



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

CZECHOSLOVAKIA and all that may hang on its destiny is just an added starter in the up-and-coming cosmos of A. W. Robertson, chairman of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company.

It is the always assured and hopeful Mr. Robertson who announces his company will spend \$12,000,000 on additions and betterments this year, and, from where Mr. Robertson sits, that's just a couple of white chips compared to pendings to come.

Mr. Robertson is the H. G. Wells of industry. His "shape of things to come," which he has been outlining for the last year or two, includes the following specifications:

Migratory humans, shifting north and south like the birds. "Just whether the children will be born in the North or the South," he said, "is not quite clear to me, but I expect we will follow the policy of the birds and have the children in the North."

Windowless houses, pasteurized air, and artificial sunlight. One-man planes, with folding wings, kept in the hall rack, with the umbrellas.

Pocket radios for two-way talk with anybody, anywhere. Noiseless cities with double-deck streets.

Flat houses, with a push-button crane which will park the auto on the roof.

He was a farm and village boy at Panama, New York, chore boy and rustler in his youth and hence not through grammar school until he was seventeen. Then he studied law in a country office, entered practice, got corporations for clients and then began owning and operating them.

At forty-six he was president of the Philadelphia company and now heads a \$200,000,000 company. He pays liberal wage bonuses and urges friendly, co-operative relationship between capital and labor.

IT WAS only a year ago that Robert R. Young, thirty-nine-year-old Texan, quite unknown to Wall Street, rode herd on the straying Van Sweringen system and corralled it. It was all bewilderingly complicated, but, finally sifted down, it appeared that Mr. Young had picked up a \$3,000,000,000 rail "empire" with an original investment of \$225,000.

He is a quiet, inconspicuous, unassuming man, and now the feature writers are just getting around to calling him a "Titan."

He won a rock-and-sock proxy battle for the control of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway. Within the last few years, he has infiltrated gently into high finance, which is just now becoming acutely conscious of his presence.

His family was in and around Canadian, Texas, before the battle of the Alamo. They started the First National Bank of Canadian, which is now in the hands of the fourth generation.

At Culver Military academy, Robert R. Young was graduated at the head of his class, its youngest graduate, and later he attended the University of Virginia.

With the Du Ponts in 1916, he got his preliminary work-out in finance and joined General Motors in 1922.

In 1932, he founded his own Wall Street firm, with Frank F. Kolbe, his later associate in the Van Sweringen putsch.

Mrs. Young is the former Anita Ten Eyck O'Keefe, of Williamsburg, Va., sister of Georgia O'Keefe, the painter. In 1935, they leased Beechwood, the Astor estate, in Newport.

Mr. Young, a Democrat, like his father, paid \$15,000 for a consignment of those famous Democratic convention books, which congressmen, badgering him at a senate hearing, insisted wasn't nearly so much of a bargain as the Van Sweringen deal. "You are a bigger sucker than I thought you were," said Senator Wheeler.

Consolidated News Features, WNU Service.

Languages of Nations

Switzerland is not the only nation having more than one official language. Palestine has three recognized tongues, English, Hebrew and Arabic. Actually more than one language is spoke in every country in Europe but one. Portugal is the only nation having a single language. In Asia, India has 220 distinct vernacular languages. But even with four languages Switzerland is not finished, says the Washington Post. There is still one more obscure dialect called Ladin, spoken by a small group of people.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Battle in the Void" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Now you know as well as I do that an airplane is one dog-goned easy thing to get in trouble with. You've probably read a lot of stories of adventure in the air. But, boys and girls, you ain't heard nuthin' 'til you've grabbed yourself an eyeful of this yarn from Distinguished Adventurer Jim Collins of Brooklyn, N. Y.

What happened to Jim was that he got hold of an airplane and didn't know how to get rid of it. Ordinarily, that wouldn't be such a serious problem. But Jim's plane was in the air, and that sort of complicated matters.

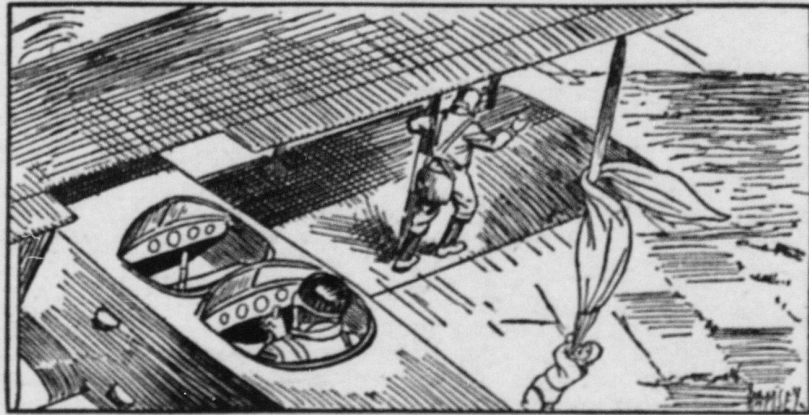
Took Up a Girl Parachute Jumper.

