

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Humane Fox Hunting.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—In England it has been decided that fox-hunting is humane. This opinion emanates from the hunters. The foxes have not been heard from on the subject.

Maybe you don't know it, but there's a lot of fox-hunting among us, especially down south. Being but a lot of stubborn non-conformists, southerners do not follow the historic rules. A party at large wearing a red coat, white pants and high boots would be mistaken for a refugee from a circus band. And anybody blowing a horn as he galloped across hill and dale would be set down as an insane fish peddler; and if you shouted "View, halloo! Tantivy, tantivy! Yoicks, yoicks!" or words to that effect, they'd think you were a new kind of hog-caller.

Down there they've chased the fox until he's wise. The foxes have learned that the hounds can't follow trail on a paved highway and so quit the thicket for the concrete when the chase is on. A fox has been sitting in the middle of the big road listening to the bewildered pack.

On second thought maybe Brer Fox isn't so smart, after all—not with automobile traffic what it is. 'Tis a hard choice—stay in the woods and get caught or take to the pike and get run over.

Courageous Republicans.
 WHO, besides the writer, can recall when the Democrats held their jubilation rallies the night before a presidential election and the Republicans the night after the returns were in, when they had something to jubilate over? Now the situation is just the other way around. The Literary Digest poll was practically the only thing the Republicans had to celebrate during the entire fall season of 1936.

Still, we must give that diminished but gallant band credit for courage. Here, in an off-year, they're spiritedly planning against the next congressional campaign.

English Recruiting.
 THE English are still having trouble inducing young fellows to join the colors. First, the government tried to increase enlistments by giving every recruit a giddy new blue uniform, absolutely free of charge, and still the lads refused. So now, as an appeal which, 'tis believed, no true Britisher can withstand, the military authorities announce that, hereafter, Tommy Atkins will have time off for afternoon tea.

This may be a new notion for peacetime, but, during the great war, the custom was maintained even up at the front. Many a time I've seen all ranks, from the brigadiers on down, knocking off for tea. However, this didn't militate against his majesty's forces, because, at the same hour, the Germans, over on their side of the line, were having coffee—or what the Germans mistake for coffee. And the French took advantage of the lull to catch up with their bookkeeping on what the allies owed them for damage to property, ground rent, use of trenches, billeting space, wear and tear, etc., etc.

Did it ever occur to our own general staff that guaranteeing a daily crap-shooting interval might stimulate volunteering for the American army?

The Job of Censorship.
 ONE reason why moving pictures are so clean is because some of the people who censor them have such dirty minds. To the very pure everything is so impure, is it not? That's why some of us think the weight of popular opinion, rather than the judgment of narrow-brained official judges in various states, should decide what should and what should not be depicted. Anyhow, there are so many movies which, slightly amending the old ballad, are more to be pitied than censored.

Sponsors of radio programs also lean over backward to be prudishly proper. But without let or hindrance the speaking stage, month by month, grows fouler and filthier. Suggestive lines once created a shock in the audience mind. The lines no longer suggest—they come right out and speak the nastiness.

Sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the gander, 't would seem—or maybe, after the reformers got through saucing radio and screen, there wasn't any left over for the so-called legitimate stage.

IRVIN S. COBB
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Modern Language Course
 The study of French, English and German has been introduced into El Azhar university, Cairo, the oldest university in the world, established in 972 A. D.



RADIO BEACON

Position reported by sinking ship, possibly as much as 50 miles from her true position.

This steamer receives the distress signals, but having no radio compass, is unable to tell the direction from which they come. She can only proceed to the incorrect position and so is unable to find the sinking ship.

Vessel in distress broadcasts the SOS call, giving also the latitude and longitude of her position, wrongly stating it to be at the point marked.

The steamer that is shown above picks up the distress call on its RADIO COMPASS, which tells the direction of the SOS; therefore her navigator disregards the reported position, and is able by means of these radio bearings to steer directly to the foundering ship, regardless of fog and storm, and save her crew.

