

"WOLF!" CRIES SOUND ONCE MORE

Calamity Howlers, Foreseeing Unutterable Doom, Try Today, as in Years Gone By, to Scare the Pants Off Us.



The calamity howlers have predicted many dire reckonings for us all, but here we are, hale and hearty. Despite predictions, our farm lands have not become dust-blown deserts (upper right) and our people are not facing famine as are some Chinese (lower left). The end of the world has not come as predicted by Wilbur Glenn Voliva (upper left) or Robert Reidt (lower right).

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

WITH news of catastrophes and wars reflected in the headlines often enough to give the nation the jitters, the 1937 "calamity howlers" are emerging from their hiding places like groundhogs from their burrows with a new batch of fearful predictions.

Suicidal war, man-made deserts, plagues and blights which will surely bring devastation to all farm lands—these have always been among the favorite topics of the skilled and unskilled prophets. Today, the bombing raids and the uncertainties of a new institution in human affairs—undeclared war—are giving an added note of terror to the old familiar war songs.

It is yet too soon to tell whether the optimists or the pessimists in the war scare controversy are correct, but only the booming of cannon and the whine of shells could out-shout the other calamity-howlers who are raising their voices in lecture halls and before microphones.

According to some prognosticators, the fertility of the soil in the United States is being reduced at such a rapid rate that the country will some day reach the status of China, and instead of \$90 worth of food being available for every person in the country, there will be only about \$15 worth.

Most widely spread of all the present-day calamity-howling is the ominous prediction that the "dust bowl" will emerge as an American Sahara where only one-fifth of the present population of 127,000,000 could possibly exist.

Few, today, raise the cry that the end of the world is coming, as they frequently used to.

The end of the world! That cry that once struck terror into the hearts of men, and which is still remembered when bombs and shells go screaming through the air, calls to mind the fear-stricken days of Mother Shipton.

Phoney Prophecies.

She not only predicted the end of the world, but foresaw the Great Fire of London, the deaths of kings and princes, the invention of automobiles and steamships, the American Revolution and hundreds of other world-shaking events.

The only trouble with Mother Shipton was that she never existed, for her famous prophecy was later proved only a clever forgery, written and supposedly discovered after the described events had passed into history. Nevertheless, for one breathless night in 1879, nearly every church in England was jammed to the doors with the faithful, who confidently awaited the end of the world, as the non-existent prophetess had foretold.

When William Miller shouted "Doom" in the autumn of 1843, thousands of America's believers in the Second Advent trembled, went home, and prayed—while taking the last stitches and tucks in the resurrection gowns they were to don that night. At 12 o'clock they went out on the hilltops to await the end of the world. They waited until morning.

Then the Rev. Mr. Miller explained that his calculation—derived from an assumption that the 2,300 Biblical days from the time Ezra went into Jerusalem signified 2,300 modern years—was in error, because of the time lost in the change from Julian to Gregorian calendar. He announced that the

next year was the time for the Last Judgment, but many years have passed since 1844, and with them, the Millerites.

Another Doom Proves Dud.

In 1925 Robert Reidt of Freeport, Long Island, made Page One of most newspapers by predicting that the world would end February 26, 1926. Collision with a comet would demolish this planet, he said. Nothing more was heard of Mr. Reidt until 1932, when he "revealed" that New York City would be destroyed at 11 o'clock Sunday night, October 9. The appointed time came—and went. He was last reported running a tea-room.

The cry of "Doom!" was taken up again in 1933 by Arthur B. Ware, who tried to prove there is something in a name. The Britisher flooded the world with pamphlets, booklets and announcements that the earth would cease to exist on June 12.

Two years later Wilbur Glenn Voliva, cult leader of Zion, Illinois, took up the torch of prophecy. Mr. Voliva wasn't sure whether the world would end in 1935 or 1936.

The second group of calamity-howlers—those who try to shake the faith of pioneers with the cry: "It can't be done!"—have pretty generally suffered the same disappointment that overtook those who predicted the end of the world.

Calamity-Howlers Still Wail.

Even Columbus, who had to contend with his share of scoffers, did not envision the day when ships with a net tonnage of 130,717,015 would cross between the Old World and the New, as they did in 1936. Nor did the Wright brothers foresee the time when glistening liners of the airlines would chalk up a record of 439,000,000 passenger miles in one year, as they are doing now.

There are still many calamity-howlers who defy history with predictions of dire happenings about to occur.

In 1934 Professor Gustave Meyer said that there would be an epidemic of scarlet fever of terrible proportions in the United States navy. Nothing to confirm this can be found in navy medical records, however, and the 103,000 men in the navy rolls are ample evidence of another prediction that went wrong.

A modern pioneer in the prediction of calamitous events was R. P. Hearn, noted British economist. Writing for the London pictorial magazine, The Sphere, he said in the issue of October 10, 1920:

"Within ten years the power monopoly of coal will be broken and it will be broken not by political and economic methods but by the arrival of a new fuel, which will replace coal! Long before our coal measures are exhausted, coal mining as we know it today will have ceased, and the coal strike will become as obsolete as coal itself."

