

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...
By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—It seems possible that Rockefeller Center was trying for a delicate cultural balance in getting three alien artists to do its murals.

Right, Left and Center Represented Right, left and center, in the order named, Jose Maria Sert, Diego Rivera and Frank Brangwyn, were the muralists.

There was an inevitable clash, and now, after five years, a compromise. Lenin's head, by the hard-boiled, hard-bitten Mexican Rivera, blocked out in 1934, has been replaced by a conventional mural by the Spanish Sr. Sert, with the orthodox theme of America's continuing development along the old lines. The compromise appears in Sr. Sert's restrained sepia monochrome, instead of his usual lavish outpouring of gold and scarlet, verdant green and ecstatic blue.

Sr. Sert is the most millionairish of all living painters. Here he pipes down. If we didn't go left with Lenin, our new era isn't going to be as gaudy as the last one.

It will be a sober, industrious, thrifty, monochrome age, with no more high kicking and low thinking. That seems to be what Sr. Sert and the Rockefeller Center people are saying.

When the big, booming, sixty-one-year-old Spanish painter is going strong, he makes Veronese just a wet wash with a touch of bluing. He was a regular stand-by and emergency painter for his friend, King Alfonso. "Con mucho gusto," he can swing the whole spectrum, with bold, regal effects which are the delight of kings.

He has done many magnificent rooms in Europe, including the Madrid chapel of the duke of Alba, now Franco's commercial envoy to England, and Sir Phillip Sassoon's resplendent ballrooms. His first exhibition in this country was in 1924, when he received prolonged critical salvos.

He was born in Barcelona of the ancient Spanish gentry, and studied in Paris in his early youth.

Sert Swings Spectrum With Gusto From the first, he developed boldness and exuberance, both in color and technique. Briffault's pre-war Europe—which was to have gone on forever, but didn't—knew him for its very own. His new monochrome fits an age "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

In the current argument between government and business, it is interesting to note that the temple of business gets back to the Muses and the classical symbols of work and labor, after its brief leftward deviation in 1933. In Washington, such bold innovators as Henry Varum Poor and George Biddle still state tortuous new themes in the government murals. But there's not so much splash in those Rockefeller Center murals as there might have been in, say, 1928.

YOUNG BURGESS MEREDITH, at the age of twenty-eight, is picked to run Actors Equity association, for a time at least. A star on Broadway, a country squire, a Hollywood success, he has had more to do with a roller-coaster addict, with the up-grade all in the depression years.

In Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland, his father was a doctor and his grandfather an evangelist. His Uncle Joe, whom he greatly admired, was in vaudeville.

He washed dishes and tended furnaces during one sad and lonely year at Amherst, ran a haberdashery shop with his brother in Cleveland, went bankrupt, was a reporter on the Stamford Advocate, until they caught him at it, sold roofing, vacuum cleaners and cosmetics, worked in Macy's department store, sang in church choirs for \$4 a Sunday, lived a week on breakfast food samples, and was for a time one of the migrant army of jobless youth.

The depression brought him luck. In 1929, he got a letter of introduction to Eva Le Gallienne and a payless job as an apprentice actor. His climb was slow. He first attained high visibility in "She Loves Me 'Not," in 1933. He clinched his gains in his three Maxwell Anderson plays, "Winterset," "High Tor," and "Star Wagon."

His estate is near that of Mr. Anderson in Rockland county, New York, where he is very busy with house-building, dogs, and books. He has an eager, avid mind, buzzing with new ideas.

He is a faithful intellectual understudy of the older Mr. Anderson and his genius chimes in perfectly with Mr. Anderson's exalted blank verse dramaturgy.

He is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 135 pounds and is no matinee idol—listed briefly at booking agency as "blond and homely" when he first went after a job in the theater. His wife is the distinguished actress, Margaret Perry.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"While the Creek Rose"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Well, sir, what are we going to do with this guy—a bird with a story that nobody will believe? His name is George Kinchel of Weehawken, N. J., and he writes as follows: "When I told this story to my friends a few years ago, all I got was snickers and laughs behind the hand, so this is only the second time it has ever been related. I can furnish plenty of proofs of its authenticity, but if you don't believe it, don't publish it. I'd rather take a sock in the jaw than have you doubt it."