Rescuing Vessel Locates Ship That Gave the Wrong "Address."

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

THE most magnificent of all lighthouses was built before the dawn of New Testament history, but the most remarkable of navigational safeguards has come only in the past few years.

Day and night a monotonous drone of dots and dashes goes out over the sea, penetrating the thickest rain and fog, to help bring the voyager safely home.

Today radiobeacons are essential equipment on our most important lightships and lighthouses, and apparatus for receiving radiobeacon signals is carried on all modern passenger liners and many other vessels.

Thus, after more than 2,200 years, we approach the solution of one of mankind's oldest problems. The lofty Pharos of Alexandria, erected by the Ptolemies near the mouth of the Nile, has never been surpassed by any other lighthouse in height or in fame. Its name became the word for lighthouse in the Romance languages; the French use it in radiophare (radiobeacon).

But the signal which this magnificent tower gave to mariners was the light and the smoke from an open fire. No progress was made in marine signal lights for many centuries. Only a hundred and twenty-five years ago tallow candles burned in the famous Eddystone lighthouse near the English coast, and until 1816 the May Island light, off Scotland, still used a blazing coal fire to guide ships.

Nearly all the major advances in lights and fog signals—the electric lamp, the incandescent oil-vapor light, the Fresnel lens focusing the beam in the horizon of the mariner, the fast revolving light making it possible still further to gather the rays into powerful beams, and the fog bells, followed by the whistle, siren, and diaphone—have been developed within a little more than a century.

Only in the last 30 years has so necessary an aid been employed as the lighted buoy, boon to the navigator who must bring his vessel into port at night through treacherous shoals and narrow channels.

Only the Radio Signal is Certain.
 The most notable advance was made 15 years ago, when radiobeacons were placed by the United States lighthouse service on Ambrose Channel lightship and two other stations in the approaches to New York. Thus was solved an age-old problem. Only the radio signal penetrates fog and rain that blot out the most brilliant light. It can carry its message of safety through storms that drown the most powerful whistle.

Above the pilothouse of a modern liner you will see a small rotating coil antenna mounted on a metal frame. This coil receives radiobeacon signals now sent out from important lighthouses and lightships—more than 120 of them on the coasts of this country.

In approaching the coast, the navigator of a ship with this coil picks up a radiobeacon signal—perhaps the four dashes from Nantucket Shoals lightship, or the single dots from Ambrose. By rotating his radiocompass coil until the signal fades away ("taking the minimum" it is called), he determines the direction from which the signal comes, even from distances of more than a hundred miles.

Anyone who has stood on the deck of a liner in a dripping fog, and has wondered at the courage of the navigators going ahead toward the unseeable, must realize what a blessing this is to tense nerves—how valuable is this gift of science to better navigation and to safety at sea.

Radiobeacon systems now are being extended throughout the world, and radio direction-finders are being placed on more and more vessels, recently even on fishing craft. There also are direction-finding stations on shore which give radio bearings to ships asking for them.

These radiobeacons have added some 1,500,000 square miles of water to the area served by United States aids to navigation. In fact, their signals may carry far beyond this area.

Distance Finding on Great Lakes.
 A simple arrangement for distance finding is now in use at a

number of stations, especially on the Great Lakes. The radio signal and the sound signal are synchronized to be sent at the same instant, and the difference in the transmission time, as measured by a stop watch, gives the approximate distance of the vessel from the station. This is easily computed when it is remembered that sound in air travels approximately a mile in five seconds. The distance, therefore, is roughly the "time lag" divided by five.

A comparison of the number of Great Lakes ships which stranded during the four years preceding the use of radiobeacons, with the number for the four years following, indicates a 50 per cent reduction; also the saving of time by vessels taking radio bearings is a large factor in economical navigation.

