WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Young Sherman M. Fairchild inherited about $10,000,000, and the money took wings—not around the night spots, but in aviation enterprises which have made him one of the main panjandrums of the plane designing and building industry.

Heir Pools His Money, Brains; Aviation Profits

Just now, the Civil Aeronautics authority certifies Mr. Fairchild's new 500-horsepower "in-line" engine, which, he says, has more power for its weight than any other. For several years, Mr. Fairchild has been pioneering the "in-line" engines as against the radial type of foreign nations. In 1936, he sold 20 of them to the Greek government, which, it was later reported, found them highly satisfactory. His engine is about one-third the size of a radial engine.

His father, the late George W. Fairchild, began his business career on $8 a week, invented the dial telephone, the computing scale, and the adding machine. He wanted his son to become a junior executive of International Business Machines corporation. The young man, however, was interested mainly in cameras. At 17, he had invented a revolutionary flashlight camera, and, at 21, a radial aerial camera.

He organized Fairchild Aerial Surveys and in 1924 carried through an air camera survey of New York, with a six-mile camera of his invention which was a pioneering exploit in that field.

By 1927, he had corraled several companies in the Fairchild Aviation corporation, had Igor Sigorsky building planes, and soon unveiled the first cabin monoplane in the United States.

In Harvard at the start of the war, he was rejected for military service because of physical shortcomings, later remedied in Arizona. Intent on war duty of some kind, he brought out an aerial camera for war use, completed just before the Armistice. He is typical of a number of free and adventurous self-starters in Uncle Sam's industrial and technical establishment who can be rounded up in case of trouble—a refutation of the totalitarian belief that only the goose-step can yield efficiency.

SEVERAL notable moving pictures of recent appearance have achieved portraits rather than caricatures. They also have shown a trend away from the star system and a new reliance on coherent form in the picture as a whole. Chastened by hard times, the films are taking thought and adding cubits to their stature. This bystander hears much talk of a coming moving picture renaissance—not in any splendiferous outbreak, but in a new infusion of creative intelligence into the industry, and a longer tether for the same.

Moving Picture Renaissance Is Looming High

In focus here is "Stagecoach," opening in New York with generous salutations by reviewers, who note that, with a no-star cast, a natural-born horse opera has been conjured into an excellent film by the deft artistry of John Ford, director, and Dudley Nichols, scenarist. They also scored, jointly, in "The Hurricane" and "The Informer." This film is commended for its further trend toward simplicity and artistic integrity, and away from overemphasis, the traditional occupational disease of Hollywood—on or off the lot.

Mr. Ford, born Sean O'Fearna, in Portland, Maine, 44 years ago, thinks moving picture directors see too little of the world about them in propertion to what they record. Renoir had the same idea, insisting that, if an artist observed intently enough and long enough, his line would be almost self-recording. So Mr. Ford stokes his pipe, meditates, observes, studies types, speech, dress, mannerisms, behavior, regional and occupational traits, and achieves characterization.

His older brother, Francis, was ahead of him at Hollywood, as a serial star and director. John Ford tagged along and soon had his brother working for him. Before he was 25, he had directed many westerns. When he was 28, he directed "The Iron Horse." He is an autocrat on the lot, apt to throw the script away and improvise business and lines, working usually in a frayed sports jacket and old dungarees. He sidesteps Hollywood parties and passes much of his off-shift time on his small yacht. He is big and bulky, with thinning, sandy hair and glasses.