Some calamity-howlers arouse the country with forecasts of slow and horrible annihilation.

A moderate warning, which was taken up and distorted with fearful results, was issued by Dr.

Jacob G. Lipman. After exhaustive studies with the aid of a corps of 30 WPA engineers and statisticians, Dr. Lipman submitted a report last June, which said, in part:

Warns of Soil Destruction.

"We have about 200 years to go unless we start seriously conserving our soil and renewing it where it has been destroyed or impoverished. The six most vital elements of the soil, essential for our food supply, are nitrogen, phosphorus, potash, calcium, magnesium and sulphur. Nearly all of them are being used up at the rate of many million tons a year."

Granted that the American farmer has dissipated his resources, that is not to say that behind the scenes science is not perpetually on guard to offset mankind's carelessness. On the debit side, floods and droughts have magnified the devastation, but means of restoring the soil are being constantly developed and improved.

Dr. P. D. Peterson, agricultural expert for the Freeport Sulphur company, is one of those who debunks the terror of the dying soil. "History, if nothing else, should teach that dire predictions of soil exhaustion are risky," he says, "because the same acres have been farmed and reformed for centuries in Europe and are still producing abundant crops."

He declares that American acres should be more productive rather than less, pointing out that scientific prescriptions in the form of balanced fertilizers and chemical compounds which enrich the soil are being added to the century-old practice of crop rotation. Sulphur, like nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, is required by all growing plants and animals, Dr. Peterson explains; soils deficient in sulphur will not support normal plant growth, but such deficiencies are being met by adding sulphur to the soil, either alone or in fertilizer mixtures.

Fungicides and insecticides, to which sulphur is also important, are conquering other menaces against which older generations were powerless, and have completely altered the situation, he says.

Still other modern "wolf" criers point out that in 1936 nearly 100,000,000 bushels of wheat were "burned away" as great, stifling clouds arose from the Dust Bowl.

Farmers of the great wheat belt, however, have refused to yield to panic, and they are giving the most effective answer yet devised to the calamity-howlers, by taking the steps necessary to overcome the difficulties in their path. They are using such simple and logical defenses as picket windbreaks and ranks of trees. They are plowing furrows at right angles to the prevailing winds, so that the sweep of the storms will be broken up.

Incidents such as these may combine to prove that calamity-howlers do have a value in dramatizing the menaces which threaten mankind. While whole countries are mentally thrown off balance by their fulminations, enough heat is generated to weld together the constructive elements in the community. This was seen in large-scale enterprises for reclaiming the soil, and may be repeated if the howl becomes loud enough, so that new measures for healing other ills will be forthcoming.

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STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

CARY GRANT is all set to be the busiest actor in Hollywood for the next year. Now working with Katherine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby," he is all set to rush from that to "Love on Parole," with Miriam Hopkins, after which he will support Ruby Keeler in her first R. K. O. picture.

Columbia pictures hold a contract with him also, and will have several stories ready for him just as soon as he finishes his stint on the R.K.O. lot. And somehow or other, Cary expects to find time to play one of the leads in Sam Goldwyn's production of the ever-popular romance, "Graustark." If you heard him on the air recently with Irene Dunne, giving excerpts from "The Awful Truth," which theaters will be showing soon, you don't need to be told that it is a thoroughly delightful picture.



Cary Grant

Practically all of the motion-picture companies have decided that comes in sets of three bring sure success. R.K.O. has the Marx brothers now, Twentieth Century-Fox have the Ritz brothers with their hilarious antics, and Paramount has signed up the Yacht Club boys to appear in three more pictures for them.

Hollywood producers wish that plump girls were fashionable. Insistence on streamlined figures causes them no end of worry. Many of the stars noted for their beauty and chic have to live on strict diets in order to stay slim, and when they are working on a strenuous schedule they get so run down that they have no resistance to colds. Recently on the ailing list were Carole Lombard, Alice Faye, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce, Simone Simon, and Zorina, the lovely Russian dancer who is soon to make her debut in Goldwyn pictures.

Bing Crosby, who always insists that he doesn't know anything about music, or about anything, in fact, but race horses, received an honorary degree from Gonzaga college in Spokane, Wash. He was a student there before he joined Paul Whiteman's rhythm boys and got launched on a radio career. Incidentally, Bing gets so much fun out of his radio appearances that he would like to be on the air more than once a week.

Radio and picture stars have their favorite performers, just like the rest of us. Rudy Vallee insists on having Jack Oakie in the picture he will make for Warner Brothers soon. He says Oakie makes any picture a success. Jack Benny would like to have Abe Lyman on his radio program permanently—thinks he adds a lot of laughs.