The dramatic use of SOS calls in dangers and tragedies of the sea is familiar enough. Radiograms to and from friends on shipboard are commonplace. Radio also serves navigation in transmitting the correct time, a service of prime importance in determination of longitude at sea.

When wrecks obstruct channels, or when storms drag buoys from their normal locations, radio affords a valuable means of broadcasting such urgent information. Radio also transmits reports from mariners who observe defects in navigational aids.

A vessel equipped with a radio-compass can take a bearing on another ship sending radio signals, and thus determine its direction at sea by the same method it would use with a radiobeacon on shore. This taking of bearings between ship and ship diminishes the risk of collision in fog, and it also helps one ship to find another which may be in distress. The rescue of the crew of the British freighter Antioch by the United States ship President Roosevelt in mid-Atlantic in January, 1926, is a notable example of this use of radio bearings.

Capt. George Fried, then master of the Roosevelt, immediately changed his course on receiving the SOS, and radio bearings on the Antioch were taken every 15 minutes. He found the Antioch's position as given was some 50 miles in error; but, steering by the radio bearings, he reached the Antioch in about six hours. After three and a half days' heroic struggle, the 25 men of the sinking Antioch were rescued.

Tragic loss of 42 lives, through lack of equipment for taking radio bearings, is shown in the wreck of the Alaska, which sank the very year that radiobeacons came into use.

One August day in 1921, the Wahkeena, in a dense fog off Cape Mendocino, California, picked up an SOS call from the Alaska. Having then no device for telling from which direction came the call for help, the Wahkeena cruised for ten hours before she could find the sinking Alaska.

Not So Lonesome Now.
 Today, of course, all outside tenders and lightships use radio, and a number of isolated light stations and some tenders are equipped with radio-telephones, which greatly facilitate reports and orders in emergencies.

At remote stations, the lightkeeper's life long has been a symbol of loneliness. Before the days of radio, all the keepers heard was wind and waves, sea birds, or the fog-horns of passing ships. During a period of bad weather in 1912, no tender could reach the lighthouse on Tillamook Rock, Ore., for seven weeks. The station on Cape Sable, at the entrance to Bering sea, went for ten months without any mail or news—August, 1912, to June, 1913!

Radio changed all that. "Before we got our radio," wrote one keeper, "a new President might have been elected a month before we knew about it. . . . This time, we heard it as soon as anybody. The last two big prize fights, when it was announced who was champion, we heard it. . . . We listen also to ministers preaching, and there is singing. It is almost the same as being in church. . . . When storms blow, our sets keep us posted; we can take all necessary precautions and follow the progress of the hurricane."

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

SO PHENOMENAL is the success of National Broadcasting company's Spelling Bee program that soon it will be transferred from its Saturday afternoon spot to an evening hour on the blue network.

Apparently the whole country feels the urge to compete, for mail pours in from colleges, from old people's homes, from women's clubs and orphans' asylums, from volunteer firemen and swanky country clubs asking for a chance to join the fun.

Paul Wing, who conducts the program, travels around the country at top speed, broadcasting from here and there, drawing such crowds of fans you would think it was Robert Taylor making a personal appearance.

If Carole Lombard is not already one of your favorite stars, she will be as soon as you see "Swing High, Swing Low." She is so beautiful, so ingratiating, such a good sport that you just want to climb up to the screen and shake Fred McMurray for nearly breaking her heart.



Carole Lombard

This picture may do no end of damage and cause innumerable family rows, for Carole never nags, never whimpers, never nags. The character she plays is going to be held up as a model for behavior in private life by all the young fiancés and husbands.

Frances Farmer, who plays the feminine lead in "Toast of New York," has skyrocketed to fame in record time, but nevertheless, she has not buried her stage ambitions. This summer she will go to New Hampshire to work with the Peterboro Players.

