

At the Observation Post

By "Blending," 50,000,000 Gallons of Liquor Will Be Available When Prohibition Has Been Repealed—The Graf Zeppelin's Achievement

DAZED by the speed with which repeal has become a certainty, all sorts of gentlemen are casting about them for the means of meeting its demands. They have a month only, or so they consider, in which to remake America in something resembling its prewar image—replete, that is to say, with stocks of genuine liquor properly varied to suit the individual taste and with the paraphernalia, human and material, to serve it becomingly. A big order, which it would not be easy to fill were every one sure what law he must comply with. But there's the rub, or one of them.

As matters stand at the moment of writing, all but nineteen States are still faithful to State-wide Prohibition either in statutory or constitutional form. Except for the few of them that are set to switch to legal sale before the great moment arrives, their drinking habits will remain unaffected by the change.

Few Perfected Programs

Their nineteen sisters, however, contain virtually half the population of the United States. Nine of these have not yet adopted liquor-control laws, tho their plans to do so are all more or less advanced. Among the ten wise virgins the typical preparation for repeal has been a statute setting up a liquor-control commission, with authority to devise its own regulations. Few of these bodies have perfected their programs. Wherefore, in a very large part of wet territory the hotel keeper, the restaurateur, the club director, and the prospective proprietor of other premises of alcoholic cheer, are still at a loss to know what the law will permit them to do.

Will it allow them, for instance, to sell drinks to their customers over a bar? Directly involved in the question is an investment of millions.

What about bartenders? When Prohibition came along the old craftsmen in the trade were scattered to the four winds. Meanwhile the speak-easies at home evolved a fresh breed, unversed in the finer subtleties of drink mixing, and chiefly prized for their ability to tell a steady customer from a revenue agent. The new dispensation (if drinking-bars come back), will require the old kind, familiar with countless brands and combinations undreamed of in Mr. Volstead's philosophy, and able to play the host and father-confessor rather than the detective.

The complaint is current that the supply of bartenders of the right sort is far short of the promised demand. To fill the gap, schools have sprung up to teach the young idea how to shake. One of them in New York features a class of girls ambitious to become barmaids. Into the vortex also are being drawn the now grizzled exiles, fixtures

at famous hostelrys before the great drought, seeking again the recognition of their talents at home.

Somewhat less acute seems to be the problem of supplying bar murals. "A number of hotels and restaurants," to quote the *New York Evening Post*, "have been holding back their commissions for mural paint-



THE RACE
—The Louisville Courier-Journal

ing pending the decision of the Liquor Control Board as to future liquor regulations."

Dr. James M. Doran, former Prohibition Commissioner, and now Commissioner of Industrial Alcohol, has to a large extent dissipated the fear that a shortage of potable liquor impends, even should the President's embargo on imports extend beyond repeal. Of course, opinions differ as to what is and what is not potable liquor, but the good doctor points out that there reposes in the country's warehouses to-day 5,000,000 gallons of seventeen-year-old whisky and 10,000,000 gallons aged from one month to four years. By the process of "blending," this can be increased to 50,000,000 gallons, or enough, on the basis of prewar consumption, to last four months.

How It Is Done

"Blending," by the way, as explained in *The Beverage News*, means the mixture "of some aged whisky (less than 20 per cent.) with spirits, distilled water, prune juice or caramel for flavor and color in certain proportions."

In addition to this potential store there are on hand in California, according to estimate, about 12,000,000 gallons of dry wines and 8,000,000 gallons of sweet wines. Other domestic wine districts can probably boast a proportionate supply, so there should be no dearth of this form of stimulant.

Apparently the real perplexity in the

situation is one of providing not quantity but quality, both of liquor and service.

But how impatient is the American public for the return of all the pre-Prohibition accommodations and amenities the moment repeal is consummated? After fourteen years of habituation to bootleg spirits and bootleg manners there may well be a disposition to say that sufficient unto the day (of repeal) is the good fortune thereof, leaving discrimination to later growth. It is quite possible that the fraternity of beverage purveyors is sweating unnecessarily.

The Graf at Chicago

Ninety-six men in twenty-four machines flew from Italy to the Chicago fair early last summer amid an ocean of acclaim and comment. Last week sixty-eight men, women and children arrived there in one air-ship—the *Graf Zeppelin*—as quietly almost as if they had crossed the Atlantic by steamer.

The contrast suggests that the public is either too used to the notion of long, successful voyages by dirigibles in general and the *Graf Zeppelin* in particular or too skeptical of the future of lighter-than-air craft to get excited about this latest achievement.

A possible reflection of this latter attitude appears in an article in *The Nation* of October 25. Its authors, S. Fitz-Randolph and H. Phillips, point out that after seventy-five years of research and experimentation in the rigid air-ship field and the construction of 150 of the monsters only two major dirigibles survive—namely the *Macon* and the *Graf Zeppelin*. In their opinion, "it is timely to question whether the expenditures of more public money on air-ships is advisable."

Incidentally, it would be interesting to know how many of all the air-planes constructed since the Wrights flew at Kitty Hawk are now in commission. Possibly their proportion would put the figures cited against the air-ship in a new light.