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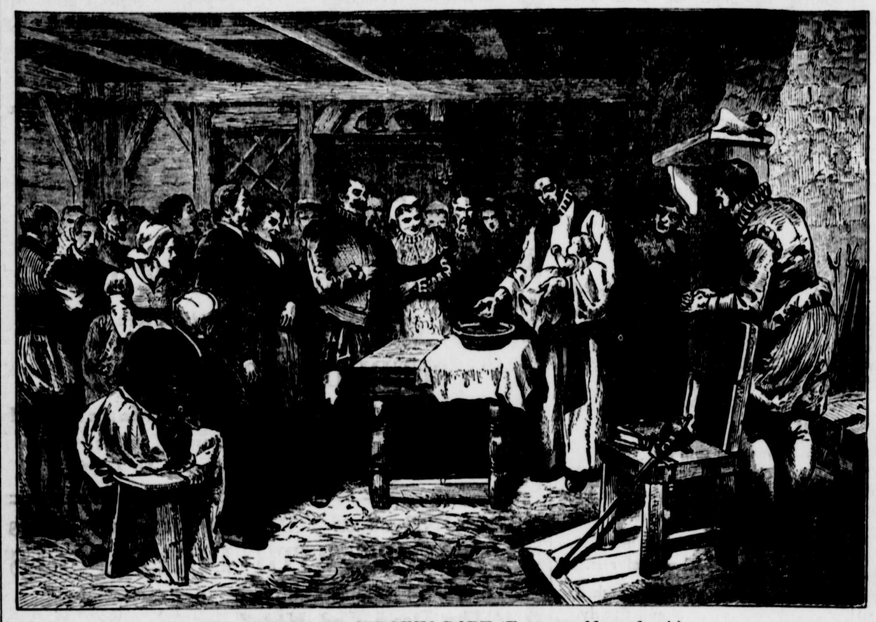
Pinks and Carnations

Pinks, the near relative of carnations, are not called pinks because of their color. The name came from the verb to "pink"—meaning to prick, and was given to these flowers because of the jagged edge of their petals.

Sketch Over 3,000 Years Old

A crude sketch of a woman twanging the strings of a harp, found in the pavement at Amageddon in Palestine, in a layer of ruins, dates from before 3000 B. C.

"Virginia Dare Stone" at Georgia College Recalls Romantic Story of The "Lost Colony of Roanoke"



THE BAPTISM OF VIRGINIA DARE (From an old wood cut.)

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

© Western Newspaper Union.

THE recent announcement that Brenau college at Gainesville, Ga., has acquired as a permanent possession the enigmatic "Virginia Dare Stone," which purports to tell the fate of the "lost colony of Roanoke," has revived interest once more in one of the most fascinating mystery stories in history.

This stone, which was found last year on the east bank of the Chowan river in eastern North Carolina, bears on one side an inscription which is, in effect, an epitaph for Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America, and her father, Ananias Dare, since it says that they "went hence into Heaven in 1591." Also on this side is a request that the stone be borne to Gov. John White of Virginia so that he might send aid to the colony.

The other side of the slab has a message inscribed in Elizabethan characters and signed with the initials E. W. D. (presumably Eleanor White Dare, daughter of Governor White and mother of Virginia Dare) which tells how the colonists went up Albemarle Sound and into the Chowan river soon after White returned to England for supplies in 1587.

In four years, the message says, they were reduced in number to 24 by sickness and death at the hands of hostile Indians. Finally in 1591 the savages killed all but seven of the remaining colonists and they were buried on small hills near the river.

The story on the stone is logical enough, according to historians who have examined it. But acceptance of its information as a final solution of the famous mystery must await corroborative evidence.

Authentic or Hoax?

Is the "Virginia Dare Stone" an authentic relic of the "Lost Colony" or is it another hoax? Opinion on that point is divided. Some believe that there is quite as much reason for regarding it as genuine as there is for accepting as authentic the "Sir Francis Drake Plate" which was found out in California a short time before the discovery of this stone.

Others believe that this stone was "planted," as was the lead plate, which was found in Washington, D. C., in 1924. This plate, about the size of an automobile license tag, bore the inscription:

"Virgina Dare
Died Here
Captif Powhatan
1590"

The discovery of this plate and with it several other articles, supposed to be the personal property of Virginia Dare, aroused a great deal of interest at the time. But it soon died down when an examination of the "relics" by experts showed that the whole thing was a hoax.