George has got me in a spot there. I've either got to believe his tale or pop him one on the button. Well, fortunately for the peace of Weehawken, I do believe George's yarn. It's a straight story, and it checks. What more could I ask for? Don't worry, George. If I didn't believe it I WOULDN'T publish it. But here it comes—and that's my answer to those birds who gave you the horse laugh.

Storm on Bald Mountain.

It all came about on a camping trip. George and a pal were tenting it on the summit of Bald Mountain, near Scranton, Pa. The time was June, 1933, and just in case anybody wants to check up on George's story, his pal's name is Tom Coyne, of Scranton, Pa.

Darkness was coming on—and so was a storm. It occurred to George that they didn't have enough firewood to last the night through, so he told Tom to get things in readiness for the storm while he went to get the wood.

George left the camp and headed for a pile of logs that some woodsmen had left nearby. He picked up four—two on each shoulder—and started back. He was about fifty yards away from camp and crossing a tiny stream by stepping from stone to stone when the heavens opened up above him and the rain began to fall in one solid sheet.

Lightning began to play across the sky, and George had hardly taken two more steps when a terrific crash of thunder made him jump.



Rain Began to Fall in One Solid Sheet.

He slipped and went over backwards. The logs on his shoulder fell on top of him. One of them landed on his head and knocked him out.

Wedged Fast Between Two Rocks.

Says George: "The rain soon revived me, but when I came to, I was unable to move. I was wedged in between two rocks about four feet high, and the logs were right on top of me, lodged in such a manner that I couldn't budge them. My arms were pinned to my sides, and my feet were the only parts of my body I could move. But they didn't quite touch the ground. My head was on the ground, in about half an inch of water. I could only raise it about an inch."

Well, sir, George lay still for a minute, trying to think of some way to wriggle himself free. Then, suddenly, he noticed something that made him gasp. The water in which his head lay was beginning to rise.

That's when George began to yell for Tom. But by that time the rain was falling with a steady roar that drowned out his cries the minute they left his lips. The booming of the thunder added to the din. George yelled again and again, but Tom didn't hear him.

"The rain," he says, "was falling faster now. The creek was rising. The water had reached my ears. Then I fell into a panic and began to scream. The water rose slowly—giving me plenty of time to realize the helplessness of the situation. It came up to my cheek-bones—covered my face and neck. Finally, nothing but my nose was above it, and I had to keep my head raised to keep it there."

His Final Yell Brought Rescue.

The muscles of George's neck were tired from holding up his head. He tried to lower it, but immediately the water began flooding into his nose. The rain slackened, and hope sprang into his breast. But it quickly died again. The rain might be slackening—but the creek was still rising.

George began to say a prayer then—a silent prayer, for he couldn't speak. The rain had long since covered his mouth. Now it was creeping into his nostrils. He wouldn't last much longer. Just another fraction of an inch and the water would cut off his breath.

In a minute it did. But George fought literally to the last gasp. "I summoned all my strength," he says, "and put it into one final, screaming yell. Not only my strength, but also all my hope went into that shout. Then, the tired muscles of my neck gave way. My head fell back under the water."

"I held my breath for what seemed an eternity. At last I was forced to expel it. Then I felt myself choking and lost consciousness." The next thing George knew, he was lying on the bank of the creek, and Tom was bending over him giving him artificial respiration. As soon as George was strong enough to get to his feet again, Tom told him what had happened. When George didn't come back after fifteen or twenty minutes, Tom became alarmed and went out looking for him. He was prowling around about ten feet away from him when George gave that last yell. Then he went down between those rocks and pried him loose.