Beverly Davis, the four-year-old daughter of Joan Davis, that madcap dancer who risks breaking her neck in the Ritz Brothers pictures, gives imitations of her mama when she goes to parties. At a kiddies party she was not going over so well, because instead of laughing at her falls, the youngsters howled in fright, but everything turned out all right anyway. Along came a Twentieth Century-Fox official to call for his youngsters, and he hired little Beverly to play a part.

Closest friends of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., thought that his great success as an actor in "The Prisoner of Zenda" had cured him of all ambitions to be a producer in England. Douglas says they are wrong. As soon as he finishes playing opposite Ginger Rogers in "Having a Wonderful Time," he will be off to London again to be the big boss of a production company. In the future he will spend six months of each year in Hollywood working as an actor, the other six in London producing pictures.

ODDS AND ENDS—One of the most important instruments in B. A. Rolfe's radio orchestra is an ordinary tin can filled with coins. Shaken by the drummer, this gives out those minor tinkling notes like Oriental bells that build up the gruesome atmosphere of Ripley's weirdst Believe It or Not. . . Eddie Cantor's recent high spirits, even higher than usual, are due to the general verdict that his new picture "Ali Baba Goes to Town" is by far the best he has ever made. . . Ginger Rogers' favorite tribute came from a cameraman when she had finished her big dramatic scene in "Stage Door." He hollered at her: "Stage away those dancing shoes."

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Fashion's Triple-Threat



HERE'S something new in the way of triple-threats, Milady: This trio of smart contestants in the thrilling game of Sew-Your-Own! With all three in your wardrobe you'll know stadium style, classroom coquetry, and sorority chic. Best of all, you won't spend a king's ransom nor a "long stretch" in their making, thanks to the economy and simplicity of these modern Sew-Your-Owns!

Sorority Chic.

Sorority chic begins and ends in the boudoirs on the third floor. This highly tasteful smock (above left) is a sorority requirement of the first order. You may choose either the short length to work in or the long length to be lazy in. Use percale, gingham or silk print.

Classroom Coquetry.

What if your knowledge of bugs or battles, or what have you, is limited? You can count on a certain coquettish smile and a certain smooth-lined frock (above center) to take you through any inquisition. Try your version in dull crepe or sheer wool.

Stadium Style.

Big moments come fast and furious when you're rooting for dear old Alma Mater, but you have to look the part to be one with that glamour and fun. Sew-Your-Own suggests its newest spectator dress just for this purpose—that you may look the part, feel the part and be on the winning side, no matter when or where the competition takes place.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1997 is designed in sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 44 bust. Size 16

requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. In full length 3 1/2 yards (short sleeves).

Pattern 1353 is designed in sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

Pattern 1357 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

New Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

Pride in Perfection

A GREAT deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do.

There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know.

It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, be it well done, becomes artistic.—William Matthews.



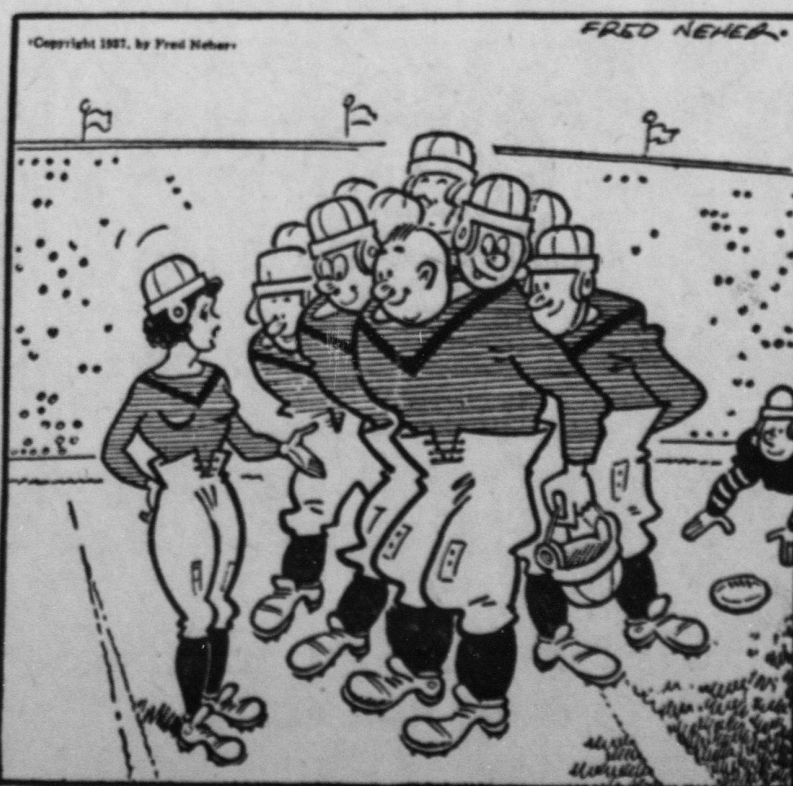
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"The coach's idea is that they'll all tackle me and one of you go through with the ball."