The "Virginia Dare Stone" may turn out to be another fake. But, even so, it can not detract from the interest which Americans will always have in her story, compounded, as it is, of a very small amount of fact and a larger mass of legend. The fact part constitutes one of the briefest bits of biography in all American history. It is composed of this statement of her grandfather, Gov. John White, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh:

"The 18th (August, 1587) Elyoner (Eleanor), daughter to the governor and wife to Ananias Dare, one of the assistants, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, and the same was christened there the Sunday following and because this child was the first Christian born in Virginia, she was named Virginia."

That is absolutely all that is certainly known of her. The rest is supposition, plus legend.

Between 1584 and 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh sent out three expeditions to colonize Virginia but they failed to become permanent settlements because they were composed entirely of men. Raleigh finally realized that something else was needed—women and children. So the expedition which he sent out in 1587, headed by John White, who was to be governor of "The Citie of Raleigh in Virginia," included 17 women and children. Among them were White's daughter, Elyoner White Dare and her husband, Ananias Dare, destined to be the parents of the first English child born in what is now the United States.

VIRGINIA DARE
From an old woodcut in "North Carolina Illustrated" in Harper's New Monthly Magazine, 1857.

Because of trouble with his crew, White was not able to take the colonists to a location on Chesapeake Bay as instructed. Instead he stopped at Roanoke Island in search of 15 men left behind the previous year by Sir Richard Grenville, leader of another Raleigh expedition. After they landed, White decided to remain on Roanoke Island for a time at least and set about building a town.

Returns to England.

Then followed the birth of his granddaughter and soon afterwards White decided to return to England. He started on August 27, leaving 120 settlers at Roanoke. When he arrived in England he found that country busy with preparations to resist the Spanish Armada. His fleet of vessels was seized by the government and when he assembled another it was driven back by pirates near Madeira.

So it was not until 1590 that he was able to obtain passage to America. This was on a privateer fleet of three vessels sent out to prey upon Spanish commerce. After a series of adventures with the enemy, they finally reached Roanoke Island at night and were cheered by the sight of smoke rising and a fire glowing through the trees. When they reached the shore at the north end of the island they blew trumpets and sang familiar English songs.

But instead of the joyous welcome which they expected to receive, they were greeted with silence. They found only the footprints of the Indians who had fled at their approach but on a tree was carved the letters C R O. Pushing on to the site of the "Citie of Raleigh" they discovered that the houses had been taken down and the place enclosed with a high palisade. On one of the posts at the right side of the entrance was carved the word "Croatan" and inside the fort were "many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, four iron-fowlers, iron locker shot, and such like heavy things, thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grass and weeds." But there was no other sign of the colony.

No Distress Sign.

Before leaving, White had instructed the colonists, if they decided to move, to carve their destination on a tree, adding a cross if they were in distress. The absence of a cross from the tree and the post on which they found the carved words gave White hope that his people were still living. Croatan Island was the site of a village of Indians whose chief, Manteo, had been to England with the first Raleigh expedition and who was friendly to the English. It was situated on Pamlico Sound, according to a map drawn by White, or it may have been the island of which Cape Hatteras, N. C., is now a part.

But when White urged the captain of the privateering fleet to send a party to Croatan his request was refused. Their supplies were low and the captain was anxious to resume his operations against the Spanish. Later Sir Walter Raleigh sent no less than five expeditions to search for his "Lost Colony." But the seas were swarming with Spanish privateers and there is no record that any of the ships reached Croaton.

When the first permanent English settlement was established at Jamestown, Va., in 1607, a party was sent out to try to learn the fate of the colonists. They gathered conflicting stories from the Indians. One of them was that the colonists had lived peacefully with the Indians for a while. Then they were all suddenly slain by orders of Chief Powhatan. Another story said that all except four men and two boys were killed while still other versions indicated that one girl was spared. From these versions sprang the legends that have grown up around the name of Virginia Dare.

