

jobs, any one of which would make an ordinary man stagger, always has time to talk to people; has nothing of the big executive about him; laughs often and easily, frequently at himself. His three jobs are: research director for Young and Rubicam, advertising agency; Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, and professor of journalism at Columbia University.

He is a Middle-Westerner, brought up in Jefferson, Iowa. He graduated from the public school there and from the state university at Iowa City, where he edited the *Daily Iowan*. In 1928 he took his doctor's degree in psychology with a thesis on *New Methods for Measuring Reader Interest*. He turned to teaching journalism at Drake and Northwestern and to working for newspapers, such as the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Chicago Daily News*, and the *Des Moines Register*.

He lives with his wife and two sons in Princeton, New Jersey, in an old remodeled farmhouse. Hot Sunday afternoons in the summer he's apt to be the man with the blue shirt pitching hay in one of the fields behind the barn, or catcher in the informal baseball game which he and his two sons have picked up with week-end guests in the front yard.

### Engineer

Irving Fineman, who wrote the short "Brainstorm on a Bus," started life as an engineer. He was an officer in the Navy during the War, designed and built bridges and subways in the United States and Canada, and taught engineering at the University of Illinois. His first novel *This Pure Young Man* won the Longmans, Green Prize in 1930. Since then he has written steadily and is now on leave from the literature division of Bennington College while finishing his fourth novel, whose central figure is a modern scientist. He lives on his farm in Shaftsbury, Vermont, with his wife who is a blonde, an excellent cook, and a classics scholar. Jack Spratt himself is thin and brown, a gourmet, and never took so much as freshman Latin.

### Late Beginner

Some people give up writing if they haven't written a masterpiece by the time they're twenty-five. Others don't even start till they're well past that mark. William March, from Mobile, Alabama, studied law at the University of Alabama and was a law clerk in New York when the World War broke out. He enlisted in the Marine Corps and went over with the Fifth Regiment,

seeing almost all the action that the American troops engaged in. When he came back, he started work for a steamship company of which he is now vice-president. He started writing about six years ago, and has written two novels, *Company K* and *Come in at the Door*, and a book of short stories. His new book, *The Tallons*, is just out. He is forty-two years old.

### Rootless Woman

Some of Jane Reitell's story appears in "A Race of Rootless Women." Some that doesn't is that she was born in rural Pennsylvania, but lived, from the time she was six until she married, in Elmira, New York. She took her master's degree at the University of Pennsylvania in 1915. She has a daughter in Lincoln School, in New York, and a husband who writes books and articles on fishing, his hobby, and factory management, his job. Aside from moving, packing and storing, trying to alter curtains, and reading a great deal, Mrs. Reitell knits and plays andante movements on the piano.

### Picture Maker

Creighton Peet's first job was that of police reporter for the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. Once he wrote a daily column on the movies for the New York *Post*, later a film page for the old *Outlook*, also one for *Stage*. During the depression he made what he calls a "slight excursion" into photography and did two children's books: *Mike the Cat* and *Captain Teddy and Sailor Chips*. Most of the candid camera pictures in the recent *Chinatown Inside Out* are also his.

### Just Write It Down

Born in Fayetteville, Arkansas, Gene Shuford knew even when he was in high school that he wanted to write. He's never had much time to do it, what with teaching at the University of Arkansas and Alabama Polytech. "Why I write poetry I have never been able to explain successfully to others—my friends told me ten years ago that no one ever made a living at it. But poetry is one of the few remaining approaches to reality. Most of us have lost it just as we have lost a feeling for the earth, for timelessness, for the dream that enfolds the American soul. I mean an artistic perception of all around us, the little square on Saturday night, the town drunk in the lock-up, the aged virgin cupping her hand for the Sunday sermon she cannot hear. . . .

"It seems to me that American life has scarcely been touched by the American

artist and that all the things that have been said are to be said again and there are new things to be said when we sit in the hot little rooms in the hinterland towns and listen and set them down. So I had a little to say about American politics this summer and I set that down. To get what I had to say I did not have to go far outside my room—to the newspaper at my door, the little radio by my bed, the knot of loafers on the corner, the neighbors who sat on their front porches those hot summer nights and talked about the election. All I had to do was listen. There are so many things to hear it sometimes seems a shame to spend too much time not listening, but talking in a classroom about matters of lesser importance."