The rest of Hollywood may believe that Glenn Morris, Olympic decathlon winner, will make an ideal Tarzan, but Lupe Vélez holds firmly to the belief that only Johnny Weismuller can effectively play the part. Even Lupe had to admit in the midst of argument that Glenn Morris had the looks and physique for the part, but she still held out that he would never be able to give the Tarzan yell. Whereupon some old meanie said that in that case the producers would hire the same yellor who howled for Johnny.

Marion Claire, who for the past two years has been tramping around the country with "The Great Waltz," has been signed to play Bobby Breen's mother in "Make a Wish." Schulberg has signed Lenore Ulric, who was so good as the vicious grafting friend of "Camille," to play in "The Great Gambini." A girl in her teens named Wyn Cahoon who has had considerable success on the New York stage has been signed by Columbia, who have also nailed the veteran Dick Arlen down to a contract to keep him from gallivanting off to England again.

For those audiences that like chills and fever, horror and suspense, blood and thunder, there are two new pictures just made to order. "The Soldier and the Lady," an RKO picture which is really that old classic of spine chillers, "Michael Strogoff," is the more spectacular since it introduces army scenes made in Europe. More intimate, but less blood-curdling, is "Love From a Stranger," which stars Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. It is a story of a mild young woman who wins a sweepstake prize and marries a fiend who has dispatched several wives via morbidly-contrived murder.

ODDS AND ENDS—Bing Crosby has been kidded so much about his ballooning figure that he has taken up tennis in an effort to reduce. Incidentally, did you hear his old friend Harry Barris on his program? And wouldn't you love to see him in a picture with Bing? . . . Basil Rathbone, as I kept reminding myself all through his horrifying antics in "Love From a Stranger," keeps 86 kinds of tea on hand at his house so as to have just the flavor he wants of an afternoon. . . . All Hollywood scooped down on the Selznick-International studios to watch the coronation scenes in "The Prisoner of Zenda." And then Madeline Carroll broke up the scene by whispering to Ronald Colman just as the hundreds of extras in the procession got under way, "Don't look now, but I think we are being followed."
 © Western Newspaper Union.

Clayfield Baffles Experts
 There is a clayfield at the village of Ewenny, near Bridgend, from which clay has been taken for nearly a century, yet there are no signs of excavations, notes a writer in London Answers Magazine. Experts are baffled, for there should be a hole at least fifty feet deep. It is known as the "Potter's Field," and adjoins a world-famous pottery. Thousands of tons of clay have been taken from it, but the supply seems inexhaustible.

Parading the Fashions



A STYLE show De Luxe for De Ladies on this De Lightful Spring day!

Betty Ann feels just a bit the most elegant of the three for her housecoat is superlative. She has "skirts" like the ladies in the feminine yesterdays; her basque is form-fitting; her sash has a bow, and her sleeves puff. The illusion is so perfect that she is about to reach for smelling salts or a sprig of old lavender.

Matrons Have Vanity, Too.
 Mama, very young for her years, can not resist styles that bring more compliments her way. The no-belt feature of this one is definitely new, and does wonders for the figure a bit past the slim stage. The continuing collar, which in soft pastels is always flattering, gives the break required by the all-in-one waist and skirt. The fitted top and flaring bottom make for style plus comfort, a demand matrons, even though youthful, always make.

Parties and Picnics.
 Winifred on the left is privately making up her mind to have a housecoat, too; though she is mightily pleased with the way her print has turned out. She chose this style because the fitted, broken waist line and front seamed skirt are so very slenderizing. She's on her way to the 4-H meeting now and has only stopped to remind Betty Ann of the picnic "The Jolly Twelve" are having on Tuesday.

The Patterns.
 Pattern 1285 comes in sizes 12-20 (30 to 40). Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.
 Pattern 1282 is for sizes 14-20.

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Bragga—Does your wife use your razor to open cans?
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Soldiers make good husbands, says Sergeant-Major Sam; they're trained to be tidy. Then why is their dining room always a mess?

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