For more than a century the vicinity of the ill-fated colony was unexplored and its fate accepted as an unsolved mystery. Then in 1709 John Dawson, an English explorer, visited the Hatteras Indians who had gray or blue eyes and were familiar with the art of reading, in that they knew that the English "could make paper speak." These Indians were less than 100 in number and it was believed that they were descendants of survivors of the Roanoke Colony who had been assimilated into the Indian tribe living on Croatan Island.

Was Virginia Dare one of the survivors and did the blood of the first English child born in the United States flow in the veins of this mixed race? No one knows for sure and it is probable that no one will ever know.

Among the legends that have grown around the name of Virginia Dare is the one which says that mother and daughter were among the survivors of the Lost Colony, that the Indians gave Mrs. Dare the name of the White Doe and her little girl the name of the White Fawn and that she was beloved by a brave young chief. After the White Fawn's death her spirit assumed the form of that graceful animal and at times lingered fondly around the place of her birth, often gazing wistfully out over the sea. The legend also has her slain in that form by her lover who had been persuaded that the enchanted arrow he used would restore her to him in the flesh he had known and adored.

Did She Escape?

That Virginia Dare may have been one of the survivors is indicated by William Strachey, secretary of the Jamestown colony, in his "The History of Travaile," written in 1612, concerning the events that occurred in Virginia in 1608-10. In the first volume of that work he says:

"At Peccarecommek and Ochanahoen, by the relation of Machamps, the people have houses built with stone walls, and one story above another, so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoke, at which time this, our colony, under the conduct of Captain Newport, landed within the Chesapeake bay; where the people breed up tame turkeys about their houses . . . and where, at Ritanoe, the Weroance Eyanoco preserved seven of the English alive, four men, two boys and one young maid, who escaped the massacre and fled up the River Chanoke (Chowan). This young maid may have been Virginia Dare, who, at the time mentioned, would have been about 21 years of age."

If she did survive it is possible that she may have grown up among the Indians and married one of them, thus giving some basis for the legend cited above. Another legend describes her as a beautiful girl whom the magic of a rejected suitor changed into a white doe and the silver arrow of another warrior restored to human form.

That legend of the white doe and the silver arrow, or, as some versions have it, the silver bullet, has survived all the years, and is known from Maine to Florida. It was probably the inspiration for Bryant's poem, "The Whitefooted Deer," of the old-time school reader.

Still another version of the story forms the basis for Mary Johnston's novel "Croatan" who accepts the theory that the colonists were adopted into the Hatteras tribe and amalgamated with them. She makes Virginia Dare the heroine of her story. She shows the despondent colonists, apparently deserted by the mother country, beset by hostile Indians, falling in with the proposal of the friendly Hatteras Indians and abandoning their settlement to go with the natives to their own villages.

THE MAID OF MYSTERY
Statue of Virginia Dare by Miss Louisa Lander.

Virginia is reared among the Croatans, later is captured by another band of Indians, who look upon her as a goddess, is rescued by her sweetheart, Miles Darling, and they return together to Croatan town, which they regard as their real and only home.

Statue's Romantic History.

Besides being the inspiration for Bryant's poem "The White-Footed Deer," Virginia Dare was also the inspiration for another poem, "The White Doe," by Mrs. R. R. Cotton. That in turn, was the inspiration for a statue which, itself, has had a romantic history. It was carved in Rome in 1860 by Miss Louisa Lander. On its way to America, the ship bearing the statue was wrecked off the Spanish coast. For two years the figure lay in the ocean's depths. Then the vessel was raised, the statue recovered and taken to New York.

While on display there it was nearly destroyed by fire. In her will, Miss Lander bequeathed it to the North Carolina Hall of History in Roanoke where it was finally placed a few years ago.

This statue called "The Maid of Mystery," shows Virginia Dare grown to womanhood and the costume, such as there is, is decidedly a Grecian or Roman type rather than the Indian type which she probably wore. For if she ever grew to womanhood it was while she was a captive among the Indians, or an adopted daughter and the wife of an Indian chief—that is, if we accept the legends!