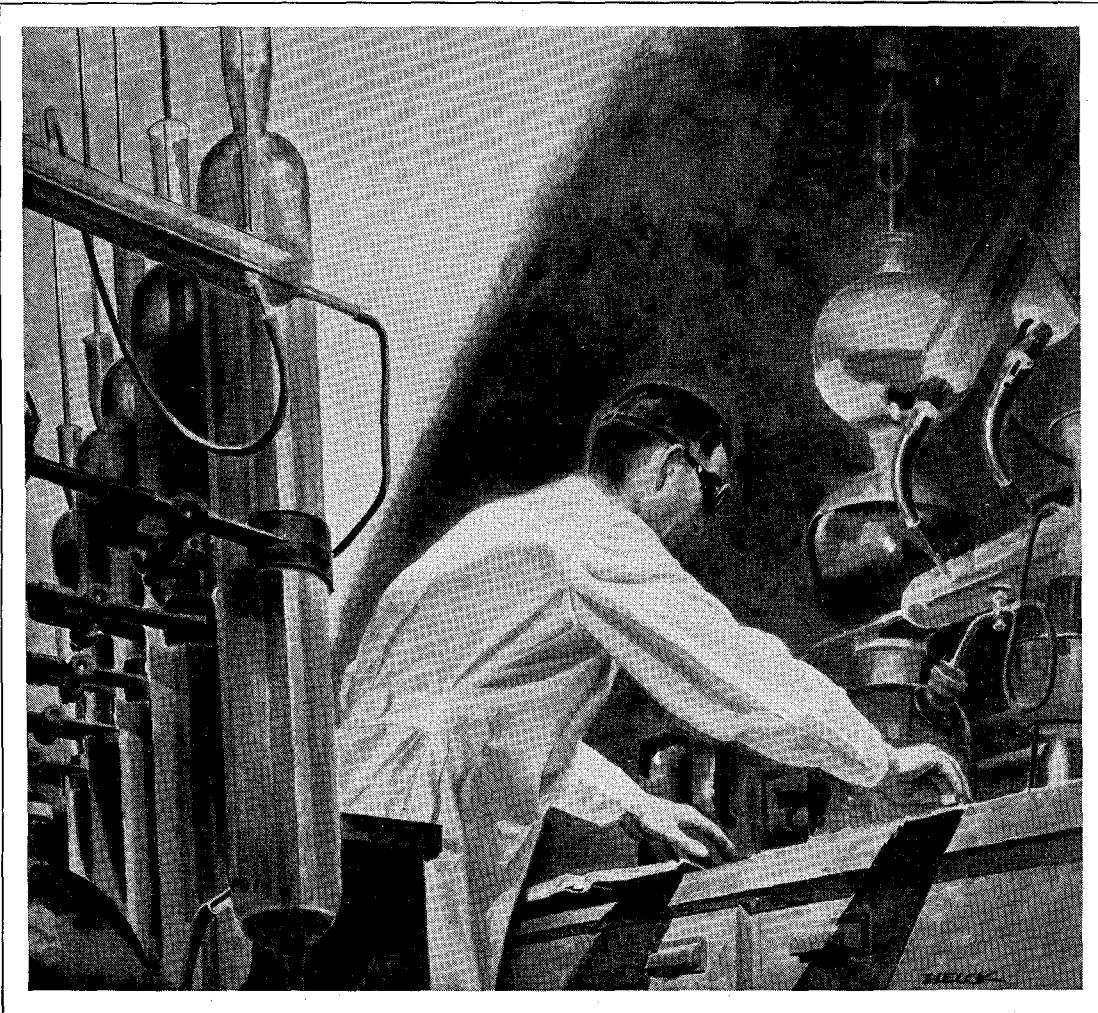
### Scribner Fiction

Quite a number of people have asked what kind of fiction SCRIBNER'S wants, what kind will be used in future. Well, the fiction policy conforms with the general editorial policy, and that is to publish something of new movements, ideas, and trends *before* they have been widely spread before the American public.

In fiction this can be done by publishing fiction straws-in-the-wind and by stories more solid than straws which may indicate important developments in the literature of today. No story will be printed merely because it is experimental, or because it is modern, popular, or sensational. No story will, if we can help it, be heavy or dull reading, even though it may be thought-provoking and substantial. There will be no light, inconsequential fiction, but the element of entertainment will not be overlooked. Variety will be sought for each issue.

That most of the better stories written today are still morbid and depressing is a fact, but even those people who are still suffering from the lean days, and are a little grim yet, are asking for brighter reading matter. As soon as it is written and well written, the editors will present it, for they've been diligently looking for it. In the December issue will appear one of the funniest stories, we believe, which has ever been written.

The trend in fiction at present indicates more plot and more characterization than in the recent past. With fiction it is quite possible that new trends may receive their impetus in these pages, for the new writer will have equal chance with the established author. There is no editorial satisfaction quite so great as that experienced in developing new and worth-while talent—the kind that every one acclaims later on.



## IF HE'S LUCKY, A MILLION MEN WILL DIE!

**H**E was top man in his class when he graduated from college. It was predicted he'd have an exceptionally brilliant career.

And here he is, on the way to fulfilling those predictions. Do you know how? *By working on the development of a more deadly and inhuman poison gas!*

He might have been the scientist destined to find the cure for cancer. He might have held the key to the discovery of a preventive for infantile paralysis. He might have saved millions from agony, and heartbreak, and twisted limbs.

But the world couldn't spare him for that. He's needed to make poison

gas. If he succeeds, a million or more men will die horribly when the next war comes.

Behind the lines, planes will zoom over cities and towns, and children will fall down strangling from one breath of air that a second ago had been clean and sweet. Death will have the greatest picnic of all time . . .

. . . when and *if* the next war comes. Will it? That's largely up to you — you and all the other decent people of the world. You'll have to fight hard to preserve peace. You'll have to keep your wits about you in order to resist extremely clever appeals to your emotions, and extremely ingenious propaganda. You'll have to