It was down in Miami, Fla., in the summer of 1919. Jim was taking flying lessons from the noted pilot, Wholmer Stultz. He'd had two hours of instructions, and he knew how to keep the plane going once it was up in the air. He wasn't any too good at that, either, and he admits it. Furthermore, he hadn't the slightest idea of how to take a plane off the ground—or to land it.

That was the status quo when, one day, Stultz hired a girl to do parachute jumps off the wing of his plane. The girl said she had never done several jumps, and Stultz took her word for it. They took off one hot July day in an old O X Waco to give an exhibition, and Jim Collins went along—well—just for the ride.

Jim and the girl sat in the front cockpit. Stultz, in the rear cockpit, was doing the flying. They climbed to 3,000 feet, and Stultz signaled the girl to jump. She climbed out on the wing and—then things began to happen.

The girl got out to the end of the wing, and there she lost her head. She grabbed a strut and hung onto it for dear life. Stultz yelled



The Girl Was Hanging From the Bottom of the Plane.

to her to jump, but instead, she wrapped her legs around the strut, too. Then Stultz called to her to come back, and after a lot of coaxing, she started.

Hanging by Her Chute on the Plane.

She had only gone a few feet when, suddenly, she slipped and fell from the wing. At the same time, she pulled the ripcord of her chute. The chute opened—caught on the rigging of the plane. And there was the girl, hanging from the bottom of the wing, unable to pull herself up.

To land the plane would have meant certain death for the girl. While Jim gaped open-mouthed at the sight of her dangling in the wind, he heard Stultz shout to him: "Climb back here with me." Jim was scared out of his wits. "I started to obey," he says, "but half-way to the cockpit I froze—just as frightened as the girl was. Stultz grabbed me and pulled me in. 'I'm going out there and get her,' he said. 'You keep flying straight ahead.'"

Terrible Dilemma for Jim.

Well, sir, the next few minutes were a nightmare to Jim. "Everything went all right," he says, "until Stultz stepped out on the wing. Then, due to the shifting weight, the ship banked. Stultz yelled: 'Kick the right rudder.' I did, and the ship straightened, but my knees were knocking together, and try as I would, I couldn't keep the plane straight. Several times I almost dumped him off."

And what would happen if he did dump Stultz off? That's about all Jim could think of. For with Stultz gone, who'd land the ship? Not Jim, certainly. He didn't know the first thing about landing a plane.

Meanwhile, the big adventure was happening out on the wing of the plane, where a brave man, teetering over space, was fighting for the life of a fear-crazed girl. Stultz was having his troubles. "He got her up," says Jim, "and then followed the wildest wrestling match I ever saw. The girl, panic stricken, grabbed Wholmer around the neck. She got a strangle hold on him and he began choking."

Stultz Had to Knock Her Senseless.

"He tried to break her grip, but it was hard work. He was blue in the face and getting desperate, when finally, he let go with a right hook that knocked her out for twenty minutes."

The girl was out. Still standing on that crazily teetering wing, Stultz began ripping the chute from her. He wrapped it around the struts and then around the girl, tying her down firmly to the wing. Then, all but exhausted—his face still blue from the throttling he had taken, he began edging his way toward the cockpit.

Jimmy Collins says that nothing in the world ever looked so good to him as the sight of Wholmer Stultz climbing back into the cockpit again. It began to look to him then as if—well—maybe he wouldn't have to land that plane himself and get killed in the doing of it. Stultz tumbled over the rim of the cockpit into Jim's lap, and still sitting in Jim's lap, he took the controls and headed the plane back toward good old Miami terra firma once more.

They made the landing without any further trouble. The girl came to again a few minutes later, and then Jim and Wholmer Stultz found out that she had never made a parachute jump before.

She was only bluffing—but my hat is off to a girl who'll bluff her way into a parachute jump!

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The Crowned Crane

The crowned crane has a coronet of filamentary plumes that rise from the head and extend several inches, spreading out like a halo. The body is a dark slaty gray, almost black, and the tail or plume feathers are of midnight hue. The beak and eye is covered with short feathers that give the appearance of black velvet while the cheeks are a flaming scarlet.

Speed of Sound, Bullet

The National Bureau of Standards says that the speed of a bullet may be either greater or less than the speed of sound. The speed of sound in air is about 1,100 feet per second. A pistol bullet may travel as slowly as 700 feet per second and the bullet from a rifle may reach the speed of 2,000 feet per second.

Age of Parrots

Parrots are among the long-lived birds. The average length of life is probably 25 to 35 years.