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During recent years the "Citie of Raleigh" has been restored on Roanoke Island. On August 18, 1937, the anniversary of Virginia Dare's birth, the rebuilt town was dedicated by President Roosevelt, Governor Hoey of North Carolina and other dignitaries. The restoration consists of "Fort Raleigh," a replica of the original stockade, another of Gov. John White's log hut and a log church where each year a memorial service to Virginia Dare is held on August 18.

Did the Spaniards Destroy Roanoke Colony?

Discovery of documents which have lain untouched in the vaults of Spain for three centuries and more, has made available for the first time extensive outside information bearing on the early history of North Carolina and is expected to reveal the actual fate of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony on Roanoke Island. There are ten thousand pages of the ancient Spanish manuscript reports.

The records are mainly reports of expeditions sent out to explore the New World and to check the expansion of the English. The Spaniards found themselves shut in with only Florida undisputedly theirs. The British had taken the West Indies and were planning to colonize the mainland. The Spaniards were particularly jealous of the attempt to plant a colony in North Carolina. While complete translations of the records have not yet been made, enough has been done to indicate that the Spanish undertook an expedition along the North Carolina coast toward the end of the Sixteenth century to put down the attempts of the English and it is believed that the lost colony was destroyed by the Spanish at this time.—Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer.

England Thrives in Pageantry From Mid-March to November

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

The colorful Royal Scot Greys, in a full-dress rehearsal, charge at a full gallop as they prepare at Hounslow barracks for the annual royal tournament.

From the time the spring show opens in Bournemouth in mid-March, until the chrysanthemum shows of November, England has a procession of floral displays.

It is the bright poster of the Royal tournament at Olympia that gives Englishmen the feeling that summer is on its way. To stirring music and the swift drumming of hoofs the Royal Horse Guards, Royal Horse artillery, and the Queen's Own Hussars gallop around the arena. Historical displays turn back the clock to birthdays of famous regiments.

The Royal Marines change from the feathered hats and yellow uniforms of 1664, through the red and white of Trafalgar, to sun helmet and "king's badge," the Royal Marines of today.

The Black Watch, whose list of battle honors stirs martial music in the memory and makes one picture its far-flung flags at "Mangalore," "Waterloo," "Sevastopol," "Lucknow," the "Hindenburg Line," and "Megiddo," re-enacts four phases of its history.

'Gallant Forty-twa' Oldest.

Formed in the Highlands and given a special tartan, since its members came from different clans, the "Gallant Forty-twa" is the oldest of Highland regiments, and in its bonnets wears the Red Hackle because the Black Watch regained an enemy position which its former wearers, the Dragoons, had lost.

As they march through the arena at Olympia, their bagpipes sing the story of their progress down the years. The "Black Highland Laddie" carries one back before the American revolution, "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose" dates from the Egyptian wars half a century ago, and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" needs no dating among those who remember "Over There." Pipes and drums play other tunes to stir Scottish blood—"The Banks of Allan Water," "The Hills o' Perth," "Highland Harry," and "The Kilt Is My Delight."

Navy and marine teams race each other in breaking field guns into pieces, swinging them across an imaginary river, and bringing them home in good order; and members of the army physical training staff give a splendid display of agility in the great hall where trim cavalry officers will soon take their fine horses over the hurdles during the International horse show.

London's daily pageantry centers in two giant guardsmen, mounted on statuelike horses, about halfway between Trafalgar square and the Cenotaph. Every hour the two human statues come to life and give place to two others, and at 11 o'clock every morning guard mount is held in the courtyard of the Horse Guards building. An even more colorful display, if the king is in residence, takes place every morning in front of Buckingham palace. "Trooping the colour," an elaborate extension of the daily guard mount, is the birthday tribute paid by the Household Brigade to its colonel-in-chief, George VI.

June Begins Busily.