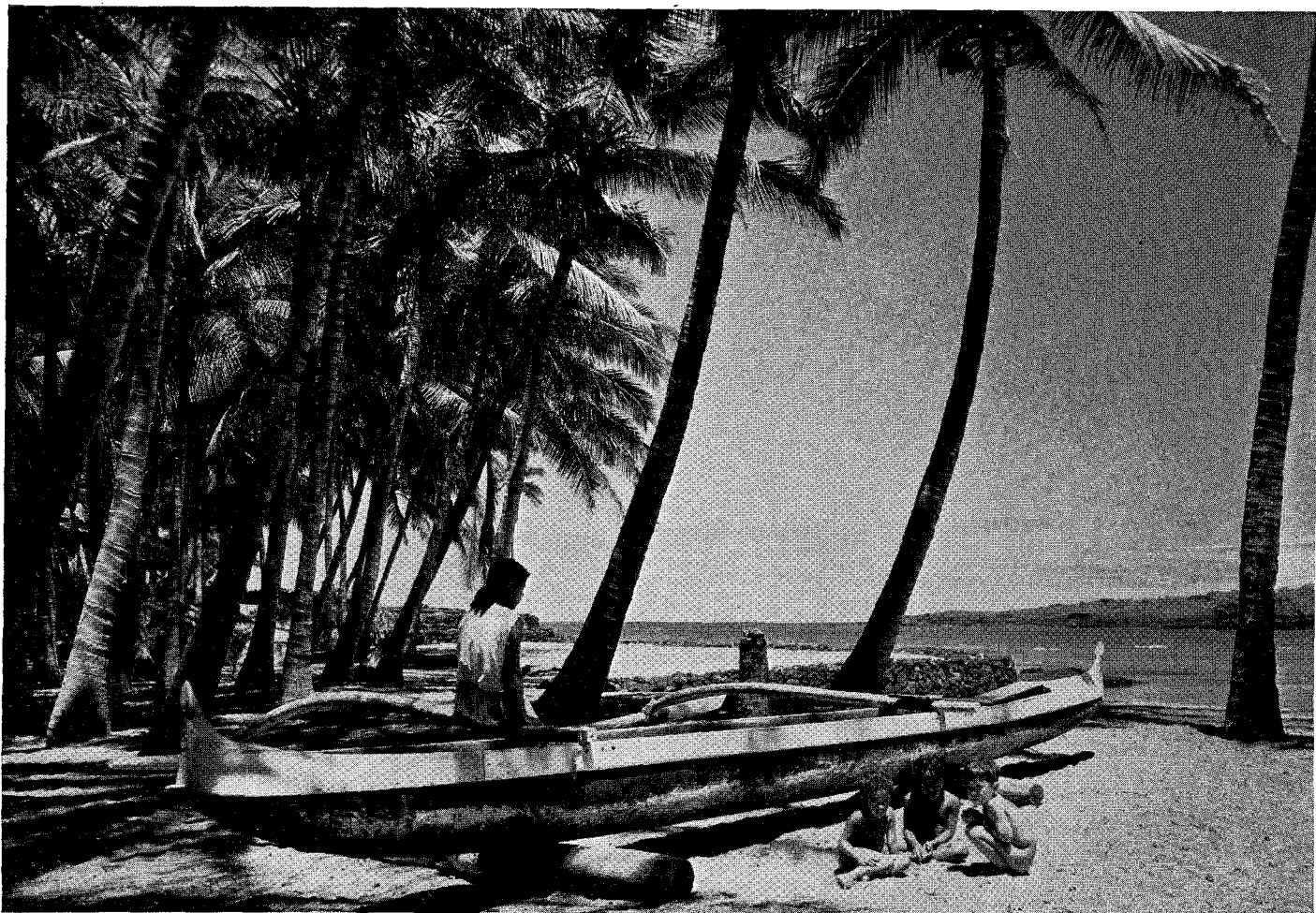
throw the weight of aroused public opinion against the handful who want war. So far, in the world's history, this handful has had things entirely its own way. And in the future ???

***What YOU can do about it—***

**World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.**

**We feel that intelligent efforts can and must be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so too we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.**





PAN PACIFIC

*The average tripper to Hawaii never sees Hawaii*

# Hula and Lariat

WEBB WALDRON

How many people know that there is an American cattle ranch of five hundred thousand acres in the middle of the Pacific ocean? The very words "cattle ranch" and "five hundred thousand acres" contradict all the popular conceptions of Hawaii: Waikiki, the hula, seductive moonlight, and the idea that the isles of the Pacific are all neat, small, and polished, like the properties on a movie-set.

True enough, when we glance at a map of the Pacific its islands look like specks in the blue immensity. But in my recent Pacific wanderings I have seen many islands that are anything but specks. The "big island" of the Hawaiian group, Hawaii, is almost as large as the State of Connecticut.

It, to me, is the best of Hawaii. Yet the average tripper to Hawaii never sees Hawaii. When I made this seemingly paradoxical statement to a distinguished American sculptor the other day, he exclaimed, astonished: "But doesn't every one go to Honolulu?" "They do," I said, "but Honolulu is not on the island of Hawaii. It is on

another and smaller island called Oahu, one hundred and fifty miles from Hawaii." My friend gazed at me in perplexity. It is a firmly rooted conviction in those who have never visited the islands that they are mostly one island whose chief city is Honolulu.

Passengers on the ships from California to the Hawaiian Islands glimpse the dim coasts of Maui and Molokai on the port side in early morning before Diamond Head of Oahu rises from the sea. Hawaii is invisible over the horizon to the southeast. The ship swings around Diamond Head and ties up alongside a concrete tower labeled "Aloha," an Hawaiian band plays softly, and the traveler walks down the gangplank into a crowd of plump Polynesians in holakus selling leis, hops into a taxi which whisks him out to Waikiki. And Waikiki may be all he sees of Hawaii.

Not that this is a deplorable fate. Far from it. As an escape from ringing telephones, mud and sleet, husband, wife, or political ballyhoo, I can scarcely imagine a solution more effective.



To sit on a terrace under a silver-lined canopy, served by white-jacketed Ilocano boys, lunching or dining on baked opakapaka and filet of kahala, wainaku lehua poi and Lilioukalani salad, while just beyond the terrace the surf-boarders and outrigger canoeists vault and tumble in an ocean that one moment is violet, another moment purple—all that has a refreshing, startling theatricality which you can find nowhere else, I think, under the American flag.

Of course there is more to Oahu than this. The gangs of blackened Filipino cane-cutters in the blazing smoke-choked cane-fields, the Chinese in their parasol-hats paddling through their rice paddies, the dives of the native quarter, Japanese picnics at Kapiolani Park, sugar mills, and Kawaiahao Church with its quaint gravestones carved with the names of those indomitable New England missionaries whose grandsons now sit on Bishop Street in the thrones of power.

But to get a glimpse of the old Hawaii, the Hawaii that was a part of the South Seas, one must go to the Island of Hawaii. There, too, at the Parker Ranch, I encountered that incongruity of circumstance which for me is one of the chief delights of travel.

The ship that carried us to Hawaii sailed out of Honolulu Harbor late one summer afternoon. Diamond Head and the strange furrowed cliffs of the Nuuanu Pali faded into the sunset. Ahead loomed a dark shape that was Molokai, another that was Lanai. We steamed between them and came, at nine in the night, to Lahaina, the port of Maui, which was only a flicker of lights in the blackness. For the rest of the night the little steamer forged toward Hawaii, bucking the northeast trades.

