WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—As Andre Maurois becomes an "immortal," it would seem that there ought to be honorable mention, or at least a simple garland of some kind, for Mme. Maurois. Here a few weeks ago, he explained how his wife, also a person of distinction, learned typing and stenography to keep his script flowing smoothly and legibly to the publishers. He writes only in longhand, said to be quite as cramped and illegible as that of Horace Greeley, and she alone of all mortals can translate it. Seat No. 35 in the French academy might still be vacant but for Mme. Maurois.

But for Spouse Maurois Might Still Be Mortal

He was born Emile Herzog, in Rouen. His literary divagation was the first short-cut to immortality in a line of ancestral woolen drapers reaching back to the year 900 A. D. He was a bachelor of arts at 15 and a doctor of philosophy at 18. He began work in his father's factory, but got right on the job as a philosopher and literateur, so, when he was assigned to the British as an interpreter in the World war, he could fill them in on Byron, Shelley and Keats, and did so. Later he explained Disraeli to the English, and, around the clubs, they bit their pipe-stems and admitted that this French chap knew a lot of things they hand't even suspected. "Ariel, the Life of Shelley" put him in the big literary tournament in 1923, where he has been ever since.

He is slight in stature, dapper and fastidious, with his thinning gray hair deployed carefully left and right, gesturing only cautiously with the sensitive hands of an artist. He has an acute, skeptical mind, interested in politics only in its historic sweep. He weighs words like an apothecary and it is as a craftsman and finished wordsmith that he qualifies for the academy. With keen insight, he has experted America on his numerous visits here, clocking us through the valley of despond. His latest appraisal found us moving out of national adolescence into fully rational, adult statehood. He hopes for the best, but is not a fuzzy optimist. The "decline of the humane ideal," he thinks, is the most disquieting trend of the modern world.

R. WALTON MOORE, of the state department, who will be 81 years old next February, like Mr. Chips, thinks the way ahead lies through the humanities. Mr. Chips showed he was no fossil when they tried to bench him, and no more is Mr. Moore—boarding the Pan American clipper for Europe.

R. W. Moore, 80, Is the Mr. Chips Of State Dept.

He is amenable in old-fashioned behavior—a tall, quiet, gray, courteous Southerner—and alertly adaptable to all new devices of living. He is keenly interested in aviation, having taken many airplane flights along the Coast, and one on the German dirigible Hindenburg. The state department's participation in international arrangements for landing fields and the like has been in his hand.

In congress from 1919 to 1930, from Virginia, he was a colleague of Secretary Hull. President Roosevelt made him assistant secretary of state in 1933 and later counselor for the department. He is a bachelor, driving 15 miles to his work from Fairfax, Va. He looks as if he could end all war talk just by serving mint juleps all around.

HERE'S a general who has saved more men than any single general ever killed. He leads expeditionary forces against armies of jungle germs—Dr. Victor J. Heiser of the Rockefeller foundation. He is in the news with his report on food research in India, in which experiments in animal feeding suggest new access to health and well-being for humans.

Saving Life, Not Taking It, Forte Of This General

On May 31, 1889, his father sent him to the barn to turn loose the horse, with the Johnstown flood rising. He floated away on the barn, his parents drowned, and he kept on going—through Jefferson Medical college, 16 times around the world in his 50-year fight against disease. Until 1914, he was with the U. S. marine health service, then with the Rockefeller foundation. His fame blazed out three years ago with his book, "An American Doctor's Odyssey," and later publications.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Foxes Irk Sheep Raisers

Foxes have been killing so many lambs near Ballinrobe, Ireland, that the farmers have notified county officials they will give up sheep raising unless something is done to prevent the slaughter.

Ancient Loom

A loom demonstrated at the Saint John, N. B., exhibition this year and owned by Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Ottawa, was shown at Sussex in 1861 at the first exhibition to be held in New Brunswick.

Britain Prepares for Gas and Bombs, Hoping Civilization Will Win Next War

'ARP' Rushed to Save Civilians If Enemy Planes Arrive.

By WILLIAM LONGREN

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

LONDON. — Some day soon death may rain from the British heavens, a screaming, explosive death whose maker will then turn tail and hie for a hidden haven on the European continent. It will be war, an unfair conflict of helpless men against merciless planes and bombs. But England will be prepared—in a measure.