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Selecting White House Site

President Washington and Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who laid out the national capital, selected the site for the White House in 1791. A competition was held for plans for an executive mansion, and the winning architect was James Hoban of Dublin. The corner stone was laid October 13, 1792. The building was not ready for occupancy until November, 1800, when President and Mrs. John Adams moved in. When the British captured Washington in 1804, they burned the White House. Hoban superintended its restoration.

Storms Toss Up Amber

Residents along the Baltic shore of East Prussia are always glad to see a storm coming up because these oceanic disturbances often cast up chunks of precious amber along the beaches. Most of the amber mining is done with powerful dredges and the substance, once valued more highly than gold, is worked into many kinds of jewelry. History relates that the Emperor Nero once sent an expedition across Europe to the amber mines along the Baltic coast.

Forgiving One Another

Forgiveness of injuries is a God-given grace. It is the most reluctant act that human nature ever performs. In the deepest condition of moral degradation there is no such thing as forgiveness of injuries thought about. So destitute is mankind of the spirit of forgiveness of injuries that heathen religions taught the right of revenging an injury, but not of forgiving one. In view of this, we say, the spirit of forgiving injuries is God-given. The Bible is the one book which from beginning to end advocates forgiveness.

Monks Incarcerate Themselves

Near Gyantse, Tibet, stands a lamastery whose lamas, or monks, incarcerate themselves in small mud huts, without doors or windows, for periods from a year to a lifetime, in order to earn a first-class reincarnation. As no mortal eye may look upon them during these years of seclusion, says Collier's Weekly, they wear a glove on the hand used to take their food from a brother lama when he passes it to them through a small curtained aperture.

STAR DUST
Movie • Radio
By VIRGINIA VALE

THESE are stirring times in radio, motion pictures and newsreels for all three have reached a new high peak of achievement. With the Toscanini symphony concerts the National Broadcasting company has deservedly won the greatest audience response, the highest tributes from music critics, composers and musicians.

Norman Alley's Universal newsreel of the bombardment of the U. S. S. Panay is graphic history that brings to every citizen a first-hand account of the outrageous conditions our government is facing in the Orient. In the field of fictional motion pictures "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Walt Disney's first feature-length fantasy, is a glittering milestone. Any day now, Dopey, the little dwarf who never learned to talk because he had nothing to say, will take his place in your hearts along with Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.



Walt Disney

Paramount and Warner Brothers are going to remake some old pictures of theirs, having failed to find any new story material as good. Paramount has selected "The Letter" as the first starring vehicle for Isa Miranda, famous Italian actress. This story, a spine-chilling thriller by Somerset Maugham, was first filmed some ten years ago, and was an outstanding success among early talking pictures. Warner Brothers feel that it is high time to film "Tribly" again. This time Claude Rains and either Anita Louise or Olivia de Havilland will play Svenhall and Tribly.

When you read that so-and-so made a film test in New York and was sent to Hollywood under contract to make pictures, it may not sound impressive. It should, however, for last year out of 52,000 applicants, only 56 won contracts. Variety, the authoritative trade paper of the theatrical world, checked up and found that of the 52,000 applicants, only 6,050 had auditions. Among these, 360 were given screen tests. Most spectacular successes among the young players sent to Hollywood a year or so ago are Frances Farmer, Don Ameche, and Tyrone Power.

Motion picture producers are scurrying around trying to think of some new formula for making musical pictures, because they can't go on making them bigger. "Rosalie" stretches the eye of the camera to its utmost limits. It has armies of dancing girls, platoons of singers, it has airplanes, boats, football players, it has more of everything than you have ever seen crowded into one picture. A lovely newcomer, Ilona Massey, whom you have probably heard on the radio, makes you want to see and hear more of her. Nelson Eddy works valiantly with all his heroic and vocal might.

Infinitely less pretentious, but generous in the array of public idols it introduces is Republic's "Merry Go Round." Gangsters led by Leo Carrillo take over a recording company, and then the fun and noise begin. Mixed up in the proceedings are Joe DiMaggio, baseball star, Gene Autry and his cowboy band, Kay Thompson and her radio chorus, Cab Calloway and Ted Lewis and their bands, singing Phil Regan and Tamara Geva. The story never tries to make sense, just goes jocularly along its way with blasts of music, from crooning to hi-de-ho.