In the morning I got my first glimpse of the old Hawaii. For an hour or more the ship ran along the Hamakua Coast of high cliffs crowned by intensely green sugar plantations and broken by deep gorges, down which waterfalls foamed and tumbled. Then we swung into Hilo Harbor, landed, got into a car, and drove out through Japanese truck gardens and then upward across vast lava fields to the crater of Kilauea. After a while we pushed on toward the Kona Coast. Sugar plantations gave way to coffee farms, clothing the steep slopes to the sea. Then, pausing just beyond a village, we discovered a group of children practicing the hula on a rough dance floor under an old shed.

I had seen the hula at the so-called "native village" in Honolulu, danced for the benefit of tourists, and even there had found it strangely lovely. The steps of the hula are of the simplest. Like a waltz or a two-step done without turning and in a few inches of space. The hips are pivoted from the waistline, but the hula is not, as some people suppose, primarily a stomach dance. It is essentially a dance of the hands. Lifted in air, flattened side-wise Egyptian-fashion, touching the shoulders, crossed on the breast, the hands are in a continual flowing pantomime of unutterable grace which reaches its pure expression in the fingers, which seem to be plucking invisible flowers.

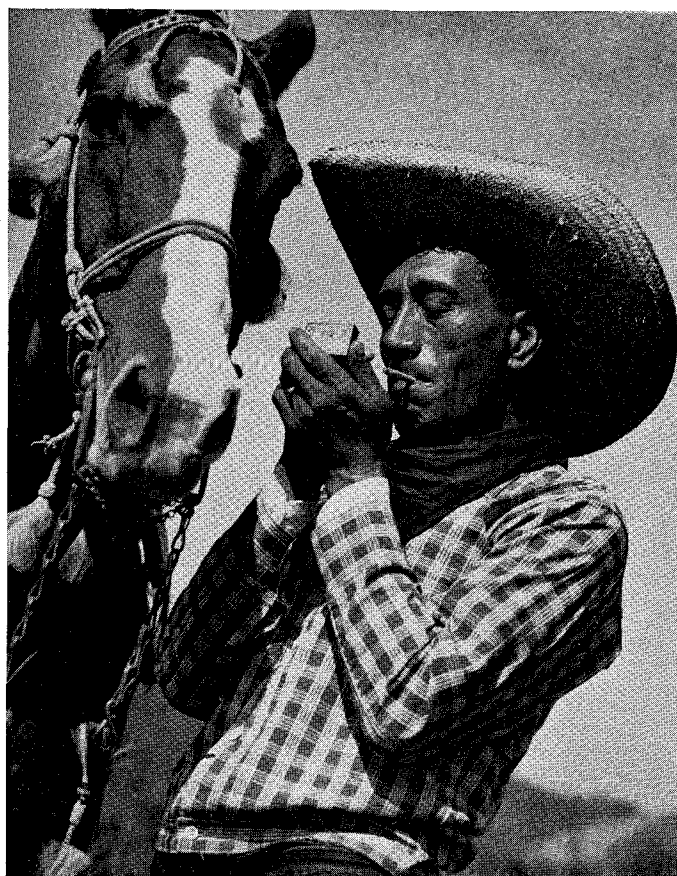
Never had I understood how deeply the hula is rooted in the hearts of the Hawaiians till this moment. These little girls ranged in age from perhaps twelve down to

seven or eight. The teacher was a vigorous, middle-aged woman, and she was sharp in her instruction. Over and over, to the strum of two guitars, these children practiced tirelessly certain rhythms of body and hand. They danced with a sort of ecstatic concentration.

To the ancient Hawaiian, the hula was intimately interwoven with religion and art. The early missionary, seeing only its erotic aspect, denounced it as a dance of the devil. The tourist today hopes it is a dance of the devil and is disappointed. But you must see it as I saw it, simple and unadorned, to perceive the fascination it had and still has for these people.

That night we settled in the inn at Kailua, a charming little seaport, once the home of the royal family of Hawaii. Here, a little over one hundred years ago, the first missionaries landed and built the first Christian Church in the islands. From Kailua we wandered up and down the Kona Coast, visited the ancient heiau on Kealahou Bay, where Captain Cook was worshiped as Lono, the god, and hired an old Hawaiian boatman one afternoon to paddle us across the bay in his outrigger canoe, past the tall cliffs honeycombed with caves where the islanders once buried their chiefs. We came to the exact spot on the north shore where the great navigator, endeavoring to entice the king, Terreobo, aboard his ship as a hostage, was stabbed from behind and fell face down in the water that foams over the black lava.

On our way back to Kailua, we discovered the villages of Kahaluu and Keauhou, tiny places lost in the coconuts, farther from Honolulu in time and seeming farther in geography than Honolulu is from Harrisburg. I had been in Fiji and Samoa before I visited the Kona



*His ranch is in the middle of the Pacific*



Are you among those fortunate ones who can get away for a bit of play and let-down during the fall-winter months?



Then you'll find that all California and the Southwest have to offer, is *nearer* this season than ever before—



*Nearer in hours*, because of faster Santa Fe schedules; *nearer in dollars*, because of rock bottom fares, lower cost Fred Harvey meals en route, free pillows in chair cars, etc.; *nearer*, too, because of new Santa Fe comforts and conveniences that are constantly making western rail travel more enjoyable and relaxing.



Via Santa Fe, carrying more passengers to southern California than any other line, you may choose among seven fine *air-conditioned* trains—from solid Pullman, extra-fare fliers, to the swift new Scout, dedicated to finer service for chair car and tourist Pullman travelers.

This season's low winter fares are on sale earlier—October 1—with more liberal return limits. May we send you picture folders, or special details of any sort?

