our financiers that there are millions to be made in Soviet business. The first thing they say is that the Russians are a pack of blankety-blank-blanks. Then they tell you the Reds are infidels and they don't believe in doing business with infidels. Next they suggest that the Bolsheviks are unmoral, and begin talking about the Russian divorce laws. (That same morning our newspapers carry a front page story on what is going on in Reno.) Finally they say the Russians are not a safe

risk, that they repudiated the old debts, and that they are endangering the world business structure by dumping goods.

"Well, now, the Soviet Government has been in existence more than thirteen years. The Soviets haven't repudiated one single dollar of what they have owed in that time. I advocate American business men going there and getting acquainted. They will find that the persons who are running things in Russia are men of fine business integrity. The Russians want to pay their bills promptly, and they take great pride in the fact that the Soviet has met every commitment abroad on scheduled time. If you apply the same credit rules to Russia that the banker applies to an individual client who asks for credit, they are entitled to the credits they ask before placing orders.

"Extending credit to Russia now is just as good an investment as are the twenty-year and thirty-year German bonds with which this country was flooded two years ago. The least able government in Europe to-day is the one in Berlin. Most of the gold in Germany to-day came from American loans and Russian contracts.

"It is an error to say that Russia is dumping her goods on the world. Russia isn't dumping. She sells her goods abroad to meet her obligations — exactly the same reason why I sold my wheat last fall at forty-two cents. I would have liked to have held it, but I had to pay off my notes.

"Two years ago Russia bought almost all of its imported farm machinery from us. The Soviets spent \$250,000,000 in this country, largely on tractors, harrows, combines, disks, and other farm machinery. Now they are buying almost nothing in America except what they cannot buy elsewhere.

"The Germans have learned to make good tractors in the American style. England is also making a fine tractor and good disk plows and other farm machines of which America was once the only manufacturer. Some of the European contracts with Russia call for fifty per cent cash, the rest payable over a period of two years. Others call for twenty-five per cent on the barrel head, and the balance in three payments, at the end of six, nine, and twelve months.

"If our banks would support our manufacturers in the extending of similar terms, we'd

find that Russia would become our biggest market. These people are where we were a hundred years ago, but they have an area bigger than Canada, the United States, and Mexico combined, and it contains a population of 160,000,000. Their standard of living is going to rise a little every year for a long time. With national education developing new wants, new tastes, among 160,000,000 persons, Russia is sure to be the greatest market in the world for the next fifty years. And right now it is the best market available for immediate purchases.

"I don't advocate recognition of Russia by the government. I advocate trade with Russia. It's too big to be ignored. If you're afraid of Communism, well, I'll tell you this: I don't think Communism will last twelve years longer. They are changing already. General education will prove the end of Communism, I think. Why, there are already more distinctions of class among the Communists in Russia than there are among us democrats in the United States. When I go to Moscow I joke with them about that. I tell them that I am a farmer and that when I visit New York I eat with bankers. They don't understand that. A Russian farmer from the sticks would have a hell of a time trying to get in to see an official of one of the state banks in Moscow. I told them that when I was over there, and they admitted it."

To recapitulate, Mr. Campbell thinks the quickest palliative for America's present economic indigestion is to be found in the encouragement of trade with Russia. The permanent cure for our current misery can come, he considers, only after the farmer has been given a tonic and raised to his feet by the engineer, the banker, and the government. All the farmer wants or deserves, he says, is the same protection which the manufacturer receives through the tariff and which the laborer enjoys through restricted immigration. Once the farmer has more than just enough to take care of himself, he will help take care of the rest of us, Mr. Campbell believes, by buying the products of urban industry. And by the time that dream comes true he thinks Russia will be our best foreign customer. Perhaps that glorious, but distant, dawn will find Humpty Dumpty back on the wall, with a smile of content on his lifted face.

We'll Stand Anything

by ELMER DAVIS

I

ONE SUNDAY last spring an airplane flew over the uptown districts of New York, broadcasting through an amplifier a musical program interspersed with vocal advertisement of a business house. Millions of people heard it — had to hear it, if they lived anywhere along its route, or if in an area of a hundred square miles or so they had chosen to spend a pleasant afternoon out of doors. It seems likely that few of them enjoyed this assault upon their ears, and many of them must have reflected that it was only a feeble foretaste of what life will be like when aerial broadcasting is general.

That sort of thing has been stopped — for the moment; it would be reckless to predict that the prohibition will continue if somebody with political influence wants to advertise something. But was it stopped by the spontaneous protesting roar of millions of people? Not at all. Only one man complained — a clergyman who was offended less by the noise than by the desecration of the Sabbath. His complaint was heeded, because the Police Commissioner happened to be a man of intelligence, who realized that if airplane advertising once got a foothold it would become an intolerable nuisance.

You may ask what better could be expected of New Yorkers, who permit their government to dispose of sewage by dumping it into the waters that surround the town, and of garbage by tossing it in the sea just outside the harbor, whence it floats back to carpet the bathing beaches. (This pleasant practice is about to be stopped, but only because the Chambers of Commerce of New Jersey shore resorts had the matter taken into the Federal Courts.) Brow-

beaten and subdued by the daily degradation of being herded into the subway, New Yorkers have perhaps lost the spirit to resent anything; certainly they remain indifferent to revelations about the government of their city that would have produced quite a commotion fifty or even twenty years ago.

But are inlanders any better? Is there anything that would make the American people of to-day stand up on its hind legs and roar? You

can sometimes stir up public indignation in the smaller centers against a man who wants to live differently from the majority for his own satisfaction; but when a man invades the rights of the rest of us for his own profit, it seems to be the general feeling that he is entitled to all he can get away with.

Roadside billboards annoy millions of people, since the whole

country goes driving along the roads; yet the war against them meets with very moderate success, and even that success is due less to the efforts of nature-lovers than to the support of the newspapers, jealous of billboard competition. The average citizen may ask why he should take sides in a fight between rival sellers of advertising space, but there is a difference. What makes outdoor advertising, audible or visible, offensive is the fact that it is inescapable. Nobody is compelled to buy a newspaper or a magazine, and if he buys it he is not compelled to read the advertisements. Nobody has to buy a radio; and if he listens to a sponsored program he can easily switch off the advertising talk and switch in again on the music that follows. But the billboard forces itself on the attention of every passer-by; the flying broadcaster compels a whole countryside to hear him.



Drawings by Eldon Kelly