However, neither figures nor dialectic are likely to count in the controversy in comparison with the *Graf Zeppelin's* log. This shows that she set off on her present cruise from Friedrichshafen, her home port, made an uneventful non-stop trip to Rio de Janeiro, paused a few hours to pick up supplies and passengers (including an eleven-months-old baby), continued serenely and rapidly to Miami and from there fought her way through a series of storms, but without damage or danger, to Akron and Chicago. Dr. Eckener, her commander, would no doubt call it a routine performance.

Equally eloquent with understatement was the announcement that she would turn about in a day or two for Seville, Spain, and Friedrichshafen.

W. M. H.

They Stand Out From the Crowd

Nadezhda Sumarokova, brigade commander in the Russian Red Army, a major's commission elsewhere, is the first and only woman commander in military aviation service in the world. Her first flight, in a glider constructed by herself and her cousin Misha, ended in a broken leg for Misha and a few scratches for Nadezhda. Since her graduation from the military aviation school at Leningrad in 1926, she has piloted all types of military planes, spent about 1,000 hours in the air.



James Abbe photograph

Carl Hatch has a way of stepping into the shoes of his very good friend Sam Bratton. In 1922, when Bratton went to the Supreme Court bench of New Mexico, Hatch succeeded him as Federal District Judge. By gubernatorial appointment he takes Bratton's place in the United States Senate, as the latter resigns to become a Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The new Senator from New Mexico is a small man, modest, quiet, popular, a golf player.



Acme

Josephine Baker, product of Harlem and former star of "The Folies Bergère" is now appearing in London, but is not the success there she was in Paris. In France she made so much money she bought a château. On and off the stage she wears very scant but bright clothes. Her press agent states that her favorite dishes are plover eggs and a cannibal sandwich (raw chopped meat and onions). She drinks only champagne, does not smoke. Her hobbies are riding and flying.



Henri Manuel-Acme

James E. Abbe, "tramp photographer extraordinary," has arrived in his native United States on a roving assignment to take pictures and write for the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung*. Small, bald and fifty, Abbe is known affectionately everywhere for his striking photographs of theatrical and public figures. He is the only American to have photographed Stalin.



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Cartoonists As They See Themselves



A Self-portrait for The Literary Digest

Lute Pease. Born 1869, Winnemucca, Nevada. Mining-camp childhood, Vermont-farm boyhood. Graduated Franklin Academy, Malone, New York, '87. First job on a California ranch. Wanted an art education, but lacked the money. Next twenty-five years a hash of ranching, business, mining and prospecting.

Joined the Klondike rush, freighting with oxen on the Skagway trail, winter of '97-'98. After five hard but interesting years, sadly concluded I had better give up the art notion. Planned to go in for reindeer and returned to the States to seek a government appointment for an Alaskan herd. Three days after arriving at Seattle, I was offered a job as cartoonist for the *Portland Oregonian*. Four years on that paper and six years as editor of the old *Pacific Monthly*. Found right niche at last, 1914, as cartoonist for the *Newark Evening News*. Married 1905. Wife is an artist. Our spare time is devoted to painting.

[A cartoon by Mr. Pease appears on page 32.]

Edward A. Hayes, forty-two, and a Democrat, Illinois, lawyer, is the new national commander of the American Legion. He was an enlisted Navy man during the war, rose from an apprentice seaman to ensign. After the war, he resumed his practice, was a delegate to the St. Louis convention which founded the Legion. Lanky, austere, Republican and conservative, he played a large part in drawing up the "four-point rehabilitation program" which calls for the restoration of disability payments.

By Jo Metzer
© Philadelphia Inquirer

Mrs. Frederick Edey, national president of the Girl Scouts, was reelected last month for a fourth term. Mrs. Edey is big and genial, socially registered and of distinguished ancestry. Her first public activity was woman suffrage. Girl Scouts impressed her during a Liberty Loan drive as very responsible kids. She became interested, was soon on the National Committee, and later, as field secretary, whirled about the country so seriously that she earned the title of "Ma Field." In 1930 she was elected president. She lives at Bellport, New York, in a house her ancestors built 180 years ago; writes and publishes poetry on the side.



W. Burden Stage photograph

Maj.-Gen. Hugh Lenox Scott, former commandant of West Point, former Chief of Staff, and one of the best friends of the Indians he once fought, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday by doing a hard day's work. He retired from the Army in 1919, but has been busy at one thing or another ever since. "There's too much work to be done," he says, "and too short a time to do it in." He first encountered the Indians in the Nez Perce campaign of 1877, when he was fresh from West Point. Now he is immersed in the huge task of compiling a film dictionary of the sign language by which members of different Indian tribes once communicated with each other on the Western plains. When completed, the dictionary will be turned over to the Smithsonian Institution.



Acme

What's the Name, Please?

Malowan—expert bridge player (see p. 26)—accent first syllable: mal'o-wahn.

Guiterman—poet and dramatist (see p. 19)—the u is silent: just git'er-man.

Litvinov—Soviet envoy to Washington—not lit'vin-off, but lit-vee'noff.

Nadezhda Sumarokova—Soviet aviatrice—nah-dezh'dah soo-mah-ro'ko-vah.

De Casseres—dramatic critic and author—long Anglicized to dee cass'eres.

Gest—electric railroader (see p. 22)—not a jest, but a guest.

—Frank H. Vizetelly.