In the city which first felt aerial warfare from 1914 to 1918, last autumn's Munich crisis gave impetus to a matter-of-fact resignation that whatever happened, London must be ready to take it. During four days of frantic table-pounding in the capitals of Europe, the folks back home made deliberate, purposeful plans to evacuate 2,000,000 persons from London in two working days. Today, with the "air raid precautions" program going full tilt, even more could be evacuated. What's more important, a lot of the folks left behind would be safe.

Week-end Sport.

"ARP" has become a fetish with the Britishers, a hobby like golf or gardening to Americans. Over week-ends you'll find them building rock gardens over awkward-looking mountains in their backyards, beautifying the steel shelters to which they may some day flee before gas and shrapnel. You'll find them fitting gas masks and gas-proof uniforms, or studying an official book of regulations covering civilian behavior in time of emergency. They're taking the whole thing with good humor, mostly because they can't take it any other way. Britain must be prepared.

Children come first. When sirens scream their warning every teacher must rush her charges to railroad or subway stations, or maybe she must hide them in bomb-proof shelters until the raid passes. This is where the human element enters, a question of decision by those least able to decide; it is the weakest point of the entire ARP system and might bring needless tragedy if key personnel were to act on the impulse of excited emergency.

DARK DAYS AHEAD? A Londoner and his wife emerge from their bomb-proof shelter, equipped with gas masks as they would appear after a sudden air raid. The heap of cement balls would deflect any direct hit.

Infants, Cripples, Too.

Evacuated with elementary school children would be youngsters too young for school, accompanied by their mothers, and the physically handicapped. Men must stay, so must women whose children are old enough to care for themselves. Furthermore children of 14 and over—out of elementary school — must share their parents' fate.

When the evacuation starts, be it before or after the first raid, arterial highways and express subways will be devoted exclusively to this one purpose, depositing a precious human cargo in outlying districts where bombers would not look for victims. If they secure gasoline beforehand, private groups can drive their automobiles to the country; it is estimated that 800,000 to 1,000,000 Londoners have made such extra-official arrangements.

The government is very explicit and exacting in its emergency regulations, which would place the entire nation under virtual military rule. For example, the following plan is outlined for children:

"They should go to school as usual. They should be dressed in their warmest clothing. They should be given an overcoat or mackintosh, hand luggage, a blanket if possible, food for the journey and an apple or orange, but no drinks in bottles. They should take their respirators."

Parents Can't Interfere.

To reassure worrying parents, the government points out that teachers accompanying the children in the evacuation process "will be in constant personal touch with them" after they arrive in the country. But parents are not allowed to intrude in the arrangements by accompanying their children to trains or subway stations. Instead notices will be posted at schools informing parents where each child has been sent, and the youngsters themselves will be given a stamped postcard to mail their parents upon reaching safety.

The government offers no guarantee of complete protection; indeed it is very frankly admitted that the civilian population should be willing to take its share of risks while men in the field are giving their lives. Although every unnecessary person will be evacuated, it is hoped enough key personnel will remain to keep business moving as usual.

For adult refugees, a 48-hour ration of food will be supplied at railroads, where householders will be under compulsion to provide shelter, access to water and sanitary services. For housing both adults and children, people in the "reception areas" will receive about $2.50 a week. Householders have already been located and catalogued by the government.

New Mask for Babies.

Standard equipment for every Englishman must of necessity be the gas mask, since it is the least expensive means of providing nominal protection. Between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 of them were distributed during last September's crisis and in the following months, but not until recently was a method found to protect babies, who could not get air through filters and who could only be wrapped in blankets while parents rushed them to the nearest gas-proof chamber. Now the government has devised a six-pound gas-proof cylinder which looks much like a diver's helmet. Air is pumped in through the filter by bellows, which can be idle for as long as two minutes without inconveniencing the child.

The ideal ARP plan would provide a gas-proof, bomb-proof shelter for every civilian, but this has very logically been ruled out. Not only would the expected seven-minute warning provide inadequate time for all people to reach their shelters, but deep underground rooms would require years to build. That is why London's shelters are actually being constructed not for civilians but for such key personnel as doctors, nurses, police and ARP officials.