When the King's birthday, speech day at Eton, and the derby all come within a week, June begins with a bang. Several days before the king's birthday party, when 1,800 officers and men parade their allegiance to their king, there is a dress rehearsal, complete in every detail except for the presence of the king, the princes, and the foreign military attaches.

Skirling pipes and the muffled beat of saddle drums carried by the towering piebald stand out amid the music of massed bands and fife and drum corps. Music, color, precision, and patriotism add to the majesty of the spectacle on Horse Guards parade, and splendid soldiery slowly march past in honor of their flag and their sovereign. Women turn their vanity mirrors into periscopes, and even aliens join in the prayer "God Save the King."

On Founder's day at Eton, June 4, parental pride centers in the pink-cheeked, silk-hatted students of Eton college, 500 years old. Fathers in baggy tweeds and sons in toppers chat together, while mothers and sisters invade this man's world.

Founder's day is also speech day, with Sophocles, Racine, and our own Herman Melville sharing with Shakespeare, Dickens, and Lewis Carroll the honor of having their works declaimed.

Eton's distinctive "wall game," played in November, recalls that in this school of 1,000 pupils there are 70 "collegers," or "foundation scholars," who win their place through scholarship, and form a group apart from the 930 or so "oppidans" whose tuition and board are paid for by their parents.

Ear Muffs for Protection.

The Eton wall game antedates wide playing fields. The goals consist of a small door and an elm tree at opposite ends of the wall.

Since not one goal has been scored in more than 30 years it is no wonder that commentators find fun-making easier than fact-finding about this annual contest between eleven king's scholars and an eleven chosen from the oppidans. Not nose guards, but ear muffs, are worn. They save aristocratic auricles from being scraped off against the wall.

The aquatic festival attracts large crowds. The 10 boats parade rather than race, but there is always a good chance that at least one straw-hatted crew and its "cox," togged out like a Tom Thumb admiral, will overturn while rising in their seats in mid-Thames.

But the choice event of the Thames year is the Henley regatta, "that garden party in a punt."

Over a course a trifle more than a mile and a quarter long sweep speedy waterbugs propelled by the finest of amateur oarsmen. Strict interpretation of what constitutes an amateur has caused individual disappointment, but the name of the Royal regatta remains unsullied, and the water-borne picnic surrounding a rowing race is the Thames' fairest spectacle, celebrated on a day when Anglo-American gatherings are conspicuously cordial—"the Fourth of July."

Derby Day Starts Early.

The Grand National is pure horse racing; the derby is a county fair. For days before the race, gypsies move in with testimonials brightly painted on their motor coaches, and

King George presents new colors to the second battalion of the Grenadier guards in a colorful ceremony at Buckingham palace.

the various catchpenny devices of carnival time are set up on the bare heath which on derby day will be hidden beneath a million feet. The course, shaped like a horseshoe, inspires an atmosphere of good luck.

Early in the morning thousands of people are already crossing the race-course on strips of matting, laid there to protect the pathway of the three-year-olds that are to run for the Derby stakes. Hundreds of motorbusses, from whose roofs the passengers would later view the race, are already lined the rails. "Pearlies" wander about, gathering funds for hospital in London's east end, fortune tellers with borrowed babies graciously accept the trifling sums which would bring fortune to the givers, and tipsters, clad in parti-colored shirts, with racing saddles on the turf beside them as visual evidence that they are "in the know," deal out envelopes containing the names of different horses, each bound to win.

In the dressing rooms you see featherweight costumes, boots, and saddles that would not hamper a jack rabbit, much less a horse. In some saddlecloths are pockets for lead disks of varying weights.

Eating and drinking go on without let-up, bookies dangle the hope of fortune before many to whom this is the day of days, and staid bank officials are "taking a chance."

Long before the first event, trains, busses, and private cars have done their work. On a high tower of steel tubing and on every conceivable corner of the grandstand the movie men stand ready to grind, and with the arrival of the king and queen this greatest of popular holidays attains full stride.