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Coast, and here in these two villages I had a sharp illusion of the South Seas. The only thing lacking was the old native house. The grass house as an authentic thing has, with kava and the kapa, vanished from the Hawaiian Islands. Today it exists only as a curiosity erected for the tourist at Waikiki.

Then, one morning, we drove out of the warm lush beauty of the Kona Coast, up through forests of koa, and abruptly we left the forest behind and found ourselves in another land, another world. A great jagged treeless upland, sprinkled with sparse broom grass and panini—barbary fig. I have traveled in five continents and visited many islands of the sea and nowhere else have I met a contrast as sudden and startling as this between the palm groves, the banana and coffee plantations of the Kona shore, and this vast, bare upland which, as we pushed on, looked so much like our Southwest that I would have sworn I was miraculously somewhere between the Pecos and the Rio Grande, had it not been for the vivid splash of tropic sea far below. Then our driver pointed to a shape in the northwest, hanging far up in the sky like a mountain peak without a base. It was Haleakala, the peak of Maui, ten thousand feet high and sixty miles across the sea.

This upland we were traversing was the Parker Ranch, "biggest cattle ranch under the American flag," they tell you impressively on Hawaii, "largest herd of pure-blood Herefords in the world—thirty-three thousand."

The Parker Ranch stretches for twenty-five miles or more from the sea up the wide valley between the Kohala Mountains and Mauna Kea, the silent one of the two fire-sisters of Hawaii. It was founded long ago by a New Englander, John Parker, who married the daughter of an Hawaiian chief. His descendants have married again and again with Hawaiians until many of them today are more Hawaiian than white. But no Parker lives here any more. The heir is somewhere on the mainland and this half-million-acre ranch is managed by a tall, shy, handsome bachelor named Hartwell Carter.

Up the road a short distance from the ranch office is an inn. There we lodged, and in the following days, by the kindness of Hartwell Carter, I rode the range with Joe Pacheco, the Portuguese-Hawaiian boss of cowboys, and his gang.

That gang is the most picturesque lot of cowmen I have ever laid eyes on. They dress and act like authentic cowmen, save that some of them wear feather

## The New SCRIBNER'S

SCRIBNER'S is not a man's magazine, not a woman's, but a magazine for mental adults whose appreciation of its content is based on their own critical judgment, not on a blind acceptance of popular standards. It is a home magazine—not a train magazine. The illustrations and the editorial content are designed to give each issue long life and thousands of additional readers.



No effort will be spared to add the appeal of a modern format to a sound publishing tradition. The editorial level will not be lowered. The magazine will endeavor to provide the best in fiction and articles, in photographs and in illustrations. SCRIBNER'S has always preferred to make reputations rather than to buy them, and in each issue will be presented new writers and new illustrators.



SCRIBNER'S will view in stories, articles, and illustrations the many facets of the American Scene. It will be edited for that group of readers who find no general contemporary magazine to meet their mental and cultural needs. To the present editorial content will be added many pages of entertainment in the form of fiction and of illustration. Its fiction will follow no formulas. Its articles will present no one political or social point of view to the exclusion of others.





The Chief Steward Says—

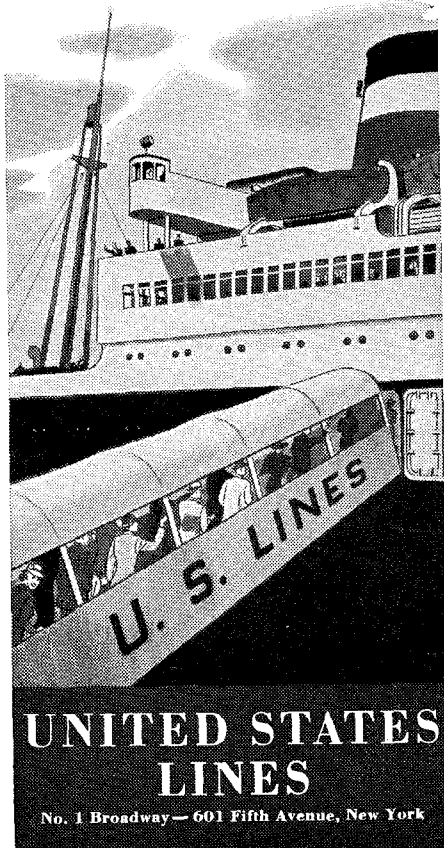
*They come up  
the Gang Plank  
Smiling*

There's something about the trim, smart look of the *Washington* and *Manhattan* that makes people know they're going to have a fine voyage.

Clean spaciousness is one of the many pleasant features of America's largest, fastest, finest ships. Comfort everywhere is the plan on which these fine liners are built.

American living conditions are at their best on these great ships . . . extremely reasonable fares.

A sailing every Wednesday at noon to Cobh, Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg . . . \$181 each for two, cabin class, to British ports, with real beds and private shower and toilet; \$129 in popular *President Roosevelt* and *President Harding*.



leis around their sombreros. But their physiognomies and their language are an incessant surprise and delight. One of them, for example, Alec Aku, is three-fourths Hawaiian and one-fourth Chinese. Another, Bob Sakato, one-half Japanese, one-half Hawaiian. Another, Albert Lindsey, one-fourth Scotch, one-fourth Spanish, one-half Chinese. Another, one-quarter Portuguese, one-quarter Chinese, one-half Irish.

They are all American citizens. And they speak an amazing mixture of Hawaiian, Japanese, and English. The most capable riders all in all, I learned, are Hawaiians, though the best cowman the Parker Ranch ever had was a pure-blood Japanese, Matsu Yamaguchi, killed a few months ago in a fall from his horse.

Roping, branding, breeding, training racers and polo ponies, shifting herds from section to section, cleaning out ditches, looking after water tanks and reservoirs, a dozen different things were going on every day in this wide upland empire, and I had a glimpse of all of it, a part in some of it.