Nevertheless home owners in the big English cities are encouraged to make whatever arrangements they can. The government is concentrating on steel "backyard" shelters, 1,400,000 of which will be distributed by the end of this year.

He Adopts Grocer's Technique To Help Folks Shop for Homes

ABOVE: Mr. Wilson examines his brainchild come true, a "shopping place" for homes.

CHICAGO.—You can shop for a suit of clothes or a box of crackers, but as for shelter—well, that's different. It's been bothering Percy Wilson, nationally known housing authority so long, this complex and abstract business of shopping for a home, that he's done something about it in hope of quickening the lagging pulse of America's construction industry and providing the 1,500,000 new homes he thinks the country needs.

His complaint:

"With the exception of houses, practically every requirement of man is sold by well-known and proved advertising and promotional aids, because 'you have to show 'em to sell 'em.' But the building industry is so big and complex that it strangles itself. Material firms purposely avoid launching large-scale construction programs since they would then be in competition with contractors, to whom they sell their products. As for the contractors, they're essentially craftsmen and are neither expected nor equipped to sell homes. So who's going to do it?"

His solution: A more integrated merchandising plan.

Mr. Wilson believes a puzzled prospective home builder should be able to visit a museum of miniature homes, point at one and say: "I'll take it."

His idea, developed while he was organizer and regional director for the Federal Housing administration, has taken shape in just such a house museum in the Merchandise Mart at Chicago, where visitors can not only examine miniature homes but see every conceivable item that goes to make up a home, from cellar to attic.

The exhibit, Mr. Wilson's personal brainchild, shows all modern materials used in building construction, together with all home services and equipment. Huge rooms are devoted exclusively to lumber, brick, stone, marble, terra cotta and other materials, with sidelights on their general values and particular uses.

The village of model homes, designed by architects from all parts of the country, includes all sectionally popular designs—Cape Cod, colonial, English cottage, Spanish, modern and ultra-modern types. Not only is each tiny detail incorporated, but floor plans and prices are given.

"It's just like a grocer would do business," says Mr. Wilson. "We're simply transferring to housing the technique used by merchants in selling other needs."

Star Dust

★ *New Irish Contingent*

★ *Olivier Reaches Top*

★ *Pseudo-Scraps on Air*

By Virginia Vale

THERE seems to be a new cycle starting in the movies, one involving young actresses who hail from Ireland. If they have red hair and green eyes so much the better.

Let me refer you to Greer Garson as a starter. She was launched in this country in "Goodby Mr. Chips," you know, and is a red haired, green eyed beauty. Geraldine Fitzgerald is another product of the Irish theaters. Maureen O'Hara, who arrived in this country with her mother recently, also with Charles Laughton, is the latest example. He felt that she should play "Esmeralda" when he does "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" for RKO.

She was born and brought up in Dublin, studied at the Abbey theater's school, and did a few bits in British pictures before she appeared in his "Jamaica Inn."

As she was just 18 everyone was prepared to give her all the encouragement they could, since she'd be in the company of experienced players. But after the first few days they discovered that she didn't need it. In fact, they had to be on their toes to keep her from walking off with the picture.

MAUREEN O'HARA

Perhaps ambitious youngsters who want to land in pictures would do well to rush to Ireland, achieve red hair, and start in with the Abbey Players, if this cycle is to continue. The only difficulty would seem to be acquiring green eyes, and exceptional ability to act.

If you read that delightful novel, "Rebecca," which until recently led so many best-seller lists, you'll be interested to know that Laurence Olivier has been signed to play the role of the hero.

Although he is young, Olivier has had years of experience on the stage and in the movies, but until this year he never reached the heights. Now it seems as if everyone wants him for a new production. He is appearing on the New York stage in "No Time for Comedy," with Katherine Cornell, and you can see him giving an even better performance in "Wuthering Heights," opposite Merle Oberon, than he gives in the play. He'll be perfect for the part of "Max de Winter" in "Rebecca."

If a brand new squabble breaks out between two radio stars, don't be surprised, and don't take it seriously. There isn't a really good feud raging on the air now, and radio stars discovered long ago that feuds whip up interest in their programs.