DON'T LOOK NOW BUT—Jim Ameche, twenty-two-year-old Grand Hotel star, once held the high school debating championship in Kenosha, Wis. . . . Luise Barclay, NBC's "Woman in White," studied to be a concert pianist as did Ruth Bailey, secondary lead on the same show . . . Fibber McGee is an inventor of numerous household gadgets, including a device which enables Molly to open the ice-box door with a foot lever when she approaches it with loaded platters in both hands . . . Frances Carlon, leading woman in "Attorney at Law," is the granddaughter of John Carlon, first man ever to print the poems of James Whitcomb Riley . . . First Nighter star, Les Tremayne, is an expert modeler in clay, a crack swimmer, a fair swordsman, and a topnotch golfer . . . Harriette Widmer, feminine emcee on "Cabin at the Crossroads," on the NBC coast-to-coast network, was recently complimented on her negro dialect work by no less an authority than Roark Bradford. © Western Newspaper Union.

Making Winter Hours Count



SEW - YOUR - OWN means most at this season of the year when dark and long winter days make time hang heavy on your hands. You can get your Spring wardrobe well started by making these days count. This is the time to sew and sew—and then when the first crocuses show their heads, you will be all ready for Spring.

This four-gore slip is the choice of every woman who likes comfort. The side panels prevent the slip from twisting and turning and keep it comfortably in place on the most strenuous day. The pattern includes built-up and strap shoulder—and you can make it for your own wardrobe in a few hours at a fraction of what you would usually spend.

No matter how many of these informal dresses you have, you never have enough. So start right in to sew now and make two or three of them for Spring. This dress (the one in center) is designed on clever shirt-waist lines and buttons from neck to hem. Piping is used at edge of collar, cuffs and pockets. It's the neatest and trimmest little frock. The figure at right is wearing an afternoon frock that is as fresh and new as a daisy. The gored skirt flares like a ballerina's and the bodice is smoothly fitted, closing with two wide scallops trimmed in smart ruffling. Wear this dress for bridge parties now—and wear it all through the Spring and Summer.

Pattern 1437 is designed for sizes 14 to 46 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material and 3/4 yard ribbon for shoulder straps.

sizes 12 to 40 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material and 2 yards of binding or braid to trim as pictured. For collar and cuffs in contrast 3/4 yard fabric is required.

Pattern 1341 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material plus 2 1/2 yards of machine-made pleating to trim.

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

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From a MEDICAL JOURNAL THIS: ABOUT COLDS!

"The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition of the body. To overcome this they prescribe various alkalies." That's why, today... **LUDEX'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢** NOW CONTAIN AN **ALKALINE FACTOR!**

SEARCH

Your attic, your desk, or possibly tucked away in your bureau drawers are some **RED CROSS** Christmas Seals prior to 1925, or you may find some old stamps on or off envelopes prior to 1926. Drop a line stating what you have and the price you want, to STURGES, P. O. Box 252, Astor Sta., Boston, Mass.

Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a Cold

Millions have found in Calotabs a most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tablets the first night and repeat the third or fourth night if needed. How do Calotabs help nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs are one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminators, thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the virus-laden mucus and

toxins. Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the blood. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds. Calotabs are quite economical; only twenty-five cents for the family package, ten cents for the trial package.—(adv.)

A Thought
A little explained, a little endured; a little forgiven and the quarrel is cured.

Life Is Labor
"The happiness of men consists in life. And life is in labor."—Count Tolstol.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

DIZZY DRAMAS By Joe Bowers



Now Playing—"MR. BACH"
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL EVER GET MARRIED? SURE!

HERE'S MY HOPE CHEST

HOPE CHEST? MY GOODNESS!!!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN IT?

A LOT OF OLD SOCKS

I HOPE SOMEONE WILL DARN 'EM