One midnight I set out with Joe Pacheco and half a dozen helpers to drive a herd of steers down to the loading port at Kawaihae. We rode ghost-like under the stars and came at dawn to the port, where a steamer waited at anchor half a mile off shore. Then I saw the most surprising cattle-embarkation you can imagine. A cowman ropes his steer, drags it out of the corral into the sea—angry, fighting, and frightened—swims his mount out to the yawl, towing the swimming, raging steer after him. The steer is lashed by the horns to the gunwale, the cowman swims back for another. When the yawl has a row of steers lashed along both gunwales, a motor launch makes fast and tows it out to the slip, where the cattle are hoisted aboard in slings.

At noon we started back toward the ranch house. It was hot down there at the port, but as we mounted the trail, it grew steadily cooler, and then the wind, the incessant northeast trade that sweeps the upland, caught us in the face and we put our horses to the gallop, shouting . . .

I know that my deepest pleasure in all this was the constant sense of incongruity—the realization that this hard, lean, wind-burned life of the saddle existed on an island in the Pacific which to most Americans symbolizes delicious languor under the rustling palms. This is not the Hawaii of the guidebooks and travel-folders. But it is Hawaii. It is there, and you can find it.

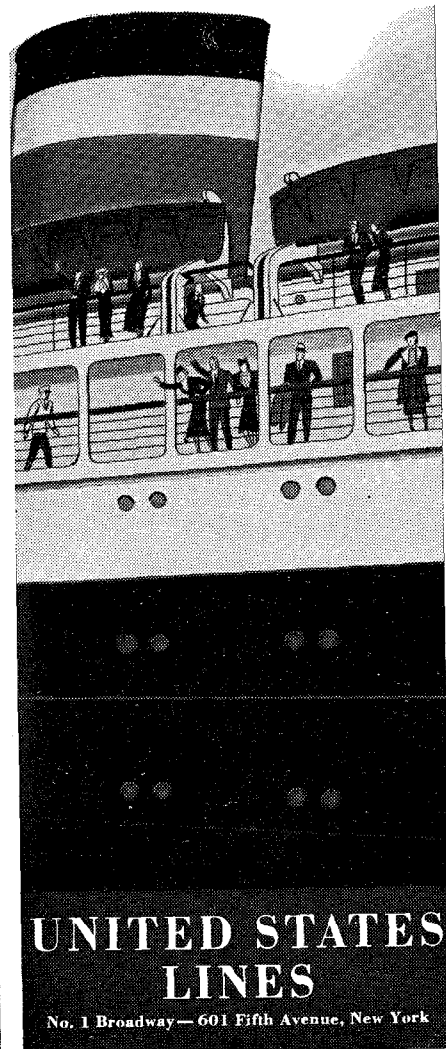


The Purser Says—

*Travellers like  
what we give them  
for Low Fares*

On the *Washington* or *Manhattan* you will be delightfully surprised by the luxury that your low fare buys. The big cabins have real beds, fine bathrooms, comfortable chairs, and storage space.

Some other travel bargains are the "American One Class" liners sailing fortnightly to Cobh and Liverpool, and the American Merchant Lines direct to London weekly for \$100, round trip \$185. Tell your travel agent you want to SAIL AMERICAN!



# KNOW the Romance of the Mexican Border

Explore it from  
Comfortable Headquarters  
in EL PASO, TEXAS

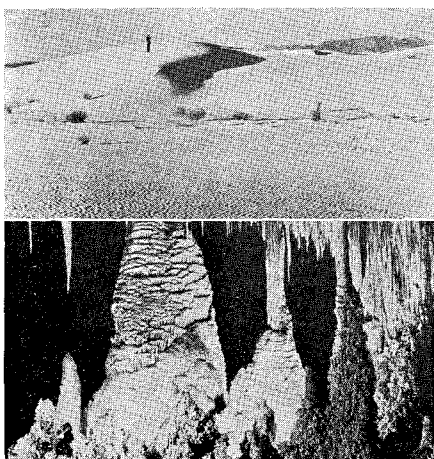
● There's a new thrill awaiting you in this border country—a romantic history reaching back into the prehistoric, Old Mexico with its vivid foreign flavor—and, under a warm winter sun, a chance for real rest and relaxation—every known sport—and trips to world famous scenic spots: Carlsbad Caverns, White Sands National Monument, the Big Bend Country, the Rio Grande, and Elephant



Butte Dam. Come this winter to El Paso; you'll find splendid hotels & accommodations.



See romantic old missions near El Paso; the beauty of desert and mountain; golf 365 days a year.



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## Travel Notes

No wonder travel agents insist "Make your plans early," for never before have such varied and out-of-the-way voyages to far places been offered.

The Far Harbors Cruise (limited to "good travelers and better sports") adds to the wonders of world-cruise plans eleven days in houseboats through the exquisite, myth-sung Vale of Kashmir. The S.S. *President Coolidge* of the Dollar Line leaves San Francisco on January 20 under the guiding genius of the Dickersons and the expert management of the American Express Company.

This year the world cruise of the S.S. *Reliance* (Hamburg American Line) promises more than ever cosmopolitan flavor, for in Europe she picks up the first of her round-the-world passengers, taking them to the West Indies before arriving in New York. Leaving the Manhattan skyline on January 10, she'll make straight for Madeira and summer, instead of following her last year's course. Then come visits to Mediterranean ports, the Holy Land, and French Somaliland before she traces her blue furrow through the Arabian and Indian waters to the China Seas. More than thirty ports in a bit over four months—the world at your feet, adventure at your call!

Great refurbishing and extensive alterations are going on throughout the Cunarder S.S. *Franconia* in preparation for her world cruise early in the new year. Even her least expensive accommodations are being reorganized for greater long-cruising comfort, and her promenade deck will now include a new cocktail bar. Out of the midwinter snows the S.S. *Franconia* will slip swiftly down to the warmth of the Southern Hemisphere, calling at ports in Brazil before spanning the South Atlantic to Africa and the Orient. Three new ports of call have been added to her long list: Zamboanga on the Zulu Sea, Chemulpo in Korea, and Nagasaki in Japan.