The best one of all took place years ago, between Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne, but that one was rather serious. Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie started theirs on purpose, and kept it going for years. A certain press agent has been trying to start one of those serialized battles between Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser, with the question of which one originated the idea of singing song titles as the bone of contention, but be it said to the everlasting credit of Kyser and Kaye that they're too proud to fight.

Pat Friday, the 17-year-old co-ed from the University of California, who is singing on Bing Crosby's program this summer, will probably be a top-notcher in movies and radio in a few years. Crosby heard her sing at an amateur night at a Beverly Hills restaurant, and recently she made her coast-to-coast debut on the air, under his direction. The telephone switchboard at the Hollywood NBC studios was promptly jammed with inquiries about her, and the following morning two movie companies offered her contracts. She turned them down; wants to work only in radio until she finishes her college course, two years from now.

ODDS AND ENDS—"One Man's Family" has again been named the best serial dramatic program on the air in the annual Radio Guide poll . . . But in the same poll the Charlie McCarthy program won six awards . . . Errol Flynn has passed his U. S. Department of Commerce tests and has a private pilot's license . . . Bette Davis has had to shave her eyebrows and forehead to play "Queen Elizabeth"—the studio will have to give her a vacation after she finishes, to let them grow in again.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Winter Sports

Jugoslavia has now decided to compete for winter sports and great ski centers have been established at Ljubljana, Bled, Kranjska Gora and on Mount Orjen, where snow flies from October till May.

Not All Flowers

Flowerdale avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, in spite of its sweetly aromatic name, is anything but a garden of roses, some of its residents complain. It seems that a certain resident keeps goats in his back yard.

France, Italy Plan 'Sky Forts' Where Hannibal Crossed Alps

Here high on the rugged Alpine border are pictured French troops staging an imaginary raid on the "enemy." This picture was taken on the site of the possible extension of the Maginot-Siegfried lines.

European News Reveals Possible Defense Strengthening.

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

France has her Maginot line; Germany her Limes (or "Siegfried") line. Will Italy too have a great chain of fortifications where her western border meets France? And will still another line of French fortifications spring up to face those of Italy? According to dispatches from Europe, the chances are in favor of such construction as German experts in the Italian Alps inspect already-erected fortifications in what is interpreted as a move to extend the Siegfried line south from Switzerland all the way to the Mediterranean.

As the crow (or the aviator) flies, the trip from the southwest tip of Switzerland to the sea is about 150 miles long. Following the torturous route of the actual border, however, as it curves and twists along French and Italian Alps, the distance is roughly 300 miles. This stretch is the only spot in Europe where French and Italian frontiers meet.

Soldiers 'Fly Through the Air.'

On both sides of the line, men—with forts, pillboxes, and barbed wire—already guard their borders. Alpine troops, including the French Chasseurs and the Italian Bersaglieri, are trained and equipped for the peculiar and exacting duty of mountain operations. Skilled skiers, they learn the "tricks of the trade": how to meet constant danger from nature in a land of glaciers, hidden crevices, and avalanches; how to conceal themselves from the enemy; and how to shoot to the best advantage in their special field of action.

They learn to balance themselves on skis while carrying arms and heavy packs. By constant practice, these mountain soldiers become adept at jumps and racing, performing "stunts" on the ice and snow as spectacular as the flyer's tricks in the air. During the World war, when ski fighters were first used on a large scale, the Italian forces saw considerable Alpine service in the east. Then France was Italy's ally.

Today, as Italy arms her frontier on the western ranges of the great mountain chain that rings about her entire northern border, it may be recalled that it was from the west, somewhere in this region, that Hannibal marched against Rome 200 years before Christ.

A Dramatic Military Feat.

Historians disagree about the exact pass over which the Carthaginian general transported his men and elephants in a military feat all the more remarkable because it was performed late in the year, against the menace of increased snow and ice. The pass of the Little St. Bernard, however, leading from France south of her towering Mont Blanc, has many points in its favor as the most logical route of the Carthaginian invasion.