Founder of Shakerism

The true founder of Shakerism was Ann Lee, born in 1736 in Manchester, England, the daughter of a blacksmith. Calling herself "Ann, the Word," says Pathfinder Magazine, she came to America in 1774 settling with a few followers in Watervliet, N. Y., near Albany. There she founded the first Shaker community, establishing her church as a celibate and Christian communist sect.

Youth Like Spring

Samuel Butler in "The Way of All Flesh," said: "To me it seems that youth is like spring, an over-praised season—delightful if it happens to be a favored one, but in practice very rarely favored and more remarkable, as a general rule, for biting east winds than genial breezes."

First to Make Ice Cream

Ice cream was first made in America by Jacob Fussell, in Baltimore in 1851.

Secrets of Ancients Survive Attacks of Modern Science

With television soon to become serious rival to the movies, and giant airplanes and "press-the-button" warships things which raise little comment from the average man, it is surprising that there are many secrets known to the ancients which have survived the attacks of modern science, says a writer in London Answers.

The Greeks could not weave linen or wool on anything like the scale we weave them today. But they wove them into the plemia, a form of cuirass which could not be penetrated by the sharpest dart or arrow. The secret has been lost—perhaps forever.

The Romans sank wells for water to great depths. Exactly how they did the boring is unknown.

The beautiful purple dye, known of old, has eluded the dye-makers of today. And modern builders can make nothing of the strong and durable cement used by the Greeks and the Romans in their walls. This cement was stronger and harder than the stone itself.

The knowledge possessed by the ancient Egyptians was very extensive. They had a method of dressing stone to withstand the ravages of time and weather. They also perfected the art of embalming. Probes, forceps, and other surgical instruments have been found in Egypt. For what purpose they were used we will never know.

That secret, along with many others, passed away with the destruction of the famous library at Alexandria in the Fifth century. The loss of the knowledge contained in that library was a blow to civilization.

Reading and Thinking
Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. So far as we apprehend and see the connection of ideas, so far it is ours; without that it is so much loose matter floating in our brain.—Locke.

Must Books Be Read?

The collector of books need not fear the challenge that is sure to be made, sooner or later, by his skeptical acquaintances: "Have you read them all?" The first idea he ought to get out of his head is that he must only buy books for immediate reading.

"The charm of a library," said that devout book lover, the late Arnold Bennett, "is seriously impaired when one has read the whole or nearly the whole of its contents."

Bennett confessed that he had hundreds of books he had never opened, and which, perhaps, he never would open. But he would not part with them. He knew they were good, and as he gazed on them, he said to them, "Some day, if chance favors, your turn will come. Be patient!"

Best Thoughts

Try to care about something in this vast world besides the gratification of small selfish desires. Try to care for what is best in thought and action—something that is good apart from the accidents of your own lot. Look on other lives besides your own. See what their troubles are, and how they are borne.—George Eliot.

WHEN LIFE DEPENDS ON TIRE SAFETY

On May 30, Floyd Roberts shattered all track records for the 500-mile Indianapolis Race, averaging 117.2 miles an hour using Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

IT'S ALWAYS Firestone

FOR 19 CONSECUTIVE YEARS THE WINNERS OF THE INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE RACE HAVE PROTECTED THEIR LIVES WITH FIRESTONE GUM-DIPPED TIRES

THEY said it couldn't be done — that tires could not withstand the torture of the new high speeds. Yet Floyd Roberts set a new record, at this year's Indianapolis Race, averaging 117.2 miles an hour for the 500 miles on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

With the sun-baked brick of the straight-away and the granite-hard surface of the turns pulling and grinding at their tires, 33 daring drivers, every one on Firestone Tires, waged a thrilling battle for gold and glory. Never before have tires been called upon to take such punishment. Never in all the history of the motor car has tire safety been put to such a gruelling test. Yet not one tire failed — not one single cord loosened — because Gum-Dipping, that famous Firestone patented process saturates and coats every cotton fiber in every cord in every ply with liquid rubber interacting the tire-destroying internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

Why risk your life and the lives of others on unsafe tires? Join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign today by equipping your car with Firestone Triple-Safe Tires — the only tires made that are safety-proved on the speedways for your protection on the highways.

JOIN THE FIRESTONE Save a Life CAMPAIGN TODAY!

Firestone HIGH SPEED	
4.50-21 . . .	\$10.55
4.75-19 . . .	10.85
5.25-17 . . .	12.35
5.50-16 . . .	13.90
6.00-16 . . .	15.70
6.50-16 . . .	19.35
7.00-16 . . .	21.00
Heavy Duty	
6.00-16 . . .	\$18.60
6.50-16 . . .	21.35
7.00-16 . . .	24.70

TRUCK TIRES AND OTHER PASSENGER CAR SIZES PRICED PROPORTIONATELY LOW

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