South America and the little Americas are fast becoming Meccas for those who want new and unexploited scenes. Cruises that *completely* circle our sister continent have been few and far between, but with the New Year a number of such trips await the lucky traveler who has seven weeks or more to explore the lands of the Incas, the glories that were Colonial Spain, the magnificent peaks and vast plains below the Southern Cross.

Early in February the S.S. *Columbus* (Hamburg American Line) begins her

second cruise of this kind; shortly after, the S.S. *Rotterdam* (Holland-American) will set out over South Pacific and South Atlantic waters. Thomas Cook and Sons also offer a splendid Sunshine Cruise around South America, with motor and rail trips inland from the longer ports of call.

For the air-minded, there is an unparalleled tour around South America in the great Flying Clipper Ships of the Pan American Airways and those of the Pan American-Grace Airways. Leaving Miami late in January, the cruise wings over the Caribbean Islands, up the Amazon for a thousand miles, down to Rio for the Mardi Gras Carnival, and then to six of the Southern Republics. In thirty-five days a continent spanned and two score stops for pedestrian sight-seeing!

Mexico and the Central Americas have exerted such a fascination upon the holiday-minded that the Panama Pacific Line has made an important change in its intercoastal service. At Cristobal passengers now have time to go ashore for sight-seeing and for those far-hailed bargains in perfumes, Panama hats, Spanish shawls, and jewelry.

The traveler to Mexico will also find improved rail service this fall and winter. Very recently five hours were cut off the running time from the border to Mexico City. This, added to the five hours dropped from the St. Louis-to-Laredo run, brings Mexico City ten hours closer to our northern cities. And for the off-the-beaten-track adventurer there's good news in the sleeping-car service just established between Mexico's capital city and Guatemala by way of Vera Cruz. The line, they tell me, passes through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where live the ravishing Amazonian Tehuanas.

## Speeding the Traveler

Quite the cleverest thing I have seen in grooming equipment is the Ski Pak. The perfect gift for the winter sports girl. It's made of rubberized suede (Chanel red and French blue) with a zipper closing arranged to strap over the belt of a ski suit, windbreaker, or mackinaw. Primrose House equips this brainchild of theirs with a white-pigskin loose-powder pouch, a lipstick, a tube of dry-skin-mixture cream, a comb, snow goggles, and last, but far from least, a pomade stick for chapped lips. There's room in the pack for cigarettes and change purse. Five dollars.

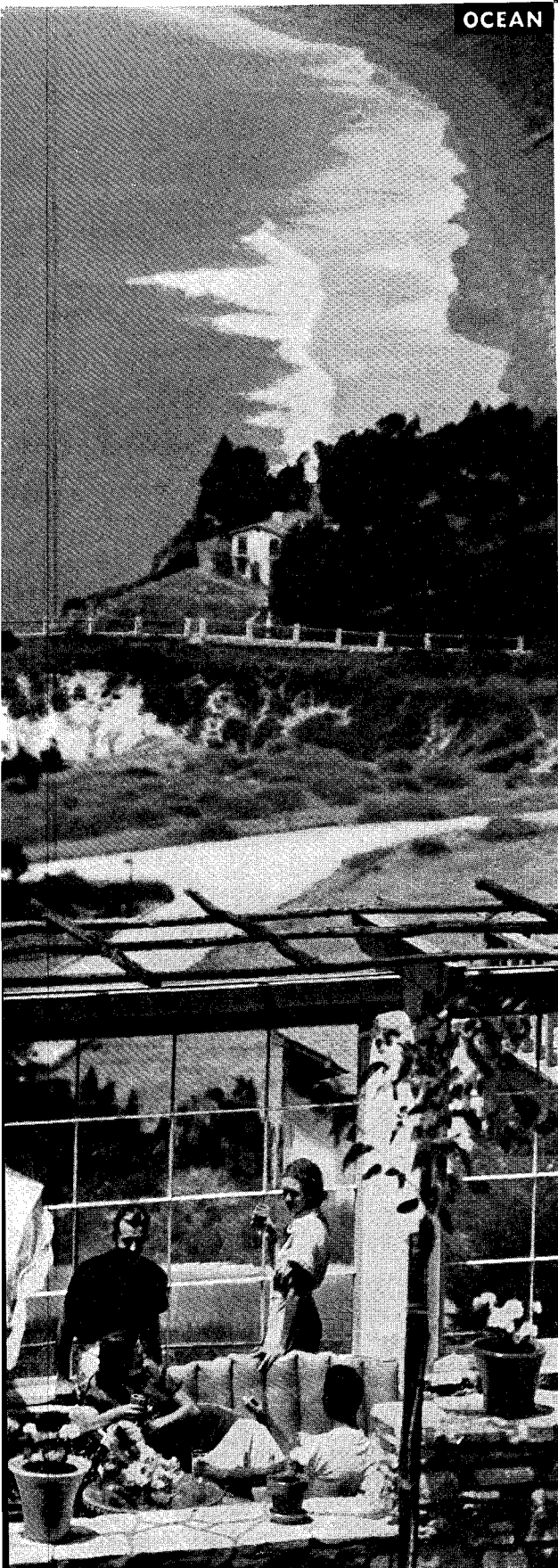


# Strangely Contrasting Fun

FOR WINTER DAYS IN  
SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA



DESERT



OCEAN



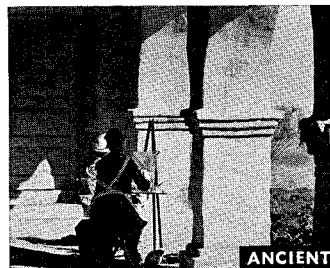
TROPICS

Strange exotic fruits and flowers: agave, mimosa, mango, loquat, jacaranda. Starlight among the deodars. A whole new world for you.