Some 2,000 years later Napoleon also marched over the western Alps into Italy, this time by way of the Great St. Bernard pass at the southwest corner of Switzerland. In modern times railways and good motor roads cross the western Alps at various points on the way from the giant ice-capped peaks of the Swiss border to the sunny Riviera of the Mediterranean. One of the earliest Alpine tunnels—Mount Cenis—pierces solid rock for eight miles in the route between Modane in France and Bardonecchia in Italy.

Since Hannibal made his precarious way over nature's rugged path,

The map above shows the exact location of the proposed Italian-French fortifications. If carried out the move will amount to an extension of the Maginot line south from Switzerland all the way to the Mediterranean.

men have built many strategic highways in and across the western Alps. Napoleon constructed four great military roads and planned others.

Reports indicate that today strategic road-building in this part of the world is going on at an accelerated rate on both sides of the French-Italian border.

Upper Air Observations Will Improve Accuracy Of Weather Forecasts

The word "probably" will be seen less frequently in daily weather forecasts, as a result of increased upper air observations, in the opinion of F. W. Reichelderfer, chief of the United States weather bureau. He refers particularly to the use of the radio-sonde.

This instrument, developed by the national bureau of standards, transmits radio signals which indicate air pressure, temperature, and humidity every few hundred feet up to 60,000 or 70,000 feet, so that the ground observer knows these important forecast items as fast as the balloon ascends.

Already in the United States there are six weather bureau, two army, and two navy radio-sonde stations. The radio-sonde, weighing less than two pounds and carried by a balloon five or six feet in diameter after inflation, rises at a rate of about 1,300 feet a minute. At a height of nearly 15 miles, the balloon bursts and the instrument comes to earth by parachute. A large per cent of the instruments are recovered.

"If we can understand the changes that take place in the thousands of feet of atmosphere above us, most of which take part in the 'manufacture' of weather," says Mr. Reichelderfer, "we can satisfy the demands of the farmer, aviator, engineer, and general public for positive forecasts."

Ship's Position

A ship's position is computed from her log without astronomical observations. The chief elements considered are the latitude and longitude sailed from or last computed; the course or direction sailed in, as ascertained by compass; the rate of sailing measured by the log, and the elapsed time.

Poland Discovers Remains of Its Eighth Century Civilization; Residence of First Christian King Found 35 Feet Underground

Tourists who go to the ancient cathedral city of Poznan in Poland this summer will find an archeological expedition uncovering a segment of Poland's buried past in an excavation right in front of the cathedral.

What is coming to light, beginning at a depth of about 35 feet, is a small fortified area, walled with timber and including the residence of Mieczyslaw I, a Polish ruler who became a Christian in 966. His son, Boleslaw the Brave, was the first king of all Poland. Already the objects and structures recovered show that the Slavic inhabitants of the palisaded town had a fairly high agricultural civilization.

At Gniezno, about 25 miles from Poznan, another excavation is disclosing a picture of Polish life perhaps 200 years older than in the village under Poznan. This project is being carried on near a cathedral also, in the oldest part of Poland's first capital. It was begun a year earlier than the Poznan research, in 1937, and shows that the Poles of 1,200 years ago cultivated grain fields, had domesticated cattle, orchards and iron tools and made wheels, textiles, leather shoes, pottery, money bags and buttons. There is no trace of Viking influence, disproving the theory that Polish civilization was imported from the west.

Both of these discoveries were brought about through explorations inspired by the uncovering of a town of much greater age. This was the finding of the Iron Age village of Biskupin, located between Poznan and Gdynia, the Polish seaport. There the University of Poznan has built a bulkhead around a section of a lake, uncovering a walled settlement more than 2,600 years old. The old Biskupin must have been an important place, as it had about 1,500 inhabitants until the rising waters of the lake submerged it around 400 B. C. It became protected by lake-bottom mud that had kept it in a remarkable state of preservation.

The articles and architecture of Biskupin show that it was Slavic, and that its region has been settled by the Poles for a long time. The curious vertical log construction of the buildings in the prehistoric village is reproduced in certain peasant cottages now in use in the countryside near it. Archeologists of all countries are immensely interested in the findings at Biskupin, as they throw light on phases of very early European history.

A complete restoration of the village and the strange wooden fortifications that guarded it from less civilized enemies is being made by the university.