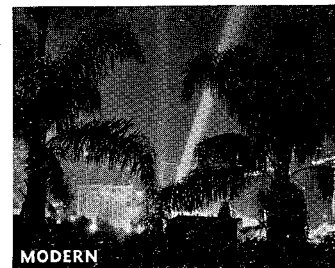
SNOW

Glimmering mile-high peaks that encircle valleys of perpetual summer. See miles of blossoming orchards. Pick an orange from the tree!



ANCIENT

Missions whose walls and tiles took shape at Indian hands, before America was born. Now drowsing through their second century.



MODERN

Hollywood— incredible, fascinating! Cosmopolitan Los Angeles. Gracious Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Long Beach, Glendale, Pomona.



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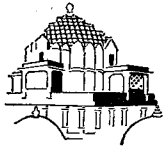
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Rawhide has so captured the fancy of the smart traveler that there's good news for her in the new fitted beauty case that will complete her ensemble. Oblong in shape, round-cornered, it is arranged so that bottles stand erect willy-nilly. Dorothy Gray stocks it with her quick-cleansing lotion, cake rouge, lipstick, hand lotion, and eau de cologne. The top is mirror-lined. Or you can choose a larger case (suitcase form) in the same blonde parchment shade of rawhide, filled with a complete assortment of Dorothy Gray preparations and make-up. Twenty dollars for the oblong case. Thirty-two fifty for the larger suitcase-shaped one.

\*

The click of knitting needles, I'm told, is losing its chaste, solitary note these days where cruise passengers gather, and is growing into a lusty swell. Here's a break, then, for deck-chair drop-stitchers and for their stay-at-home sisters as well. No more guesswork, no more counting stitches to the row, rows to the inch, and inches to the skirt, for Jean Lamont, Columbia Handknits stylist, has devised a Block-knit Pattern that eliminates all such maddening calculation. Pick out the style that pleases you, then ask for it in your size, as you would when buying a dress pattern. It's life-size, so as you knit, you simply measure against it, with no need to resort to row-counting. You'll find the patterns wherever Columbia Yarns are sold.

\*

Among catalin novelties are (1) a brand-new scarf holder and (2) a series of game spin tops that make dandy little bon-voyage gifts.

The scarf holder is as clever as it is practical. A scarf clip and pin in one. Imagine a three-inch pin, hinge to either end, and long clips that snap into the center, and you'll begin to get an idea of this indispensable gadget. For the lamé ascot, there is jewelstone catalin; for evening, rhinestone affairs; and for sports, daytime and shipboard vagaries—all sorts and colors in carved catalin, wood, and metal. One dollar at Franklin Simon's, Bloomingdale's, Wanamaker's, and other shops.

Macy's has the spin tops, and they are the last word in new fun. Guaranteed to break the ice where newcomers gather. Small enough to tuck into a handbag or pocket without bulging it. There's a *Poker* top, a *Spelling* top, one for *Put and Take*, and still another for *Banco*. A gift of these four will keep you gleefully remembered all the trip. Forty-seven and fifty-nine cents each.—K. K.

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# Scribner's

MAGAZINE

Volume C, Number 5

November, 1936

*Don Wharton asks two Presidential candidates*

## What Will Happen—

### If Roosevelt Wins?

EARL BROWDER

### If Landon Wins?

NORMAN THOMAS

SCENE: The somber, bare office of the head of the Communist Party in the United States . . . worn floors without carpet or rugs . . . walls splotted with photographs of Lenin, Stalin . . . windows overlooking the drab roofs of New York's Union Square . . . a scarred, flat-topped desk, behind which Mr. Browder sits, a stenographer at one side and Mr. Wharton in front.

**M**R. BROWDER, *what position do you hold in the Communist Party?*

General Secretary.

*This year you are the nominee for President?*

Yes.

*In how many elections has your party had a Presidential nominee?*

Three—in 1924, 1928, and 1932.

*In those three elections what was the position of your party in reference to the Democratic and Republican parties?*

Our position in all previous elections was that there was no practical difference for the working people between the two main parties.

*Is there any change in that position today?*

In 1936 we make a sharp differentiation between the two major parties. We think there is taking place a social regrouping in the country in the course of which all the most reactionary forces are tending toward the Republican ticket, many of them coming out openly and breaking old party lines. Some who still remain in the Democratic Party are conducting secret work to help elect the Republican nominee. We consider that this arises out of the determination of the ruling circles of the capitalist class to move more rapidly, more decisively, toward fascism in America. We consider the Republican Party represents this trend toward fascism. It is not a

SCENE: The high-ceilinged living-room of an ancient brownstone-front house between Stuyvesant Park and the Third Avenue 'L . . . ecclesiastical-looking books in great rows and large, gilt-framed mirrors . . . old furniture scattered around a fireplace with brass andirons . . . deeply cushioned chairs in which are seated Mr. Thomas, Mr. Wharton, and a stenographer.

**W**HAT position do you hold in the Socialist Party?

I am a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party.

*And, Mr. Thomas, you are the Socialist nominee for President?*

Yes.

*In how many Presidential elections has your party entered a nominee?*

Since 1900 the Socialist Party has entered all Presidential campaigns.

*In these campaigns what has been the general attitude of the Socialist Party toward the Democratic and Republican parties?*

Complete opposition, and about equally as to both parties. The Socialist Party is still opposed to both parties. There is more difference between them; more between their leaders. We don't think the difference between the men is equivalent to the difference between the parties. Both express a capitalistic viewpoint which will lead to about the same thing. Just as President Wilson got us into the same war in 1916 that Hughes would have got us into, so the country will come about to the same end whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Landon is elected. The drift in either case is toward war and fascism. We Socialists, however, completely repudiate the notion that the issue this year, as the Communists say, is between democracy and fascism. In no vital sense do the Demo-